DRINK HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST

Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas and acids, you have a real surprise awaiting you.

Tomorrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to first neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal.

These subject to sick headaches, backache, bilious attacks, constipation or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store and begin enjoying this morning inside-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up daily. It is a splendid health measure for it is more important to keep clean and pure on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing disease, while the bowel pores do.

The principle of bathing inside is not new, as millions of people practice it. Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and freshen the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Limestone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless.—Adv.

The Inexperienced One.

Belle—Is he a man of affairs?

Anne—Mercy, no! He never had a chance. The first girl he proposed to accepted him.—Judge.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Safety First.

A missionary in a slum district presented a ragged little urchin with a new suit of clothes. More than a week passed away, and the missionary met his little friend again.

Being well acquainted with the condition of the boy's home, and the drunken father, who pawned everything he could lay his hands on, he was surprised and pleased to find that the lad still wore the suit.

"Still wearing your suit?" he asked, and there was a word of pathos in the lad's reply.

"Yes, sir; I've slept in it."

Not Very Helpful.

"Well, golf balls are cheaper, anyhow," remarked the man who likes to look on the brighter side of life.

"What if they are?" sneered the pessimistic person. "That concerns only the idle rich. The chief desire of poor people is something to eat and wear. They can't eat golf balls and most of them have too much self-respect to wear cast-off golf clothes."

A Projecting Personality.

"Cap, we have to let this recruit go."

"Why?"

"He weighs 350 pounds, mostly bay window. If we put him in the front rank it kills the alignment. And if we stick him in the rear rank he's in the front rank, too."—Louisville Courier Journal.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Boy.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving them coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. And so I contracted the coffee habit early.

"I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having had coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers

SYNOPSIS.

—12—

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat, on coming to his senses, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain 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 under the cockney cook, Mugridge, who steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Cooky is jealous of Hump and hazes him. Wolf hazes a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophic discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Mugridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Hump. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases. Wolf sketches the story of his life, discusses the Bible, and Omar, and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Hump nearly to death. A crisis of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute. Wolf is knocked overboard at night, comes back aboard by the logline and wins clear in a fight in the forecastle. Hump dresses Wolf's wounds and, despite his protest, is made mate on the hell-ship. Mr. Van Weyden tries to learn his duties as mate. Wolf hazes the men who tried to kill him. Van Weyden proves by his conduct in a blow, with all hands out in the boats among the seal herd, that he has learned "to stand on his own legs."

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Two hours of terrible work followed, in which all hands of us—two hunters, three sailors, Wolf Larsen and I—reefed, first one and the other, the jib and mainsail. And when all was done, I gave up like a woman and rolled upon the deck in the agony of exhaustion.

In the meantime Thomas Mugridge, like a drowned rat, was being dragged out from under the forecastle head, where he had cravenly ensconced himself. I saw him pulled aft to the cabin and noted with a shock of surprise that the galley had disappeared. A clean space of deck showed where it had stood.

In the cabin I found all hands assembled, sailors as well, and while coffee was being cooked over the small stove we drank whisky and crunched hardtack.

"To hell with a lookout," I heard Wolf Larsen say when we had eaten and drunk our fill. "There's nothing can be done on deck. If anything's going to run us down we couldn't get out of its way. Turn in, all hands, and get some sleep."

The sailors slipped forward, setting the side-lights as they went, while the two hunters remained to sleep in the cabin, it not being deemed advisable to open the slide to the steerage companionway. Wolf Larsen and I, between us, cut off Kerfoot's crushed finger and sewed up the stump. Mugridge, who, during all the time he had been compelled to cook and serve coffee and keep the fire going, had complained of internal pains, now swore that he had a broken rib or two. On examination we found that he had three. But his case was deferred to

Wolf Larsen and I, Between Us, Cut Off Kerfoot's Crushed Finger.

next day, principally for the reason that I did not know anything about broken ribs and would first have to read it up.

"I don't think it was worth it," I said to Wolf Larsen, "a broken boat for Kelly's life."

"But Kelly didn't amount to much," was the reply. "Good night."

