The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA
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ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. Valiant explores his ancestral home. He is surprised by a fox hunting party which invades his estate. He recognizes Shirley at the head of the party. He gives sanctuary to the cornered fox. Gossips discuss the advent of the new owner and recall the tragedy in which the elder Valiant took part. Valiant decides to rehabilitate Damory court and make the land produce a living for him.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

They stood on the edge of a stony ravine which widened at one end to a shallow marshy valley. The rocks were covered with gray-green feathery creepers, enwound with curly yellow tendrils of love-vine. Across the ravine, on a lower level, began a grove of splendid trees that marched up into the long stretch of neglected forest he had seen from the house.

"You love it?" he asked, without withdrawing his eyes.

"I've loved it all my life. I love everything about Damory Court. Ruined as it is, it is still one of the most beautiful estates in all Virginia. There's nothing finer even in Italy. Just behind us, where those hemlocks stand, is where the duel the children spoke of was fought."

He turned his head. "Tell me about it," he said.

She glanced at him curiously. "Didn't you know? That was the reason the place was abandoned. Valiant, who lived here, and the owner of another plantation, who was named Sassoon, quarreled. They fought, the story is, under those big hemlock trees. Sassoon was killed."

He looked out across the distance; he could not trust his face. "And—Valiant?"

"He went away the same day and never came back; he lived in New York till he died. He was the father of the court's present owner. You never heard the story?"

"No," he admitted. "I—till quite recently I never heard of Damory Court."

"That was the last duel ever fought in Virginia. Dueling was a dreadful custom. I'm glad it's gone. Aren't you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "it was a thing that cut two ways. Perhaps Valiant, if he could have had his choice afterward, would rather have been lying there that morning than Sassoon."

"He must have suffered, too," she agreed, "or he wouldn't have exiled himself as he did. I used to wonder if it was a love-quarrel—whether they could have been in love with the same woman."

"But why should he go away?"

"I can't imagine, unless she had really loved the other man. If so, she couldn't have borne seeing Valiant afterward." She paused with a little laugh. "But then," she said, "it may have been nothing so romantic. Valiant's grandfather, who was known as Devil John, is said to have called a man out because he rode past him on the wrong side. Our ancestors in Virginia, I'm afraid, didn't stand on ceremony when they felt uppish."

He did not smile. He was looking out once more over the luminous stretch of fields, his side-face towards her. Curious and painful questions were running through his brain. With an effort, he thrust these back and recalled his attention to what she was saying.

"You wonder, I suppose, that we feel as we do toward these old estates, and set store by them, and—yes, and brag of them insufferably as we do. But it's in our blood. You Northerners think we're desperately conceited," she smiled, "but it's true. We're still as proud of our land, and its old, old places, and love them as well as our ancestors ever did. Do you wonder we resent their passing to people who don't care for them in the Southern way?"

"But suppose the newcomers do care for them?"

Her lips curled. "A young millionaire who has lived all his life in New York, to care for Damory Court! A youth idiotically rich, brought up in a superheated atmosphere of noise and money!"

He started uncontrollably. So that was what she thought! He felt himself flushing. He had wondered what would be his impression of the neighborhood and its people; their possible opinion of himself had never occurred to him.

"You think there's no chance of his choosing to stay here because he actually likes it?"

"Not the slightest," she said indifferently.

"You are so certain of this without ever having seen him?"

She glanced at him covertly, annoyedly sensible of the impropriety of the discussion, since the man discussed was certainly his patron, maybe his friend. But his insistence had roused a certain balky wilfulness that would have its way. "It's true I've never seen him," she said, "but I've read about him a hundred times in the Sunday supplements. He's a regular feature of the high-roller section. His idea of a good time is a dog-banquet at Sherry's. Why, a girl told me once that there was a cigarette named after him—the Vanity Valiant!"

"Isn't that beside the point? Because he has been an idler, must he necessarily be a—vandal?"

She laughed again. "He wouldn't call it vandalism. He'd think it decided improvement to make Damory Court as frantically different as possible. I suppose he'll erect a glass cupola and a porte-cochere, all up-to-date and varnishy, and put orchid hothouses where the wilderness garden was, and a modern marble cupid instead of the summer-house, and lay out a kite-shaped track—"

Everything that was impulsive and explosive in John Valiant's nature came out with a bang. "No!" he cried, "whatever else he is, he's not such a preposterous ass as that!"

She faced him squarely now. Her eyes were sparkling. "Since you know him so intimately and so highly approve of him—"

"No, no," he interrupted. "You mistake me. I shouldn't try to justify him." His flush had risen to the roots of his brown hair, but he did not lower his gaze. Now the red color slowly ebbed, leaving him pale. "He has been an idler—that's true enough—and till a week ago he was 'idiotically rich.' But his idling is over now. At this moment, except for this one property, he is little better than a beggar."

She had taken a hasty step or two back from him, and her eyes were now fixed on his with a dawning half-fearful question in them.

"Till the failure of the Valiant Corporation, he had never heard of Damory Court, much less been aware that he owned it. It wasn't because he loved it that he came here—no! How could it be? He had never set foot in Virginia in his mortal life."

She put up her hands to her throat with a start. "Came?" she echoed. "Came!"

"But if you think that even he could be so crassly stupid, so monumentally blind to all that is really fine and beautiful—"

"Oh!" she cried with flashing comprehension. "Oh, how could you! You—"

He nodded curtly. "Yes," he said. "I am that haphazard harlequin, John Valiant, himself."

CHAPTER XIV.

On the Edge of the World.

There was a pause not to be reckoned by minutes but suffocatingly long. She had grown as pale as he.

"That was ungenerous of you," she said then with icy slowness. "Though no doubt you—found it entertaining. It must have still further amused you to be taken for an architect?"

"I am flattered," he replied, with a trace of bitterness, "to have suggested even for a moment, so worthy a calling."

At his answer she put out her hand with sudden gesture, as if bluntly thrusting the matter from her concern, and turning went back along the tree-shadowed path.

