

What human nature wants in some body to pay the freight.

ITCH Relieved in 30 Minutes.
Woolford's Sanitary Lotion for all kinds of contagious itch. At Druggists. Adv.

One proof that a woman is jealous is to hear her say she isn't.

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria, Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

While we send our influence abroad as much as possible, we should live so that we shall be benedictions to those nearest us.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?
Try **ELIXIR CAPDINE**. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate relief to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 50c., and \$1.00 at medicine stores. Adv.

Significant.
"He proposed to her in a canoe."
"Did she accept him?"
"I presume so. The canoe cap-sized."

If your appetite is not what it should be perhaps Malaria is developing. It affects the whole system. OXIDINE will clear away the germs, rid you of Malaria and generally improve your condition. Adv.

Enough to Kill It.
"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the young girl, "that pretty plant I had setting on the piano is dead."
"Well, I don't wonder," was all the father said.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fitch** in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

One Problem Settled.
Mrs. Stronghead had just thrown a paving stone through a drugstore window, merely to prove that she was entitled to a vote (says Judge), and had been marched off to jail. "Thank heaven," said Stronghead. "That settles the where-shall-we-spend-the-summer problem, anyhow."

A Household Remedy.
Which works from outside. **CHESTOL** (Chest Ointment) will relieve quickly croup, coughs, colds, pneumonia and all affections of chest and throat. Use freely and RUB! RUB! RUB! Now sold by all medicine dealers. Should be in every home. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfrs., Charlotte, N. C. Adv.

Sailing Ships in Demand.
In consequence of the better outlook for sailing ships, values have gone up considerably during the last year or two. For instance, a four-masted sailing ship of 2,750 tons register, which was sold in January last year for \$32,500, is at present in the market for sale, and the owners have refused a definite offer of \$45,000; they are asking \$50,000.

He Knew.
"Where there's a will there's a way," avers Taylor Holmes, appearing in "The Million." The way, however, varies, as in the case of a certain pickpocket, who was convicted and promptly fined.

"The lawyer of the pickpocket took the fine imposed upon his client very much to heart."
"Twenty-five dollars!" he expostulated. "Your honor, where is this poor, unfortunate man to get \$25?"
"His honor did not know, or if he did he refrained from saying so, but the prisoner was less discreet."
"Just let me out of here for ten or fifteen minutes," he said, "and I'll show you!"—Young's Magazine.

Inexperienced.
In a boarding house for bachelors, Amanda, typical "Mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true southern style so well that one of the men thought he would take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of housekeeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said: "Mandy, do you like the country?"
Mandy reckoned she did.
"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?"

Mandy was sure she would.
"Suppose I get just a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?"
Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes.
"Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' about taking care of any animals!"—Harper's Magazine.

The Food Tells Its Own Story

It's one dish that a good many thousand people relish greatly for breakfast, lunch or supper.

Post Toasties

Crisped wafers of toasted Indian Corn—a dainty and most delightful dish.

Try with cream and sugar.

This is one thing that no touch or too little home life is not probable. It has come with the changing times. The old-fashioned lady did not fret; she grew old gracefully and quietly. For her, life had a long twilight. The

SPARKS FAMILY HAPPENINGS

THE KID EATS PAINTER'S P.E.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

RS. SPARKS sat in the window of the little flat, darning. Tommy Sparks, aged four, had been allowed to go alone to play in the great yard that lies between the apartment building and the swell private residence which faces the drive. Mr. Sparks was at his office, and all the young Sparkses, barring Tommy, were at school. From Mrs. Sparks' vantage point in the little bay window she could catch occasional glimpses of a painter in the big yard next door, who was moving along slowly from stone to stone painting the foundation of the house of their rich neighbor a subdued sort of red color.

Mrs. Sparks was dreamily wondering why the foundation which had been pretty in its natural hue, needed painting at all, when Tommy Sparks toddled in through the doorway leading from the kitchen. Tommy had come up from the yard the back way. Tommy had some streaks of red running diagonally down from each corner of his mouth, and his linen dress was spotted in places with the same color.

"Tommy Sparks," demanded his mother, "what on earth have you been eating?"
Tommy climbed into a chair, swung his legs in his infantile way and said: "Mamma, painter's pie's good."

Mrs. Sparks gave one hurried, horrified glance through the window at the red paint which was being daubed on the neighbor's house, and then turned her anguished countenance toward Tommy.