After all that had passed, suffering intolerable anguish in my finger ends, and with three boats missing, to say nothing of the wild capers the Ghost was cutting, I should have thought it impossible to sleep. But my eyes must have closed the instant my head touched the pillow, and in utter exhaustion I slept throughout the night, the while the Ghost, lonely and undirected, fought her way through the storm.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next day, while the storm was blowing itself out, Wolf Larsen and I crammed anatomy and surgery and set Mugridge's ribs. Then, when the storm broke, Wolf Larsen cruised back and forth over that portion of the ocean where we had encountered it, and somewhat more to the westward, while the boats were being repaired and new sails made and bent. Sealing schooner after sealing schooner we sighted and boarded, most of which were in search of lost boats and most of which were carrying boats and crews they had picked up and which did not belong to them. For the thick of the fleet had been to the westward of us, and the boats, scattered far and wide, had headed in mad flight for the nearest refuge.

Two of our boats, with men all safe, we took off the Pisco, and, to Wolf Larsen's huge delight and my own grief, he culled Smoke, Nilson and Leach, from the San Diego. So that, at the end of five days, we found ourselves short but four men—Henderson, Holyoak, Williams and Kelly—and were once more hunting on the flanks of the herd.

But Wolf Larsen, as was to be expected, being a boat short, took possession of the first stray one and compelled its men to hunt with the Ghost, not permitting them to return to their own schooner when we sighted it. I remember how he forced the hunter and his two men below, a rifle at their breasts, when their captain passed by at biscuit-toss and hailed us for information.

I was learning more and more seamanship; and one clear day—a thing we rarely encountered now—I had the satisfaction of running and handling the Ghost and picking up the boats myself. Wolf Larsen had been smitten with one of his headaches, and I stood at the wheel from morning until evening, sailing across the ocean after the last lee boat and heaving to and picking it and the other five up without command or suggestion from him.

Gales we encountered now and again, for it was a raw and stormy region, and, in the middle of June, a typhoon most memorable to me and most important because of the changes wrought through it upon my future. We must have been well in the path of the Transpacific steamships when the typhoon moderated, and here, to the surprise of the hunters, we found ourselves in the midst of the seals—a second herd, or sort of rear guard, they declared, and a most unusual thing. But it was "Boats over!" the boom-boom of guns, and the pitiful slaughter through the long day.

It was at this time that I was approached by Leach. I had just finished tallying the skins of the last boat aboard, when he came to my side, in the darkness, and said in a low tone:

"Can you tell me, Mr. Van Weyden, how far we are off the coast, and what the bearings of Yokohama are?"

My heart leaped with gladness, for I knew what he had in mind, and I gave him the bearings—west-northwest and five hundred miles away.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said as he slipped back into the darkness.

Next morning No. 3 boat and Johnson and Leach were missing. Wolf Larsen was furious. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack to raise that tiny boat out of the blue immensity. But he put the Ghost through her best paces so as to get between the deserters and the land. This accomplished, he cruised back and forth across what he knew must be their course.

On the morning of the third day, shortly after eight bells, a cry that the boat was sighted came down from Smoke at the masthead. All hands lined the rail, and there, to leeward, in the troubled silver of the rising sun, appeared and disappeared a black speck. We squared away and ran for it. I looked at the gleam of triumph in Wolf Larsen's eyes, his form swam before me and I felt almost irresistibly impelled to fling myself upon him. The boat was near enough now for us to make out that it was larger than any sealing boat and built on different lines. Smoke, who had descended to the deck and was now standing by my side, began to chuckle in a significant way. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Talk of a mess!" he giggled. "Don't you see there, in the stern-sheets, on the bottom. May I never shoot a seal again if that ain't a woman!"

I looked closely, but was not sure until exclamations broke out on all sides. The boat contained four men, and its fifth occupant was certainly a woman. We were agog with excitement, all except Wolf Larsen, who was evidently disappointed in that it was not his own boat with the two victims of his malice.

We ran down the flying jib, hauled the jib-sheets to windward and the main sheet flat, and came up into the wind. I now caught my first glimpse of the woman. She was wrapped in a long ulster, for the morning was raw; and I could see nothing but her face and a mass of light brown hair escaping from under the seaman's cap on her head. The eyes were large and brown and lustrous, the mouth sweet and sensitive, and the face itself a delicate oval, though sun and exposure to briny wind had burnt the face scarlet. When one of the sailors lifted her into Wolf Larsen's down-stretched arms, she looked up into our curious faces and smiled amusedly and sweetly, as only a woman can smile, and as I had seen no one smile for so long that I had forgotten such smiles existed.

