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Pure—Wholesome—Reliable—
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Its fame is world-wide. Its superiority unquestioned. Its use is a protection against alum food. In buying baking powder examine the label carefully and be sure the powder is made from cream of tartar. Other kinds do not make the food healthful.

NORTH ARKANSAS NEWS

The Wood Spring correspondent of the Melbourne Times makes this announcement: "Mad-dogs are touring our country."

The 2-year-old daughter of Luther Burden, a farmer living near Mountain Home, fell and broke her hip Monday as she was running across the floor at the family residence.

Pleas Oliver, a boy raised by good, Christian parents, right here in old Benton township, has deteriorated into an Oklahoman, and is running for congress on the socialist ticket.—Salem Sun.

A Cotter paper says that the rain which fell in that section last week did much good and that if other rains follow soon but little damage will have been done to crops. It is said that the loss in early corn in that section will be offset by late forage crops, such as cane and millet.

The Randolph County Musical Association, which has for its object the development of vocal singing in that county, will hold its annual meeting at Brakebill July 11-12. It is declared that this association has done much good in helping the younger boys and girls in the rural districts to become interested in the training of their voices.

The largest big-mouth bass ever caught in the Mountain Home section was captured a few days ago by Cleo Arnett, who was fishing with rod and reel in a bayou which empties into the North Fork. The fish weighed seven pounds, and had a mouth measuring more than five inches across. It took Arnett, who is a young boy, half an hour to land the fish.

One of the largest family reunions ever held in this part of the state was held at the home of T. H. Wells, 18 miles west of Pocahontas, this week. It was a gathering of the Dalton family and relatives and 500 were present from different states. The reunion lasted two days and the time was spent in spelling-bees, addresses and story-telling. A large tent was erected which gave shelter to all at night, and all the near-by relatives had prepared food for the entire crowd.

A dispatch from Cotter to the Gazette says: "Many hogs have come down out of the woods to the banks of White river and are getting fat by following the pearl fishers and eating the flesh of the mussels that have been torn from the shells by the hopeful ones engaged in the industry. In some places this is reversed. Mussel shells are bringing a good price this year, and the low stage of the White river has uncovered many gravel bars and the hogs are rooting the mussels out of these. A few minutes in the hot sun causes them to open their shells and the hog soon has a meal. Pearl fishers and shell gatherers watch these droves of hogs when they are working on a gravel bar, and after they are through they follow them, picking up the shells, which they sell."

If your brain won't work right and you miss the snap, vim and energy that was once yours, you should take Prickly Ash Bitters. It cleanses the system and invigorates both body and brain.

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE.

Wealthy Citizen of State of Washington, Supposed to Have Drowned.

Shows Up Alive.

Spokane, Wash., July 8.—Supposed to have been drowned, identified, buried and the grave marked by a tombstone, James McKinnon, the owner of a 700-acre ranch near Hartline, Wash., a large ranch near Red Deer, Elberta, and a substantial bank deposit, appeared in Spokane this week, to the surprise of his friends and acquaintances. Since the report of his death and funeral got abroad he has been having a distressing experience in establishing his identity.

A man of McKinnon's size was taken from the Spokane river on November 6 of last year. The body was positively identified as James McKinnon by D. J. Leahy, 407 Sinto avenue, according to the records. H. H. Hutton, 29 Main avenue, was not so sure, although the dimensions of the men were not unlike. A laundry mark "J. McK." found on the underwear of the dead man, seemed to clinch the conclusion, and the body was given a respectable burial in Fairmount cemetery as James McKinnon, ranchman and depositor.

Through the papers James McKinnon learned at his ranch in Alberta that he had been drowned and buried. Distressed by the circumstances, in which he foresaw a distribution of his estate and his reduction to a condition of poverty, he hastened from his ranch, which is remotely situated, to the nearest telegraph office.

He started in a blizzard, and was halted by having his feet frozen. For many weeks he lay at a ranch house under the care of strangers before he could resume the journey. In the meantime an inquiry, that suggested a doubt of his existence, came from a Spokane bank. When he had satisfied the bank he concluded to defer his visit. On his arrival in Spokane he immediately went to the undertaking rooms to view the record of his death and burial.

