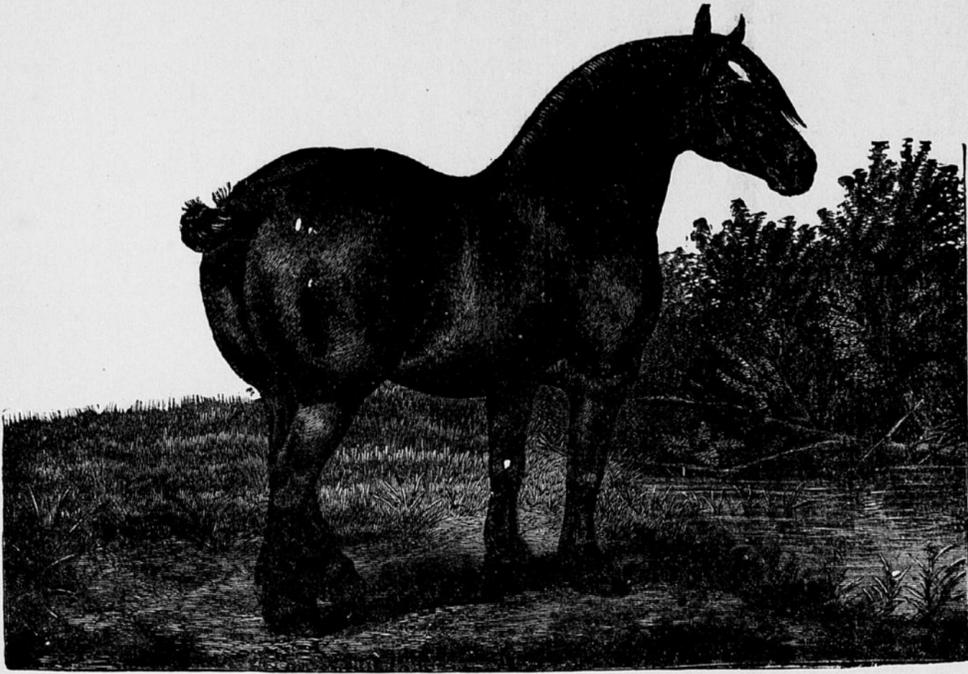


# We sold \$13,269.50 worth of Horses Friday

and buyers and sellers were all pleased with the sale.



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# Thursday, Jan. 31st.

and all of the buyers here last week will be back and several new ones. Horses are selling high and now is the time to sell them.

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### FROM TOURNEIL TO PALESTINE.

#### A Story of the Children's Crusade.

BY ETTA CLARK.

[The following original story, written by Miss Etta Clark, of Denver, Colorado was awarded the annual prize of \$10 in gold offered to the students of the West Denver High School by The Herald, the official organ of the Denver schools. This is the first time the prize has been awarded to a junior, which makes it all the more gratifying to Miss Clark and her friends. Miss Etta is but sixteen years old, the daughter of Mrs. W. P. Clark, formerly of Leon.]

Centuries ago a large castle stood near the village of Tourneil. Situated upon a woody hill, it guarded the unbroken plains which swept about it until they met the horizon. The castle itself was a huge pile of dark gray stone with high battlements and gloomy dungeons. For many decades it had been the home of the DeLaCys of Tourneil. The present heir to the estate was Hubert, a boy of fifteen, who played all day in the courtyard with his twin sister, Hildegarde. Their only guardians were the old squire and an old great-aunt. Eight years before, the children's father, Sir Robert, one of the best and bravest knights in France, had ridden away with a party of men wearing a Crusader's cross. To his squire he entrusted his children while he fought for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. In time the other knights returned, but Sir Robert did not accompany them. He had fought by their side in a battle with the Saracens, but in the heat of conflict had disappeared and no tidings had ever been received of him.

"When I'm a man," said Hubert, "I shall go to Syria to find my father." The lad was strong and sturdy, a typical DeLaCy, Hildegarde, golden-haired and dark-eyed, was like her dead English mother. One bright spring morning when they had walked together to Tourneil, the little village seemed completely deserted until they reached the market-place. There a tall boy stood in the midst of a crowd who hung breathless on his every word. The brother and sister joined them and began to listen.

"Why did the Christians fail to conquer the Moslems?" he said. "They had great armies, brave knights, the wealth of Europe. Why should they fail? Their hearts were full of sin. Because of that they were not permitted to hold the sacred city. The lives of children are pure. Christ said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not.' He himself has called us to rescue his holy grave from the infidels. Who dares to follow where he leads? Who, pinning on his emblem, the cross, will march to Jerusalem, singing the chant of the First Crusaders, 'Lift up thine eyes, Oh daughter of Zion, and behold the Liberator who comes to break thy chains?' Who dares?"

