

The Finding of Jasper Holt

BY Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

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

All morning while the train glided over the level plain he was going over his recent experience; going back to the moment when the girl entered upon his vision and looked at him with that clear, direct gaze that trusted him; thinking over every detail of his finding her in the darkness and peril; the miracle that he and not some other should have found and saved her; recalling every incident of the beautiful wearisome way by which they had gone home together; and the wonder of the girl's faith in him, her love for him—his love for her.

Any one watching the absorbed silent man sitting alone, his head dropped back against the seat, his hat drawn down over his eyes, the lines of gravity deep upon brow and lip and chin, would have judged him for a much older man than he was, so maturing had life thus far been to him.

And now, the task that was before him was to find Scathlin—if, indeed, he were still in the land of the living—or some evidence that he was dead; and to know beyond a question of doubt what had become of those papers, and just how far Harrington had been responsible for the theft.

He loathed his task, yet felt compelled by some inner urging to finish it. Almost his soul revolted to the extent of giving up the case and letting his enemies triumph over him. What to him now was his silver mine, since he had found her—and lost her forever? Why not let his property go and leave Hawk Valley forever, where his reputation had undone him in his greatest opportunity? Why not go to some new land where he was unknown and begin all over again?

But his soul was too strong and true for that. He must face his mistakes in the place where he had made them and undo, if might be, some of the harm he had done. He had to do this whether he would or no. It was right that he should find his papers and make good his claim. It was a part of the true living he had set himself from this time forth. He had promised to let people see that he was trustworthy and this was the first step. If Harrington and his men got their way he would be branded as a thief and a liar again and the old reputation only fixed the firmer.

It was toward evening when they passed the scene of the late disaster and the long rays of the sun rested over the river and valley where peril and death had brooded. A temporary way had been made for the tracks, all signs of death and disaster swept hastily out of sight by the wrecking train, and the tide of travel was already rolling calmly on again. A swarm of workmen, like ants carrying grains of sand over a wall, were at work on the broken bridge, and the passing traveller looked cheerfully across and got no hint of fire and fear and sudden death. Even the trahmen had had their orders and answered glibly in brief sentences, when questioned about the wreck, turning it off lightly as a small thing, until they heard that there was one of the almost victims of the accident. Then they looked sharply a second time and stole back to talk in low tones with guarded sentences about where the blame should lie. But no one knew much about the details, after all. The conductor reluctantly admitted that the victims, those who had been saved, had been taken to the nearest city and distributed among the hospitals. That was all. He implied that there were many victims who had not even that comfort.

So, on to the nearest city went Jasper Holt, arriving shortly after sundown and began his search among the hospitals at once, having visited the railroad office and got all the information they could give him.

Three days and two night Jasper Holt searched, in hospitals and morgues, and even private homes. Wherever he could learn of a person who had been through the accident he went to see if they knew any clue to the man he sought, but not a hint did he find.

It was entirely reasonable to suppose that Scathlin had lost his life in the fire or the river, and to feel that further search was unnecessary. But Jasper Holt, standing at the window of his hotel room and looking out on the busy streets of that western city toward evening of the third day, could not feel it so. More and more it became necessary to find that man, or be sure of his death. The three days of visiting hospitals and viewing suffering and death had graven the sad lines even deeper in his fine, strong face. It began to seem now to him that he might even have a duty toward that loathsome creature Scathlin, though heaven knows why any such thought should have entered his head, seeing he was the injured, not the injuring. But the more he thought about it the more he felt that he must search farther.

To look any longer in the city was absurd. He had already covered every clue that he had found, and the railroad authorities were beginning to grow

wary of this assiduous young man with the firm jaw and the blue gray eyes of steel who steadily demanded the missing man. They offered to send him back to the scene of the accident with a man to help him, and authority to get assistance from their workmen to search the river and vicinity. This offer Jasper finally accepted and the next morning was on his way back.

The last time Holt had seen Scathlin he had not really seen him at all, he had merely sensed his presence in the darkness.

They had both been sleeping—Scathlin with the relaxation of one who no longer needs to be on the alert, Holt with half his senses on guard—when the crash came. Splintering glass and a rush of cold air brought Holt clearly to himself. The car had been turned on end and was sinking, creaking and groaning, and the two men were thrown together for a moment into the aisle, clinging to the arms of the seats. Holt had heard the terrible oaths with which Scathlin was wont to embroider his speech even on calmer occasions. They sounded now like a challenge to the Almighty. The younger man had reached out a hand in the darkness to strike the other, and had uttered single sentence "Cut that out!" but the profanity continued, and Scathlin had struck him a blow blindly across his eyes which bewildered him for a second and made the confusion more black and terrible. Then he had been aware that Scathlin was scrambling up over the arm of the seat to the window, and was about climbing out. The red glow from outside flared up and showed Scathlin's bulk against the night, his head and shoulders already out of the window, the stream of oaths not so distant now because they were flung to the outdoor world.