He followed glumly, gnawing his lip, wanting to say he knew not what, but wretchedly tongue-tied, noting that the great white moth was still waving its creamy wings on the dead stump and wondering if she would take the cape jessamines. He felt an embarrassed relief when, passing the roots where they lay, she stooped to raise them.

Then all at once the blood seemed to shrink from his heart. With a hoarse cry he leaped toward her, seized her wrist and roughly dragged her back, feeling as he did so, a sharp fiery sting on his instep. The next moment, with clenched teeth, he was viciously stamping his heel again and again, driving into the soft earth a twisting, root-like something that slapped the brown wintered leaves into a hissing turmoil.

He had flung her from him with such violence that she had fallen sidewise. Now she raised herself, kneeling in the feathery light, both hands clasped close to her breast, trembling excessively with loathing and feeling the dun earth-floor billow like a canvas sea in a theater. Little puffs of dust from the protesting ground were wreathing about her set face, and she pressed one hand against her shoulder to repress her shivers.

"The horrible — horrible — thing!" she said whisperingly. "It would have bitten me!"

He came toward her, panting, and grasping her hand, lifted her to her feet. He staggered slightly as he did so, and she saw his lips twist together oddly. "Ah," she gasped, "it bit you! It bit you!"

"No," he said, "I think not."

"Look! There on your ankle—that spot!"

"I did feel something, just that first moment." He laughed uncertainly. "It's queer. My foot's gone fast asleep."

Every remnant of color left her face. She had known a negro child who had died of a water-moccasin's bite some years before—the child of a house-servant. It had been wading in the creek in the gorge. The doctor had said then that if one of the other children. * * *

She grasped his arm. "Sit down," she commanded, "here, on this log, and see."

Her pale fright caught him. He obeyed, dragged off the low shoe and bared the tingling spot. The firm white flesh was puffing up around two tiny blue-rimmed punctures. He reached into his pocket, then remembered that he had no knife. As the next best thing he knotted his handkerchief quickly above the ankle, thrust a stick through the loop and twisted it till the ligature cut deeply, while she knelt beside him, her lips moving soundlessly, saying over and over to herself words like these: "I must not be frightened. He doesn't realize the danger, but I do! I must be quite collected. It is a mile to the doctor's. I might run to the house and send Unc' Jefferson, but it would take too long. Besides, the doctor might not be there. There is no one to do anything but me."

The Next Moment, With Clenched Teeth, He Was Viciously Stamping His Heel Again and Again.

She crouched beside him, putting her hands by his on the stick and wrenching it over with all her strength. "Tighter, tighter," she said. "It must be tighter." But, to her dismay, at the last turn the improvised cord snapped, and the released stick flew a dozen feet away.

Her heart leaped chokingly, then dropped into hammer-like thudding. He leaned back on one arm, trying to laugh, but she noted that his breath came shortly as if he had been running. "Absurd!" he said, frowning. "How such—a fool thing—can hurt!"

Suddenly she threw herself on the ground and grasped the foot with both hands. He could see her face twitch with shuddering, and her eyes dilating with some determined purpose.

"What are you going to do?"

"This," she said, and he felt her shrinking lips, warm and tremulous, pressed hard against his instep.

He drew away sharply, with savage denial. "No—no! Not that! You shan't! My lord—you shan't!" He dragged his numbing foot from her desperate grasp, lifting himself, pushing her from him; but she fought with him, clinging, panting broken sentences:

"You must! It's the only way. It was—a moccasin, and it's deadly. Every minute counts!"

"I won't. No, stop! How do you know? It's not going to—here, listen! Take your hands away. Listen!—Listen! I can go to the house and send Uncle Jefferson for the doctor and he—No! stop, I say! Oh—I'm sorry if I hurt you. How strong you are!"

"Let me!"

"No! Your lips are not for that—good God, that damnable thing! You yourself might be—"

"Let me! Oh, how cruel you are! It was my fault. But for me it would never have—"

"No! I would rather—"

"Let me! Oh, if you died!"

With all the force of her strong young body she wrenched away his protestant hands. A thirst and a sickish feeling were upon him, a curious irresponsible giddiness, and her hair which that struggle had brought in tumbled masses about her shoulders, seemed to have little flames running all over it. His foot had entirely lost its feeling. There was a strange weakness in his limbs.

Moments of half-consciousness, or consciousness jumbled with strange imaginings, followed. At times he felt the pressure upon the wounded foot, was sensible of the suction of the young mouth striving desperately to draw the poison from the wound. From time to time he was conscious of a white desperate face haloed with hair that was a mist of woven sparkles. At times he thought himself a recumbent stone statue in a wood, and her a great tall golden-headed flower lying broken at his feet. Again he was a granite boulder and she a vine with yellow leaves winding and clinging about him. Then a blank—a sense of movement and of troublous disturbance, of insistent voices that called to him and inquisitive hands that plucked at him, and then voices growing distant again, and hands falling away, and at last—silence.

* * * * * * * *

Inky clouds were gathering over the sunlight when Shirley came from Damory Court, along the narrow wood-path under the hemlocks, and the way was striped with blue-black shadows and filled with sighing noises. She walked warily, halting often at some leafy rustle to catch a quick breath of dread. As she approached the tree-roots where the cape jessamines lay, she had to force her feet forward by sheer effort of will. At a little distance from them she broke a stick and with it managed to drag the bunch to her, turning her eyes with a shiver from the trampled spot near by. She picked up the flowers, and treading with caution, retraced her steps to the wider path.

She stepped into the Red Road at length in the teeth of a thunder-storm, which had arisen almost without warning to break with the passionate intensity of electric storms in the South.

There was no shelter, but even had there been, she would not have sought it. The turbulence of nature around her matched, in a way, her overstrained feeling, and she welcomed the fierce bulge of the wind in the up-blowing whorls of her hair and the drenching wetness of the rain. She tried to fix her mind on near things, the bending grasses, the scurrying red runnels and flapping shrubbery, but her thoughts wilfully escaped the tether, turning again and again to the events of the last two hours. She pictured Unc' Jefferson's eyes rolling up in ridiculous alarm, his winnowing arm lashing his indignant mule in his flight for the doctor.

