

# SHARPER MIST

## TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

### RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.  
Democratic Sergeant Wyatt of the Mountain Artillery is sent as a spy to the Green Briar by the Federal forces. Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor.

#### CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Things has changed sum since then. Nobody lives ter hum any more. It's sure hell in Green Briar these days—somebody in gettin' kill every day or two. The cusses travel in gangs, murderin' an' burnin' from one end of the county to the other." He spoke in an even, drawing voice, with not the slightest show of emotion, as though telling an ordinary bit of news. "D—d if I know which outfit it is—the Yanks or the Rebs."

"Who, me?" He paused in his boiling of food, and gave vent to an unpleasant laugh. "I reckon it would puzzle the Lord Almighty ter find that out. I don't give a whoop for neither of 'em. I'm far of Jim Taylor, an' it keeps me toler'ble busy sendin' ter his affairs, without busyin' bout no government."

"Then your name is Taylor?"  
"Lissen, it has been for 'bout sixty years. That's a slew o' Taylors over along Buffalo creek, an' som' of 'em are Wanks, an' a parcel of 'em are Rebs, but they don't git of Jim ter take any pride. At that, I'm gittin' all the fightin' I hanker arter. Naturally, I'm a powerful critter, if 't' cusses let me alone."

"I picked it up wonderingly. It was my own."  
Such information might prove more important than my investigations in Green Briar. I stole across to the door and opened it noiselessly. There was no one visible in the upper hall, and I leaned over the stair rail gazing down, and listening. A light still burned within the dining room, but there was no sound of voices, or of movement.

"I followed the mountaineer up the steps, and into the hall, utterly indifferent as to whether my company was desired or not. It was not yet dark, but a lamp burned on a nearby table, and a cheerful fire glowed at the far end. But a brighter glow of light streamed from a room beyond, and determined to make nothing, I was so close behind Taylor that my quick eyes caught what I believed to be a swift signal of warning to the man within. This, however, was an impression born from my own suspicion, rather than any real movement, for Taylor took but a single step across the threshold, and stopped, leaning on his gun. The single occupant sat upright, before him the remnants of a light repast, his hand toying with a spoon, and his eyes shifting from Taylor's face to my own. He was heavily built and broad of shoulder. The face would have been hard, but for a gleam of good humor in the eyes, and the softening effect of gray hair, and a gray mustache. The man had aged greatly, yet I recognized him instantly, my heart throbbing with the possibility that I also might be remembered. Yet surely there was no gleam of recognition in the eyes that surveyed me—and why should there be? I had been an uninteresting lad of fifteen when we last met. This knowledge gave me courage to meet that searching glance, and to lift my hand in the salute due to an officer of rank.

"Ah!" said Harwood in deep voice, "a soldier from the valley?"  
"Yes, sir," respectfully, "the Sixty-fifth Virginia."  
"How does it happen you wear artillery uniform?"  
Expecting the question I answered unhesitatingly.

"They'd lost so many gunners, some of us were detailed to help. Recruits are coming in now."  
"What was your battery?"  
"Stanton Horse artillery, sir."  
"Stanton?"  
"At Front Royal—that was our winter camp."  
He nodded, tapping his spoon against the table, favorably impressed by my prompt replies. His keen eyes sought the face of the silent mountaineer.

"You know this man, Taylor?"  
"Wal, I can't exactly say that I know him, but I know his name. He's a major, he said drawlingly, shifting his feet uneasily. "He says he's a Cowan, from over on Buffalo creek."  
"A Cowan—you mean—"  
"No, he don't claim ter be none o' Ned's brood—his mar's a widdler woman. They ain't no kin, I reckon."  
Whatever thoughts might have been in Major Harwood's mind were concealed by an impassive face, as he sat there for a moment in silence, gazing at the two of us.

"No doubt you did what you believed to be best, Taylor," he said at last quietly. "We will talk it over later. You are both hungry enough to eat, I suppose? Draw up some chairs and Sam will find something. No objection to remaining here over night, Cowan?"  
"I'd be glad to get on, sir, but my horse is about used up. The roads have been hard and we have traveled rapidly."  
"Well, there is plenty of room, and you are welcome. This house," he explained, "belongs to a friend of mine, who had to leave the country—too Yankee for his neighbors. I find it rather convenient at times. Ah, Sam, that rasher of bacon looks prime—I'll try some myself."  
The three of us talked upon many subjects, although Taylor said little, except when directly addressed, and I noted that few references were made to the war. That Harwood was in the Federal service I had no doubt, although he was not in uniform, and, if this was true, then it must be also a fact that Taylor was a Union spy. The meeting here had not been by chance, although a mystery involved the hidden reason why I, a known Confederate soldier, had been encouraged to accompany the mountaineer to this secret rendezvous. At last the meal ended and the major pushed back his chair and motioned Sam to clear the table.

"You two men are tired out," he said gently, "and you had better turn in and get a good night's sleep. We'll all of us ride on into Green Briar tomorrow. I'll talk with you a minute, Taylor, in the parlor, before you go; but Cowan does not need to wait. Help yourselves to the tobacco. Oh, Sam! show this soldier up to the back bedroom and see he has everything he needs."  
It was clearly apparent that Harwood desired a private word with Taylor and so, after deliberately filling

between us. We camped finally in the bend of a small stream, where high banks concealed us from observation. There was little to eat in our haversacks, but we munched what we had, and Taylor, his eyes on the horses, broke the silence.

"I reckon the critters don't need more'n a couple hours' rest," he said. "They ain't been rid no ways hard, an' I'm fer gittin' through the gap during daylight—the road ain't overly good just now."  
"Across the mountains? Is there a gap here?"  
"The road ter Hot Springs is 'bout two miles below yer. I cum over ten days ago an' I reckon I kin find my way back. It's 'bout forty miles from that ter Lewisburg, mostly hills, but a good trail. I know folks at Hot Springs who will take good keer o' us, onet we git thar."

We rested, dozing, but neither sound asleep, for nearly three hours. Whatever might be in Taylor's mind, the lonely night had brought to me a new thought relative to my companion. The fellow was evasive, and once he had frankly lied in seeking to explain his presence in the valley, and the reason for his secrecy of movement. By now we were decidedly at cross-purposes, each vigilantly watching the other—Taylor in doubt as to what the bundle contained, which I never permitted out of my grasp, and myself as deeply interested in gaining possession of a packet of papers, a glimpse of which I had caught in an inside pocket of the mountaineer's coat. His mission, whatever it might be, was secret and dangerous. Of this his ceaseless vigilance was proof.

The light of a dying day still clung to the western sky when our wearied horses bore us into the village of Hot Springs. It was like a deserted hamlet, few houses appearing inhabited, and the shop windows boarded up. Taylor, glancing neither to right or



I Followed the Mountaineer Up the Steps and into the Hall.

left, rode straight down the main street, and turned onto a pike road, leading to the left. A mile beyond, a frame house painted white, barely visible through the deepening dusk, stood in a grove of oaks. The mountaineer turned up the broad driveway, and dismounted before the closed door. Almost at the same moment the portal opened slightly and a black face peered out.

#### CHAPTER III.

The Body on the Floor.  
Taylor stood at the foot of the steps, pausing in uncertainty.  
"Is that you, Sam? Is Mister Harwood yer?"  
I instantly straightened in my saddle. Harwood? What Harwood, I wondered—surely not Major Harwood of Lewisburg, my father's old friend? What was it I had heard about him a few months ago? Wasn't it a rumor that he was on General Ramsey's staff? And the daughter—Noreen—what ever had become of her? There was an instant's vision before me of laughing eyes, and wind-blown hair, a galloping horse, and the wave of a challenging hand. She had thus swept by me on the road as I took my mother southward.

"I don't peer fer to recollect no such name, sah," replied the negro, scratching his head.

"These things have stood by me all through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and lovable by you when you were a mere baby."

Going Fishing?  
The surface of a good fly line should be hard and smooth. If the enamel cracks when you bend the line over on itself and twist the strands together, it is no good. The same thing is true of a line that is sticky to the touch. A high polish is, however, not necessary. Sometimes it is merely a cloak to inferiority.

Adjustment for Invalids.  
A new chair for invalids is equipped with a system of mirrors by which the occupant may see what is going on all around without the necessity of "looking back."

