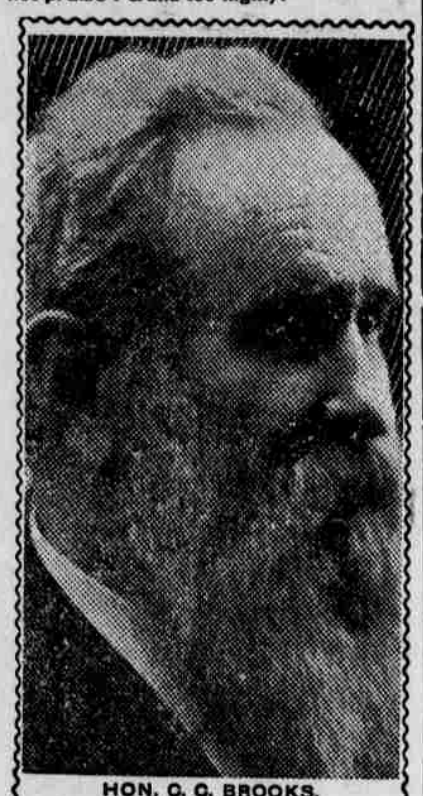
MAYOR OF SUNBURY

Says Pe-ru-na Is a Good Medicine.

Hon. C. C. Brooks, mayor of Sunbury, Ohio, also attorney for Farmers' bank and Sunbury Building and Loan Co., writes:

"I have the utmost confidence in the virtue of Peruna. It is a great medicine. I have used it and I have known many of my friends who have obtained beneficial results from its use. **I cannot praise Peruna too highly.**"



HON. C. C. BROOKS.

There are a host of petty ailments which are the direct result of the weather.

This is more true of the excessive heat of summer and the intense cold of winter, but it is partly true of all seasons of the year.

Whether it be a cold or a cough, catarrh of the head or bowel complaint, whether the liver be affected or the kidneys, the cause is very liable to be the same.

The weather slightly deranges the mucous membranes of the organs and the result is some functional disease.

Peruna has become a standby in thousands of homes for minor ailments of this sort.

Ask your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1907.

Right.

Little Boy—Are not all the words used to be found in the dictionary, papa?

"No, my child; new words are coined every day."

"And what is the last word, papa?"

"I don't know, dear. Ask your mother, she always has the last word."—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Le Rire.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The Point of View.

"Bliggins is an extremely selfish man."

"No," answered the charitable person, "he isn't selfish. He is merely a subjective reasoner. He can't understand, when he has all the roast turkey and pie he wants, why everyone else should not be perfectly happy."—Washington Star.

No Chance for Argument.

"George," said Mrs. McSquillop to her liege lord, who was toasting his shins before the fire, "I suppose you get the credit for sweeping the snow off our front walk."

"I reckon I do, Cynthy," responded George.

"And you know you don't do a lick of it. You know I do it myself."

"You do, Cynthy. There can't be any doubt about that."

"Well, what sort of a man do you think you are?"

"I'm a blamed small specimen of a man, Cynthia," said George, still serenely toasting his shins. "I have no doubt I am meaner and more contemptible than you think. Lord, love you, Cynthy, you can't get into any argument with me on that proposition. I'm the laziest, good for nothingest oneriest man in the neighborhood. If it wasn't that I've got such a good wife, I'd go and blow my worthless brains out. Supper ready yet, dear?"—Philadelphia Index.

A Direct Appeal.

A story is told of a New York car conductor who had once been in the ministry, and who retained some of his former ways of speech in his new calling.

He had been at the front of the car collecting fares, and when he returned to his platform a well-disposed person told him that a man had boarded the car at Houston street and had found a place inside.

The conductor steeped inside the doorway, and ran his mild gaze up and down the car, but could not be sure which of the tightly-packed passengers was the late arrival.

"Will the gentleman who got on at Houston street please rise?" he asked, calmly.

The gentleman rose involuntarily, and with a bow and a "Thank you!" the conductor collected his fare.

Majesty of a Great Name.

The officer, who had come in a closed carriage to take the man of the house to the detention hospital, was informed that there would be some difficulty in persuading him to go.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"He says he is the caliph of Bagdad, and he doesn't have to go anywhere unless he chooses. He says he's going to stay right here."

"I can fix that, all right," the officer said.

Entering the room, he walked up to him and extended his hand.

"Haroun al Raschil," he said, with a genial smile, "how are you, old boy?"

"Who are you, slave?" haughtily demanded the other.

"Don't you know me? I am the shkoond of Swat. I have come to take you out for a ride. Come with me."