"I dare," shouted a hundred voices, as the mob of children surged around the boy, demanding the tiny white crosses which consecrated them to their sacred task. Among them were Hubert and Hildegarde. But, as they feared, their aunt Clotilde positively refused to allow them to join the children's army. They coaxed and they pleaded, but all in vain. "Firm as Gibraltar's rocky base" was aunt Clotilde. So Hubert planned an escape. He told Hildegarde nothing of his intentions as he did not wish her to go with him.

"A girl cannot fight," he said scornfully to himself, "she had better stay at home with her dolls." By a secret passage leading to the drawbridge many a DeLaCy had fled for his life when the castle was besieged, and by this passage Hubert proposed to set out upon quest. One dark night he cautiously crossed the great hall, fearing to awaken the pages who slept upon the rushes strewn before the fire-place. Opening a narrow panel in the wall, he stepped into the passage. The ground and walls were damp and slimy and the air was damp and oppressive. A sudden fear clutched the boy and he ran blindly until he stood out under the stars. A

cry of fright almost passed his lips as a figure glided out of the shadows.

"I go with you," said Hildegarde. I knew that you would come this way tonight."

"Come, then," said Hubert ungraciously, after the manner of brothers, but Hildegarde knew that "deep down in his heart," he was glad that she had come. So they tramped together along the road to St. Rheims. At dawn they reached the town. The streets were filled with children, all excited, all happy, all wearing the little white cross. On the front of the Town Hall was a huge placard:

"The Children's Armie leaves Sainte Rheims at ten of the clocke this day. All ye who wishe to marche with them will assemble by this halle at nine."

"Signed, STEPHEN."

Five hundred boys and girls came. With them were their parents, reluctant to part with them. Soon Stephen appeared, in military garb, and was greeted by a lusty cheer.

"Fall in line," he directed. A babel of farewells ensued. They seemed sad at the thought of leaving home, but exalted by the spirit of the their enterprise. As one person the little army began to move. With their hands clasped upon their breasts, their voices raised in song, he hapless children passed the city gates, followed by prayers and tears. At every town the army was joined by scores. At night they camped by the road-side. Hubert and Hildegarde had brought the money which their mother had bequeathed to them and so they were able to produce all the food that they needed. Others, not so fortunate, depended on the bounty of the peasants. At first they fared well, but as the army increased provisions grew scarce. Hungry and weary, the little pilgrims were almost ready to abandon their march when the glad news was heard that Mars-illes was only five miles away. Youthful buoyancy asserted itself. Laughter and jokes were heard. The twins were gayest of the gay.

Lagging steps revived and the army descended the hill and entered the city with voices raised in a triumphal chant: "Behold His victorious army cometh. Glory to Thee, King Jesus, great King and strong Commander."

Now only the blue Mediterranean lay between them and the Holy Land. Stephen had told them how they would cross the sea.

"When the children of Israel were leaving Egypt, God caused the waters to part and they walked safely to the opposite shore. Likewise will he provide a path for this, His army."

The children implicitly believed him and now, as they stood at the water's edge all eyes looked for the miracle. Stephen, kneeling, began to pray, asking that a way be made by which the army should pass dry-shod through the sea. After the prayer the concourse of men and women gathered on the shore stood silent, waiting, watching, listening. Still the bright water stretched rippling away to the horizon and no sound was heard but the gurgling of the wharves. For hours they waited, then the people, strugging their shoulders, returned to their homes, after advising Stephen to wait no longer for the impossible. Two nights and days the army spent on the shore, then they went back into the city, a miserable little band, homesick and disheartened. In vain Stephen pleaded. By the morning of the third day four-fifths of the army had started on their homeward journey. Among the few who remained loyal to their leader were Hubert and Hildegarde. As they stood disconsolate in the market place, a man approached Stephen and began to talk with him. He was Clovis, a merchant of Marseilles, who carried on a very profitable trade with Syria. His crafty face and small sharp eyes, his whole appearance was that of a sly, scheming swindler. No deed was too base to be done by him if in any way he could increase his fortune. Great then was the surprise among the citizens when Clovis offered to take the little Crusaders to the Holy Land in his ships, and asked no reward.

"By Our Lady," said the pious ones, crossing themselves devoutly, "how we have misjudged this good man!" And the children of the army praised Clovis

as being one of the best and most bountiful of mortals. Meanwhile, the "good man," laughed in his sleeve. "What a fool they must think me," he soliloquized, "but Christian slaves will bring a high price in Damascus and Joppa." Soon four ships set sail and the shore of France faded from the sight of the boys and girls who were to behold it no more. That night a terrible storm raged. Thunder roared, lightning flashed and one of the ships sprung a leak. On the deck all was pitchy darkness; the air was full of screams and sobbing. Hubert lashed his sister and himself to a piece of the mast and when the ship went down they floated out into the open sea. The next morning a Saracen slave picked up two half-drowned Christian children and carried them before his master, the great Abdallah. Behind the chair of this Moslem lord, as he sat in his audience-hall, stood a knight in armor. Hildegarde cast one quick glance at this man.

