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Is the bank account and the youth who starts his career with one has every chance of attaining his ambition. The bank account will interpose between him and wanton extravagances. It will give him self-reliance and a better estiwate of his own competence. Still there are young people of substantial earning power who have no bank account. Are you one of them?

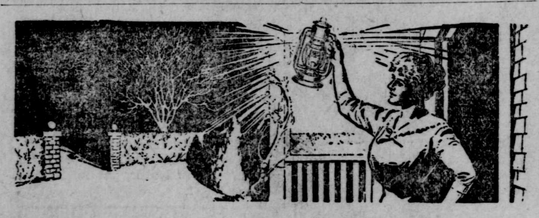
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Groceries at Lowest Prices, Quality Considered.
Lard, 15c Lard Compound, 13c Compound, 12c. Sugar, . Coffee, 22c, 25c, 28c, 30c. Rice, 8c. Corn, 8c per can, etc. Mason Fruit Jars—Pints, 45c; quarts, 65c; half gallons, 80c per dozen. Paris Green, 25c per pound.

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Rayo The Reliable Household Lantern

There is always need for a good lantern around the home—in the yard, in the cellar, in the attic—wherever a lamp is inconvenient or unsafe.

The RAYO is ideal for home use. It gives a clear, bright light—like sunlight on tap. It is strong, durable, compact, handy. Doesn't leak. Doesn't smoke Easy to light and rewick. Will last for years. Ask for the RAYO.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FROM BAD TO WORSE

Accident Prevents an Unnecessary Separation; It Was the Husband's Last Chance.

By CLARENCE RICHARDSON.

The telephone was jangling discordantly and Cleave was conscious of an acute presentiment of disaster as he took down the receiver.

"Your wife . . . accident . . ." he heard a voice saying. "Thrown from the buggy . . . bend in the road . . . unnconscious and grave fears . . . come home at once."

Cleave hung the receiver up and sat staring moodily at the papers upon his desk. He need not start for half an hour, or there would be that much waiting at the station, and he preferred the silence of his office. It seemed like fate, this accident, for he had not expected to see Mary again for months, if ever.

They had been married two years, and had no child. If one had come things might have been different—they might not have quarreled so perpetually. Cleave was not by nature unkind, but he had spent long years of selfish bachelorhood, and he was devoted to his fixed habits. Mary was seven years younger; they had never managed to adjust themselves to each other. They had quarreled over the merest trifles, and their disagreements always left them unrepentant and moody.

How she had loved him before their marriage, thought Cleave, as he sat at his desk. Then she had striven at first to make him happy! And he, too, had tried hard to be good to her, for Mary was very lovable and sweet. But at last they had both given up in despair. Cleave would always remember the words she had said to him that night, three months before:

"I can forgive you, John, and love you, but the memory of these two unhappy years must always be with me. It can never be quite the same again."

And after that everything had seemed hopeless. Things had gone from bad to worse. And finally they



Sat at His Wife's Bedside.

had decided that Mary should go back to her mother, to spend the summer with her. There was to be no scandal. Their friends had no inkling of the condition of affairs, but thought them a devoted couple. They would separate quietly, to resume their relationship in the fall if, after mature consideration, they decided that such an arrangement would be for the best. Mary had been on her way to the station when the accident happened.

Suddenly there swept over him a fuller realization than had ever before come to him of his selfishness. He had ruined her life, he had killed her love. Not the blindest and most devoted love could have survived his callous cruelty and indifference. If he could only have one chance more!

He sprang to his feet and hurried to the street. The car carried him to the station none too swiftly. His train was just pulling out as he flung himself aboard. That was John Cleave all over, he thought bitterly. His wife was dying, and he—loitering at his office when every moment of delay meant so much!

An hour's run and he was treading the streets of the country village in which he lived. He saw his home; an automobile was standing before the door. He rushed in. The doctor and a nurse, hastily summoned, were in the hall. The doctor, on his way out, was giving the nurse her instructions, and for a full minute he did not pay the least attention to Cleave. When he had finished speaking, and the nurse had sped up the stairs, he turned to him.

