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### The Mecklenburg Mineral Springs and Hotel

CHASE CITY, VIRGINIA.

On the Southern Railway, ninety miles south of Richmond. Hotel thoroughly modern. Rooms single and en suite, private baths, steam heat, electric lights, elevator. Winter climate ideal, location and surroundings superb; cuisine and service the best. All popular diversions; orchestra. Game preserves of thirty thousand acres; quail, deer, turkey and small game abundant. Fox hunting. Fine livery.

Baruch and Nauheim system of baths. The famous Mecklenburg Springs water—Lithia and Chloride Calcium—served to guests. Tourists rates from all points. Stop over privileges on all tourist tickets. Weekly rates, \$15.00 and up. For booklets address

## THE MECKLENBURG,

Chase City, Virginia.

## 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 jangled 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 other foods.

**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 fresh or preserved fruit. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Whole Wheat wafer, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with butter, cheese or marmalade. Both the BISCUIT and TRISCUIT should be thoroughly heated in the oven just before serving.**



"There's Health and Strength in Every Shred"

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS  
a modern village 1600 feet above sea level, is

## BETHLEHEM, N. H.

No better place for rest and recreation. Every amusement and sport common to resorts is found here, while the natural advantages and scenic beauties are unsurpassed.

**THE ARLINGTON** is one of the best of the many home-like hotels at a moderate price. Splendid location—excellent cuisine—modern in all its appointments. Fine golf links, tennis; orchestra. Long distance telephone. Furnished cottages for rent, \$250 to \$700.  
F. C. ABBE, PROP.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

### Bunchup and the Giant.



AT a time in the long, long ago, when there were said to be witches, wizards, elves, fairies, dwarfs and giants living in all the lands, there dwelt a poor woman in the mountains whose husband had died leaving her penniless and with a little son called Bunchup. Now as this poor woman could not get bread for herself and child she went out one night and sold him to a rich old miser for enough to supply herself with food and clothing for a year. After that time she died of starvation in her hut on the mountain side.

After the mother's death the old miser became very cruel to little Bunchup. He beat him unmercifully, set hard tasks for him to perform and half starved him besides.

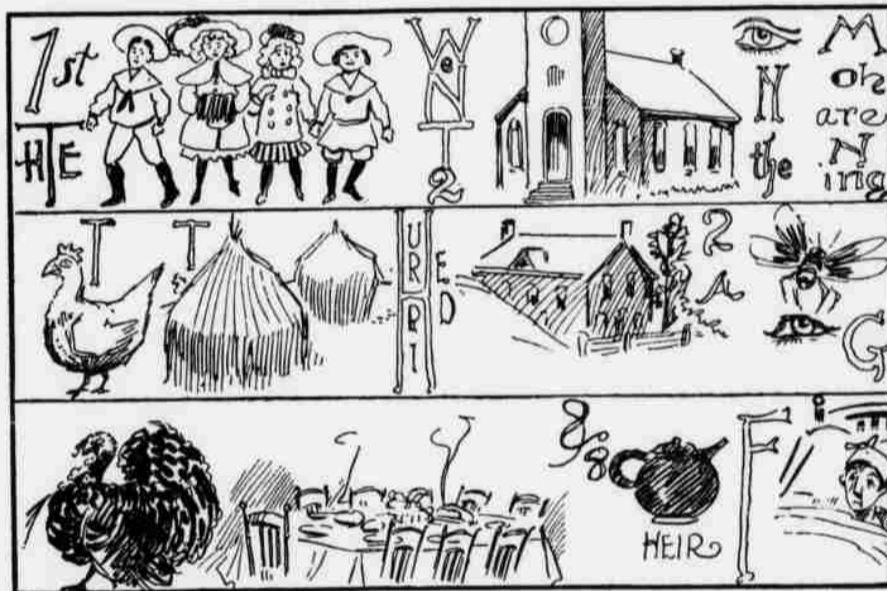
One night just after a severe chastisement from the old miser little Bunchup lay shivering and trembling in every limb so fearful was he that the old miser might

Ah, ha! fear me not, lad," he went on, seeing that Bunchup trembled with fear at sight and sound of him. "Come, I'm not as bad as I'm big. I try to do more good than bad in the world. I'm in quest of one called Cross-bones, the miser. He robbed a good man with a wife and seven children. This old miser took every coin the good man had. Canst tell me naught of such a one as Cross-bones, the miser, lad?"

"I live with him, sir," said Bunchup, looking up into the great giant's friendly blue eyes. "I am very, very unhappy, too, for he beats me and half starves me."

The giant, to be nearer to Bunchup, took him upon his shoulder, stroking his soft hair with the end of one of his huge thumbs. "Ah lad," he said, gently, when Bunchup had completed his story, "I'll not only avenge the wrong done that poor man over beyond the mountain, but I'll attend to thy case as well."

As they neared the hovel they could hear the old miser calling loudly "Where



HOW FOUR CHILDREN SPENT THANKSGIVING—CAN YOU READ IT?

again rise to beat him again. But soon the snoring from the old miser's room pronounced that he was asleep. Then, cautiously, little Bunchup stole from his bed and slipped out through the door into the starlit night. He went on up the mountain side, aiming to steal a few hours to himself while the old miser slept. Coming to a huge boulder that jutted from the mountain side Bunchup stopped and sat down beneath its shelter. While he sat there he fell asleep from sheer weariness.

When he awoke the day was well advanced, the sun shining down from over his head. Bunchup rose quickly and stood looking about him.

Just as he stood there, uncertain as to what he should do, he heard a heavy step on the mountain side above him. He looked up and, to his wonder and consternation, saw a giant striding toward him. He was on the point of hiding beneath the boulder again when the giant's great beaming eyes fell upon him. Then it was too late to withdraw from his path.

"Hey, there, lad!" cried the giant, in a voice that made the mountain tremble. "What doest thou here! Art lost, son?"

art thou, thou miserable little beggar? If I lay hands on thee again I'll flay thee alive."

"And mayhap thou shalt have something this day to remember, old Cross-bones, the miser," said a deep voice. "I've come on an important errand, old Cross-bones," said the giant. "Now, thou old robber and torturer of a little lad, get from its hiding place the leathern bag of gold and silver coins thou didst steal from the good man, his wife and seven children."

Trembling in every limb, old Cross-bones, the miser, went down on his knees in a corner of the house and with his long claw-like fingers tore away the clay of the floor to the depth of a foot. Then he drew forth a leathern bag full of money. The giant took it and poured the contents into his palm, counting it carefully. "Yes, all here that thou didst take from the good man, but now bring forth thine own hoardings."

Again the old miser went to the hole in the corner and drew forth an old metal vessel, which was filled to the brim with coins of gold and silver. The giant took a handful and dropped them into his pocket with the leathern bag, saying,