

BUGS & HUMBUGS

Bureau of Health Education—N. C. State Board of Health

Nervousness

In this strenuous age when always there appears to be something to do...

The medical director of sanitarium for nervous patients once explained that very often patients, more often women, come in for the treatment of various complaints when the only need is rest...

Let's take this doctor's statement as a valuable tip. If relaxation will cure nervousness, relaxation will prevent nervousness.

But, the busy housewife replies with almost scorn in her laugh. "When can I relax? There is never a moment for rest at my house."

Let the nervous woman sit down for a moment each morning and deliberately plan her work for the day. Allow abundant time for each task to be completed before beginning another and follow the schedule.

Perhaps nine out of ten will ridicule this suggestion and say it is impossible, and it is impossible if you will not try. But those who try it usually succeed, and, what is more, than soon develop an attitude of poise and self-command which removes all probability of the need of a rest in a sanitarium.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

A Farmer Boy's Success

From hard work on a farm to the study of medicine was the course Dr. Pierce pursued.

Finally he determined to put up in ready-to-use form his "Golden Medical Discovery" so the public could easily procure it. This "Discovery" is a tonic in its effects on the stomach and digestive apparatus; an alterative in its action on the blood, liver and skin.

All dealers. Large bottles, liquid, \$1.35; tablets, \$1.35 and 65c. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package tablets.

5 Beautiful Flowers Free!

You can get 5 packets of seeds of 5 different and very beautiful flowers free. Hastings' 1926 Seed Catalog tells you all about it.

Hastings' Seeds are "The Standard of the South." They give the best results in our Southern gardens and on our farms. Hastings' new 1926 Catalog has 112 pages in all, full of pictures from photographs, handsome covers in full colors, truthful, accurate descriptions and valuable culture directions.

We want you to have this catalog in your home. It tells all about Hastings' garden, flower and field seeds, plants and bulbs. Write for it today. A postcard request brings it to you by return mail.

H. O. HASTINGS CO., SEEDSMEN, ATLANTA, GA.

Of Interest To Our Readers

Several times we have published the advertisement of Mayor H. C. Brooks of Marshall, Michigan, regarding old stamps. We understand that many have benefited themselves financially through their transactions with him, and no doubt many others have old envelopes of value which he will be glad to purchase.

It is explained to us that very few of the U. S. stamps used after 1865 are of value unless the postmarks unusual in color or design. Therefore, no envelopes should be sent which were mailed after 1860. Old folded letters or envelopes used before 1860 are of value only when they bear some kind of adhesive postage stamps.

Loose stamps Mr. Brooks does not buy, except certain varieties of the Confederate issues. Stamps should never be cut off as they are worth more on the original envelopes. The reason for this is that collectors today are interested in postmarks as well as stamps. Revenue stamps are not wanted. He does not buy coins, Confederate money, old newspapers, old documents or other relics.

Some of our readers have also sent envelopes on which they have written dates. This is not necessary and sometimes spoils their appearance after such date have been erased. Old marks cannot be helped, but nothing should be added. Send envelopes just as you find them. The value of an envelope is determined by the variety of the stamp or postmark and not the exact year mailed.

There are so many different varieties of these old stamps that their values cannot be determined by written descriptions. They must be seen and examined. Many which appear to be alike show slight differences when examined with a magnifying glass. The common types are wanted as well as the rare ones. Your envelopes, however, may be quite valuable and therefore should be sent either by registered or insured mail.

We gladly publish this for the benefit of those who have envelopes stored away which were mailed during or before the Civil War. Extra money is always welcome. Our churches need it and many individuals are sorely in need of such help. We would not advocate the selling of family letters. Private letters may be kept, as only the envelopes are of value to Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Brooks is so well and favorably known to the publisher of the Scout that we have no hesitation in recommending him to our readers as worthy of the fullest confidence. He will report promptly the value of any envelopes sent. You are not obliged to sell unless his offer is entire satisfactory. In the event the envelopes are not purchased, he will return them to you in good order.

CHICHESTERS PILLS

Advertisement for Chichesters Pills, featuring a diamond brand logo and text: "Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTERS DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTERS DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for twenty-five years' record as Best, Safest, Always Reliable."

