

Why Not Get A Guarantee?

Every Article of Merit that is Sold These Days is Guaranteed—No Guarantee Often Means Poor Quality.

There is very little excuse for any person to claim that he has been "stung" on a purchase. Fifty years ago the buyer had to look out, but today it is unusual to find a merchant who will not return the money for any article that has proved unsatisfactory.

An excellent example of this kind of fair dealing is shown by the clean-cut guarantee that Marshall Pharmacy give on Dodson's Liver Tone.

These people tell us that any person who pays 50c. for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone and does not find it a gentle and most pleasant liver tonic, harmless, but a sure reliever of constipation and a perfect substitute for calomel, can get his money back just as quick as they can get it out of the money drawer.

Dodson's Liver Tone has practically taken the place of calomel. It is absolutely harmless, sure in its action and causes no restriction of habit or diet. No wonder the drug people are glad to guarantee it, while other remedies that imitate the claims of Dodson's Liver Tone are not guaranteed at all.

In Tune.

I saw a school-yard full of boys; they were shrieking, laughing, leaping, running, the bell rang and they fell in line to enter the house; their faces were flushed; their eyes sparkled; they were in tune, in tune with life, with the whole-souled democracy of the play ground, with the twang of the taut string of youth.

I saw a young girl of eighteen in the midst of a bevy of college girls, she glowed like a ruby in the sun, like a diamond in the gaslight, like Venus, lush, blue and crystal, sailing her Zodiac way; she was in tune, and all the world about her leaned toward her as flowers bend to the sun, as hearts by instinct reach out to beauty.

I saw a woman busy at her house work; she was deft, quick, and made no useless moves; she washed the dishes with a tennis zest; she swept the floor with a golf enthusiasm; she baked a pie with that same lovingness of labor with which the artist makes a statue; she moved swiftly, as a bee moves gathering honey; she was in tune, and her baby upon the floor cooed and crawled as if volts of electric joy passed through his spirit. I saw a man walking the street; his steps were full of spring; he side-stepped through the throng with as much zest as children show in blind man's buff; he so radiated

vitality and cheer that many people turned to look after him; he was in tune, in tune with the cataract of humanity pouring by him; with the high buildings about him, now bearing him on.

I saw a young man and a maid strike hands, and their souls and bodies trembled with cosmic joy; they were in tune. I saw an orator melt the crowd into a common passion; he had set them in tune.

I saw a mother kneeling by her dead child; she writhed in the torture of discord; she prayed, and by and by ineffable peace broke like dawn upon her storm-twisted features; she had got in tune. The secret of life is to be in tune.

—Dr. Frank Crane.

The King of All Laxatives

For constipation, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo N. Y., says they are the "king of all laxatives. They are a blessing to all my family and I always keep a box at home." Get a box and get well again. Price 25c. At Drug-gists or by mail.—H. E. Bucklen & Co. Philadelphia or St. Louis.

The Nation Summoned By A Solemn Duty.

The great need of our mountaineers today is trained leaders of their own. The future of Appalachia lies mostly in the hands of resolute native boys,

and girls who win the education fitting them for such leadership. Here is where the nation at large is summoned by a solemn duty. And it should act quickly, because commercialism exploits and debauches quickly. But the Schools needed here are not ordinary graded schools. They should be vocational schools that will turn out good farmers, good mechanics, good housewives. Meantime let a model farm be established in every mountain county showing how to get the most out of mountain land. Such object lessons would speedily work an economic revolution. It is an economic problem, fundamentally, that the mountaineer has to face.—Horace Kephart, in "Our Southern Highlanders."

Control Your Thoughts.

Stop that thought. It was in your mind all day yesterday and it made you perfectly miserable. Over and over again you passed through all the unpleasant scenes, heard all the cruel words that were spoken; suffered again all the painful feelings, and succeeded in spoiling the day, unfitting yourself for your work, and destroying all happiness out of your heart. Are you going to continue it all day to-day, and by so doing waste more of your life in the foolish if not insane habit of tormenting yourself now because someone or something

made you unhappy in the past?

