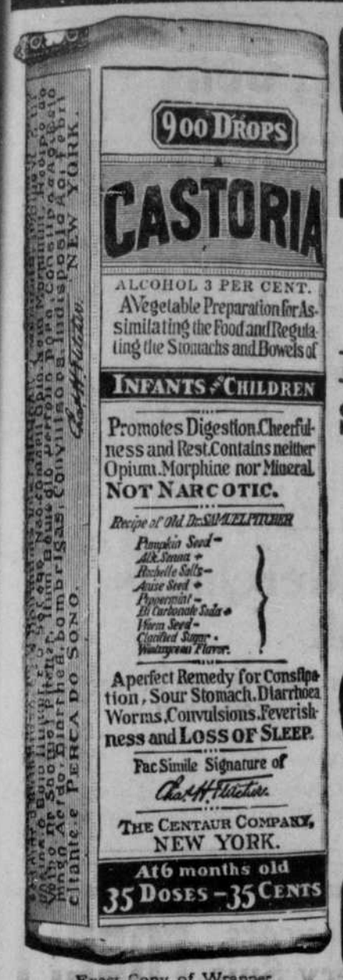

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Boys and Girls Club Work

Eight Studies in Education Through Club Activities.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Extension Division of the University of Arkansas, in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture, will offer this year, through this paper, a free correspondence course in "Boys' and Girls' Club Work," consisting of eight lessons or articles.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB WORK

No. 7. Summer Care of Swine.

By H. K. Sanders, Specialist for Pig Club Work.

All swine, including brood sows and boars, should live out of doors in the fresh air during the summer months, and whenever possible they should be turned into a new lot, which will be most apt to be free from contamination or disease, and thus the hogs will escape intestinal parasites and other ailments. Swine will do at least 15 per cent better on pasture than they will if fed in closed pens. Exercise makes a strong pig, the lack of it a weak pig. With succulent pasture feed and a reasonable amount of grain and plenty of exercise a pig will develop strong bone, muscle, vigorous digestive tract and a good constitution. However contrary to common practice, it has been demonstrated that pasture alone will not give the best results; pigs must have some grain. The mature pig can hardly subsist on grass and pasture alone, but good pastures of alfalfa, clover or r• will more than sustain life.

The following information taken from Henry's Feeds and Feedings will be interesting to those growing swine on pasture and feeding grain. Prof. Henry found that a pig weighing 100 pounds consumed eight-tenths of a pound of grain and one and six-tenths pounds of skim milk per day, and made a gain of one and six-tenths, and that 25 per cent of the feed given a pig weighing 100 pounds was used for maintenance, while the other 75 per cent went to produce daily gain. With the 200-pound hog 36 per cent of the feed went for actual maintenance and 64 per cent of the feed went to produce daily gain. Do not forget that it is unprofitable to keep the pig in the pig pen and feed it corn and slops alone, because the farmer can actually buy bacon from the grocer man cheaper than it can be produced under such conditions. Do not depend upon pasture and pasture alone; pasture and a reasonable amount of grain will produce best.

Good shade should be provided, and running water supplied. Well water is preferable, but if the supply comes from a spring or a brook the farmer should be sure that it is safeguarded from contamination. The greater part of the weight of a hog is water, consequently it is very important to see that he is supplied with plenty of pure, fresh water during the summer months.

Provide artificial wallows, made of cement, that will hold five or six inches of water. They are much better than wallow holes, will not spread disease, afford much comfort, and are a paying proposition where many pigs are kept.