"Your highness outranks me. I will go."

Stains on Books.

Ink stains may be removed from a book by applying with a camel's hair pencil a small quantity of oxalic acid diluted with water and then using blotting paper. Two applications will remove all traces of the ink. To remove grease spots lay powdered pipeclay each side of the spot and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching. Sometimes grease spots may be removed from paper or cloth by laying a piece of blotting paper on them and then pressing the blotting paper with a hot iron. The heat melts the grease, and the blotting paper absorbs it.

Italy has more extended house industries than any other country.

SKIN DISEASES

HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.

C. H. EVANS,
Stockman, Neb.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE IRON PIRATE

A Plain Tale of Strange Happenings on the Sea

By MAX PEMBERTON

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The room was filled with the scum of sea-going humanity; foul smoke from foul pipes floated in choking clouds to the dirt-begrimed ceiling. Now and again, betwixt the shouting and the singing, a young girl, whose presence in such a company turned my heart sick, played upon a harp, and there was a mahogany-faced hag whom the men addressed as "Mother Catch." She seemed to have the eye of a hawk; nor did I escape her glance. She shuffled up to me and stood glaring with her shining eyes for a moment or two, the very presentment of an old-time witch. The glass door again swung open; three men entered through it, and I recognized the three of them in a moment. The first was the Irishman, "Four-Eyes;" the second was the lantern-jawed Scotsman, who had been addressed in Paris as "Dick the Ranter;" the third was "Roaring John," into whose face Dan had emptied the contents of his duck gun three days before. The ruffian had his mouth all bound in a bloody rag, but he was in nowise depressed; and, although the gun had stopped his speech, he smacked Paolo on the back when he greeted him.

One of the men started a wild dance. It was an extraordinary exhibition, and it pleased the men about so that they roared with delight. I was watching it, but my attention was suddenly diverted by the sense that something under a near table was pulling at my leg. I looked down quickly, and saw a strange sight; it was the black face of the lad Splinters, who had been treated so brutally in Paris. He, crouching under the table, was making signs to me, earnest, meaning signs, so that without any betrayal I leaned my head down as though upon my hands, and spoke to him:

"What is it, lad?" I asked in a whisper. "What do you want to say?"

"Don't stop here, sir!" he answered in a state of great agitation. "They know you, and are going to kill you!"

He said no more, crawling away at once; but he left me hot with fear. I left my seat, and pushed amongst the men, passing nearer and nearer to the street, until at last I was at the very portal itself. Then I saw that a change had been made while I had been sitting. The doors of glass were wide open, but the way to the street without was no longer clear—an iron curtain had been drawn across the entrance.

This was a terrible discovery. It seemed to me that the iron door had been closed for an especial purpose. I knew, however, that when the dance was over some of the audience would wish to go out, and so I waited by the curtain. The men were then about to push their tables to the center again, but the hag raised her voice and cried:

"As you are, my pretty gentlemen; it's only the first party ye've been treated to. No, no; ye don't have the door drawn yet awhile. Good boys, all of ye, there's work to do; ho! ho! work to do."

Somehow, all the men immediately around me slunk away, and I found myself standing quite alone, with many staring at me. The four men whom most I feared had turned their backs, but the rest of the assembly had eyes only for the terrible woman and for myself. Presently the discordant music began again. The hag moved with a hobble and a jig to the far end of the room, and began to come straight down to the door whereby I stood. I know not what presentiment forewarned me to beware as the creature drew near. I had my revolver in my pocket, but had I shown it twenty barrels would have answered the folly. There was nothing to do but to face the screeching woman; and this I did.

At the last, the old witch, who had danced for some moments at a distance of ten paces from the spot where I stood, became as one possessed. She uttered a piercing shiek, and hurled herself almost on me. In that instant I remember seeing the three men with Paolo suddenly rise to their feet, while the other in the room called out in their excitement. But the hag herself drew from her breast something that she had concealed there; and, as she stood within a yard of me, she brought it crash upon my head, and all my senses left me.

CHAPTER XIII.

When I regained consciousness it was because rain beat upon my face, a drizzling warm rain of late summer, and there was spray from a fresh sea. For some minutes I set myself to ask where I was; but I knew that I was bound at the left hand and at my feet, and when I raised my head, I saw that I lay in an open boat, but my feet were towards the stern of it, and I could see nothing of the power which moved the boat or of the scene about us.

The boat in which I lay was painted white, and was of elegant build. She had all the fine lines of a yacht's jolly-boat; and when I raised my head I could see that her fittings had been put in only at great expense. The silence was broken at last by a shout, and the boat ceased to move.