"Tommy," her voice was a pleading wail, "did you eat the painter's stuff out of the pail?"
"Yes, out of the pail; painter's pie's good," answered Tommy.
Mrs. Sparks shrieked. The maid rushed in from the kitchen. "Get the doctor, the druggist and Mr. Sparks," screamed Mrs. Sparks. "Tommy's eaten paint and sugar of lead and everything. Go, girl, go." Susan rushed through the door, sent the corner druggist flying up to the house, ordered the clerk to telephone Mr. Sparks and then sat out on a chase for the doctor.

In the meantime Mrs. Sparks was moaning over Tommy, who was taking the unusual commotion which he had created as blandly as would most four-year-olds. He insisted on occasionally reiterating that "painter's pie was good," and at each reiteration the mother's heart sank.

The druggist rushed in. "Tommy has eaten paint. Heaven alone knows how much. It must have had sugar of lead in it, and that's sweet and that's why he ate it."
The druggist grabbed up Tommy, half threw him onto a lounge, and then turned to the mother. "Control yourself, Mrs. Sparks; life depends on instant action. Get me salt, potash and softsoap." Luckily Mrs. Sparks had all three articles in the house, and she rushed off to the kitchen and brought them back. Tommy as yet showed no sign of collapse. The druggist put two tablespoonfuls of salt in half a glass of lukewarm water and forced Tommy to swallow it sputtering. This dose was followed up with a heroic one of potash, and then Tommy was made to swallow a large coffee cupful of softsoap. With the soap down and Tommy's eyes hanging out of his head and well down over his cheek bones, the druggist turned the youngster over on his stomach on the couch and shook him.

The only thing about Tommy that didn't rebel at this treatment was his stomach. That held onto its unaccustomed load with a pertinacity worthy of something better. At this juncture the painter appeared on the scene. He admitted to the fearful Mrs. Sparks that he had left his paint pot on the ground where Tommy could have found it for about five minutes while he went round the corner to get a glass of beer.

At this instant the doctor fell in at the door on the heels of the maid. He approved the druggist's treatment and added to it a large dose of ipecac. Under this last added horror Tommy's stomach and spirit both gave away. Like the younger hopeful in Helen's Babies, he played whale, and while he didn't cast up Jonah he cast up pretty near everything else.

While Tommy was in the throes Mr. Sparks arrived, ashily-tipped and shak- ing. The doctor turned to him. "I trust, Mr. Sparks, that if we can keep him at it for ten minutes more we may save his life." Tommy kept at it. The painter, who had retreated before the stricken countenance of Mrs. Sparks, now reappeared. He was carrying in one hand a dinner pail, which he held upside down to show those assembled that it was absolutely empty.

"When I came to work this morning," the painter said, "I had three pieces of berry pie in this pail. I ain't got any now, a fact I just discovered. I guess maybe the youngster knows where it went."

Tommy, just out of a paroxysm, turned his head and caught sight of the empty dinner pail. "Painter's pie's good," he murmured.
Mrs. Sparks sank into a chair laughing and crying hysterically. A grin appeared on Mr. Sparks' face. The doctor and the druggist looked disgusted. Mr. Sparks gave the painter a dollar. "Go to a restaurant and get a square meal," he said.
"Henry," said Mrs. Sparks, still in a struggle between two emotions, "what shall we do with that boy?"
"Well," answered Henry as he surveyed Tommy and his surroundings, "I think from the cleaning these two professional gentlemen have just given him, that if we could turn him inside out he'd make a good advertisement for some brand of soap."

The Sparks' Old Soldier Janitor.
"Eliza," said Mr. Sparks on the night of the day that they moved into their new flat, "this apartment life is worse than one of Dante's circles. I'll make just one more move before I die, and that will be into a house in a suburb. Here we are just moved, everything topsy-turvy and no girl. Of course, the latest acquisition from the employment bureau had to leave us just to throw all the burden of the packing up and the unpacking on us. Then again the janitors of all flats are devils. I'll bet the one in this building will prove to be worse than any of the others, and even a man accustomed to using strong language can't say anything stronger than that. Just look at this muss, will you, and no one to help us fix up."

IN A HURRY TO THE END

Women of today—and are men to be accepted from the rule—stay young until beyond the middle life; they live in a hurry to the end; then, when the time of breakdown comes, it comes all at once.

