



CHAPTER I.

Within one of the southern lagoons upon the coast of Texas, is the small bay of Goliad. It is not far from the mouth of the Nueces, and, like most of the lagoons which abound upon the shores of the gulf, affords a most excellent harbor. In the early part of August, 1846, a small schooner lay at anchor within this bay. She was a pretty craft; built after the model of our Baltimore clippers, and carrying a wide spread of canvas for such a hull. She had a square topsail and gafftopsail upon the fore, and a gafftopsail upon the main. She was called the Lone Star, and had for some years belonged to the Texas navy, having been employed in cruising after those Mexican vessels that had been fitted out for the especial purpose of committing depredations upon the seaport settlements of the infant republic. And even now that Texas had been united with its gigantic sister, it was found necessary to keep the Lone Star in service, for manifold were the robberies still committed by the Mexican craft, and none knew their haunts so well as did the commander of the gallant schooner.

She carried six brass guns, and the masts were bright and sharp. Upon the quarter-deck, with one hand held aloft of a back-stay, stood a young man, not over five-and-twenty, whose uniform marked him as the captain of the vessel. He was tall, with brown hair, and a rich, dark gray eye, and possessing one of those peculiar conformations of form and feature which at once mark out the commander. His face was one of more than ordinary manly beauty, and its tone of nobleness and authority was well sustained by the physical power which was at once apparent in the muscular massiveness and compactness of his frame. His name was Clarence Howard. He was a Virginian by birth, and having lost his parents when quite young, he adopted the sea as the field of his labor. He was but a boy in years when the struggles of Texas to free herself from the Mexican yoke attracted his attention, and in company with a party of his friends he started for the scene of action; and from that time he did his part well and truly toward establishing the republic.

Close by the captain stood a small boy. He was not over fifteen, and even small at that. In frame he was very slight. His light flaxen hair was thin and wavy, and seemed to leave his high, projecting brow almost with the appearance of baldness upon the top. His eyes, light gray in color, were different from most eyes. The pupils were long and cone-like, square at the base, and reaching to a point at their upper termination. In addition to this, they were bright, sometimes sparkling like stars, and then at others, burning like fire; and, moreover, they seemed to possess a phosphorescent power, for in the dark they would often burn, or glow, with a brightness which rendered them visible when the face could not be seen. This boy's name was Peter Sythe. Clarence Howard had found him, ten years before, when he first came to Texas, on a wreck which had been cast upon the Isle de Bagin, just north of the Rio Grande, and since that time he had clung to his noble protector, with all the affection of a child for its parent.

The two lieutenants were pacing the quarter deck upon the larboard side. The first was Karl Lofton, a stout, powerful built man, some thirty years of age, a native of New York, though of German descent. The second was Martin Hart—another robust man, with black hair and black eyes, and some four or five years older than Lofton.

"Peter," spoke the captain, turning to his boy, "go and tell the coxswain to have my ash manned."

"Going ashore, captain?" asked Lofton, stepping over.

"Yes," returned Howard.

"Have you made up your mind yet when you'll sail?"

"Not quite, Lofton. But I shall sail for the first thing that turns up. We are doing no good here. Taylor and Worth have about all the supplies they can afford to wait for, and I understand that they are soon to start up into the country further. They mean to make their next attack upon Monterey. I think we'll poke along down to the southward, and we may get upon the track of that villain, Jilok Tudel—the most notorious pirate Mexico ever produced. By the cross, Karl, I'd like to meet that chap."

"So would we all," returned the lieutenant, enthusiastically.

"And then there's more work, too," resumed the captain. "The Mexican government has given out a lot of letters of marque; so you see, the gulf'll be swarming with privateers."

"But won't the United States grant any such letters?"

"No—I guess not."

"But why? Good gracious, if Mexico sends out her privateers, why shouldn't we have some to offset them?"

"I don't know, Karl. It isn't a very honorable mode of warfare; but you see, Mexico's got no navy at all, and so she's obliged to do this. She's got one or two little scows, but they're good for nothing."

"Then they need privateers?"

"To be sure they do; and if they'd only raise their own men, I wouldn't care; but they've sent a lot of letters of marque to Havana, in hopes that the Cubans will fit out privateers against us; and we have the best of reasons for believing that privateers are being fitted out in England to cruise under the Mexican flag. What d'ye think of that?"