Every hog raiser should practice keeping his pens, yards and houses clean at all times. Lice breed in dusty places, and at least twice a year there should be a general cleaning of the feeding places and of the buildings, lots and pens used for housing hogs. All manure, filth and dirt should be scraped up and put on the farm, where it belongs. Then air-slacked lime should be scattered freely in all of these places, especially in the buildings where the hogs make their beds and at their feeding places. This acts as a disinfectant. Hogs are unclean and filthy only when they are compelled to be so. They are driven to it by force of circumstances over which they have no control, and when lice get on them, all they can do is to scratch and be annoyed. This makes it impossible for the hog to thrive well. How can lice be prevented? The easiest way is to provide an oiler. To do this, drive a stake into the ground near the feeding place, wrap a gunny sack around it, tie it tightly, so that the sack cannot come off, and saturate with crude oil and keep it saturated; the hog will do the rest. Some people use coal oil mixed with grease, but if you want to laugh at and enjoy appreciative hogs, provide a self-oiler for them. But do not neglect the simple devices if you can not provide an automatic oiler.

See that plenty of salt, charcoal, wood ashes, lime, etc., are kept before the hogs at all times. Hogs crave salt; charcoal acts as a regulator, and wood ashes and lime build bone.

Plan to have plenty of summer legumes with which to fatten your hogs on this fall. One acre of Soy beans should graze ten pigs weighing 45 pounds each for 40 or 45 days, when fed one big ear of corn each a day, and at the end of the 40 days the pigs will weigh about 125 pounds. An acre of peanuts yielding 40 bushels will produce 400 pounds of pork, though it is better to feed an ear or two of corn per hog per day, as peanuts alone make soft, flabby pork. One acre of good cowpeas in corn will carry three pigs weighing 50 pounds until they weigh about 225 pounds, making a total gain of about 400 or 500 pounds of pork.

CRYING FOR HELP.

Lots of It in Mena, But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help.

Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed;

Not one more important to health.

The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poison blood.

Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble.

It is often the kidney's cry for help. Heed it.

Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Read what Doan's have done for Mena people.

Mrs. J. E. Joplin, 710 Eleventh St., Mena, says: "My back pained me a great deal and I was often restless at night. I had dizzy spells and headaches and my sight blurred. I used about two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Gunnell's Drug Store, and they relieved me. I feel so much better now that I am justified in giving Doan's Kidney Pills my endorsement."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Joplin had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Sure Road to Prosperity.

The farmer who has several good cows and calves in his pasture and a few fat steers ready for the market is all right. His steers will bring him a nice bunch of money; and if he also has enough hogs for his meat and some to sell he is on the sure road to prosperity. Every farmer can have these things. If he does not have them now, he can have them in a few years by proper management.—Heavener Dispatch.

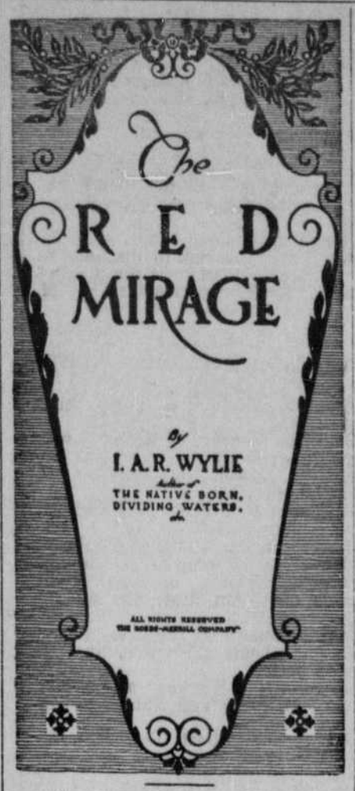
MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY for STOMACH trouble

ONE DOSE WILL CONVINCE

Gall Stones, Cancer and Ulcers of the stomach and intestines, auto-intoxication, Yellow Jaundice, Appendicitis and other fatal ailments result from Stomach Trouble. Thousands of Stomach Sufferers owe their complete recovery to Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Unlike any other for Stomach Ailments. For sale by Jackson Drug Co., and druggists everywhere.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.



(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER XIV.

The End of Ramazan.

