

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

GOLDEN WEST
COFFEE
TEA SPICES
BAKING POWDER
EXTRACTS
JUST RIGHT
CLOSET & DRESSERS
PORTLAND, ORE.

Why He Favored Them.
 Friend—Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?
 Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife waiting to ask questions.—Kansas City Journal.

Do your feet ever feel tired, achy and sore at night? Rub them with a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil. They'll be glad in the morning, and so will you.

Infalible.
 "Are you, indeed, a really and truly fairy?" asked the little girl.
 "Yes, I am a fairy. I live here in the woods, but nobody but good children ever sees me."
 "But how do you fix people so they can't see you?"
 "I lend them money."
 The recipe has never been known to fail.—Cleveland Leader.

Though There Is No Incentive.
 First Hunter—You know they have passed a law in Florida permitting the killing of alligators?
 Second Hunter—O, well, I suppose we'll keep on killing them, just the same.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

At the Summer Resort.
 "I'm sorry," said the maiden, "but you'll have to go now."
 "But it's only 10 o'clock," replied the young man.
 "I know, but we can't have the hammock any longer. There's so much company in the house that pa has to sleep out here and I just know we're keeping him out of bed."—Detroit Free Press.

Clear Waste of Money.
 Spleigh—The doctor says there's something the matter with my head.
 Sharp—You surely didn't pay a doctor to tell you that!—Boston Transcript.

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 A pure phosphate baking powder that does all that the high priced baking powders will do and does it better. It raises the dough and makes lighter, sweeter and better risen loaves. Sold by grocers 25c per pound. If you will send us your name and address, we will send you a book on health and baking powder.
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The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND
 Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.
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CHAPTER X.
 Signs multiplied. When Charles and I returned to the house we found muddy footprints staining the dining-room floor and tracked across the kitchen. No intruders were to be seen, nor other evidence of their visit, but the mere fact that the sanctity of my home—hitherto always left open to the winds—had been invaded, angered me. I had Charles see that the house was securely locked hereafter whenever he left it in my absence.
 Over the mantel in my den hung two muskets, out-of-date but still capable of boring holes in the atmosphere. My little army held a shotgun, for use in the marshes, and two revolvers, whose only use heretofore had been for target practice. I took them from the drawer and looked them over; they were ready for work when needed.

I sat on the porch, and considered the situation. Something was about to happen, something—I could not tell what—that centered around this man who had mysteriously taken possession of the Ship and proposed to offer combat on the sands. What he was or who he was I could not guess; speculation in these lines brought me immediately into blind alleys; but there was no doubt that in situation and character he was certainly the direct descendant of a more adventurous age. I was unmistakably drawn to him. I could see him as he stood on the beach, buffeted by the storm, gazing at the men who were pulling away, and as he had stepped from the hatchway, and in hand, bowing to Barbara Graham with the chivalrous manner of a cavalier, and again as he sat across the table from me, his slender hands ready to seize upon the pistols, his eyes, full of amusement and audacity, looking straight into mine. There was no doubt about it, the Ship belonged to him by right of inheritance, and his arrival had brought me strange tidings. I thought over the matter a long time before I went to bed.

Early the next morning I took my dip in the sea, and was returning, clad in a bath-towel, when I caught sight of a man peering at me from the pines. I waved my towel, and he disappeared. As I was finishing dressing, a little later, I stepped out upon my balcony, and I saw the same man, much nearer now, gazing intently at the cottage. I hate spies, so I spoke somewhat angrily.
 "Hi, there! What do you want?" I cried, beckoning to him.
 He came forward rather sheepishly, and touched his hat.
 "I was only taking a look at your house, sir."
 "And is that what you were doing some twenty minutes ago?"
 "Yes, sir; that's all I was doing."
 "Are you an architect?" I demanded.
 He wore a plain blue suit, with an old straw hat, and might have been almost anything.

He smiled. "No, I was merely looking about to see what there was to see. There wasn't any harm meant."
 "There isn't any harm done, but, then, there isn't anything to see. I'm not very partial to eight-seers, especially when they hide behind trees. If there's anything you want to ask me about, speak out."
 He hesitated a moment. "A stranger—a tall man who speaks French—hasn't stopped at your house, has he?"
 "No. Is he a pal of yours?"
 The man grinned. "Not exactly. Well, I won't trouble you any more. Good morning."

At breakfast I again cautioned Charles to remember that he knew nothing. I could do no work in my present state of mind, so I slung my field-glasses over my shoulder and went to call on Duponceau. He was sitting at the cabin table, breakfasting on the remains of our last night's supper. My heart smote me.
 "Why didn't you let me know? I could have brought you breakfast."
 "It matters little; yesterday I obtained some food from a farmer, but that is too dangerous." He smiled. "I'm quite used to doing with little."

I sat down while he finished breakfast. After that we walked the short length of the cabin, Duponceau asking me a great many questions about the coast and the country inland. I told him what I could, and he seemed satisfied. Then I decided to take my esel and paints and go up on the cliff above the Ship to paint. "I can keep a good lookout from there of the farther beach," I said. "One can sweep it thoroughly from the cliff with a pair of glasses."
 I settled down on the cliff, and for half an hour forgot everything but the scene in front of me. At the end of that time I looked up the distant beach with my glasses. Some one was sitting there, half way up. I studied the figure and decided that it was a woman, no other than Barbara Graham.

