

HIS MEN.
 Attitude Toward the War.
 John S. Mosby dit-
 tary men in that
 used at being given
 than he was prop-
 conferring of the
 tremely obnoxious
 Henry D. Rose of
 light to please him
 instead of find-
 upon themselves the
 old partisan chief.
 "General, sir," I heard
 great warmth to a
 who thus addressed
 Mosby, and I never
 rank than colonel,
 general."
 as ever lived, the
 all of eccentricities,
 which was his per-
 attend any of the
 men. He probably
 that these reunions
 amount of persua-
 to be present.
 ally to indulge in
 regarding the num-
 the reunions.
 by naturally many
 would cross to the
 seriously enough, ac-
 pel's own statement,
 just as many of
 these annual gather-
 after the war as
 and in his command
 numerical strength."

THE ANSWER IS WEAR RUBBERS
Many People Will Don Goloshes Early This Season to Combat the High Cost of Leather Foot-wear

"Buy rubbers," says the shoe-man, the dealer who plays fair with his customers.
 Leather is up and shoes are up to such an extent that the buying of a pair of shoes is almost on a level with the acquiring of a new suit or coat. Shoes must be worn, but the economical person will don rubbers as soon as the weather gets the least bit "damp under foot"; not only for the protection to the health that the rubbers afford, but to save the costly shoes he or she wears.
 There was never a problem in economics that was not solved sooner or later, and rubbers and overshoes seem to be the answer to the augmented price of shoes this winter.

INDUSTRIOUS KNITTER.
 "I never saw a more industrious woman than that Mrs. Crum," the teacher remarked before the Kentucky mountain boys and girls gathered at the school dinner table. "Why, even when I meet her on the road she pulls her yarn and needles out of her pockets and goes to knitting."
 Teacher's manifestation of surprise brought forth a volley of ejaculations from the children, each of whom had mother, aunt or cousin, who was equally ardent at wool-making.
 "Oh!" exclaimed one little fellow, reaching the climax of the discussion, "I had a grandmother who was the knittiest woman I ever knew. She used to take her knitting to bed with her, and every few minutes she would up and throw out a pair of socks."
 —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 3, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Rev. i, 1-8, 17-20. Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, Rev. i, 17, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It is certainly a rare privilege to have some studies in this last and in some respects best and most wonderful of all the sixty-six books of the Bible, the only one that has a special blessing pronounced upon those who read and hear and keep its precious words (i, 3). The correct title of the book is found in verse 1, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ," and it is the summing up and unfolding of all things concerning Him and His Kingdom. It tells of that which God gave Him to show unto us, and He sent it by His messenger unto His servant, John. It does seem most unkind to read and rebellious against such a God and Father to turn away from such a book and refuse to read it or refer to it, as many, even among preachers, do. It was John's business, as it is ours, to bear record of the Word of God and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, even though we should be banished for it, as John was, or even killed, as others were (i, 2, 9; vi, 9; xii, 17).

He is and was and will be ever the same Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity; who in the fullness of time came as God manifest in the flesh, the Word made flesh, and is coming again to set up His kingdom on this earth (verses 4, 8; Mic. v, 2, margin; Gal. iv, 4; I Tim. iii, 16; John i, 14). The message concerning Him is always to every sinner the grace that saves and the peace which He has purchased by His own blood (verse 4; chapter xxii, 21; Eph. ii, 13; Col. i, 20). The Spirit loves to bear witness to Him, and the seven Spirits suggest the perfect fullness of the power and testimony of the Spirit (verse 4; chapters iii, i, iv, 5; v, 6).

He is the faithful witness, called Faithful and True, and all His words are true and faithful (verse 5; chapter iii, 14; xix, 11; xxi, 5; xxii, 6). He is the first begotten of the dead, Christ the first fruits (verse 5; Col. i, 18; I Cor. xv, 23). Because of His resurrection others have risen and others will rise—they that are Christ's at His coming. He is the Prince of the kings of the earth, King of kings and Lord of lords, and all kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall serve Him (verse 5; chapter xvii, 14; xix, 16; I Tim. vi, 15; Ps. lxxiii, 11). How glorious He is and will be! Does not your heart cry out, "Yea, He is altogether lovely; this is my Beloved, and this is my Friend?" (Song v, 16).