Lore for Dog-Owners

By Albert Payson Terhune

A QUEER DOG YARN



Lugging That Big Block Behind Him and Getting It Caught in Every Obstacle.

MRS. MERTON had been listening with keen interest to Old Man Negley, who had been telling her of the strange "bouncing" traits of dogs. She was especially interested because her beloved dog, Reynard, had just found his way back to his mistress' Vine street house from the other end of the city.

Negley finished his account of this odd incident by hinting at a story which, he told her, "sounds like a lie, but isn't." This piqued her curiosity, and she begged the garrulous old dog man to tell her the story.

"It happened down South," he began. "I won't tell you the people's real names, for at least one of them hasn't overmuch reason to be proud of his share in the things that happened. So I'll use fake names; but the story itself is true. I know it's true, because I was working in the town where it happened, and I was a near neighbor of one of the men and I knew them both very well.

"A man whom we'll call Miller had a collie named Scamp; a big, wise dog, that looked like a throwback to some ancestral wolf and had all the brain and instinct of the best type of collie. Miller wasn't a dogman. He and Scamp didn't get on very well together. He wasn't the sort of man that dogs take to or that take to dogs. It wasn't his fault. Some folks are born that way.

"A friend of his, named Gregg, was calling at his house one day when an automobile ran over Scamp in front of the dooryard and broke his left leg in two places. Miller took one look at his suffering collie. Then he started for another room.

"Gregg was leaning over Scamp, examining the fracture, and he asked Miller where he was going.

"I'm going to get my gun," said Miller, and put the brute out of the way. He is spoiled for life by that lusted leg.

"Scamp looked up into Gregg's face without a whimper, but in a queer, dumb appeal, as if he understood what his master was going to do and as if he was begging Gregg to save him. That look went right to Gregg's heart. He had spent a couple of years in a medical school and he was a natural-born surgeon, even though he was in another business then.

"Give me a chance to set the leg," he said; "I believe I can do it. I've set worse fractures than this. Send out and get some plaster of paris and some bandages, and I'll make a splint while you're waiting for them."

"He set Scamp's leg so that the dog was cured. As soon as Scamp was allowed out of the house—while he still had the plaster cast on his leg—he left home and went limping across town, for a mile or more. When Gregg got back from work that afternoon, there was Scamp curled up, plaster cast and all, on the Gregg doorstep.

"How did he find his way there? That's the mystery. But it seems Miller had stopped once for a chat with Gregg, two months earlier while he and Scamp were out for a walk one Sunday. But think of Scamp's brain, in remembering where Gregg lived! And think of his sense of gratitude in hustling on three legs to the man who had saved him! He accepted Gregg as a master and a sort of divinity, for doing that leg-setting stunt and keeping Miller from shooting him.

"Next morning Gregg took Scamp back to Miller. Miller whipped him for running away. But as soon as Scamp could get loose, back he limped to Gregg's. Gregg took him home again. Miller kept him indoors till the leg was all well. Then he put a chain on him with a heavy block at the other end of the chain to tether him.

"That night Scamp went all the way to Gregg's house, lugging that big block behind him and getting it caught in every sort of obstacle as he hauled it along. It must have been a rottenly hard and painful journey. But it was taking him to the man he had chosen as his master. So he kept on.

Gregg brought him home next morning and tried to buy him. Miller wouldn't sell him, but packed Scamp off to his sister, who lived in another city.

"She kept him in a high wire enclosure, never letting him out, for a whole year. At the end of that time she shipped him back to Miller, who thought that Scamp must surely have forgotten Gregg during those twelve long months. (Twelve months is five times as long to a dog as it is to a human, of course, for it represents about a tenth of his life.)

"The minute he could get outdoors Scamp enveloped away to Gregg. He hadn't forgotten. Collies don't forget. He was brought back and chained up. Soon afterward he was stolen. It was in 1917. A soldier had stolen him and taken him to France as a drum or as a mascot. A lad who knew Miller wrote of seeing Scamp in France. Miller wrote him to slip him home, but he got no answer.

