

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.

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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, aching 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 ham-mock 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.
Sapleigh—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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The Main Chance

BY
Meredith Nicholson
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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Wheaton's hand rested again on the packet before him; he had flushed to the temples, but the color slowly died out of his face. It was very still in the room and the watchman could be heard walking across the tiled lobby outside. A patrol wagon rattled in the street with a great clang of its gong. Wheaton had moved the brown parcel a little nearer to the edge of the table; Margrave noticed this and for the first time took a serious interest in the packet. He was not built for quick evolutions, but he made a sudden movement across the table toward Wheaton, who was between him and the door.

"What you got in that paper, Jim?" he asked, puffing from his exertion.

Wheaton did not speak, but he picked up the parcel and took a step toward the door, Margrave advancing upon him.

Wheaton reached the door, holding the package under his arm.
"Don't touch me; don't touch me," he said, hoarsely. Margrave still came toward him. Wheaton's unengaged hand went nervously to his throat, and he fumbled at his tie. The sweat came out on his forehead. It was a curious scene, the tall, dark man in his evening clothes, pitiful in his agitation, with his back against the door, hugging the bundle under one arm; and Margrave, in his rough business suit, walking toward Wheaton, who retreated before him.

"I want that package, Jim."
"Go away! go away!" The sweat shone on Wheaton's forehead in great drops. "I can't, I can't—you know I can't!"

"You coward!" said Margrave. "I want that bundle." He made a gesture and Wheaton dodged and shrunk away. Margrave laughed again; a malicious mirth possessed him. But he grew suddenly fierce and his fat fingers closed about Wheaton's neck. Wheaton huddled against the door, holding the brown package with both hands.

"Drop it! Drop it!" blurted Margrave. He was breathing hard.
A sharp knock at the door against which they struggled caused Margrave to spring away. He walked down the room several paces with an assumption of carelessness, and Wheaton, with the bundle still under his arm, turned the knob of the door.

"Hello, Wheaton!" called Fenton, blinking in the glare of the lights.

"Good evening," said Wheaton.

"How're you, Fenton?" said Margrave, carelessly, but mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Here are your papers," said Wheaton, almost thrusting his parcel into the lawyer's hands.
"All right," said Fenton, looking curiously from one to the other. And then he glanced at the package, as if absent-mindedly, and saw that the seal was unbroken.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said. "Sorry to have disturbed you."
"How much Traction was in that package?" asked Margrave, closing the door.

"I don't know," said Wheaton, smoothing his tie. The watchman could be heard closing the outside door on Fenton.

"No, I don't think you do," returned Margrave. "You'd fixed it pretty well with Fenton. If he'd only been a minute later I'd have got that bundle. I didn't realize at first what you had there, Jim, until you kept fingering it so desperately. Now there are those shares you own, Jim. I hope we won't be interrupted while you're getting them for me."

Wheaton hesitated.
"I'm going from here to the Gazette office. You know they do what I tell 'em over there. They'd like a little story about the aristocratic Wheaton family of Ohio. Porter's girl would like that for breakfast-to-morrow morning."

Wheaton hung between two inclinations, one to make terms with Margrave and assure his friendship at any hazard, the other to break with him, let the consequences be what they might.

"Hurry up," said Margrave impatiently; "this is my busy night and I can't wait on you. Dig it up."

Wheaton's hand went slowly to his pocket. As he drew out his own certificate with nervous fingers, the certificate which Evelyn Porter had given him an hour before fell upon the table.

"That's the right color," said Margrave, snatching the paper as Wheaton sprang forward to regain it.

"Not that! not that! That isn't mine!"

Margrave stepped back and swept the face of the certificate with his eyes.

"Well! I knew you stood next, Jim," he said, insolently, "but I didn't know that you were on such confidential terms as all this. And you witnessed the signature. How sweet and pretty it all is!" The paper exhaled the faint odor of satchet, and Margrave lifted it to his nostrils with a mockery of delight.

"I must have that, Margrave. I will do anything, but I must have that—you wouldn't?"

Margrave watched him maliciously, thoroughly enjoying his terror.

"How do you know I wouldn't? Give me the other one, Jim."
Still Wheaton held his own certificate; he believed for a moment that he could trade the one for the other.

"I'm not going to fool with you much longer, Jim; you either give me that certificate or I go to the Gazette office as straight as I can walk. Just sign it in blank, the way the other one is. I'll witness it all right."
Wheaton wrote while Margrave stood over him, holding ready a blotter which

he applied to Wheaton's signature with unnecessary care.

"I hope this won't cause you any inconvenience with the lady, but you're undoubtedly a fair liar and you can fix that all right, particularly"—with a chuckle—"if the old man catches in."

Wheaton followed Margrave's movements as if under a spell that he could not shake off. Margrave walked toward the door with an air of nonchalance, pulling on his gloves.

"I haven't my check-book with me, Jim, but I'll settle for your stock and Mrs. Evelyn's, too, after I get things re-organized. It'll be worth more money than. Please give the young lady my compliments," with irritating suavity. He stopped, smoothing the backs of his gloves placidly. "That's all right, Jim, ain't it?" he asked, mockingly.

"I hope you're satisfied," said Wheaton, weakly.

"I'm never satisfied," said Margrave, picking up his hat.

Wheaton wished to make a bargain with him, to secure his own immunity; but he did not know how to accomplish it. Margrave had threatened him, and he wished to dull the point of the threat, but he was afraid to ask a promise of him.

Wheaton did not follow him to the door, but Margrave seemed in no hurry to leave. The watchman went forward to let him out at the side entrance.