At the mental picture she choked with hysterical laughter, then cringed suddenly against the sopping bark. She saw again the doctor's gaze lift from his first examination of the tiny punctures to send a swift penetrant glance at her, before he bent his great body to carry the unconscious man to the house. Again a fit of shuddering swept over her. Then, all at once, tears came, strangling sobs that bent and swayed her. It was the discharge of the Leyden jar, the loosing of the tense bow-string and it brought relief. After a time she grew quieter. He would get well! The thought that perhaps she had saved his life gave her a thrill that ran over her whole body. And until yesterday she had never seen him! She kneeled in the blurred half-light, pushing her wet hair back from her forehead and smiling up in the rain that still fell fast. In a few moments she rose and went on. At the gate of the Rosewood lane stood a mail-box on a cedar post and she paused to fish out a draggled Richmond newspaper. As she thrust it under her arm her eye caught a word of a head-line. With a flush she tore it from its soggy wrapper, the wetted fiber parting in her eager fingers, and resting her foot on the lower rail of the gate, spread it open on her knee.

She stood stock-still until she had read the whole. It was the story of John Valiant's sacrifice of his private fortune to save the ruin of the involved corporation.

Its effect upon her was a shock. She felt her throat swell as she read; then she was chilled by the memory of what she had said to him: "What has he ever done except play polo and furnish spicy paragraphs for the society columns?"

"What a beast I was!" she said, addressing the wet hedge. "He had just done that splendid thing. It was because of that that he was little better than a beggar, and I said those horrible things!" Again she bent her eyes, rereading the sentences: "Took his detractors by surprise * * * had just sustained a grilling at the hands of the state's examiner which might well have dried at their fount the springs of sympathy."

She crushed up the paper in her hand and rested her forehead on the wet rail. Idiotically rich—a vandal—a useless, purse-proud flaneur. She had called him all that! She could still see the paleness of his look as she had said it.

Shirley, overexcited as she still was, felt the sobs returning. These, however, did not last long and in a moment she found herself smiling again. Though she had hurt him, she had saved him, too! When she whispered this over to herself it still thrilled and startled her. She folded the paper and hastened on under the cherry-trees.

Emmaline, the negro maid was waiting anxiously on the porch. She was thin to spareness, with a face as brown as a tobacco leaf, restless black eyes and wool neatly pinned and set off by an amber comb.

"Honey," called Emmaline, "I'se been fearin' fo' yo' wid all that lightnin' r'arin' eroun'. Yo' got th' jess'mine? Give 'em to Em'line. She'll fix 'em all nice, jes' how Mis' Judith like."

"All right, Emmaline," replied Shirley. "And I'll go and dress. Has mother missed me?"

"No'm. She ain' lef' huh room this whole blessed day. Now yo' barth's all ready—all 'cep'n th' hot watah, en I sen' Ranston with that th' fus' thing. Yo' hurry en peel them wet close off yo'se'f, or yo' have one o' them digested chills."

Her young mistress flown and the hot water despatched, the negro woman spread a cloth on the floor and began to cut and dress the long stalks of the flowers. This done she fetched bowls and vases, and set the pearly-white clumps here and there—on the dining-room sideboard, the hall mantel and the desk of the living-room—till the delicate fragrance filled the house, quite vanquishing the rose-scent from the arbors.

As the trim colored woman moved lightly about in the growing dusk, with the low click of glass and muffled clash of silver, the light tat-tat of a cane sounded, and she ran to the hall, where Mrs. Dandridge was descending the stairway, one slim white hand holding the banister, under the edge of a white silk shawl which drooped its heavy fringes to her daintily-shod feet. On the lower step she halted, looking smilingly about at the blossoming bowls.

"Don' they smell up th' whole house?" said Emmaline. "I know'd y'o be pleas', Mis' Judith. Now put yo' han' on mah shouldah en I'll take yo' to yo' big cha'h."

They crossed the hall, the dusky form bending to the fragile pressure of the fingers. "Now heah's yo' cha'h. Ranston he made up a little fiah jes' to take th' damp out, en th' big lamp's lit, en Miss Shirley'll be down right quick."

A moment later, in fact, Shirley descended the stair, in a filmy gown of India-muslin, with a narrow belting of gold, against whose flowing sleeves her bare arms showed with a flushed pinkness the hue of the pale coral beads about her neck. The damp newspaper was in her hand.

At her step her mother turned her head: she was listening intently to voices that came from the garden—a child's shrill treble opposing Ranston's stentorian grumble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Melbourne no Sunday papers are permitted, no hotels are allowed to open their bars.

PENETRATION SYSTEM OF ORCHARD SPRAY

Compressed Air Sprayer.

The modern farmer measures the value of his spraying by the results he secures. He sprays to protect his fruit and trees from insect and fungous diseases. A satisfactory spraying system must give this protection with the least expenditure of money and of labor.

The keynote to successful spraying is thoroughness, and thoroughness means one hundred per cent of clean fruit. Every wormy or scabby apple, every curled or scaly peach tree increases the cost of production and lessens the quantity of marketable fruit.

While most of the pests occur on the surface of foliage and bark, within easy reach of the spray, a great many are located within cracks and crevices, under bud-scales, and in the calyx cup; or are so oily that they are hard to wet. In the matter of practical control it is these protected pests which must be reached. The spray must wet through the wool of the woolly aphis, reach the aphis eggs behind the swelling buds, thoroughly coat scales and fungous spores, wet the orchard mites hiding in the innermost crevices of the bark, and place arsenic for the codling worm beneath the fleshy stamens of the apple blossom. Any spraying system that will reach these pests will easily control those on the exposed surface. Thoroughness in spraying, therefore, implies penetration.

Gasoline Sprayer Equipped With Tower.