"Why—I'll tell you, captain. I'm very glad we hold our commission regularly; and I only hope we may meet an Englishman cruising under the Mexican flag. It kind of strikes me now that I should rather let a real Mexican pirate go free than to let off them as ought to be in better business. However, we may find one of 'em, eh?"

"I hope so," was Howard's reply, as he turned toward his cabin.

He then went below, and when he returned to the deck, he was all ready for going on shore. His heavy sword was buckled on, and a brace of six-barreled

pistols graced his belt. Even the shore of Texas, along the banks of the Nueces, was not without danger to the American.

The captain gave the order for pushing off. There were some dozen huts scattered about upon the shore, one of which, larger than the rest, was occupied by a man named Gould, who was an old trapper and hunter. Howard left his boat and crew at the shore, and with Peter as a companion, he went up to Gould's hut, and found the owner within.

"Ah, captain—still here, eh?" uttered the old trapper, as he grasped Howard by the hand.

"Yes, my old friend," returned the young man. "I'm here for a while. But I came up now to see if you had heard from the west'rd."

"Yes, captain—I'm just from Santa Fe. The brave Fremont has joined Commodore Sloat, and just as I was startin' the news came in by an Indian runner a horseback that Montgomery had taken San Francisco."

"Do you think it's true?"

"Of course 'tis. And now what's been done here? Where's old Zachary?"

"Oh, he's right side up, you may rest assured. He has captured everything that came in his way, and he's bound for Monterey."

"Why, I tell you, cap'n, 'tain't no sort o' cause for them 'farnal Mexicans to think o' beatin' our boys. Just as sure as I'm alive now, three thousand true-blue Yankees with old Zachary at their head 'ud march right through the very heart o' Mexico."

If Jim Gould had a weakness beyond his hatred of the Mexicans, it was his ardent respect for Gen. Taylor; and he had often been heard to remark that there wa'n't but one Zachary Taylor, 'cause there wa'n't room but for one. Howard smiled at the old trapper's earnestness, and having learned all that he had come to learn, he arose to take his leave. He had already put on his cap and turned toward the door when the old man stopped him.

"Look here, cap'n," he cried, in an earnest tone. "Have ye been to Vera Cruz since I've been gone?"

"No. I've been cruising about the gulf some, but haven't stopped there. But why do you ask?"

"Why—p'raps ye'll say it's none o' my business—but I guess I'll run the risk. Ye know one Antonio St. Marc?"

"Of course," uttered Clarence, changing color. "And what of him?"

"Ye know that gal o' his'n, too, I take it?"

"Don't bother me, Gould. You mean Donna Irene."

"Yes, I do. And ha'n't ye heard nothing of her?"

"No—not a word. But what is it?"

"Well—to tell ye the truth, cap'n," returned the old man, with some show of embarrassment, "I don't exactly know myself. There was an old woman came with us from Bexar, and left us this mornin'. She was inquiren' for you, and said she had come from Vera Cruz. She seemed to be—look here—right down the hill; that's the woman now, as sure as fate. Don't you see her?"

"Is that the one?—that old, bent-up woman?"

"Yes. Just as likely as not she's huntin' for ye now."

"You say she's come from Vera Cruz?"

"So she said. But see—she's going down to your boat."

Without speaking further the captain beckoned to his boy, and then started from the trapper's hut.

Clarence Howard hastened down to the water's edge, and arrived there just as the old woman was inquiring for the captain of the schooner. She appeared to be somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age; quite small in frame, and much bent. She seemed to be an Indian woman, though she spoke both Spanish and English well. Her hair was long and matted, and very black, with here and there a silvery line; her eyes were black, large and burned with a strange fire. Her garb was very simple, consisting of the colored blanket and skirt usually worn by those Indians who had lived in the neighborhood of civilization. Take her all in all, she was a curiosity of humanity.

"Have you been searching for me, my good woman?" asked Clarence.

The woman started when she heard the voice, and having made sure who it was that had spoken to her, she asked:

"Are you the captain?"

"Of this schooner—yes."

"And is your name Clarence Howard?"

"It is."

"I would like to speak with you a moment, good sir," she said.

"For what?" asked Howard.

"Come with me a short distance away, and I'll tell you."

