

“RAFFLES, THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN”

By E. W. Hornung, Author of "The Shadow of the Rope," "The Rogue's March," Etc.

No. X.
"The Last
Laugh"

I HAVE had occasion to remark elsewhere, the pick of our exploits, as viewed from a frankly business point of view, are of least value to the comparatively pure purposes of these papers. They might be appreciated in a trade Journal (if only that want could be supplied) by skilled manipulators of the Jimmy and the large light bunch, but as records of unbroken yet insignificant success they were found at once too trivial and too technical to be of any considerable value in the bargain. The latter epithets and worse have indeed already been applied, if not to Raffes and all his works, at least to mine upon Raffes, by more than one worthy wielder of a virtuous pen. I need not say how heartily disagree with that truly pious opinion. I am not averse to using a single word of it. I maintain it is the freest ranging story that I am giving to the world. Raffes was a genius and he could not make it pay! Raffes had invention, resource, incomparable audacity and a nerve in ten thousand. He was both strategist and tactician, and we all now know the difference between the two. Yet for months he was a failure. He was out in a lark, unable to show even his altered face by night or day without risk unless another risk were courted by three inches of conspicuous craps. Then thus far our rewards had often been not been no reward at all. Altogether it was a very different story from the old festive, unsuspected club and cricket days, with their jolly and their jinks at the Albany.

And now, in addition to the eternal peril of recognition there was yet another menace of which I knew nothing. I thought no more of our Neapolitan organgrinders, though I did often think of the moving page that they had torn for me out of my magazine. I had not even then seriously erred allude to the subject again, and for my part I had entirely forgotten his wild ideas connecting the organgrinders with the Italian revolution. I had not even read his own tracks. I heard no more of it and thought as little, I say. Then one night in the Autumn I shrink from shock—no, I shrink from shame. I was in my arm, and on we went without talking about it. Sharp to the left on the Notting Hill side, sharper still up Silver street, a little locking west, and south, a plunge into the back street, and presently we were home.

"Pejamas first," said Raffes with as much authority as though it mattered. It was a long time before we got into our pajamas, and I did not mind till I came in clad as he commanded, to find the author himself still booted and capped. He was looking at me and smiling and his gas was still turned down. But he said that I could turn it up as he helped himself to a cigarette and nothing with it.

"You were followed?" said I.

"No, thanks."

"What's the trouble?"

"Never."

"You never saw it?"

"You never looked round."

"I have an eye at the back of each ear, Bunny."

I helped myself, and I fear with less moderation than might have been the case a minute before.

"What was it?"

"That was it," said Raffes, nodding; but he did not smile, and I put down my glass untouched.

"What were you following us, then?"

"All up Palace Gardens."

"I thought you would about coming back over the hill."

"Nevertheless one of them in the street was at that moment."

No, he was not fooling me. He was very grim. And he had not taken off a thing; perhaps he did not think it worth while.

"Pian clothe!" I sighed, following the sartorial train of thought even to the loathly arrows that had decorated my pajamas at that little scene. Next time they would give me double. The skilly was in my stomach when I saw Raffes' face.

"What was it? It was the police, Bunny," said he. "It's the Italians. They're only after me. They won't hurt a hair of your head, let alone cropping it! Have a drink and don't mind me. I shall score them before they get to me."

"And I'll help you."

"No, old chap, you won't. This is my own little show. You know about it for weeks. I first stumbled over it when those Neapolitan organgrinders came back with their organs, though I didn't seriously suspect things; then they never came back. I was puzzled. I was sure of their part. That's the Camorra all over, from all accounts. In the Count I told you about is pretty high up in it, by the way he was a little bit of a fellow. I had never seen between him and the organgrinders. I shouldn't be surprised if he had ever

down-town Neapolitan livercreamer in the town upon my tracks! The organization's incredible. Then do you remember the superior foreigner who came to the door a few days afterward? You said he had velvet eyes."

