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the same location. U. S. DENTISTS, 245 1/2 Wash-
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All long rye straw stuffed.
Inset on having the collar
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your dealer does not handle
this brand collar, write to us
direct.
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53 Union Av., Portland, Ore.

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stallions in the country, weighing over a
cattle. North Portland Horse & Mule Co.,
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Will exchange for horses, mules or
cattle.

AUTO PARTS FOR ALL CARS
At less than 1/2 Price. Mail orders promptly filled.
Pacific Auto Wrecking Co. Broadway & Flinders,
PORTLAND

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed without injury to the skin by New-Born
Depilatory. Sample on request. New-Born Lab-
oratories, 519 Morgan Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Exploited by the Camera.
Some of the satellites of Jupiter
were discovered photographically, and
have never been seen except on photo-
graphic plates.

The vanity of human life is like a
river, constantly passing away and yet
constantly coming on.—Pope.

Unlike the Bore.
We'll say this for the burglar, he
never drops in on us when we are
busy.—Boston Evening Transcript.

PROVES THAT WOMEN ARE BRAVE

**Mathede Schonberg, Who Was Taken
Prisoner by Chinese Bandits, Faced
Death to Save Others.**

Mathede Schonberg, maid of Miss
Lucy Aldrich, was taken captive by
Chinese bandits. The band of bandits,
when pursued by soldiers, placed their
captives in front to receive the fire.
It became evident that whatever
happened to the bandits, no captive
would escape alive. It was essential
that the fire of the soldiers should
be stopped if any captive was to be
saved.

The only way was to send one of
the captives as a messenger to the
soldiers. One of the men volunteered
to go. Presumably, any man would
go, but some men are more competent
than others in the face of danger.
But Miss Schonberg insisted that a
woman should go, as the soldiers
would be less likely to fire other than
on a man. That the danger was real
is shown by the fact that one of the
bandits who escorted her was shot

dead. Facing the deadly fire, she
passed through safely and accom-
plished her mission.

It is already proposed that Miss
Schonberg receive the Carnegie medal
for heroic conduct, and it may be
assumed that she will get it. She
will certainly be exalted in the souls
of those whose lives she saved and
their families.

Woman is naturally timid. She
shrinks from facing it, and yet con-
stantly does face what men would
never endure. And at every moment
of extreme peril which can by no
means be escaped, woman invariably
faces the peril with a calmness and
resolution which few men can achieve.
—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nature Writers.
Nearly all our nature writers are
men of the north temperate zone.
They yearn so much to write about
trees and flowers because of the win-
ter that they annually suffer under.

Leaves Estate to Dog, \$10,000 Annuity to Spouse

Boston.—Of an estate valued at
\$500,000, an annuity of \$10,000 is left
to the husband of Mrs. Lucinda E.
Shaw, originator of a brand of candy,
whose will was filed for probate re-
cently.

Provision is made for the comfort
of Mrs. Shaw's pet dog. The house-
hold and personal effects and real es-
tate here and in Maine are left to Al-
bert W. Myer, in Mrs. Shaw's employ

for many years, on condition that he
take care of her dog for its life "and
treat it kindly during such period."

The residue is left to George H.
Blinn, executor and trustee, with di-
rections to pay certain annuities, and
to distribute the remainder upon Mr.
Shaw's death among a number of
philanthropic and charitable institu-
tions.

CAPTAIN SAZARAC

By Charles Tenney Jackson
Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"WELCOME, CAPTAIN!"