"Mr. Van Weyden!"

Wolf Larsen's voice brought me sharply back to myself.

"Will you take the lady below and see to her comfort? Make up that spare port cabin. Put Cooky to work on it. And see what you can do for that face. It's burned badly."

He turned brusquely away from us and began to question the new men. The boat was cast adrift, though one of them called it a "bloody shame" with Yokohama so near.

"No need to go to any great trouble for me," she protested, when I had seated her in Wolf Larsen's armchair, which I had dragged hastily from his cabin. "The men were looking for land at any moment this morning, and the vessel should be in by night; don't you think so?"

Her simple faith in the immediate future took me aback. How could I explain to her the situation, the strange man who stalked the sea like Destiny, all that it had taken five months to learn? But I answered honestly:

"If it were any other captain except ours, I should say you would be ashore in Yokohama tomorrow. But our captain is a strange man, and I beg of you to be prepared for anything, understand?—for anything."

"I—I confess I hardly do understand," she hesitated, a perturbed but not frightened expression in her eyes. "Or is it a misconception of mine that shipwrecked people are always shown every consideration? This is such a little thing, you know. We are so close to land."

"Candidly, I do not know," I strove to reassure her. "I wished merely to prepare you for the worst, if the worst is to come. This man, this captain, is a brute, a demon, and one can never tell what will be his next fantastic act."

I was growing excited, but she interrupted me with an "Oh, I see," and her voice sounded weary. To think was patently an effort. She was clearly on the verge of physical collapse. I had quite forgotten the existence of Leach and Johnson, when suddenly, like a thunderclap, "Boat ho!" came down the open companionway. It was Smoke's unmistakable voice, crying from the masthead.

There were swift commands on deck, a stamping of feet and a slapping of reef-points as the Ghost shot into the wind and about on the other tack. As she filled away and heeled, the armchair began to slide across the cabin floor, and I sprang for it just in time to prevent the rescued woman from being spilled out.

Her eyes were too heavy to suggest more than a hint of the sleepy surprise that perplexed her as she looked up at me, and she half stumbled, half tottered, as I led her to her cabin. Mugridge grinned insinuatingly in my face as I shoved him out and ordered him back to his galley work; and he won his revenge by spreading glowing reports among the hunters as to what an excellent "lydy's mydo" I was proving myself to be.

CHAPTER XVII.

I came on deck to find the Ghost heading up close on the port tack and cutting in to windward of a familiar spritsail close hauled on the same tack ahead of us. All hands were on deck, for they knew that something was to happen when Leach and Johnson were dragged aboard.

Wolf Larsen strode aft from amidships, where he had been talking with the rescued men. The catlike springiness in his tread was a little more pronounced than usual, and his eyes were bright and snappy.

"Three oilers and a fourth engineer," was his greeting. "But we'll make sailors out of them, or boat pullers at any rate. Now, what of the lady?"

I know not why, but I was aware of a twinge or pang, like the cut of a knife, when he mentioned her. I thought it a certain silly fastidiousness on my part, but it persisted in spite of me, and I merely shrugged my shoulders in answer.

Wolf Larsen pursed his lips in a long, quizzical whistle.

"What's her name?" he demanded.

"I don't know," I replied. "She is asleep. She was very tired. In fact, I was waiting to hear the news from you. What vessel was it?"

"Mail steamer," he answered shortly. "The City of Tokyo, from 'Frisco, bound for Yokohama. Disabled in that typhoon. Old tub. Opened up top and bottom like a sieve. They were adrift four days. And you don't know who or what she is, eh?—maid, wife or widow? Well, well."

He shook his head in a bantering way, and regarded me with laughing eyes.

"Are you—" I began. It was on the verge of my tongue to ask if he were going to take the castaways in to Yokohama.

"Am I what?" he asked.

"What do you intend doing with Leach and Johnson?"

He shook his head. "Really, Hump, I don't know. You see, with these additions I've about all the crew I want."

"And they've about all the escaping they want," I said. "Why not give them a change of treatment? Take them aboard and deal gently with them. Whatever they have done they have been rounded into doing."