"I never connected him with those two!"

"Of course you didn't, Bunny, so you threatened to kick the fellow downstairs, and so on and so forth. I don't know, so it was too late to say anything when you told me. But the very next time I showed my nose outside I heard a camera click and I saw the fellow looking at a person with velvet eyes. Then there was a lull. That happened weeks ago. They had sent me to Italy for identification by Count Buccia."

"But this is all theory," I exclaimed.

"How on earth can you know?"

"I don't know," said Raffles. "but I should like to bet. Our friend the blood-sucker was looking through the pillar box to look through my window if he dared in there, and tell me who he is."

The man was too far away for me to see, and I was too close to the corner, so the coat of un-English length, and the lamp across the road played steadily on his boots. They were very yellow, and they seemed to glow when he took a turn. I strained my eyes, and all at once I remembered the thin-soled, low-heeled splay yellow boots of the insidious foreigner who had been looking at me through the keyhole when I had turned from the door as a palpable fraud. The ring at the end of the man's first I had heard of him; there he was, looking down upon the street, and my suspicious eye had caught his feet for rubber soles.

"It's the fellow," I said, returning to Raffles.

Raffles was delighted.

"Well done, Bunny; you're coming on," said he. "Now, I wonder if he's been over here all the time or if they sent him here to look up the matter. I better than you think in spotting those boots, for they can only have been made in Italy, and that looks like the sort of man who would use speculating. I must find out."

"How can you?"

"He won't stay there all night."

"When he gets tired of it I shall return the compliment and follow him."

"Not alone," said I firmly.

"Well, we'll see; we'll see at once," said Raffles. "But with the gas, Bunny, while I take a look. Thank you. Now wait a bit. . . . yes! He's chuckled it; he's off already, and so am I!"

"I don't like to see our outer door held the passage."

"I don't let you go alone, you know."

"You can't come with me in pajamas."

"Why? I see why you should me put there on!"

"Bunny, if you don't shift I shall have to shift you. This is my very private affair, and I'll be back in an hour or there."

"You swear?"

"By all my gods."

I gave in. How could I help giving in? He was a friend of the man that he had been, but you never knew with Raffles, and I could not have him lay a hand on me. I let him go with a shrug and my boots, and he went on to see the last of him from the window.

The creature in the coat and boots had reached the end of our little street, where the light was dim, and he had turned, so that Raffles was just in time to see which way he turned. And Raffles was after him at an easy pace, and he was still in the street, so that when my attention was distracted from the alert nonchalance of his gait, I was marvelling that it alone had not betrayed him, for nothing about him was any more like a sporting man, when suddenly I realized that Raffles was not the only person in the little lone street. Another pedestrian had entered the street, and he was a man in a long coat and clad, with an astrakhan collar to his coat on this warm night and a black sash hat that hid his features from me. He was a little taller than the short and shuffling ones of a man advanced in years and in fatty degeneration, but of a sudden they stopped beneath my feet, and I saw that he was wearing the interdicted crown of the black felt hat. Then at the same moment Raffles turned the corner without looking round, and he was before him in the next second, and he was in the face. Of the latter I saw only the white mustache, like a flying gull, as Raffles had described it, for at a glance I divined that this was his arch-enemy, the Count de Coubert, who had become his.

I did not stop to consider the subtleties of the system by which the real hunter lagged behind while his subordinate pursued the quarry like a sporting dog. I left the Count shuffling round faster than before, and I jumped into some clothes as though the flats were on fire, and I was in the street in time to see him in his turn then I would follow the Count in mine, and there would be a midnight procession of us through the town. But I found no sign of him in the early morning, and I was in the street. The Count road, that looked as empty for all its length save for a natural enemy standing like a waxwork with a glimmer at his belt.

"I don't know," said Raffles, "I have seen anything of an old gentleman with a big white mustache?"

The unlicked cub of a more considerable size than the more conspicuously for the flattering form of my address.

