



Good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of GENUINE BULL DURHAM TOBACCO

MONSTER OF CRUELTY... Wife of French King... of Amazing Beauty and seemingly Without Heart.

of the most bloodthirsty queens... of his heart, but about whom... has been related in ordinary... was Fredegonde, a woman... was Fredegonde, a woman... was Fredegonde, a woman...

THE GUILTY OF SOMETHING... That it Didn't Happen to Be... Didn't Make Much Dif-... ference to Hank.

There is an old New England... knowledge of the statute law is... but who has decided views as... common justice. Not long ago a... Hank Miller was brought be-... him, charged with larceny. It... from the evidence that Hank... a horse from a farmer to... some hauling and that, during... the animal had remained in his... pen, he had fed it from the own-... stock of grain, although the agree-... was that Hank himself should... the feed. He was charged by... farmer, therefore, with the theft... of a bushel of oats and corn.

Change-Ringers... English bells are rung by a man to... the bell swinging on a heavy... starting at an inverted po-... when it is at rest. The bell is... to a wheel over which a rope... strong pulley-wise, each ringer hav-... the two ends in his hands. The... they call themselves "change-... stand in a circle, with a con-... in the center. It takes a year... training, one night a week, to make... change-ringer. It requires a strong... to stand the strain of the swing-... to give a more beautiful tone than... of a fixed bell.

Change-ringers usually are trained... folk. The Ancient Society of... Youth, founded in 1837, is... London organization. There are... than a thousand members who... monthly and ring special peals... days. On the king's birthday, cor-... day, peace day and others, there... such a demand for change-... that the bell foundries are... upon for their professional band... some of the other change-ringers... paid.—London Mail.

Construction projects in and around... total \$1,000,000. ... county taxes are \$1,188,507.83. ... 1921, \$419,257.23 greater than... of last year. The 1920 tax... was \$769,250.60.

HISTORIC HOUSE IN MARKET

Shakespeare Hotel at Stratford-on-Avon Recently Put Up at Auction in London.

On Thanksgiving day there was offered at auction in London the Shakespeare hotel at Stratford-on-Avon, a beautiful specimen of fourteenth century architecture, which for years has been the main resort of Americans and other tourists to Stratford-on-Avon. The history of Stratford-on-Avon may be traced back for a period of 1,000 years, and as the birthplace of the great poet it has become a classic center visited annually by some 50,000 people. The Guard house, where Shakespeare was born; Shottery, where he courted Anne Hathaway; Charlotte Park, once the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy, whose displeasure Shakespeare incurred by stealing his deer; the Shakespeare Memorial theater, on the banks of the Avon, and Shakespeare's monument, are all places worthy of visiting in the old market town of Stratford-on-Avon.

The Shakespeare hotel, situated in the center of the town and close to the Shakespeare Memorial Theater, was erected in the fourteenth century, and has been in the hands of the late Mr. Justin's family since 1870. A few doors from the Shakespeare hotel is the Harvard house, which was the early home of the Harvard family, founders of Harvard university.

MUST PAY TRIBUTE TO ART

Not in Admiration, But in Current Coin, is the Edict of the French Authorities.

After all these years of luxurious idleness the Venus de Milo must become a wage-earner. The authorities of France have so decreed. And not only Venus, but Mona Lisa and all the other celebrities gathered in the Louvre, and in the Luxembourg and other galleries as well. For the fiat has gone forth recently that hereafter those who have been accustomed to visit the museums of Paris day after day, finding their treasures free as air, must pay an admission fee. If you want to go to admire Venus in her crimson velvet seclusion you must pay for the privilege. To be sure, she is worth any price, you must admit. And when you go into the Salon Carre of the Louvre and stop to meditate about what the enigmatical Mona Lisa is meditating, you must pay for that, too. Not a separate admission for each department. No, they are all banded together in one big unlog, as it were, all those priceless treasures of each museum, and hereafter they will earn their keep.

Rafts May Cross Pacific.

Swedish lumbermen are on this coast investigating the possibility of rafting lumber from British Columbia to Europe. Lumber rafts of large size, called rafauntes, have been successfully towed from Sweden to Great Britain, says the Scientific American. The Ocean Rafting Syndicate of London, England, has sent William Olsson of Stockholm, an experienced rafaunte builder, here to investigate the possibility of adapting that method to British Columbia timber exports. The rafauntes are made of square timbers. Mr. Olsson, though expressing nothing definite, believes that the tremendous timbers of the British Columbia forests will make possible the construction and successful operation of rafauntes far larger than the rafts now shipped out of the Baltic. Swedish structures carry 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 feet each. It is proposed that the British Columbia rafts will contain 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 feet.