United States.  
The United States is all of a reputation of being a land of opportunity. The United States is a land of opportunity.

ing his wool thoughtfully. "I done reckon as how you got the wrong horse."  
"No, I reckon not," said the other drily. "Git 'long in, an' tell him Jim Taylor is yer."

The door opened wider.  
"Suah, I know you now, sah. Just step right 'long in, the both of yer. I'll look arter them horses. You'll fin' Massa Harwood in the dinin' room, sah."

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Money Worth of Human Ear.  
The value of a human ear has been judicially determined as one-third that of an eye. The momentous decision was made by a New Jersey judge in a suit for personal damages. A workman who had lost the hearing of one ear sued his employers, who contested the case on the ground the New Jersey compensation law made no provision for loss of hearing. The judge decided, however, that the loss of hearing in one ear was tantamount to the loss of the sight of one eye, and awarded the workman \$333.32.

Italy's Finest Regiment.  
The most imposing regiment in the Italian army is the Corsavzerri, or Royal Bodyguard, which for swiftness and physique of man and horse is the most magnificent corps of the kind in Europe. No trooper in the Corsavzerri is less than six feet one or two, with many are six feet tall, and their wonderful feats of horsemanship are known throughout Europe. Most of the men are comely of features, and the standard of dress and the large, ornate uniforms are of the highest quality.

Burdens of the Ase.  
To know what hat goes with which boots, and what collar and tie with what coat and waistcoat, and what costume is appropriate at ten o'clock in the morning and what at ten o'clock in the evening, and to know the names of the head waiters of the principal restaurants are minor matters. These are the conveniences of the gentleman, but the characteristic burdens of the man. Such a mental equipment is not the end of which soldiers, sailors, statesmen, or statesmen are judged.

Carry Your Wealth With You.  
The greatest riches—in fact, all the wealth that is of real value—must center in yourself. You must be rich within, not outside, of yourself; rich in the things that financial panics, fluctuations of trade, accidents by flood or fire, dishonesty of business associates, or errors of judgment, cannot rob you of. Your greatest investment must be self-investment. Invest in health, in courage, in kindness, in nobility of manner, in womanhood.—U. S. Marden.

my pipe, I rose to my feet, stretching sleepily. The black returned with a small lamp in his hand and led the way up the broad stairs. A moment later I was left alone in a small room at the end of the upper hall with one window, so heavily curtained as probably to render the light invisible from without. The door was securely latched, but there was no lock. Then I was not being held a prisoner.

After some minutes I extinguished the light, and looked out of the window. It was quite a drop, though not necessarily a dangerous one, to the ground. Those dim outlines of buildings were probably the stables, where I would find my horse. With no guards the trick of getting away unobserved would be easy enough, and I knew the road sufficiently well to follow it safely. But I desired to learn first what these two men were actually up to.



I Picked It Up Wonderingly. It Was My Own.

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The silence continued, and I began to cautiously steal passage down the carpeted stairs, crouching well back against the side wall. Little by little I was able to peer in through the open door—the chairs were vacant; there was no one there. The gleam of the lamp revealed a deserted room, the table still littered with dishes. What had become then of Harwood and Taylor? Were they sitting beyond in the darkened parlor? I crept to the half-closed door. The room was black and silent, although I could perceive dimly the outlines of furniture.

Something—some vague sense of mystery, of danger, gripped me. I felt a strange choking in the throat, and reached for the revolver at my belt. It was not there; the leather holder was empty. My first sensation was fear, a belief I was the victim of treachery. Then it occurred to my mind that the weapon might have fallen from the open holster as I rested on the bed—a mere accident. At least I would learn the truth of that dark room. I stepped within, circled the overturned chair, and a groping foot encountered something lying on the floor. I bent down and touched it with my hand; it was the body of a man. The whole truth came to me in a flash—there had been a quarrel, a murder, unpremeditated probably, and the assassin had escaped. But which of the two was the victim? An instant I stood there, staring about in the dark, bewildered and uncertain.