The method which, in our experience, has proved the most effective in producing these results calls for the following equipment: 1. A nozzle which will produce a coarse penetrating spray. 2. A crook. 3. A high pressure pump. 4. A "tower" for tall trees.

In general, spray nozzles are of two kinds; the hollow-stream, and the solid-stream types. The former, variously known as the mist, whirl, or disk nozzle, breaks up the liquid into fine particles which leave the nozzle as a hollow cone of spray. Obviously such minute particles lose their momentum, because of the resistance of the air, and thus nozzles of the mist-type have but a short range. They are, therefore, not adapted to a system of spraying requiring penetration.

The solid-stream nozzles used for spraying are commonly known as bordeaux nozzles. In these a stream of liquid is forced against a deflecting lip which produces a fan-shaped, coarse driving spray. Not until it reaches some distance from the nozzle does this stream break into drops and these retain their penetrative power at long range. Such nozzles are suitable for a penetrative system of spraying.

Most buds and blossoms point upward. The back action of a bordeaux nozzle from the ground does not place the spray behind such buds nor into the

Penetration System of Spraying in Practice.

blossoms. Effective spraying calls for a downward directed spray. With a straight rod this downward direction is attained only by the falling spray, and such spray has lost its penetrative power. When the nozzle is joined to the rod by a crook, the spray can be thrown downward, squarely into the desired places.

Not all parts of the tree, of course, can be reached by a downward directed spray, but the crook makes it easily possible to point in any other direction, also. Any sort of spraying will reach the easy places; the crook is needed to put the spray into the difficult places.

The crook, furthermore, very greatly lessens the labor of spraying by its lifting action when spraying downward. The back action of a bordeaux nozzle, at 250 pounds pressure, amounts to nearly three pounds. Without the crook this recoil is added to the weight of the rod and the hose. With the crook the back action, operating at an angle at the end of the extension rod, lifts the rod and relieves the operator of most of the weight.

The purpose of high pressure is two fold. It assures quickness of application, and it gives penetration to the spray. Doubling the pressure practically halves the time required to spray. With a given pump, it takes about twice as long to spray at 50 pounds as if the spraying were done at 100 pounds, or four times as long as if the work were done at 200 pounds. In each case, the same amount of spray material is required to cover a tree.

High pressure means as much pressure as the pump will produce. The ideal high pressure is 250 pounds. More than this is not needed. Less than 250 pounds pressure can produce an efficient spray, provided extra time and attention be given to every part of the tree. Even the hand pump, working at 75 pounds, can produce perfect spray, if the nozzle is held close enough to every twig and to every crack and crevice. A high pressure furnishes a sweeping spray, having a range effective for many feet, and assures thoroughness of application. With a pressure of 250 pounds, branches five to ten feet from the nozzle can be effectively reached, since the spray forces its way through the foliage. If the pump does not work steadily, as would be indicated by a fluctuating pressure gauge, it is not the average pressure that determines how well the application is made, but the lowest pressure recorded.

When trees are over 12 feet tall their tops should be sprayed from an elevation and not from the ground. Usually a detachable platform or "tower" is built over the spray wagon,

Man in Illustration Holds Three Wormy Apples. All That Were Found in Twenty-Five Boxes After the Orchard Was Sprayed by the Penetration System.

and is provided with a waist-high railing, or with a straddle built like a saw-horse, to enable the operator to reach out over the trees. The lower part of the tree, however, should be finished from the ground.

When spraying a tree, the operator begins at the tips of the branches, stroking down the branches, first on one side, then on the other. As the spraying progresses he passes around the tree, repeating the stroking on the remaining branches. With a good equipment, on trees less than 15 feet in diameter, such sweeping from the tips of the branches down will drive the spray through most of the tree, so that groups of branches can be sprayed at one time and no particular attention need be given to the inner portion of the tree. The stroking movements should not be too rapid or they become tiring to the operator.

When trees are so small that they can be sprayed from the ground it is advisable to complete each tree before passing on to the next. When the trees are larger, so that it is difficult to drag the horse around sideways, it is better to spray that half of the tree nearest the outfit, leaving the other half to be sprayed on the return trip. Most of the high pressure pumps which are in use today use some sort of a gasoline engine as the source of power.

Situation for Alfalfa.

Only a well-drained field, free as possible from noxious weeds, and at least fairly fertile, should be planted to alfalfa.

Convenient Helps.

First of all the poultry keeper should have a convenient place to keep poultry—a house sufficiently large for the number of hens sheltered therein; not necessarily a fancy house, but one that is cozy, properly ventilated, well roofed, free from drafts, handy to get into, easily cleaned, and with good interior arrangements. Such a henhouse, be it ever so cheaply constructed, will make a convenient home for the flock. Convenience tends towards making poultry keeping a pleasure. It saves time, labor, and often disappointments. It helps to do things well which otherwise might only be half done.

Destroying Rats.

Fill rat holes with plaster of paris mixed with powdered glass, or set dishes of meal and plaster where the rats will find and eat it, always placing a dish of water near by. The plaster will harden in the stomach when they take a drink, and that is the end of the rat.

KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING

Possibly Harry Pollock Had the Right Idea When He Expended Money in Beautifying.

Some portion of Broadway sets its sartorial clock by Harry Pollock, the connoisseur in white hopes. If he appears in checks h's followers do not rest until they are also set forth at right angles. It isn't that Pollock is proud of his good looks. He thinks good clothes are an asset.

When he and Shep Friedman visited London some years ago," said Walter St. Denis, "they had to go as cow chaperons on a very poorly ventilated steamer. But their trunks went on one of the fast liners."

They had no money whatever. But they registered at the Cecil. Then Friedman hurried out and touch a friend for $10. He gave Pollok five of it.

"At 7 o'clock," said Friedman, smacking his lips slightly, "I will meet you here. Then we will again have a regular cooked dinner."

