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If your stomach is continually kicking up a disturbance; you feel bloated and distressed; if you belch gas and sour food into the mouth, then you need Mi-o-na Stomach Tablets.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets give instant relief, of course, but they do more;

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Mi-o-na stomach tablets are guaranteed to end indigestion, acute or chronic, or money back. This means that nervousness, dizziness and biliousness will disappear. Druggists everywhere and Laurens Drug Co. sell Mi-o-na.

HENRY FOURTH OF GERMANY

King's Troubles in Helping to Rule the World Included Much Suffering and Humiliation.

Of all the wrangling monarchs who had a part in running the world during the infancy of government none was more picturesque than Henry IV of Germany. And he suffered perhaps the greatest humiliation that ever was visited upon a king, writes a historian. Gregory VII became pope in the seventh decade of the eleventh century. The election did not please Henry in the least. Under the pilfered title of Roman king he claimed a share in papal affairs and did not propose to be treated lightly. But Gregory persuaded him to confirm his elevation. Then dissension broke out between the two, and Henry's partisans unseated the pope, who retired to Canossa, in the Apennines.

Gregory retaliated on Henry by withholding that most powerful weapon of the church—excommunication. This casting out of the faith was the most feared of all fates in ancient days, and even Henry's close advisers fell away from him. The king faced the storm bravely enough, but things went against him and he decided to propitiate Gregory. So, in the midst of winter he crossed the Alps, a truly prodigious undertaking in those times, and presented himself before the castle where Gregory was staying, asking audience. At first Gregory refused, but then consented on condition that Henry dismiss all his attendants and enter alone. The German complied and quitted his suite to go inside the walls.

Further on he came to a second gate, where he was told that the pope had ordered him divested of all his regal ornaments and clothing before proceeding. Henry reluctantly consented, and received in exchange a coarse woolen tunic. Wearing this, he passed through the gate, thinking his troubles over. But there remained a last gate and a final trial. For three days and nights he was kept standing outside the gate in severe weather, fasting from morning until night. At the end of that time Gregory finally had the king ushered before him and agreed to lift the ban if Henry would consent to a truce between them, made distinctly on the pope's terms. To this Henry agreed and was restored to the church.

He left soon after, nursing his hatred for Gregory and determined to square accounts. This led to the pope nominating another prince for Henry's throne and to endless warfare. The king was excommunicated a second time and continued under the ban most of his troublous life. There have been few instances of a monarch undergoing any such humiliation as that he experienced, standing outside the pope's door for three days in freezing weather.

ENJOY THEIR WALRUS FEAST

Eskimos Have Solid Repast When One of These Big Creatures Has Been Taken.

Among the Smith Sound tribe of northernmost Greenland the favorite diet is walrus meat, says Fitzhugh Green in Popular Mechanics Magazine. When one of these animals has been harpooned and, after a struggle, sometimes lasting many hours, is finally dispatched, his 2,000-pound carcass is towed to the ice edge and hauled out for butchery.

Shoulders, flippers, and sections of the trunk are buried under a pile of stones to guard against the depredations of thieving foxes. Entrails are raked out and fed to the famished wolves which form North Greenland dog teams.

Follows then the feast. For entree a segment of the outer flipper has been saved, a little stringy as a rule, but of a peculiar rancid flavor exceedingly tasty to the native palate.

The creature's stomach may contain several gallons of clams. One rip of a knife and the yellow lumpy broth foams out over the snow to the immense delight of the hunters. Instantly all turn to and swallow great mushy handfuls of the repulsive, half-digested mess.

By this time the pot is on and some thick lumps of meat and fat from near the backbone are boiling with fragrant (to the Eskimo) odors. Much meat has already been devoured raw by those too hungry to wait.

Men are almost full. Sleeping skins are spread. Tales begin in sleepy, droning tones. "Brother, a bit of mummuk-to-suaq" (the most delicious part) one suggests. At which a young man rises and goes out. Presently he returns with the huge tusked head, dangling from it a foot or so of thick, white windpipe. This is cut into short lengths, apportioned out, and eaten with the greatest gusto.

Lobsters Are Marked.

Over 1,000 seed lobsters have been liberated along the Maine coast recently, and an additional 2,000 are ready as soon as the authorization of the commission of sea and shore fisheries is obtained for their liberation, says the Fishing Gazette. Every one of these has been marked and as they are the property of the state of Maine, it will be necessary for all lobster fishermen who may gather them in their traps to release them or stand the penalty of a \$50 fine which was provided in a new law enacted at the last session of the Maine legislature. The 1,000 female lobsters that were liberated recently were the first to be given the special marking, a small hole having been punched through the middle flipper, and those later to be released will have the same marking.

MINISTER'S CHUM

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

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It was just another of Ellie's disappointments, but it seemed harder than the rest. She had built so much on the success of her first attempt at directing an amateur theatrical production and now she was faced with failure. It was the night of the second rehearsal—so wretched an affair that she was sure she would have to give up.

She was roused from her thoughts by the sound of the outer door opening. A man stood in the doorway. "Am I late for the rehearsal, Miss McIntosh?" he asked as he stepped inside. It was Mr. Sterling, the minister's college chum, who was spending a few weeks at the rectory.

"I am sorry, it is all over. You promised to come and see that things go along all right, Mr. Sterling."

"Did they?"

"I hoped it would be better." She said.

