

Had to Give Up

Was Almost Frantic With the Pain
Suffering of Kidney Com-
plaint. Doan's Made Her Well.

Mrs. Lydia Shuster, 1838 Margaret
Frankford, Pa., says: "A cold started
my kidney trouble. My back began
aching and got sore and lame. My
knees and ankles became swollen and
I felt as if I were sticking in
them. I finally had to give up and
went to a doctor. He said I had
kidney trouble and I should
use Doan's. I had a few
doses and my back was
free. I was able to get
about again. I am now
well and thank Doan's for
restoring my health."

Doan's is
sold by
all
drug
stores.

Expediency.

"A wise man may change his mind."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum,
"but a man sometimes gets credit for
changing his mind when caution has
prevented him to shift his line of talk."

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.
This is the only medicine that cures a cold
in one day. It is sold by all drug stores.

The Limit Reached.

"I don't see why women use such
cumbersome envelopes for their corre-
spondence."
"Guess they won't make 'em any
smaller, at that."
"Why not?"
"Not to have room to carry a post-
stamp."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that
are caused by a disordered stomach
and inactive liver, such as sick head-
aches, constipation, sour stomach,
indigestion, fermentation of the
stomach, palpitation of the heart caused
by gas in the stomach. August Flower
is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion
in the stomach and intestines, cleans
the stomach and bowels, and stimu-
lates the liver to secrete the bile and
impurities from the blood. Sold in all
civilized countries. 50¢ per bottle.—Adv.

POOR LO IN A SHOWCASE

Museum of the American Indian,
Heye Foundation, New York. In-
stitution for Relics of Red Men.

There are still, as we all know, quite
a lot of Indians left in America, but
many tribes are extinct, and many others
have lapsed into a state of semi-civilization
and are being completely absorbed.
The Indian as he was before
the white man is practically a
thing of the past, and this fact is sig-
nified by the completion in New York
of a splendid museum building to
house his remains.

Museum of the American Indian,
Heye Foundation, is the full name of
the institution, which is moving into
spacious headquarters near Broad-
way and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth
street. The Heye foundation has been
in existence for some years and has
a number of ethnologists and
archaeologists in the field. Its method
has been to obtain a collection first and
then erect a building. The exhibit,
which is now placed in its new home,
is probably the greatest collection of
relics of the American Indian.

Not only North America, but Cen-
tral and South America and the West
Indies are included in the studies con-
ducted under the Heye foundation,
and of its field men, Mr. De Booy, has
returned from the Virgin Islands and
San Domingo with a vast amount of
material bearing upon the primi-
tive inhabitants of that region.

It is believed that this new museum
will attract an unusual amount of at-
tention, for the Indians are an un-
failing source of interest to Americans.

United States has a penny shortage.

Instant Postum

fits the spirit of
the times per-
fectly. It is
Purely American
Economical
(without loss
of pleasure)
Convenient
(ready for
instant use)

and is a pleasing,
wholesome, drug-
free drink good
for both young
and old.

There's a Reason

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE HIS SWEETHEART, PAGET EN- COUNTERS A NOISOME HORDE.

Naval Lieutenant Donald Paget, just given command of a submarine, meets at Washington an old friend and distinguished though somewhat eccentric explorer, Captain Masterman. Masterman has just returned from an exploring expedition, bringing with him a member of the strange race, the existence of whose species, he asserts, menaces the human family. At the club, the "March Hares," Masterman explains his theory to Paget. The recital is interrupted by the arrival of a lifelong enemy of Masterman, Ira MacBeard, and the former is seized with a fatal paralytic stroke. From Masterman's body Paget secures documents bearing upon the discovery and proceeds to the home of the scientist. Paget proceeds to sea on his submarine, the F55, and encounters a German cruiser. He sinks the enemy, which had destroyed the Beothla, on which Ida Kennedy, his fiancée, was a passenger. The girl escapes in a small boat.

CHAPTER V.
—
The Sea of Jelly.

He sank like a stone. No glimpse of him could be had. No rescue was possible.