On the outskirts of Sidi-bel-Abbes half a dozen Arabs stood and waited patiently. They had stood on the same spot since the hour of sunset, watching the pale emerald change to deepest sapphire, and had neither moved nor spoken to one another. In their spotless burnooses they had looked like statues placed there as sentinels over the gayly lighted, bustling town behind them. Now, as slowly, gracefully, the thin circle of the new moon rose above the distant line of palms, the foremost Arab bowed himself to the ground.

"The fast is over. Praise be to Allah, the all-merciful."

From the distance came the dull regular thud of horse's hoofs. A moment later a spahi, mounted on a foam-flecked, blood-stained horse, which reeled in its gallop, burst through their midst and swept on toward the gates of the fortifications. As he passed he dragged himself up in his saddle and whirled his flint-lock in a semicircle about his head.

"Ramazan is over!" he gasped. "Ouled Nail has risen—"

The last words were lost in the swirl of wind which clung to his

"We Must Go on at Whatever Cost—We Must Go on."

horse's heels. The half a dozen Arabs turned their glance for a last time to the sky. Behind the brooding, impenetrable gravity there burned up a controlled half-smiling exultation. Then, still silent, they dispersed swiftly in the direction of the town.

Once past the sentries, the spahi turned into one of the quieter avenues leading to the barracks. He had not decreased his speed, and his horse's hoofs struck a metallic, ominous music out of the cobbled roadway. Colonel Destinn heard it and it seemed that another sound had caught his attention, for he went to the window and stood with his hand on the clasp, his head bent. Something rustled—something white flashed out from between the trees and came gliding hurriedly toward him.

"Sylvia!" he muttered.

She almost flung herself into his arms, clinging to him with a child's panic, and for the moment that he held her their shadows were sharp cut against the light. Then he half dragged, half carried her into the room and closed the windows. There were heavy curtains on either side, and he dragged them across. Save for the soft jingle of his spurs and her own quick breathing there was no sound. He came back to her and drew her veil from her white face.

"Where have you come from?"

"From the Cercle. Desire left me. I don't know where he went to—but I ran here."

"I have watched five nights for you."

"I knew. It has been awful—the temptation, the fear, the uncertainty. Every night I tried to make up my mind one way or another, but I couldn't. I seemed to have lost hold. Oh"—her white baby hands clutched at his dolman in helpless despair—"oh, what have you done—what have you done?"

"I was very brutal." He led her gently to an armchair far from the window and stood quietly beside her, his hand still holding hers, his eyes turned from the bowed head to the disordered table, as though seeking a memory. "Some men are born brutal—some become brutal through habit, Sylvia. I have seen life too long from my deliberately chosen standpoint to change. And then I meant there should be no illusions—either for you or me."

"I have none," she broke out bitterly; "they are all gone. I would not have come to you tonight if you had not made me see my own worthlessness."

"I knew that. You would have played on the safe side of the game and called it virtue."

"Paul, how cruel you are!"

"Yet—you love me, don't you?"

She looked up at him with veiled wistful eyes.

"Yes—I believe I do. You are the one real thing left me—the one real thing of my whole life. I have been fed on illusions, my own and other people's. They thought because I was beautiful—more beautiful than most women—that I was also better, different. And I believed so, too. From our second meeting I knew that you had seen me—the real me—the foolish, selfish, vain, shallow child. And at first I was frightened, angry, fascinated against my will, and then—intensely, unutterably grateful."

He bent over her and lifted her to her feet.

"You have been honest," he said, in a changed tone. "That is all I wanted. We wear masks—every one of us—and I mine. I am not absolutely a devil. It's hard to believe, I suppose, but there was a time when I was fond of—all sorts of unlikely things—flowers and music, and men and women—and children." His hands released hers, and he walked restlessly to the table, where he stood a moment in silence, his back toward her, his head bowed. "This is a miniature of my son," he said abruptly. She came softly across the room and took it from him. There was a moment in which they seemed to pass out of each other's consciousness. Then she looked up timidly. His head was still bowed, and the sharp-cut indomitable profile gave her no clue, no indication.

