

THE EYE OF A GOD.

BY W. A. FRASER.

When the storm of the law reached out for Moung Oury and gathered in Hpo Thit instead, it was this way:
The gray Burmese night was thick when Hpo Thit gazed like a snake up the steps of the police bungalow and told Valentine, the superintendent, that Moung Oury had opium—many balls of it—hidden away in his house.
When he spoke of Moung Oury Valentine started a little, for Oury was Mi Mrs's brother, and Mi Mrs, she was—but this is a story of Hpo Thit.
"How do you know of the opium?" asked Valentine. "Did you see the beastly stuff there yourself and then come to cackle of the eyes of your own laying?"
"No, sir. Abdul, who is a dog of a Mussulman, saw Moung Oury take it off the 'Brood' which goes up the river.



You think it of no importance, but let us warn you. Stomach troubles, constipation and liver derangements are carrying more people to a premature grave than all other diseases, war, pestilence and famine combined. They come to you "like a thief in the night," when you are not expecting them. Let us help you.

Don't ignore a little good advice. During the long winter the entire system becomes sluggish and before you are aware of it some exposure will clog the entire glandular system and you will be precipitated upon a bed of sickness. In many cases death will be the result. Will you guard against it? Dr. Kay's Renovator is worth its weight in gold. It will bring about a healthy action of the entire glandular system, so mild and pleasant and yet so certain as to please you. Investigate before it is too late.

We wish to be modest in our statements, but we thoroughly believe it and so we will say it. There never has been a remedy worthy to be compared with Dr. Kay's Renovator for Stomach Troubles, Constipation and Liver Derangements. Give us a chance to prove it to you.

"KNOCKED THE RUBY OUT OF THE ALABASTER WITH HIS DAIH."
Into his little room, and Valentine told him what was wanted.
When the box was unlocked, on top lay his handsome silk gown; then one after another the satin little jackets and divers other things were laid on the floor.
In the bottom was a big round laquer box. When the sergeant lifted the lid, there were four white balls, as white as milk, as unlike opium as they could well be, for they were eggs.
Now Moung Oury knew that he had not put the eggs there, he did not make a penny of his life's savings in such a way. He slipped into the laquer box while Moung Oury was down at the play were found the white balls. They were eggs.

W. R. Roberts, for years Cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Omaha, and widely and very favorably known in Omaha and Iowa, cured of Nervous Dyspepsia.

DR. KAY'S RENOVATOR
At this time of year it should be taken by every one. It will renovate and invigorate the whole system and purify and enrich the blood giving NEW LIFE and VIGOR to the whole body. It is easy and pleasant to take. It never gripes or sickens; but increases the appetite and improves digestion.

WEALTH OF MISSOURI MISER.
Let a Fortune that Will Go to Help a New Living in Iowa.
ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 25.—(Special)—It has been found that a will made a short time before his death by the late Thomas P. Booth, whose funeral occurred today in this city, disposed of part of his property. Booth was 81 years old and had lived in this city for forty-five years. He had never married and had devoted his life to the accumulation of property. His estate is worth between \$50,000 and \$60,000. Booth was peculiar in his habits and ways, and the only enjoyment he seemed to get out of life came through his ability to make money.



And Valentine could answer a feathery uprush upon his ears. It was not though the play and the whole class of bazar noises had been suddenly emptied into the compound of the Phoonoye Kyongue across the road.
It was a proper Oriental babel; the cry of "thief" cutting through the general noise like a sharp-edged knife.
The lazar butchers (blackguards) are killing some one, said the sergeant.
"We'll have to go and look into that first," said the superintendent; "we'll come back here and finish it up when you must come, too, Oury, so that this devil can say that you had a chance to hide anything."
That also was diplomatic; but it was the little slip of paper that Hpo Thit had given the Natis (apprise) chance to work more mischief.
"Nobody is murdering a Phoonoye" (best), he said to the sergeant, as they reached the road.
Rushing into the pagoda, he found the Phoonoyes in the temple clustered about the big Buddha, the "Beda Buddha," as it was known.
The priests were prostrated at the feet of the great image, raving and lamenting, and shrieking in despair.
"Who has stolen the sacred Buddha, the eye of the god, the ruby?"
And they pointed to a great hole in the forehead of the Buddha, where the sacred "Beda Ruby" had been for twelve centuries.