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Yours for uniformity. Yours for greatest leavening power. Yours for never failing results. Yours for purity. Yours for economy. Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, ever-dependable baking powder.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

Father Now in Second Place. She was a prim miss of thirteen who stood before the rector of a well known New York Episcopal church and looked him squarely in the eye.

HOLY LAND SHEEP

Shepherds Still Retain Their Ancient Characters.

Men of This Interesting Land Carry Primitive Weapons to Protect Flocks From Raids by Bedouins and Animals.

Jerusalem.—There are few more picturesque sights in the Holy Land than the shepherd and his flock of sheep. You can never see one without the other, says a writer in Country Life in America.

Their business is not only an honorable calling, but it is one of perpetual difficulty and danger. Shepherds in the east are men of war; also they are men of some initiative and practical intelligence.

They, of course, belong to the native population, which may be divided into three groups, the townspeople, or medanleh; the peasants, or dwellers in villages, called the fellahen, and the nomads, who live in tents and spend their lives roaming, called the Bedouins.

The shepherds, therefore, come under the head of peasants, or fellahen, but nevertheless, they are virtually a race apart.

They attended to the wants of their sheep and led them from pasture to pasture among the hills and valleys long before the coming of the Children of Israel.

The sheep themselves are distinctly of the Syrian breed and famed for their fat tails. Much has been made of the fact that the shepherds of Palestine lead their sheep. This custom has arisen, of course, through the ab-



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Party of Shepherds.

sence of roads, and the scanty nature of the pasturage found on the mountain sides. It would be impossible to drive the flocks from place to place, unless dogs were employed, and there are no sheep dogs in eastern countries.

Hence the shepherd goes on in front, the sheep following, behind, a shepherd boy as a rule bringing up the rear. This is the shepherd's principal duty, to guide his sheep and find pasturage for them.

Then another remarkable trait about these men is that they know their sheep and can instantly pick them out from strangers. At Bethlehem once, I witnessed a very striking demonstration of this.

Three shepherds met, and their flocks, totalling some 160 sheep, were soon hopelessly mixed up together. It required but a few minutes to drive the sheep into a fold, and in a remarkably short space of time the shepherds pointed out correctly the members of their respective flocks.

Then the shepherds of this interesting land are men of arms. In the southern districts of Palestine and also in the Lebanon country they all carry firearms, and those around Jerusalem and in the neighborhood of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, and in other parts of the country carry weapons in the shape of heavy wooden clubs or slings, the latter as primitive as that used by David when he tended his father's flocks.

The guns are invariably old-fashioned flintlock muskets or some other obsolete type of firearm. With these weapons the shepherd protects his flock from wild beasts—leopards, panthers and wolves. But his worst enemy is not the wild animals of the country, but the roving Bedouins. The latter are always making raids and carry off sheep, with the result that even today many a good shepherd is called upon to lay down his life for the sheep.

Jail for Big Eaby. Elizabeth, N. J.—"Your honor, papa slaps me all the time, and it hurts, too. I want you to send him to jail."

These words, spoken in a plaintive voice by little James Kelley, Jr., of 336 Magnolia avenue, to Judge Mahon in police court, brought tears to many eyes.

Kelley is only 52 and 6 feet tall, and his father is 30 years older. The aged man told a different story.

"Judge," he said, "I used to think Jimmy was only mischievous, but I am beginning to be convinced that he is incorrigible. He goes out every night and stays until 9 or 10 o'clock, and, for all I know, may be in bad company. Then when I try to show him the error of his ways he knocks me down."

"The case is evidently one for the juvenile court," said Judge Mahon to the bad boy; "but I'll take a chance in disposing of it myself. Six months in the workhouse."

Chlorine Cracks Skin. Cleveland, O.—Chlorine, a powerful astringent placed in the Cleveland water supply, is blamed for chapped lips and hands. The drug draws the skin taut and the winds crack it.

SOUTH DAKOTA NEWS NOTES

The plans have been completed for a fine new Lutheran church to be erected at Colome in the spring.

A number of the women of Philip have organized a lodge of Royal Neighbors, with about 30 charter members.

Preliminary steps have been taken to have a daily mail route established between Carter and the new town of White River.

Sisseton Methodists, Presbyterians and Norwegian Lutherans combined forces and held a very successful revival meeting.

At a recent meeting of the Milbank Commercial club, a prize of \$100 was hung up for the best mile of road in that vicinity in 1912.

A strong sentiment is being developed in Corson and Ziebach counties in favor of the building of township dams for stock and irrigation.

Mrs. Joseph Matson of Brookings became suddenly insane and attacked her young son Herbert, painfully injuring him. Later she attempted to kill herself.