"Your wife has had a very serious accident, Mr. Cleave," he said. "She was thrown out of the buggy when the horse swerved, and sustained a fracture of the skull. There is no immediate danger, I am happy to say. She may recover consciousness at any time. But we fear some brain injury."

"You mean insanity?" asked Cleave, miserably. He could bear to think of her dead better than of that bright spirit obscured and fettered. The love that he had ever felt for her rushed over him in a tide of bitter reproach. If only he had his chance once more!

"Well, hardly that," parried the doctor. "I cannot say just what form this injury is likely to take—and, really, until it happens, don't let us trouble ourselves unnecessarily by speculating upon it. Miss Anderson is an excellent nurse and knows just what it is necessary to do. I shall be back this evening."

All through that afternoon John Cleave sat at his wife's bedside, staring into the wide-open eyes that saw nothing. She lay in a stupor; there was not the smallest movement; she might have been a figure of marble. Her beautiful hair had been clipped short and hung like a ragged fringe under the bandages that had been placed about her head. Her hand was as cold as marble in John's feverish one.

"When do you expect her to recover consciousness?" asked John of the nurse.

"At any time," the woman answered. "Today, tomorrow, or tomorrow week. We can't tell—we must just hope."

"Or—never?" he asked, and Miss Anderson turned away without answering.

It was not until the third afternoon that consciousness returned. John had watched continually at his wife's bedside, hardly suffering himself to be torn away for the hastily snatched meals and the brief intervals of sleep. And all the while Mary had remained in the same position and her hand was as icily cold in John's.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when she stirred and spoke. A light of consciousness came into the eyes; she turned them upon John and knew him. She smiled at him, and the smile was like that which she had worn upon their wedding morning.

"Dearest—where am I?" she asked.

"At home," said John, thrilling at the faint clasp of her fingers. "At home, never to go away again."

"But why should I want to go away from you, my husband?" said Mary, smiling. "I feel so weak. Have I been ill?"

"You have met with an accident," he answered. "But thank God you are getting well. Now you must lie still and sleep."

She smiled up at him obediently and for the first time the tired eyelids fluttered down upon the eyes. Mary slept. Her hand in John's was moist and warm. The nurse came in and saw the change.

"She will live, Mr. Cleave," she said.

"You didn't expect it, then?"

"No," said Miss Anderson.

"She spoke to you, you say?" inquired the doctor of John that evening. "She knew you and spoke and seemed rational?"

"Absolutely rational," answered John Cleave, and turned away. He went into his room and on his knees thanked God for the chance that was to be his. His prayer was answered.

"How long have we been married, John?" Mary asked next day. "It seems such a long time, somehow, and yet I know that it can't really be an entire year as that calendar on the wall seems to show."

John looked at the calendar. It was an old one of the preceding year, and it had remained on the bedroom wall, as old calendars are apt to do when they have become familiarized by time.

"It is June," said Mary, "and we were married in June. Is it a whole year, dearest?"

John dared not tell her that it was two years.

"Dearest," she whispered presently. "Put your arms round me and let me tell you something. Do you know, all the time I was lying here this morning, I have been thinking how unkind I have been to you, and how unhappy I have made you. I want you to forgive me, John. And I believe you can forgive me, because the memories of this year of our marriage have been so dear."

"It is you who must forgive me, dearest," said John, humbly.

That night the doctor explained the situation to him.

"Your wife," he said, "is on the high road to recovery. Her mind is as sound as it has ever been. The brain trouble which I anticipated amounts simply to this: The whole of the past year has slipped out of her memory. Has she had any great trouble that could account for this?"

"Yes," answered John, humbly, and the doctor shot a keen glance at him.