As John thinks upon these things he by the Spirit breaks forth with the ascription, "Unto Him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in His own blood," reminding us of much we have so recently written in the lesson notes concerning all believers being washed, sanctified, justified (I Cor. vi, 11). In John xiii, 10, He said, "He that is washed is clean every whit." It is our standing in Him which is perfect because of His comeliness (Ezek. xvi, 14). Then, as to our future, see the wonders of His grace and glory in making us kings and priests unto God to reign in His kingdom (verse 6; chapters v, 9, 10; xx, 6). "Behold, He cometh with clouds" (verse 7). This is His coming in glory with His saints, as the Sun of Righteousness, of which Enoch prophesied before the deluge; His coming to judge the nations, when they shall wall and be angry because of Him, when Israel shall love Him whom they pierced and become a penitent nation and receive Him as their Messiah (Jude 14; Zech. xiv, 5, i, c.; Mal. iv, 2; Zeph. iii, 8; Zech. xii, 10; xiv, 1-3; Rev. xi, 18; vi, 15-17). He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last (verses 8, 11; chapters iii, 14; xxi, 6; xxii, 13; Isa. xli, 4; xlv, 6; xlviii, 12).

Not all His titles can tell of Him as He should be known, and it will always be true of Him, at least while we stay here, that the half has not been told. John, being in the Spirit, heard behind him a great voice as of a trumpet, and, turning to see the voice, he saw seven golden candlesticks, which, he was told, represented seven churches, of which we shall hear more in our next lesson (verses 10-12, 20). In the midst of the candlesticks he saw Him on whose bosom he had leaned when He was on earth, but he had never seen Him like this, not even when He was transfigured, and he was so overcome that he fell at His feet as dead (verses 13-17), but the same right hand was laid upon him, and the same voice said so kindly, "Fear not; I was dead, but I am alive forevermore."
 In studying this book I have always used the following outline: Chapter I.—Christ in the midst of the churches. II and III.—His last messages to the churches. IV and V.—The church gone from the earth. VI to XVIII.—Between the rapture and the return. XIX.—The marriage and the return. XX.—The thousand years. XXI and XXII.—The New Earth. I would urge all to memorize the description of Him in verses 13-16 until you can close your eyes and see Him somewhat as John saw Him. Memorize also the description of Him as given in xix: 11-16, for then we shall be coming with Him in His glory.

An Ingenious Woman

A Story of the Days of Witchcraft.

By F. A. MITCHEL

There was once a young man named Conrad who married a girl named Joan. They were vassals on the estate of a baron who owned and ruled over a great territory. The man and the woman were both poor, and their neighbors wondered how they would get on. Nevertheless they prospered, and their prosperity was all on account of Joan, who was very shrewd. One thing puzzled those who knew her. She did everything in a way so queer that some of them thought her demented. And yet her acts resulted to her benefit.

One person, and one person alone, came to understand her—her husband, Conrad was a stupid man, and it is likely this was the reason why he came to be an excellent auxiliary to his wife. Having no ideas of his own, he was readily recipient of hers. For ten years she kept instilling her way of doing things into him, so that at last not only could she trust him to follow her lead, but at times to take the initiative on her methods.

There was much warfare in a small way in those days, attacks being made by one suzerain upon another. In one of these incursions upon the domain of Baron Elginbrod, where Conrad and his wife lived, Count Hastings, the incursionist, took Conrad away with him, having learned that he and his wife had accumulated money, and held his prisoner for ransom.

Conrad was thrown into prison and told that he should stay there till he paid the ransom. He remained a captive some time, then sent word to his captor to say that if he would give him a messenger he would send him to his wife with an order to pay the ransom. The count at once furnished the messenger, and Conrad wrote the following message to Joan:

My Dear Wife—I wish you to pay the ransom demanded by Count Hastings for my release. I will wait for you to do so for one week. One week from tonight if I am not liberated I will hang myself in the chimney of the room where I am confined. Your loving husband, CONRAD.

This letter was submitted to the count, who read it with satisfaction, "for," said he, "if the woman is inclined to dicker as to the amount she shall pay, the threat of her husband to hang himself will influence her to pay any sum I ask." And he doubled the amount demanded for the ransom.

When the messenger delivered the note to Joan and she read her husband's threat to hang himself she fell over in a faint. The messenger did what he could to revive her and endeavored to reassure her by pointing out the impossibility of the prisoner hanging himself in the chimney, since, in the first place, he had no rope, and, in the second place, even if he had there was nothing in the chimney to which he could attach a rope.