"By me?"

"By you," I answered steadily. "And I give you warning, Wolf Larsen, that I may forget love of my own life in the desire to kill you if you go too far in maltreating those poor wretches."

"Bravo!" he cried. "You do me proud, Hump! You've found your legs with a vengeance. You're quite an individual. You were unfortunate, in having your life cast in easy places. You're developing, and I like you the better for it."

His voice and expression changed. His face was serious. "Do you believe in promises?" he asked. "Are they sacred things?"

"Of course," I answered.

"Then here is a compact," he went on, consummate actor that he was. "If I promise not to lay my hands upon Leach and Johnson, will you promise, in turn, not to attempt to kill me?"

I could hardly believe my ears. What was coming over the man?

"Is it a go?" he asked impatiently.

"A go," I answered.

His hand went out to mine, and as I shook it heartily I could have sworn I saw the mocking devil shine up for a moment in his eyes.

We strolled across the poop to the lee side. The boat was close at hand now, and in desperate plight. Johnson was steering, Leach bailing.

The next instant they were opposite the poop, where stood Wolf Larsen and I. We were falling in the trough, they were rising on the surge. Johnson looked at me, and I could see that

One of the Sailors Lifted Her Into Wolf Larsen's Downstretched Arms.

his face was worn and haggard. I waved my hand to him, and he answered the greeting, but with a wave that was hopeless and despairing. It was as if he were saying farewell. It did not see into the eyes of Leach, for he was looking at Wolf Larsen, the old and implacable snarl of hatred strong as ever on his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEWARE THE POPULAR MAN

"Good Fellow" Makes the Worst Kind of Husband, According to Sophisticated Widow.

A sophisticated widow, airing her views in a New York paper, declares that the good fellow, the clubable man, makes the very worst kind of husband. The type of man who is loved by men, chiefly for his genial faults, is a terror to live with, says this lady, who is credited with considerable experience.

Such a man is quite incapable of self-study and of self-criticism; he knows the men like him and he can't think why his wife doesn't. The man who is popular with men, says this lady, never gets on, either in business or anything else. He takes pride in being a good spender and he cultivates the art of generously spending, to the detriment of the art of making. The wife of such a man is forever anxious about financial matters, usually neglected, invariably unhappy. And the men are always so sorry for him, being tied to such a fussy wife.

Having Fun With the Bread Cards.

German humorists have found excellent material in cartooning the bread cards. "Give me your bread card or your life!" was popular. Ferocious bandits were pictured as relinquishing fortunes in gold and jewels in order to steal bread cards; cautious heads of families were depicted as mounting guard at night over the safe in which reposed the family tickets. Dinner invitations, instead of "R. S. V. P.," bore the legend, "Please bring your own bread."—From "Is Germany Hungry?" in the Saturday Evening Post.

Long Life in Rural France.

A remarkable record of longevity is to be found in some of the rural parishes of France. In the village of St. Thomas de la Fliche there have been only fourteen parish priests in 300 years. The parish of St. Germain du Val, in Paris, has had only three pastors in 100 years, while that of Givry en Argonne has had but five in 130 years.

Between Friends.

"Say, old chap, you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?"

"Sure. And you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?"

"Sure. And, say, I want to borrow ten dollars."

"Quiet, Major, quiet. Listen. So do I, and if you can find anybody with a few bucks to spare, let me know, will you."—Judge.

How Light Affects the Eye.

In a dim light the conditions obtained in full daylight do not apply so far as the eye is concerned. In a feeble illumination the eye becomes more or less color-blind and is highly insensitive to red, which appears dead black, whereas green and blue objects appear as uncanny gray.

IF BACK HURTS CLEAN KIDNEYS WITH SALTS

Drink Lots of Water and Stop Eating Meat for a While if the Bladder Bothers You.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.—Adv.

Blocked by Her Think.

"I once thought seriously of marrying for money."

"Why don't you, then?"

"The girl in the case did some thinking, too."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Noisy Youngster.

Dayne—You have a new baby at your house, I hear.

Payne—Great guns! and we live four miles apart! I had no idea anyone could hear him that distance!

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

The United States produces 80 per cent of the oil of the world.

HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE

Stopped Most Terrible Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's stepsister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.

If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for 38 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

TRADE MARK

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists.