

Women whose faces are disfigured by unsightly eruptions, pimples and blotches too frequently fail to understand that these are but the outward symptoms of inward disorders. They resort to various cosmetics, ointments and powders, not knowing that all the while the trouble is not in the skin, itself, but in the system. It is sometimes absolutely dangerous to use outward applications, for if the skin alone is cleared, the real disease is likely to attack some internal organ of the body, where it may prove fatal to life itself.

In the majority of cases these unsightly skin diseases are due to two things, weakness and disorders of the distinctly feminine organism, and impurities of the blood caused by them. The woman who suffers from disease in a womanly way will soon suffer in her general health. Her stomach, liver and other organs will fail to perform their proper functions, with the result that the blood becomes impure. Left to herself, she will probably resort to cosmetics and ointments. If she consults a physician he will tell her that the stomach or liver only is at fault. Her distinctly womanly ailment is really the first and only cause. For this she should resort at once to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them strong and well. Then a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will purify and enrich the blood, and make her a new woman. Medicine dealers sell both remedies.

"I cannot say too much for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Miss Clara Baird, of Bridgeport, Montgomery Co., Penna., "for the good it did me. If any one doubts this give them my name and address."

Sure, safe and simple ways to cure all manner of skin diseases told in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. For paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.; cloth binding, 50 stamps.



LOVE'S COMMAND
BY JOHN A. STEWART.

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a better feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father. To retrieve his family's fortune Andrew is sent to I dia.

CHAPTER XI (Continued.)

THIS CURIOUS thought had just been forced upon me, when in one of our most furious moments my antagonist's sword broke without warning in his hand. My blood leaped afresh at the sight, and I must have swelled with the idea of vengeance. Now, in very truth, I had him, for he could not escape. With a despairing cry upon the name of Allah, he threw up his hands as if expecting to be instantly despatched. And indeed my sword was in the air to cleave him in two, but the blow never fell. Even with all my passions aflame I could not take such an advantage of a defenceless man.

"I have broken your sword," I said, in a hoarse rattle; "now I will break your neck," and dropping my weapon I sprang at him. The next instant we were reeling in deadly wrestle. He was a grown man, strong, sinewy, and uncommonly active. I was but a stripling, soft of bone and muscle; yet my hands were no sooner about him than I knew which of us was master. We rolled and swayed to and fro. I doing my best to squeeze and shake the wind out of him, and he striving like the foul fiend to get at my throat, but my hold was firm if my breath should be short, and besides I was at familiar exercise, whereas the game must have been strange to him.

When I judged the wind to be pretty well out of him, I drew him close to me with a sudden jerk, my elbows hard on his ribs, my left knee at the point of his right leg; then carefully maintaining the bearlike embrace while putting forth my whole strength I bent him back, and he turned over like a willow sapling. Then, clutching his throat and the lower part of his body before he could recover, I lifted him high in the air and brought him down with all my might on the edge of the bulwark. He yelled in fright and pain that his back was broken, but it was death or nothing. In an instant he was up again, but finding him limp and listless in my hands, instead of bringing him down with a second crash I cast him from me, and he fell into the sea, with a splash like a log.

CHAPTER XII.

FIGHTING FOR THE BOOTY.

I took no heed whether he sank or swam, nor indeed so much as cast a glance after him, but turning quickly on my heel picked up my crimson sword, wiping it roughly on a coil of rope that lay handy. Then, making my best salamu to the pirate leader, and speaking as well as a blown man might, I said:—"You have graciously granted my prayer and the satisfaction for which my soul yearned; in token of submission and gratitude I now sheathe my sword in sight of all." And suiting the action to the word, I snatched the weapon into its steel scabbard with a clash that could be heard all over the ship. The chief bowed grimly in return, but without speaking a word; then, courtesies being at an end, he gave the command and the looting began.

Leaping against the companion head, I watched the wild rush and scuffle for a minute, but being greatly hustled and buffeted and feeling faint besides, I tottered to a secluded corner, where I sank with a reeling sensation on the deck. Huddled there pretty much like a bundle of discarded clothes, I mopped my face and tried to discover the source of the many streams of blood that seemed to ooze and trickle all over my body. There was perhaps no great effort made to stanch the flow, for I was far enough gone to be careless. What did it matter? Might I not quietly pant out my life there and be done with it? And even while the thought was in my mind the brightness of the sun was suddenly overcast as by the duskness of death, and the clamour of the robbers died away in my ears.

I suppose I must have been some time in this state of collapse when the brig grated harshly on the bottom, careened slightly, lurched and lay over, fast aground. The queer grating sensation, as of the pricking of a million small pins, aroused me, and I staggered half awake to my feet. The first thing I saw was Abram ben Aden being hauled dripping by two men into a boat. I rubbed my eyes, wondering how he came to be in need of help or to have companions to render it, and finding no answer, called out as lustily as I could: "Hello! What's the matter there?"

He heard and looked up. At sight of me the fire of hell sprang anew into his black eyes, and his thin features gathered in a vengeful scowl. Then my wandering wits began to return, bringing a remembrance of what had happened.

I should have fallen into the sea but for the support of the bulwark. In a dizzying turmoil of feelings I laid hold, with trembling hands, to keep myself up, my eyes fast on the distorted face of Abram ben Aden.

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Aden had touched me—more wonderful still that having succeeded so far he had not succeeded farther.

Returning on deck presently, swathed in handkerchiefs and stray pieces of cloth, and strengthened by twenty grains of Mr. Watson's quinine, I discovered we were within sight of land. A stretch of shallow, blue-green water ran away to a sandy beach that ended abruptly in iron cliffs, which suggested hardness and barrenness beyond.

(To be Continued.)

Bad Blood is a Good Thing

to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is your blood bad? It is if you are plagued by pimples or bothered by boils, if your skin is blotched by eruptions or your body eaten by sores and ulcers. You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of

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(To be Continued.)

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