Pollock took his five and began to beautify. He was manicured, chiropoded, shaved, shined, and Florida-watered. A roseate vision greeted Friedman when he entered the Cecil's lobby at 7 that night. Pollock was evening-dressed and silk-hatted and white-gloved. But he had no more money than a hollyhock. Friedman just gasped when he learned this.

"This is the idea," said Pollock, airily. "We'll eat on your $5. Then—all fixed up as I am—I can go out and get more!" — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cameras Barred on Italy's Frontier.

The secretary of state for foreign affairs has been informed by his majesty's charge d'affaires at Rome that the Italian government has issued regulations prohibiting the use of cameras on the whole of the Italian frontier, where there are positions of military importance, and also in places in the interior of Italy requiring protection from spies. The position of these prohibited districts is always indicated on posts and placards clearly marking the limits of such zones. Visitors to Italy are therefore warned that if, after crossing the Italian frontier, they enter any of those zones, they will be liable to have cameras seized and be subjected to penal proceedings and fines. Should a plate or film be found on a visitor with the negative of a military locality of importance, the consequences would be still more serious.—London Telegraph.

"Don't Speak" Club.

The Moscow prefecture has just confirmed the statutes of a newly-formed club in that city the chief feature of which is the absolute silence imposed on its members within the club precincts.

Any infraction of this cardinal rule involves a monetary penalty. The club is well appointed and luxuriously equipped.

Gesture is the only medium of intercourse among its members. The same rigid regulation obtains at the club buffet and in the dining-room, as well as in the library and general rooms. Orders are conveyed to the silent waiters by means of tablets they carry.—Daily Mail.

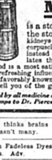
SUFFERED FOR HIS COUNTRY

First American Diplomat Illy Rewarded, and His Services Long Went Unrecognized.

The first diplomatic agent of the United States was Silas Deane, who was born at Groton, Conn. He became a merchant and was a delegate to the first continental congress. In the spring of 1776 he was sent to France as a secret diplomatic agent. He posed as a merchant from Bermuda and upon his arrival in Paris sought an interview with Count de Vergennes, the minister for foreign affairs, who refused to receive him. Deane was reduced to the direst poverty and was ejected by his landlady. Subsequent American ambassadors have complained of the lack of suitable embassies, but Deane was reduced to a point where he had to accept poor lodgings from a sympathetic Frenchman. Eventually he was given an audience with Vergennes and began the diplomatic relations which eventually resulted in the French alliance. In 1777 Deane was recalled. In the bitter controversy which followed his recall Thomas Paine revealed the fact that supplies furnished the colonies had been furnished by the French government—a diplomatic indiscretion which cost Paine his place as secretary of the committee on foreign affairs. Deane, driven into poverty and exile, died in England in 1789. Half a century later his claim for his services abroad was adjusted by congress and a large sum was paid to his heirs.

Law of Sanitation.

Sanitation is a natural law. Nature will not tolerate disease and decay in her own domains. She buries the dead in her forests with leaves and vines. She cleanses impurities and overcomes pollution in her fields and streams, and she demands the same effort of men. When men fail to obey these natural laws they pay the penalty, declares the Healthologist. They suffer or die. When they do obey, no effort brings surer returns. For cleanliness means health, and health means ability, peace of mind, content and success.



A Human Churn

"WHEN the food reaches the stomach it is subjected to a peculiar churning movement by the muscular walls of the stomach"—(See Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, page 45). In the liver, kidneys and skin, the blood is purified of its waste materials—these organs act as human filters, leaving the blood pure and clear—unless liver, digestive tract and kidneys are clogged.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

is a stomach, liver and kidney tonic—by assisting the stomach to assimilate, the liver to filter, the kidneys to act—the poisons are removed, the red blood corpuscles are increased and one feels light, fresh and active instead of logy, dull and heavy. The "Discovery" stimulates the stomach, increases action of heart and arteries and is a most satisfactory alterative in blood-taint of any character. The refreshing influence of this extract of native medicinal plants has been favorably known for over forty years. Everywhere some neighbor can tell you of the good it has done.

Sold by all medicine dealers in liquid or tablet form; or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., and a trial box will be mailed you.

A man thinks brains do not count—if he hasn't many.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands. Adv.

It is better to share your joys than your sorrows. Incidentally it is also much easier.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

It depends on her architecture whether she spends the summer at the seashore or in the mountains.

Doctor up that Cough—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops are a sure relief for all coughs and colds—5c at Druggists.

One Way.

"D'ye make a living writing?"

"Yep; writing father." — Cornell Widow.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the world, makes the laundress smile. Adv.

13,000 Miles in Submarines.

Two submarines of the E class, AE 1 and AE 2, are to leave Portsmouth, Eng., in a day or two for Australia, making the journey of about thirteen thousand miles under their own oil power. They will stop at Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo and Singapore, and then proceed via Batavia.

As far as Singapore they will be escorted by H. M. S. Eclipse. There they will be taken over by H. M. S. Australia, which will escort them to Sydney. The majority of the crew of 40 are Australians, who have been in England for instruction.

"BOUND FOR WESTERN CANADA"

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER SLOGAN, THAT STARTED FROM NEBRASKA.

Four horses abreast attached to a red painted prairie schooner, with windows and a protruding stovepipe, with the words, "Bound for Canada," on the schooner's side, was the object of considerable interest as it passed on the way northward from Nebraska a short time ago through the towns in Nebraska, South and North Dakota. After some weeks of strenuous traveling in this way, Mr. J. F. Jensen made the overland trip from Jameson, Nebraska, and with his little family made the regular customs entry at North Portal, in the province of Saskatchewan. Their destination was Willow Bunch, a district that Mr. Jensen had selected as one in which it was possible for him to work out his fortune. He located on a good half section of land, and intended putting on it some cattle that would fatten on the wild prairie grass that grows so luxuriously in that district. In addition to this his purpose was to cultivate a portion of it and raise wheat, oats, barley or flax. In short, a life devoted to mixed farming was what he had in view and it is easy to understand that he will make a success of it, and in a year or so will attach some more land holdings.

