

WORKING GIRLS LOOK HERE

Read What Mrs. Lucas Writes Concerning Her Troubles, Which May be Just Like Yours

St. Louis, Mo.—"I had troubles that all women are apt to have, with pains in my back, weak, tired, nervous feelings and a weak stomach. I had been this way about a year and was unable to work or stand on my feet for any length of time. My husband's aunt told me how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done her and begged me to try it, so I did. All my pains and troubles are gone, my stomach is all right and I do my work at home and also work for Swift's Packing Company. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may find it as a testimonial."—Mrs. LUCAS, 7124 Vandeventer St., St. Louis, Mo.

Again and again one woman tells another of the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

You who work must keep yourself strong and well. You can't work if you are suffering from such troubles. Mrs. Lucas couldn't. She tried our Vegetable Compound and her letter tells you what it did for her. Give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial now.

Cuticura Soap Complexions Are Healthy

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.

LOOK OLD?

Gray hair, wrinkles, sagging skin, etc. Cuticura Soap and Ointment will remove all these things. It is the only skin medicine that does so. It is the only skin medicine that is safe and sure. It is the only skin medicine that is cheap and easy to use. It is the only skin medicine that is recommended by all the best authorities. It is the only skin medicine that is used by all the best people. It is the only skin medicine that is the best of all.

MITCHELL EYE SALVE

Helps WEAK SORE EYES

His Stopping Point.

"Paid your tailor's bill yet?" asked a friend.

"Can't," replied the young man.

"Paid the therapist?"

"Quite times."

"What about your motorizing bill?"

"They're still sending it in."

"If you can't pay for your own living," exclaimed his friend, in disgust, "why don't you be decent enough to die?"

"And then run up an undertaker's bill?" retorted the young man. "My dear chap, there's a fault."

Important to All Women

Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be depressed; it makes you one.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample bottle by Parcel Post. You may also purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

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MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

SPANISH BLOOD

By CAMILA KENYON

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CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Tubbs interrupted.

I had determined as an offset to my pusillanimous behavior about the cave to show a dogged industry in the matter of the Island Queen. I had taken a long while to get down through the sand to the chest, but I resolved to accomplish it, and borrowed of Cooke, without his knowledge, a large iron spoon which I thought I could wield more easily than a heavy spade.

But that afternoon I was tired and hot—it really called for a grimmer resolve than mine to shovel sand through the tangle of a Leeward Island. I stepped in I slept in my hammock, and dreamed that I was queen of a cannibal island, draped in necklaces made of the doubloons now hidden under the sand in the cabin of the derelict.

Later, the walling of Cooke was heard in the land, and I had to restore the spoon to free Cruise of the charge of having stolen it. I said I had wanted to dig with it. But of course it occurred to no one that it was the treasure I had expected to dig up with Cooke's spoon.

A more serious obstacle to my explorations on the Island Queen presented itself next day. Instead of putting to sea, Mr. Shaw and Captain Magnus hailed the boat up on the beach and set to work to repair it. The preceding day had been filled with hardship and danger—so much so that my heart sank a little at the recollection of it. You saw the little boat threatening its way among the reefs, tossed like a slave by the white teeth of gnawing waves, beset on all sides by angry gulls whose homes were those cliffs and caves which the boat invaded. And all this, poor little boat, on a hopeless quest—for no reward but personal sounds. Cutbert Vane had been informed, which could not be ignored, and on the strength of which he was dismissed from the boat-repairing contingent, and thrown on my hands to entertain. So of course I had to announce all thoughts of visiting the sloop. I should not have dared to go there anyway, with Mr. Shaw and the captain able more or less to overlook my motions from the beach, for I was quite mortally afraid of attracting attention to the derelict. It seemed to me a happy miracle that no one but my—had taken any interest in her, or type inspired to ask by what chance she came to a boat, but wrecked upon these desolate shores. Fortunately in her position in the shadow of the cliff she was inconspicuous, so that she might easily have been taken for the wreck of a large vessel instead of the whole of a small one, or she must before this have drawn the questioning notice of the Scotchman. As to the captain, his attention was all set on the effort to escape the derelict, and his intelligence was not lively enough to start on an entirely new tack by itself. And the nervous Cutbert viewed derelicts as he viewed the planetary bodies; somehow in the course of nature they become diseased.