The old-fashioned old lady departed before the age of the turbine engine, the wireless telegraph and the aeroplane. The memory of her brings the suggestion of quiet and repose, like the delightful atmosphere of some of

it be a case of false pretense if we keep her?"
"Not by a jugful. I'll send Mrs. Smithkins the price of her advertisement in an anonymous letter. To have and to hold is a good motto in a case like this."
That girl Rose, who stumbled into the Sparks' flat that moving-day night, was a dream. She cooked things to a turn; she was willing; she didn't have a cross word in her vocabulary; she didn't care to go to balls on Saturday night, and she was plump and good-looking. The Sparks' family life was ideal.

One morning as Mr. Sparks was leaving the building to go to the office he met the janitor, who was coming up from the basement leading a child with each hand. Mr. Sparks had barely noticed the janitor before. This morning something in the man's bearing struck him as unusual, he said: "William, you've been in the service."
"Yes, sir," said William. "I put in five years in the Fourth cavalry."
"I can tell a regular the minute I clap eyes on him," said Mr. Sparks. "I put in a good many years myself. You have two fine children here, William."

"Yes," said William assentingly, and then Mr. Sparks said "Good-bye."
That night when Mr. Sparks reached home his wife said: "The janitor came up today and washed the windows. I didn't think it was a part of his work, but he said it was all right and insisted. He told me that he used to be in the regular army and that he knew you had been in the service, too."

"That's it, Eliza," said Henry, "an old soldier likes to do things for his old soldier. He washed our windows because we had both done hard duty on the plains. He must be a good, steady fellow, for he has a wife and two children. They have a flat in the basement."

Mr. Sparks met William quite frequently after this. William always saluted. If he happened to be standing still as Mr. Sparks passed he would come to "attention," clicking his heels together the while, and saluting like the old campaigner he was. Almost every night when he reached home Mrs. Sparks would tell Henry of some new act of attention on the part

of the janitor. "He came up and went all over the plumbing today," she said one night. "He said he wanted to make sure that there wasn't any sewer gas in the place."
"There, it is just as I told you, Eliza," said Mr. Sparks; "this janitor doesn't want to see the family of an old soldier suffer. I'll give him a box of cigars tonight. Eliza, this is the finest kind of life. Never talk to me again about taking a suburban house."

Henry Sparks stumbled over two trunks, his daughter's bicycle, barked his shin, bruised his toes and finally reached the door. There in the hall stood a young woman, comely and strong looking. "Is this the place you want a girl?" she asked.
A sudden joy leaped into Henry Sparks' heart. "Yes," he said. "Come in. We have just moved; we're all set down here. Look out for the boxes!"

Then Mr. Sparks led the way into the dining-room and turned the caller over to his wife. "Yes, we want a girl," said Mrs. Sparks; "we've just moved in, and it may be you won't want to stay now; you see how things are and what cleaning is to be done."

"I'm not afraid to work," said the girl.
At this answer, Henry Sparks, who stood in a corner, almost fainted. The girl produced a letter from a Lutheran clergyman in a little country village. It happened that Henry Sparks knew the man. The girl was taken on the spot, as she declared she was ready to go to work then and there and would have her things sent right over from her cousin's.

During the whole conversation Mrs. Sparks' face had worn rather a puzzled expression. When the girl had volunteered to stay Mrs. Sparks said: "How did you happen to know we wanted a girl?"
"I saw your advertisement," was the answer. "Here it is," and the girl pulled out a copy of the morning paper. Mrs. Sparks took it. "Mercy," she exclaimed, "that's the advertisement of Mr. Smithkins, who lives in the flat underneath this. You came to the wrong apartment."

"Well, I like the looks of this place anyway, and I'll stay."
"Henry," said Mrs. Sparks, "won't the low, wooden, wide verandahed country houses our grandfathers knew?"

Now no woman is more than thirty-five—but we don't believe that woman's club have had nearly as much to do with that as the changed spirit of the times, which makes it necessary for the woman of today to fret at the "steady monotony" of home life.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

London's Delirium.
In London and its suburbs there are twelve thousand deliriums.

Unfettering.
Hugo Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, was one day waited upon by a woman, who requested him to advise her how she might best get rid of an admirer whose importunities caused her annoyance. The woman was the reverse of fascinating, and Arnot, being indisposed to flatter her vanity, replied: "Oh, you had better marry the fellow." "Marry him?" replied the astonished woman. "I would see him hanged first." "Marry him, then," persisted the hamster, "and I'll bet he'll soon hang himself."

Here the best girl that ever worked out stumbles in on us by accident, and we get a janitor who serves us as though we were moguls.