Corsica capitalists have purchased a site and it is reported are preparing to install an electric light plant, something which Corsica has badly needed for some time.

J. D. Mettler was arrested at Tripp on the charge of disturbing a public school while it was in session, and was required to pay a fine and costs amounting to \$34.

A petition containing the legal number of signatures has been filed with the town council of Iroquois asking for a vote on the liquor license question at the April election.

A cement block factory is among the new industries which has been secured by Fairview. It will be erected and operated by A. A. Spencer. The factory will cost about \$4,000.

A plat has been filed with the secretary of state showing the tract of ground which has been purchased by the government in the city of Madison for the erection of a public building.

The town council of Hoven is discussing the advisability of establishing fire limits and thereby preventing the erection of buildings in the business district which are not fireproof.

The Flandreau city council has authorized the purchase of a great deal of new equipment for the local volunteer fire department, which, accordingly, will be better able to handle serious fires.

All the dams which were constructed in the vicinity of Kadoka last summer now are full of water from the melting snow, and will furnish the homesteaders an abundance of water for all purposes.

The Lead city council has decided to have the business streets lighted by cluster lights. There will be 136 of these, of 50 candlepower each, assuring that Lead will be one of the best lighted cities in the Black Hills.

Black Hills lovers of the national game are talking of organizing a Hills baseball league, with the following towns as possible candidates for franchises: Rapid City, Hot Springs, Deadwood, Lead, Sturgis and Belle Fourche.

The town board of Farmer has arranged for a number of public improvements. The streets will be better lighted, the town generally will be overhauled, including the grading of the streets, and other improvements will be made.

A well with remarkable features has been struck on the Schimke farm, some miles from Westington. It is a drilled well and at a depth of only 180 feet a strong flow of water was struck, it being the shallowest flowing well ever struck in that part of the state.

Officers arrested Thomas Daves at Witten on a warrant charging him with cattle stealing. It is charged Daves drove off three head of cows and three calves, the property of Joe Maulis, a homesteader. Daves was placed in jail to await a preliminary hearing.

The farm home of Richard Wilkinson, seven miles from Hoven, was destroyed by fire with its contents. The family had just moved in and a fire was started in a stove. Shortly after the house was discovered to be in flames. A defective chimney is supposed to have been the cause.

The Home Industry league of the Aberdeen Commercial club has announced its intention of holding an exhibition of Aberdeen made products in that city during the second week in April for the purpose of showing the Aberdeen public what is really manufactured there and what is not.

That work will begin soon upon the government buildings in Hiron is assured from the fact that Herbert Cohen, superintendent of construction, is in the city arranging preliminaries. Operations will begin as soon as weather conditions will permit. The appropriation for the building is \$100,000.

At a mass meeting of business men and other residents of Alexandria a good roads club was organized. The club will work in conjunction with a similar club just organized at Emery for the improvement of the highways of Hanson county.

The farmers of Douglas county, at a meeting held at Corsica, decided to make a demand on the existing telephone lines in that vicinity for a reduction of rates, and they declare that if the demand is not granted they will organize a company and install rural lines of their own.

Gifford Thompson, a farmer living near Alpena, was seriously injured when his horses suddenly swung around, throwing him to the ground. At first his injuries were supposed to be trivial, but it developed that an artery in his head had been severed.

In one day recently 68 cases of eggs were shipped from Colome to eastern markets. Many of the young women who are occupying ceded lands of the Rosebud reservation are engaged in the poultry business, and a large portion of the eggs were marketed there by them.

Daughters of Erin Fair and Famed

Lord Byron looked into the eyes of Anne Birmingham, countess of Charlemont, in her day the most beautiful woman in Ireland, and exclaimed:

"Look in her face and you forget all—everything else. Ah! that face!—to be loved by that woman I would build and burn another Troy!"

In Rome, in Florence, wherever she went, men fell on their knees before the beautiful representative of Erin; many declared her the most beautiful woman that ever lived; Byron wrote poems to her—unto his death he never forgot her; and nine years after meeting her wrote to a friend, "The head of Lady Charlemont, when I first saw her, seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for the ideal."

Ireland for ages has been famed for its lovely women—women with eyes as limpid as its lakes, as blue as its skies, and voices as soft as the winds that caress the green meadows; they have been famed in song and story.

And shined in the heart of every true Irishman with his desire for national freedom is his love for his Kathleen Mavourneen.

