

# LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet,  
Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripes. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

SEE THE GREAT  
**Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition**  
Come to the Fair; you'll like it.  
FINE ALBUM OF PLATES OF THE  
BUILDINGS sent for 30c Money Order  
And another of the city or  
**SEATTLE, THE "GEM OF THE COAST"**  
Very Fine, for \$1.65, postpaid  
Distributing point:  
417 Sullivan Bldg. SEATTLE, WASH. Lock Box 1912

**Spokane, Kalispel or  
Missoula and Coeur d'Alene**  
If you intend going to the opening of  
these reservations, it will be to your  
advantage to call or write the  
**HOMESEEKERS CLUB**  
413 Central Building, Seattle, Washington

**CRESCENT**  
A pure phosphate  
baking powder that  
does all that the  
high priced baking  
powders will do and  
does it better. It raises  
the dough and makes  
lighter, sweeter and  
better risen foods. Sold by  
grocers 25c per pound. If  
you will send us your  
name and address, we  
will send you a book on health and baking powder.  
**CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, Wa.**

**DAISY FLY KILLER**  
placed anywhere  
where, attracts  
flies, gnats, mosquitoes,  
bees, wasps, crickets,  
ants, etc. Kills them  
instantly. No odor. Lasts  
all season. Made of  
oil of eucalyptus, camphor,  
and other natural  
ingredients. Guaranteed  
effective. Write for  
details. Of all dealers or  
sent prepaid for 25c.  
**HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**GOLDEN WEST**  
**COFFEE TEA SPICES  
BAKING POWDER  
EXTRACTS  
JUST RIGHT**  
CLOSET & DEVERS  
PORTLAND, ORE.

**FITS**  
If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness, Stomach or  
bile children, or troubles that do not go away by New Dis-  
covery will relieve them, and all you are asked to  
do is to send for a Free B. 111 of  
**Dr. May's Epileptic Cure.**  
It has cured thousands where everything else  
failed. Sent free with directions. Express Prepaid.  
Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory, under the  
National Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Guar-  
anteed No. 1871. Please give A.O.H. and full address  
to:  
**DR. W. H. MAY,**  
648 Pearl Street, New York City.

**C. Gee Wo**  
The Chinese Doctor  
This wonderful man has  
made a life study of the  
properties of Roots,  
Herbs and Bark, and  
is giving the world the  
benefit of his services.  
No Mercury, Poisons  
or Drugs Used. No  
Operations or Cutting  
Guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung,  
Stomach and Kidney troubles, and all Private  
Diseases of Men and Women.  
**A SURE CANCER CURE**  
Just received from Peking, China—safe, sure  
and reliable. U. failing in its works.  
If you cannot call, write for symptom blank  
and circular. Enclose 2 cents in stamps.  
**CONSULTATION FREE**  
**The C. Gee Wo Medicine Co.**  
162 1/2 First St., cor. Morrison, Portland, Or.

**DR. W. A. WISE**  
24 Years a Leader in Painless Dentals  
Work in Portland.

**Out-of-Town People**  
Should remember that our force is so arranged  
that we can do their ENTIRE CROWN,  
BRIDGE AND PLATE WORK IN A DAY if  
necessary. POSITIVELY PAINLESS EX-  
TRACTING FREE when plates or bridges are re-  
moved. WE REMOVE THE MOST SENSITIVE  
TEETH AND ROOTS WITHOUT THE LEAST  
PAIN. NO STUDENTS, NO uncertainty.  
**For the Next Fifteen Days**  
We will give you a good 22k gold or porce-  
lain crown for ..... \$3.50  
22k bridge teeth ..... 5.00  
Molar crown ..... 5.00  
Gold or enamel fillings ..... 1.00  
Silver fillings ..... .50  
Good rubber plates ..... 6.00  
The best red rubber plates ..... 7.00  
Painless extractions ..... 50  
**ALL WORK GUARANTEED 15 YEARS**  
**Dr. W. A. Wise**  
President and Manager  
**The Wise Dental Co.**  
(INC.) Third and Oregon Sts.  
PORTLAND, OREGON  
P. N. U. No. 30-09  
When writing to advertisers please  
mention this paper.

# The Pirate of Alastair

By  
**RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND**  
Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.  
Copyright, 1908, by J. B. Lippincott Company. All rights reserved.

**THE PIRATE OF ALASTAIR** is a romance of love and adventure of great power and interest. There is a charm to this story that is manifest in every chapter. While the incidents deal with modern, every-day life, the author has brought in a glamour of the romantic that gives great spirit and variety to happenings along the Atlantic coast.

**RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND** is the author of this entrancing serial, and his gifted pen has done fine work in depicting events that are stirring and entertaining. There is the mysterious Ship and the modern Pirate; there is beautiful Barbara Graham, a fine young girl to admire and love, and the gallant adventurer, who meets with some thrilling experiences. The air of the mystical about the story is warranted by an absorbing and well devised plot.

The Pirate of Alastair is essentially a story of the times, recently written, copyrighted, and is a serial having features that commend it to every reader as a capital romance. We bespeak for this narrative a very favorable reception, and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the leading romances of its class—modern, interesting, and having all the elements of a splendid story.

**CHAPTER I.**  
You know Alastair? No—how should you? Very few people know it, and I have done my best to keep the secret to myself. The place lies, however, not so very far from great cities on the Atlantic coast. You take a train northward from Boston, and when you reach the proper station you alight and climb into a countryman's wagon, and he drives you through the pines by a twisting, sand-built road to Alastair. You will know it because you can go no farther, unless you choose to drive into the waves.

Few people come to Alastair. Most of the travelers in this part of the world turn off about a mile inland from the beach and go on for another mile and a half to the Penguin Club. The latter is full of New Yorkers who come to the pines and the sea to hunt and fish and forget Wall Street and Fifth Avenue. They forget it by keeping close together, and dressing for dinner, and dancing every other night.

Alastair itself is only a beach between two great headlands. From the end where my cottage stands, snugly hid in the pines on the edge of the dunes, the beach stretches smooth and white to a little land-locked harbor at the farther end. Sit on my porch and look down along the sands to the east and you will see a reef of rocks shaped like the letter U that closes in a little salt water lake with the aid of a distant cliff. It is not quite a lake, rather a small inland sea, for the tides have room to ebb and flow. A ship is settled into the sands of this sea, settled upright, so that one may walk the decks, and I often go there of an afternoon when the tide is low and climb on board. It is a good place to sketch, and I can leave my paints and canvas in the cabin.

I stumbled across Alastair when I was looking for a quiet place in which to write. I found the dilapidated cottage, camped in it for a week, and fell so much in love with the beach that I went to town, bought the house and part of the woods, and moved in. Charles, the man who had served my father before me, demurred at first, but finally gave in, and turned himself into cook, housemaid, and valet for my sake.

From my balcony I can see the distant rocks of the little inland sea and, standing up above them, the high sides of the ship, and its single remaining broken mast, and its single remaining broken ship, most pointing straight to the heavens. Sometimes the stars seem to outline the missing spars and sails should be, and on a bright night I can half close my eyes and fancy that I see the rigging my eyes and lanterns burning on the quarter-deck.

There is history hidden in that battered hulk. She is no ordinary vessel, and may once, for all I know, have been a pirate ship. She has the long clipper lines of swiftness, and her high, bulging bow is of a type long past. When I first came to Alastair I made inquiries as to her history, but the oldest farmer as to her history, but the oldest farmer could tell me only that she had always been there so far as he knew, and dismissed the subject as of no importance.

The people of the near-by country appeared never to have boarded the castaway. I felt the joys of Crusoe when I first climbed on her deck. The name was gone, long ago washed out by the sea; the deck was bare, and the top of the foremast coked with sand. I brought a shovel and dug away the rambrift drifted against the hatches. At last I could open the door and, clearing the steps of what little mud had sifted through, I descended into the cabin. It

was mildewed with damp and water, but in time, by bailing and letting the sun in, I dried it out and found quite a habitable apartment, furnished with table and chairs and a row of bunks along the seaward side. Whatever there had been that was portable the first wreckers must years before have carried off. All that was left was a heavy oaken chest, studded with brass nails, now greenish-yellow, and when I broke the lock I found the chest bare.

My fancy loved to play about the ship. Often I dreamed of her and of a man who should come up out of the sea and tread her deck again. He was always a magnetic figure, and I never could resist the call of mystery to fight beside him.

**CHAPTER II.**  
It was the most beautiful August that I remembered. The air was clear as a bell, and day after day the sun rose on a tranquil world and smiled at it for joy. Every morning at breakfast I would say to Charles, "Did you ever know such weather, Charles?" and he would answer, "No, sir, I never did, sir," and every evening at supper I would say, "It has been a glorious day, Charles, hasn't it?" and he would answer, "It has, sir, indeed it has, sir." My family servant made a perfect echo.

