

The area of the Sahara desert is almost as great as that of the United States. Photography can prove the presence of skin eruptions which are entirely invisible to the naked eye.

Children Cry for Fletcher's **CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom; and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

How Jerusalem Wails



Wailing Wall of the Jews.

"TE-KE-OO—Te-ke-oo;" the notes ring out, poignant, pitiful; "Te-ke-oo." Once again it resounds in the honry rifts of the "wailing wall," remnant of Hebrew glory, symbol of Hebrew fall. Piercing, clear, it heralds a mighty surge of grief. For from the gloom of a hundred souls a cry is wrung, uncanny in the smiling sunshine, writes Marian Weinstein to the Chicago Daily News. The Jews of Jerusalem have come to mourn, to pray. They have brought to their Father the sting of their newest affliction, the fresh page in their long tragedy—the slaughter of their brethren in free Galicia.

The bearded elders in their faded caftans bend and sway over their huge tomes. Their enriocks brush the yellowing leaves of prayer. Apart on the cobbled street sit shawled women, scar, fleshless, resting their quivering forms against a native hut. Their younger sisters, old-young women, press the temple ruin. Now they fondle the stones and now they clutch them in despair, choking dry sobs. Beyond, a girl is weeping. She has lived through a Russian pogrom. There is a hill in the wall. For a moment the mass of motley headgear—skull caps, turbans, fezzes—ceases to sway. But only for a moment. And now the little Talmud Torah boys come from their schools, tiny replicas, with their side curls and long coats, of their elders. They file in under their rabbi's eye, a look of awe on their pale faces.

All United in Mourning.

Jerusalem has forgotten its squabbles. In this hour of prayer and mourning before their Maker all Jews are brothers. "A dole, a dole," a wretched bundle of rags whimpers through the crowd. Between two sputtering candles against the wall a khaki-clad soldier from the Jewish battalion pauses to read the call to this prayer that was posted for days in the streets of the Holy City, in Hebrew and in Yiddish.

"Terrible reports come to us, one after the other, from Galicia. Enemies of Israel shed Jewish blood like water. Hundreds of Jewish victims have been murdered amid all sorts of atrocities. Countless innocents, men, women and children, our people's most pious souls, have fallen. In Lemberg alone 108, butchered and burned, were buried in one grave. Scores of scrolls of the law have been destroyed, and such outrages were committed as in the day of the destruction of the temple. All our brethren in Galicia are in deadly terror.

"Our elders, therefore, have met and decided that the whole community—men, women and children—should assemble Tuesday at 8 o'clock. Arabic time, at the temple ruin to read the psalms and blow the shophar that the Lord above may take pity upon our brethren."

"Ibrahim! Ibrahim!" A shrill cry strikes the air. From the roof of her stone hut a swarthy Arab woman calls her son, who has somehow been caught in the wailing, swaying multitude. "Ibrahim!"

At the Wailing Place.

The Jewish soldier rescues the reluctant Ibrahim just as a score of British Tommies appear in the wake of a Moslem guide.

"Here you have the Jews' wailing wall," he recites in a sing-song. "The upper stones were built in the time of the Romans, but the lower blocks belonged to Solomon's temple. Here the Jews come every Friday to wail."

The Jewish soldier has recognized a fellow Jew in an American Red Cross doctor, standing thoughtfully at the edge of the praying crowd.

"From what part of the States are you?" he whispers eagerly. "I'm from Philly. I thought you might be, too."

Down the stony steps leading to the wailing place new figures are ever hurrying, scurrying. The Talmud Torah children are leaving with their rabbi. The weeping girl leans against the Arab hut now, her eyes half closed, her lips trembling. The old-young women still cling to the wall as if the God whose ear they seek were in its very stones.

"A dole, a dole." The beggar renews her quest.

The sun sinks lower and lower, but still they come, old and young, the Jews of Jerusalem. The praying forms never weary. Ever their cry rings above the noise of the city, a centuries old cry.

DIDN'T LET STOMACH KNOW

Simple Manner in Which a Struggling Pittsburgher Acquired a Competence.

A Pittsburgh man, by thrift and economy, acquired a competence from a most humble beginning, but until he related his experience to his friends in the bank where he did business they were unable to discover the real secret of his success. Here is his story, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch: He started to work on the South side at \$8 per week and was soon advanced to \$10 and later to \$12. When he was marked up to \$14 he got married, beginning double team life in two rooms in one of the alleys high to Carson street. His boss thought so well of his marriage he added \$2 more per week to his income. He bought a small lot in the alley, put up a little house and ere long was living free of rent. Then he annexed a lot, erected another house and found himself a landlord. Another legacy of \$2 a week was his good fortune and at last followed prosperity that enabled him to live without daily toil. "Well," said the president of the bank, "you have not told these tellers and young fellows in the bank the real secret of your success, as you confided it privately to me," and, laughing, the man said: "Oh, yes, I know what you mean. Well, boys, I told you I started at \$8 per week and, believe me, no matter how often I was advanced in wages, I never let my stomach know that I was on any other than \$8 weekly allowance." This explained his comfortable bank balance. Moral: Go thou and do likewise. "Own a home."

Cultured Hindus.

In Bengal there are about seventy millions of people, and they boast of perhaps the best culture in India at the present time. The language as a written language is only fifty years old. Though for over a thousand years it has been a dialect, there is in Indian history unfortunately no trace of Bengali having been an important literary tongue. The language has borrowed its alphabet, grammar and vocabulary. There are numerous Persian, Arabic and English words incorporated in it, and the wonder of it is that, instead of having been degraded into some vulgar form like pidgin English, Bengali has become the most literary, scientific and perhaps the most philosophic of modern Indian languages.

Workmen Marooned High in Air.

A violent windstorm recently swept across Great Salt lake, and overlaid into Ogden, which it coated with a thin layer of salt. Buildings, pedestrians, sidewalks and automobiles were all "salted" impartially. The only real damage done, however, was in the destruction of a 200-foot scaffold around a concrete grain elevator. Six unfortunate workmen, who were on top of a finished part of the elevator, 100 feet in the air, at the time of the collapse, were completely marooned until rescued with extension ladders by the local fire department.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Personal Illustration.

The master of a Glasgow school was presiding over the reading lessons of the third standard when the child whose turn it was to read came across the word "hiring."

"What is a hiring?" asked the teacher.

The boy thought for a moment or two, and then replied, "I don't know." The question was next propounded to the entire class, with a like result. The master then explained the meaning of the word as lucidly as he could, and, at the conclusion of his explanation, repeated the question.

"Please, sir," replied the boy addressed, "you're a hiring; you're paid to teach us."

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