It was then that he realized that Scathlin was escaping from him and he must not let him get away. Even in such a situation he remembered his long quest, and pulling himself up by main force, caught Scathlin by the foot. Suddenly he remembered the curious actions of Scathlin the day before, and his fumbling with his shoe strings afterwards. The shoe Holt held in his firm grip was laced and tied in a hard knot, but Holt's knife was ready and he cut the string in several places. Scathlin did not stay for shoes. He left his footgear readily in his pursuer's hands and made good his escape but Holt, forgetful of his peril for the moment, searched in the shoe and found a folded paper.

It was too dark to tell if the paper were one of those he sought. He put it safely in his pocketbook for further investigation, felt in the shoe carefully once more to make sure there was not another, and then climbed out of the window after Scathlin. But when he dropped into the net below he could not see Scathlin anywhere. There were some rocks far below, and down there he had thought he saw a white face as he first looked from the window before he leaped, when the fire broke out with a flare. But after he had dropped and found himself in the water he could not quite locate the rocks again, and while he was searching he saw another victim drop and sink and rise again, and he went to her rescue. So had Scathlin had his wish and escaped from the train before they reached the region of Hawk Valley.

Holt and his assistant searched the scene of the wreck until the young man was convinced that further search there was useless, and sent the man back to the city. Then he dropped down the river bank and talked with one or two men on the wrecking crew while they were waiting for the construction train to come and bear them back to their camp, and here for the first time he got a clue. They had found a man down on the rocks with a broken leg a whole day after the others had been taken to the city hospital. Some bushes had hid him and no one had noticed him till they heard him groaning and cursing. A man who said he had a shack "up a piece" had taken him in his wagon. He had promised to get a doctor and fix the man up. The man himself had begged them to shoot him. He was almost out of his head with suffering. Their vague description tallied with Scathlin's rought appearance and Holt became convinced he had found his man.

Making the best he could out of their indefinite directions, for they really had not much idea of the locality of that shack themselves, Holt started off in search.

He found Scathlin before nightfall that same day, lying alone and moaning with pain and fever in the deserted shack. The householder had gone away at dawn on business, promising a speedy return, but had not come back, and Scathlin, his broken bone set rudely by an unskilled hand, lay suffering torments. When Holt pushed the door open and looked in he started up with a yell, his eyes protruding in fear. He thought that Holt was dead in the fire of the wreck, and this was his spirit come to demand

account. It was only when Holt laid his cool hand on the dirty, crusted brow and spoke in his quiet voice of command, that Scathlin settled back, the terror still in his eyes, and consented to be still. He began gradually to realize that Holt was there in the flesh, and that not for retribution either. He had not succeeded in escaping his captor. He never could do that. But his captor would not be a tormentor. That was plain. He had heard that Holt was "square" with his men, but had never believed it. Now he had opportunity to judge for himself. And so cunning and contemptible was the creature that when he was once assured of the fact that Holt would not strike him when he was down, he at once set about to take advantage of it. It was as if he had found a spot of honor wherein Holt was vulnerable, and there upon his bed of pain, in his loathsome helplessness, with no one to relieve him but Holt, he attacked that one prenable spot of Holt's fortress. Day and night he moaned and fretted. Hour after hour he demanded this and that, whining like a baby and cursing like a demon by turns.

The householder did not return. It is possible that something ill befell him in that lonely plain over which he journeyed skirting the desert; it is probable that he had had enough of Scathlin's complaints and was glad to escape from his unwelcome guest. However it was, Holt was there alone with him for many days, nursing him as tenderly as a woman might have done; bearing with his varying moods; washing him, feeding him, cooling his hot forehead. Only once did Scathlin lapse from his role of pampered patient and beg with terror and abject humility in his eyes and voice, and that was the day when Holt declared his intent to go after a doctor. Scathlin was sure that Holt meant to desert him, and he cried like a baby, swore like a mad man, and then pleaded and promised contritely. But it was all of no avail and Holt left him for a few hours, with a supply at hand for every need, and went for a doctor. Scathlin's cries and curses followed him as far as he could hear, and something like pity came into his heart for the poor, wicked old criminal, so that he hastened his steps with all his might.

When he returned four hours later with a gruff but kindly doctor, the cunning look came back into the little beady eyes and the bristly old jaw grew stubborn and seafish again. He saw that Holt's honor still held and he meant to get the worth of his money out of him.

The doctor came every few days after that and Scathlin improved rapidly, growing more arrogant every day. Holt went about silently for the most part; nursing the patient, cooking his meals—there were a few staples in the shack—and Holt had bought more when he went for the doctor; besides there was game to be had for the shooting. There was something about his set, stern face even in his gentleness that sometimes shamed Scathlin and silenced him for a while. It was as if his mind was far away on higher things, and Scathlin's petty torments did not reach up into the rarefied air where he really lived.