"Took a hamster," said he at length.

A hamster! Then he was not following the Count de Coubert, was he? I saw his game. But something must be said or done.

"He's a friend of mine," I explained.

cralling hours for milk to make him a cup of tea."

This little fib (ready enough for a Raffes, though I say it) earned me not only forgiveness, but that obliging sympathy which is a branch of the business of the man at the door. The good fellow said that he could see I had been sitting up all night, and he left me plumping myself upon the accidental art with which I had told my very necessary tar-raddie. On reflection, I gave the credit to instinct, not accident, and then sighed afresh as I realized how the influence of the master was sinking into me, and he heaven knew where! But my punishment was swift to follow, for within the hour the bell rang imperiously twice, and there was Dr. Theobald on my mat, in a yellow Jaeger suit, with a chin as yellow jutting over the flaps that he had turned up to hide his pajamas.

"What's this about a bad night?" said he.

"He couldn't sleep and he wouldn't let me," I whispered, "never, loosening my

(POSED BY MYLLE BELLEW, BRAND)

"I GOT A CRACK

grasp of the door and standing tight against the other wall. "But he's sleeping like a baby now."

"I must see him."

"He gave strict orders that you should not."

"I'm his medical man and I—"

"You know what he is," I said shrugging; "the least thing wakes him, and you will if you insist on seeing him now. It will be the last time. I warn you! I know what he said, and you don't."

"The doctor cured me under his fiery moustache."

"I shall come up during the course of the morning," he snarled.

"And I shall tie up the bell," I said, "and if it doesn't ring he'll be sleeping still, but I will not risk waking him by coming to the door again."

And with that I shut it in his face. I was improving, as Raffes had said, but what would it profit me if some evil had befallen him? And now I was prepared for the worst. A boy came up whistling and leaving papers on the mats. It was setting on for 8 o'clock, and the whiskey and soda of half-past 12 stood untouched and stagnant in the tumbler. If the worst had happened to Raffes, I felt that I would either never drink again or else seldom do anything else.

Meanwhile I could not even break my fast, but roamed the flat in a misery not to be described, my very chin now tawny from the unwholesome night. How long would it go on? I wondered for a time. Then I changed my tune; how long could I endure it?

It went on actually until the forenoon only, but my endurance cannot be measured by the time, for to me every hour

companion had wrung his hands. It was close upon the half hour.

"Poco tempo-pochissimo!" he wailed. "Bloomberse Eke-warr," he then cried to the cabman—"numerro trentotta!"

"Bloomsburg Square," I roared on my own account. "I'll show you the house when we get there, only drive like be-damned!"

My companion lay back gasping in his corner. The small glass told me that my own face was pretty red.

"A nice show!" I cried; "and not a word can you tell me. Didn't you bring me a note?"

I might have known by this time he had not, still I went through the pantomime of writing with my finger on my cuff. But he shrugged and shook his head.

"Niente," said he. "Una questione di vita, di vita!"

"What's that?" I snapped, my ear training coming in again. "Say it slower—*andante-rallentando*."

Thank Italy for the stage instructions



ON THE LIEBER (C.)

in the songs one used to murder! The fellow actually understood.

"Una-questione-di-vita."

"Oh, mors, eh?" I shouted, and up went the trapdoor over our heads.

"Avanti, avanti, avanti!" cried the Italian, turning up his one-eyed face.

"Hell-to-leather!" I translated, "and double fare if you do it by 12 o'clock."

But in the streets of London how is one to know the time? In the Court Road it had not been half-past, and at Barker's in High street it was but a minute later. A long half mile a minute, that was going like the wind, and indeed we had done much of it at a gallop. But the next hundred yards took us five minutes by the next clock, and which was no choice; we had to take the first upon old watch (it was my own), which made it 15 minutes to the hour as we swung across the Serpentine bridge, and by the quarter we were in Bayswater road—not up for once.

