

# Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.



Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

**In All Reason.**  
Hingley—Going East, are you? How far?  
Dingley—Well, I want to go to Pittsburg, but I've got only money enough to take me as far as Wheeling.  
Hingley—Well, that's as close as I'd want to get.

**Trust Troubles.**  
Oll Trust—Isn't it a shame they are bounding us so? It makes me burn with indignation.  
Ice Trust—It certainly is a frost for me.

**Sugar Trust.**—And talking about sending me to jail and I so used to refining influences!—Baltimore American.

**Shifted.**  
"Say, I've got a new one on Smith."  
"What is it?"  
"Why, the other day—" (etc., etc., etc.)  
"Yes, that's a new story—on Smith. But the last time you told it, it was on Peters."—Cleveland Leader.

## DEEP SEATED COUGH

**CURED IN 5 HOURS.**  
New Home-Made Syrup.  
(Not This Out.)  
From Boston Press.

Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold on the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the risk. Opium and morphia have been resorted to in the past, as a relief measure. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A mild laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home and always keep it on hand. One-half ounce fluid will cure every case. One ounce compound essence cardiac and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoon of three or four times a day until the system is purified and toned up. Give children less according to age. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.

**Hypothetical Questions.**  
"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.  
"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.  
"What are they?"  
"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

**Going to the Play.**  
"I should think it would be a simple matter to induce a woman to get ready in time to attend an evening performance."  
"What's your scheme?"  
"Ask her to go to the matinee."—Kansas City Journal.

**Fine Mind.**  
"Everybody says that Jones has the finest mind, insight, and sagacity he ever ran across. How did Jones get such a reputation?"  
"Easy. Whenever you make a statement he says, 'By Jove, that's so! Why didn't I ever think of that before?'"—Cleveland Leader.

# Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispels colds and headaches due to constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

The larder was well-stocked, thanks to Charles' foresight, and we made a most excellent supper of potted ham, boned chicken, pilaf, biskuit, and coffee, boiled as only Charles knows how. While supper was being prepared Duponceau and I made the round of the house, putting up the great storm-shutters with which I usually protected the windows from the winter gales, and piling packing-boxes and extra-heavy furniture against the doors, so that they might be ready to withstand any sudden attack. I was surprised to find how snug we could make the cottage. It had been built to weather the roughest of off-shore gales, but I never thought of it as useful for a log-house in case of attack by land. I was very proud of it when we barred the last shutter.

Meanwhile Charles was spreading the table, and Rodney, reclining upon a couch as became a wounded warrior, was puffing contentedly at the first cigarette he had had in three days.

"Little did I think, Seiden," said he, "when I lunched with you that day, that I'd be coming back as a member of a midnight garrison, defending a mysterious gentleman in a black cloak, who popped up out of the sea. Not but what I enjoy it," he added, as Duponceau looked his way; "I haven't had such a good time since I went bear-hunting in Labrador; but I should like to know what's happened to the market."

"Perhaps I can smuggle Charles through the enemy's lines to the club in a day or two," I answered.

Rodney grunted. "You talk of a day or two as though time were nothing. The whole bottom might drop out in less than an hour. However, I don't care so long as supper's come."

We disposed of a prodigious meal, and when we had finished Duponceau examined with great interest an array of old swords and other war-like instruments that hung over the mantel-piece. Finally he unlocked two long and rusty blades, compared them carefully, and, carrying them with him, went to the stairs.

"You're not going to kill him?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly not; but possibly we can end this campaign to-night. Come with me."

Rodney and I followed him up to my study, where our prisoner was stretched out in the Morris chair, Duponceau flung the two swords on the center-table, and I could see a quick look of alarm flare up in the captive's eyes.

"I am about to propose," said Duponceau, "a happy settlement of all our difficulties. Instead of your band of six or eight outlaws fighting my three comrades and myself, what say you if you and I fight it out, you to withdraw your party if I win, I to go with you if I lose? Come, that sounds fair enough." He loosened the bandage from the prisoner's mouth. The wry smile reappeared.

"What do you take me for? I'm no fencer, and the parties back of me wouldn't stand for such a game anyhow. They want you taken quietly, delivered up, and don't care what happens to any number of me."

Duponceau looked taken aback; he thought over the man's words for a moment, then turned to us. "You'll bear witness that I've done everything in my power to settle this affair with the loss of nobody's blood but my own, and that my offer was refused."

