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Old Map of South America.
Claude Vautin, an English mining engineer, who has been prospecting in Peru, returned the other day on the steamship Zacana. Besides looking after mining property, he has been collecting interesting antiquities of the country.

One of the most interesting things he brings back with him is a map of South America made by the Jesuits in 1592. It gives an outline of the land as far north as Cuba and is apparently accurate. Its purpose is evidently plain, for every mission station in the country at that time is indicated on the map, and the line of travel necessary to reach them is marked out. This map was obtained by Mr. Vautin at Puno, Peru.

Another interesting collection he brought back is the death masks of the Incas. They were hammered out of metal and placed over the faces of the dead. Three of these obtained by Mr. Vautin are of sheet gold.

An Artist.
"You had to refuse the request of these men?"
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.
"Were they angry?"
"Not at all. I showed so much grief at not being able to oblige them that they went away sympathizing with me."

Lagging Behind.
"Why are you loitering around here?" demanded the policeman. "You seem to have no object in view."
"I'm out walking with my wife, of ficer. She's about 30 yards behind in a hobble skirt."

FREE

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

TRADE MARK

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 534 & Jefferson St., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

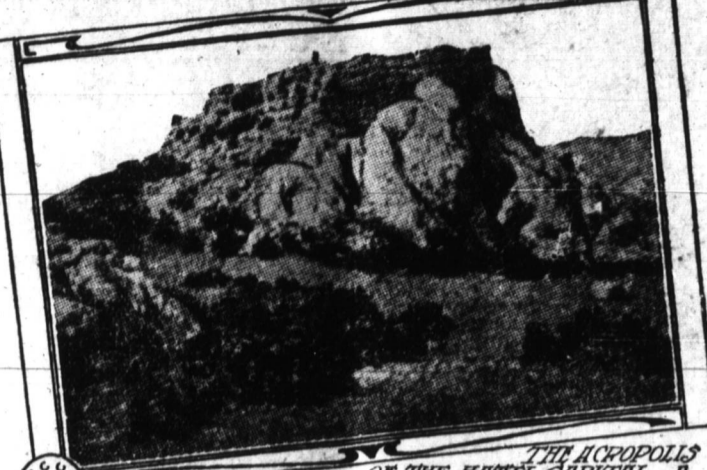
These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 534 & Jefferson St., Philadelphia.

THE EMPIRE OF THE HATTI

BY D. G. HOGARTH

NOT all will recognize under the name Hatti their old friends the Hittites, and when the identity is acknowledged it must be with discrimination. The names are one and the same, and the people, which the Hebrews called "Children of Heth," or Hittites, was a southern outlier of a great group spread over eastern Asia Minor and north Syria, which seems to have called itself Hatti, and to have been well known to the Assyrians under that name, and to the Egyptians under the slightly variant form, Khita. But whether all members of this group were connected by blood or only by



A SCULPTURED ROCK SHRINE AT BOGHAZ-KEUI

the common adoption of a certain culture, we do not yet know. It is very late in Hatti history, and long after its great period, that Hittites appear in the Bible story, with one exception; and when found in Palestine they seem to be aliens in the land, or strayed remnants of a vanishing stock. The presence of "Children of Heth" at Hebron in Abraham's time may have been due to such a survival, and so, too, may that of the hapless Urialah in David's realm. The promise made to Joshua and the Israelites, of "all the land of the Hittites" (even if a gloss of late date), and the Hittite mother whom Ezekiel imputes to the city of Jerusalem, seem to reflect a current tradition of past Hittite domination in South Syria; but when the army broke up before Samaria because a word went forth that the "Kings of the Hittites" were coming, it feared a power lying far to the north, which had once been greater, though it knew it not.

The world of scholars has disputed about the Hittites ever since the middle of the last century, when the decipherment of hieroglyphic and cuneiform records revealed the fact that a people of their name had filled a place in west Asian history far more important than the Israelites were aware. It has disputed especially their responsibility for the monuments, in a quaint individual style of art, and inscribed in some cases with undeciphered pictographs, which have been discovered during the last forty years all over North Syria and great part of Asia Minor; and it has questioned most acrimoniously the ascription of the Asia Minor monuments to them, which Sayce first proposed after comparing with the Syrian stones from Hamath the magnificent rock-relief at Ivri, the rock figures near Smyrna, which Herodotus thought to be representations of conquering "Sesostris," and the far more numerous sculptures in North Cappadocia, at the ruined cities known as Boghaz-Keul and Eyyuk. Close resemblance was admitted, but the natural corollary, that, at some time, there had been a Hittite "Empire" (in the loose oriental sense) was scouted. How should history have forgotten such a fact?