SYNOPSIS.—Under the name of
"Captain Sazarac," and disguised,
Jean Lafitte, former freebooter
of Barataria, prescribes, returns to
the city of New Orleans. He is
recognized by two of his old
companions, Alderman Dominique
and Beluche. At the gaming
tables Sazarac has won much
money from Colonel Carr, British
officer, John Jarvis, the city's
first Bohemian of the arts and
letters, an oldtime friend of La-
fite, tells of a woman's face and
smile. As his last wager, Carr
puts up a woman, presumably a
slave. Custom compels Sazarac
to accept the stake. He wins.
His old associates and Count
Raoul de Almonaster accost him
as Lafitte. A project of the
youthful adventurers of New Or-
leans is the rescue of Napoleon
Bonaparte from St. Helena, and
a ship, the Seraphine, has been
made ready. From De Almonaster
Sazarac learns that the girl he
"won" at the card table is
white, of high estate, and that
the matter has been made a by-
word in the city's reports. Saza-
rac finds Mademoiselle Lestron,
a fellow passenger on a river
steamer a few days before, and
with whom he had fallen in love,
is the girl and in chivalry fore-
goes his revenge against Carr.
Jarvis admires Mademoiselle Les-
tron. He is a witness of the
meeting and picks up a camellia
which the girl had thrown, un-
noticed, to Sazarac. Jarvis is
dangerous; he talks too much in
his cups. His old associates of
the Barataria days urge Lafitte
to take command of the Sera-
phine, ostensibly to rescue Napo-
leon but really to fly the black
flag and cruise the seas. He
hesitates. Jarvis is a witness of
the kidnapping of Mademoiselle
Lestron, but his story is not
given credence. De Almonaster
entertains Sazarac, now admitted-
ly Jean Lafitte, at his country
house. Lafitte, accused of the
abduction of Mademoiselle Les-
tron, is warned of the approach
of a military party seeking to
arrest him. He escapes to the
swamps of Barataria.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The old dogs laughed the harder.
Rough shaggy fellows in shirts of
faded green and blue, barefooted for
the most, filthy muskrat traps dangling
at their belts where once they had
worn cutlass and pistol before the
President's pardon.

"Nothing of sedition," answered Bohon.
"Few of us dare go to the city
even now. There is always a peg on
which to hang one of Lafitte's men.
Let a sheep be stolen up in the north
parishes, and at once the Baratarians
are charged with it!"

"Come," said the chief. "The older
of you with Bohon on his lugger. The
others to their camps. Not a man of
you shall lift hand against the law for
me. If you can serve me further you
shall be summoned. Come—Rigo! Black
Mike—Nex Coupe. We shall talk to
the deserters first."

They made way for him to the beach.
Old Rigo was laughing softly:
"Old days are come! Jean—and at
once, a fair enterprise! A woman—
and a ship! And down at the old isle
where Yankees burned our fort, I have
pumpkins growing—beautiful yellow
pumpkins! Eh, bien! Perhaps we shall
see another color of gold among my
pumpkins, w! Jean among us once
more!"

Six men to a side, the lugger crept
down the mirrored bayou to where it
opened to a shallow lake red in the
warm sunset. Back on the Temple,
the whispering swamper scattered to
their progees. Fast and wide the
word would go through watery forest
aisles and into the grass jungles of
Barataria. Never a customs boat could
leave the city but that keen eyes noted,
and paddling couriers spread the warn-
ing far to the most secluded cheneirs
of the deep swamp.

"Look you," growled the steersman,
Bohon, to Joe Rigo, "the old fellows
gathering like buzzards, furbishing up
rusty dirks and smelling venture on the
very wind that brought Jean to us.
Name of G—d—I am young again!"

Bohon glanced at the first stars.
Eastward a dim smudge showed on the
grassy bayou margin. "John Kelly will
be there—and Mariano, the Manilian.
And others, Captain. There will be
drinking, for three casks of wine went
from the Algiers dock along with the
arms. And the English lads, Captain—
you will not have them delivered to the
consul?"

"Did you ever know," laughed Jean,
"of me kicking back any man to the
presa gangs—white, yellow, brown or
black—who ever reached the swamp?"

"Do you remember when our men
went recruiting to the Acadian dances
and shook their gold before the coun-
try youth—a speech, a song, a revel-
that would carry every restless spirit
of the parishes back to our fort to
serve you, Jean?"