"Now here comes the queerest part of the story and I can vouch for its truth, for I was in Miller's home town at the time. Perhaps it isn't so queer after all, for perhaps the lad sent Scamp back by some friend, or perhaps Scamp stole a ride on some returning army transport. Anyhow, here is what happened:

"Late one night Gregg heard a feeble scratching at the door of his house. And there was Scamp, thin and starved to a skeleton and half dead. Gregg took him in and nursed him back to health. Then, being an honest man, he notified Miller.

"Again Miller refused to sell him to Gregg, but took the collie back home and put another block and chain on him, a heavier one this time. The same evening Scamp managed to avoid his owner's vigilance and started off for Gregg's, lugging the heavy block at the end of his chain.

"On the way he had to cross the railroad tracks. The block got wedged between two of the ties. The train came along. Scamp was run over and killed by it.

"That's all there is to the yarn, ma'am," finished Old Man Negley. "You see, poor Scamp was only just a dog. So he didn't know any better than to feel gratitude and love for the man who had saved his life and to want to be with him always."

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Little Vegetation on North Coast of Norway

Few parts of the earth's surface are more dreary and desolate than the islands along the coast in the extreme north of Norway. They are entirely destitute of trees and shrubs, and so far beyond the limits of cultivation that only the most meager trace of polar vegetation faintly tinged with verdure the barren rocks during the summer months. The Arctic willow, whose root, stem and foliage could be ginned on a sheet of notepaper, creeps along the soil, and is the only representative of the woods and forests of more favored regions. The pulse of nature is there at the lowest—it beats and that is all; and the struggle for existence, elsewhere carried on with crowds of rival plants and animals, is there, as on the bare summits of lofty mountains, maintained solely against the fierce elements. And yet, by a wonderful compensation, the Gulf stream, which crosses the Atlantic from the tropical seas of America and skirts the northern shores of Europe, breathes its last warm breath upon these islands, thus somewhat modifying their natural temperature, and, what is far better, strews upon their shores the valuable timber carried down into the ocean by the great rivers of the West.

In Olden Days

Drowning used to be a capital punishment in Great Britain, as an alternative to execution. It was regarded as the milder punishment, and was usually administered to women prisoners. The last official drowning in England occurred in 1556, and in Scotland in 1655.

POSTELL

Mr. Clyde Stiles from Gastonia visited his brother Clate Stiles at Postell last week.

Mr. Dorse Voiles moved his family back from Athens, Tenn. to his farm on Shoal Creek last week.

Mrs. S. Y. Allen made a business trip to Murphy Monday.

Mr. Jim Swanson made a business trip to Hare Buck, Tenn. last week.

Mr. Clate Stiles was a caller at Mr. J. M. Swansons Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dockery and children spent Thursday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Allen.

Mr. Lush Craig and sister Ica were visiting their cousins Clifford and Ida Swanson Wednesday.

Mr. Jim Dockery made a business

trip to Murphy last week.

Rev. E. A. Breaver from suit filled his regular appointment at Shoal Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Strange Power of Mexican Mustang Liniment

Penetrates Through the Skin to the Bone—Drives Out Rheumatic Aches, Heals Cuts, Bruises and Sores

Sufferers from rheumatic aches and pains and those who are troubled with sore muscles or stiffened joints can get wonderful and quick relief through the use of a preparation known as Mexican Mustang Liniment. It seems to possess the magic power to penetrate through the surface of the skin, directly to the very bone and its action being hastened and quieting and a complete end to pain.

It is said the Mexican Mustang noted for its speed was kept in excellent and joints limber and healthy by the same application. The liniment is the best of Mexican Mustang Liniment to bring an end to rheumatic aches and to heal cuts and bruises, makes it easy to move, bone steady. All ailments which hindered Mustang Liniment will give relief for you.

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER! Fletcher's Castoria is a harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children in the N. W.

- Constipation, Wind Colic, Flatulency, To Sweeten Stomach, Diarrhea, Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiumes

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

MURPHY COLLEGE

Of

ASHEVILLE UNIVERSITY

Instruction in Shorthand, Typewriting, and the general essentials of a Business Course

—ALSO—

Instruction in College and Academy Subjects

The difference between success and failure is the little time, the little effort, and the little money it takes to get ready.

George A. Hubbell President