PROBATE COURT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that settlements were filed at the May, 1914, Term of the Independence County Probate Court for approval and confirmation, which were by the Judge examined and ordered to lie over for further action thereon as follows:

Final Settlements.
Amanda McSpadden, administratrix estate of W. H. McSpadden, deceased.
W. J. Waldrip, administrator estate of Clinton Earls (col.), deceased.
Monnie Sherrill, guardian Elmore Sherrill et al., minors.
S. A. Ruddle, guardian Mrs. Nell Jenkins (James).

Partial Settlements.
J. W. Case, executor of Mrs. Sarah Case, deceased.
S. W. Wheeler, guardian estate of Sallie and Lena Wheeler, minors.
Albert Sims, guardian estate of Leah and Alma Williams, minors.
S. A. Ruddle, guardian estate of Happel and June James, minors.
Bertha Prince, guardian estate of Bertha Prince et al., minors.
A. A. Henderson, guardian estate of William Eaves, heirs, minors.
Mrs. F. M. Walker, guardian estate of Alfred Sanders et al., minors.
J. A. Henderson, guardian estate of J. A. Magness heirs, minors.
W. T. Anderson, administrator estate of A. L. Anderson, deceased.
S. M. Bone, administrator estate of Seymour Linley, deceased.

Any person or persons interested in the foregoing settlements, are hereby notified to file their exceptions thereto if any they have on or before the next term of said Probate Court, which will convene August 3, 1914, or they will forever thereafter be barred from making exceptions thereto, or any item thereof.

Given under my hand this 20th day of June, 1914.

T. M. WALDRIP,
County Clerk and ex-Officio Clerk of the Court of Probate.
By J. A. Kennard, D. C.

BEING A GOOD FELLOW

By E. V. COTTMAN.

(Copyright.)
Jerry Deems, pickpocket and second-story man, paused a moment in his delicate work of removing a piece of glass from the dining-room window in one of the fashionable houses on Riverside drive. He listened carefully, but could not hear a sound. Reassured by the favorable conditions, Jerry cautiously continued his operations, and in a few seconds a semicircular piece was lifted out of the pane, a cautious hand slipped through and sprung the catch, and Jerry's portly form struggled through the open window.



It was long after midnight, and he was tired. This was not the first house Jerry had visited that night. He had made a few calls in another part of the city with satisfactory results, and by all means should now have been safely making for his quarters. But Jerry possessed a trait that many of us have—that of not letting well enough alone. This he soon realized, for when he straightened up to get his bearings, the light was suddenly flashed on, and he found himself looking into the steely mouth of a six-shooter in the hands of a tall, slender woman.

"Surprised, are you?" asked a cool, mocking voice. "I think I am the one to be surprised. My visitors do not usually enter through the window."

She was dressed in a loose pink bath-robe, and had a lace scarf twisted about her head.

"Don't move," she said. "Now put your hands up on the table." Jerry did so, and she looked him over scornfully with her bright eyes.

"Well, start the ball rolling," said Jerry, who was getting disgusted with the whole affair. "Does you want to know what church I go to, or would you like to know if I'm married or single?"

The lady smiled. "Neither," she said, "but I would like to know why an able-bodied man like you can't find something better to do than sneaking into other people's houses in the night? Isn't there plenty of work for a man to do that is honest and respectable?"

Jerry squirmed uneasily in his chair. "Cut it out, mum," he said, raising a wrathful pair of eyes to hers. "Cut it out! I didn't come out tonight to listen to a sermon on honesty. If you're going to call de cops, do it, but hold yer jaw, fer I ain't in no humor just about now to be guyed."

"But you haven't answered me," persisted the lady. "Why don't you work—"

"Work!" broke in Jerry. "You're a perty dame to be talkin' about work. Have you ever worked in yer life? What do you know 'bout work and about being broke?"

"I know more about it than you think," she returned, letting a little warmth creep into her dark eyes. "For that is precisely the position I find myself in at present."

"You broke!" exclaimed Jerry incredulously, throwing his eyes around the richly furnished room.

"Nothing but the truth. We are ruined. My husband's fortune is swept away, this house is mortgaged, my jewels—even my very dresses—have been sold."

"Is what yer givin' me on the level, lady?" asked Jerry.

"It certainly is," she replied. "Can't you see how hard it is for me? One can never judge by appearances."

"Come," she said, rousing herself. "It is time you were off."

He opened his eyes in astonishment. "Yer don't mean ter let me go?" he asked.

"Certainly," she answered, with a faint smile.