So, dissembling my excitement and anxieties, I swung placidly in my hammock, and nearby sat the beautiful youth with his thumb carried tenderly over his lips. But it needed my being so dispirited, or was it quite another reason that led him to open up so suddenly about his Kentish home? Strange to say, instead of pointing for the title, Cutbert went and his brother to go on living, though there was something queer about his spine, poor fellow, and the doctors said he couldn't possibly—Of course I was surprised at Cutbert's view, for I had always thought that if there were a title in your family your sentiments toward those who kept you out of it were necessarily murderous, and your tears crocodile when you pretended to weep over their loss. But Cutbert's feelings were so human that I mentally apologized to the nobility. As to High Stanton, I adored it. It is mostly Jacobite, but with an ancient Tudor wing and it has a chapel and a ghost and a secret staircase and a frightfully beautiful and wicked ancestor hanging in the hall—I mean a portrait of her—and quantities of oak paneling quite black with age and silver that was hidden in the family tomb when Cromwell's soldiers came, and a chamber where Elizabeth once slept, and other romantic details too numerous to mention. It is a little bit run down and shabby, for lack of money to keep it up, and of course on that account all the more entrancing.

The present Lord Grosvenor lived up to his position so completely that he had the goat and sat with his foot on a cushion exactly like all the elderly aristocrats you ever heard of, only when I inquired if his lordship carried his valet and hump platters at the foot of his bed, he told me that his son was much shocked and pained. He did not realize so well as I—from an extensive course of novel-reading—that such is the usual behavior of titled persons.

It was delightful, then in the hot stillness of the island, with the palms rustling faintly overhead, to hear of that cool, mossy, ancient place. I



"Eureka!" He repeated, "I have found it!"

Mr. Tubbs with folded arms, looking round upon the company with an extraordinary air of complacency and triumph.

"What is it, oh, what is it, Mr. Tubbs?" cried Aunt Jane, fluttering with the consciousness of her propriety.

But Mr. Tubbs glanced at her as indifferently as a satiated turkey-buzzard at a morsel which has ceased to tempt him.

"Mr. Tubbs," commanded Violet, "speak—plain yourself!"

"Come, out with it, Tubbs," advised Mr. Shaw.

Then the lips of Mr. Tubbs parted, and from them issued this solitary word:

"Eureka!"

"Eureka!" screamed Miss Higgleby-Browne. "You have found it!"

Solemnly Mr. Tubbs inclined his head.

"Eureka!" he repeated, "I have found it!"

Amidst the exclamations, the questions, the general commotion which ensued, I had room for only one thought—that Mr. Tubbs had somehow discovered the treasure in the cabin of the Island Queen. Indeed, I should have shrieked the words aloud but for a providential dumbness that fell upon me.

"Friends," Mr. Tubbs began, "it has been known from the start that there was a landmark on this little old island that would give any party discovering the same a line on that chest some of the was too high up in the exploring rightness to waste time looking for landmarks. They had rather do more fancy stunts, where what with surf, and sharks, and bangs!" the words he could make a good show of getting by. But old Hann Tubbs, he don't let on to be a hero. Just a plain man o' business—that's old H.E. Consequence is, he leaves the other fellows have the brass band, while he sets out on the g. t. to run a certain little cue to earth. And, ladies and gentlemen, he's run it!"

"You have found—you have found the treasure!" shrieked Aunt Jane.

Country to his bland custom, Mr. Tubbs frowned at her darkly.

"I said I found the cue," he corrected. "Of course, it's the same thing. Ladies and gentlemen, not—

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So the advertiser told you she couldn't read the future until you gave her \$1,000 to put under her pillow and sleep on?"

"Yes."

"I hope you didn't let her have the money?"

"Certainly not. I said that while she was sleeping on my \$1,000 I would be wide awake, and I'd rather not know about the future than suffer from insomnia."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

How it is at College.

At one of the dormitories of a well-known college for women two young housemaids were comparing notes on academic life.

"Well," said North, dimpling, "the faculty has the brains, and the college girls have the clothes, but, believe me, the maids has the looks!"

—Youth's Companion.

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