WHY THAT BAD BACK?

Does spring find you miserable with an aching back? Do you feel lame, stiff, tired, nervous and depressed? Isn't it time then, you found out why you are unable to enjoy these fine spring days? Likely your kidneys have weakened. Winter is hard on the kidneys. Colds and chills and a heavier diet with less exercise tax them heavily. It's little wonder spring finds you with backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities. But don't be discouraged. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's* have helped thousands and should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Michigan Case

Mrs. H. A. Welton, 628 N. Church St., Hastings, Mich., says: "I suffered with kidney ailment. My back was lame and aching and it got so sore and stiff I could hardly get around. If I bent I could hardly straighten again and my kidneys acted too often. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I haven't had any return of the complaint."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Is indispensible in all cases of Cough, Cold, Influenza, Distemper, Pink Eye, Heaves and Worms among horses and mules. Give an occasional dose as a preventive. Excellent for Dog Distemper and Chicken Cholera. *Write for Free Booklet*

Sold in two sizes at all drug stores.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO. GOSHEN, IND. U.S.A.

Mitchell Eye Salve

A VOID dropping strong drugs in eyes sore from Cold, or other irritation. This old simple remedy that brings comforting relief is best. 25c all druggists or by mail.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. 147 Varick Place, New York

For SORE EYES

LET ME TELL YOU about the FOX business. Big profits; breeding stock for sale. Call or write. GEORGE R. Barnum, Mgr. Box Alder Fox Farm, ALLEGAN, MICH.

GARDNER'S FRIEND CULTIVATOR— works easiest and best. Does work five hoes. $2.00 Postpaid. Write for offer to earn one. Other Premiums. ULRICH MANUFACTURING CO., Rock Falls, Ill.

WANTED—MAN WITH TEAM OR AUTO to handle S. M. CO. products in some choice vacant territory. For particulars address SAGINAW MEDICINE CO., Saginaw, Mich.

FARM BARGAINS

Cheapest best farms in United States. 140 acres, 40 a. under plough. $40 acre. Equipped farms $1,500 up. Pennsylvania's finest 124 acres with $30,000 improvements, equipped, $13,500. Free list. George Ott, Titusville, Pa.

HELP WANTED

Government Positions Open to men, women, 18, over. Hundreds appointed every year. Good salary. Write for free list positions. G. W. Hobbins, 817 14th N. W., Wash'n, D. C.

RHEUMATISM GUARANTEE The Private Prescription of a Detroit Druggist

You may be doubtful—but don't throw away this opportunity to get real relief from your Rheumatism. For 20 years I have been a Druggist in Detroit. My experience has enabled me to develop a prescription—not a "patent" medicine—that will help you. It has cured thousands of my customers. Send $5 for 10-day treatment. Money back if you are not greatly helped. Write me today.

A. R. Cunningham, 9852 Kercheval Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Literary Bug.

"Now, girlie, I'll put you among the books, department of classics."

"But I've been selling lipsticks and rouge. I don't know nothing about classics."

"You don't need to know nothing. Just see that absent-minded gents don't walk off without their change."—Judge.

He Loses Out.

"I married that girl because I thought she could cook. She used to flip pancakes in a restaurant window."

"And can't she cook?"

"Naw. Seems the batter was mixed for her. All she had to do was to juggle the turnovers and look pretty."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fools never stop to count the cost until the bill collector calls.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS for INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot Water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"SHALL I SPRING?"

Synopsis.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old maid—but never too old to think of marriage -- with more money than brains, is invegled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higgleby-Browne, into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel and is unwillingly carried along. By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Talking with Dugald Shaw, leader of the expedition, Virginia very frankly expresses her views, practically accusing Shaw and the other members of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage Captain Magnus, and a shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island is a matter of some difficulty, Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane. The party gets settled. Miss Browne tells about the treasure. Virginia declares herself out of it. The dead sailor's map is produced. Virginia finds a mysterious dog, Crusoe.

(CHAPTER VI—Continued.)