"That is too bad," he consoled. "How would it be if I helped you in earnest. I had a little experience in amateur theatricals when I went to college."

"Why didn't I think of it before?" she exclaimed. "Will you play the leading part?"

"I'll have to hear the play before I consent—suppose you read it to me now."

They found a seat close to the stage and Ellie commenced reading. His eyes never left her face for an instant but she was so engrossed in the lines that she did not notice him. After an hour of steady reading Ellie closed the book. Sterling watched her closely for a moment and then exclaimed earnestly. "Gad, young lady, you have talent!"

"Thank you," Ellie laughed. "Will you play the part of Randolph?"

"I don't like the play," he announced. "I have a copy of a much finer one in my trunk. If you will change to it I will be glad to take the leading role and there is a splendid part in it for you—a part to fit your talent more than the one in this play."

The play was better than Ellie had imagined a play could be. The part just suited her but she feared she could not do it justice. Sterling brushed the fears aside and a week later rehearsals were well on the way for the new play.

As the date set for the performance drew near, Ellie's confidence grew. It was going to be a big success, there was little doubt of that. Mr. Sterling had worked untruly with her and the others to make life and energy appear in the lines. She knew his criticisms were given just where they were needed and it helped her to make her part what she knew it should be. He went through his own part like a professional. If a man with talent like he had couldn't find a place on the stage what hope was there for her, Ellie often wondered.

The all-important night arrived. Ellie's preparations made her arrival late. When she entered at the rear door and emerged on the stage she was greeted with a big surprise. The stage was set with bright new scenery and two stage carpenters were putting on the finishing touches. Mr. Sterling was responsible for it all, she knew, and hastened to find him, but he seemed to be evading her and she had to give up to dress for the first act.

The curtain went up on a full house. Ellie had time to see that before she was lost in her part. The man who was acting beside her was not the Mr. Sterling with whom she had rehearsed; he was the character of the play. His acting was wonderful; she realized that and it spurred her to greater effort. The applause that resounded through the hall at the conclusion of the act told her her efforts were appreciated and the play was a success. Curtain call after curtain call Sterling and she had to respond to.

After it was all over and Ellie had partly awakened from the spell it had cast over her, she sought out Sterling. He did not evade her this time.

He did not give her a chance to speak. "You did wonderfully, little girl. That last scene was one of the prettiest pieces of work I have ever seen. It made me wish I was making love to you in real earnest," he said.

"Isn't that strange—your acting affected me in the same way," she blushed. "You were so wonderful—so like a real actor."

"Then you wouldn't mind my making love to you—asking you to marry me in real earnest?" he asked, taking her hand.

"Oh, but you wouldn't—you are not in earnest," she stammered.

"I was never more in earnest in my life. I love you and I want you to go back to New York with me as my wife and open the season with me in the part you played tonight."

"New York—open the season? Then you are a real actor—you are Frederick Sterling, the famous star? Oh, why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because you never asked me, dear. I thought you would like me just as Fred Sterling, the minister's college chum. Are you not angry?"

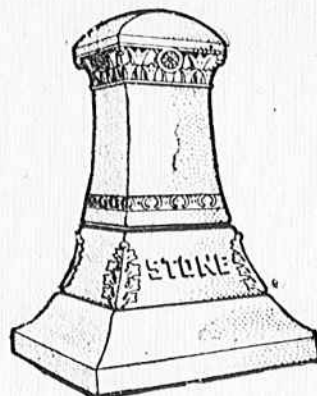
"No, not a bit. I am glad you did not tell me for I would never have dared to learn to love Frederick Sterling and I have learned to love you, Fred," she answered with a smile as she raised her lips for the first real kiss.

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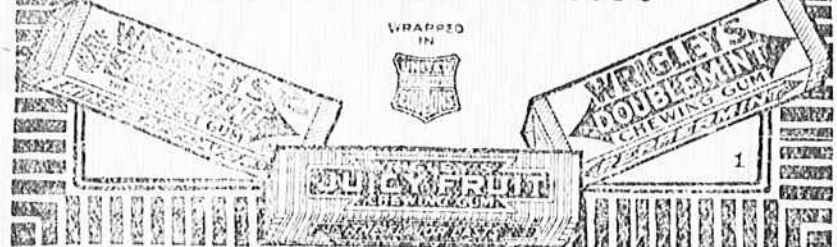
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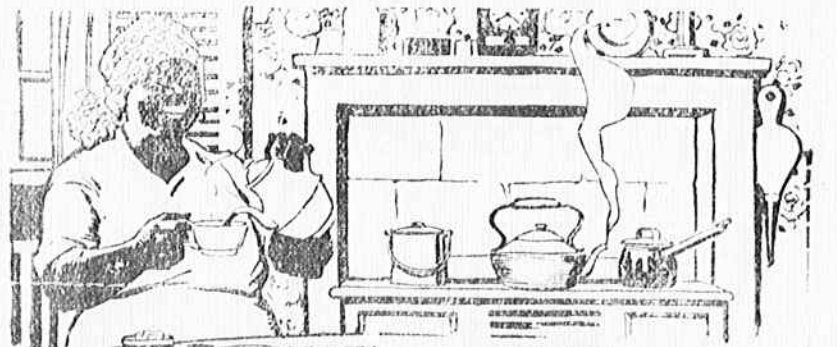
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