The afternoon on which I finished the first half of my book I sat for some time on the porch outside my den, smoking. I was too serene to stir. I watched the gulls circle and skim above the pine crowned cliff, and the lazy waves, rising occasionally into sparkling white caps, lift their heads and duck again like playful dolphins. The tide was coming in; I could mark the great wet circles on the beach as it advanced, now receding for a moment, but quickly recovering the lost ground and marching on, steadily winning over the yellow sands. It would be high-tide by sunset or a little after; everything was setting in from sea to land; the salt smell was coming strongly on the east wind.

About 5 o'clock I shut the door of my cottage and started down the beach, conscious of no further plan than to board the ship and, possibly, catch something of the late afternoon color for my canvas. Now and again I stopped to watch small flocks of sand-snipe scurry over the wet, glistening sands, now to watch a wave recede and leave a path of opalescent pebbles in its wake. There were jewels for all the world and to spare as long as the water bathed the stones.

So, walking leisurely, I came in time to the far end, and looked across the harbor rocks to the ship. To my surprise, a young woman stood on the deck, and fluttering from a splinter of the mast was a white handkerchief. She was looking across at me, her hands shading her eyes from the sunset glitter at my back, and as she saw me look up she waved her hand beckoningly. The easy path to the ship lay through a small break where the rocks joined the cliff, but this break was some distance off. With a smile for what I saw must have happened to the skipper, I climbed over the nearest rocks and stood on the edge of the little inland sea. Sure enough, the tide in rising had covered the causeway to the cliff, and was pouring in, fast filling the harbor, like the bowl of a flooded fountain. The water was not yet deep; it barely covered the path by which the explorer had come, and even off the rocks in front of it it was scarcely up to my knees.

The woman of the ship called, "I'm marooned. I came by the path and forgot all about the tide. What shall I do?" She pointed towards the way she had come, but I was in rough clothes and quite used to a wetting, so I waded in and, crossing the shallow bowl, quickly scrambled on to the high deck. I stood up dripping and laughing.

"So you thought you'd go for a sail," I asked, "but didn't think you'd sail so far from land?"

The girl—I saw now that she couldn't be more than 20—looked quizzically at me for a second, then smiled, and finally laughed.

"It was such a very real ship," she said, "that I couldn't resist the call. I fell asleep sitting against the gunwale, and when I woke up the water was over the path—not very far over, but quite enough to ruin these shoes." She pointed to her kid slippers. "I was growing desperate when I saw you on the beach."

I was studying the slippers; there was no question but that the salt water would ruin them. She inspected them also.

"It was very foolish of me to wear them, but I had no idea of going far when I left the club. The first thing I knew, I caught a glimpse of the water, and then I forgot the slippers and walked on until I came to that cliff, and from there I saw this little harbor and this boat, and I couldn't resist that, could I?" I shook my head. "Nobody could resist it."

"I had just about come to the point of taking them off and wading in," she went on, and then finished, "when I sighted you."

"I can go away again," I suggested.

"No," she said slowly; "I'd rather you didn't do that. There must be some other way out of it."

"There are several other ways," I answered. "I've often studied the problem from this very deck."

I thought she looked a little bit surprised. "Do you often find people marooned here—girls, I mean?"

"No, but I've often wondered what I should do if I did. To tell the truth, I've never found any one here before, but the ship looks as if she ought to be inhabited. She's a good ship, and once belonged to a pirate chief."

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"By the oaken chest below-deck. It has the pirate lock, though there's nothing in it."

"Yes," she said; "I made an exploring trip and I found the chest."

"Don't you agree with me, then?"

Again there came that quizzical look in her eyes, and then the smile.

"Yes," she said; "it must have belonged to a pirate." She stopped short and the smile spread from her lips to her eyes. "Shall I tell you a secret? I dreamed of pirates, of a real old-fashioned buccaneer who came up out of the cabin fully armed, pistols in his pockets and in his hands and a pistol clenched in his teeth. The funny part of it is that he was exceedingly polite to me. Do you ever have such foolish dreams as that?"

"Often," a buccaneer calls on me every other week. I'm only waiting for the chance to ship with one. I think their ghosts must still inhabit Alastair."

The girl's hand stole up to capture some loose strands of hair, and for the first time I noted the fine spun gold in the sun.

"Alastair?" she repeated. "Oh, so this is the beach of Alastair—and you—?" She paused. "You must be the man they told me about at the club—you live in a cottage at the far end of the beach, and write books, and never come out of your shell."