Although his beginning may be small, it may safely be said that Mr. Jensen, like thousands of others who have begun life in western Canada on no more and with probably much less, will prosper. He will not be far from a line of railway. Schools will be close at hand and other social conditions so necessary in a new country are available.—Advertisement.

Such a Sadness.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, I just feel sad."

"Why?"

"Oh, I have just been watching a couple of young lovers."

"Well, you were in love once."

"That's what I was thinking of, and then I married you."

"Gee! and I married you! Let's both be sad."

A Little Too Efficient.

At a banquet of efficiency engineers in Duluth T. Unwin Harris said:

"Even efficiency can be carried too far. I was talking yesterday to the president of an eastern business college. He said to me:

"'Our young ladies' department is having a phenomenal success.'

"'You make the girls efficient, eh?'

"'In reply to that,' he answered, 'I need only say that 80 per cent of our young ladies marry their employers within a year after graduation, even though a Reno divorce be required to attain this end.'"

Extraordinary Legal Decision.

An extraordinary situation has been created in Nice by the decision of the local tribunal in a case brought against one of the finest and newest hotels in the town by a hairdresser and wigmaker carrying on business in a street at the side of the hotel. The hairdresser, says the Standard, sued the proprietor of the hotel on the ground that his light had been spoilt by the height of the building that had been put up so near him, that his wig-making required a strong light, and was in reality a work of art of great value. He merely asked that the hotel should be pulled down. The extraordinary thing is that judgment has been given in the hairdresser's favor, and the hotel proprietor has been ordered to take down a building representing a vast sum of money.

The Main Point.

"Here we are at the end of our tiresome journey. Are you spent?"

"No, but all my money is."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Appropriate to the Season.

"What flowers do you think would be the best kind for a bride to carry at an April wedding?"

"Why not a shower bouquet?"

IF YOU'RE GROUCHY

it is likely that your liver needs stirring up. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will set you right quickly. Adv.

Looks Possible.

Bill—Here's an account of a man who accidently ran against a dynamo in a factory, and for several minutes afterwards staggered like an intoxicated person.

Jill—He was probably drunk with power.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Singing for Advertisement.

He had obtained a place in an estate agent's office, and was doing everything he could for the interests of his employer.

The other evening he was at a social gathering, and was asked to sing. He responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at the selection, but he was heartily applauded. Stepping forward, he said:

"I am glad you like the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that the company I represent is selling homes on terms to suit everybody, within 40 minutes' ride of the city. Everybody ought to have a home. If you don't want to live in one of these houses yourself it's the chance of your life for an investment."

How He Could Tell.

A Georgia "cracker" tells this story of his own people: He says a Northern man who had settled in Georgia was visiting a friend, who asked him how he liked the place and the people.

"Oh, all right," replied the man.

"Now, tell me," asked the friend, "what is a Georgia 'cracker'? How can you tell him from another person?"

"Well," replied the Northern settler, "you see out in that field a black object?"

"Yes," said the man, "that may be either a 'Georgia cracker' or a stump. Watch it for half an hour, and if it moves, why, it's a stump."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Bertillonized Art.

"If the Pierpont Morgan collection are put on the market," said an art dealer of Fifth Avenue, "it is safe to say that a lot of fakes will be exposed.

"There is no business so riddled with faking as the art business, especially the oil painting branch of it. Hence a new movement in Paris, the world's art center, is of interest. This is the Bertillonizing of all future paintings. The artist not merely signs his paintings, but, if he adopts this new movement, he thumbprints them as well. He makes an impression of his thumb in the wet paint below his signature.

The thumb print is the only really satisfactory identification mark for human beings, and it promises to be the only satisfactory guarantee of paintings in the future. A number of French artists have recently taken to Bertillonizing their work. It is probable that the excellent idea will spread from Paris all over the world."

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes a N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement.

"My breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and some fruit.

"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts I concluded to give it a trial and find out if all I had heard of it was true.

"So I began with Grape-Nuts and cream, soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was rid of the acidity of the stomach and felt much relieved.

"By the end of the second week all traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy the meal at noon time."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

FORECASTING STORMS, FROSTS AND FLOOD

CENTRAL OFFICE WEATHER BUREAU WASHINGTON, D.C.

WEATHER BUREAU KITE WITH RECORDING INSTRUMENT ATTACHED USED IN OBSERVING UPPER AIR TEMPERATURES

WEATHER KIOSK IN WASHINGTON

MONTEREY, Colic, Dalmatian, seaman, ensue, dubbed." Why, certainly, help yourself, glad to know you, sir, or anything else you wish. That's about what you would say to anyone who stepped up to you on the street with a knowing air and delivered himself of the above quotation. There would be just a chance that he was kidding if he pulled it verbally, but if he sent it to you via wireless—well, there would be but one answer, "bughouse."

At least that would be your natural surmise, and you little know how wrong you would be. For instance, the government weather bureau at Washington receives just such messages every day in the year. And the weather bureau men know that these apparently "dippy" messages are really an important part of a great and intricate system which Uncle Sam supports to tell the people of the United States what the day is going to bring forth in the matter of weather.

As a matter of fact, "Colic, Dalmatian," etc., when translated, signifies that the steamer Monterey is saying that at 7:00 a. m. on the seventh of the month, she is in latitude 22 degrees 52 minutes; that the barometer is 30.04, the temperature 80; that the wind is northeast, blowing 14 miles an hour, and that the sky is clear. Rather an original and unique way of saying it, is it not?

It is a mighty slick little organization, this weather bureau of the department of agriculture. It keeps a small army of experts busy from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight every day in the year keeping track of just what Old Man Weather is up to, cataloguing all his idiosyncrasies and doping out what new caper he is about to cut up.