"Then that is the explanation," he said. "Her mind was troubled; she wishes to forget the episode, whatever it was. It is necessary for her to forget it in order that she may get well. The group of brain cells which registered those memories have, so to speak, isolated themselves from the remainder. We could possibly awaken those dormant memories, but it would be highly inadvisable to do so. Are you prepared to let her go through life with no memory of that one year?"

"Indeed, I am," said Cleave, "especially since you think it is for the best. But how can she adjust herself to conditions? Will she not be constantly perplexed by discrepancies in dates?"

"Happily not," the doctor answered. "In such cases the mind meets all these problems and solves them in its own way, and to its perfect satisfaction. You have a very charming wife, Mr. Cleave," he added. "Guard her and care for her—and let the past bury its dead."

And John, kneeling at Mary's bedside, thanked God that his chance had come, and renewed his vows, never more to be broken.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Annoyance.

She—These reporters are so careless. This paper says I have been "for years one of the handsomest women in society."

He—Well, my dear, what is the objection to that?

She—Why, I never said anything about "for years."—Puck.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

By C. D. DOUGLAS.



Several years ago, after a decade of hard, but remunerative, labor, I found myself in the city of Paris. I resolved to take a rest while I could, and have a good time. During my three months' stay in the French capital, I met with many adventures, most of them the result of my imperfect acquaintance with the language, and many of them ending in a mutual explanation and a good-humored laugh; but the one I am about to relate was of an entirely different kind.

During my travels I had picked up and preserved a great variety of costumes, and the fancy now seized me to wear them just as the whim should dictate. And so I did. On Monday I would stroll out attired as a Russian, on Tuesday as a Turk, on Wednesday as a Swiss, and so on.

There was one of my costumes that was rather a favorite with me—a showy Spanish dress, richly braided, with a large mantle and sombrero to match. I believe I had appeared in public with this much oftener than with any of the other costumes. A few nights after my interview with the prefect, I was returning to my lodgings in this dress. There had been a great exhibition of fireworks in the Place Vendome, which had continued until 11, and as I walked on slowly, enjoying my cigar, it was half an hour later before I turned into the narrow street on which was my place of abode. The street was unlighted and quite dark and deserted.

Presently three men came rapidly behind me, talking and laughing in a way that at first led me to think they had been taking too much wine. One of them quickened his pace, overtook me, and addressed me in Spanish. I knew a little of the language, and I understood that he was asking me for a light.

I held out my cigar, and at the instant my arms were seized from behind and pinioned with a slip-knot, my throat was compressed by a pair of bony hands, and a thick, padded hood was wrapped closely about my face and head. The thing was done so suddenly and so secretly that I was taken entirely by surprise. I tried to cry out, but found I could not utter a sound. I was lifted off my feet; I heard a shrill whistle, a carriage was driven up, I was thrust into it, some of my captors following, others mounted the box, and the vehicle was driven away at a rattling pace.

I gave myself up for lost, and was whispering a prayer, when the most astonishing phase of my adventure occurred. The three men simultaneously uttered a Spanish oath, and, dropping the points of their weapons thrust their faces close to mine and peered into it. A torrent of Spanish oaths succeeded the inspection; the hood was thrown over my head again, and my arms and legs were again tied. I was then carried back to the vehicle, and actually returned to Paris as swiftly, as secretly, and as rapidly as I had been taken out of it. My bonds and muffler were once more removed, and I was put down at the very spot where I had been kidnaped not at all injured in body because of my adventure, but much bewildered in mind. The carriage and its conductors were instantly gone.

After a very sleepless night I repaired to the prefect of police and told him my story. He was much interested by it, and asked me many questions.

"What under heaven does it all mean?" I at length asked.