—9—

With the midday reunion my hour of distinction arrived. The tale of the ghost-pig was told from the beginning by Cookie, with high tributes to my courage in sallying forth in pursuit of the phantom. Even those holding other views of the genesis of the white dog were amazed at his presence on the island. In spite of Cookie's aspersions, the creature was no mongrel, but a thoroughbred of points. Not by any means a dog which some little South American coaster might have abandoned here when it put in for water. The most reasonable hypothesis seemed to be that he had belonged to the copra gatherer, and was for some reason left behind on his master's departure. But who that had loved a dog enough to make it the companion of his solitude would go away and leave it? The thing seemed to me incredible. Yet here, otherwise unaccounted for, was the corporeal presence of the dog.

I had named the terrier in the first ten minutes of our acquaintance. Crusoe was the designation by which he was presented to his new associates. Violet tolerated him, Aunt Jane called him a dear weenty pettums love, Captain Magnus kicked him when he thought I was not looking, Cuthbert Vane chummed with him in frankest comradship, and Mr. Shaw softened toward him to an extent which made me inly murmur, "Love me, love my dog"—only reversed. Not that I in the least wanted to be loved, only you feel it an impertinence in a person who so palpably does not love you to endeavor to engage the affections of your bull-terrier.

As to Cookie, he magnanimously consented to overlook Crusoe's dubious past as a ghost-pig, and fed him so liberally that the terrier's lean and graceful form threatened to assume the contours of a beer-keg.

CHAPTER VII.

An Excursion and an Alarm.

As the only person who had discovered anything on the island, I was now invested with a certain importance. Also, I had a playfellow and companion for future walks, in lieu of Cuthbert Vane, held down tight to the thankless toil of treasure-hunting by his stern taskmaster. But at the same time I was provided with an annoying, because unanswerable question which had lodged at the back of my mind like a crumb in the throat:

By what strange chance had the copra gatherer gone away and left Crusoe on the island?

One morning, instead of starting directly after breakfast for the cave, Mr. Shaw busied himself in front of the supply tent with certain explosives which were to be used in the digging operations later.

Having inquired of the Honorable Cuthbert and found that for an hour or two the boat would not be in requisition, I permitted the beautiful youth to understand that I would not decline an invitation to be rowed about the cove. Mr. Shaw had left his marine glasses lying about, and I had been doing some exploring with them. Under the great cliffs on the north shore of the bay I had seen an object that excited my curiosity. It seemed to be the hull of a small vessel, lying on the narrow strip of rocks and sand under the cliff. Now, wreckage anywhere fills me with sad and romantic thoughts; but on the shore of a desolate island even a barrel-hoop seems to suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange. I therefore commanded the b. y. to row me over to the spot where the derelict lay.

I lay back idly in the stern as the boat skimmed over the smooth water beneath the strokes of my splendid oarsman. More than ever he looked like the island god. Every day he grew more brown and brawny, more superb in his physical vigor.

The cliffs on the north shore of the cove were considerably higher than on the other side. The wreck lay close in, driven high upon the narrow shelf of rocks and sand at the base of the sheer ascent. Sand had heaped up around her hull and flung itself across her deck like a white winding-sheet. Surprisingly, the vessel was a very small one, a little sloop, indeed, much like the fragile pleasure-boats that cluster under the Sausalito shore at home. The single mast had been broken off short, and the stump of the bowsprit was visible, like a finger beckoning for rescue from the crawling sand.

"Poor forlorn little boat!" I said. "What in the world do you suppose brought such a mite of a thing to this unheard-of spot?"

"Perhaps she belonged to the copra chap. One man could handle her."

"What would he want with her? A small boat like this is better for fishing and rowing about the cove."

"Perhaps she brought him here from Panama, though he couldn't have counted on taking back a very bulky cargo."

"Then why leave her strewn about on the rocks? And besides"—here the puzzle of Crusoe recurred to me and seemed to link itself with this—"then how did he get away himself?"

We rowed in close under the port bow of the sloop, and on the rail I made out a string of faded letters. I began excitedly to spell them out.

"I—s—l—o—b, Island Queen! You see she did belong here. Probably she brought the original porcine Adam and Eve to the island."

"Luckily forgot the snake, though!" remarked the Honorable Bertie with unlooked-for vivacity. For so far Aunt Jane's trembling anticipations had been unfulfilled by the sight of a single snake, a fact laid by me to the credit of St. Patrick and by Cookie to that of the pigs.

"Snakes 'd jes' be oysters on de half shell to dem pigs," declared Cookie.