"Presto, presto," my pale guide murmured. "Affrettatevi-avanti!"

"Ten bob if you do it," I cried through the trap, without the slightest notion of what we were to do. But it was "una questione di vita," and "vostro amico" must and could only be my miserable Raffles.

What a very godsend is the perfect hansom to the man or woman in a hurry! It had been our great good fortune to jump into a perfect hansom. There was no choice; we had to take the first upon the rank, but it must have deserved its place with the rest nowhere. New tires, superb springs, a horse in a thousand and a driver up to every trick of his trade. In and out he went like a fast half-back at the Rugby game, yet where

"and send the whole thing crashing down on me." An eye-splitting report accompanied the crash; a white cloud lifted from the fallen clock, and I saw a revolver smoking in a vise screwed below the dial, an arrangement of wires sprouting from the dial itself, and the body of the clock at its zenith and in contact with these.

"Tumble to it, Bunny."

He was alive; these were his words; he held the matter in his hands, and with his knife was reaching up to cut the thongs that lashed the hands. He was not tall enough. I seized and lifted him up, then fell to work with my hands. The clock stopped. He smiled faintly upon us through his blood-stains.

"I want you to tumble to it," whispered he, "the matter's nothing in revenge I ever knew, and another minute would have fixed it. I've been waiting for 12 hours, watching the clock round, dead as a door nail. It's all right now. Simple enough. Hour hand only—O Lord!"

We had cut the last strap. He could not stand. We supported him between us to the end of the room where a chair furnished, and I begged him to speak, while his one-eyed deliverer was at the door before Raffles recalled him with a word in Italian.

"He wants to go to a drink, but that can wait," said he in a firm voice. "I shall enjoy it the more when I've told you what happened. Don't let him go. He's a decent soul, and it's lucky for me I got a word with him before they trussed me up. I've promised to grant him up in half an hour. You must wait him out for my sight for the moment."

"If you squared him last night," he exclaimed, "why the blazes didn't he come to see about it?"

"Ah, I knew he'd have to cut it fine, though I hoped not quite so fine as all that. But all's well that ends well, and I declare I don't feel so much the worse for it. I'll get some beer for you for a bit—and what do you think?"

He pointed to the long, black ruler with the bronze stain; it lay upon the floor. He held out his hand for it and I gave it to him.

"The same one I gazed him with," said Raffles, with his still ghastly smile. "It's a bit of an artist, old Corbucci, after all."

"Now tell's hear how you fell into his clutches," said I, briskly, for I was anxious to know the reasons. To tell me only for my part I could have waited until we were safe in the flat.

"I do want to get it off my chest, Bunny," said Raffles admitted, "and yet I hardly can tell you better than your friend with the velvet eyes. I followed him all the way here. Of course I came up to have a good look at the house, but I hadn't left the door ajar! Who could resist that? I had pushed it half open, and had just one foot on the mat when I got caught. He was quick as a flash, and wanted to get again. When I came to my wits they were hauling me up to that ringbolt by the hands, and old Corbucci himself was there to tie me, but how he got here I don't know yet."

"I can tell you that," said I, and told him the pertinent Court for myself on the pavement beneath our window.

"Moreover," I continued, "I hope neither you, and five minutes after in Earl's Court road I was told he'd driven off in a cab. I would see you following his man, driving home, and I found the door left open in the way you describe."

"Well," said Raffles, "he deserved to catch me somehow, for he'd come from London, and he'd been waiting for me. The ringbolts were ready fixed, and even this house taken furnished, for nothing else. He meant catching me before he'd done with me, and he did it. I hope he'll find away that I scored him off, only going one better, of course. He told me so himself, sitting where I am sitting now, at 24 hours' notice. I'm sure he's got an abominable cigar that I've smelled every time. It appears he sat 24 hours when I left him trussed up, but he said 12 would do. I don't know whether he'll find a certain death at the end of them, or if he mightn't have life enough left to appreciate my end if he made it longer. But I wouldn't give a damn for either. I should have got the clock to go twice round without firing off the pistol. He explained the whole mechanism of that to me. He had thought it all out on the vineyard. I told you that, and he said he remembered what he had promised me in the name of the Comorra. I only remembered some vague threats, but he was good enough to give me the details of that institution that I could make a good European reputation by exposing the whole show if it wasn't for my unfortunate resemblance to a chess piece."