"He died?" she said almost in a whisper.

"No, it was I who died." He straightened up like a man shaking off a dream. "I am getting sentimental, Sylvia. You are young and very beautiful—and I am an old man who has murdered the best in him—"

"I never think of you as old," she interrupted thoughtfully. "There is something about you—"

"What was that?"

She had broken off abruptly, her features white with panic. He lifted his head, but did not look at her.

"Did you hear anything?"

"Someone rode up—I heard the

"I Knew That You Were a Traitor, Richard," She Said, "but I Thought You Were Still a Gentleman."

horse's hoofs—there is someone coming—now—"

Her voice was dry. Terror had stamped out all trace of beauty from her face. Destinn crossed the room and held open a side door.

"Go in there!" he commanded quietly. "It is probably a message. In five minutes the man will have gone. Don't come in till I call you."

She obeyed unresistingly, and with one haunted glance over her shoulder, crept past him into the unlighted room. He closed the door and went back to his table. He was now perfectly calm. Someone knocked imperatively, and he answered the summons with tranquil indifference. As the door opened he glanced up, and the eyes of the two men met fixedly over the wavering candle-flame. It seemed to blot out everything but their faces.

Richard Farquhar saluted.

"I have come with a message from General Meunier."

"The message is urgent, then?"

"Yes. A spahi arrived this evening with news that the tribes are rising. The outposts have been cut up. There is no communication between here and—"

"Give me the letter!"

With rapid, steady fingers Colonel Destinn broke the seals and hurried over the half a dozen lines of precise writing. When he had finished the whole man had changed. The mask was in its place, so absolute in its disguise of energy and steeled purpose that what had been before now seemed a grotesque incredible comedy.

"The First marches at midnight," he said, half to himself. "The orders were already given when you left?"

"Yes. Corporal Goetz's men were in campaign but five minutes after the signal."

"You were badly wounded. What are you doing in this business? You aren't fit to carry a rifle."

He saw the tightening of the dogged jaws, and for a moment there flashed between them a strange sympathy—the sympathy of fighters to whom fighting is the great essence of life. It passed like a streak of light in the darkness. Colonel Destinn turned away.

"Give my compliments to General Meunier. I shall be with the regiment in ten minutes."

This time there was no answer. The silence seemed to impress itself slowly on Colonel Destinn's consciousness. He looked up over the top of the letter which he still held to the light and his gaze rested for a second on the little ivory fan and the white gloves—then passed upward, as though drawn by an irresistible fascination, to the face of the man opposite. He, too, had seen. A minute later their eyes met. In the distance a bugle chanted the Legion's war signal, "Aux armes! Aux armes!"

Richard Farquhar swung round and closed the door behind him. Instinctively Colonel Destinn had placed himself between Farquhar and the door leading to the inner room. It was typical of him that he did not threaten or attempt to deny the vital facts of the situation. In an hour this man might be arrested and shot down—but not now. Richard Farquhar picked up the fan and opened it.

"Colonel Destinn, a man I knew gave this to the woman he was to have married. How did it come here?"

Colonel Destinn looked into the blazing eyes of his opponent and frowned. It was the first sign of yielding self-possession.

"You are brave. Courage is the one thing I can respect. You are free to go, Englishman."

"Not till you have answered."

"I shall then have double cause to order out a shooting party on your behalf."

"What you insinuate is a damnable lie—"

Destinn laughed.

"At least you have the courage of your convictions," he said, almost with regret.

The legionary made no answer. He had thrust aside the intervening table, and the next instant both men were locked together in a merciless embrace. There was no sound—scarcely a movement. The first fury of Farquhar's onslaught balanced his fever-weakened condition and leveled their respective strength to practical equality. Then the steeled muscles of the elder man asserted themselves, and slowly, imperceptibly, he retreated from the door, seeming to yield, never for an instant relaxing his tenacious hold upon the other's arms. Suddenly he wrenched himself free and sprang back to his writing table.