Donald clung to the edge of the boat and scrambled in. He saw the amazed recognition flame out on Ida's face. He knew then that she loved him, and his impulse to seize her in his arms was almost ungovernable.

But at the same instant, looking past her into the sea, he experienced the same illusion that had beset him within the house in Baltimore, and again outside it—that of a woman's misty form outlined upon the water! Donald made a cup of his hands.

"Davies, fling out a rope!" he bawled.

But the submarine was some distance away, and in a moment a wall of fog came down, blotting her out.

Ida Kennedy watched Donald with approval. She had always liked him; shaken as she was now, his advent seemed the work of Providence. She had questioned her heart before she sailed, for she had known that her future was of her own choosing, whether it was to be spent with him or no.

Donald continued to call loudly, but the F55 was drifting in the mist and quite invisible. It was in fear of this sudden happening that Donald had told Davies to make for Fair Island if he could not get a rope to the boat.

Fair Island, less than six miles away, was the secret rendezvous where the oil-ship and biplane were to await the F55, the former to replenish her fuel supply, the latter to accompany her back to the mother ship.

Donald picked up a pair of oars from the bottom. He realized that he would have to pull toward Fair Island alone as soon as he got an inkling of its direction, with the chance of being picked up by the submarine when the fog cleared. But it was approaching sundown, and the probabilities of their spending the night in the boat seemed strong.

He sat with the oars in the rowlocks. As he allowed one to drift through the water he discovered, to his surprise, that it was apparently plunged into a mass of some jellylike substance. He dipped his hand into it and scooped some of it up.

The water was apparently curdled, like thickened milk, and on both sides of the boat, which rolled in it heavily and high in the viscous medium.

As he withdrew the oar Donald had the sensation of pulling it from between the clinging fingers of a child.

He looked down. It occurred to him that he might have got the blade entangled in some marine growth; but the water was clear, almost black, and of the same strange, jellylike consistency everywhere.

Then, to his amazement, he realized that the boat was moving!

It was not like the pull of a towline, which is a sequence of crescendo and diminuendo, of starts and jerks, as the rope grows tight and slack alternately. It was a constant impulse. It was an intelligent impulse.

It was beginning to grow dark, and to row seemed useless until the fog dispersed. It was impossible to gauge the direction. Besides, to pull against that force would have been arduous, and to pull with it might have led to unexpected difficulties.

Donald backed water in experiment. Instantly he felt the force increase. It was an effortless, persistent push, stronger than his own powers, and Donald realized that he could not resist it.

Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation on the back of his hand. He pulled in the oar. Five small, red spots had sprung out on his wrist, and the flesh seemed to have been cupped. Donald clapped his other hand down on it, and encountered something clammy and cool, which seemed to slip away. It was like the flipper of a little seal, or, again, like the hand of a child or monkey.

At the same instant Ida screamed. Donald saw that she seemed to be struggling with some invisible adversary. The boat was tipping dangerously. Donald flung his weight over, and he heard the thud of a soft body against the bottom.

The thing—whatever it was—was in the boat!

Donald leaped forward and clasped Ida about the waist. She writhed in the clutch of the monster, and there was a look of intense horror upon her face. She seemed to be lifted bodily toward the water. Donald felt the slippery fingers of the invisible being elude his grasp. His hands moved up and down over a smooth, blubbery body.

And then he knew what it was. It was such a creature as he had seen

you always. Will you have me, Ida?" She raised her lips to his for answer. And in the happiness of that moment, which atoned for all that they had endured, Donald perceived that the boat had begun to move again. The respite had been of brief duration. Incredibly pertinacious, and cruel beyond belief, the monsters had once more taken up the chase. But in the unhuman forms were minds as shrewd as his, organizing them for one supreme purpose, the elemental one of food.

They were swimming beside the boat. Donald could see the agitated churning of the water. Were they pushing or pulling? Taking the oar in his hand, Donald went to the bow and drove it down into the sea. But he struck only the jellylike medium in which the boat was traveling.