"Do you think they would know me at the Yard, Bunny, after all this time? Upon my soul, I've a good mind to risk it!"

"You mean to say that you don't think it interested me then? But interested I was in Raffles; never more so in my life. He had been tortured all night and half a day, and he was smiling at me. I thought this the moment we cut him down. He had been within a minute of his death, yet he was as full of life as ever; ill-treated and defeated at the best; he comforted me, and I felt as if I had killed though the boot were on the other leg. I had imagined that I knew my Raffles at last. It was not likely so flat as myself again."

"But what happened these while I slept?" I burst out, and my indignation was not only against them for their cruelty, but also against their victim for his phlegmatic attitude towards his fate.

Raffie frankly, but—with those other blackguards—and—with you, old chap for taking it all as you do, while such infamous scoundrels have the last laugh and are safely on their way to Purgatory.

Raffie looked up at me with a curiously open eye—an eye that I never saw when he was not in earnest. I fancied he did not like my last expression but one. After all it was no laughing matter to him.

"But are they?" said he. "I'm not so sure."

"You said they were!"

"—as you thought they should be."

"Didn't you hear them go?"

"I heard nothing but the clock all night."

It was like Big Ben striking at the last stroke of twelve.

And in that open eye I saw at last a deep glimmer of the ordeal through which he had passed.

"But, my dear old Raffie, if they're safe on the outside—"

The thought was too thrilling for a finished sentence.

"I hope they are," he said grimly, going back to his pipe.

"That's true," I said. "Was that burning when you came in?"

Now that I thought of it, yes, it had been.

And there's a frightfully foul smell," I added—as I followed Raffie down the stairs. He turned to me gravely, with his hand upon the front-room door, and at the same moment I saw a cdist with an astonished expression staring on the steps.

"They're in here, Bummy," he said, and turned the handle.

The door would only open a few inches.

But a detestable odor came out, with a puff of yellow smoke from Raffie's handkerchief to his nose. I followed his example, signing to our ally to do the same, and in another minute we had all three squeezed into the room.

With the yellow boots was lying against the door, the Count's great carcass sprawled upon the table, and at a glance it was evident that both men had died some hours. The old pig morrist had held the stem of a liqueur glass between his swollen blue fingers, one of which had been cut in the breakage, and the livid flesh was also brown with the last blood that it would ever absorb. His face was on the table, the huge mustache projecting from under either leaden cheek-gate looking itself strangely alive. Broken bread and scraps of frozen macaroni lay upon the cloth and at the bottom of two soup plates and a tureen. The macaroni had a tinge of tomato, and there was a crimson drain left in the tumblers, with a little red wine still growing in them. But near the great gray head upon the table another liqueur glass stood, unbroken, and still full of some white and frothy stuff, which made me recall that I had not had from the dead, for I knew it to be his.

"Come out of this poisonous air," he said to me, "and I will tell you how it has happened."

So we all three gathered together in the hall. But it was Raffie who gave the most interest the street door, his back to it, his eyes upon me. And though it was to me only that he spoke at first, he would pause from point to point and translate into Italian for the benefit of the one-eyed alien to whom he owed his life.

"You probably don't even know the name, Bunny," he began, "of the dead fellow? Well, he was called the Capitano, or craniade of cacodyl, and I have carried that small flask of it about with me for months. Where I got it matters nothing; the whole point is that it makes you reduce to dust. I can never have had any opinion of suicide as you know, but I have always felt it worth while to be forearmed against it. It is a very simple thing, really. My stuff is calculated to stiffen an ordinary roomful of ordinary people within five minutes; and I remembered myself for the benefit of the man crucified in the small hours of this morning. I asked them to take it out of my pocket. I begged them to give me the flask yet they refused. And what do you suppose they did?"

