

LAND OF MASSACRES.

For Centuries Fire and Sword Have Visited Adana.

SCENE OF ARMENIAN MURDERS

Ever since Days of Alexander and Pompey the Turkish Province Has Been a Region For Destruction. When the Shenandoah Went There.

There is nothing like personal familiarity with a locality to arouse a real interest in news concerning it even if that news be of so startling a character as to merit the name of a massacre. Poor Adana, the province in Asiatic Turkey where many Armenians have recently been killed! There was a time when I knew its broad wheatfields, silvery streams, luxuriant gardens and the wild mountains that hem the fertile valley in, for I went there in a smart corvet and fetched away a marble sarcophagus that had held the remains of a Roman princess for a thousand years and more before it came to be a show piece in the New York Metropolitan museum. Now I venture the assertion that not one person in ten thousand who has read the late startling dispatches ever heard the pretty name before or knows whether it belongs to a town or a district or where to locate it except as indefinitely somewhere in the sultan's Asiatic dominion. In fact, the general tenor of the dispatches, where the name is found indiscriminately classed with Aleppo, Beirut, Damascus, etc., gives the natural impression that it is somewhere in Syria. If old St. Paul were alive he would surely pour out the vials of his ready wrath upon any one who dared to call him a Syrian, for he was a Cilician, and the Roman province of Cilicia of his day is the vilayet of Adana today.

Off to the northeast of the island of Cyprus, just after the mainland makes a sharp bend from running north along the Syrian coast to west along that of Asia Minor, lies this the finest natural granary of the whole Mediterranean coast, and its three principal towns of Mersina, Tarsus and Adana lie almost in line completely through its center. Riding and camping out on the banks of the Cydnus, our care free band heard from the native story tellers traditions innumerable of the fair land that is so unfortunately located as to have been the battleground of nations since the dawn of history. The name of the mythical Sardanapalus is claimed as that of the founder of every town and village. Within its boundaries Alexander the Great won the most famous of his victories. Pompey the Great reached the pinnacle of his fame here when his legions captured the province for Rome, scarcely thirty years before St. Paul was born. Then the Arabian Moslems swept up and across it from the east; the savage Armenians from the mountains in the north devastated it; the Christian emperor Baldwin of Constantinople brought fire and sword from the west; Greeks and Venetians harried the coast from the south, and so down the centuries the little province simply from being a military key to surrounding peoples was kept in poverty and desolation until the great Haroun-al-Raschid gave it the new name of Adana and brought peace and plenty to the land.

There was a wealthy native of Tarsus named Abdo Dabbas, who for many years had prospered under the protection of an appointment as consular agent of the United States, and it so came about that in one of his fields was unearthed a fine marble sarcophagus, which, as a mark of appreciation, he made a gift to the United States, with only the proviso that some one should be sent to take it. And so it came about that the Shenandoah was ordered to the eastward to pick it up and in due time let go her anchor in the snug harbor of Mersina.

It was a grand opportunity for old Abdo, beyond his dreams, to have a man-of-war as ocular proof of his importance, and he made the most of it in the best of ways, for not only were his house and gardens placed at our disposition, but at the first mention to him of the interest that was most natural to see the battlegrounds of Alexander he equipped a complete camp, even to a detachment of Turkish infantry, to take us throughout the province. Over the campfire at night the stories were told that, true or false, brought to our ears the famous names whose victories and defeats had alike brought only misery to a peaceful people. Of all those names so often heard one only, Haroun-al-Raschid, our "Arabian Nights" hero, was called blessed.

All through the rolling plain and in the foothills of the Taurus were in this time of thirty odd years ago fine fields of grain, orchards and luxuriant gardens and all that should make a people happy and well to do, but the war storms of nearly 3,000 years have stamped an indelible mark on the peo-

ple. Poor Adana! One more massacre is but a drop in the stream.

As for the sarcophagus, the secret of its soul will never be betrayed, for it bears no inscription nor was anything recovered from it. Probably whatever it contained was stolen by the laborers who unearthed it. Its bulky eleven tons was hoisted to our quarterdeck, the beautiful sculptures carefully boarded in, and the last home of a countrywoman of St. Paul, like him a Roman, came on its long voyage to rest in a country unheard of and unsuspected when it was created.—Edward W. Verr, Late United States Navy, in New York Post.

The Bed-Book of Success

Lies in a keen, clear brain, backed by indomitable will and resistless energy. Such power comes from the splendid health that Dr. King's New Life Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build up brain and body. J. A. Harmon, Lizemore, W. Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used." 25c at Banner Drug Store.

BIG SUIT CASE FOR TAFT.

Made in the Philippines of Mahogany, Pearl and Gold.

President Taft has received from the Philippines a large suit case, which was used by John S. Hord, collector of internal revenue, in bringing to Washington statistics for use in considering Philippine tariff legislation.