He went to the stern, stepping over the body of the girl, who had relapsed into unconsciousness. This time, as he thrust, there was a scurry among the waves, and he felt the yielding, blubbery form, and the same sensation of a burst balloon. The boat stopped. Donald thrust out furiously, feeling always the contact with slippery flesh.

The monsters were pushing the boat, not pulling it.

And gradually there followed the same stupendous incarnation into visible being, the shadowy shape that grew and crystallized into the milky, opalescent body. He heard the school precipitate themselves upon their prey, and saw it rent and dismembered before his eyes.

Through the increasing darkness their pupils glared as the monsters strove together.

Donald went back to where Ida lay and placed her in the bottom of the boat, her head against a thwart. They were moving swiftly.

Suddenly the boat began to tilt upward at the bow. Donald heard the scraping of the flippers against the stern. Then, as if a heavy dog had scrambled in, the boat tipped high into the air and righted itself. Another of the monsters had gained entrance.

Donald seized the oar and brought it down upon the beast's head. The oar splintered; he heard the cracking of bone, and a splash followed.

The edge of the boat was dragged beneath the waves. It filled and overturned. Donald found himself struggling to save Ida in the sea of jelly that sucked him down. Somehow he

caught her and dragged himself to the keel. He shouted, and the brutes scurried away, leaping and falling with resounding splashes, like sharks at play.

Donald felt Ida's arms seek his neck. She turned to him instinctively, not as her rescuer alone, but as her lover.

He filled his lungs and shouted.

To his amazement he heard an answering shout. He strained his eyes through the darkness. Surely that was a human cry! He shouted again, and the answer came once more; and there was no longer any doubt.

The conning tower of the F55 came drifting out of the night. She ran awash, with hatches off, and Davies was standing on the deck among a group of sailors.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

"Here!" Donald cried. "Reverse engines, Davies! Coming aboard!"

The engines stopped and the submarine grazed the sides of the overturned boat. Donald grasped Ida in his arms and clambered to the deck. And Donald found himself shaking a man's hand as if he were his brother, instead of merely Sam Clouds, able seaman in the navy, trying to keep his hands from straying toward his mouth organ.

"We were trying to make Fair Island when we spotted you, sir," said Davies. "I thought we'd pick you up in the morning when the fog cleared. It's been hard work making anywhere. There's something the matter with the sea."

"How, Davies?"

"We're only able to make a knot and a half, sir. It isn't the engines. At least there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with them. It's as if the sea's—well, turned to jelly, or molasses, sir. Perhaps you noticed it. I've never seen anything like it in my experience," continued the little middy, whose experience of the high seas was limited to a couple of short cruises on a training ship, and one on a transport.

"Clap on the hatches and make full speed for Fair Island," ordered Donald.

The F55 is invaded by the weird monsters and Paget has a terrible struggle to save himself and Ida. It is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not the Right Kind.

"Safety first is no good," said Uncle Eben, "when a man dodges his share of the risk an' puts it up to some other fellow."



Donald Grasped Ida in His Arms and Clambered on Deck.

Man and Lion Die in Battle.

Lion and man, lying alongside one another both terribly mangled and both quite dead, told a silent story of a titanic struggle "somewhere in Africa." The deceased was Trooper Norman Sinclair, a native of Prestonkirk, and while on military duty his body was found lying beside the king of beasts which he had killed. A remarkable tribute to his memory has been paid through the devotion of native troops. There has now been placed on his remote grave an iron cross, which weighed two hundredweight, bearing his name, the date of his death and the words, "Died for King and Empire." For the last 300 miles the cross was borne by carriers over a practically unknown country.

The Reason.

Bishop Colfelt of Troy said at a dinner recently:

"The reason why some people get no comfort out of their religion on Sunday is that nobody else gets any comfort out of it during the week."

A single dose of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will expel Worms or Tapeworms. No second dose or after purgative necessary. Tones up the stomach and Bowels. Adv.

Hymen Thwarted.

"It was tragedy. He was engaged to his typewriter, but he had to give her up."