"But why not speak here?"

"I would speak with you concerning Donna Irene St. Marc," the woman whispered, in a tone so low that only Howard could hear it.

"Lead on," returned Clarence quickly.

Slowly the woman hobbled away towards the nearest hut, and as soon as she was beyond the hearing of the boatmen, she turned and motioned for her companion to stop.

"Now, senior captain, you must listen. You say you know Donna Irene St. Marc; and she has told me that she knows you."

"She? Irene?—then you have seen her?" cried Clarence.

"Yes—I have seen her within these two weeks; and she tells me that you are her best friend."

"Did she tell you that?" uttered the young captain, ardently. "O, she has no truer friend—none truer than I."

"And I think the maiden loves thee, Senior Americano."

"Did she tell thee so?" asked Clarence, in a quick, breathless whisper.

"Not in so many words, but then there be other languages than the one the mouth speaks. She called thy name, senior; and while she spoke that name with her lips, she told me her love with her eyes."

"I hoped I had her gratitude, but her

love was more than I had dared to hope for."

"Ah, thine own eye gives the denial of that, senior."

"No, no, woman. I may have prayed that she might love me, but hope would imply more than was mine. So fair—so lovely—so wealthy—so noble! Ah, I had not soared so high."

"Never mind. I'll give thee all the belief in my power, and now to my business. In all Vera Cruz poor Irene has not a friend. A terrible fate awaits her, and there is none nigh to avert the blow."

"How! A blow? a fate—a terrible fate? Speak, woman. What is it you mean?"

"Listen, senior. You have heard of one Jilok Tudel?"

"I know but one of that name."

"And he?"

"Is a pirate."

"Yes—the very one. And now St. Marc swears his child shall marry that dreadful man!"

For some moments Howard gazed into the woman's face without speaking. The sun had sunk from sight, and the twilight was creeping on. Those dark, swarthy features were now indistinct beneath the long, matted hair, but those two large black eyes gleamed out with undimmed power, for she seemed deeply moved.

"Did I understand you?" the young man asked, at length.

"Yes, senior captain. Antonio St. Marc would marry his child to the pirate Tudel."

"Ah—he does not know who this Jilok Tudel is."

"He knows him far better than you can, senior."

"And knowing him to be the wicked, bloody pirate, would he still—"

"Force his sweet child to marry him, senior. You may as well speak it out, for so the truth is."

"But St. Marc is a monster!"

"He is, senior."

Clarence Howard gazed fixedly in the woman's face. There was truth in her tone, and a stern purpose of honest intent in her look. He knew but little of St. Marc. Four years before, while cruising off the northern coast of Yucatan, he had fallen in with a Cuban pirate. It was his first cruise as master of a vessel. The pirate tried to run round Cape Catoche, but the Lone Star cut her out, and captured her after a smart engagement of fifteen minutes. On board this pirate the young captain found a wealthy Mexican and his daughter. The former introduced himself as a Castilian gentleman, of Vera Cruz, and had been captured by the pirates while on his way, with his child, to visit some friends in Havana.

His child was then fifteen years of age, and so beautiful that even then Clarence almost wished he had never seen her. He delivered the pirates up to justice, and conveyed St. Marc and his child back to Vera Cruz. He remained with them two days at that time, at their sumptuous dwelling, and he had visited them since. He knew that St. Marc had been rather cool and distant at his last visit, and he attributed it to the fact that the wealthy Hidalgo wanted him not for a son-in-law. He had regarded the man as a dark, stern parent, and an unflinching aristocrat, but he had not thought him capable of such blackness of heart as this intelligence would seem to indicate.

"Woman," he said, slowly and sternly, "mark me. Jilok Tudel is a blood-stained pirate. Do you know of another Jilok Tudel?"

"I do not, senior," the woman answered.

"But do you know this one—the pirate?"

"I do, senior—very well. Antonio St. Marc has sworn that his child shall marry this wretched man. Now go you there, but be sure St. Marc sees you not. You must see Donna Irene."

"I should like to see her, but I cannot enter Vera Cruz openly now. You must remember that our country is at war with Mexico."

"I know," returned the woman. "But that must not prevent you. I tell thee Irene is in danger, and she looks to thee to save her. She loves thee with a woman's heart and soul. In disguise thou canst enter the city. None need know that you are of the enemy. Speak, now, and tell me—will thou go?"

"First tell me who and what thou art," Clarence said, after some moments' hesitation.

"I am called Calypso. Some call me Calypso, the Wanderer; and they are not far out of the way, for surely none wander more than I do. I am the Homeless—the Wanderer—and almost—Friendless."

"But what is Donna Irene to you?"

"What is she to you?" Calypso asked, with a smile.

"I understand what you mean," the captain answered. "But I knew not but that she might be some—"

"Perhaps you were going to say relative."

"I will not say that the thought did not enter my mind, for under the excitement of your story I forgot the color of your skin. However, you must be something to her, or you would not have come so far."

"Ah, senior, it matters little to me which way I go. I may as well wander thither as to California."

"And have you ever wandered off so far?"

"As California?"

"Yes."

"Yes, senior. I move thither and thither continually. But enough of this. Thou wilt not fail to visit Vera Cruz, and see Donna Irene. Once more I tell thee, thou alone canst help her."

"But—pardon me—that is very strange. Are there not in Mexico those who love her?"

"Yes, many. But, alas, not one upon whom fear of the father does not operate more powerfully than does the love of the child."

"And will Donna Irene expect me?"

"She will hope for your coming, for she bade me tell thee so."

"Then most assuredly I shall go."

"But remember—let your disguise be perfect, for be sure that Antonio St. Marc will not spare thee if he detects thee."

"I will be careful of that, madam."

"One thing more," resumed the woman, "she bade me tell you, if you came, that she would recognize you by your whistling the first bar of 'Paciencia y barajar,' then passing on to the third, and from that to the fifth bar."

"But did she tell you what answer she would return to my signal?"

"O, yes. I had forgotten, senior. Yes, she said she would sing the second, fourth and sixth strains of the same tune."

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"One thing more, good woman. What I wish to ask is, if Jilok Tudel is now in Vera Cruz—or if he was when you were there?"

"No, senior, he was at sea, and St. Marc has assured Irene that she must be his wife when he returns. And now, farewell. We shall meet again if we both live."

With these words the woman turned away, and was soon lost to sight in the gloom; and long after she was gone did Howard stand and gaze after her.

"Captain," spoke the boy, laying his hand lightly upon his commander's arm, "there's a boat just come up from Matamoros, with a message for you."

(To be continued.)

There Are No More Self-Made Men.

"From the highest home to the lowest in America this idea of caste has entered, destroying our old, high ideals and making us pretentious and vulgar," writes "An American Mother," of "How We Can Lead a Simple Life," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The idle rich man covets high social place with a hunger that is both ridiculous and tragic. If he has money enough he buys a titled husband for his daughter. He tries to establish a precedence for himself over his neighbors by claims of high descent. Nor is this appreciation of rank confined to the leisured class in this country. It is universal. No candidate for office finds it necessary now to pose as a self-made man or to put his respectable ancestors out of sight. The self-made man is no longer the popular hero. On the contrary, noble ancestors are in such demand that if we do not have them we invent them as we do air-brakes or motors, or anything else necessary to our well-being and comfort. The rich American finds it as easy to have a coat-of-arms and a pedigree as to have a dress-coat. He seldom goes to Burke or the Herald's College for these things. He plants and grows his own family tree as he does his maple at the front door."

Title Turned Down.

"Ah, Count, is it you?" said the mill owner, as he rose and extended his hand. "I hope I see you well?"

"You behold me in ze grande health. Let us now to business. I loaf your daughter."

"Yes; you love my Kathlene."

"And I would marry her."

"I expect you would. Much much rhino have you got, Count?"

"Rhino! Ze rhino?"

"Money, greenbacks, cash. How much can you settle on my daughter?"

"But zhat is mercenary. I do not speak of money wiz my loaf. I loaf her all my life, but I settle no money."

"Then we may consider you out of it and my coachman in. He can settle \$1,000 on the girl and will continue to drive for me at half wages. 'Scuse me, Count, but this is my busy day."

"Then my title and my loaf was scorned?"

"You've hit it."

"And a coachman—"

"Knocks down the persimmon and gets the prize. Ta, ta! Boy will show you out, and the electric car in the next street will do for you with neatness and dispatch."—Washington Post.

Chinese Language Is Logical.

