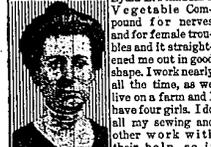


WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I took nearly all the time as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SENECABOUR, West Danby, N. Y.



Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, headache, dizziness, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere are willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Instrument. "I want to sweep the cobwebs from my brain."

"Why not use a vacuum cleaner?" Its Place. "What shall I do with this rasping letter?"

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

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A creaky joint often predicts pain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisons out of the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore aching joints, headaches, dizziness and kidney troubles are all effects of weak kidneys; and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious ailments. Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney remedy.

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Wm. Schorer, 233 Jefferson St., Detroit, Mich.: "For years I had a rheumatism and the pains in my limbs were so bad I couldn't get around. The doctors said I had my secretions were not right and I was gradually getting worse. Finally, I was taken to my bed and was almost frantic with pain. Two doctors failed, and I was in a critical condition when I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and I can't be too grateful."

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Resolve to Succeed

Throw off the handicap of petty ills that make you grouchy, listless and depressed. Get at the root of your ailments—clear your digestive system of impurities, put it in good working order—keep it healthy with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They act promptly on the stomach, liver and bowels, removing waste matters and purifying the blood. Not habit forming, never gripe, but always successful in life, or work, first have a healthy body. This famous remedy will do much to

Help You

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

ASTHMA

DR. J. C. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY FOR THE PROMPT RELIEF OF ACHING RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, AND ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS. 25c a Box. Sold Everywhere. **DR. J. C. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY**

IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN.

THE SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

SYNOPSIS. Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat. On a raft of his senses he finds himself aboard the fishing schooner, the *Sea Wolf*. Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins to learn boat handling and dish washing under the cookney Cook. Murdrige, Humphrey's quarters are at the mast. He learns to handle the money he has made on the *Sea Wolf*. He is attracted to the big cat the little the mast. He is attracted to the big cat the little the mast. He is attracted to the big cat the little the mast.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

I had cherished a hope that his victim would find an opportunity to escape while filling our water barrels, but Wolf Larsen had selected his spot well. The Ghost lay half beyond the surf line of a lonely beach. The waves crashed and rolled them down to the beach. They had no chance to make a break for liberty in one of the boats.

Late that afternoon we have up anchor and got away. Nothing was more to be but the three or four months' hunting on the sealing grounds. The outlook was black indeed, and I went about my work with a heavy heart. An almost funereal gloom seemed to have descended upon the Coast. Wolf Larsen had taken to his bunk with one of his strange, splitting headaches. Johnson and I found the little small casks and rolled them down to the beach. They had no chance to make a break for liberty in one of the boats.

Leach approached me as I returned aft. "I want to ask a favor, Mr. Van Weyden," he said. "If it's your luck to ever make Frisco once more, will you hunt up my old man for me? He's an old man. He lives on the hill, back of the Mayfair bakery, runnin' a cobblers' shop that everybody knows, and you'll have no trouble. I'll tell him I first to see for the trouble I brought him and the things I done, and—just tell him 'God bless him' for me."

I nodded my head, but said, "Well, all we can do is to try to find him, and you'll be with me when I go to see Matt McCarthy."

"I'd like to believe you," he answered, shaking my hand, "but I can't. Wolf Larsen'll be with you, and you'll be with me when I go to see Matt McCarthy."

And as he left me I was aware of the same desire at my heart. Since that he did so, I tried to know it; and all I can hope is he'll do it quick."

learn quickly. Steering I picked up easily, but running a lot to the cross-trees and swinging my whole weight by my arms when I left the railines and climbed still higher was more difficult. This, too, I learned, and quickly, for I felt somehow a wild desire to vindicate myself in Wolf Larsen's eyes, to prove my right to live in ways other than of the mind. Nay, in the time came when I took joy in the run of the masthead and in the clinging by my logs at that precarious height while I swept the sea with glasses in search of the whale.

I remember one beautiful day, when the boats left early and the reports of the hunters' guns grew dim and distant and died away as they scattered far and wide over the sea. There was just the faintest wisp of mist in the air, and it breathed its last by the time we managed to get to leeward of the last lee boat. One by one I was at the masthead and saw the six boats disappeared over the horizon of the earth as they followed the seal into the west. We lay, scarcely rolling on the placid sea, unable to follow. Wolf Larsen was appreciative of the sunset, and the sky to the east did not please him. He studied it with unceasing vigilance.