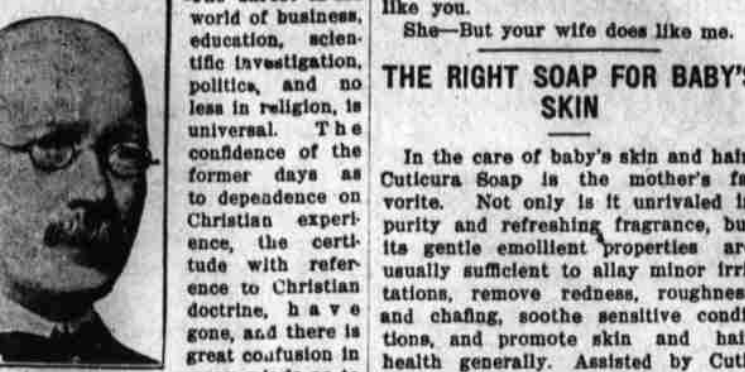
Henry Sparks told five real estate agents to quit looking up a country home for him. "You can't beat the combination I've got right here in the heart of Chicago," he said.
A box of cigars went a long way with the janitor. He insisted on beating the Sparks' rugs, he glided the radiators, he fixed the door knobs, and toward the end of the second month he was washing the windows every other day. The windows of the other flats were dingy and finger-marked. Rosa was a pearl of great price. She anticipated every wish of every member of the family. There was little for Mrs. Sparks to do but to smile broader and to mend Frances' stockings. For some reason or other, Henry Sparks though he had always prided himself on his perspicacity, never noticed that whenever William found that something in the kitchen needed fixing the job was always one that required three or four days' time.
One night Mr. Sparks went down town to do some work. He didn't get back till one o'clock. He slipped off his shoes at the door so as not to awaken his wife. He passed through the hall, and feeling hungry he went back through the dining room to a mind and appetite bent on exploring the kitchen pantry. The door leading into the kitchen was shut. In his stocking feet Mr. Sparks made no noise. He opened the door quickly. The kitchen gas was burning. From the far end of the room came a clicking noise. William the janitor was standing at attention with his heels brought sharply together. As the man jumped to the position of a soldier Mr. Sparks saw that one of his arms had just dropped from its position of embrace about the waist of Rosa, the maid.
Mr. Sparks was horrified. He went back to days when as a "non-com" he had verbally lashed some bluecoat duty derelict.
"William," he said in a voice of thunder, "how dare you! You're a scoundrel, sir!"
"William's hand went to his forehead in a salute. "Rosa and I are to be married next week, Mr. Sparks," he said.
"Married!" was the gasping response. "How about your wife and two children down stairs?"
"That's my widowed sister and her two little ones. She's been keeping house for me," said William.
Mr. Sparks groaned and went limply back into the front room. He waked his wife. "Eliza," he said, "our dream is over. Rosa is going to marry the janitor. It wasn't any old soldier sentiment at all that made him wash windows. I'll tell Hunt in the morning to look for a home for us in the country," and, sighing, Mr. Sparks went to bed.
At the breakfast table next morning William and Rosa came in hand in hand. "We're going to be married next week, Mrs. Sparks," said Rosa, "but my sister wants a place and I'll send her here. She's a better cook than I am."
At this bit of information Mr. Sparks' face cleared visibly. "You both have my blessing," he said; "send in your sister Rosa, and if William leaves here I'll get old Highrates, the landlord, to send a good janitor in his place, but I'll take good care that he is not an old soldier." And then, forgetful of everything else, Mr. Sparks turned to his wife and said: "They can't resist an old soldier, can they, my dear?"

ALREADY ACCOMPANIED.

SOCIAL SERVICE

By REV. J. H. RALSTON,
Secretary of Correspondence Department,
Mealy Bible Institute, Chicago.

Never were men more confused than today respecting almost every matter of concern. The unrest in the world of business, education, scientific investigation, politics, and no less in religion, is universal. The confidence of the former days as to dependence on Christian experience, the certitude with reference to Christian doctrine, has a gone, and there is great confusion in many minds as to what the gospel message is, and this confusion is making many Christians unhappy as they contemplate their mission as bearers of the gospel to the world. The most cordially accepted interpretation of the gospel is that it is social service. Save others physically and ethically, and you save yourself. Belief in ethical culture or the work of moral and spiritual evolution working the gradual elimination of evil as now going on successfully, is with many the gospel.



But who should be the most trusted spokesman of such a subject? Would it not be one who is very near to the great teacher, Jesus? It would seem so, and we believe the Apostle Paul was just such a person, and that in the text he answered the question, "What is the Gospel?" He said he was declaring the gospel which he had preached, and immediately follows this statement with the text:
There are just two things here—the death of Christ, and the resurrection of Christ. The second of these is presented without elaboration or comment, "Christ rose again from the dead;" but in the first, we have the death of Christ with the occasion of that death: the explanation of our sins, and the confirmation of the death by burial.