Every word in the Chinese language has a logical reason for its existence and peculiar formation, and each word consists of either one individual character or a number of them combined in order to make a complete word. Take the word field, a square divided into sections or lots. When the word man is written by the word field the combination makes the word farmer, indicating the avocation of a man who is associated with fields and agriculture. Still more suggestive is the Chinese word for truth, sincerity, faithfulness, honesty. It is formed by the combination of a man and word, thus expressing that that one form of honesty consists in a man standing by his word. The word for box is indicated by a square having four sides of equal length, while a prisoner is literally a man in a box, a fact which is often gresswomly illustrated in China when a criminal is sentenced to death, and is carried to the place of execution in a square box.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hard and Soft Water.

All cooks do not understand the different effects produced by hard and soft water in cooking meat and vegetables. Peas and beans cooked in hard water containing lime and gypsum will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable casine. Many vegetables, as onions, boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in soft water.

Deserting Porridge for Tea.

Statistics show that Scotland as a nation grows madder year by year, and the local government report now bluntly tells us that our unpatriotic desertion of porridge is one of the principal causes. Matters have, indeed, come to a sad pass when Scotland, whose staid sons have advertised by their appearance the virtues of porridge in all parts of the globe, is now stigmatized in a government report as a nation of intemperate tea drinkers.—Glasgow News.

An Eaton "Tuckshop."

Layton's "tuckshop," beloved by Eton boys for 100 years, a little confectionery store 20x30 feet, has been sold at auction for \$120,000.

Very young people, and very old people, listen very attentively to ghost stories. People in the prime of life have other matters to interest them.

Highwaymen ask too much when they request their victims to throw up their hands and throw down their arms.

Tinware was first made in this country in 1770.

Some Polynesian languages have only seven consonants.

The Georgia state university, located at Athens, was organized a hundred years ago.

It is estimated that about half the people of Delaware favor the abolition of the whipping post.

During the year just past the Baldwin locomotive works built 1,217 engines, and the average number of men employed was 8,208.

The Power of The Press.

Is a common expression, but few realize its actual power. Great as is the influence of the press, it cannot begin to equal the power of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters over disease. The Bitters strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood, and cures dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. It will tone up the nerves, stimulate inactive kidney, and as an appetizer, it is unequalled. If you want to get well and keep well, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Not That Sort.

Miss Bullion—No, Adolphus, I must not listen to you! My parents would never consent to my marriage with a man who had to work for his living!

Adolphus—But I am an artist, dear.

Miss Bullion—True—but you sell your pictures!

Adolphus—Oh, darling, you wrong me. I paint pictures that don't sell.—Tid-Bits.

A Reasonable Explanation.

She—Why do they always speak of the sad sea waves?"

He—I suppose because they usually look blue.—Harlem Life.

Had Learned It.

Mrs. Gallagher—Rumors fly, don't they, Mrs. Flannigan?

Mrs. Flannigan—Indeed they do; awnly this week was left me without payin' his rint.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Alabaster exists in seventeen states.

To Clean Oil Paintings.

Oil paintings may be cleaned by dividing a sound, raw potato, having previously removed the skin, and applying the flat, cut side to the surface of the picture. A soaplike froth accumulates upon the surface, and is removed by a little tepid water to remove it. The superfluous moisture will be readily absorbed by the careful application of a piece of chamois leather. As the potato gets dirtier out of a thin slice and use again.

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. You can stop it any time. Then stop it tonight. You will cough less and sleep better, and by tomorrow at this time you will be greatly improved.

Cures Night Colds

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

cures night coughs, day coughs, all kinds of coughs. Help Nature a little and see what she will do for you.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us \$1.00 and we will express a large bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express office.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.


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Sleep for Skin-Tortured Babies

And Rest for Tired Mothers



In a Warm Bath with **Cuticura SOAP**

And a single anointing with CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors, rashes, irritations, and chafings, with loss of hair, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail.

Millions of Mothers Use Cuticura Soap

Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin of infants and children, for rashes, itches, and chafings, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scabs, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of balls for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP contains delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other toilet soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. This is combined in ONE SOAP AT ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the size, skin and complexion soap and the BEST TOILET and baby soap in the world.

Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A Street Price, 25c., costing but \$1.25, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humbling skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.

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