Rodney and I agreed. "What shall we do with him?" I asked.  
"Turn him loose," said Rodney. "It's better to have all our enemies on the same side of the house."  
Duponceau was of like mind, so we took the man down-stairs, and, opening the front door, sent him out into the night. "I'll tell the chief about what you offered," he said as he left, "and if he says it's a go, we'll bring our best fencer with a flag of truce. Hot you needn't expect him, for from what I've heard the boss won't risk no chance of losing you."  
I closed the door, and double-bolted it. Charles had laid a fire and lit it, for we were all stiff with our life on board the ship, and as I stretched out comfortably before it I remembered the old English saying that a man's house is his castle, and was determined that no men in the pay of private schemes should enter mine without my full consent.

stantly saw was not a man's property. With this lure, I opened the shutters wide and stepped on to the balcony. Now below me I saw Barbara, dressed for riding, the color in her cheeks high from so much ennobling.

"Good morning," she called to me. "I rode down to the ship, but found that you had all down, so I left my horse in the woods and came here. I thought you must have gone for the season, by the looks of the house. May I come in?"

"You may," I cried, my heart bounding with new delight at the sweetness of her voice. "I remember a day when you wouldn't enter."

"You forget, Mr. Seiden, that that was when there was peace in the land. Many things happen in a siege."

"Many delightful things. One minute and I'll be down at the door."

I hurried down-stairs, but before I could open the front door I heard Barbara's voice crying, "Wait, wait!"

Rodney jumped from his couch and joined me. He as well as I had slept in his clothes. "What is it, Felix?" he asked.

"Miss Graham is outside and wants to come in, but she's just called to me to wait. I'll open the little side window first."

I slid the window-bolt and looked out. Two men, the disagreeable chap of our first meeting and another surly-faced individual, stood some twenty feet back of Barbara. I placed my revolver on the window ledge.

"Now, then, what do you men want?" I demanded.

"We don't want the lady to go in," the disagreeable-looking one replied.

"Does the lady want to go?" I asked.

"She does," said Barbara, in a most determined tone of voice.

"Then she shall. Slide back the bolts, Rodney," I whispered. "Now if any one chooses to interfere with her entering my house, he can reflect that he's looking into a straight steel barrel."

The door opened, and Barbara, her head high, walked in. I shut the small window and put the revolver in my pocket. "There's a pretty mad-looking pair out there," I said. "Welcome to the log-house!"

But Barbara was not regarding me. "Why, Rodney," she exclaimed, "what has happened to your arm? They didn't shoot you, did they?" She had caught sight of Rodney's arm in a sling.

"It's nothing, Barbara," he said, beginning; "only a scratch. I might have been potted by that badly-shooting snuff."

She looked at him, her face all admiration. "It's like you to speak lightly, but you've been in danger, and partly on my account, for you'd never have laid eyes on Monsieur Duponceau if it hadn't been for me."

I would have drifted out of the room if I could, but I was caught between them and the door.

Rodney smiled; I could imagine how pleased he must be feeling.

"We've had several scraps on the ship," he explained, "and when our food gave out we came up here."

"You poor dears!" she exclaimed, and this time I was included in her words. "I've been thinking of you every minute of the last two days, and wanting to come over to join you. Well, I've stolen away at last, for a morning ride, and now I'm going to stay here with you."

"Stay here with us!" we both exclaimed in amazement.

"Until after breakfast. I'm going to set your table, and pour your coffee, and fix your rooms, and show you in general what a woman can do in a house."

We both had had visions of that already, I fancy. I caught Rodney's eye; he smiled, and the color rose to his face.

"Where's Charles?" Barbara demanded. I led her into the kitchen, where Charles was huddled, and Rodney and I sat on the dresser and watched while Barbara rolled up her sleeves, pinup a napkin over her dress as an apron, and proceeded to direct Charles as to the cooking things. Direct one of us would have been supremely happy if the other had not been there.

house. She smiled at Rodney and at me impartially, and listened attentively to everything Duponceau said. Even Charles felt her influence. I could see him linger in the doorway on the alert to serve her.

Breakfast came to an end, and Barbara insisted on bandaging Rodney's arm. I think he was sorry that she should know how slight the wound really was, for he demurred, though with a look of great satisfaction; but he finally consented to roll up his sleeve. I drew Duponceau away to my den, and the two were left alone for a long half-hour. Monsieur Pierre and I discussed matters of defense.

When we returned to the living-room Barbara's face was flushed, and Rodney's cheeks were red. His arm was wound with a new bandage and a little gold pin fastened it.

"Will you take me over to the house?" asked Barbara, jumping up; and now it was my turn to gloat, for she insisted on looking into every nook and cranny, on learning how two men left to their own devices lived, and on improving what she found. I, who had once been averse to feminine influence about a house, surrendered. She straightened the pictures, rearranged the ornaments and knick-knacks, and finally started in upon my desk.

"Oh, please don't touch that!" I exclaimed.

She stopped and looked at me. "Rodney let me fix his arm when he didn't want to, and you—"

"Please do," I said, motioning towards the papers, and she placed them in little piles, quite regardless of what they were about.

"Now I've been horrid enough," she said when she'd finished. "I dare say men are better off living alone. Think how angry you'd be if a woman should do that every day."

