THE BALMY BREEZES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

Are laden with Health and Happiness for the Worn-out Wrestler with the Strenuous Life.

But you cannot repair wasted tissue or restore strength to iangled nerves with air and sunshine alone.

The stomach calls for a food that supplies body-building material in its most digestible form. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat.

It is made of the whole wheat, cleaned, cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds contain all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain and are taken up and assimilated when the stomach rejects all

Shredded Wheat is made in two forms -- BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruit or vegetables. TRINCUIT is the shredded whole wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.

"It's All in the Shreds."

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Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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ROBERT IRVIN, Manager.

Dorcas, my little heroine, was fourteen clothes, and go to bed." years old on that day about which I am

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

writing; but she had had no birthday gifts, and she had never heard of a birth-

A Brave Little Quakeress.

day party!

The only thing that had happened to her was that her hair had been gathered up into a cap like her mother's and her sister's, and that her new dress came down quite to her shoe tops.

She had a white kerchief round her throat instead of a collar; she wore a white apron over her gray stuff gown, and white stockings, with large steel buckles on her little square-toed black shoes.

Her eyes were dark and bright, and her silky hair would curl in rings on her forehead in spite of the hard brushing it got; her cheeks were as red as June roses, and her teeth were as white and even as the grains on a young ear of sweet corn.

Dorcas was looking out of the window

before-but suddenly a voice said:

"Take off thy suit, brother, and all thy

All turned and saw Dorcas, who continued:

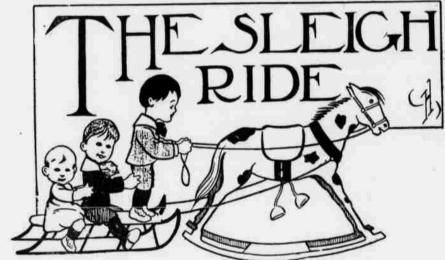
"We will take up the bricks in front of this hearth and dig out the sand under them, and bury brother's suit; and he must be very sick, till we can get him away."

"And what shall I do!" asked her brother-in-law.

"Thee must put on black Judah's clothes. He ran away when the firing began, and thee must be the butler."

This seemed to be the only thing they could think of. The bricks were taken up, the sand removed, and the army clothes hidden. Dorcas' brother went to bed, and Captain Adams, her brotherin-law, dressed in the old butler's loose clothes and apron, sat in the pantry and cleaned silver.

They were none too soon, for the Britinto the narrow street, which was full of ish soldiers were looking for Americans men in red coats, such as Dorcas had in every house, and a tremendous knock-



Hitch the steed up to the sled, Then in you jump and go Like the very wind across The white and glistening snow.

Up the hill and down the dale As sleigh-bells ring-a-ting; To the breezes cast all fear, As through the air you singHold the reins in firm and snug, For he's a flery steed And may upset the sled, you know, When going at such speed.

So hold him tight and guide him right, As o'er the snow you glide. Now, was there e'er such sport as this? A crisp and brisk sleigh ride!

never seen before.

The panes of glass in the window she was looking through were small and set in leaden frames, and the little girl made a pretty picture as she stood there.

A noise behind her made her turn round, and she saw her brother and her brother-in-law standing in the hall. She was going to cry out joyfully to them, for she had not seen them for a long time, and she loved them very much, but her brother put his finger on his lips, and | courteously. made a sign that she must not speak.

Then they softly went upstairs, and she followed to the third story, where she found her mother and her sister sitting before a great fire, crying and trembling. She heard her brother say that the British had taken the town and that they would probably be caught and put in prison.

"I have no other clothes here," he said, "and the sight of this uniform would be enough to seal my fate!"

Then the two ladies cried harder than

ing warned them that the enemy was at

Dorcas went to the door, opened it, and saw a young officer with four men standing there. She did not wait for the officer to speak, but in her pretty Quaker fashion gave him a "good morning."

He was greatly surprised to see this pretty, dainty little figure demurely standing in the doorway, but he was as polite as she, and returned her greeting

She told him that a relative of the family had come into the city, and had been obliged to take to his bed, and asked him to allow his men to protect her while she crossed the street to the house of an aunt who lived opposite, where she wanted to borrow something necessary for the comfort of the visitor.

The officer was rather pleased that the pretty girl should show such confidence in him, and at once sent two men to es-

She hastily told her aunt that she mus-