Pride is a curious quality. Sometimes it will not even last overnight. My one desire now was to have a few words with Miss Graham, so I left my esel as it stood, and went towards her.
 She was half lying, half sitting, in the soft sand, some of which she had moulded into a cushion for her back, and a book lay open at her side, but she was not reading. She was gazing at the sea.
 "What do you think of our pirate?"
 She started, looked round at me, sat up, and clasped her knees with her hands. I sat down on the sand beside her.
 "I was just thinking of him. I was thinking that I like him tremendously."
 "Naturally. He rescued you from a very disagreeable fellow."
 "Yes," she agreed, without looking at me; "and a girl can never forget a debt of gratitude for that sort of thing."
 "I must apologize," I said, "for my rudeness. Of course it was no business of mine whose portrait you had in your pocket."

I could find words Barbara was speaking.
 "If there is one thing I particularly dislike," she said, "it is curiosity. If you must know, we came out here to hunt sand-snipe, and we're just about to begin. That's all; you may go now," and she waved her hand towards the pines.
 The men were clearly surprised. They were more so when they saw the girl calmly sit down on the sand, motion me to do likewise, and proceed to load one of the revolvers. Shortly after, they withdrew, whispering to each other.
 In order to disarm suspicion, we sat there some time, and I built miniature sand fortifications in order to teach Barbara the art of war.

"I wonder if I can learn to shoot?" she said presently. "If I meet many more like those, I shall be tempted to try."
 I handed her a loaded pistol. "Aim at that rock out there," I said, pointing at one showing above the water.
 She took aim, did not close her eyes, pulled the trigger. The report, sharp and clear, cut the silence of the beach like a knife. We saw the water splash where the bullet entered. A frightened gull screamed loudly away.
 The little puff of smoke faded; all was still again.
 Barbara looked at the revolver, then at me. Her lips were smiling, but her eyes were deep with excitement.
 "The war has begun," I said. "That shot was to let the world know that Alastair is armed."
 (To be continued.)

WAS A TRIFLE SLOW.
Train Schedule of a Certain Southern Railroad Beaten by Hog.
 "For several years I have been a commuter on the Erie," said the sunburned man, according to the New York Herald, "and I have joined in the general rally at the expense of that unique system. But never again. I have just come from Florida, where they have railroads compared with which the Erie is the personification of rapid transit. If you get off the main line of travel in Florida you are up against it good and plenty."
 "I wanted to go from Tampa over to the east coast, and part of the itinerary took in a branch road from Orange City Junction to New Smyrna. The distance is twenty-seven miles. You leave Orange City Junction at 4:35 p. m., and if the train is on time it gets you to New Smyrna at 7:15. Only two hours and forty-seven minutes to come twenty-seven miles! That's all! Two trains a day are operated over this road—combination passenger and freight trains.
 "There used to be an engineer named Bill Rogers who ran this afternoon train. He is dead now. I understand the strenuous life was too much for him. Bill used to be greatly annoyed by the razorback hogs that roam at large through the country, branded just like cattle. There was one hog in particular that gave Bill a lot of trouble. Every evening he could be found lying comfortably between the rails at a point about two miles outside of New Smyrna, and Bill would have to climb down from his cab and pry the hog off with a crowbar. You can kill a negro down in that country and nothing is thought of it, but you mustn't kill a hog. If you do, you are liable to go to jail."
 "Well, Bill had a grouch on one day, and when he saw the hog stretched out in the usual wallow he determined to defy the law. So, instead of stopping to pry the hog off the track, he opened up his throttle and started for the obstruction at full speed. Just as the engine was almost upon him the hog seemed to realize that something was wrong. Not waiting for the usual assistance, he got up, shook himself, and started down the track ahead of the engine. And I have the assurance of at least a dozen respectable witnesses that the hog beat the train into New Smyrna station by a fraction over three minutes!"

THE USEFUL PIG.
 Thrift is not generally supposed to be among the qualities of the negro. A writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, however, tells a story of a colored woman who should be an example to her race. She was an extremely black African, and was being examined at a conference at Tuskegee. "Do the people in your community own homes?" came the query from Mr. Booker Washington.
 "I think they's fixing to own 'em, sah."
 "But do they own them?"
 "A heap of times you can't just tell, sah. But they's holding 'em down."
 "Do you own your home?"
 "Yes, sah, I do," proudly. "And I can tell you jest how I got it. I swapped a puppy-dog for it."
 "Tell us about it."
 "Well, it was this way. When I started, I didn't have anything at all but jest a little yaller puppy-dog."
 "I took the dog over to my brother-in-law's. He had eight little bits of pigs, oh, jest so little; an' I swapped the puppy with him for one of the pigs."
 "It was sech a little pig that it didn't look like it would live, but I nursed it good, and I prayed to the Lord to make that little pig come forward to do me good, and the pig lived and grew."
 "The first year I turned her out, and when she came back in the fall she brought me seven little pigs with her."
 "That was my start. I've never had to buy any meat since. This winter I've killed three hogs, and I've got another at home now ready to kill."
 "I've got forty acres of land now, all paid for, and a house, and it all come from that one little puppy."

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Comparison.
 "I admit I have the fault you mention," said the concealed man, self-complacently, "but it's the only fault I have, and it's a small one."
 "Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole that makes a plugged nickel no good."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pettit's Eye Salve.
 No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured, restores normal conditions. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Realistic Music.
 Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back?
 Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Explanation Coming.
 "Did you write this report on my lecture, 'The Curse of Whisky?'"
 "Yes, madam."
 "Then kindly explain what you mean by saying, 'The lecturer was evidently full of her subject!'"—London Opinion.

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Fair Exchange.
 Mamma—Have you been taking your cough medicine, like a good boy?
 Tommy—No, ma'am. I let Polly taste it an' she liked it, so I traded it to her for an orange.—Cleveland Leader.

No Doubt.
 On one occasion an ignorant quack was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. "Convalescent!" said the quack, "why, that's nothing serious. I have cured convalescence in twenty-four hours."—Sacred Heart Review.

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