"If he'd only been sure the old man would have died to-night," he reflected as he walked up the street, "he'd have given me Porter's shares, easy." He went to his office, entertaining himself with this pleasant speculation. "If I'd got out of the bank with that package he'd never dared squeal," he presently concluded.

CHAPTER XVI.

John Saxton was a good deal the worse for wear as he swung himself from a sleeper in the Clarkson station and bolted for a downtown car. Coal mining is a dirty business, and there are limits to the things that can be crowded into a



HIS FINGERS CLOSED ABOUT WHEATON'S NECK.

suit-case. He had been crawling through four-foot veins of Kansas coal in the interest of the Neponset Trust Company, and had been delayed a day longer than he had expected. He continued to be in a good deal of a hurry after he reached his office, and he kicked aside the mail which rustled under the door as he opened it, and knelt hastily before the safe and began rattling the tumblers of the combination. He pulled out a long envelope and then with more composure consulted his watch.

It was half-past eight. He took from his memorandum calendar the leaf for the day; on it he had posted a cutting from a local newspaper announcing the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Clarkson Traction Company. The meeting was to be held, so the notice recited, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. of the second Tuesday of November, at the general offices of the company in the city of Clarkson. The Exchange Building was specified, though the administrative offices of the company were on the other side of town. Before setting forth Saxton examined his papers, which were certificates of stock in the Clarkson Traction Company. They had been sent to him by a personal friend in Boston, the trustee of an estate, with instruction to investigate and report. Having received them just as he was leaving for Kansas, there had been no opportunity for consulting Porter or Wheaton, his usual advisers in perplexing matters. Traction stock had advanced lately, despite newspaper attacks on the company, and he hoped to sell his friend's shares to advantage.

Saxton had never been in the Exchange Building before and he poked about in the dark upper floors, uncertainly looking for the rooms described in the advertisement. Another man, also peering about in the hall, ran against him.

"Beg pardon, but can you tell me—"
"Good morning, Mr. Saxton, are you acquainted in this rookery?" It was Fenton, who carried a brown parcel under his arm and appeared annoyed.

"No; but I'm learning," John answered. "I'm looking for the offices of the Traction Company. Its light seems to be hid under a bushel."

"I'm looking for it, too," said Fenton. "Some humorist seems to have changed the numbers on this floor."

They traversed the halls of several floors in an effort to find the numbers specified in the notice. Fenton occasionally kicked at a door in his rage. Saxton called to him presently from a dark corner where he held up a lighted match to read the number on the transom.

"Here's our number, but there's no name on the door."
Fenton advanced upon the door with

long strides, but it did not open as he grasped the knob. He kicked it sharply, but there was still no response from within.

"What time is it, Saxton?" he asked over his shoulder, without abating his pounding or knocking.

"Five minutes of nine," Saxton was aware now that something important was in progress. He did not know Fenton well, but he knew that he was the attorney for Porter and the Clarkson National, and that he was a serious character who did not beat on doors unless he had business on the inside. Fenton now called out loudly, demanding admission. There was a low sound of voices and a sharp noise of chairs being pushed over an uncarpeted floor; but the knob which Fenton still held and shook did not turn.

On the inside of the door Timothy Margrave and Horton, the president, Barnes, the secretary, and Percival, the treasurer of the Clarkson Traction Company, were holding the annual meeting of that corporation, in conformity with its articles of association, and according to the duly advertised notice as required by the statutes in such case made and provided. They had, however, anticipated the hour slightly; but this was not, Margrave said, an important matter. His notions of the proper way of holding business meetings were based on his long experience in managing ward primaries.

Horton, the president, called the meeting to order.

"Well, boys," said Margrave, "there ain't any use waiting on the other fellows. Business is business and we might as well get through with it. I vote twenty-five hundred and ninety-seven shares of the common stock of this company; you gentlemen haven't more than that, have you?" The fact was that the three officers present owned only one share each.

"I move," said Barnes, "that we proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing year."
"And I move," said Percival, "that the

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"I admit I have the fault you mention," said the conceited 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.

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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.—Flegende 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.

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Too Wise to Be Haasty.

He was an unruly youngster. A writer in the New York Sun says that he had not been in the car five minutes before all the women present and most of the men were explaining to anybody who would listen what they would do with the boy if he belonged to them.

To the general babel there was one woman who contributed nothing. She was a gentle, gray-haired body, who remained unruffled by the small tempest raging.

"If that child belonged to me," said the woman beside her, "I'd make him mind if I had to half kill him, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," said the quiet woman. "I don't know what I should do."

"You don't?" exclaimed the positive woman. "Well, I know. But then, maybe you are not used to children? Maybe you never had any of your own?"

"Oh, yes," said the little woman, "I brought up thirteen. That's why I don't know what I should do."

Similar Symptoms.

It was the open season for baseball as a man limped into the police station, with a black eye and one arm in a sling.

"Say, captain," he said, addressing the officer in charge, "I want protection."

"Oh, you do, eh?" queried the officer. "Are you a married man or an umpire?"

Some System.

"I'm hunting up all my famous ancestors."
"I've got your scheme skinned. I'm hunting up all my ancestors who were crooks."

"But why?"
"To prove what a fine fellow I am in spite of my handicap."—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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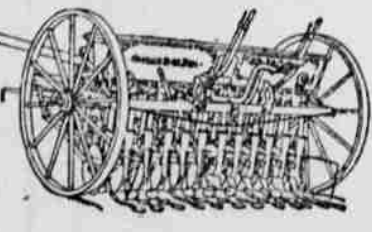
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