"If she comes out of there," he said, "hard and snappy, putting us to windward of the boat, it's likely there'll be empty bunks in storage and fo'c's'le."

By eleven o'clock the sea had become glassy. Slowly the whole coastward of the boat, it was likely there'll be empty bunks in storage and fo'c's'le."

We ate dinner, a hurried and anxious meal for me with eleven men aboard on the sea and beyond the bulge of the parth and with that heaven-rolling mountain range of clouds

moving slowly down upon us. Wolf Larsen could not have missed me, however, though I noticed, when we returned to the deck, a slight twitching of the nostrils, a perceptible quickness of movement. Once, and with a start, he did so. I saw; he laughed aloud, mockingly and defiantly, at the advancing storm. I see him yet, standing there like a pygmy out of front of the towering malignant gion. He was daring destiny, and he was unafraid.

The whippers of wind became puffs, the sails filled. The Ghost moved. Wolf Larsen put the wheel hard to port, and we began to pay off. The wind was now dead astern, muttering and puffing stronger and stronger, and my head-sails were pounding like mad. My hands were full with the flying-jib, jib, and stay-sail; and by the time this part of my task was accomplished the Ghost was leaping into the southwest, the wind in her quarter and her sheets to starboard. Without pausing for breath, though my heart was beating like a trip-hammer from my exertions, I sprang to the top-sails, and before the wind had turned and we were colling down. Then I went aft for orders.

Indeed, as I gazed at the heavy sea through which we were running, I doubted that there was a boat aloft. It did not seem possible that such a frail craft could survive such stress of wind and water.

For an hour I saw nothing but the naked, desolate sea. And then, where a vagrant shaft of sunlight struck the crests and turned its surface to writhing silver, I caught a small black speck thrust skyward for an instant and swallowed up. I waited patiently. Again the tiny point of black projected itself through the writhing blaze a couple of points off our port-bow. I did not attempt to shout, but communicated the news to Wolf Larsen by waving my arm. He changed the course, and I signaled affirmation when the speck showed dead ahead.

It grew larger, and so swiftly that for the first time I fully appreciated the speed of our vessel. Wolf Larsen motioned for me to come down, and when I stood beside him at the wheel gave me instructions for heaving to. "Expect all hell to break loose," he stated me, "but don't mind it. Yours is to do your own work and to have Cooky stand by the fore-sheet."

The boat was now very close, and I could make out plainly the great sea and the whole of the boat. The three men whistled them from view. Then, and with black suddenness, the boat would shoot clear through the foaming crest, bow pointed to the sky, and the whole length of her beam showing, wet and glistening, till she seemed on end.

The Ghost suddenly changed her course, keeping away. Wolf Larsen was preparing to heave to. I felt an abrupt easing of the schooner, a less for the moment of all strain and pressure, coupled with a swift acceleration of speed. She was rushing around on her heel into the wind.

As the Ghost wallowed for an instant broadside on and rolling straight over and far into the wind, I was given a sea rise far above my head. It descended, pandemonium broke loose, everything happened black loose, striking a crushing blow, and I felt this was the terrible thing of which I had heard, the being swept in the trough of the sea. I brought up violently against what I took to be the head and breast and breast of the swell again. As I scrambled out on all fours I passed over the body of Thomas Murdrige, who lay in a groaning heap. There was no time to investigate. I must get the jib backed over.

On all sides there was a rending and crashing of wood and steel and canvas. The Ghost was being wrenched and torn to fragments. The foresail and foretop-sail were thundering into ribbons, the heavy boom threatening to splinter from the rail and the ropes and stays were flying and colling like snakes, and down through it all crashed the gaff of the foresail.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO IN HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD ABOARD SHIP WAS A LAW UNTO HIMSELF

We drifted fairly down upon it, so that nothing remained to do but hook the tackle to either end and hoist it aboard. I noticed blood spouting from Kerfoot's left hand. In some way the third finger had been crushed to a pulp. But he gave no sign of pain, and with his single right hand helped us lash the boat in its place.

