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Everything Lovely.
"Howdy, Gap!" saluted an acquaintance, upon meeting the well known Rumpus Ridge citizen on a shopping expedition in Tumbleville. "How's everything going with you?"
"Fine'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 fell out of a tree and broke his arm, and a feller took a shot at me day before 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, you 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 flushed.
"Have you seen my pa?" he managed to stammer.
"I don't know your pa, little boy," said I.
He looked at me in round-eyed wonder and his pink cheeks fairly stuck out.
"You don't know my pa?" he said incredulously. "Why, I know pa just as easy!"—Exchange.

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The Finding of Jasper Holt

BY Grace Livingston Hill Lutz
Author of "Martha Schuyler", "Phoebe Deane", "The Obsession of Victoria Grace", etc.

The girl on the bank caught her breath, but said nothing. Must they swim across? Was there no other way? She watched Holt standing, 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.

"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.

"Oh, please, I can walk as well as you," she deprecated.

"Put your arms around my neck, please," he commanded, and waded in, holding her high and dry above the water.

She obeyed instantly, in trust and shy 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 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 a 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 our partnership."

"This was one of the big things," he said, "only I didn't want you to know it. To tell you the truth, I didn't know whether that stream was fordable or not; and, besides, I knew that if you got your clothes wet again it would hinder you in walking. Come, we must make that house before dark. I'm hungry, aren't you? And we're 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 girl who was unused to such long 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 protested so vigorously that he was forced to set her down and both stopped to rest. For, indeed, Holt's own strength was somewhat spent by this time, though he showed no outward sign of fatigue, having been trained in a school that endures until it drops.

By this time they felt as if they had known each other for years, for there is nothing like a common peril and a common need to make souls know one another, and to bring out the true selfishness or unselfishness of each character. Because these two had been absolutely forgetful of self, each felt for the other a most extraordinary attraction and reverence.

As they sat silently under the stars, resting, it came to their minds how far from strangers they now seemed, and yet how little they knew about each other's lives; and they felt they needed not to know because of what each had been to the other during the night and the day that were passed.

When they started on their way again, arm in arm, they walked silently for a time, marvelling at what the day had brought them in knowledge of the other's fineness.

"I cannot be mistaken," thought Jean. "He is fine and noble—all that a man ought to be. He looks as if he had never done anything wrong, yet is strong enough to kill the devil if he would."

But this time the little house in the distance had put a light in its window, and guided them twinkling to its floor, where three great dogs greeted them from afar and disputed their entrance.

The house was not very large, only

three rooms. A man and his wife and some hired hands huddled around a kerosene light, the men smoking and playing cards; the wife knitting silently in the rear.

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 householder of Holt.

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 wilderness.

Holt explained haughtily.

"H'm!" said the man still incredulous. "Any more in your party? Well, my woman'll take care your woman fer t'night, an' in the mornin' we ken talk business. Yas, I've got horses, but I need 'em." The man looked cunningly from one to the other of the men.

Jean looked at Holt, and thought how far above these people he seemed as he stood haughtily by the door in his wet and dragged clothing, with the bearing of a young king.

"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 pork left from supper, ef they'll do. The men is powerful eaters."

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 silence. The girl was beginning to dread the night and to wish for the protection of her strong, true friend. She did not like the look of the men who fumbled the dirty cards and cast bold glances in her direction.

She was even more frightened when she learned the arrangements that were to be made for the night. She was assigned to a bunk in a small closet like room opening from the big room in which they were all sitting—which 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 softly. "I'll bunk across in front of your door. You can sleep and trust me."

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 frying just the other side of her thin partition, and knew that she had slept in safety under guard of her new found friend.

"Jasper! Jasper Holt!" said a strange, sweet voice within her soul, and she wondered at the beauty of the name and the thrill of possession she felt in it.

Jean had a little money carefully sewed inside her clothing. It was to have done for her whole western trip and bought gifts for the dear ones at home before her return. Now she realized it was her fortune. She made a bargain with the woman of the cabin for a khaki skirt and blouse, of doubtful cut and shabby mien, but whole and clean. For these she gave \$2 and the remains of the once treasured, but now tattered and traveled staine, silk robe she wore. And so it was as a western girl, in riding skirt and blouse, that she emerged from the little closet where she had slept, but so wholly was she able to subjugate her clothes, and so exquisitely did her flower face and golden brown hair set them off, that they took on a style and beauty entirely out of their nature; and their former owner stared in wonder and sighed with envy as she beheld. It had not been the silken garment that made this girl a queen, but her own beauty of countenance and regal bearing; for here were her own old clothes worn like a royal robe, making the stranger lovely as the morning.

Holt looked at the girl in startled wonder when she appeared, so trig and sweet in her traveling garb, ready for the next stage of her journey, and trembled with joy at the day that was before him; albeit the end of the

(Continued Next Week.)

The request for an increase in street fare from 5 to 6 cents in Peoria has been granted.