On a warm day there's no more refreshing luncheon than Libby's Veal Loaf, chilled and sliced! So easy, too. Ask your grocer for a package today.

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Every Woman Wants

mation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinl ham Med. Co, for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh,



Everything Lovely.

"Howdy, Gap!" sainted an acquaintance, upon meeting the well known Rumpus Ridge citizen on a shopping expedition in Tumlinville. "How's everything going with you?".

"Finer'n frog hair, Jurd!" triumphantly replied Gap Johnson. "Of course, my wife has been sorter puny, yur of late, and several of the children have got the measles and mumps and one thing and another, and the lightning struck the corner of the house tuther night and like to have tore the whole place to pieces, and one of the kids fore yesterday and ventilated my ear, and such as that, but I swapped for a running horse last week, and a couple of my hounds have got six pups apiece. Aw, I tell you, they note: can't keep a good man down!"-Kansas City Star.

Well Known.

I was hurrying home up the hill when a little boy came rushing down in such haste that he ran headlong into me. He was quite breathless and very "Have you seen my pa?" he managed

"I don't know your pa, little boy,"

Ha looked at me in round-eved wonder and his pink cheeks fairly stuck

"You don't know my pa?" he said in-credulously. "Why, I know pa just as casy !"-Exchange.

Acid-Stomach Let EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy, give you quick relief from disgusting belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloated, gassy stomach, dyspepsia, heartburn and other stomach miseries. They are all caused by Acid-Stemach from which about nine people out of ten suffer in one way or another. One writes as follows: "Before I used EATONIC, I could not eat a bite without belching it right up, sour and bitter. I have not had a bit of trouble since the first tablet."

Millions are victims of Acid-Stomach without knowing it. They are weak and alling, have poor digestion, bodies improperly nourished although they may eat heartily. Grave disorders are likely to follow if an acid-stomach is neglected. Cirrhosis of the liver, intestinal congestion, gastritis, catarrh of the stomach—these are only a few of the many aliments often eaused by Acid-Stomach.

A sufferer from Catarrh of the Stomach

(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

KNEW THAT WOULD STOP HIM

Lawyer Evidently Was Well Acquainted With the Weakness of His Long-Winded Friend.

notorious for his long-windedness.

On one occasion he had been spouting forth his concluding argument for six hours, and the end was nowhere fell out of a tree and broke his arm, in sight, when the opposing attorney I'm hungry, aren't you? And we're beckoned his associate and whispered: "Can't you stop him, Jack?"

"I'll stop him in two minutes," Jack replied confidently. And he wrote and passed to the orator the following

"My Dear Colonel-As soon as you finish your magnificent argument I would like you to join me at the hotel in a bumper of rare old Bourbon."

The lawyer halted in the midst of an impassioned period, put on his glasses, and read the note that had been handed him, then he removed his glasses again and, taking up his hat and bag, he said:

"And now, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, I leave the case with you."

A minute later he was proceeding in stately fashion in the direction of the

Who'd do the work of the world if everybody were rich?

The Finding of Jasper Holt

Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

Author of "Marcia Schuyler", "Phoebe Deane", "The Obsession of Victoria Gracen", etc.

breath, but said nothing. Must they swim across? Was there no other strong and manly, in the middle of the stream, the water above his waist. Presently, when he had gone more than half way across he turned and

came back to her.
She was white with excitement, but her lips were set and her eyes were bright with the intention of doing his

bidding. - CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH "I am sorry. There is no other way, and we must hurry, for the sun is getting low We should reach that

house before dark." He stooped and gathered her in his strong arms, lifting her shoulder high, and stalked out into the stream before she knew what he was doing.

you," she deprecated. "Put your arms around my neck,

She obeyed instantly, in trust and hy wonder, and the water rose about them, but did not touch her.

Once, when they were in the middle of the stream, Holt's foot slipped and the bearing of a young king. for an instant it seemed as though he would lose his balance, but he lifted her the higher and almost instantly recovered himself. In a moment more they had crossed the stream, and he had set her down upon the bank and was shaking the water from his garments as if it were common thing which he had done and he enjoyed it. She looked down at herself. Not a shred of her garments was wet, while he was drenched

almost to the arm pits. "You are all wet!" she exclaimed, conscience stricken.

"You wouldn't expect me to keep dry in all that, would you?" he asked, with his eyes dancing.

Then they laughed like two children, and a frightened chipmunk ran chattering away in the trees.

