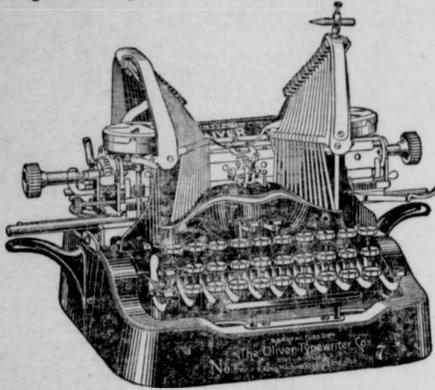


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The OLIVER No. 7—a typewriter of superexcellence, with
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of typewriter progress. A marvel of beauty, speed and easy
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A leap in advance which places the Oliver ten years ahead of its
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that experts are amazed. A model that means to the typist de-
lightful ease of operation.
A model that means a high standard of typewriting, longer
and better service.
The No. 7 is now on exhibit and sale at all Oliver Branches
and Agencies throughout the United States.



The new model has more improve-
ments, refinements and new uses than
we can enumerate here.
The "cushioned keyboard" with "ax-
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With all these masterly mechan-
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Nothing you could wish for has been
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THE NEW METHOD
of Treatment of
DISEASES OF WOMEN
as used by
DR. TOEL
The Chicago Specialist Now in
VALLAS
to introduce
His Electrical Methods.

erations which all electrical can-
cer operations have; that is, that
returns of the cancer which in
knife operations are about 80
per cent. are comparatively rare
after electrical operations, if
performed in time.
Dr. Toel has for 30 years made
a specialty of electrical treat-
ments and operations and, in ad-
dition to his four years' educa-
tion as a physician and surgeon
in European universities, having
studied electrical engineering in
this country, is always supplied
with the latest and best elec-
trical apparatus and instru-
ments, often of his own inven-
tion.
Read the Itemizer of April 9th,
16th and 23rd about electrical
treatment of cancers and tu-
mors, diseases of kidneys, and
bloodless electrical operations
performed by him in Dallas.
Dr. Toel can be found at his
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to 8 p. m., Sunday, 10 to 1 p. m.,
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Specialties:
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No knife and no loss of blood.
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Diseases of Women, Skin and
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tism, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,
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A simple, powerful and inexpensive
machine, which can be operated by one
man and one horse.
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telling how to clear stump land at a
lower cost per acre than has ever been
possible heretofore.
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The Most Discussed
Novel of the Year
The Devil's Garden
By W. B. MAXWELL
The Devil's Garden is, indeed, a
piece of sterling workmanship.
—N. Y. Tribune
At all Bookstores. Price \$1.35 net
THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Publishers

"THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA"

BY HALLIE ERMINE RIVES.
Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XIII. The Hunt.

He awoke to a musical twittering
and chirping, to find the sun pouring
into the dusty room in a very glory.
He rolled from the blanket and stood
upright, filling his lungs with a long
deep breath of satisfaction. He felt
singularly lighthearted and alive.
The bulldog came bounding through
the window, dirty from the weeds,
and flung himself upon his master in
a canine rapture.
"Get out!" quoth the latter, laugh-
ing. "Stop licking my feet! How
the dickens do you suppose I'm to get
into my clothes with your ridiculous
antics going on? Down, I say!"
He began to dress rapidly. "Listen
to those birds, Chum!" he said.
"There's an ornithological political
convention going on in this neighbor-
hood. I know what they're chinning
about—they're so mighty in earnest.
See them spilling in that fountain?
If you had any self respect
you need it! Hark!" He broke off
and listened. "Who's that singing?"
The sound drew near—a lugubrious
chant, with the weirdest minor
reflections, faintly suggestive of the
rag-time ditties of the music-halls,
yet with a plaintive cadence.
A smile of genuine delight crossed
the listener's face. "That would
make the everlasting fortune of a
music hall artist. Valiant muttered,
as, coatless, and with a towel over his
arm, he stepped to the piazza.
"Good morning, Uncle Jefferson."
The singer broke off his refrain,
set down the twig broom that he had
been wielding and came toward him.
"Mawntin, 'sub Mawntin," he said.
"Hopes yo' all sleep good. Ah reckon
dem ar birds woke yo' up; dey's makin'
'em seh or niterin'."