"If you touch that door I shall shoot you down—now," he said quietly.

Farquhar turned, conscious that his own rage had suddenly burned out. He saw that the door which Destinn had protected had opened, and that Sylvia Arnaud, white and large-eyed with terror, stood trembling on the threshold. Farquhar recoiled a step. Colonel Destinn had replaced his revolver on the table. There was something akin to pity written on his hard face. Sylvia glanced at him and then at Farquhar. Behind her fear there had already begun to dawn the knowledge that the situation was dramatic and wholly in her hands.

"I knew that you were a traitor, Richard," she said. "But I thought you were still a gentleman. It seems I was mistaken." Her manner was tearful, childishly resentful.

He turned from her without answer.

"I owe you an apology, Colonel Destinn," he said simply. "Do you trust me enough to let me place myself under arrest?"

"I trust you enough to let you find your punishment under fire," was the courteous answer. "I shall need brave men."

"I thank you."

They saluted each other—gravely, with respect, as unreconciled duelists who have learned each other's worth in the bitterness of battle; then, with a slight bow to the woman, standing against the dark background of the inner room, Richard Farquhar passed out of the open window.

"Aux armes! aux armes!"

He laughed to himself, his teeth clenched. But the music of that storm signal was as the call of the blood, a challenge to the fighting spirit of his race. He swung himself lightly into the saddle and drove his heels against the horse's dripping flanks.

"En avant, Grane!" The animal swerved. Someone had caught at the bridle. Farquhar bent forward, peering into the darkness. "Who is it? My God—Gabrielle!"

"Yes; I thought I recognized you. Where have you come from?"

"Colonel Destinn's—"

"Is—"

"Yes; she is there."

"Captain Arnaud is asking for her, and I suspected. There isn't a moment to be lost—"

"Faithful friend!" He caught her hand roughly from the bridle. "There is something in all this I don't understand. Have I been mad—or dreaming?"

"Dreaming, Richard."

"Oh, I remember—'the men who follow mirages die.' That was the night when she came to give me 'God speed,' and it was for that man who came to me that night on the plateau—who saved me? Was it you?"

"Yes."

"And everything—all you said—was a lie, a charitable farce?"

"It was the truth."

He did not speak for a moment. He bent lower in the saddle, as though to penetrate the twilight that hid her from him. And suddenly it was her hand that sought his and held it.

"I am sorry!" she said. "I did not mean to hurt you."

"I have to thank you," he answered unevenly.

Then gently he freed himself and, pulling his horse round in the middle of the road, galloped back in the direction of the barracks.

(Continued Next Week.)

Socialists of Polk county meet on the first Saturday of each month at 1 p. m. Adv—w-tf

To the Public.

Wanted to Exchange.—Northern or western land or income property for well located tract of fruit land near town. C. E. Hitchcock, Cove, Ark. Adv.-21 1mo.

HEIGHT AND DEPTH OF INFINITE LOVE

Marvelous Condescension of Our Great Creator.

God's Love For the World That of Benevolence, Compassion—Love Provided a Recovery as Far-reaching as the Curse—Ultimate Result of Christ's Sacrificial Death—Rule of Iron Rod. Mercy Tempers All—Man's Only Hope—God's Love For the Church.

PASTOR RUSSELL

June 18.—Pastor Russell preached a powerful sermon on the comprehensiveness of Divine Love. His text was, "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Romans 5:8.

The speaker demonstrated conclusively from the Scriptures that God has great love for all the world; that He has permitted sin and death to continue for six thousand years in order to teach all His intelligent creatures a most important lesson; that the establishment of the long-promised Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, for which we pray, "Thy Kingdom come"; and that under Messiah's beneficent rule every human being who has ever lived shall have fullest opportunity to return to God and to the ways of righteousness — the exception being those who have already had that opportunity under the Gospel Call; and that if, after this manifestation of Divine Love, any still prefer the ways of sin, they shall be "destroyed from amongst the people."