"Are you all right?" he asked solicitously. "Are you perfectly dry?" His voice was husky with emotion and his

eyes tender. "Of course I'm dry," she answered dubiously, as if half ashamed of the fact. "Why wouldn't I be when I'm

treated like a baby? It seems to me you didn't quite keep to the terms of bold glances in her direction. our partnership." "This was one of the big things,"

whether that stream was ford able or not: and, besides, I knew that if you got your clothes wet again it would hinder you in walking. Come, pretty sure to find bacon and corn bread at least. How does that sound?" "Good!" she cried, laughing, and took the hand that was held out to her. Together they ran on over the rough

ground toward supper and rest. But the way was longer than they thought, and Holt had not been able to calculate on the slow steps of the tramps, nor to going without adequate food. The sun went down and the darkness was upon them before they

were anywhere near the little house. Once Jean stumbled and almost fell. and a sound like a half sob came from her throat as she clutched at his arm to save herself. It was then he picked her up like a tired child and carried her over the rough ground, until she forced to set her down and both stopped to rest. For, indeed, Holt's in safety under guard of her new found own strength was somewhat spent by friend. this time, though he showed no out-

By this time they felt as if they had she felt in it. known each other for years, for there is nothing like a common peril and a sewed inside her clothing. It was to common need to make souls know one have done for her whole western trip another, and to bring out the true self- and bought gifts for the dear ones at ishness or unselfishness of each char- home before her return. Now she retraction and reverence.

night and the day that were passed.

of the other's fineness.

Jean. "He is fine and noble—all that had not been the silken garment that a man ought to be. He looks as if he made this girl a queen, but her own

But this time the little house in the stranger lovely as the morning.

The house was not very large, only before him; albeit the end of the

The girl on the bank caught her three rooms. A man and his wife and some hired hands huddled around a kerosene light, the men smoking and way? She watched Holt standing, playing cards; the wife knitting silent-

> They looked up curiously to hear the stranger's story, half incredulous. They had not heard of any railroad accident. They lived 20 miles from the railroad and went to town only once a fortnight.

"This your wife?" questioned the

Jean's face flamed scarlet as a new embarrassment faced her. She had not thought of proprieties until now. Of course they existed even in the wilder-

Holt explained haughtily.

"H'm!" said the man still increduous. "Any more in your party? Wal, "Oh, please, I can walk as well as my woman'll take keer your woman fer t'night, an' in the mornin' we ken talk business. Yas, I've got horses, please," he commanded, and waded in, but I need 'em." The man looked cunholding her high and dry above the ningly from one to the other of the

Jean looked at Holt, and thought how far above these people he seemed as he stood haughtily by the door in his wet and draggled clothing, with

"Oh, I can pay for the horses," said Holt, "and see that they are returned, too, if that is what is the matter." And he pulled out a roll of bills and threw several carelessly on the table. "Wal, that alters the case," said the man more suavely; "of course, fer a consideration-

"Can we get some supper?" asked Holt, cutting him short. "We've had very little to eat all day, and this lady is tired and hungry."

The man's wife bustled forward.

"Fer the land sake!" she exclaimed, "hungry this time o' night? We ain't got much ready, but ther' was some corn bread and po'k lef' from supper, ef they'll do. The men is powahful eatahs.

She set out the best her house afforded, eyeing Jean's tattered silk robe enviously between trips to the cupboard. The men went on with their card game and Jean and Holt ate in middle of the prairie; one to Jean's silence. The girl was beginning to father and mother back in the eastern dread the night and to wish for the home, and one to her sister, Eleanor silence of the starlit world and the protection of her strong, true friend. She did not like the look of the men who fumbled the dirty cards and cast Valley tonight.-Jean." said the first

closet like room opening from the big room in which they were all sittingwhich appeared to be kitchen, parlor and dining room combined, and was to be, for that night at least, sleeping room for Holt and the other men, several rolls of army blankets being the only visible provision made for their comfort.

Holt managed to get opportunity to whisper to her as the men were disputing over their game while the housewife retired to the guest chamber to "red up." "Don't you worry," he reassured her

girl who was unused to such long softly. "I'll bunk across in front of your door. You can sleep and trust

She flashed up at him a bright, weary smile that sent a thrill of joy through him and made him feel that nothing in life could be better than to defend this girl who trusted him.