There was a shout in the starlight.
To the lugger's side swept a half-
dozen canoes. Old whiskered fellows
would not be denied—they clambered
over the gunwales, and stood roaring
their welcome to the one-time dictator
of the Barataria coast. A torch
gleamed among the palmettos as Bohon's
men slid the anchor to the mud.
Then they crowded aboard to shout,
to shake his hand, amazed that he lived,
eager to hear of the lost leader.

But Bohon led the way ashore. The
one-time privateers trooped behind the
guides to another palm-thatched camp
under which were stored the stolen
wine casks, the boxes of ammunition
and scattered muskets. The English
deserters, red-eyed, reeling from drink,
looked upon the party with suspicious

eyes, although the swamp men had her- alded Lafitte's coming.

"Welcome, Captain!" shouted old
Budge, the dock watchman. "I came
with these lads. It must have been in
the very air that you had returned, for
—of a sudden—I had the notion of
plunder! Look you—two more lusty
seamen from the Genaron are here!"

"The mate laid twenty lashes to our
backs because we could not explain
Burke's get-away," said one. "We slid
down the chains, sir, and are done with
the king's shilling!"

"Lafitte!" cried another, "I sailed in
a bark that took a round shot from you
once off Trinidad! Come, my hand to
it that I serve you now!"

The laughter and the drinking arose
once more. Clearly the exile perceived
that the swamp outlaws had no other
thought than that he had come to re-
vive again the marauding against the
West India merchantmen.

He led aside the eldest of the desert-
ing seamen. "Come, of the Genaron?
What is her mission in the gulf?"

"I wish I could answer, sir! She
sailed regularly, but she is stuffed with
arms. Vera Cruz was to be her entry
port, yet why carry arms to the king
o' Spain's men? We were warned to
say nothing of her cargo. When the
Yankee customs discovered them, I
hear the British consul was embar-
rassed. Colonel Carr had hand in it,
the fo'c's'le said."

"Carr?" spoke up a youthful deserter
eagerly. "Why, that is the blustering
officer who wrangled with the skipper
when they bundled the woman
aboard!"

"The woman!" demanded Lafitte.
"What of this—quick!"

"But the other night. The watch
was hustled below when they brought
her. Then it was up-sail and away



"Why, That is the Blustering Officer
Who Wrangled With the Skipper
When They Bundled the Woman
Aboard."

without waiting to settle this quarrel
about the muskets which a drunken
supercargo put off and into the cus-
tomers' hands by a mistake."

"Sailed!" The chief laid hands
upon his shoulder. "Lads, is it true?"

"Some dirty affair, sir. Burke and
Crackley and myself saw it. Slave,
free woman of color, to be sold in the
Indies, or whatever she was—we can-
not say. They took her to the master's
cabin. There was no law to it, I war-
rant, but when we lads saw that the
Genaron was to put out hastily we
took our leave o' her!"

Lafitte swept about upon Bohon.
"Mademoiselle Lestron on the Genaron,
and the bark adrift to the passes! What
can she make, sir, with this wind?"

"Steerage, nothing more. She will
not have passed English Turn—"

"Forty men by daylight at the river
side! She shall be boarded in mid-
stream, Bohon. Johanness—back to
the Temple and summon every lad!"

There was a gasp of incredulity.
The leader had turned back to the
smuggler's landing. The older pri-
vateers followed. The deserters
stumbled among their wine casks.
Then the leader of them, John Crack-
ley, a long, thin-faced villain of the
crimp-gangs, roared to the others.

"I told you, bullies, if ever we found
this Lafitte there would be rough
work to do! The Genaron—burn her
to the water's edge, say I—and a
knife to the mate for the cat he laid
on our backs!"

The messengers paddled off in the
starlight while about Jean gathered
his old friends. And presently, across
the shallows, came another small boat,
swept by four black oarsmen to the
smuggler's stern. A cloaked figure
stepped out and grasped Lafitte's
hand.

"Monsieur de Almonaster!"

"The mask is useless, sir! I came to
warn you. The dragoons seized my
house-servants, and bullied them into
confession. Sazarac! The city
shouts with it! Jean Lafitte has
stolen the English colonel's ward!"