Then I grasped the lamp from the table in the other room, and returned holding the light in my hands. The form of Major Harwood lay extended on the floor, lifeless, his skull crushed by an ugly blow. Beside him lay a revolver, its butt blood-stained. Beyond doubt this was the weapon which had killed him. I picked it up wonderingly—it was my own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mist... Somewhere.  
"Yaaa," said Uncle Silas, "my son Bill has got back from a special course he's been a-takin' at college, with a piece o' paper signed by th' 'borrites sayin' as how he's an A. M. I dunno what an A. M. is, but I'm afeared yer's some mistake about it, for judgin' from the time he gets down to breakfast he behaves more like a P. M. ter me."

New Yorkers Are Milk Drinkers.  
Milk is becoming the favorite drink of residents of New York city, according to recent statistics of the health department, and the number of licensed saloons is decreasing. It is reported that the consumption of milk has increased in the city 50 per cent in ten years.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 7

#### JOASH REPAIRS THE TEMPLE.

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 12:1-15. GOLDEN TEXT—God loveth a cheerful giver.—II Cor. 9:7.

The time of this lesson was about 878 B. C., and it follows within a few years last Sunday's lesson. Inaugurated as king and instructed by a faithful priest, yet Joash discovered great lethargy on the part of the priestly class with regard to the house of God. He set himself to arouse great liberality and to repair the temple.

1. Lethargy, v. 4, 8. (1) Its cause. We should read in this connection II Chron. 24. From the two accounts and the previous history of the nation we conclude that the condition of the temple was due, (a) to the weak and frequently vicious characters of the rulers of the nation; (b) to the evil companions of both princes and priests and (c) to the cupidity of court and curate. (2) The result of this lethargy regarding God's cause was evidenced (a) upon the temple, and (b) upon the lives of the people of the kingdom. (3) The cure. Joash instituted great reforms in Judah and in these Jehoahaz the priest (v. 2) had no small part. In this particular lesson the prince (v. 7) seems to lead the priest. Unfortunately the godly priest did not long survive the crowning of Joash and hence when he came under other influences he soon went back to the evil practices of his predecessors and his reign ended in an eclipse of evil (II Chron. 24:15-26).

In this lesson we have, however, a suggestion of what is needed to cure religious lethargy. (a) A vision of the real condition of affairs (v. 7; also II Chron. 24:17). Joash saw the resultant ruin of the temple after 15 years of misrule; he also saw the misconduct of the priests and did not hesitate to call them to account. "Is no easy task to undertake a reformation and restoration such as this; witness Moses, Luther, Wesley and Cary. These priests had sided him to raise his throne and doubtless had had a part in his boyhood training. Joash had inaugurated certain reforms before he began this task which suggests the second need of (b) persistence (see I Chron. 24:5, 6). Such work also demands (c) systematic effort and giving. Joash placed himself among Israel's best kings by undertaking the restoration of the temple and won a place alongside of Hezekiah and Josiah. Modern churches are not, strictly speaking, "a house of the Lord" such as the Jewish temple, yet the condition of many of our churches would indicate great indifference to the cause of the kingdom. Our bodies are indeed a temple (I Cor. 3:16; 6:19) and both the body and church buildings alike should be kept in proper condition.

II. Liberality, vs. 9-15. The plan to have the priests gather funds for the repairs was Scriptural (Exod. 25:2-8). God does not look upon the measure but upon the motive of our gifts (II Cor. 8:12). The priests did not "hasten the matter" so the king took it into his own hands (v. 9). In this righteousness Jehoahaz, as the chief priest, is held accountable for all (v. 7).

We have in this story a rich suggestion as to God's plan of Christian giving. (1) The object. It was distinctly for the glory of God and not to outbid others or to wastefully use the money for selfish purposes. (2) All were to participate voluntarily, of their abundance (II Chron. 24:10), systematically and faithfully. (3) The results were a house repaired (II Chron. 24:12), beautiful (II Chron. 24:13) with the worship restored (II Chron. 24:14). Joash seems to have laid great emphasis upon the "tabernacle of witness" (24:6) and we need to recall that each and every part of that temple was a testimony to the truth of God and based in a spiritual suggestion and prophecy. As a whole, it suggested that God dwelt in the midst of his people. The sons of Athaliah (Joash's grandmother) had so conducted themselves as to cause it to need repairing (II Chron. 24:7). When we turn to II Chron. 24:8-14 and read the record of the restoration of the temple, we discover: (1) Each had its part in the work. (2) Each did a "perfect" work, a. e., did his task faithfully, fully and to a finish. (3) Each did an orderly work, "in his state." None sought to supplant or defraud others in the work assigned. (4) Each did a strong work, it was "strengthened" and not a trifling work as men-pleasers or for the moment. (5) Each worked economically because when all bills were paid, money was returned to the treasury.