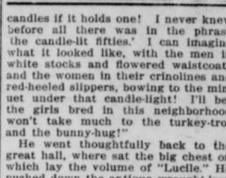
"Thank you. Never slept better
in my life. Am I laboring under a de-
lusion when I imagine I smell coffee?"
Just then there came a voice from
the open door of the kitchen: "Calla
yo' self or man, yo' triflin' reconstruct-
ed nighab! Wen marshall gwinteter
git he brokufus 'wid yo' ramshackin'
erunt 'wid dat dawg all dis Gawd's
blessid mawntin!" Go fetch some Bah-
wood dis minute. Yo' heah?"
A turbaned head poked itself through
the door, with a good-natured leer.
"Good mornin', Uncle Jefferson,"
called the man, who had a face like
one of the old-time minstrel shows.
"I turbaned head poked itself through
the door, with a good-natured leer.
"Good mornin', Uncle Jefferson,"
called the man, who had a face like
one of the old-time minstrel shows.
"I turbaned head poked itself through
the door, with a good-natured leer.
"Good mornin', Uncle Jefferson,"
called the man, who had a face like
one of the old-time minstrel shows.

"All right, Aunt Daphne. I'll be
back directly."
He sped down to the lake to plunge
his head into the cool water and
thereby sharpen the edge of a plume
that needed no honing. From the
little valley through which the stream
meandered, rose a curied mist, frag-
rant now beneath the warming sun.
The tall tangled grass through which
he passed was beset with dew like
diamonds and hung with a thousand
fairly jeweled webs. The wild honey-
suckle was alive with quick whirring
of humming-birds, and he hung his
pocket-mirror from a twig and shaved
with a woody chorus in his ears.
He came up the trail again to find
the reading-stand transferred to the
porch and laid with a white cloth on
which was set a steaming coffee-pot,
with fresh cream, saltless butter and
crisp hot biscuit; and as he sat down,
with a sigh of pure delight, in his
dressing-gown—a Japanese thing
redeemed from womanliness by the
bold green bamboo design—
Uncle Jefferson planted before him a
generous platter of bacon, eggs and
potatoes. These he attacked with a
surprising keenness. As he buttered
the eggs he looked at the clock, and
rolling on his back in morning ecstasy,
with a look of humorous surprise.
"Chum," he said, "what do you think
of that? All my life a single roll and a
cup of coffee have been the most I
could ever negotiate for breakfast.
"Reck' Ah bettah get ter git dat ar
machine thing," said Uncle Jefferson
behind him. "O' 'ooman, heah, she
'low ter fix up de kitchen dis mawntin'
on we begin on de house dis evenin'."
"Heh?" that worthy responded with
fine scorn. "No, seh. Moughty few
in de town 'cep' low-down yaller
new-issue trash det ain't 'wid killin'!
Ah gwintet go fo' dat wagon mahse'
fo' long, hammah on tongs, on git it
fix' up!"
"Splendid! My destiny is in your
hands. You might take the dog with
you, Uncle Jefferson; the run will do
him good."
When the latter had disappeared
and truant sounds from the kitchen
indicated that the era of strenuous
cleaning had begun, he re-entered the
library, changed the water in the wash-
basin and set it on the edge of the
shady front porch, where its flaunting
blossoms made a dash of bright crim-
son against the gray weather-beaten
brick. This done, he opened the one
large room on the ground floor that
he had not visited.
It was double the size of the library,
a parlor hung in striped yellow silk
vaguely and tenderly faded, with a
tall plate mirror set over a marble-
topped console at either side. In one
corner stood a grand piano of Circas-
sian wood with keys of tinted metal-
topped and a slender music-rack
inlaid with morning-glories in the
same material. From the center of
the ceiling, above an oval table, de-
scended a great chandelier hung with
glass prisms. He drew his handker-
chief across the table; beneath the
disfiguring dust it showed a highly
polished surface inlaid with different
colored woods, in intricate, Italian-like
designs. The legs of the console
were bowed, delicately carved, and
gold-leaf. The chairs and sofas were
covered with dusty all-covers of mus-
lin. He lifted one of these. The tar-
nished gold furniture was Louis XV,
the upholstery of yellow brocade with
a pattern of pink roses. Two Japa-
nese Hawthorn cases sat on leather-
stands and a corner held a glass case
containing a collection of small
ivories and falcons.