This seemed to comfort Joan, and, gathering her strength, she wrote her husband a note stating that she would be unable to raise the money required for the ransom in so short a time, but she would do so as soon as possible. She added a note begging him not to hang himself, thus depriving her and the children of his care and the pleasure of having him with them.

The messenger went back to the count with Joan's letter, and it was read with satisfaction, for it was evident that she was so terrified at her husband's threat, notwithstanding the fact that it would be impossible to carry it out, that she would do all in her power to raise the money for the ransom. So the message was delivered to Conrad, who read it, evidently pleased at the prospect of getting his liberty.

A week passed, and the night came on which Conrad had threatened to commit suicide unless his wife had by that time paid the ransom and set him free. His jailer, when he brought in the prisoner's supper and set it down on the table, said jokingly:

"Well, Conrad, are you going to hang yourself tonight?"
 "Why should I? My wife has said that she might not be able to raise the money for my ransom so soon, but I am sure she will do so in time. I am aware that she must sell everything we have, including our home, to raise so large an amount, and I don't expect that she will be able to turn it all into ready money in less than another week, at least."
 "Why, then, did you name a period insufficient for her to raise the ransom?"
 "Because I did not wish her to lose any time."
 "Well, I'm glad you have no reason to hang yourself. For if you did I should have to sit up and watch you tonight, and I prefer to be asleep in my bed."

So the jailer left his prisoner to eat his supper, and when he returned Conrad was snoring loudly on his cot. The keeper went away satisfied that there was no danger of the prisoner cheating the count out of his ransom by killing himself, and he, too, betook himself to his bed and was soon snoring as loudly as Conrad.

When the next morning the jailer took Conrad's breakfast to him, expecting to see his prisoner sitting, as usual, at the table waiting for it, he

was astonished not to see him at all. Moreover, there was a strange stillness in the room, the silence of absence of any living thing. The man, thinking that, after all, his prisoner might have carried out his threat, went to the chimney, fearing that he might see his body dangling there. There was nothing in the lower part, and, looking up, he saw only a small patch of blue sky. With fear and trembling the jailer sent word to the count that his prisoner had vanished. In order to shield himself, he declared that he had heard strange sounds overhead during the night. He believed that his prisoner had carried out his threat to hang himself and that witches had carried off the body.

That was an age when people, instead of looking for natural causes, inferred everything to supernatural interference. The count so far leaned to the jailer's opinion that he did not look far for a means of the prisoner's escape. He examined the only outlet, the chimney, and satisfied himself that Conrad could not have climbed the flue. In those days chimneys were very large, and for one to work himself up a flue by his knees on one side and his back on the other was impossible. Conrad must have hung himself, and there was no accounting for the disappearance of the body except that the witches had carried it off.

The jailer's suggestion saved him from punishment, and the count was obliged to forego the ransom. He was becoming reconciled to his disappointment when one day a neighbor of Conrad's came across the border and reported the suicide living at home in comfort with his wife and children.

The count was astonished. Indeed, he would not believe the report until he had sent a spy into the enemy's country to learn the truth. When the spy returned and said that he had seen Conrad sitting before his door, the count was convinced that he was there. But the spy, believing that witches had assisted Conrad to get away, supposed himself to be under the influence of his imagination. Conrad was sitting motionless at the time, and the spy got the idea into his head that he was a corpse. He reported that he had watched the figure ten long minutes, in all of which time it made no motion.

The count, disgruntled at having lost his ransom and not satisfied with his spy's report, sent another, who saw Conrad chopping wood. This disposed of the theory that witches had carried back the corpse of a suicide, and the count determined to make a raid into the domains of Count Elginbrod with a view to again carrying off the wealthy Conrad.

Now, Conrad's home was near the border, and all the count had to do was to send a force across, kidnap Conrad and carry him away before any of the baron's forces could be brought to protect him. But it happened that Joan had been looking out of the window when the second spy saw her husband chopping wood and watched the man slipping away, as he supposed, unnoticed. Joan suspected what this meant and straightway took precautions. She sent one Oldershow, a neighbor, to Count Hastings' domain to win the confidence of the count and agree for a consideration to entice Conrad away from his home so that he could be readily captured. This man succeeded in his object. At the same time he was instructed by Joan to report that Joan was a witch.