No ghost of an atmospheric disturbance, no storm wraith or cold wave apparition can stalk abroad in any cranny of the states, nowadays, without being instantly pounced upon by the nearest bureau, and its would-be secret maneuvers spread broadcast to other stations that they may expect its coming and set in motion their machinery for doping out the exact time of its appearance. It was only comparatively recently that the efficiency of the weather bureau was enhanced by an arrangement between the department and many of the big steamship lines to send semi-daily weather reports from vessels at sea beyond a distance of 75 miles from port.

Many people have an idea that there is something mysterious and peculiar about the work of the weather bureau in forecasting the coming of storms, frosts and floods. Not a few think that the observers must necessarily get their data by reading the planets, the stars and the moon. As a matter of fact the forecaster of the bureau foretells the coming of disturbances in a businesslike way, very similar to that in which a man who has ordered a shipment of goods would estimate the date of its arrival.

Suppose a business man had ordered a carload of pineapples from the Hawaiian islands. He would know the average time it would take the steamer to make the trip to the Pacific port, the average time for unloading and loading into refrigerator cars, and the average number of days to be allowed these cars for their trip across the continent to New York. His estimate, however, would be subject to error, because the steamship might be delayed by fog, or the cars might meet with an accident.

Storms, like pineapples, as a rule do not originate in the United States. They come to us, some from the Philippines, Japan, Siberia, Alaska, Canada or the Gulf of Mexico. The weather bureau gets cable, telegraphic or wireless notice of a foreign storm. Station after station, or vessel after vessel reports the storm's arrival in its neighborhood, so that the general direction and rate of progress can be determined very early. In fact, the arrival of some storms can be foretold ten days in advance.

The forecasters watch for the region of low barometer, which is the storm center around which the winds blow. This whirl or eddy moves bodily forward with the general eastward drift of about 650 miles a day in our latitudes. As the lines of equal pressure (isobars) around the low center crowd closer together, the winds attending the storm increase in force. The forecaster determines the direction of movement of the storm and its velocity.

When weather disturbances are reported, the forecasters know from experience about how long it takes them to reach our Pacific coast, and then how long after they will reach the Atlantic coast. For example, if a storm coming from Siberia drifts eastward around the North pole and reappears in Alaska, it should appear in Washington and Oregon in about two days; should get to the great lakes in six days and to the Atlantic coast in seven or eight days.

Unexpected conditions may delay storms or divert them from the straight track just as a refrigerator car may be thrown off its schedule or be shipped by accident on a wrong road. Some of these storms deplete themselves by running into regions of high barometer which are of greater magnitude and extent than the storm itself. Some of them, however, travel completely around the world.

To keep tab on cold waves that come into the United States from Canada and Alaska, the weather bureau studies the Canadian weather reports. England sends reports from Iceland, the British islands and continental Europe, and daily reports come from St. Petersburg on the conditions in Russia and Siberia.

The same businesslike system used in tracing the track of a storm is applied in determining the arrival of frosts.

Flood forecasts are made in much the same way. Information as to the amount of rainfall at the head waters of streams that cause floods are covered by telegraphic reports sent by local observers. As this rain reaches the main channel, the height of the water in the channel is determined by successive gauging stations. Past records establish how much a height, say of 20 feet at Dubuque, Iowa, will produce at Davenport, another station 80 miles down the Mississippi. This plan is followed all the way down the river, and at each point full allowance is made for the effects of water from tributaries, and from additional and local rainfall. As a result of these observations in the recent flood, the people of Cairo had warning a week or ten days in advance. The Pittsburgh district can be given only 12 to 24 hours' notice, because a flood is upon them within 24 hours after a heavy rainstorm.

To carry on this work of forecasting storms, frosts and floods, there are established throughout the United States 200 branch bureaus, each with apparatus for measuring rainfall, wind, etc., and with a circulating system of information between them that twice every 24 hours swaps observations, each with the other 199.

Briefly, forecasting of the modern school is resolved into watching the course of great disturbances and calculating their probable movements and the time it will take them to cover given distances. But then there is a good deal of the forecaster's work more subtle than this. For instance, it recently has been discovered that there is a remarkable interplay between atmospheric phenomena in widely separated regions. The state of the barometer in Siberia in winter is found to be related in an intimate way to the existence and progress of storms in the United States at the same time. And now the modern forecasters are reaching out into other continents for their storm warnings and prognostications.

LOTS OF BUYERS LIKE THAT

Man's Complaint That He Never Gets Quite What He Wants Is a Pretty General One.

"I never buy what I want!" explained Trazzler to his friend, Ebsan. "Every time I buy anything, no matter what, I hardly get home before I think of something else that I need worse and that I could have bought with the same or less money. Sometimes I can figure out three or four things I really need that the same money would have bought.

"There is the library table that I have needed so long. The time for it never comes—yet I paid $18 for photographs the other day. I could have bought the library table for that money. I could have paid the laundry bill with that $18."

"There is truth in what you say," murmured Ebsan sadly. "I went without a phone in my house for eight years and spent the money I could have used to pay phone rent in making monthly payments on an encyclopedia! Can you beat that?

"Many a time I hurried over to the neighbor's phone in my bathrobe and slippers when I could have had a phone right in my own bathroom, and so could have gone along with my ablutions while the boss complained over the phone about my latest blunder."

"In your bathroom!"

"Sure. I never took a bath in my life without some one calling me on some urgent matter. So my phone is in my bathroom now. I stopped payments on the encyclopedia and had a phone put in.

"But it has turned out now that I need the encyclopedia worse than I do the phone. That's the way it always is. Every time I go to take a bath now some neighbor is stricken with paralysis or some other calamity and the family has to use my phone instantly. So I have to don my dressing gown and duck into my room while the family's representative tells doctors, nurses and relatives about it."

"Even so, why do you need the encyclopedia?"

"To fill up the bookcase that Uncle Hitbottle gave me for Christmas."

Banded Against Napoleon.

One hundred years ago Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia concluded the treaty of Chaumont, so called after the French town where the allied sovereigns then had their headquarters. Fearing the disputes might break up the coalition when its object—the overthrow of Napolean—was all but accomplished, Lord Castlereagh, the British plenipotentiary, proposed to conclude a treaty among the four great powers which should bind them solemnly to one another, at first until the conclusion of the existing war, and then for 20 years afterward. The treaty of Chaumont, however, was soon after succeeded by that of Paris, signed April 11, 1814, by which Napoleon renounced his sovereignty.