Rothschild's Best Tip.

In 1871 a friend approached Baron Rothschild, the great financier, who was a firm believer in the maxim "Buy when everybody else is selling and sell when others are buying," and asked what the banker considered a first-class investment. "Buy French rentes," said Rothschild; "you can get them cheaply now." French bonds were then selling at 63.

Filer's Good Work.

For revealing details hidden from horizontal observation, the value of the "bird's-eye" view was demonstrated anew in Iowa not long ago. The attention of a flier, circling about near Des Moines, was caught by various ribbons of smoke arising from apparently deserted regions, and closer inspection revealed a number of autos hidden in the brush, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. When the aviator returned with a companion and made a landing, a large copper still was discovered, attended by four men and fed with corn from a wagon.

The Matrimonial Kind.

"The men's wear department is two aisles to the left, sir," said the officious floorwalker. "We are having a special sale of collars today." "I don't want any collars," said the meek-looking man who was waiting for his wife. "I've been wearing a pretty stiff one for twenty years." "The same collar, sir?" "The same. A preacher put it on me."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Greater Love

By BEN R. THORNBURY

(Continued.)

The gamut frame building that had served as division headquarters at Centerpoint for the past quarter of a century, trembled and creaked in the grasp of the blizzard. Everybody down in the yard, who could leave his work, had been driven to the shelter of roundhouse and train-shed by the fury of its blinding gusts.

"It never snows, but there's a blizzard out here," grumbled the night dispatcher, bending over the train-sheet at the long instrument table in the center of the room, "and that applies to something more than the weather chart, too. Just let us get a heavy run of stock, and the Old Man's sure to find some reason for running that vanished wagon of his out on the line to play shuttle-cock with the schedule. It's a bad night to keep things moving."

He was addressing no one in particular, but the superintendent wheeled around from his desk in the corner and faced him.

"Speaking of the Old Man," he said, "did you notice that drunken bum that just went out?"

"No," he snapped, "I've been too busy keeping half a dozen hog-trains from running over the Old Man's special to notice anything. What's he got to do with the Old Man?"

"Nothing, now, but there was a time about ten years ago, when the Old Man was a strong factor in his life." The superintendent hitched his chair over to the table and cocked up his heels.

"It isn't a long story," began the superintendent as he lighted a cigar and carefully studied the burning end. "That drunken bum is Sam Selkirk, at one time the smoothest operator on the M. I. and N."

"Well, Sam blowed into the general offices one day—they were located at Kensington then—and hit the Old Man for a job."

"Beyond the fact that he could pound brass, the Old Man never asked any questions. I was a clerk in the office at the time, and I remember the expression on the Old Man's face when Sam sat down to that key. He did love a competent man, no matter what branch of the service he happened to be in."

"You can bet there wasn't any buffed messages in that office after that, and things went on as smooth as the road-bed for about six months, until one day Joe Kelseo came in on No. 2 and announced that he needed a dispatcher, and needed him bad."

"You never knew Joe, did you? He went down East when the road was gobbled up, but he was train-master here in Centerpoint at that time."

"The Old Man knew, by the way, Joe cut his eyes around at Selkirk when he made the announcement, that he might as well look out for a new operator, for what Joe went after he usually got, and so the next day Sam was ordered to report here for second-trick work. That was the beginning of Sam's troubles."

"Of course there was a girl in the case," continued his chief, "and the girl in Sam's case was Jim O'Keefe's daughter. Jim was road-master; the Old Man having brought him and the chief dispatcher down with him from the Soo."

"The chief was a good man, all right, or the Old Man wouldn't have had him, and we all thought he was straight as a die, but a lot of straight trees have crooked roots you know, and they never showed in his make-up until Sam raked off some of the dirt by taking up with Fanny O'Keefe."

"Somehow, Fanny never told Sam that she and the chief had been thick up north. From that moment, the chief began throwing it into Sam and never let up until he finally got his scalp."

"Things went on that way until Sam and Fanny concluded to tie up."

"About that time the Transcontinental bought up the line and there was a general shake-up all around. Sam was fired for cause. Of course it was plain to everybody that the cause was under the new superintendent."

"He came down in a day or two to get his time, and I never saw such a change in a fellow."

"That was the last I saw of him until he drifted in here tonight on this blizzard, and I never learned the whole story until the chief was raised from superintendent to general manager of Western lines and I came up here to take his place."

"Our general manager?" exploded the night dispatcher.