The frame is of mahogany and the front is made of small inlaid blocks of native wood, about 120 different specimens, highly polished and bearing the initials "W. H. T." in native gold and "P. I." in native mother of pearl. The back and sides are composed of carabao hides and the handle is a piece of Manila hemp.

Messina's Death Roll.

An official estimate places the number of bodies of the earthquake victims recovered in Messina, Sicily, at 25,000 and of those still in the ruins at 45,000. Both figures are the minimum.

A Smile

Is a pretty hard thing to accomplish when you're bilious, bilious and out of sorts. There is a sure cure for all kinds of stomach and liver complaints—constipation and dyspepsia. Ballard's Herbine is mild, yet absolutely effective in all cases. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Little Helps For Awning Makers.

"Our greatest benefactor," said a local manufacturer of awnings, "is the office man who sits and smokes and throws his cigar stubs out of the window. If it's at the time of year when awnings are up on the big office buildings it is not improbable that the cigar will fall on an awning and burn a good sized hole. Possibly it will fall against a roll of the canvas and burn through several folds. Look at some of the awnings over the stores on the ground floor of buildings and notice the little round holes that have been caused by the falling cigar stubs. These holes, of course, greatly hasten the time when the awning must be replaced. Nearly every office building in town has suffered this same damage." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wooden Water Pipes.

Wood pipes are better than iron pipes for carrying water supply, according to a report issued by the United States forestry bureau. It says that timber saturated with water and protected from outside influences is practically everlasting. There is a line of two miles of wood pipe at Fayetteville, N. C., laid in 1829, which is sound and in constant use at the present time. Wood pipes cost only one-quarter as much as cast iron and one-half as much as steel, they have greater discharging capacity, they are not affected by electrolysis and they are poor conductors of heat, thus keeping the water cooler in summer and warmer in winter.—Chicago News.

Did His Best.

A Baltimore man was recently showing his nice new opera hat to his little nephew, and when he caused the top piece to spring open three or four times the youngster was delighted.

A few days thereafter the uncle, during a visit to the same household, brought with him a silk hat of the shiny, noncollapsible kind. When he was about to leave the house he encountered the aforesaid youngster running down the hall with what looked like a black accordion.

"Uncle Ed," observed the boy, "this one goes awfully hard. I had to sit on it, but even then I couldn't get it more than half shut."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ANCIENT JESTS.

A Familiar Tale Told in Many Centuries and Languages.

Most of the jests that have been current in English speaking countries for centuries are known also throughout Europe. Students of folklore assure us that to a great extent these jests are of Asiatic origin, many of them having come from China and Japan, and some are thousands of years old.

Take, for instance, the well known story of the impudent Irishman at an inn who looked over a man's shoulder while he was writing a letter. When he read, "I have much more to say to you, but a fellow is looking over my shoulder and reading all I write," he cried out, "Faith, sir, I haven't read a word!" This story is found in the "Spring Garden" of Jami, the last of the great Persian poets of the fifteenth century.

The story of the countryman who tried to pick up a paving stone to throw at a savage dog and, finding that stone and all others rammed tightly into the ground, declared that these were strange folks who fastened the stones and let loose their dogs was told in the thirteenth century by another Persian poet, the illustrious Sadi.

One authority in folklore traces a familiar tale from the ancient Hindoo collection, "Ocean of the Rivers of Narrative," through various versions, in many centuries and languages.

The Hindoo tale is in brief something like this: A rich man said to his treasurer in the hearing of a musician who had entertained him, "Give this man 2,000 panas." The treasurer, replying that he would do as ordered, went out. The minstrel asked for the panas, but was refused. On appealing to the rich man the musician received this response: "What did you give me that I should make a return? You afforded a short lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short lived pleasure to your ears by promising you money."

In Gladwin's "Persian Moonshine" a poor poet recites verses in praise of a wealthy man, who promises him a quantity of grain, but later says to him: "You are a blockhead! You delighted me with words, and I pleased you in like manner. Why, then, should I give you grain?"

Lucian tells of a philosopher that complained to his pupil because his fees were eleven days in arrears and was thus answered by the youth's uncle: "Pray let us hear no more complaints of the injustice you suppose you have had at our hands, since it simply amounts to this—we have bought words of you and till now have paid you in the same coin."

In "Jacke of Dover, His Quest of Inquire For the Foole of All Fooles," an English jest-book of the sixteenth century, there is a tale almost precisely like the Hindoo narrative.

A Japanese story says that Kisaburo, a man of economic spirit, took lodgings on the side of a market for eels. The appetizing odor of fried eels entered his dining room and seasoned his bowl of rice. The man with the eels presented his bill for the odor of the fish. Kisaburo laid out the money asked for on the bill and began to chat with him. When the man was about to leave Kisaburo put the money back into his pocket, replying to the other's remonstrance: "You ask me for payment for the smell of your fried fish. I do the same for the sight of my money." This story was known in Europe in the fourteenth century.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Living Skeleton

Is the final condition of any child that has worms if it lives. Think of having something in your stomach that eats all you take as nourishment. Nine tenths of the babies have worms, may be yours has. Be certain that it has not by giving it White's Cream Vermifuge—it expels all worms and is a tonic for the baby. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Impatient.

"Well, if that ain't the limit!" mused the postman as he came down the steps of a private residence.

"What's the trouble?" queried the passing citizen, who had overheard the postman's noisy thought. "Why," explained the man in gray, "the woman in that house says if I don't come along earlier she'll get her letters from some other carrier."—Chicago News.

HUNTING THE SEAL.

The Dog Hood of the Atlantic Is a Desperate Fighter.

The seal hunters have been called heroes, but they have earned the title in doing just what their fathers and forefathers have done for 200 years—catching seals to make a living. When we think of seals we bring to mind the animals for whose rich coat of fur milady is willing to pay hundreds or even thousands of dollars—the fur seal, which inhabits the north Pacific ocean. But in the waters of the Atlantic lives another species, which is also sought for its coat or hide, which goes into many thousands of pocketbooks, satchels, gloves and other articles, for which it is especially valuable. So every year hardy Newfoundlanders take their lives in their hands in the seal hunt, for not only is its coat valuable, but the blubber of the young yields an oil much prized for different purposes.

There are four species of seals in the waters around Newfoundland and Labrador—the bay seal, the harp, the hood and the square flipper. The harp seal—the seal of commerce—is so called from having a broad, curved line of dark connected spots extending along each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, forming a figure something like an ancient harp. As the hoods are often with the harps, they are also taken for their skins. The male, called the "dog hood," is distinguished from the female by a curious sack or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or enraged he inflates this hood with air so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. When thus protected he can be killed only by shooting him in the neck and the base of the skull.

Unlike the cowardly harp seal, the dog hood fights desperately in defense of his mate and young ones, and if they are killed he becomes furious, inflates his hood, while his nostrils dilate into two huge bladders. As he rushes at his enemy with floundering leaps, it is as well to keep a safe distance if the hunter is alone, for instances have occurred where a fight between an old dog hood and five or six men has lasted for an hour, and more than once a man has been crunched to death by the powerful jaws.

The seal is a great traveler, but depends on the rivers of the ocean to take him where he wants to go. Like a good many other tourists, he spends his summer in the north, leaving the southern waters in May and spending about three months in the seas about Greenland. With the beginning of the arctic winter the seal horse starts on its long southern voyage.—Day Allen Willey in Van Norden's.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. Burdock Blood Bitters conquers dyspepsia every time. It drives out impurities, tones the stomach, restores perfect digestion, normal weight, and good health.

HEALTH INSURANCE

The man who insures his life is wise for his family. The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself. You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding. At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

Tutt's Pills

And save your health. WHITE'S Cream Vermifuge



THE GUARANTEED WORM REMEDY THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY Ballard-Snow Liniment Co. ST. LOUIS, MO. Sold and Recommended by ALL DRUGGISTS

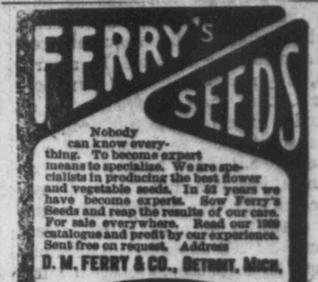
BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Piles, in the shape of violent piles or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips! 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN



Nobody can know everything. To become expert means to specialize. We are specialists in producing the best flower and vegetable seeds. In 25 years we have become experts. Sow Ferry's Seeds and reap the results of our care. For sale everywhere. Read our 1909 catalogue and profit by our experience. Sent free on request. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Total Bottle Free. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

NATURE Needs an Assistant.

The corn in the farmer's bin does not plant itself. No more can Nature, alone and untided, always perform the enormous task that are so often forced upon her.

Nature Needs an Assistant. Perfect health is the result of study and research. It has taken centuries to understand the human body and to find the best conditions and remedies to develop a healthful equilibrium.

ST. JOSEPH'S Liver Regulator

IS NATURE'S BEST ASSISTANT. This remedy has proven itself the true and tried friend of the human family by giving prompt relief when taken for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Dizziness or other troubles incident to a torpid or inactive liver and a clogged up system.

It is a pleasant remedy of great power, and Nature's assistant in the highest degree. It is made in both liquid and powder form, is pleasant and agreeable to the taste, prompt in action, and leaves no sickening, weakening after effects. It is an Ideal Liver Medicine. We have a large number of letters from satisfied patrons who have benefited and cured by it.

GERSTLE MEDICINE CO. Chattanooga, Tennessee.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.