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ST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY.



the arms had been transferred, a tug slipped up, quietly made fast to the lighter, and towed it away. I went about the tug to direct operations, and we steamed to Barnegat Light to meet the Laurada, which had left Philadelphia the previous morning. General Nuncz came out from Atlantic City in a launch and toined us. We met the Laurada at the appointed place, well outside the three-sule femil, and our cargo was put on board of her, along with lifty Cubans who were to assist in landing it. She was ordered to procased slowly to Navarssa Island, where I told Murphy I would meet him in twolve days with the Dauntless, and General Nuncz, Dr. Castillo, and I returned to the city on the tug. The empty barge was anchorsel in the upper hay, and we were landed

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

spokes.

"She's railing now! Hang on!" Flotsom shouted, "Have they got the fires going?

"The engineer's got har wide open—log fat teller he is, wolfin' apples!" Jetsom paintest. "D'ye think we can make it, Saint"

"Coarse we can make it! Look out for the cat!" Flotsom said. "By Jinks! There's Ships Bottom!"

THE Mynheer Vanderdecken, labering and pounding, had spun round on her heal; hurtled onward by storm and her own abbing power, she rushed inland. There was lattle for Flotsom and Jetsom, dinging to the wheel, to do, except to keep the rudder mid-ships.

"It's Flotsom an' Jetsom of the wind. They're what lattle for Flotsom and Jetsom, dinging to the wheel, to do, except to keep the rudder mid-ships.

heel, to do, except to keep the mouse midships.

The storm at her back now, the mist pened shoreward. Off the kee bow, lifting aga on the whitecapped rollers, a red flare none out.—Barnegat Light.

"She's headin' straight on the Gridiron. Te got to swing her found on the north end, lose shavin'!" shrilled Flotsam.

"An' pain her in the inlet!" Jetsam panted, Au'—Look!"

Dead aboat under the pounding bows,

"An' jam her in the inlet!" Jetsam panted.
"Au'— Look!"

Dead ahead under the pounding bows, through the deep rumbling line of white surf on the beach, flinging water from her white sides, came the Ships Bottom lifeboat.
"Look in the stern!" Flotsam shouted back. "That's Pop Birdsall—you can tell his Horace Greeley hat!"

Consternation fell on the boys. They had no way of knowing that the whole population of Barnegat village was roused over the fate of the wonderful new life saving boat—sent off to sea with never a thought of the two boys scouting somewhere along the beach.

They only knew, with suddenly jumping hearts, that they had been instrumental in losing the little torpedo model—"Gone to sea on her own hook. Ketch us menkevin with Gover'ment property again!" And there sat the village constable, law's terror, with a white hat, with the brass buttoned Inspectors, in Ships Bottom's boat.

"Fetched Pop out to arrest us!" said Jetsam gloomily.
"We're takin her in—this old sea wagen.

"Fetched Pop out to arrest us!" said
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"We're takin' her in—this old sea wagon ought to square things," said Fiotsam, swallowing hard. He wasn't thinking of salvage then. "We can wheel her in, an' run her aground, an' dive overboard, an' duck!"

"Drown? Yes, we all drown! You'little mermans wreck my ship—so?" The dazed skipper, suddenly roused, lurched out of his schair. Bewildered, he gazed at the terrors alread,—the imminent surf, the reef rocks, roaring and spray washed, and the white lifeboat, flashing out of the sea, right ahead of the onrushing Vanderdecken.

But Flotsam and Jetsam had no time to fool with a half delirious man. Together

clatter of broken engines.

Keeper Johnson, goggling from the boathouse runway, saw the barnacked hull heal safely over, and the two striped little figures who dived bastily into the bay, fetching up on the far side of the miet.

"It's them kids!", said Long Johnson.

"Nobody but us an' them could a fetched her in safe in this welter. What're they skipping for? "Fraid of bem' heroes?"

Two hours later the Ships Bottom lifeboat came in, towing the disabled breeches buoy boat. They found a grinning beachcomber at the statica, with a grimy note written on a sheet of picked up wrapping paper.

"Them two kids is scared to death down the beach," he said. "Premised me a jackknife for bein' ambassador o' peace—if ever they find the dory."

Captain Casco haw-hawed over the paper and gave it to the Inspector, and the Inspector, smiling broadly, read it. Easy to see Flotsam and Jetsam weren't afraid of being heroes!

"Sha's "United for lookin," the boys wrote. "Sha's "United for being heroes!

"She hit us wen we wasn't lookin." the boys wrote. "She's all right fer a boat, ony she got cold feet wen they was men's work to do.

"P. S. Cap'n Vanderdecken owns the ole Flying Dutchman.

"P. S. She'll bust him all she's worth to pay salvidge.

"P. S. We don't want no salvidge.

"P. S. We got the cat. They's more apples in my coat for them poor fellows.

"FLOAT-SAM & JET-SAM."

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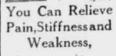
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