"Why was that? Didn't he love her?"

"He loved her, but he couldn't spare her from the office. They were too short-handed, as it was."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Precise Figuring.

"So you get a dollar a year for working for the nation."

"To be financially exact," replied Mr. Dustin Stux, "I don't get a whole dollar. I have to pay a little bit back as income tax."

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

New Fire Alarm Box.

Breaking the glass in a new fire alarm box intended for hotel or office building rooms permits the alarm to be sounded and frees a fire escape rope and harness.

Australia is buying California lumber.

MOTHER!

Have you ever used MOTHER'S JOY SALVE for Colds, Coughs, Croup and Pneumonia, Asthma, and Head Catches? If you haven't get it at once. It will cure you.—Adv.

Further Army Plans.

Amplification and escort wagons for an army of 2,033,000 men will require the expenditure of \$10,600,000, according to the recently published urgent deficiency estimates. This sum is expected to cover the acquisition of 55,000 escort wagons, 60,000 water wagons, 3,400 ambulance wagons, 10,000 medical carts and 5,000 small arms ammunition wagons. These figures are all additional to the increased estimates for motor transport.—Army and Navy Journal.

HEAL ITCHING SKINS

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these super-creamy emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Illustration.

"Birds of a feather flock together."
"That's so; a number of swallows generally accompany a jolly lark."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—
I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that I am senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)
A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, 76c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Best.

"Does he come of good stock?"
"The best—all his vices are hereditary."—Life.

The Quinine that Does Not Hurt Head
Because of its tonic and invigorative nature Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Bromo-Quinine."—Dr. J. W. GIBBY'S signature is on box. 5c.

Lansdowne, Pa., new St. Vincent's home for orphans cost \$3,000,000 or more.

SELF DEFENSE

Defeat Backache and Kidney Trouble With Anuric

Many people in this section have suffered from rheumatism and kidney trouble and had tried various kidney remedies. Seeing "Anuric" advertised in the papers I decided to try it. Ten tablets did me wonderful good, and fifty tablets made me a new man. They have wonderful curative power. I sincerely hope that my words will be the means of restoring other sufferers of kidney trouble to good health.—JOHN G. FOWLER, 24 Woodland Ave.

Dr. Pierce's reputation is back of this new medicine and you know that his Pleasant Pellets for the liver, his Favorite Prescription for the kidneys of women, and his Golden Medical Discovery for the blood have had a splendid reputation for the past 50 years.—Adv.

HEAL ITCHING SKINS

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these super-creamy emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are CONSTIPATED. This old remedy will set you right over night.

Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try CARTER'S IRON PILLS

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near \$2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands at remarkably low prices. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre with yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutritious are the only food required for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

There is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or J. P. JAFFRAY, Cor. Walnut & Broad Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Canadian Government Agent

Overworked Women must learn not to neglect their health

How Women are Restored to Health

Spartanburg, S. C.—"For nine years I suffered from backache, weakness, and irregularities so I could hardly do my work. I tried many remedies but found no permanent relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great change for the better and am now well and strong so I have no trouble in doing my work. I hope every woman of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will get great relief as I did from its use."—Mrs. S. D. McABEE, 122 Dewey Ave., Spartanburg, S. C.

Chicago, Ill.—"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. O. BRYAN, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN RELY UPON

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

A GOOD NAME TO REMEMBER - BALTIMORE HIDE AND FUR CO.

SHIP VS YOUR RAW FURS

HIDES-WOOL-TALLOW-BEEF-SKIN-HORSE HIDES-SHEEPSKINS, ETC. WE PAY HIGHEST MARKET PRICES-NO COMMISSIONS CHARGED-CHECK SENT SAME DAY SHIPMENT IS RECEIVED.

310 PRESIDENT STREET, BALTIMORE, M. D.

Every Woman Wants Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douche, sprays, pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50¢ per ounce, or twelve for \$5.00. The Partine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

PERSISTENT COUGHS

are dangerous. Relief is prompt from PISO'S Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiate in PISO'S