Lady Charlemont, who inspired both Byron and Thomas Moore, had many predecessors; she had many successors. Beauty flourishes in Ireland as luxuriantly as the shamrock. Many of Ireland's beauties, like Lady Pole-Carew, whom King Edward declared the fairest woman in the United Kingdom; Maude Gonne, the "Irish Joan of Arc," and Lady Nesta Fitzgerald, have become famous. Others, like the gems "of purest ray serene" which "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear," unfold their beauty in Ireland's charming retreats, its secluded farms and lake regions, unknown to fame.

The movement to revive the minstrelsy of the Gael has received a great impetus within recent years. It affords a field of intellectual effort wherein there is no room for the racial divisions which have proved so disastrous in Ireland. Educated men and women in Ireland of all shades of thought are helping along the good work, and they find willing and loyal auxiliaries in England, notably in the great educational centers of Oxford and Cambridge.

The late Sir Frederic Gore Ouseley, professor of music at Oxford, was a deep student of Gaelic music and one of its most fervent eulogists. "Long before Norman influence was brought to bear on native art," writes Sir Frederic, "there existed in Ireland traditional melodies, the origin of which is lost in antiquity."

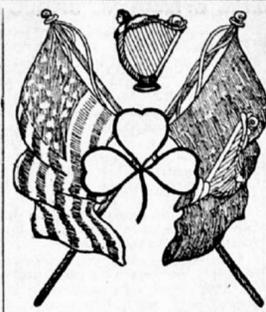
New strength has been given the movement by the accession of Denis O'Sullivan, the famous Irish-American singer, to the ranks of the gifted men, who are directing the Gaelic revival. It is an appropriate dispensation of mysterious fate that a most popular and influential leader in this patriotic, artistic movement should come from the ranks of the exiled children of the Gael. Mr. O'Sullivan was formally commissioned to aid in the glorious propaganda at a complimentary dinner given to him recently by the Irish parliamentary party in London. The eloquent T. P. O'Connor spoke for Ireland on the occasion.

It would take a volume, and a large one, to set forth the whole of the debt which America owes to men of Celtic blood. There is a sentimental effort on foot by men of this race to conserve the various branches of the Celtic language and to perpetuate in its purity to future ages the Celtic blood. The sentiment is admirable. The Celts, and particularly Irishmen, have been noted for their ardent patriotism. No people ever loved their native sod with such a tenderness of devotion as the people of this green isle. But the Celtic race is not sufficiently differentiated from the Latin and from the Teutonic to make perpetual segregation possible. For 2,000 years the amalgamation of these European races has been going on, and the amalgamation must go on until in a complete mingling of the various strains will arise one conglomerate people of various strains of the highest type of humanity that the world has ever known.

The city of Boston is more Irish than Yank, and the intermingling of the blood of men like Patrick Collins with that of the descendants of John Alden and Cotton Mather is just what gives us the men of whom we are proud. The influence of this Celtic race, the pioneers of all Europe, in its mingling with the other strains of white blood in the American people, is of more value than the conservatism of the Erse sept in Connemara or Tyrone.

St. Patrick's Birthplace. Almost as many countries claim the honor of being the natal soil of St. Patrick as of Homer. Scotland, England, France, Wales, Cornwall and Brittany all arrogate to themselves the privilege of pointing out the saint's birthplace. Half a dozen dates are given as that on which he was born, but all unite in fixing upon the 17th of March as the date of his death, which to a saint is the true birthday, as he is then born into the higher life. The years of life allotted to him by the different dates vary from 78 to 120, but after the lapse of fifteen centuries it is enough to know that St. Patrick was a historic character, who lived in the latter part of the fourth century and the earlier part of the fifth; that he lived to a green old age, and that until the end he was a man of gentle deeds and broad charity.

Made Nation of Missionaries. St. Patrick changed the highly-gifted race among whom he labored, not simply into Christians, but into missionaries. It is a moot point whether he was first to introduce writing; but certain it is that until then the rage for scholarship was unknown. The youth of the nation noble and simple, threw down the sword and hastened to the colleges and monasteries that sprang with mushroom growth, throughout the land. Athirst for knowledge, sacred and profane, they eagerly imbibed all the world then knew of either. Impelled by noble passion, they felt constrained to impart of other less favored races the gift that turned their own land into a paradise.



THE OLD MELODIES OF ERIN

Ancient Minstrelsy Is to Be Preserved for All Time.

NE HUNDRED years ago Ireland had a remnant of her ancient bards; fallen from their high estate, it is true, being reduced in great part to the nomad habits of the strolling musician, old and, in many cases, blind; but still playing the old airs on pipes and harp, and enjoying the love and affection of the Irish people. They had almost disappeared when Edward Bunting undertook to preserve what was left of Erin's ancient minstrelsy.