"Oh, it's very easily understood Monsieur Masquerader. It may be that you, in your Spanish dress, and with your brown face and well-trimmed beard and mustache, must bear a remarkable resemblance to some real Castilian in Paris. The real Castilian has his enemies; he has eloped with somebody's wife, or shot somebody's brother. His enemies conspire to assassinate him; how, you had nearly found out in a practical way last night! They make a very natural mistake, under the circumstances, and lay hold of Monsieur Masquerading American, instead of Monsieur Castilian. They find out their mistake at the last moment, much to their chagrin, and, instead of cutting you to pieces in the old chateau, they bring you back again, to learn a little wisdom from the adventure. Ah, I must look after these Spaniards—I think I have a clew to them."

The prefect smiled and bowed me out; and my first care was to go to the tailor and order a suit of Parisian garments.

Curtained.

"I wonder," said the boy who was looking at an old photograph, "why grandfather wore those large whiskers." "Possibly," replied Mr. Meekton, "he was willing to do almost anything to conceal our family custom of letting the wives select the husbands' neckties."

Advertising Talks

ADVERTISING FOR RETAIL MERCHANT

Activity in Local Organizations Best Kind of Stimulant for Business.

There are some very pertinent questions which every merchant will do well to ask himself, and to give the most careful consideration.

They concern the upbuilding of business in almost every locality, and are worthy of your time and study.

Have you any interest in issues like these:

What percentage of your business comes from the community surrounding the location of your store, and just how desirable is this trade?

In comparison to this have you ever estimated what the purchasing power of the people you can reach really amounts to?

It would not be a mere waste of figures to get at these facts, but they would reveal a condition to you which the retailer who goes ahead must face. In the future he will find it necessary to see how much business there is to be obtained in his line in his locality, and then adopt means to get his share of that business. It is being done in some places and perhaps the method used will interest you.

This illustrates only one phase of a very complexed situation, yet there may be something in it that will lead to an awakening to the real necessity of the present day.

In a certain Illinois county, the county officials, the Bankers' association, the farmers and some public-spirited citizens got together and hired a soil doctor at a good salary to aid the farmers in selecting the best seed for the soil, teach them crop rotation, the best crops to raise, and in fact show them how they could greatly increase their profits.

They secured a man who was an authority in this line and the results of his diagnoses made his work very popular.

The movement is so satisfactory that it has been practically made a permanent thing, and other counties are rapidly adopting the plan.

This bankers' association is also the main instigator of the good road movement and through their efforts many miles of roads have been greatly improved.

You may ask where does the bank come out on this and how does it affect the hardware dealer.

A very noticeable increase in crops has likewise increased the farmer's income. This means increased bank deposits and the purchase of more of the things desired by those who live on the farms. The men who lead in the movement to bring this about have earned the gratitude of those benefited and it is only natural that they will transact their business whenever possible with the bankers, automobile, implement or hardware dealers who have helped them.

You may think such a movement in your community would not benefit you, but the spirit which inspires a man to give his time and effort to changing conditions which seemingly do not directly affect him, is one worthy of fostering and in the experience of those who tried it has brought results in a business way. It is the best kind of advertising, and we are all believers in advertising whether we admit it or not.

Activity in local organizations like commercial clubs, and merchant associations, is the best kind of stimulant for a retail merchant, and it makes him see conditions in a different light than he does if he is not interested in the larger development of his community.

It will pay every merchant to get at the real conditions locally and in this way learn just what is necessary for the upbuilding of his business on the most permanent basis.

"Jones—He Pays the Freight."

"It pays to advertise." The name of Gen. Edward E. Jones, the Buffalo manufacturer, became a household word through his persistent advertisement of the fact that "Jones—he pays the freight!" Before he engaged in this advertising campaign he had rendered distinguished service as an officer in the Union army during the war between the states, in the Massachusetts legislature and as lieutenant governor of New York. Nevertheless his name was not widely known until he advertised it and his business. He died a few years ago at the age of ninety-three years after a life of worthy achievement.

Banks Going After Business.

It is a pleasure to note that fewer banks are satisfied with the business that happens to come their way. More are beginning to make active efforts to get existent business and to create new business through systematic, live, human interest advertising in newspapers.