"God So Loved the World."

It is a wonderful thought that our great Creator, infinite in power and majesty, before whom the mightiest cherubim and seraphim bow in humble adoration, should condescend to pay any attention to creatures so small as we, sinners by nature and encompassed with infirmities and imperfections, the Pastor began. But our Lord Jesus Himself assures us that "God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) It is very certain that God's love for fallen men is not a love for their character, but a love of pity, compassion, benevolence; for there is little in their condition of rebellion and alienation from their Maker that is worthy of love. But God has pity for mankind in their fallen condition, and has provided for their recovery from the fall, through the death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This Divine arrangement for man's recovery provided not only that God's Son should die for humanity, but that He should become the great King to deliver and uplift the world from their helpless, degraded condition, and bring them back to the perfection in which Adam was created. This will be done under the Messianic Kingdom, which will soon be established on earth. Messiah is to take His great power and reign for a thousand years, to accomplish this purpose.

Blessings of the "Iron Rod."

Messiah's Government will be a rule of the iron rod—inflexible, unbending, making no compromise with sin. All will be compelled to obey. This form of government will be absolutely necessary until rebellious man shall have learned the desirableness of righteousness. In their sinful, selfish condition men have had too much liberty. Might and oppression have crushed the weak and helpless. "Man's inhumanity to man has made countless millions mourn."—Psalm 2:9; Revelation 2:27; 19:15.

But while ruling with an iron rod, the great King will also be the world's merciful High Priest. All necessary allowance will be made for inherited and cultivated weaknesses. Knowledge, enlightenment and assistance up the Highway of Holiness (Isaiah 35:8, 9) will be given to all. As in the Jewish type the priests brought the people blessings through the Atonement Day sacrifices, so the great High Priest, Christ Jesus, and the under priests, the Church, will bless the world, as the result of the sacrifices offered for the world during this antitypical Atonement Day—the Gospel Age.

This Royal Priesthood will be the future healers of the world. They will heal the diseases—mental, moral and physical—of every one who will accept the gracious terms and provisions then offered. Jesus' death as the Ransom-price for Adam and all who died in him was necessary in order to lift the death penalty resting upon the race. Thus far the merit of Jesus' death has been available only for His Church.

For two reasons this Purchase-price has not yet been applied for the world: (1) In His infinite Wisdom, God purposed to give an object lesson through the permission of sorrow, pain and death for six thousand years as the result of man's fall, in order that all His intelligent creatures might learn thoroughly the nature and the effects of sin in all its hideousness. (2) God purposed first to impute Christ's merit to the Church, called to be our Lord's associates in the work of the world's uplift. As soon as the Church shall have been glorified with their Lord, the merit of Christ's death will be applied for all mankind; and the Restitution work will begin.—Jeremiah 31: 31-34; Acts 3:19-23; Revelation 21:1-8.

MUSTANG

For Sprains, Lameness, Sores, Cuts, Rheumatism

Penetrates and Heals.

Stops Pain At Once

For Man and Beast

25c. 50c. $1. At All Dealers.

LINIMENT

TRY IT! SUBSTITUTE FOR NASTY CALOMEL

Starts Your Liver Without Making You Sick and Can Not Salivate.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle costs 50 cents and if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all the next day like violent calomel. Take a dose of calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Take Dodson's Liver Tone instead and feel fine, full of vigor and ambition.—Adv.

LEGAL NOTICES

TAX ASSESSOR'S NOTICE

I, W. R. Shinn, Tax Assessor in and for Polk county, Arkansas, will be at the within named places on the dates set opposite each place for the purpose of assessing the Personal Property of Polk County for the year 1916:

Faulkner—Fr'day, June 23, at voting place.

Center—Saturday, June 24, at Nunley, forenoon.