This confirmed Count Hastings' belief in the jailer's suggestion that witches had been instrumental in Conrad's disappearance, but he attributed the removal to one witch, Conrad's wife. Nevertheless, he was so averse to being beaten even by a witch that he accepted Oldershow's offer and, having paid him a round sum, sent a dozen men with him to kidnap Conrad. The expedition approached Conrad's house in the evening gloaming, and what was their horror to see the man they were after hanging by the neck to a tree near his house. They at once took to flight and never stopped running till they had reached their starting point, having left Oldershow behind them. They reported what they had seen to the count, and Oldershow, returning, entered Conrad's house and poured a heap of gold he had received for his work in Joan's lap.

This ended Count Hastings' efforts to regain possession of Conrad, for he was convinced of his being managed by a witch, that witch being Joan. But he sent a messenger to Baron Elginbrod to say that the baron had a witch in his dominions, and if he did not get rid of her she would infect the whole country.

Upon this the baron sent for Joan and asked her what truth there was in the count's charge.
 "Please, your worship," replied Joan, "when Count Hastings raided your domain he carried off my husband and held him for ransom. When the prisoner wrote me that if I did not pay the ransom by a certain date he would hang himself in the chimney I knew that there was a chimney in the room where he was confined and that he meant that I should on a certain night send some one or go myself, get on the roof and let a rope down by which he could climb. I sent one Oldershow, who succeeded in doing that, and my husband escaped."
 "Suspecting that the count would try again to make my husband his prisoner, I sent Oldershow to win his confidence and pilot a party to make the capture. I made a stuffed figure of my husband and hung it to a tree near the house. When they came to take him they were frightened and ran away. Instead of the count getting a ransom, I got the money he paid my messenger to lead his men into a trap."

The baron was so well pleased with Joan's story that he gave her a tract of land near his castle, where she and her family would be in less danger from Count Hastings' incursions.

FEEDING THE BOY.

Give Every Healthy Youngster the Diet His System Craves.

The growing boy—the active, healthy, normal boy—is a better judge of his diet than mother or father or doctor. He needs every kind of food, plenty of it, and his system will naturally crave for just those foods that are best for him.

Such, in substance, is the theme of an article in the National Food Magazine by Dr. H. E. Barnard. There are two kinds of food—proteins, with which the body is built up, and the growing boy needs as much of these as the full grown man, often more; carbohydrates, which are the fats and sugars and starches that supply heat and energy.

The boy's protein food need not all be meat. Dr. Barnard says "it is better that no small part of this nitrogenous food come from milk and eggs, cheese, beans and peas. If he has plenty of these rich and relatively cheap foods he will not crave meat so inordinately as some growing boys do." Dr. Barnard continues:

"The boy needs a large quantity of carbohydrates. That is why his demand for bread and butter is limited only by the supply at hand; and when he uses almost as much butter as bread, do not stint him. By the pound butter is expensive, but it is pure, wholesome food, and he can use it readily. It will not make him ill; quite the contrary.

"And do not be afraid of sugar and sweet foods. Sugar is a true concentrated food. Give him candy for dessert. He craves it and his craving is natural, not abnormal. "The boy's instincts will lead him to choose the all around diet he needs."

THE HASTINGS DIAMOND.

It Involved a King of England in a Bribery Scandal.

Nearly every great diamond has a history. These histories are always romantic, embodying numerous adventures, some of which are tragic.

In the history of the Hastings tragedy of England is a charge of bribery against a king, George III., which gave the gentle art of caricature an opportunity such as had never come to it before and showed the power that caricature could wield upon a people.

At a levee of the king held on June 14, 1786, a very valuable diamond of unusual size and brilliancy was presented to George III., ostensibly as a gift from the nizam or native ruler of Deccan, India.

At the period when this magnificent peace offering was given to the king the impeachment of Warren Hastings was advancing in parliament, and it was current rumor that this and several lesser diamonds were the purchase price of Hastings' acquittal.

Caricatures appeared in the windows of the printshops. One represented Hastings wheeling the king to market in a barrow and saying, "What a man buys he may sell again." In another the king was exhibited kneeling, with his mouth open and Hastings throwing diamonds into it.

An Italian juggler then in London pretending to eat paving stones placarded the walls with bills describing himself as "The Greatest Stone Eater." Improving upon this, the caricaturists represented the king in the character of the Greatest Stone Eater.—Indianapolis News.