"Our general manager," pursued the superintendent. "It seems that whatever the charge was, he queered Sam with the girl as well as the company, and in six months married her himself; and I guess it was that, more than the loss of his job, that put Sam all to the bad, and he must have gone to the bottom, for I didn't know him tonight until he told me who he was."

"He wanted me to place him, but I couldn't do anything for him. I told him then that the Old Man was coming through tonight and that if he hung around tonight and that if he would wait, I would see if something could be done in the matter. He couldn't be done in the matter. He turned on his heel and went out. I never saw murder in a man's eye, but—"

"DS, DS, DS—RR." The night dispatcher opened the

key to answer the call, and the superintendent went quickly back to his desk in the corner. He was about to ask how the special was coming on, when he heard a sharp exclamation behind him and turned to see the night dispatcher standing rigid in front of his key; his face was as white as chalk.

"Great Scott, man! I've put second 97 head-on into that special!" "What do you mean?" gasped the superintendent, springing to his side, "Speak, man! For heaven's sake say something!"

The night dispatcher had fallen limp in his chair, and the haggard face he raised to his chief was like death. He pointed silently to the open order-book.

"I got that train of empties over to the junction for them and then gave them that meeting-point with second 97. They left there ten minutes ago and Bradford just said 97 had run his signal board and had gone over the hill. His light was out."

He was speaking calmly now, but his slow, deliberate sentence came with a metallic ring.

"That means," he continued, "that in about twenty minutes from now that train load of hogs will be going down Deaneley hill at a forty-mile clip, and about five minutes later she will land on that special, and—"

"And no night man at Deaneley!" The superintendent groaned.

"What's that?" he leaned toward the sounder, which was clicking rapidly.

"What is it?" asked the superintendent.

"Wait!" The word cracked like a pistol-shot, then he began translating slowly: "Don't worry up there DS, I'm not the operator here, but I got that report BR just sent and have put a glim on the bulls-eye; it'll stop the one that gets here first and—"

The circuit went wide open and did not close again, leaving the two staring at each other in helpless amazement.

"Sounds like a message from heaven," said the night dispatcher in a whisper.

Extra extra pulled up at Deaneley tank and the fireman crawled over the ice-covered tender to let down the spout. A brakeman jumped down from the caboose steps, pulled his cap over his ears and started toward the engine.

"Tell Dave to get a move on there, we don't want to lay out that special," called the conductor from the cupola.

"Here. This ain't no Pullman Limited. Clear out o' here!" he called roughly, and giving the foot a jerk, the form of a man struck the frozen ground and lay in a heap.

The man rose to his feet and steadied himself with an effort, then staggered across the snow-covered platform to the door of the station. It swung open against his weight and he fell prone across the floor of the little waiting-room.

For half an hour he lay thus, when an instrument began pounding rapidly. He was listening intently. "At last," he sobbed. "At last! Hang him! Hang him! And he'll die like the dog that he is! If she was only there too—she—she! Oh, my Fanny!"

Like a madman he flung himself against the frail door and burst into the office.

Insensible to the pain, he grasped a blazing coal and held it to the wick. He replaced the globe with shaking hands and darted outside to the platform, where he hooked the lantern to the signal-board. Stumbling, he groped his way back to the office and sank into the chair at the instrument-table.

Outside, above the howl of the increasing storm, a locomotive uttered a single shriek, which was echoed by another far up the track, and a moment later the two panting engines came to a shuddering stop with their frosty noses almost touching. A glimmer of ruby light fell softly upon them from the swinging lantern.

Inside, they found the corpse of a man, his stark fingers clutching the key of a telegraph instrument.

TAKE FISH WHILE STUPEFIED

Natives of the Fiji Islands Have Most Peculiar Method of Snaring the Finny Tribe.

An extraordinary means of catching fish is practiced by natives of the Fiji Islands. The bait is "toova," a native vine or creeper. Having pounded lengths of vine into pulp, the fishermen paddle out over coral reefs. In about 12 to 15 feet of water they dive and fasten bundles of "toova" around rocks and crevices where fish are known to be.

In a few minutes all fish within a radius of six to eight feet turn over on their backs and float up to the surface. They are scooped up into the boats, and soon their tails begin to wiggle. If thrown back into the water the fish return to normal condition.

The poisoning of water in this country is not uncommon. The weed buckeye, when trampled and bruised, will contaminate a whole pond and stupefy the fish. Cattle are sometimes mortally poisoned by drinking nearby water into which they have trampled the roots of water hemlock.

Alive Though Dead. A returned soldier, living in England, who recently applied for his pension was informed that he had been posted as dead. When he persisted in his claim the war office retorted by giving the number of his grave and its location. The serious part of the situation is that being dead from the military point of view he is not entitled to his pension.