As we rowed away from the melancholy little derelict I saw that nearby a narrow gully gave access to the top of the cliff, and I resolved that I would avail myself of this path to visit the Island Queen again. My mind continued to dwell upon the unknown figure of the copra gatherer. Perhaps the loss of his sloop had condemned him to weary months or years of solitude upon the island, before the rare glimmer of a sail or the trail of a steamer's smoke upon the horizon gladdened his longing eyes.

Suddenly I turned to Cuthbert Vane. "How do you know, really, that he ever did leave the island?" I demanded.

"Who—the copra chap? Well, why else was the cabin cleared out so carefully—no clothes left about or anything?"

"That's true," I acknowledged. The last occupant of the hut had evidently made a very deliberate and orderly business of packing up to go.

We drifted about the cove for a while, then steered into the dim murmuring shadow of the treasure-cavern. Mr. Vane indicated the point at which they had arrived in their exploration among the fissures opening from the ledge.

The place held me with its fascination, but we dared not linger long, for as the tide turned one man would have much ado to manage the boat. So we slid through the archway into the bright sunshine of the cove, and headed for the camp.

As we neared the beach we saw a figure pacing it. It was Dugald Shaw. And quite unexpectedly my heart began to beat with staccato quickness. Dugald Shaw, who didn't like me and who never looked at me—except just sometimes, when he was perfectly sure I didn't know it—there he was, waiting for us, and splashing into the foam to help Cuthbert beach the boat—he for whom a thousand years ago the skalds would have made a saga—

The b. y. hailed him cheerfully as we sprang out upon the sand. But the Scotchman was unsmiling.

"Make haste after your tools, lad," he ordered. "We'll have fine work now to get inside the cave before the turn."

Those were his words; his tone and his grim look meant, "So in spite of all my care you are being beguiled by a minx—".

It was his tone that I answered.

"Oh, don't scold Mr. Vane!" I implored. "Every paradise has its serpent, and as there are no others here I suppose I am it. Of course all lady serpents who know their business have red hair. Don't blame Mr. Vane for what was naturally all my fault."

Not a line of his face changed. Indeed, before my most vicious stabs it never did change.

"To be sure it seems unreasonable to blame the lad," he agreed soberly, "but then he happens to be under my authority."

"Meaning, I suppose, that you would much prefer to blame me," I choked.

"There's logic, no doubt, in striking at the root of the trouble," he admitted with an air of calm detachment.

"Then strike," I said furiously; "strike, why don't you, and not beat about the bush so!" Because then he would be quite hopelessly in the wrong, and I could adopt any of several roles—the coldly haughty, the wounded but forgiving, etc., with great enjoyment.

But without a change in his glacial manner he quite casually remarked:

"It would seem I had struck—home."

I walked away.

Fortunately nobody undertook to exercise any guardianship over Crusoe, and the little white dog bore me faithful company in my rambles. Mostly these were confined to the neighborhood of the cove. I never ventured beyond Lookout ridge, but there I went often with Crusoe, and we would sit upon a rock and talk to each other about our first encounter there, and the fright he had given me. Everybody else had gone, gazed and admired. But the only constant pilgrim, besides myself, was, of all people, Captain Magnus. The captain's unexpected ardor for scenery carried him thither whenever he had half an hour to spare from the work in the cave. Needless to say, Crusoe and I timed our visits so as not to confl. with his.

One day, as Crusoe and I came down from the ridge, we met Captain Magnus ascending. I had in my hand a small metal-backed mirror, which I had found, surprisingly, lying in a mossy cleft between the rocks. It was a thing such as a man might carry in his pocket; though on the island it seemed unlikely that anyone would do so. I at once attributed the mirror to Captain Magnus, for I knew that no one else had been on the ridge for days. I was undecided, as I walked along whether by some sublime law of compensation the captain really thought himself beautiful, and sought this retired spot to admire not the view but his own physiognomy.

When the captain saw me he stopped full in the path. There was a growth of fern on either side. I approached slowly, and, as he did not move, paused, and held out the mirror.

"I think you must have dropped this, Captain Magnus. I found it on the rocks."

For an instant his face changed. His evasive eyes were turned to me searchingly and sharply. He took the glass from my hand and slipped it into his pocket. I made a movement to pass on, then stopped, with a faint dawning of discomfort. For the heavy figure of the captain still blocked the path.