"Sir, you know better. I, indeed,
know where she is. Mademoiselle
Lestron has been put to sea. I take
it, to hush her mouth. She would
have spoken something dangerous to
Carr's purposes. What these are, in
all, we cannot say. But the lady of
the river packet is a prisoner on the
Genaron."

The count stared at him bewildered-
ly. "None in the city knows! Carr
roars his indignation—he leads the
cry that Jean Lafitte put his old

Barataria refugees to the abduction.

Half a dozen expeditions are fitting
out to search the swamps. Captain,
you cannot linger here!"

"The Genaron—" said Lafitte curt-
ly. "If she does not fetch a sailing
wind before she makes the outer
passes, sixty of the Baratarians will
swarm her chains for boarding before
daylight. Will that be answer enough
to the city, that Lafitte is here again?
—the old fox in his hiding place?"

"A mad scheme!" muttered Raoul.
"But—ah, well! For a woman! I
trust, sir, you see it is an act of
prudence against the vessel of a friend-
ly power in American waters?"

The exile laughed grimly. "The
dice are against Lafitte, the honest
man!"

"Sir, does she know your identity?"
pursued De Almonaster gravely.

"Can you ask? Lafitte—for whom
her countrymen have a gallows built
in every port that flies the king's flag?
Come, sir! This is man's business!
Every hour counts—every moment.
She will know, soon enough, when a
proscribed outlaw frees her . . .
and turns away to face his ring of
enemies."

And suddenly old Bohon dashed to
his feet and held a finger to the air.
He touched the skin with his lips and
held it again.

"D—n!" he shouted. "The air is
changing. It is swinging northerly!
A breeze in the river, and she will
make the passes before a man of us
could lift hand against her!"

It was true. Five minutes later the
lugger lurched slowly around in the
tide. The big sail began to lift and
stream in the starlight. Johanness
came aft cursing the stir of the water.

"I tell you it cannot be done. If
we had a thousand armed fellows in
the narrows what could they do with
cockleshell dugouts to board a ship
drawing sail?"

They listened to the lapping water
on the lugger's side. And now, from
the oak-growth islet, there came a
stumble of feet, a clatter of arms, and
then a splashing in the starlit shall-
ows.

"Aye, bullies!" roared John Crack-
ley. "I said if ever we met this La-
fite there would be proper work for
you!"

The deserters and the younger
swamp islanders were swarming out,
drunken and with ribald cheers, under
their smoky torches. "A-Barataria!"
one of the pardoned outlaws cried. It
was the old boarding sea-yell of the
Black Petrel's crew, and it struck
with a curious cold prophecy to the
heart of Lafitte. Fate was bearing
him, do what he might, back to the
lawless years of the youth he had
put by.

"The devil's hand is in this," grum-
bled Johanness. "This wind—it will
be a good ship's wind in the passes.
The Genaron will be in blue water to-
morrow noon!"

"It is fatal to our plan of boarding
her in the river," mused Lafitte. "And
the plan must change with the wind.
If we had a weather boat off the old
isle—"

"A boat!" growled Nex Coupe. "But
in all these coves, where once we
counted forty sail and two hundred
guns, there is nothing worth a nutshell
on blue water. Bah! We took the
President's pardon!"

"A ship!" snarled Black Mike. "Seize
a ship! Damnation!—how does a man
find a ship? Why, name o' G—d—he
takes her!"

And suddenly De Almonaster whirled
on the silent leader with glowing eyes.
"A ship? Why, there in the city—
moored at the Place d'Armes!"

"The Napoleon ship!" shouted Joh-
hanness. "Why, curse my eyes, that is
a ship, but death to the perfumed gen-
try that own her!"

"The Seraphine!" cried Bohon.
"Why that beauty would sit ahead of
the English bark and laugh in any
weather!"

Lafitte was staring half-amusedly at
De Almonaster. "Monsieur, the Sera-
phine lies in the very heart of the city,
under the guns of every fort and war-
man there!"