That thought has no right in your mind. You may think you cannot stop it, but you can, as it is only a bad habit you have fallen into, and you must break it or it will break you. You must get the mastery of your own mind, and the control of your own thoughts, and while it will be the hardest battle you will ever have to fight, it will be the most glorious victory you will ever win.

To be a slave to unpleasant thoughts is the worst kind of bondage, and sometimes leads to insanity; but to be able to think on any subject you please places your happiness in your own hands, and gives you a sense of power and independence which is not only delightful to realize but which enables you to develop your character and shape your life according to your own choice.

When you begin this work never shut yourself up in a room alone to brood or pray over your sorrow, but do these things which will make you forget, live in the open air as much as possible, get acquainted with the birds, watch the clouds, study the flowers, talk to the streams or trees, and make companions of the wonderful works of the living Father, which will help you out of yourself into the broader and sweeter life which they live. But if you cannot do this, have a book near at hand

and compel yourself to read a few lines or a few verses, visit a friend, do some work that demands close attention, study a picture, and whenever the hateful tormenting thought presents itself turn your back on it and your attention to something else till you can say to it. "Not at home."—J. M. Holmes, in the *New York Observer*.

Requisition Revoked

Last week the Governor of Tennessee drew on North Carolina for one of her citizens and Governor Craig honored the requisition. The Tennessee officers then came for Mr. Jerry Franklin of Marshall. Franklin, it seems was charged there with "tipling"—what this means we do not know. On behalf of Mr. Franklin a telegram signed by some of Marshall's leading citizens was addressed to the Governor asking a revocation of the requisition. A wire from the Governor directed the Sheriff not to deliver Franklin to the Tennessee authorities and on Monday Governor Craig revoked the requisition. Franklin and his friends contended that it was a case of personal malice by a Greenville citizen and that hired testimony was the foundation of the prosecution evidently Governor Craig took this view of the case. "Jerry is still here and doing a good mercantile business."

CONCERT AND PLAY

By Mars Hill College Band and Orchestra

Mars Hill College Auditorium

Saturday Night, February 14th.

Marshall Court House,
Monday Night, February 16th.

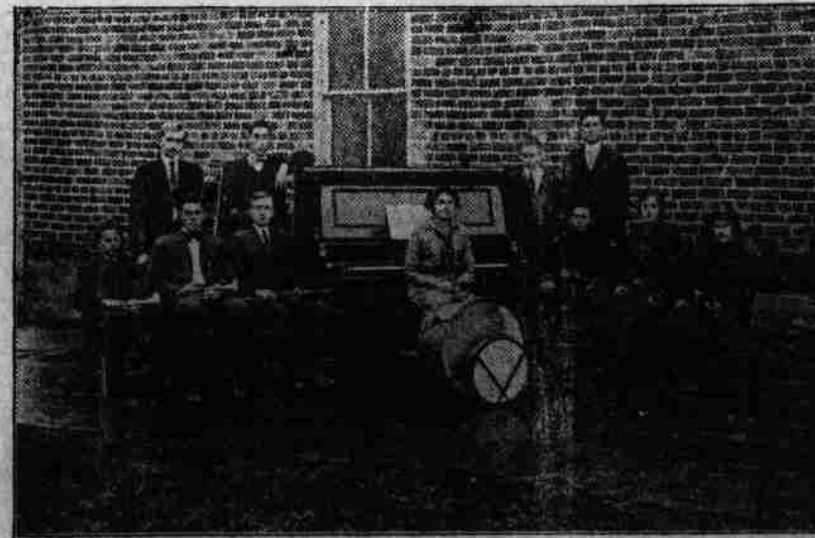
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Mountain Park Hotel AUDITORIUM

Tuesday Night, February 17th.



A SPLENDID CONCERT
Consisting of Stirring Band & Orchestra Music, Beautiful Clarinet, Cornet, Trombone, and Alto Solos, Duets and Trios will be Given



PER TELEPHONE

Splendid Little Comedy Showing the Amusing Troubles of a Man Who Proposed Over the Telephone.

The HAUNTED HOUSE

A Funny Negro Sketch. Come and enjoy the Fun. The Band will Play on the Street in the Afternoon.

POPULAR PRICES: 25, 35 and 50 Cents.

RESERVED SEATS ON SALE AT MARSHALL PHARMACY.