In the early rose and gold of the morning Jean awoke to the smell of cooking ham and the sizzle of eggs protested so vigorously that he was frying just the other side of her thin partition, and knew that she had slept

"Jasper! Jasper Holt!" said ward sign of fatigue, having been strange, sweet voice within her soul, trained in a school that endures until and she wondered at the beauty of the name and the thrill of possession

Jean had a little money carefully acter. Because these two had been alized it was her fortune. She made absolutely forgetful of self, each felt a bargain with the woman of the cabin for the other a most extraordinary at- for a khaki skirt and blouse, of doubtful cut and shabby mien, but whole As they sat silently under the stars, and clean. For these she gave \$2 and resting, it came to their minds haw the remains of the once treasured, but far from strangers they now seemed, now tattered and traveled staine, silk and yet how little they knew about robe she wore. And so it was as a each other's lives; and they felt they western girl, in riding skirt and blouse, needed not to know because of what that she emerged from the little closet each had been to the other during the where she had slept, but so wholly was she able to subjugate her clothes, and When they started on their way so exquisitely did her flower face and again, arm in arm, they walked silent golden brown hair set them off, that ly for a time, marvelling at what the they took on a style and beauty enday had brought them in knowledge tirely out of their nature; and their former owner stared in wonder and "I cannot be mistaken," thought sighed with envy as she beheld. It had never done anything wrong, yet is beauty of countenance and regal bearstrong enough to kill the devil if he ing; for here were her own old clothes worn like a royal robe, making the

distance had put a light in its window. Holt looked at the girl in startled hide. wonder when she appeared, so trig and "I loor, where three great dogs greeted sweet in her traveling garb, ready for hem from afar and disputed their en- the next stage of her journey, and trembled with joy at the day that was of tears.

offering audible comments on her comswift, frightened color come to her haughty silence, sitting between Jean and one of the men, and shielding her as far as possible from any need of conversation save with her hostess, who waited on them all and hovered admiringly 'round her young guest's chair with offers of molasses and mush that were fairly overwhelming.

"Any need fer a clergyman?" asked the ugliest of the three men, leaning the subject abruptly: forward across the table, his knife and fork held perpendicular each side of his plate, a large piece of ham aloft on his fork. He gave an ugly wink at the others and they laughed coarsely and meaningly.

"Yas, you could git the elder by goin' about 10 mile out o' yer way," added another, and devoted himself audibly to his thick cup of muddy coffee.

Holt ignored these remarks and be gan asking questions of his host about the crops and the exact location of the house with regard to railroads, wondering meanwhile, if Jean understood their rough jokes, and hoping she did

If she did she was serene with it all and smiled her very sweetest on her hostess, making her heart glad at the parting by the gift of a pair of cheap, but pretty, little cuff pins that had been fastened on the front of her traveling robe.

So they mounted and rode away, Jean like the queen of a girl that she was, and her companion no less noble in his bearing. The joy they felt in the day and each other was only equalled by their own shyness in speaking of it.

CHAPTER VI.

They talked about many things that morning as they rode happily toward Hawk Valley. Holt felt no anxiety, now, about reaching there by night, for he knew exactly where he was and how to get there. He had bargained with one of the men for firearms, and he could now shoot enough to keep them from hunger even if they were delayed. He had matches in his pocket and an old cowboy hat on his head, and he felt rested and fit for the journey. For the first half of the way, at least, he could give himself up to the bliss of a companionship such as he had never known in the whole of his young life. Reverence, awe, adoration were in his glance as he looked at the girl, and a great, wistful sadness graw as the day lingered toward evening.

They rode first straight down to the telegraph station, which was about 15 miles from the settler's cabin, and sent reassuring telegrams from the forlorn little office set out alone in the Harrington, in Hawk Valley.

"Don't worry about accident. safe and well and shall reach Hawk message. The second Holt worded for She was even more frightened when himself, for he had left the girl out-C. H. Murphy relates the story of a Philadelphia lawyer, retired, who, in the days of his active practice, was would not worry, but the message he

> "Safe and well, and on my way to you with a friend who will look out for me. Expect to reach Hawk Valley tonight.-Jean."

> Inquiry concerning the accident brought little information. The wreck had been on the "other road" and the agent "hadn't heard much."

He "didn't know whether many lives were lost or not," and he "guessed it was the engineer's fault, anyhow-it usually was." They rode on their way in happy

converse. Jean was led to tell of her home life. Not that Holt questioned her, but she seemed to love to talk of home, and picture her family, her friends, the church where her father preached, the companions of her girlworkhood, the serious school life and church work to which she had been devoting herself; and, above all, he saw and wondered over the sweet confidence that existed between this girl and her parents. A wistful look came into his eyes as he thought what might have been his life if someone had cared for him and trusted in him that way; or if he had had a sister like this girl.

Suddenly, in the middle of the afternoon the girl looked up and asked: Will your mother worry? Did you

send her a telegram, too?" 'My mother?" he said in a strange, cold voice. "My mother never wor ries about me. She isn't that kind. I doubt if she even knows where I am these days. I've been west for a long time. Father died and mother married again since I left home. I don't suppose she would even hear of the accident. There's no one to care where I am." There was a bitterness in the young voice and a hardness on the handsome features that cast a pall over the beauty of the afternoon for

"Oh," she said, looking at him earnestly. "Oh, don't say that! I'm sure someone cares."

There were tears in her eyes. He looked so noble and good to her, and her heart went out to him utterly in his loneliness. In that moment she knew that she cared with all her heart, that she would always care. It was strange and wonderful, but she felt she

would always care! He looked at her with wonder again and a yearning that he could not

"I believe you would care!" he ex-She smiled through a sudden mist

"Yes, L'should care, I couldn't belo

journey would bring sadness and part- it," she said. "You have done so much ing, he knew. He wanted to knock for me you know, and I-know you so down the men who stared insolently, well-" she hesitated; "I don't see how anybody who belonged to you plexion and bearing that made the could help caring." Her cheeks were rosy with the effort to say what she cheeks. He ate his breakfast in meant without seeming unmaidenly.

"His brow darkened. "Belonged!" he said bitterly. longed! Yes, that's it. I don't be long! I don't belong anywhere!"

His voice was so different and so harsh that it almost frightened her. She watched him, half afraid as he brought his horse to a sudden stop and looked about him. Then he changed

"This is a good place to camp for supper and rest," he said, as if he had quite forgotten what they had been saying.

He swung down from the saddle, hobbled his horse, and came around to her side to help her alight; but stood a moment looking earnestly, tenderly into her eyes, and she looked back as him trustingly, wonderingly, with the worshipful homage a woman's eyes can hold for the man who has won her tenderest thoughts. She did not know she was looking that way, bless you, no! She would have been filled with confusion if she had known it. It was unconscious, and the man knew so and treasured her look the mere

for that. "I believe you do care, now," he said in a voice filled with a sort of holy awe that made the girl's heart leap up and the color flame into her cheeks.

Then before she could answer or think to be embarrassed, he lifted her reverently from the saddle and put her on the ground.

He hobbled her horse, unstrapped the pack of provisions and went off to gather up firewood, but when he returned she was sitting where he put her under the tree, her face buried in her hands, her slender form motion-

He stood for a moment and watched her, then came over and knelt down beside her, and taking her hands gently from her face, looked into the dewy depths of her sweet eyes and spoke:

"Don't!" he pleaded gently. "Let's have supper now, and then we'll talk it all out. Will you come and help me make a fire?"

There was something in his strong, tender glance that helped her to rise to his call. A lovely smile grew in her eyes. She let him help her to her feet, and casting aside the reserved shyness that had fallen over her like a misty veil, she ran here and there, gathering sticks and helping to make the fire blaze; talking merrily about the supper they were preparing just as she had done all day; but her heart was in a tumult of wonder.

Holt shot a couple of rabbits and put them to roast before the fire. Jean set herself to toast the soggy corn bread and make it more palatable. Their merry laughter rang out again and again as they prepared their simple meal. They were like two children playing house. No one looking on would have seen any difference in their demeanor from what it had been all day. It was only when Holt was out in the open, shooting rabbits, that he allowed the sadness and gloom to settle down upon his young face. It was only when he was away gathering more wood that Jean, left to watch the sputtering rabbits, let the corn bread burn, while her face grew thoughtful and her eyes sweet with a tender

light. It was when the supper was eaten and the fire flickering low in the dying light of sunset that Holt came and sat down beside the girl, and again a great silence fell between them.

Holt had planned their homecoming to be in the dark. For the girl's sake he would not have witnesses to their arrival. This thoughtfulness sprang from finer feelings than the people of Hawk Valley dreamed that he possessed. There remained but a little over an hour's ride now to reach Hawk Valley, and Holt did not mean they should get there before 9 o'clock at the earliest.

He sat gravely quiet, his strong hands folded across his raised knees, his back against a tree, looking bravely, wistfully, off into the distance. He seemed a great deal older, now, with that grave, sad expression. Jean stole a glance at him now and then, as she plucked at the vegetation about her, and wondered why this appalling silence, which she seemed powerless to break, had so suddenly fallen upon

Then the man's voice broke the stillness in a low, tense tone. "There's something I must tell you."

The very air seemed waiting to hear what he would say. The girl scarcely breathed.

"It wouldn't have been the square thing for me to tell you that I loved you if I had been the only one that cared; but we've been through all this together, and it's as if we had known each other for years-and-you care too! I can see it in your eyes. I'm not worthy of it-but you care-and it's up to me to help you stop it. It would be an easier job, perhaps, if I were used to being trusted, but it's an honest fact that you're the first respectable person that has really trusted me since I can remember, and it comes hard---

His voice broke as if an alien sob had wandered into his bronzed throat. A sob swelled in the girl's throat, too, and her little briar-scratched hand stole out and just touched his arm reassuringly with a feather glance of pressure, and withdrew as if to say: I will bear my part of this trouble, whatever it is-please don't suffer more than your own part."

(Continued Next Week.)

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