"Well, then—threescore of your
swamp fellows gathered secretly by the
Algiers shore, and crossing the river at
midnight could board and have her
under way ere the port awoke. Once
off the passes, she could overhaul the
bark. She is gunned for the best of
them, but there would be no need.
The Genaron could not fight—she
would give back the lady . . . of course
the admiralities at Washington and
London would howl, but—the young
man shrugged indifferently—"the af-
fair would be over."

"Over? Monsieur, are you mad?"

"Ah, I had forgotten that I possess a
certain interest in the Seraphine! Of
course, I really know nothing about
such madness! I am amazed—I de-
nounce it much as I denounce this
Sazarac who—a dinner guest of mine
—is discovered to be Lafitte, the pi-
rate!"

"You peril your life and your
future, Monsieur."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Morality and Religion.
Morality without religion is only a
kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor
to find our place on a cloudy sea by
measuring the distance we have run,
but without any observation of the
heavenly bodies.—Longfellow.

The Whole Secret.
Progress is a matter of going in the
right direction and keeping patiently
on.—Anonymous.

Miss Kathryn Gill is director of an
employment agency in St. Louis that
hires each month 500 men and women.

WRIGLEYS

after every meal

Cleanses mouth and
teeth and aids digestion.
Relieves that over-
eaten feeling and acid
mouth.

Its 1-a-s-1-n-g flavor
satisfies the craving for
sweets.

Wrigley's is double
value in the benefit and
pleasure it provides.

Sealed in its Parity
Package.



The flavor lasts

To Remove Tarnish.

To remove tarnish from silver, put
one tablespoonful of borax powder in
each quart of water. Put in the silver
and bring to boiling point. Wipe with
a flannel cloth. It gives a wonderful
polish and saves time, labor and sil-
ver.

A Short Turn.

I was out prospecting with Larry
the other day—in the mountains, you
know—and said, "See that little butte
over there." Larry is in the hospital
now. He was in such a hurry to turn
around that he sprained both ankles.
—Saturday Evening Post.

Mrs. Isabella McLachlan



Operation Avoided

Portland, Oreg.—"Dr. Pierce's
medicine has been so very bene-
ficial to me that I am glad to give
my recommendation. Doctors said
I would have to undergo an opera-
tion, but after taking the 'Favorite
Prescription' I found that an opera-
tion was not necessary. During
one expectant period I suffered with
inflammation and became so weak
and rundown I could not do my
work. Doctors again advised an
operation, but instead I began tak-
ing the 'Favorite Prescription' and
it soon put me on my feet. My
health returned, I had practically
no suffering, and my baby was very
healthy. Since that time whenever
I have felt badly I have taken the
'Favorite Prescription.' It always
makes me well in no time."—Mrs.
Isabella McLachlan, 768 Mich. Ave.

Go to your neighborhood drug
store and get Favorite Prescription
in tablets or liquid. Write Dr.
Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel,
in Buffalo N. Y., and receive good
medical advice in return, free.

Honduran Rebels Gain.

San Salvador, Republic of Salvador.
—The latest advices from Honduras
report the principal towns in the west-
ern part of the country occupied by
the revolutionists. In Ocoatepeque
the military commander rebelled against
the government and turned his forces
over to the rebels.

Some Fail to Recognize Truth.

Thou dost give audience everywhere,
O, Truth, to all who ask counsel of
Thee, and at once answerest, though on
manifold matters they ask thy counsel.
Clearly dost thou answer, though all
do not hear.—St. Augustine.

Road Twenty Centuries Old.

England's oldest road, which must
have been made at least 2,000 years
ago, runs between Winchester and
Canterbury.

Variety of Materials for Books.

In the British museum are books
written on oyster shells, bricks, bones,
ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheep-skin,
wood, and palm leaves.

Camel's Peculiarity.

The camel cannot swim. The mo-
ment it loses its footing in running
water it turns on its side and makes
no effort to save itself from drowning.

Red Cross BALL BLUE

used for baby's clothes, will keep them
sweet and snowy-white until worn out.
Try it and see for yourself. At grocers.

Behnk Walker

Business College Places Graduates in
Good Positions.