Die for Our Sins.
1. Christ died for our sins. The reason of the death of Christ on Calvary is generally received, but with most persons that death was simply that of an unfortunate young man who had lived a wonderful life, had manifested unselfishness to a degree never equalled by man, but who made a mistake by letting himself fall into the hands of his enemies and being put to death.
The first cause for the death of Christ was our sins. With some persons the death of Jesus Christ has no possible connection with man's relationship to God, it is merely inspirational and of moral influence to behold a better life, beautiful to behold if you could shut your eyes to the physical agony and the gruesome blood-shedding. But such is not the mission of the death of Christ in the purpose of God, nor have Paul or the other apostles so thought. "The death had immediate connection with man's relationship to God—every man who is joined to Christ vitally, there died to the world and world died to him—there was the shedding of blood without which there is no "remission of sins."
The brief clause, "He was buried," has far more significance than most think. It is a confirmation of the death which must be perfectly authenticated. The story of the death is quite complete, even before Joseph of Arimathea appears on the scene, and the taking of the body, its burial with all the details given in the gospels, is quite full. The sepulcher was sealed, a guard of soldiers was placed over it, thus doubly confirming the burial of a dead body.

Risen With Christ.
2. The burial paves the way for the second main proposition—the rising again of Jesus from the dead. Paul preached to the Corinthians that Jesus rose again from the dead. We must read here between the lines, and we do not question but that Paul presented the fullness of this doctrine—using it first to enforce the necessity of the new life—for "you have been risen with Christ." This refers, of course, to the spiritual resurrection, very forcibly represented in the resurrection of Jesus Christ.
But Paul was preaching a gospel to secure a man spiritually resurrected against all future contingencies. Man must die physically, and even to the Christian the passing into the unknown hereafter is something disturbing to contemplate, but Paul gives him the glorious hope that he shall rise again from the dead even as Christ, who was the first-fruits of them that sleep, rose from the dead.
The chapter from which the text is taken is known as the great resurrection chapter, and Paul reaches the climax at verses 51 and 52: "We shall not all sleep but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed." On account of this, he says at the close of the chapter, "Beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The Gospel of the death of Christ and of the resurrection of Christ is not narrow, in fact, offers the only platform broad enough on which can be built the doctrine that man needs to deliver him from the curse of sin which is now upon him, a curse stronger infinitely greater, and to enable him to have the positive blessing of resurrection.

Regular practicing physicians recommend and prescribe OXIDINE for Malaria, because it is a proven remedy by years of experience. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest until it is necessary to consult several others. My case was diagnosed as trouble of the Optic Nerve, caused by impoverished blood supply. The progress of my trouble was slow but steady, with never any relief, until finally my physician advised me that nothing further could be done, about this time about two years ago, I could not see to read, and my range of vision was so short that I could not see anything at a greater distance than fifty or seventy-five feet. I often found it difficult to recognize acquaintances when I met them, distinguishing them more by their voices than their features. In May, 1909, a friend advised me that if the physician's diagnosis was correct, MILAM will cure you, because it will purify and enrich the blood, increase the flow, and build up the system; but it will take a long time and the improvement will be slow."

"I did not believe one word of this, and consented to take MILAM because I did not think it could hurt me, and there might be a bare possibility that it might help me. After six weeks' use I began to notice a slight improvement in my sight, which has been slow but steady and with no setback. Now I can read newspapers with ordinary glasses, can distinguish objects two miles away, and have no difficulty now, so far as my sight is concerned, in reading my duties as the executive officer of a corporation."
"I am still careful not to tax my eyes excessively, because I realize that I am not cured; but hope, and am more and more encouraged as time passes, to believe that the continued use of MILAM will cure me."
"I think it proper to state that my general health and strength have also improved in the same ratio as my eyesight, and I attribute this to the use of MILAM."
Signed, W. E. GRIGGS.
Danville, Va., March 25, 1910.

MILAM IS NOT AN EYE medicine and will cure no blindness except that arising from impoverished or impure blood or depleted system.

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Prevents and cures itching scalp, keeps hair soft and shining, restores color to faded hair, and cures dandruff. Sold by Druggists.

Bottis Eye Salve Quickly Relieves Itching, Redness, and Swelling of the Eyes.

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