Value of White Oak.

The white oak has served for more useful purposes than perhaps any other tree, and its wood today is worth as much as mahogany. Furniture of "solid oak" is now a rarity, for the wood has become so expensive that it is used in the form of a veneer over baser woods. So used it loses none of its beauty, and even the thin veneer resists wear for an incredibly long time. This wood was a useful one to the early agriculturists as well as to those of the present day. It was durable when exposed to the elements and was also durable in contact with the soil. It was and is still used in fencing, and much of the second growth white oak timber in America is now being cut for railroad crossties.—Outing.

Story of a Bakeshop.

In Braunschweig, a quaint old German town, is pointed out the building still used as a bakeshop—where Till Eulenspiegel, famous as a jester in the fourteenth century, worked as a boy. Many persons who have listened to the musical composition "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," which enshrines his name, have never associated this with the merry baker boy of Braunschweig. He is credited with having made many little gingerbread owls and monkeys, which he gave away to children. The shop at 11 Backerlint still does a thriving business.

A Step Further.

Grandma was indulging in a few reminiscences.
 "And we used to make hasty pudding," said she.
 "We have instantaneous pudding nowadays, grandma. Comes in a can."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Suspicious.

"I don't like the way she spoke of the baby."
 "Why, she said it looked like you."
 "Yes, and she said it in such a nasty way."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Warned.

Young Husband—When I used to kiss you you wouldn't get. Young Wife—Well, you snapp'd get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.—Illustrated Bits.

Live Poultry Wanted

Any Quantity, for which the following Cash Prices will be paid:

- HENS, from..... 8c. to 10c.
- CHICKENS, from..... 10c. to 12c.
- OLD ROOSTERS..... 7c.
- DUCKS..... 10c.
- GEESE, from..... 9c. to 10c.

Parties having Poultry to sell will kindly bring them in to me on Saturdays. Poultry must not be fed, and must be brought in with crops empty.

Raw Furs Wanted

The season will soon be here for hunting and trapping. I am in the market for any quantity of raw furs, for which the highest cash market price will be paid.

Beef Hides, Sheepskins, Wool, Tallow, Horse Hair, Rags, Rubber, Etc., bought at highest cash prices at my store.

M. GLASER - Durham

Special Prices on Feed

We have a stock of good heavy mixed Feed on hand which we are selling at special prices in ton lots. If you need Feed get our prices.

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.

Oatmeal Millers.

Phones: Day No. 4
 Night No. 26

HEARD IN CHURCH.

A BOY'S QUESTION.
 "Father, when people go to heaven, do they get to be angels right away, or do they have to pass a lot of darn old examinations?"—Life.

Clergyman (during prayer)—And we would not forget those who are dwelling in the uninhabited portions of the earth.

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BEST CLOCK.
 Across, Carries a Minute Hand.
 In the world is in oblate building, on the river, writes respondent of the
 is illuminated at by persons using leaving from thehattan and those New York and New Island dwellers New York city New Jersey points al timepiece and by it.
 built at Waterbury, little are its parts ary to bring the story on a flat car to transport the hand is twenty half a ton, and ten feet long.
 this monster time- a ton. The dial meter, surpassing inches that of the in the world, in power: it is fifteen that of the clock in Philadelphia city hall, the and, it dou- top of the house on, which is per- ly known clock in
 Clothes Were Kept.
 the-Wardrobe is a ark in Queen Vic- rives a grotesque from former prox- great wardrobe. the town mansion and purchased by Edward III, for the king's apparel. "the our English kings on great festivals." will left to his fa- Susannah, the War- wife, a house near herein one John Rob- The present Church the-Wardrobe was after the great fire ty center of the under William Ro-
 of Richter.
 at a rehearsal out of tune. Dr. as long as he could. "Madame," he ally give the orches-
 ersal one of the in- e a mistake. "No," "It goes so (hum- rum)." The same er mistake. "No, no At the third mis- momentarily lost pa- "Why do you make s, Mr. —?" Then his habitual good ow why it is—you sing"—Manchester
 Was on Time.
 the day complimented nctually with which agements. "It is a be, "to invite you to er make us wait." young, madam," re- and experience has hing—it is dangerous the precise hour, for e waiting for you will discussing your faults."
 ng Concern.
 sted your money in a any?" airship goes up the
 doesn't?"
 pany will go up."