Then we reeled, and wildly, across the wild sea, the while I hum like a fly in the cross-trees and searched for the other boats. In a half an hour I sighted the second and third boats, and bottom up, to which were desperately clinging Jack Horner, fat Louis and Johnson. This time I remained aloft, leaning without being swept. As before, we drifted down upon it. Tackles were made fast and lines flung to the men, who scrambled aboard like monkeys.

As before, the Ghost swung out of the trough, lifting her deck again out of the sea, and dashed before the howling blast. It was now half-past five, and half an hour later, when the last of the day left itself in a dim and furious twilight, I sighted a third boat. It was bottom up, and there was no sign of its crew. Wolf Larsen repeated his maneuver, holding off and drifting down upon it. But this time he missed by forty feet, the boat passing astern.

"Number four boat!" Ooty-Ooty cried, his keen eyes reading its number in the one second when it lifted clear of the foam and upside down. It was Henderson's boat, and with him had been lost Holstein and Williams, another of the deep-water crew. Lost they indubitably were; but the boat remained, and Wolf Larsen made one more reckless effort to recover it.

And when he put the wheel hard over and the Ghost's bow swung off, I was once more hurled beneath the pounding seas and clinging for life to the pinrail at the foot of the foremast. When the Ghost finally emerged, Kelly, who had come forward at the last moment, was missing.

This time, having missed the boat and not being in the same position as before, I was compelled to resort to a different maneuver. Running off before the wind with everything to starboard, he came about and returned to the haul on the port tack. Though we were continually half-buried, there was no trough in which to be swept, and we drifted squarely down upon the upturned boat, finally snatching it as it was heaved inbound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Experiments with Baking Powder are Costly

Millions of housewives know this is the truth—they realize the cost of a single bake-day failure. That's why they stick to Calumet.

Be on the safe side—avoid disappointments—use Calumet next bake-day—the sure of uniform results—learn why Calumet is the most economical cake-put in the baking. Order now!



Be Safe Use Calumet Baking Powder. No other baking powder is so pure and so superior to sour milk and soda.

Calling a Bluff. "My heart is a very sound organ." "That may be, but I know a bellie who can wring it."

FREE Color Plans for Your Spring Decorating

These experts offer you dependable free advice on how to treat your walls, what they will harmonize with and set off to advantage your floor coverings, furniture, draperies, curtains and wearing apparel.



He Laughed Aloud Mockingly and Defiantly at the Advancing Storm.

PECULIAR SPECIMEN OF WASP

Insect That Is Becoming More Common in England Not Pretty Thing to Look At.

The other day a fearsome insect made its appearance in the window of a local chemist's shop, relates the London Chronicle. The chemist, placing a little chloroform water on the glass, soon reduced it to a comatose condition. In color and shape it was much like a giant hornet, with a very long sting. It was a specimen of the giant-hornet, a foreign timber invader, soon reduced to a comatose condition. In color and shape it was much like a giant hornet, with a very long sting. It was a specimen of the giant-hornet, a foreign timber invader, soon reduced to a comatose condition.

The perfect insect is about two inches in length, has four membranous wings, and long, yellow antennae. The body is blue-black, with faint stripes, and the long boring apparatus is introduced by the insect for piercing a hole into the timber in which to deposit its eggs has, to the uninitiated, the appearance of a terrible insect. When matched, the grub borers its way into the interior of the timber, where it enjoys itself for three or four years, or even longer.

Luck in Wall Street. The case of the former Wall Street messenger boy who has just paid \$72,000 for a stock exchange seat out of his winnings in "the game" will be a tale of the magic possibilities of stock speculation. As against this concrete example, the hard-luck extract-quick finance, all the warnings of the loss fortunate and pitfalls of stock gambling will be as nothing. There was the unlucky case of a few months ago of the bank teller whose faith in war stock profits proved his ruin. But that is another story, and as opposed to it, the case is the more agreeable instance of the youth who has made good, and at thirty-one from the humblest of beginnings has reached the cherished role of all stock brokers' clerks.

But it is to be noted that he made his fortune operating from the inside and not from the outside.

Large Sum for Heceta's Bull. Other Habana, the "Holstein king," paid \$25,000 for a bull at public auction sale. He has the greatest collection of Holsteins in the world.