EXTRAORDINARY DISHES

Mrs. Dan Crauford, whose book, "Thinking Black," has created considerable controversy, mentioned some extraordinary Central African "dishes" in the course of a recent lecture. These included stewed elephant's trunk, roast rhinoceros foot, boiled hippo tongue (stewed 48 hours to make it tender), roast wild donkey, stewed monkey, roast water rat, head, tail and all, and the luscious morsel, which a chief provided as a state delicacy, of a mess of thousands of white ants, frizzled in their own fat, like a sort of Central African whitebait. Also there was a special dish, much favored, of starchy boiled grass, "green and glutinous."

Mrs. Crauford also told of the Central African "knuts." The young bridegroom wore a necklace of teeth and hairs of the elephant's tail, and a fur boa, which any West end lady would envy, of squirrel skins, gray and white, the toilet being completed possibly—for all European garments were fashionable—by one of Mrs. Dan Crauford's skirts specially lent for the occasion.

Underworld Assurance.

"We have a number of blue laws in this town," said the police officer, warningly.

"Blue!" exclaimed the elegant crook. "My favorite color!"

Who Was Daffy-Down-Dilly?

Mother Goose, like all world poets, never told half she knew. Poetess laureate of the English-speaking nursery, her most complete achievements in rhyme are yet of an incompleteness that insures us against satiety. In those shreds and patches of verse, those isolated couplets and quatrains suggesting so much and saying so little, we perceive the promise of that perfected art foreshadowed in the unfinished tales of a Dickens and a Stevenson. Rudyard Kipling, deliberately fashioning metrical fragments for preludes to his Indian tales, struck a note seldom sustained in his completed compositions.

Who was Daffy-down-Dilly, and what did she do when she came to town? Was Jumping Joan flesh, fairy or symbol? Would we laugh or cry did we understand the fantastic apparition of Banbury Cross? Why did Margery Daw sell her bed and lie upon straw, and was there not something behind the appearance of her purely eccentric depravity?—Century.

Returned to Life in Coffin.

To be buried alive in the cemetery of Hochwald, in the canton of Soleure, was the fate of an elderly Swiss lady. After the burial ceremony the grave diggers were about to fill in the grave when they heard knocking in the coffin. Instead of rendering immediate help they fled in terror to inform the doctor and the priest. When the doctor arrived at the grave the coffin was opened and it was found that the woman, who had turned over, had died.

A Message To Women

Those of Middle Age Especially.

When you have found no remedy for the horrors that oppress you during change of life, when through the long hours of the day it seems as though your back would break, when your head aches constantly, you are nervous, depressed and suffer from those dreadful bearing down pains, don't forget that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the safest and surest remedy, and has carried hundreds of women safely through this critical period.

Read what these three women say:

From Mrs. Hornung, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—"I am writing to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I failed terribly during the last winter and summer and every one remarked about my appearance. I suffered from a female trouble and always had pains in my back, no appetite and at times was very weak.

"I was visiting at a friend's house one day and she thought I needed Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and have gained eight pounds, have a good appetite and am feeling better every day. Everybody is asking me what I am doing and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You may publish this letter if you wish and I hope others who have the same complaint will see it and get health from your medicine as I did."—Mrs. A. HORNUNG, 91 Stanton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Was A Blessing To This Woman.

So. RICHMOND, VA.—"I was troubled with a bearing down pain and a female weakness and could not stand long on my feet. Of all the medicines I took nothing helped me like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now regular and am getting along fine. I cannot praise the Compound too much. It has been a blessing to me and I hope it will be to other women."—Mrs. D. TYLER, 23 West Clopton St., South Richmond, Va.

Pains in Side, Could Hardly Stand.

LODI, WIS.—"I was in a bad condition, suffering from a female trouble, and I had such pains in my sides I could hardly move. Before I had taken the whole of one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt better, and now I am well and can do a good day's work. I tell everybody what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. JOHN THOMPSON, Lodi, Wisconsin.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Its Definition.

She (angrily)—What was that noise I heard in the hall?

He (candidly)—I guess it was the day breaking.

PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would get very large and appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching, the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep.

"I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after, I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and determined to use them. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Marguerite E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

We never take a man's word for the deed in a real estate transaction.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe. Adv.

Suspicion always finds what it is looking for if it looks long enough.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Every time a woman changes her mind she also airs her views.

Sore Eyes, Granulated Eyelids and Sties promptly healed with Roman Eye Balsam. Adv.

Why blame a doctor for thinking ill of his patients?

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. S. NETHERY
Interurban Bldg.
Columbus, Ohio

Canadian Government Agent

AGENTS A manufacturer of popular brand guaranteed hosiery wants local representatives ... We also have a complete line of ... exclusive territory. Write for catalogue and terms. ... Philadelphia, Pa.

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR ALL SORE EYES

Carolina Corn Country

The Gulf Stream Land of Mild Winters

Black Sandy Loam Soil — 10,000 Acres

A New District Ready for Settlement

"Wenona Near the Sea"

Reclaimed Lands — Good Elevation — Perfect Drainage. Black Soil State Experiment Farm located in center of district. First Year Corn Yield at "Wenona Farm"—174 bu. per acre. Lands located between Albermarle and Pamlico Sounds. Railroad Station — Post Office — Telephone — Stores — School. Nearby markets. Low priced lands. Ample monthly rainfall. Sunshine every day in the year. Excursion rates. Send for maps and printed matter descriptive of "Wenona Farm" and adjoining Development District.

Address C. I. MILLARD, Dept. 14

CAROLINA FARM ASSOCIATION
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

IMPROVED FLORIDA FARMS FOR SALE ... Prices $1,500 to $6,000. M. M. BRYANT, ...

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 13-1914.