A dark flush had come into the man's face. His yellow teeth showed between his parted lips. His eyes had a swimming brightness.

"What's your hurry?" he remarked, with a certain insinuating emphasis.

I began to tremble.

"I am on my way back to camp, Captain Magnus. Please let me pass."

"It won't do you no harm if you're a little late. There ain't no one there keepin' tab. Ain't you always astrayin' off with the Honorable? I ain't so pretty, but—"

"You are impertinent. Let me pass."

"Oh, I'm impertinent, am I? That means fresh, maybe. I'd explain mighty and don't use frills on my language. Well, when I meets a little skirt that takes my eyes there ain't no harm in lettin' her know it, is there? Maybe the Honorable could say it nicer—"

With a forward stride he laid a hand upon my arm. I shook him off and stepped back. Fear clutched my throat. I had left my revolver in my quarters. Oh, the dreadful denseness of these woods, the certainty that no wildest cry of mine could pierce them!

And then Crusoe, who had been waiting quietly behind me in the path, slipped in between us. Every hair on his neck was bristling. The lifted upper lip snarled unmistakably. He gave me a swift glance which said, "Shall I spring?"

Quite suddenly the gorilla blandishments of Captain Magnus came to an end.

"Say," he said harshly, "hold back that dog, will you? I don't want to kill the cur."

"You had better not," I returned coldly. "I should have to explain how it happened, you know. As it is I shall say nothing. But I shall not forget my revolver again when I go to walk."

"What's Your Hurry?" He Remarked.

And Crusoe and I went swiftly down the path which the captain no longer disputed.

"There, don't tremble so—you are safe—safe in my arms!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Juvenile Humor.

The poem under analysis was Tennyson's "The Brook" and the pupils were asked to write a sentence containing the words "coot" and "hern." One small pupil turned in this one: "A little girl I know had an awful coot doll, but it wasn't hern."

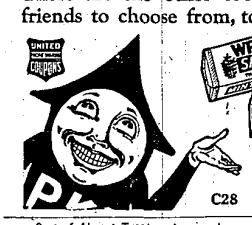
AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S P-K

This new sugar-coated gum delights young and old.

It "melts in your mouth" and the gum in the center remains to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.

There are the other **WRIGLEY** friends to choose from, too:



C28

Sort of Absent Treatment.

Up on the avenue an old colored man, who peddles coal by the basket, stopped in a poolroom and asked the proprietor: "Need any coal today?"

"Nope," was the reply.

Turning to two loafers sitting behind the stove, the old colored man asked: "Does you all need any coal at your house today?"

"No," was the reply.

So the old man left the poolroom and as he started to climb back on his wagon he stopped a minute to pat his old horse on the back and say: "Poor old horse; if business don't get better than this the only way you're going to know when dinner time comes is by the whistles blowing."—Indianapolis News.

Preparedness.

An Indianapolis druggist had been rather persistent in endeavoring to collect an account from a man whose credit was rather doubtful. A series of letters, each a little stronger in tone than the one that preceded it, finally brought a reply, as follows:

"Dere Sirs—Be Paysshunt. I'd rather owe ye till my life than beet ye out of it. I ain't fergettin'. When them that owes me pays me you'll get yourn an not before. If ye want no more prepared to meet yore Maker jest now than I am to pay yore bill you shore is agoin' to halfax in a handbaskit."

Genuine Happiness.

"Colonel," the beautiful girl asked, "what was your happiest moment? I suppose it must have been when that medal was pinned on your chest, wasn't it?"

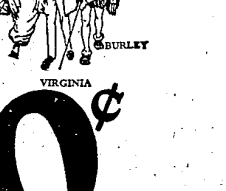
"No," he replied, "it was night before last. I had tried to buy a ticket at the box office of one of the theaters but the man at the window told me there was nothing left. I then went to a broker and got a ticket by paying a dollar extra."

"Oh. And did you like the show so much?"

"The show wasn't any good, but I was happy. The house was less than half filled."

You'll Get A Year's Wear or more, when you buy

★ **111** one-eleven cigarettes



TURKISH BURLEY VIRGINIA

10¢ for FIFTEEN

In a new package that fits the pocket—
At a price that fits the pocket-book—
The same unmatched blend of
TURKISH, VIRGINIA and BURLEY Tobaccos

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Company

★111 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY