MUSCULAR AILMENTS

The Old-Monk-Cure will straighten out a contracted muscle in a jiffy.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Don't play possum with pain, but 'tends strictly to business.

Price 25c and 50c

Free Catalogue and Premiums.

Everyone interested in seeds, plants, etc., should have a copy of the Portland Seed company's 1907 catalogue, which is free for the asking, by mentioning this paper and addressing them at Portland, Oregon. Tells all about their splendid premiums.

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

In Legal Form.

"If I thought you were going to play me false, Marie," said the ardent young lawyer, "by the great horn spoon I'd hold you with a writ of habeas corpus!"

"That will not be necessary," smiled Miss Marie. "I'm not going to run away."

"So?" he whispered, moving nearer. "All right. Ne exeat will do just as well."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Not Well Taken.

"If the Senator will pardon me for interrupting him," blandly spoke one of the other Senators, "he is not sticking to his text."

"My text!" thundered the fiery statesman. "This is not a sermon, sir! This is a roar!"

Whereat he continued his roaring.—Chicago Tribune.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Change of Method.

"Investigations don't seem to be held in the spirit of courtesy and forbearance that once prevailed," remarked the old time statesman.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "the situation is becoming difficult. People now hold investigations because they really want to find something out, instead of merely for the sake of soothing their minds."—Washington Star.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guarenteed to cure any case of iching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Helped Make Him Good.

"During our courtship," said Mrs. Weeds, "poor John declared he would die for me and he did."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised friend.

"Yes," continued the fair widow. "I did the cooking myself and he died of indigestion."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Trouble for Nothing.

To smuggle a human skeleton into Canada from Detroit a medical student dressed it in female attire and, seating it by his side in a buggy, crossed over the boundary line. After he got safely into his house he learned that there is no custom duty on skeletons.

1847-1907.

Sixty years ago Allcock's Plasters were first introduced to the public. They are to-day the world's standard plasters.

This invention has been one of the greatest blessings imaginable and affords the quickest, cheapest and best means of healing and relief for certain ailments, that has ever been discovered.

Allcock's are the original and genuine porous plasters and are sold by druggists in every part of the civilized world.

Not the New England Variety.

"Oh, they're real swell people," said the Chicago man. "An old 'Mayflower family,' I believe."

"You mean their ancestors came over in the Mayflower?" asked the visitor from the east.

"Oh, no. I mean they made their money in 'Mayflower Hams.' Oldest brand o' hams in this section."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE IRON PIRATE

A Plain Tale of Strange Happenings on the Sea

By MAX PEMBERTON

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

No man has ever looked on a more awful sight. We had struck the battleship low amidships—we had crashed through the thinnest coat of her steel. She had heeled right over from the shock, so that the guns had cast free from the carriages, and the seas had filled her. Thus for one terrible minute she lay, and then, with a heavy lurch, she rolled beneath the waves; and there was left but thirty or forty struggling souls, who battled for their lives with the great rollers of the Atlantic. Of these a few reached the side of our ship and were shot there as they clung to the ladder.

For ourselves we lay, our bows split with the shock, our engine room in fearful disorder. The other warships were yet some distance away; but they opened fire upon us at hazard, and, of the first three shells which fell, two cut our decks; and sent clouds of splinters of wood and of human flesh flying in the smoke-laden air. At the fifth shot, a gigantic crash resounded from below, and the stokers rushed above with the news that the fore stoke hold had three feet of water in it. The hands received the news with a deep groan. They bellowed like bulls at Black; they refused all orders. He shot down man after man, while I crouched for safety in the tower; and they became but fiercer. Our end was evidently near. Anon they turned upon the captain and myself, and fired volleys upon the conning tower; or, in their terrible frenzy, they pitched themselves into the sea.

Through all this our one engine worked; and so slowly did the great ironclad draw upon us that the end of it all came before they could reach us. Suddenly the men rushed to the boats and cast them loose. Fighting with the dash of madmen, they crowded the launch, they swarmed the jolly-boat and the lifeboat. We watched their insane efforts as boat after boat put away and was swamped, leaving the men to drown. When 6 o'clock came, Black and Karl and myself were alone upon the great ship. Black pulled me by the arm and said:

"Boy, they've left nothing but the dinghy. The old ship's done; and it's time you left her."

"And you?" I asked.

He looked at me and at Karl. He followed me slowly, as one in a dream, to the davits aft, and freed the last of the boats. Then he went to his cabin, and to the rooms below; and I helped him to put a couple of kegs of water in the frail craft, with some biscuit, which we lashed.

When all was ready, the captain went to the engine room and brought Karl to the top of the ladder; but there the German stayed, nor did threats or entreaties move him.

"He'll die with the ship," said Black, "and I don't know that he isn't wise;" but he held out his hand to the genius of his crime, and after a great grip the two men parted.

For ourselves, we stepped on the frailest craft with which men ever faced the Atlantic, and at that moment the first of the ironclads fired another shell at the nameless ship. It was a crashing shot, but it had come too late to serve justice, or to wreck the ship of mystery; for Karl had let the hydrogen into the cylinders unchecked. And in a cascade of fire, lighting the sea for many miles, and making as day the newly fallen night, the golden citadel hissed over the water for one moment, then plunged headlong, and was no more.

A fierce fire it was, lighting sea and sky—a mighty holocaust; the roar of great conflagration; the end of a monstrous dream. And I thought of another fire and another face—the face of Martin Hall, who had seen the finger of Almighty God in his mission; and I said, "His work is done!"

But Black, clinging to the dinghy, wept as a man stricken with a great grief, and he cried so that the coldest heart might have been moved—

"My ship, my ship!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

About midnight a thunderstorm got up from the south, and the sea, rising somewhat with it, wetted us to the skin. The lightning, terribly vivid and incessant, lighted up the whole sea again and again, showing each the other's face, the face of a worn and fatigue-stricken man.

"Boy," he said, "look well at the sun, lest you never look at it again."

"I am looking," I rplied; "it is life to me."

"If," he continued, very thoughtful, "you, who have years with you, should live when I go under, you'll take this belt I'm wearing off me; it'll help you ashore. If it happen that I live with you, it'll help both of us."

"We're in the track of steamers," said I; "there's no reason to look at it that way yet."

"That's your way, and the right one," he answered; "but I'm not a man like that, and my heart's gone with my ship; we shall never see her like again."

Black continued to brood, and when the sun fell low in the west, and the whole heavens were as mountains nad peaks of crimson fire, I knew by his mutterings that the frenzy of madness was upon him.

He raved with fierce threats and awful cries at the American he had buried, or made desperate appeals to some apparition that came to him in his dreadful dream. But at the last he grew almost incoherent. I was nigh dead with want of sleep and fatigue, for I had not rested during the fight with the ironclads, and I went to sleep at last.

When I awoke for the third time, the dinghy was held firmly by a boat hook, and was being drawn towards a jolly-boat full of seamen. I rose up, rubbing my eyes as a man seeing a vision; but, when the men shouted something to me in German, I had another exclamation on my lips; for I was alone in the boat, and Black had left me.

* * * * * * * *

Was the man dead? Had he really ended that most remarkable life of evil enterprise and of crime; or had he by some miracle found safety while I slept? Had the man gone out of my life wrapped in the mystery which had surrounded him from the first? Or had he simply cast himself from the dinghy in a fit of insanity, and died the terrible death of the suicide? I could not answer the tremendous question; but I had not reached the shelter of the steamer which had saved me before I made the discovery that the belt of linen which had been about Black's waist was now about mine. I found that it was filled with some hard and sharp stones. Instinctively I knew the truth; that in his last hour the master of the nameless ship had retained his curious affection for me; had made over to me some of that huge hoard of wealth he must have accumulated by his years of pillage; and I restrained myself with difficulty from casting the whole there and then into the waters which had witnessed his battles for it. But the belt was firmly lashed about me, and we were on the deck of the steamer before my benumbed hands could set the lashing free.

It would be idle for me to attempt to describe all I felt as the captain of the steamship Hoffnung greeted me upon his quarter-deck, and his men sent up rounds of cheers which echoed over the waters. I stood for some minutes forgetful of everything save that I had been snatched from that prison of steel; brought from the shadow of the living death to the hope of seeing friends and country and home again. And then there came a great sense of thankfulness, and tears gushed up in my eyes, and fell upon my numbed hands. With many encouraging pats on the back, they forced me down their companionway to the skipper's cabin, and so to a bunk, where I lay inanimate, and deep in sleep for many hours. But I awoke as another man, and when I had taken a great bowl of soup my strength seemed to return to me with bounds, and I sat up to find they had taken away my clothes, but that the belt which Black had bound about me lay at the foot of the bunk, and was unopened.

It was not heavy ,being all of linen finely sewed; but when at last I made up my mind to open it, I did so with my teeth, tearing the threads at the top of it, and so ripping it down. There fell upon my bed some twenty or thirty diamonds of such size and lustre that they lay sparkling with a thousand lights which dazzled the eyes, and made me utter a cry at once of surprise and of admiration. White stones they were, Brazilian diamonds of the first water; and when I undid the rest of the seam, and opened the belt fully, I found at least fifty more, with some superb black pearls, a fine emerald, and a little parcel of exquisite rubies. To the latter there was attached a paper with the words. "Take these; they are honestly come by. And let me write while I can that I have loved you. Remember this when you forget Captain Black." That was all; and I judged that the stones were worth five thousand pounds if they were worth a penny.

The Hoffnung was bound to Konigsberg, but when the skipper and I had come to understand each other by signs and writing he, with great consideration, offered to put into Southampton and leave me there. I put off in his long-boat with a deep sense of his humanity and kindness, and with hearty cheers from his crew.

I should have gone to the quay at once then, but crossing the roads I saw a yacht at anchor, and I recognized her as my own yacht Celsis, with Dan aboard. To put to her side was the work of a moment, and I do not think that I ever gave a heartier hail than that "Ahoy, Daniel!" which then fell from my lips.

"Ahoy!" cried Dan in reply. "Why, if it ain't the guv'nor!"

And the old fellow began to shout and to wave his arms and to throw ropes about as though he were smitten with lunacy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I had sprung up the ladder before Dan had gathered his scattered wits to remember that it was there. It was worth much to watch that honest fellow as he gripped my hand in his two great paws. I asked him if Roderick and Mary were aboard.

"They're down below, as I'm alive, and the hands is ashore, but they'll come aboard for this. Shall I tell 'em as you've called in passing like? I can hardly see out of my eyes for looking at you, sir."

Poor old Dan did not quite know what he was doing. I left him in the midst of his strange talk and walked softly down the companion way to the door of the saloon, and I opened it and stood, I doubt not, before them as one come from the dead. Mary, whose childish face looked very drawn, was sitting before a book, open upon the table, her head resting upon her hands, and a strange expression of melancholy in her great dark eyes. But Roderick lay upon a sofa-bunk, and was fast asleep, with the novel which he had been reading lying crumpled upon the floor.

I had opened the door so gently that neither of them moved as I entered the room. It was to me the best moment of my life to be looking again upon them, and I waited for one minute until Mary raised her head and our eyes met. Then I bent over the cabin table and kissed her, and I felt her clinging to me, and though she never spoke, her eyes were wet with hot tears; and when she smiled through them, it was as a glimpse of bright sunlight shining through a rain-shower. In another moment there was nothing but the expression of great childish joy on her face, and the old Mary spoke.

"Mark, I can't believe it," she said, holding me close lest I might go away again, "and I always guessed you'd come."

But Roderick awoke with a yawn, and when he saw me he rubbed his eyes, and said as one in a dream:

"Oh, is that you?"

* * * * * * * *

The tea which Mary made was very fragrant. It was a long story, and I could give them but the outline of it, or, in turn, hear but a tenth part of their own anxieties and ceaseless efforts in my behalf. It appeared that when I had failed to return to the hotel on that night when I followed Paolo to the den in the Bowery, Roderick had gone at once to the yacht, and there had learned from Dan of my intention. He did not lose an instant in seeking the aid of the police, but I was even then astern of the Labrador, and the keen search which the New York detectives had made was fruitless even in gleaning tidings of me. Paolo was followed night and day for twenty-four hours; but he was shot in a drinking den before the detectives laid hands on him, and lived long enough only to send Mary a message, telling her that her pretty eyes had saved the Celsis from disaster in the Atlantic. On the next day, both the skipper and Roderick made public all they knew of Black and his crew, and a greater sensation was never made in any city. The news was cabled to Europe over half a dozen wires, was hurried to the Pacific, to Japanese seas—it shook the navies of the world with an excitement rarely known, and for some weeks it paralyzed all traffic on the Atlantic. Cruisers of many nations were sent in the course of the great ocean-going steamers; arms were carried by some of the largest of the passenger ships, and the question was asked daily before all other questions, "Is the nameless ship taken?"

Meanwhile Roderick and Mary, who suffered all the anguish of suspense, returned to London, there to hear the whole matter discussed in Parliament. Several warships and cruisers were dispatched to the Atlantic, but returned to report the ill result of their mission. Nor was my oldest friend content with this national action and the subsequent offer of a reward of £50,000 for the capture of the nameless ship or of her crew, for he put the best private detectives in the city at the work, sending two to New York and others to Paris and to Spezia. When the weeks passed and I did not come, all thought that I had died in my self-appointed mission—another of Black's victims.

It was but a few days after this sorrowful conviction that Black and I went to London, and were seen by Inspector King, who had watched night and day for the man's coming. The detective had immediately telegraphed to the Admiralty, and to Roderick, who had reached my hotel to find that I had already left. Then he had hurried back to Southampton, there to hear of the going of the warships, and to wait with Mary tidings of the last great battle, which meant life or death to me.

Long we sat discussing these things, and very bright were a pair of dark eyes that listened again to Roderick's story, and then to more of mine. But Roderick himself had awoke from his lethargy, and his enthusiasm broke through all his old restraint.

"To-morrow, why to-morrow, you'll astound London. My dear fellow, we'll go to town together to claim the £50,000 which the Admiralty offered, and the £20,000 from the Black Anchor Line, to say nothing of American money galore. You're made for life, old man; and we'll take the old yacht north to Greenland, and hunt up the place and Black's tender, which seems to have escaped the ironclads, and it'll be the finest trip we ever knew."

"What does Mary say?" I asked, as she still held my hand.

"I don't mean to leave you again," she answered, and as she spoke there was a great sound of cheering above, and a great tramp of feet upon the deck; and as we hurried up, the hands I loved to see crowded about me, and their shouting was carried far over the water, and was taken up on other ships, which threw their searchlights upon us, so that the night was as a new day to me, and the awakening from the weeks of dreaming as the coming of spring after winter's dark. Yet, as the child-face was all lighted with radiant smiles, and honest hands clasped mine, and the waters echoed the triumphant greeting, I could not but think again of Captain Black, or ask myself, Is the man really dead, or shall we yet hear of him, bringing terror upon the sea, and death and suffering; the master of the nations, and the child of ambition? Or is his grave in the great Atlantic that he ruled in the mighty moments of his power?

Ah, I wonder.

(The End.)

A Doctor's Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not a simple cough syrup. It is a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It cures hard cases, severe and desperate cases, chronic cases of asthma, pleurisy, bronchitis, consumption. Ask your doctor about this.

"I have used a great deal of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and hard colds on the chest. It has always done me great good. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—MICHAEL J. FITZGERALD, Medford, N. J.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

Optimism.

"Such a dark day as this," complained the whiskered passenger in the suburban train, "is enough to make anybody feel gloomy."

"Not iv'rybody, sor," said the passenger with the First Ward accent. "Not th' r-railroad comp'ny, annyhow. It's savin' money be not lightin' these ca-ars."

UNITED STATES HEALTH & ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Saginaw, Michigan.

$300,000 Capital Stock. $200,000 deposited with Ins. Dept. of Michigan

WRITE TODAY

asking about our popular **one dollar a month plan** that pays accidental death and accident and sick indemnity. Give age and occupation. All business on the Pacific Coast paid through the **First National Bank of Portland.**

R. L. ALDRICH, Mgr. Western Office

209-210 Marquam Bldg. Portland, Oregon

Many Afflicted Country People

are coming to us for treatment and returning home cured. We permanently and promptly cure Indigestion, Rheumatism, all Private and Wasting Diseases, Nervous Disorders, Diseases of Women and Children, Eczema, Blood, Skin and Chronic Diseases. No matter what your trouble may be, come to see us.

Free Consultation and Examination.

New York Surgical and Medical Institute

Permanently Located at Corner of Sixth and (323½) Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

AUSTIN WELL DRILLS

Made in all styles and all sizes. Get water and oil anywhere. Best Drilling Tools made. Get catalogs and prices. BEALL & CO.

321 Hawthorne Ave. Portland, Or.

Ferry Seeds are not an experiment, but with proper cultivation, they assure success from the start. Users have no doubts at planting nor disappointments at harvest. Get

FERRY'S SEEDS

for biggest, surest, best crops—at all dealers. Famous for over 50 years. 1907 Seed Annual free on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

by Softening the Water makes the Skin Clear; Removes Perspiration Odor, Whitens the Hands; Prevents Dandruff and Makes Beautiful hair.

All dealers. Sample Borax, Beauty Bookles and Souvenir Picture, 5 cents and your dealer's name. Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.