Yet it had forgotten it; for a Hittite or Hatti empire did exist once, with its center, not in Syria, but in far Cappadocia, towards the Black sea. We know the fact now on the best of evidence, and those doubtings of the learned are heard no more at all. Our certainty has resulted from discoveries made at the site long known and guessed about, which is called by the uncouth-sounding Turkish name, Boghaz-Keul—i. e., defile-village. Here massive walls and gates of an early age, the almost buried skeleton of a mighty building, which might have been palace or temple, and, most of all, the sculptured sides of a rock-shrine hard by, had puzzled explorers and scholars for seventy years. At last, in 1906, the excavator's spade was put in earnest into the soil after a certain archaeological scent had been followed up. The hoped-for quarry was cuneiform tab-

lets, broken pieces of which had been coming out of Cappadocia for several years, and by a chain of indications, some of them obtained on the spot by Chantre in 1890, had been traced to Boghaz-Keul. The well-known orientalist, Hugo Winckler, began the systematic search in 1906, and lighted at once on tablets. In 1907 he got more, most of them from the ruins of the great building referred to above, which proved to have been a palace—or rather, two palaces of different dates, one being built partly over the other. In a word, he found remains of royal archives, written in cuneiform script, but partly in the Babylonian language, partly in a tongue unknown. The first kind was readily deciphered; the other is yielding its secrets only to slow and painful labor. But already we have learned enough to convince the most hardened sceptic that history had forgotten a great deal. This is, however, to do history some injustice. She had not entirely forgotten the kings of Boghaz-Keul, but we could not understand her records: Egyptian inscriptions of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties mention four kings of the Khita under circumstances which imply that their texts was no mean power; but the texts give no indication that those kings ruled elsewhere than in Syria, where the Pharaohs and their officers came into contact with them. All these four names have now been found in the Boghaz-Keul archives, together with other names of the same dynasty, and we see that it was in Cappadocia—that these kings were at home.

From the tablets already read, the growth of this empire towards the south and east can be followed, and from the distribution of monuments of Hittite class its growth westward as far as the Aegean sea may be reasonably be inferred. The first expansion of the Hatti folk beyond the bounds of Cappadocia seems to have been as early as about 1800 B. C., when they raided down to Babylon and upset what is called its first dynasty; but their careers of organized conquest was not to begin for nearly three centuries, till King Subbiluliu, whom the Egyptians called Saporarur, came to the throne. When he died, in the time of Amenophis IV. of Egypt, he was over-lord of West Asia, from the Black sea to Oronotes and from the Tigris to the Aegean. From correspondence with the kings of Egypt, of the Mesopotamian Mitanni, and of Babylon, which has now come to light, the stages of his conquest can be traced—raids on the Mitanni territory; raids into northern Syria; war with the Mitanni; full establishment of Hatti domination over north Syria and north Mesopotamia; recognition of the Hatti king as suzerain by the Amurri or nomads of the Syrian and Mesopotamian wastes. Kings of Egypt and Babylon acknowledged him as their equal, but as yet there was no war with the elder empires. That did not come till the time of Mutallu and Rameses II. The Hatti king had advanced south into the Aramaean country, on the upper Orontes, and estab-



A GREAT TEMPTATION.
Aunt Dinah—Ephrum, dat ole Cunnel Leigh is got some of de fines, mos' lubly young turkeys I eber sot my blessed eyes on. Dat am a fac'!
Uncle Ephraim—Yaas, honey, dis shile knows it. An' I on'y got 'ligion two weeks ago! An' jes' two days jefo' 'Thanksgibbin'! Dinah, I'se mighty 'traid I's goin' to be a backslider, shuah as youah bohn!

Eat for the Fun of it.
According to Mr. Herbert W. Fisher in World's Work food is of no use to us unless we enjoy it. Mr. Fisher does not, however, recommend us to be gluttons. He says the less we eat the more pleasure we shall get. The principle is that if we eat little we shall taste much. And the taste of food, not the amount, is, after all, the lure of it.

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Mr. Merchant and Business Man, meet your competitors with their own weapons—advertising.

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The local field is yours. All you need do is to avail yourself of the opportunities offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message into hundreds of homes in this community. It is the surest medium of killing your greatest competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

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LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?
If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?
Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."
Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."
Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.
If it pays to run a few ads 'round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.
It's just business, that's all, to **ADVERTISE in THIS PAPER**

Manoeuvres of the Humorists

His Relatives.
"You are by-nearst relative," said Willie to his ma: "But when I need some money My closest one is pa."

Settle it for Yourself.
The question of the day seems to've Resolved itself to which is The most extracting thing to wear. A skirt, or pair of britches.

Explained.
Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. "I cannot think what has upset that tall blonde man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."
"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."—Penny Pictorial.

A Couple of Lays.
The rain and the hen have their work. As everything earthly must: The hen gets busy and lays an egg. While the rain is laying the dust.

Bright People.
With people who agree with us. We find the most delight: The hen gets busy and lays an egg. That's the way we all decide. Who's wrong and who is right.