"Masterly it is!"
The Devil's Garden
By W. B. MAXWELL
The Devil's Garden is worth
while, for fiction is seldom so
well set.
—Chicago Post
At all Bookstores. Price \$1.35 net
THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Publishers

can't see such chandeliers outside of
palaces any more except in the old
French chateaux. It holds a hundred
candles if it holds one! I never knew
before all this was in the phrase
the candlestick office. I can imagine
what it looked like, with the men in
white stocks and flowered waistcoats
and the women in their crinolines and
red-heeled slippers, bowing to the min-
ute under that candle-light! I'll bet
the girls bred in this neighborhood
won't take much to the turkey-trot
and the bunny-hug!"
He went thoughtfully back to the
great hall where sat the big chest on
which lay the volume of "Lucile." He
pushed down the antique wrought-iron
harp and threw up the lid. It was
filled to the brim with the same
portiers of rose-damask, table-covers
of faded soft-toned tapestry, window-
hangings of old green—all with toba-
cco-leaves laid between the folds and
white powder. At the bottom, rolled
in tarry-smelling paper, he found a
half-dozen thin Persian prayer-rugs.
"Pshaw!" he whistled. "I certainly
ought to be grateful to that law firm
that 'invented' the place. Think of
the things lying here all these years!
And that powder everywhere! It's
done the work, too, for there's not a
hair on my head if I'm not careful, I'll
stumble over the family plate—it
seems to be about the only thing want-
ing."
The mantelpiece, beneath the
shrouded elk's head, was of gray mar-
ble in which a crest was deeply carved.
He went close and examined it.
"A sable greyhound, rampant on a
field argent," he said. "That's my own
crest, I suppose." There touched him,
again the same eerie sensation of ac-
quaintance that had possessed him
with his first sight of the house-front.
"Somehow it's familiar," he muttered;
"where have I seen it before?"
He thought a moment, then quick-
ly went into the library and began to
ransack the trunk. At length he found
a small box containing keepakes of
various kinds. He poured the medley
out on the table—an ancient moonstone,
an amethyst-topped pencil that one of
his tutors had given him as a boy, a
silver's claw, a compass and what-not.
Among these things he found a ring
with a crest cut in a cornelian. He
looked at it closely. It was the same
device.
The ring had been his father's.
Just when or how it had come into his
possession he could never remember.
It had lain in a drawer, he thought,
many years that he had almost forgot-
ten its existence. He had never worn
it, but he had taken it out and looked
at the hall-mantel, I believe."
He turned from the carved
words and strayed to the pleasant sun-
ny foliage outside. An arrow whistled
perhaps, yet in the event well just-
ified. Valiant had held that selfsame
slope when the encircling forests had
rung with war-whoop and blast of
torment-fire. They had held on through
Revolution and Civil War. Good and
bad, adding and subtracting, every gen-
eration had cleaved stubbornly to its
acres. I cling. His father had clung
through absence that seemed to have
been almost eternal, and now he, Valiant,
was come to make good the boast.
His gaze wandered. The tall of his
eye caught through the window a
sight of something dashing and vivid,
that grazed the corner of a far-off field
and then it was apt to taste like chips
and whistlons. And now look at this
plate! The dog ceased winnowing
his ear with a hind foot and looked
back at his master with much of the
same expression. Clearly his own
needs had not been forgotten.
"Reck' Ah bettah get ter git dat ar
machine thing," said Uncle Jefferson
behind him. "O' 'ooman, heah, she
'low ter fix up de kitchen dis mawntin'
on we begin on de house dis evenin'."
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stands and a corner held a glass case
containing a collection of small
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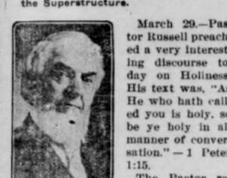
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GOD'S STANDARD IS PERFECTION

Christian Must Develop Char-
acter-Likeness to Christ.



The Desire For Harmony With God a Part of Man's Original Perfection. Some Naturally Drawn to God—Faith the First Step—Conservation the Second Step—Then Growth in Grace and Knowledge—Lessons in the School of Christ—Justice the Foundation of Character—Love Must Be the Superstructure.

March 29—Pastor Russell preached a very interesting discourse to-day on Holiness. His text was, "As he who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation."—1 Peter 1:15.