An assembly of harpers was held at Belfast, and the tunes as they were played were taken down by Bunting. The collection of airs which he published formed the treasury of song from which Moore gleaned his immortal melodies.

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LINCOLN DURING CIVIL WAR

Youngster Thought Martyr President the Most Ungainly Man He Had Ever Beheld.

Thomas W. Lloyd of Pennsylvania tells the following stories about Lincoln and the children:

At the beginning of the war I was a mere lad. Like all other boys at that time I was fired with patriotic spirit and went about the village streets making speeches and urging every man to enlist. I did not then know what the war meant, but I knew our side. My enthusiasm was so great that my appearance on the street was a signal to get me up on a store goods box to make a speech. My father related this to Lincoln and asked permission to bring me to the White House. This was granted, and one morning we drove there and were received by the president alone.

As he rose to greet us I thought he was the longest, ugliest and most ungainly man I had ever seen. When I was presented to him he leaned down, and taking me by the hand said: "So this is the little patriot? Ah, Mr. Lloyd, in these times the boy is indeed father to the man. I wish all the men in the north had his spirit." He took me on his knee and talked to me about the war, and the ugliness was forgotten. As I looked into his deep set, kindly eyes, the firm mouth, around which a smile hovered, and listened to his gentle voice I began to think he was positively handsome.

Mr. Lloyd also tells the following incident, illustrating Lincoln's kindness of heart:

A young boy who had served with distinction in a naval engagement on board the gunboat Ottawa and in another as captain's messenger was recommended to a cadetship at the naval academy at Annapolis. Lincoln was glad to make the appointment, and the lad was directed to report for examination in July. Just before starting from home it was discovered that the boy could not be admitted, being under fourteen, the required age—his birthday not occurring until the September following. The boy was bitterly disappointed and feared he would not be able to go at all. He was told he would be taken to see the president, who would make it all right. Some time afterward he was taken to the White House and presented to the president, to whom he made a graceful bow. The difficulty was explained and the president said:

"Why, bless me, is that the boy who aided so gallantly in those two battles? Why, I feel as though I should take off my hat to him and not he to me." The president took the papers and issued an order that the boy should report in September instead of in July. Then putting his hand on the lad's shoulder, he said: "Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during these two months, for they are about the last holiday you will get." The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the president, though a great man, was at the same time a kindly one.

Inherited Strategy. Grant said that he guessed he had learned strategy from his father. He said that when he was a little boy, living on his father's farm in Ohio, his father took him into the stable one day where a row of cows stood in their stalls and said to him: "Hiram, do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?"

"I don't know, father," said he. "I never have done it."

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning I'll give you this bright silver dollar," said his father, patting him on the head while he held the silver dollar before his eyes.

"I'll try," said he, and then he went to work. He tugged and pulled and lifted and puffed, and finally it was done, and his father gave him the dollar, saying:

"That's right, Hiram; you did it splendidly, and now I find you do it so nicely I shall have you do it every morning all winter."

His Proof. A guard was trying to disprove the charge of being drunk which was lodged against him by the provost marshal. That functionary called another guard, and asked his reason for making the accusation. He said:

"Well, I saw him run into a lamp post. He backed away, replaced his hat on his head and started forward unsteadily again, but once more ran into the post. Three more times he tried to get past the post, and, having failed after the last attempt, he backed off and fell to the sidewalk. Glutching his head in his hands, he muttered: 'Loah; loah in an impenetrable forest.'"

"I Thought He Was the Most Ungainly Man I Had Ever Seen."

omended to a cadetship at the naval academy at Annapolis. Lincoln was glad to make the appointment, and the lad was directed to report for examination in July. Just before starting from home it was discovered that the boy could not be admitted, being under fourteen, the required age—his birthday not occurring until the September following. The boy was bitterly disappointed and feared he would not be able to go at all. He was told he would be taken to see the president, who would make it all right. Some time afterward he was taken to the White House and presented to the president, to whom he made a graceful bow. The difficulty was explained and the president said:

"Why, bless me, is that the boy who aided so gallantly in those two battles? Why, I feel as though I should take off my hat to him and not he to me." The president took the papers and issued an order that the boy should report in September instead of in July. Then putting his hand on the lad's shoulder, he said: "Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during these two months, for they are about the last holiday you will get." The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the president, though a great man, was at the same time a kindly one.

Inherited Strategy. Grant said that he guessed he had learned strategy from his father. He said that when he was a little boy, living on his father's farm in Ohio, his father took him into the stable one day where a row of cows stood in their stalls and said to him: "Hiram, do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?"

"I don't know, father," said he. "I never have done it."

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning I'll give you this bright silver dollar," said his father, patting him on the head while he held the silver dollar before his eyes.