The Types as They Slip.

"The bathrooms marched past in column, and then in review order."—Englishman.

"English boarding and apartment house; dark room convenient for bathing."—Daily Malta Chronicle.

"The program was as follows: Quartet, 'O Hurl Thee My Baby.'"—Natal Witness.

"A delightfully cool breeze was blowing. . . . Several ladies, both Indian and European, were among the gusts."

"Penarth—Charming detached residence, commanding interupted sea view."—House Agent's Announcement.

"Thursday, December 7th.—The state entry at 10 a. m. Deception of the chiefs, 3 to 5 p. m."—Times of India.

"A beautiful light flooded her face—half-proud, half-tearful—shone in her left hand, closely pressed against her bosom."—Church Family Newspaper.

"Very pretty 9ct. curb bracelet, set round wool; 10s 6d to kind home only as pet dog."—The Lady.

"Miss Stapleton Cotton was married on Tuesday in the private chapel at Lambeth palace to Viscount Hood. . . . Viscount Hood was unable to be present through illness."—Church Family Newspaper.

"Newcastle was agitated on Sunday night by the appearance of two harem skirts."—Staffordshire Sentinel.

"Spaniels—For sale, three healthy dogs, 6ft. high, practically new, including tilt, price £8, 10s."—West Sussex Gazette.

"A few crackers should be or a glass of milk should be kept inside the bed."—How to Sleep Well.

"The captain and the boat's crew were picked uoup by the passing vessel."—Birmingham Post.

"K. L. Hutchings and Seymour in splendid foam."—Evening News.

Who Ever Heard of Such a Thing?

"Hobson," said Muggins, "they tell me you've taken your boy away from the graded school. What's that for?"

"'Cause," said Hobson, "the master ain't fit to teach him."

"Oh," said Muggins, "I've heard he is a very good master."

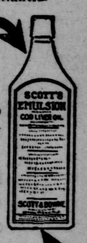
"Well," replied Hobson, apologetically, "all I know is he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'taters with a 'p.'"

Mother Principle Undying.

There is mother principle alive in all nature which never dies. This is different from the mother instinct, the mother passion. The oak and the amoeba respond to the mother principle. It is a law of life; it is one of the constants of being. The mother instinct or passion, on the other hand occurs only among the higher animals; occurs not sporadically quite, for it is common enough, yet while generally found, and while one of the strongest, most interesting, most beautiful of animal traits, it is at the same time the most individual and the least constant.

This cow of my neighbor's that I hear lowing (the "big blue" cow of the herd) is an entirely gentle creature ordinarily, but with a calf at her side she will pitch at any one who approaches her. And there is no other cow of the herd who mourns so long when her calf is taken away. The mother in her is stronger, more enduring, than in any of the other nineteen in the barn. In my own cow it is hardly more than blind principle, hardly advanced beyond the oak tree's feeling for its acorns, or the amoeba's for its divided self.—The Atlantic.

The Tortures of Rheumatism



are aggravated during climatic changes because the impure blood is incapable of resistance and ordinary treatment seems useless—but the fame of **Scott's Emulsion** for relieving rheumatism is based on logical principles and scientific facts. This oil-food promptly makes active, red, life-sustaining blood corpuscles and its body-building properties regulate the functions to expel poisonous acids.

Scott's Emulsion, with careful diet for one month, will relieve the lame muscles and stiffened joints and subdue the unbearable sharp pains when other remedies fail.

Beware of alcoholic imitations and insist on the purity of SCOTT'S.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 13-82

SCOTT & BOWNE, BLOOMFIELD N. J.

TRAINED MEN WANTED

Be trained to meet the high cost of living by a *practical* course in Agriculture, Science, or Engineering. We cannot begin to supply employers' demands for country-bred graduates to fill *well-paid positions*. Healthful location on B. & O. between Washington and Baltimore. Expenses, $240. Tuition free.

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Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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