Jerry looked at her in a perplexed manner. "Say, lady," he said in a voice shaking with feeling. "I'm sure sorry yer up against it, and since you are so white to a fellow, I'd like to give you a souvenir myself. Yer see, I'm taking a small, carefully wrapped bundle from his pocket and opening it, so if you will kindly accept this necklace," holding up a beautiful string of diamonds and emeralds. "I'd be mighty proud ter give it ter you. So long, and good luck," he whispered, as he swung himself softly from the window and disappeared.

Several minutes passed. The lady stood holding the necklace in her hand, watching the light flash and scintillate on the gleaming stones. She pursed up her lips and gave a low whistle.

"What a beauty!" she cried. "Worth \$5,000 at least! Oh, the fool, the fool!"

Slowly she unwound the lace scarf from a sleek, black head, closely cropped, and slipped out of the enveloping folds of the pink bath-robe, standing revealed a young man, lithe and slender.

"Lucky for me I came through the bathroom and heard him first," he said to himself, bringing up a dark lantern and a mack from somewhere under the table. With one hand on the electric button he looked cautiously about, then turned out the light, climbed softly through the window, and was gone into the night.

THE HARD-HEADED MAN

By DON MARK LEMON.

(Copyright.)
The water in this here well is as hard as rocks, but that ain't to be wondered at, seeing as how the well was dug by the hardest-headed man in all creation and Hampshire county.

About ten years ago, and for about twenty years before that, old Jim Clark and his son Bill lived here. They were two of a kind, and that kind was rocks. They were hard-headed from the socks up. They had such hard-headed notions about most things that people around here just concluded that they were born "sot."

One day old man Clark thought he'd like to have his well over nearer the barn, and it was a blessed thing he decided to dig a new hole instead of moving the old one, or he'd have done it. He says to Bill: "Bill, I'm going over to Berkshire to look after some cows, and while I'm gone you hustle a bit and get the well started."

"Where'll I begin the top of it?" asks Bill, kind of sarcastic like, as the old well his dad had dug slanted a good bit going down.

"Right here," says old man Clark, pointing at this particular spot.

A hard-headed look came into Bill's face. "This ain't no place for the well," he says, and he walks round to the other end of the barn and starts the well where he thinks it ought to be.

"What are you doing there?" calls old man Clark.

"Digging a well," says Bill.

"Who told you to dig it over there?" shouts the old man.

"Common sense," says Bill.

Then a hard-headed look came into old man Clark's face. "You dig the well where I tell you to," he says, "or I'll make you."

"Shoo, dad!" says Bill, who was a great, strapping fellow of twenty.

"You think I can't?" says old man Clark.

"I do," says Bill.

"You'll dig the well here," says the old man, and about a month later he fills up the new well that Bill dug in the wrong spot, and goes off with the remark that he'll be back in about five or ten years.

Bill watches him go over the hill and then he goes back and digs out the well that his dad had filled up.

Well, about six years after that, old man Clark comes home.

"Hello, dad!" says Bill.

"Hello, Bill!" says old man Clark. Then he sees that the well hasn't been dug where he wants it, and he says: "Are you going to dig that well where I told you to?"

"No," says Bill. "I ain't."

"You'll dig that well where I want you to," says old man Clark, and he goes into the house and says not another word about it for ten years, when, as he was dying, he calls Bill in and asks:

"Have you changed your mind about digging that well?"

"No, dad," says Bill. "I ain't."

"You'll dig that well where I told you to," says the dying man, and then he turns over and dies.

But first he gives Bill a letter, and after the funeral Bill opens it and reads that, since he wouldn't dig the well where his dad wanted him to, old man Clark had drawn out the ten thousand dollars that used to be in the bank, and he would now have to hunt around and find where it was hidden, according to directions. The first direction was to dig under a big stone in the pasture, which Bill did, and found a piece of paper in a lead box telling him to go to a place in South America, up in the Andes, and dig in a certain spot near a river, and he would find further directions.

Bill left the farm in the care of a neighbor, and after months of travel and adventure and danger of all kinds he reached the Andes and dug where he had been told to, and unearthed another little lead box. Inside it was a strip of paper, which told him to go to Alaska and dig at a certain place near Dawson City and he would learn more.

Bill tucked the directions away very carefully, and when he reached Alaska, he found the spot mentioned by old man Clark and dug for further information.

He unearthed another of those little lead boxes, and inside, in the handwriting of his dad, was the cheerful information that, since he had been so hard-headed about digging that well, he would now need to go to Africa and dig in a certain spot—which he found on the map was about the middle of that country—and he'd find where the ten thousand dollars were buried.