"All hands, make sail!" cried someone; and after that I heard the "yo-heave" of the men hauling, as I judged, at a main-sail. The second order, "Sheets home!" proved to me that I was behind a sailing ship, perhaps a yacht. There came a sudden shout from the deck of the ship.

"Ho, Bill, is the young 'un gone?"

"No, my hearty."

And then I heard a voice I knew, the voice of the Irishman, "Four-Eyes."

"Is it the boi ye're mindin? Throw him a sheet, one av yer; it's meself that's not bringing the guvner a dead body when he wants a live one!"

They tried to throw me a sheet as the man had ordered, and I heard it fall in the water at my head. I pondered long on the remark of the Irishman, that the "guvner" wanted me alive. It was quite clear that my life was safe from these men until they reached their chief.

The rain ceased and the sun shone, drying my clothes upon me. I struggled and in doing so I found that the ropes binding my right arm were tied with common hitches; and my experience as a yachtsman let me get free of them with very little trouble. I did not sit up at once, but turned my head to look at the boat which towed me, and saw that she was a barque-rigged yacht after the American fashion; her name Labrador being conspicuous across her stern. My boat was towed by a double hawser, but no man watched me, and I lay down again reassured. The hope of escape was already in my head, for I judged that we could not be far out from New York. It occurred to me that if they would only let me be until night I could get my left hand free.

Finally there was a change in the monotony of the scene. I heard an order to heave the barque to. I felt all motion cease, and then someone hauling at the hawser, so that the jolly-boat was pulled against the side of the bigger ship; and, looking up, I saw half a dozen of Black's gang watching me from the quarter-deck. Then a ladder was put over the bulwark, and "Four-Eyes" came down it with a great can of steaming stuff. He stepped off the ladder to the stern seat, and then bent over me. But I saw this only, that he had a knife in his belt; and I made up my mind in a moment to get it from him.

He held to the rope with one hand while he put the can of hot stuff to my lips with the other. I drank half of it with great gulps, feeling the warmth spread through my body to my very toes as the broth went down; and a great hope consoled me, for I had his knife, having snatched it from him when first he stooped. The good luck of the theft made me quick to empty the pot of gravy. Four-Eyes went over the side again, and the yacht moved onward lazily in the softest of breezes from the west.

When I deemed that I had waited long enough I cut away the remaining ropes at my feet, and crouched unbound in the boat. I crawled to the bow, and began to cut the strands of the hawser one by one. I felt my boat go swirling away on the backwash. It was a moment of supreme excitement, and I lay quite flat, waiting to hear if I were missed; but I heard no sound, and looking around me presently, I saw the yacht away a mile, and I knew that I was a free man.

When a couple of hours had passed I took a new consolation in the thought that I must be in the track of steamers bound out from, or to, New York; and in this hope I covered myself in the tarpaulins and lay down again to shield myself from the wind which blew with much sharpness as the night grew. I did not sleep, but lay half-dazed for an hour or more, and was roused only at a curious light which flashed above me in the sky. The light was clearly focussed, being a volume of intensely bright, white rays which passed right above me with slow and guided motion, and then stopped altogether, almost fixed upon the jolly-boat. I knew then what it was, and I sat up to see the great beams of a man-of-war's searchlight, showing an arc of the water almost as clear as by the sun's power.

The light shone in all its brightness for some five minutes; then it died away suddenly, and on the spot whence it had come I could just distinguish the dark hull of a steamer. Some moments, long moments to me, passed in feverish conjecture; and then in the pathway of the light rekindled I saw in all distinctness the outline of a long-boat, fully manned, and she was coming straight to me. Its progress seemed slow; the men in it made me no manner of signal. They came in a bee-line towards me, and the radiating light never moved once whilst they rowed. In the end, I myself broke the silence, shouting lustily to them, but getting no answer until I had repeated the call thrice. The fourth cry, loud and in something desperate, brought the response so eagerly awaited; but when I recognized the voice of him who then hailed me I fell down again in my boat with a heart-stricken burst of sorrow, for the voice was the Irishman's, and Four-Eyes spoke:

"Avast hailin', young 'un," he cried; "we ain't goin' to part along o' your society no more, don't you be frettin'."

They dragged me into their boat, and, taking my own in tow, they rowed rapidly to the distant steamer, on whose deck I stood presently; but not without profound fear, for I knew that at last I was a prisoner on the nameless ship.

CHAPTER XIV.