I thought of many things, but suggested none, while Raffie turned this way and that, staring at the ceiling, at the staircase, at the door, at the wall.

"That beast, Corbuselli!" said he. "How can I pity him? He took the flask; he wouldn't use me now! He sicked cast on the face instead. My idea was that he at least should go with me—to sell my stuff as dearly as that—and a snif would have done him good. Instead he goes and tantalize and torment me. He thought it brandy; he must take it downstairs to drink to my destruction! Can you

"Let us go," he said at last, hoarsely.
As Raffles finished speaking in Italian,
and his second listener stood "open-
mouthed," said Raffles, "and we
will chance being seen, and if the
worst comes to the worst this good
chap will prove that I have been tied
up since ten o'clock this morning, and
the medical evidence will decide how
long those dogs have been dead."
But the worst did not come to the
victim's aid. His very unforgotten
friend, the cabman who never came
forward to say what manner of men
he had driven to Bloomsbury Square at
top speed on the very day upon which
the tragedy was discovered there, or
whence he had driven them. To be
sure, they had not behaved like murder-
ers, whereas the evidence at the in-
quest all went to show that the de-
fendant Corbucci was little better. His
reputation, which transpired with his
identity, was that of a libertine and a
renegade. The discovery of the ap-
paratus upstairs revealed the fiendish arts
of the anarchist, to boot. The inquiry re-
sulted eventually in an open verdict,
and was chiefly intended in killing
suspect as was usually felt for the
dead who die in their sins.

But Raffles would not have passed
this title for this tale.

ACQUIRING THE SEA HABIT

A Task Particularly Hard on Western Recruits.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Young men from the Middle West are good stuff for seamen in the United States navy. But it takes time to get them into the sea habit. And before they acquire it they are apt to get disgusted and run away. That is the real explanation of the high rate of desertion in the United States navy.

Last year in the entire service 10.7 per cent of the men deserted. But these desertions were very unequally distributed among the various classes of sailors. Of the coal passers 39.9 per cent deserted, and of the messmen 23.5 per cent. But in some classes the desertions were as low as 1 per cent. Among the seamen classed as deserters were 10 per cent of the "apprentice seamen," 3 per cent of the "ordinary seamen" and 6 per cent of the "seamen."

This certainly has a bad look, and it is not made any better by the sensational reports of wholesale desertions that are given publicity now and then. Sometimes a sea captain tells of a ship's crew deserts, and sometimes hundreds of men are missing when a squadron leaves port after a few days' stay. The sensational accounts of the new class of deserters, on the average, and can be disregarded.

As to the percentage statistics, they are not really so bad as they look. So few young Americans are in the merchant marine service of the country that landsmen must be sought, and the Middle West becomes the great recruiting ground. Young fellows who have never been at sea will naturally be apt to have many surprises when they are on ship-board and after the glamour has worn off. If they run away it is about what is to be expected.

The trouble is not with the navy, and it is not with the young men. It lies merely in the process of training and adjusting to the new environment. The desertions, numerous as they are, must be set down simply as so much loss to the government in the process of training its fleet. The tradition of the navy has not feared in time of war, but meanwhile the work of training seamen against the day of war must continue, no matter how small the number of recruits. Some of themselves illegally during the early stages of their experience.

With the Age.

W. E. Leonard in July Atlantic.

For good or ill, I master thy destiny,
O Age! thou art my life and mine;
I feel the forest and I lay the line,
I guide the cranes that swing the steel from
And flaring black! I ride the inland flyer
Thro' the swan flocks; in earth's vast realm
I coast the sea with many a bold design,
And visit cities, climbing tower and spire,
And look abroad and say, "How strong you
How ominous and wide!" What now-horn
will
Is hoisted among ye, Cities near and far
By coast and river and the changeless hills
How large your dreams, when "neath the
The Winter night lies 'round ye, cold and
still!"