Well, Bill tucked this information away careful like, and about three years later he found the box, and inside was a slip of paper telling him that if he would go home to New England and dig the well where he had been told to dig it, he would unearth a box containing ten thousand dollars in hundred-dollar notes.

It took him seven years to reach New England, but finally he got back home, and after going out to see the old man's grave, he got a shovel and started to dig the well where his dad had told him to dig it. After a spell he came on the box and ten thousand dollars.

So, you see, he dug the well after all, and he's not the only man in creation that has chased over the earth, to come home in the end and dig a well.

Vacation Trips.

Have you decided yet where you will spend your vacation? Let us help you. White for one of our beautifully illustrated booklets descriptive of Arkansas' two most delightful resorts—Eureka Springs and Heber Springs, Ark. Both in the "heart of the Ozarks."

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To Eureka Springs, \$10.55; to Heber Springs, \$4. Tickets good for ninety days. Drop us a postal card today for further information.

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JACK RYAN, Mgr.

ORDINANCE NO. 336.

An Ordinance Granting to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway Company Right to Construct a Spur Track Across Lower South Street.
Be It Enacted by the City Council of the City of Batesville, Ark.:
Sec. 1. That the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway Company be and it is hereby granted a right of way along Locust street and across South street, beginning at a point on Locust street about one hundred feet south of point of junction of South and Locust street and running thence along Locust street and across South streets to lots six and seven, of block ten, of the Old Town of Batesville, Ark., for the purpose of constructing a spur track to lots six and seven of block ten, of the Old Town of Batesville, Ark., subject, however, to the ordinance now in force in said City of Batesville relative to maintaining suitable crossings, signs, and so on.
Sec. 2. This Ordinance being necessary for the public health, peace and safety, shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.
Adopted July 6, 1914.
W. E. Fugett, Mayor Pro Tem.
Attest: T. Albert, Recorder.
Daily Guard, July 7, 1914.

(07410.)
Notice for Publication.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Little Rock, Ark.
June 8, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Larkin T. Newman of Hutchinson, Arkansas, who on May 6, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 07410, for the north half of the southeast quarter, section 24, township 12 north, range 7 west, 5th principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Joseph W. Parse, U. S. Commissioner, at Batesville, Ark., on the 23rd day of July, 1914.
Claimant names as witnesses J. S. Reeves of Jamestown, Ark.; A. L. Fowler of Hutchinson, Ark.; L. G. Reeves of Hutchinson, Ark.; and Philip Manuel of Jamestown, Ark.
Jno. W. Allen, Register,
Guard, June 12, 1914.

(07007)
Notice for Publication.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Little Rock, Ark.
June 8, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Claud Eden of Foyal, Ark., who on January 29, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 07007, for the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter, section 5, township 11 north, range 7 west, 5th principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk of Independence county, at Batesville, Ark., on the 23rd day of July, 1914.
Claimant names as witnesses John Baker, Mate Brannon, Mack Brannon and Tobe Brannon, all of Foyal, Ark.
John W. Allen, Register,
Guard, Batesville, June 12, 1914.



Up the Mississippi St. Louis to St. Paul

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W. E. BARRON, Agent

TROUBLE AT STRAWBERRY.

(Continued from Page One.)
war, and several minor fights ensued as a result.
The J. P. court at that place will be kept grinding for some time if all the trouble which occurred there Saturday is investigated, it is said.
Deputy Prosecuting Attorney E. Casey was at the mouth of Strawberry yesterday and conducted the prosecution of Starts.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as Special Commissioner-Chancery in a certain action pending the Chancery Court of Independence County, wherein L. Ernest Moore et al. are plaintiffs and Ella S. Haslip et al. are defendants, will expose for sale, public outcry to the highest bidder, a credit of three months, at the street door of the Court House, in the City of Batesville, Independence County, Ark., on
Saturday, July 25 1914,
the following described lands, to-wit: The southeast quarter of the north east quarter and the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 6 (12), township thirteen (13) north, range six (6) west; the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 6 (6), township thirteen (13) north, range six (6) west; and all of that part of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section six (6), township thirteen (13) north, range six (6) west, lying northwest of the Batesville-Elyria road as located in 1889, containing in the aggregate 132 acres, more or less.
JAS. T. EVANS, Commissioner.