"Oh, Hubert, it's father!" she cried. The next moment in their father's arms they laughed, cried and kissed, breathless from excitement. Sir Robert told his story. When the men of the Fourth Crusade, incited by the Venetians, had made Constantinople their destination, he and his friends refused to go and went to Palestine, where they joined a small Christian army and engaged in a battle in which Sir Robert was captured by the Saracens and held for ransom. He was to live for eight years in captivity, then if the ransom were not paid was to be killed. His friends knew nothing of his whereabouts, and now only four days of life remained to him. So the children's rejoicing was turned to sorrow. But Hildegarde had a happy thought. She and Hubert, appearing before Abdallah, offered themselves as hostages, while their father went to Acre to procure the money. At first Sir Robert was horrified at the idea.

"By my halidom," he swore, "I will not allow it." In the end, he consented. There were three days in which to make the trip. Sir Robert DeLaCy rode like a whirlwind across the desert to Acre and when he came back, flung at Abdallah's feet the price of his freedom.

In Tourneil Castle King Christmas reigned supreme. The Yule Log blazed upon the hearth, mistletoe and holly hung in the hall and the boar's head was borne aloft by pages. The servants danced in the large old kitchen and everywhere was gayety and mirth. But the happiest of all the happy people in that Castle were its Baron and his children, reunited and at home at last.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulents is enough. Treats cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

**TO ENJOY A GOOD DINNER.**  
**How to Avoid Distress and Indigestion After Eating.**

Let us show you how to enjoy a good dinner, how to regain the appetite of your childhood, and to relish your food. There is no need of any self-denying diet list, no call for nasty and disagreeable medicine, no list of hard exercises; simply a Mi-o-na stomach tablet before each meal, and one before going to bed, and it will so strengthen the stomach that a good dinner will give you pleasure and comfort without the least fear of distress.

The best proof of the value of our advice is the fact that L. P. Van Werden gives a positive guarantee (applying to two 50c boxes of Mi-o-na) that your money will be refunded unless the remedy cures. A guarantee like this must give you confidence in Mi-o-na stomach tablets.

Mi-o-na is not a mere digestive with only temporary relief, but a specific for all disorders of the stomach, strengthening the digestive organs and making a permanent cure.

James Cherry, for a number of years a resident of this part of the county, and who has been quite seriously ill for the past few weeks, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Paxton, in this city Sunday morning and was buried Wednesday afternoon at the Garden Grove cemetery. The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church conducted by Rev. Elmer Aukerman.—Garden Grove Express.

To stop a cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let it run and cure it afterwards. Taken at the "mezzo stage" Preventics will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventics are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventics. They will surely check the cold, and please you. Sold by L. P. Van Werden.

**The Right Name.**  
Mr. August Sherpe, the popular overseer of the poor at Fort Madison, Ia., says: "Dr. King's New Life Pills are rightly named; they act more agreeably do more good and make one feel better than any other laxative." Guaranteed to cure biliousness and constipation. 25c at Van Werden's drug store.

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Significance is not a matter of bulk. Good will on earth is God's will for man.

Pine Salve Carbolyzed, acts like a poultice; highly antiseptic, extensively used for Eczema, for chapped hands and lips, cuts and burns. Sold by W. C. Stempel & Co.

Some men's idea of giving to the Lord is to buy a cushion that will make the church pew more comfortable.

Fine feathers ne'er can make fine birds, 'tis true, but what would become of the peacock if he was dressed like a frog?

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. Sold by W. C. Stempel & Co.

W. H. Young was in town Saturday, trying to mix up with the farmers. He wore a pair of overalls, but the men acted rather shy of him for he still has the smell of the court house about him.—Grand River Local.

Two days treatment free. Ring's dyspepsia tablets for impaired digestion, insure breath, perfect assimilation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. Sold by W. C. Stempel & Co.

Wm. Alcorn has sold his farm east of Garden Grove to N. M. Bissel, of Osceola, for \$87.50 per acre, there being 120 acres. This is one of the best farms in the county and brought a fair price. Mr. Alcorn expects to give possession in the spring and have a sale next month.—Garden Grove Express.

"Pineules" (non-alcoholic) made from rosin from our Pine Forests used for hundreds of years for bladder and kidney diseases. Medicine for thirty days, \$1.00. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Get our guarantee coupon from W. C. Stempel & Co.

Dr. E. Mitchell, of Weldon, has decided to locate permanently in Osceola and last week opened offices in the Lewis block. The doctor is a practitioner of experience and has been successful in his work and will, doubtless, secure a remunerative practice.—Osceola Sentinel.

Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing Honey and Tar is especially for children, no opiates or poisons of any character, conforms to the condition of the National Pure Food and Drug Law, June 30, 1906. For cough, whooping cough, etc. It expels coughs and colds by gently moving the bowels. Guaranteed. Sold by W. C. Stempel & Co.

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