There was light from six lanterns, held by giant negroes, to greet me when I had mounted the ladder and was at last on the deck of the great ship; but none of the men spoke a word, nor could I see their faces. One of the men silently touched me on the shoulder, and I followed him along a narrow strip of iron deck, past a great turret which reared itself above me, and again by the covered forms of quick-firing guns. We descended a short ladder to a lower deck, and so to the companion way, and to a narrow passage in which were many doors. One of these he opened, and motioned me to enter, when the door was closed noiselessly behind me, and I found myself alone.

My first feeling was one of intense surprise. I had looked to enter a prison. The cabin was not large, but one more artistic in effect was never built. Hung all around with poppy-colored silk, the same material made curtains for the bunk. It was employed also for the cushions and covering of the armchair and the couch, and to drape the dressing glass and basin which were in the left-hand corner. It seemed, indeed, that the whole room was a harmony in scarlet, with a scarlet ceiling and scarlet hangings. The feet sank above the ankles in a soft Indian rug, which was ornate with the quaint mosaic-like workings and penetrating colors of all Eastern tapestry. For light, there was an arc lamp, veiled with gauze of the faintest yellow. The room would have been perfect but for a horrid blot upon it—a blot which stared at me from the outer wall with bloodshot eyes and hideous visage. It was the picture of a man's head that had been severed from the body. The picture almost terrified me, but I thought, If no worse harm befall me, what odds? and I sat down, all wondering and dazed.

My conclusion was that the man Black could be showing me this marked consideration only for some motive of self-interest. It was evident that he had been aware of my intention to follow him from the moment when Roderick purchased our new steamyacht. He had put one of his own men craftily upon the ship to watch us, and had made a bold attempt to deal with us in mid-Atlantic. Foiled there, he had taken advantage of my folly in entering such a place as the Bowery, and had given orders that I should be carried to his own ship.

Suddenly the electric light went out. I sat quite still for some half an hour. There was no noise of movement save on the deck above, and my own cabin remained as still as the grave. It appeared that I was to be left unmolested for that night at any rate. I undressed and lay down in one of the most seductive beds I have met with at sea. I was so weary and fatigued with my sufferings in the open boat that I fell asleep at once, and must have slept for many hours. I awoke in the day. The red curtains opposite my bunk were drawn back, admitting dull light from a port hole through which I could look upon a tumbling sea, and a sky all girt with rain clouds. My armchair was occupied by a man, dressed with all the scrupulous neatness of a thoroughgoing yachtsman. He had a bright, open face, and there was something refined and polished in his voice.

"Good morning to you," he said; "I hope you have slept well? I didn't wake you before, because sleep is the best medicine in your case. I'm a doctor, you know."

"Oh! you're the physician-in-ordinary to the crew, I suppose; you must see a good deal of practice."

He looked rather surprised at my meaning remark, and then said quite calmly, "Yes, I write a good many death certificates. You must be hungry. I will ring for breakfast; and, if you would take a rub, your bathroom is here."

He opened the door in the passage, and led the way to a cabin furnished with marble and brass fittings, wherein was a full-sized bath. I took a bath, and found him waiting for me when I had finished. We returned to the scarlet room, and there spread upon the table was a meal worthy of Delmonico's. My new friend said nothing as I ate; but when the repast was removed he began to talk at once.

"I regret," he said, "that I cannot supply you with a morning newspaper; the latest journal that I can lend you is a copy of Saturday last. There is a passage in it which may interest you."

The paper was folded and marked in a certain spot. I read it with blank amazement, for it was a full account of the nameless ship's attack upon the American cruiser and the Ocean King. The matter was the subject of a profound sensation, not only in America, but throughout the world. The Chilian government had been approached at once, but had repudiated all knowledge of the mysterious ship. Meanwhile war vessels from England, America and from France had set out to scour the seas and bring such intelligence as they could. The whole account concluded with the rumor that a gentleman in New York had knowledge of the affair and would at once be interviewed.

"You see that interview was unfortunately interrupted," said the doctor. "You are the gentleman with the full particulars. I am here to ask you to write accuduately for us a complete account of every step you have taken in this matter since you were fool enough to follow Martin Hall."

"And otherwise?"

"Otherwise, you would give all you possessed if I would shoot you now as you sit. If you would still have life, not altogether under unfavorable conditions, you have but to ask for pen, ink and paper—and to make yourself one of us."

"That I will never do!"

"Oh, you say that now; but we shall give you some days to think of it. Let me advise you to be a man of common sense, and not run your head against a stone wall. We are now bound on a four-days' voyage. During these four days, you need fear nothing. So don't disturb yourself unnecessarily until Captain Black puts the question to you."

(To be continued.)