Delectable Siberian Dish.

The Siberians make much of their "cold table"—raw fish, caviar, sniads, and that delicious crab whose meat gives no nightmare, indigestion or headache.

Their best dish is chicken, prepared in a most unusual way. Butter is laid thickly on a bone; layers of light and dark meat are wrapped around it; then the whole is rolled in egg and crumbs and baked. It makes a small "ham" of chicken and is very tender. One must be careful in cutting into it lest the hot butter spurt out beyond the plate.

The Russian is a heavy meat eater, due largely to the fact that there is an abundance of game, pheasants being cheaper than chickens, and in some places venison is cheaper than steak. In the palmy days the Siberian table must have groaned.—Cody Marsh in the National Geographic Magazine.

Individuality.

Individuals are just as distinct and different each from the other as one kind of matter differs from another. They have different uses and different applications.

To attempt to drive a nail with a sponge would be just as fruitless, if not as destructive, as to try to wash a window with a hammer.

To try to make a boy who loves mechanics and wants to study machinery into a professor of Greek is to misapply his talents and diminish his efficiency.

Don't plan too much for your children.

Let them have a little of their own way in following their inclinations as to what they shall be and do.

Remember that you cannot get out of a boy or a man what God Almighty did not put into him.—F. A. Walker in Chicago Daily News.

Oldest Living Artist.

Abington, Mass., claims the oldest living artist in New England. She is Mrs. Mary Delliish Porter, who is now 92 years old. While holding a position high in standing among painters, the woman, peculiarly, did not take up painting until she was more than 50 years old.

At that time, happening to be in Maine on a visit, she became acquainted with a woman who gave lessons. She at once took up the art and immediately made great progress. In fact, in a comparatively short time she was giving lessons herself. In her home there are numerous excellent pictures, and during the last five years she has painted five pictures, considered a good number under the existing conditions which include shortage of materials.

Mrs. Porter was born in Cornwallis, N. S., coming to Abington at the age of 28 years. She is the mother of six children, and at present lives with her son, Lysander, and two grandchildren.—Boston Post.

Briefly, Find Your Niche.

When you can't do what you want to do, do the next best thing. It may be the failure is for your good. Sometimes we let our enthusiasm run off with our judgment. We would do many things that are not for the best. So a kind Providence heads the thing off. Marshall Field could not succeed as a clerk in a little down-East store, but he could build up one of the biggest commercial enterprises in the world in Chicago. Green, the historian, could not do any work for months before he died, but he could dictate the best history of the English people ever written. Francis Parkman could not see to make watches, but he could become America's historian. Haydn was not a great success as a barber but he could write "The Creation" and win world fame.—Grit.

Papal Poison Antidote

The horn of an Indian rhinoceros, presented to Pope Gregory XIV in 1590 to protect him against poisoning by its putative medicinal properties, has been donated to the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The horn, given to the pope by the prior and brothers of the monastery of St. Mary of Guadalupe in Spain, was credited with sweating in the presence of poison, by the way of warning, and if powdered and taken internally, with acting as an antidote. The tip is missing. It was cut off in 1591 and administered to the pope in his last illness.

Pecks of Diamonds.

During the year 1919 South Africa exported 1,124 pounds of diamonds. This quantity represented just about 125 carats.

This vast quantity of precious stones reduced to terms of bushels would equal a trifle less than four, or what would be two ordinary grain bags full of them. Naturally the stones included a great number of very large ones as well as many medium-sized and small ones.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Shaft for Hero Dead.

An obelisk of granite seventy feet high is to be erected in Denmark as a memorial to the many thousands of American and allied soldiers of Danish descent who died in the World war. It has been estimated that about 30,000 men of Danish blood fought in the American armies in France and that about 20,000 Danes fought in the Canadian, Australian, British and French armies.

Grants Pass—Sucker creek mining district showing great activity and expected to return more than usual rich harvest.

The Dalles — \$11,000 lot purchased for construction of \$125,000 city auditorium.

Advertisement for Modern Crankcase Cleaning Service. Features text: 'Why automobile manufacturers say "clean your crankcase regularly!"' and 'Engine operation causes steady accumulation of road dust, carbon, fine metal particles, and other impurities in your crankcase oil. This contaminated oil circulates through your engine, impairs its performance and ultimately leads to rapid depreciation and repairs.' Includes an image of a car and the logo for 'MODERN CRANKCASE CLEANING SERVICE' with 'CALIF. FLUSHING OIL AND ZEROLENE'.