What a marked contrast with modern methods of conducting public improvements! There was great joy in the hearts of both princes and people as they brought and wrought. We rob ourselves by our withholding, "for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

There is sound philosophy in Proverbs 11:24, 25. That class, church or individual that liveth unto itself will soon die. It may have a name that is great in the earth but that that name will not abide. In giving we get; in serving, we increase. Here is also a suggestion how to raise church finances.

The world is a vast market in the art of amusing and can discount many times over the cheap entertainments so frequently sent to wheels money from the treasury.

No wonder church treasurers are often empty for we do not give them "entertainment" money.

## TIME FOR GUEST TO LEAVE

Ordinary Man Will Have Little Doubt as to What Mr. Mulligan Meant by His Remark.

"That Patrick Mulligan is a funny fellow. I can't quite understand him." "Why? What's he been up to now?" "Well, you see, he and I were having a little argument at his house the other evening, and then I offered to prove that he was a fool, in black and white."

"Yes; well what about it?" "Well, up to then we had confined ourselves to lightly raised voices, but when I said that he flared up immediately."

"Prove O'm a fool in black and white, will ye?" he yelled. Well, if ye don't clear out of this house at once O'll prove in black, blue and red it's a falsehood ye're telling!"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and inflammation of the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had diabetes and that my heart was affected. I suffered for four years and was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dodds Kidney Pills, and I cannot say enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Diamond Dinner Pills cured me of Constipation."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved, 50c. per box.—Adv.

A Mystery.  
"What did I do last night?"  
"You remained at home and went to bed early."  
"Then where in thunder did I get this headache?"

When all others fail to please Try **Doan's Coffee**.  
A second-class joke has caused many a man to lose a first-rate friend.

Not if He Knew It.  
"If you were to marry again, would you marry the same husband?"  
"He says not."

## THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Motor Troubles.  
"I suppose you find tire troubles the most expensive item in the upkeep of your touring car?"  
"No, I can't say that I do. With me the big expense is attire trouble. My wife and daughter can't go on a fifty-mile trip without laying in a new stock of dry goods."

Not if He Knew It.  
"If you were to marry again, would you marry the same husband?"  
"He says not."

### Table Dainties from Sunny Climes

From tropical Hawaii, home of the sweetest, most luscious pineapple, comes the one, and California, where the tenderest asparagus grows, supplies the other. The Libby care and cleanliness both is a warrant of a product that will please you. Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

### 10c Worth of DU PONT Will Clear \$1.00 Worth of Land

Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.

Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 69F, and name of nearest dealer.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY WILMINGTON DELAWARE

### Medal of Honor Awarded

Gold Medal Awarded New Perfection Heater

Look for the Triangle

### The New Perfection Line

The Superior Jury of Awards of the Panama-Pacific Exposition has awarded the New Perfection Line a medal of honor—this being the only line to be so distinguished.

In addition, the NEW PERFECTON Heater received an individual Gold Medal, as did each of the oil-burner devices bearing the NEW PERFECTON name.

In all, it was a wonderful triumph—a sweeping tribute to quality—The quality you should demand when you buy your heater.

You need the NEW PERFECTON

because it is the greatest comfort you can install in your home; an aid to good health; a means to economy; the cleanest heat you can use.

Easy to care for; steady by stibling a match; burns 10 hours on one gallon of oil; can't smoke. No trouble to re-wick, because wick and carrier are combined—the fresh wick all ready to put in, clean, smooth and ready to light.

Your dealer has the NEW PERFECTON Oil Heater on exhibition, the heater that won the Gold Medal, from the Medal of Honor Line. He will glad to show you the different models.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana), CHICAGO, U.S.A.