I bowed. "I am the man," I said, "and yonder is my home." I pointed westward to where the tip of my balcony showed between the dunes.

"What a beautiful little world!" she said, and then, a moment later, "but how lonely! Who named the place Alastair?"

"I don't know. It's always been called that, apparently."

"It's a lovely name. And what do you call the ship?"

"Oh, just the Ship. Her other name disappeared years and years ago."

"The Ship of Alastair. And do you sometimes come on board of her to write?"

"No, I have a den for that. Sometimes I come here to paint. I keep my things in the cabin."

"Yes, I found them," she said. "You see, I know a great deal more about you than you think."

(To be continued.)

**Left-Handed Barbers.**  
"Of course left-handed persons are scarce anyhow," said the man who carries his habits of observation even into the barber's chair, according to the Washington Post, "but they are mighty scarce among barbers; in fact, I have seen but two or three in my experience."

"But you are sure to notice it when you do find one. He does just as efficient work, but it is the way he does it that attracts your notice."

"The barber as a rule stands at the right of the customer while shaving him, making little trips to the back and to the left only when necessary. Naturally, I suppose, the left-handed barber does just the opposite; he stands most of the time at your left."

"For that reason you won't find a left-handed barber in the middle of a line of barbers. His chair has to stand at one end so that he won't bump into the right-handed one next to him."

"Like most left-handed persons his right is more dexterous than the left hand of right-handed persons usually is. He shaves you with either hand, but prefers the left. He stops a razor just as a right-handed one does, however, and that is about the only point of similarity."

**No Walking.**  
Mrs. Psmith—Your husband hasn't done much walking since he bought his auto, has he?  
Mrs. KJones—I should say not. He got thrown out and broke his leg the first time he tried to run it.—Cleveland Leader.

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
*Dr. J. C. Hoffington*  
Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**A Pleasant Surprise.**  
"She married the old fellow for his money and he hasn't got any."  
"Wasn't she dreadfully disappointed?"  
"Not a bit. She's got it."—Baltimore American.

**It is a mother's duty to keep constantly on hand some reliable remedy for use in case of sudden accident or mishap to the children. Hamlin's Wizard Oil can be depended upon for just such emergencies.**

**Cheap Riding.**  
Uncle Zeke (back from the city)—You talk about cheap ridin'! I rode twenty miles on a street k'yar, an' all it cost me was a nickel.  
Uncle Jed—Gosh! That ain't nothin'. When I was that last year I rode to the top of the tallest buildin' in town an' it didn't cost me a blamed cent!—Chicago Tribune.

**Solving the Milk Problem.**  
"We're thinking of keeping a cow," said Mrs. Lapsling. "A neighbor of ours has a big vacant lot where we can pasture her."  
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

**Beware of Dupletty.**  
"Tommy, do you know where little boys go that tell lies?"  
"You bet I do! That's the way most of 'em get to go to the ball games."

**It Cures While You Walk.**  
Allen's Foot-Paste is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Bless Her!**  
When lovely woman buys a bonnet Constructed of some shredded hay She piles a lot of fruit upon it And walks along the Gay White Way.—New York Evening Mail.

**More Friends Every Year**  
We'll soon count you among them. It's just a matter of time. More and more housewives are giving up the old-style, high-priced, Trust-made Baking Powders. Thousands are turning to  
**KG BAKING POWDER**  
One trial does it. You'll never go back. Speak to your grocer. Lighter, sweeter baking or money refunded. Far better. Costs much less. You won't believe it till you try for yourself.  
25 Ounces for 25 Cents

**Guaranteed under all Pure Food Laws**

**Jaques Mfg. Co., Chicago**

**Organize a Local Telephone System**  
Just think what a Telephone System would save you—all your neighbors at your call—your doctor—your veterinarian—postoffice—depot—merchant.  
No matter how far from the nearest Telephone Company, your community can have its own local service at a very low cost of maintenance.

**Western Electric Rural Telephones**  
are in use in thousands of communities. The equipment is the standard Bell Telephone apparatus. This means most reliable and economical service.  
This rural telephone system is moderate in cost—easily within the reach of the average farmer.  
If you are interested, cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail it to-day to your nearest house. We will send free Bulletin No. 112 on how to build rural telephone lines and their cost.

**WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY**  
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Atlanta.  
WESTERN: Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Minneapolis. CENTRAL: St. Louis, Denver, Kansas City, Dallas, Omaha. PACIFIC: San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City.

Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg.  
Rural Telephones a Specialty