"That depends on the woman. I could imagine—"

"I always told you you were imaginative," she broke in. "The woman you could imagine would probably be a nymph."

"Yes," I agreed; "she is."

"And nymphs are proverbially slippery creatures."

"Yes, so I've heard."

"So she might slip away from you without a moment's notice."

She sat down in my big desk-chair. "Poor Rodney," she sighed. "It seems as if he were sacrificing a great deal. Think of his stocks and bonds."

"Yes," I agreed. A moment later I added, "I haven't written a line for ever so many days."

"And it's so important that a broker should keep in touch with his office," she added.

"And that a writer should write."

"Then why did you give it up?" "Duponceau," I answered. Our eyes met, and we both laughed.

There was a brief silence, and then she rose. "I have a feeling that the crisis is coming. Remember that I trust you to shield my pirate. I must go back to the club."

We went down-stairs, and Barbara made her adieux.

"I'll go with you to your horse," said Rodney.

"I shall be delighted to go," I put in at the same moment.

"I am not so valuable a man as you," Rodney explained, "in case they should cut us off."

Barbara looked from one to the other of us. "Rodney—" she began.

I bowed. "I yield." He was the older friend, and, much as I feared him, I could but admit that he was entitled to the privilege.

I help smiled with pleasure. "Thank you," he said.

"Rodney must not go," she finished. "It was my turn to start for the door."

"Nor must you," she continued to me. "I am much safer alone than with either of you."

The matter was settled; we could only hold the door open, and let her pass out. We watched her as she went down the beach. Once she turned and waved her riding-crop in farewell. It was cruel that we should be penned up within four walls when the world was crying aloud for joy of the day, and she was going out to it.

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**Why the Boat Upset.**  
Helen—Of course he clasped you in his arms when the boat upset?  
Hazel—No; just the opposite.  
Helen—Just the opposite? What do you mean?  
Hazel—Why, the boat upset when he clasped me in his arms.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

**Poultry Note.**  
"So you are raising chickens?"  
"Yes," answered Mr. Crosslot.  
"What do you find the greatest menace to the welfare of poultry?"  
"Sunday company."—Washington Star.

**One Thing That Will Live Forever.**  
PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1867, over 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Test of a Reformer.**  
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a reformer?"  
"In numerous cases, my son, a reformer is a man who considers himself peculiarly qualified to hold office because of his professional inexperience."—Washington Star.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is over fifty years old, and, like an old friend, it can be depended upon just as surely as the family doctor who may be miles away.

**Identification.**  
Mistress (at door)—Well, my dear, what is it?  
Little Girl—Please 'm, our kitty is lost. Did you see a kitty go past here by the name of Nuddles?—Boston Transcript.

## CASTORIA

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**Would Have to Be Labeled.**  
"What do they put under these corner-stones?"  
"O, current coins, literature, and the like. We want posterity to know about our peculiar customs."  
"Then why not include one of the current hats?"—Kansas City Journal.

### Item Welcomed By Many Men

This recipe can be filled at home, so that no one need know of another's troubles, as the ingredients can be obtained separately at any well stocked drug store. They are in regular use and many different prescriptions are constantly being filled with them.

This will prove a welcome bit of information for all those who are overworked, gloomy, dependent, nervous and have trembling limbs, heart palpitation, dizziness, cold extremities, insomnia, fear, wit, etc., timidity in venturing, and general inability to get naturally and reasonably, as others do, because the treatment can be prepared secretly at home and taken without anyone's knowledge.

Overworked office men and the many victims of society's late hours and dissipation will, it is said, find the restorative they are in need of.

If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balsam-wort; mix and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence cardiac and one ounce of tincture caducous compound (not caducous); mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

A certain well known medical expert asserts that thousands of men and many women are suffering all because of dormant circulation of the blood and a consequential impairment of the nervous force, which begets the most dreadful symptoms and untold misery.

### Perfect Confidence.

A physician was summoned to a very sick man, who was very much preoccupied with troubles of his own. On arriving at the sick man's bed, he said to his wife:  
"Your husband is in the last throes. Every movement shows that the end is nearing."  
At this moment the sick man's head fell over the pillow, when the doctor said: "The end has come, your husband is dead."  
In a shrill, thin voice the sick man said:  
"Tain't so, Maria."  
At once the wife laid her hand on his head and remarked: "Don't disturb yourself, Rufus—the doctor knows best."—Harper's Monthly.

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**Improvement.**  
"Don't you think you could make some improvement in that orchestra? They could hardly hear my song last night, for the drum," said the soprano.

"Well," replied the manager with a smile, "I might add another drum."—Yonkers Statesman.

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

**Not Excepted.**  
An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that 'there will be weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!'"  
At this moment an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Eir," she shouted, "I have no teeth!"  
"Madam," returned the evangelist, severely, "teeth will be provided."

## Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

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