A Poison Breathed into the System.

In dry places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds, unclean matter, as well as the gases from aerial pollution. The water we drink, though purified, is also full of these germs and

MALARIA IN HIS SYSTEM FOR YEARS.

"Several years I suffered with Chills and fever caused by Malaria in my system, and each year for several years I would have a relapse." My physician prescribed S. S. S. It cured me! I have never been troubled since. Market St., Louisville, Ky. I. SHAFOPF.

saturated with the poison it became

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Last year in the entire service 10.7 per cent of the men deserted. But these desertions were very unequally distributed among the various classes of men. Of the coal passers 39.9 per cent deserted, and of the messmen 23.5 per cent. But in some classes the desertions were as low as 1 per cent. Among the classes of men the desertions were 10 per cent of the "apprentice seamen," 3 per cent of the "ordinary seamen" and 6 per cent of the "seamen."

That certainly has a bad look, and it is not made any better by the sensational reports of wholesale desertions that are given publicity now and then. Sometimes they lead to the sale of a ship's crew deserts, and sometimes hundreds of men are mislaid when a squadron leaves port after a few days' stay. The sensational news is exaggerated, but it is not true on the average, and can be disregarded.

As to the percentage statistics, they are not really so bad as they look. So few young Americans are in the navy that the police of the country that lands men must be sought, and the Middle West becomes the great recruiting ground. Young fellows who have never been at sea will naturally be apt to have many surprises when they are on ship board and after the glamour has worn off. If they run away it is about what is to be expected.

The trouble is not with the navy, and it is not with the young men. It lies merely in the process of adapting the recruits to the environment. The navy is so much more numerous as they must be sent down simply as much so less to the government in the process of training its ships' crews. Desertions need not be so common as they are, and the work of training seamen against the day of war must continue, no matter how many ill-adapted applicants eliminate themselves in the process of the early stages of their experience.

With the Age.

For E. E. Leonard in July Atlantic
 Wound or ill, I master thy desire,
 O care and Country, making thy life mine;
 I felt the food and the way the line,
 I guide the cranes that lay the steel from
 the fire
 And flare; I ride the inland fere,
 Thro' the sown fields; in earth's vast realm
 and shine
 I coast the sea with many a bold design,
 And visit cities, climbing tower and spire,
 And look ahead and say, "How strong you
 are!"
 How ominous and wide! What now-horror
 will
 be borned among you, Cities! Near and far
 By coast and river and the changeless hills
 How large your dreams, when "neath their
 polar star,
 The Winter night lies 'round you, cold and
 still!"

MALARIA

The air arising from low, marshy places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds and pools and from decaying vegetable matter, as well as the gases from sewers, is loaded with germs of malarial poison. The water we drink, that has not been properly filtered and purified, is also full of these germs and microbes, and as we daily breathe and drink millions of these into the system, to be absorbed by the blood, the entire body begins to feel the effects of the poison. The most common form of Malaria is "chills and fever," but when the blood is thoroughly saturated with the poison it becomes so weak and polluted that abscesses, carbuncles, boils, sores, ulcers and other skin diseases result. Malaria also affects the liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach, producing a chronic state of biliousness that often results in jaundice or some malignant fever. In cases of Malaria the blood must be purified before the body can regain its natural health. S. S. S. contains purifying and tonic properties possessed by no other blood medicine, and is the ideal remedy for the treatment of Malaria. It destroys the germs of the disease and builds up the weakened, polluted circulation. It enters into the blood and forces out every particle of poison and waste matter and adds strength and activity to it. S. S. S. improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the entire system by its alternative and purifying action, and Malaria, with all its bad effects, is permanently driven from the system. Book on the blood and any medical advice, without charge.

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