Ozark—Monday, and Tuesday, June 26 and 27, at Grannis; Wednesday, June 28, and Thursday, June 29 at Wickes.

White—Friday, June 30, at Hatton; Saturday and Monday, July 1 and 3, at Vandervoort; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 4 and 5, at Cove.

Cove—Thursday and Friday, July 6 and 7, at Hatfield.

Eagle—Saturday, July 8, at voting place.

Cedar—Monday, July 10, at voting place.

Freedom—Tuesday, July 11, at Mountain Fork Postoffice, Wednesday, July 12, at voting place (Rocky); Thursday, July 13, forenoon, at Oliver's Chapel.

Potter—Friday, July 14, at voting place.

Center—Dallas, Saturday, July 15, forenoon, at voting place.

Washita—Monday, July 17, at Posey Hollow, in forenoon. Corinth in afternoon.

Center—Tuesday, July 18 to July 31, at Mena, Ark., at the court house.

W. R. SHINN, Tax Assesor.

100-17tf.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Lee A. Newman, deceased, will, on the 8th day of July, 1916, make application to the Probate Court of Polk county, Arkansas, for an order thereof, authorizing and directing him as such administrator to sell, for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate, the following lands, the property of said estate, situate in Polk county, Arkansas, to-wit: the fractional North Half, Northwest Quarter (N½ NW¼) and fractional Southwest Quarter (SW¼) of Section Thirty-one (31), in Township One (1) South, Range Thirty-two (32) West.

Given under my hand as such administrator this, the 12th day of June, 1916. H. W. Finger, Administrator of the Estate of Lee A. Newman, deceased.

1st pub. June 15. Last pub. June 29

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at
Camden, Ark., June 3, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that
JAMES A. PARKER

of Baker Springs, Ark., who on December 12, 1912, made a Homestead Entry, Serial No. 05839, for the S½ NE¼ and the E½ NW¼, Section 25, Township 5 S., Range 30 W., 5th Principal Meredian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Circuit Clerk of Polk county, Mena, Arkansas, on the 12th day of July, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses A. L. Roberts, George A. McCauley, John M. Lance, Jacob E. Baber, all of Baker Springs, Ark.

R. D. NEWTON, Register.

1st pub. June 8, 1916.
Last pub. July 6, 1916.

Warning Order.

No. 373—In the Chancery Court of Polk County, Arkansas.

L. M. Wimberly, plaintiff, vs. Nannie Underhill, et al, defendants.

The defendants, Nannie Underhill, Alva Underhill and George Underhill, are warned to appear in this court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, L. M. Wimberly.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 24th day of May, 1916.

F. L. Johnson, Clerk.

1st pub. June 1—last June 22.

Warning Order.

The State of Arkansas, County of Polk, ss. Polk Chancery Court.

Sam Badt, plaintiff, vs. Fred Ortlieb and Marie Ortlieb, defendants.

The defendants, Fred Ortlieb and Marie Ortlieb are warned to appear in this court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Sam Badt.

May 31, 1916.

F. L. Johnson, Clerk.

1st pub. June 1, last June 22

Warning Order.

R. H. Nall, plaintiff, vs. G. W. Rogers, defendant.

The defendant, G. W. Rogers, is warned to appear in this court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff.

S. H. SMITH, J. P.

1st pub. June 8, last June 29.

THE EUROPEAN WAR IN BIBLE PROPHECY.

Undreamed of passions have burst forth, devouring the lands that patient hands have beautified and made fertile, and centuries have stocked with art treasures. To the entire world the war has come as a complete surprise because they have not read our book (600 pages—cloth) telling that just such conditions would exist, only to be followed by the still greater devastation of anarchy. The first edition came from the press in 1897.

Of vaster interest and importance is its promise of better things in store for this earth, when the wrath of nations has run its course. Send thirty-four cents in stamps (with this coupon) to cover postage, to The Temple, No. 26 W. 63rd St., New York City, and receive a copy promptly.

(Advertisement).