The Pastor reminded his audience that the Scriptures explicitly declare that our Creator made man in His own image and pronounced him very good. A part of our first parents' perfection was their desire for harmony with God; but after Adam's disobedience they were cut off from Divine fellowship—as a part of the penalty of sin. This alienation from their Creator was the stupor of ignorance of the world, the flesh and the Devil. This class are drawn by the natural inclination of their minds toward God, and are in a favorable condition to hear God's voice speaking peace to them and pointing them to Jesus Christ as the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The Call of the Gospel Age. Next the Pastor pointed out from Scripture the first two steps to be taken by those who desire to come back into harmony with God. The first step is that of faith in Jesus as the Redeemer. Those who desire to take it had best understand that they are sinners, that peace with God is not to be gained by their own merit, but that its grand outcome will be the establishment of the Messianic Kingdom and uplifting mankind out of sin and death conditions.

Those who have sufficient faith to take the first step may then take the second—conservation. After they have presented their all in sacrifice—time, talent, wealth, etc.—then our Lord Jesus, who died for our sins, will receive them into His kingdom, thus making them holy and acceptable to God, who immediately bestows them of His Holy Spirit to a new nature. Therefore they are New Creatures, in whom "all things have passed away and all things become new." But there are imperfections of the flesh, which may occasionally crop out. These the New Creature must promptly notice, and the New Creature must promptly notice, and the New Creature must promptly notice.

Then the Pastor showed that those whom God has begotten of His Holy Spirit as New Creatures enter the School of Christ for character-development. There they must grow in grace, knowledge and love. As St. Paul explains, they must be mentally transformed, made ready for the Kingdom of God. Therefore their minds are to be directed, not according to their own preferences, but according to the principles of justice and love—by rules altogether different from those that former natures repudiated them.

Everything done by those in the School of Christ must be squared by the Rule of Justice, the speaker continued. Many of the Lord's people evidently have not fully realized that they must practice the Golden Rule to the full extent of their ability. Failure on the part of some to recognize this principle, he declared, has caused the

Maybe You Were One of Them

Were You Cheated
into believing that because a baking powder foamed up over the top of a glass when water was added, that it was a good, pure and strong baking powder?

It foams because it contains ALBUMEN (sometimes called the white of egg.)
ALBUMEN in baking powder is no help in the baking.
It does not make a stronger or better baking powder.
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State after state has ruled that baking powder mixed with ALBUMEN is illegal and has stopped the sale of the stuff.
United States Government authorities have declared that the water glass test is a fraud, and that albumen does not help the baking.
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of the Lord to be spoken evil of sometimes. If a Christian fails to pay his debts or is careless as to how he involves himself, it is because this principle of justice does not stand out prominently enough before his mind. If as an old creature he has habitually ignored the lines of justice and shirked his responsibilities, this will not do for him as a New Creature.

The cultivation of the principles of justice in act, word and thought must be the Christian's daily concern. Who ever thinks unjustly will act unjustly, in spite of himself. The New Creature must always think of others calmly, without prejudice, giving them the benefit of every doubt.

Bullets That Come Back. Speaking about a purchase of a large quantity of steel instead of sheet lead for the manufacture of coffins, two men interested in metals joined in the following discussion:
"That is a final consumption," said one. "That metal never comes back into the market." "There are other things," replied his friend, "shot and bullets, for example." "You are only partially correct," replied the first. "Some of the bullets come back. They are so economical and so well organized in Germany that after military target practice the soldiers have to pick up and account for all the lead they have fired. They are no theorists about conservation over there. They are practical theorists."—Engineering and Mining Journal.

To Bid With Drum and Shot. From the following story it would seem that the cadets at West Point are not the only persons who sometimes find tape and the sunrise gun annoying. The wife of one of the officers there had a colored maid who was giving satisfaction and was apparently well pleased with her position. Mrs. Brown was therefore amazed when Solie came to her and told her she could not work there any longer.
"Will you tell me why you are leaving, Solie?" her mistress asked.
"Yes, ma'am," she answered. "Ah likes you an' Ah likes de kumand an' Ah likes de drum, but Ah can't stay nohow whar Ah has to be drummed to bed at night and shot out of bed in de mawntin!"—New York Post.

Gaucha and Gringo. The gaucha (now nearly extinct) was the cowboy of the Argentine pampas, a half wild fellow who, dressed in his "poncho," spent his entire time looking after the great droves of cattle that roamed over the South American plains. "Gringo" is a term applied by the South Americans to a North American or Englishman and sometimes by the people of Mexico to an American.

In the Book Department. "You advertise satisfaction or money refunded."
"Yes, madam."
"Well, I'm not satisfied with the way this novel turns out. The heroine married the wrong man, so I'd like my money back please."—Pittsburgh Post.



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