Once when he was getting better and sitting up Scathlin attempted a story, so vile and low that the devil himself must have originated it. He laughed immoderately as he told it, hoping to break the stern sadness of Holt's face, which fairly made him frantic to look at, but Holt looked at him with a kind of pity for a second, and then the sternness grew terrible.

"Scathlin, cut that out, you beast!" he said, and left the cabin for the open air. It was that day that Holt had a struggle with himself to stock to his job.

There was no longer the necessity that brought him. The papers, the rest of them, wherever they were, were surely not here. Holt had gone over every inch of Scathlin's clothes and possessions, and there was no place where he could possibly have hid them about the shack that Holt had not looked. He had watched Scathlin by night and by day when he did not know he was being watched, and he was convinced that Scathlin was no longer protecting any papers of his. The one which he had taken from the toe of Scathlin's shoe had proved to be his own and most important. What Scathlin had done with the rest he was not sure, but it was probable that he had given some of them to Jean when he had taken her to the mine, and the light in his face was deadened by a stab of pain. He was growing wise and losing his faith in the love he had taken for granted in both father and mother. It was at that time that he lived mostly upon the street, and accompanied with boys of the rougher class. No one but his nurse knew it, and she but seldom. She was only too glad to have the time off duty.

It was when he discovered a childish plot in the neighborhood to mob the president of a defuncting bank in which the hard working parents of some of his playmates had lost their all, that Jasper was taken hold of by the law as leader and financier of the whole enterprise. Bravely, proudly, he took the whole blame, exonerating the other boys, and deiring himself instigator of the affair.

His father paid a heavy fine to hush it up and took his son in charge. A merciless whipping was the beginning of that interview between them, which the son received like a gentleman. But when it was over he lifted reproachful eyes, staid his quivering warrior chin and said determinedly: "But all the same, father, I think I was right! That man had been stealing those poor people's money!"

And so as the days at last came when the patient could walk about a little, the beady old eyes took on new meaning, the grizzly jaw grew more set, the whining complaints became more pitiful; and when Holt urged that now the time had come when they might go home without harm to the mending limb, Scathlin's eyes filled with fear, and he whined and begged for just a little longer. For once more

the vision of the stark tree against the sky, the swinging body, the retreating backs of Holt's men, haunted Scathlin's memory; and his terror returned with each day of his recovery.

One day when Holt had gone at last to a settlement to procure a wagon and some other necessities for the journey, he returned to find the cunning old ingrate gone!

At first it seemed only a relief from a disagreeable task, and he would have let him go, only again there seemed that inner sense fighting a task which made him go out and search. For he knew the weak leg could not carry the man far, and he felt too that he must keep hold of Scathlin and take him back to face what he should find awaiting him in Hawk Valley of good or ill. He might need the old man for a witness.

And so he drew him from his crouching shelter, spoke to him firmly, and made a compact with him, for he recognized his fear. That night saw the two again on their way to Hawk Valley. Scathlin was to have shelter and food, and work when he was able, but in return he must abide by certain rules. Scathlin, relieved and cunning still, unromised eagerly, with many mental reservations; and so the pilgrimage at last was ended, and Holt was going back—back where the girl he loved was staying—the girl he loved, but might not see!

CHAPTER XI.

There had been no fuss made over Jasper Holt when he was born. They handed him an honored name from some fine old warrior of a forebear, relegated him to a fourth story back nursery with a trained nurse, and left him to himself.

His mother paused long enough before returning to her interrupted social career to look him over, declare that he had nice eyes and she believed his hair was going to curl; then she was swallowed up in the world from which she had reluctantly stepped aside. She had little use for a son except to dress him in velvets and Lord Fauntleroy collars and make of him a toy to amuse her guests. Until he reached that stage she saw very little of him.

Of his stern father he saw less. He was immersed in business. He was rich, but what of that? He had to make more riches to keep the social whirl fed.

The baby had a face and form worth noticing, even in his first days. The great blue eyes that had attracted his mother's flitting attention, could be gray sometimes, and had in them depths of light and wisdom that fairly startled his practical nurse. He had the throw of a philosopher, and gold hair rippled around the fine little head like a halo. The old warrior namesake must have bestowed upon him that firm chin beneath the cupid's bow of the lips, and surely an angel had lent him that smile!

But as he grew older there came into his eyes a wisdom that was almost pathetic at times. He was an affectionate child, quite embarrassing his cold, reserved nurse with his demonstrations, but winning the utmost devotion from all who had to serve him.

He was not a good boy in the conventional acceptance of the word. He sweetly serenely had his own way in everything from the time he could walk and talk. He would neither eat what he did not like, nor wear what he did not fancy. He did not take kindly to his mother's velvets and curls and lace collars. He always disappeared hopelessly when made ready for a dress parade. He would fight, his bully on the back streets who undertook to cheat the little lame newsboy, and he was always trying to take the part of some weak dog or child. He could run down the street with the swiftness of a swallow, his pockets full of sharp stones, and hit every electric light in the block as he ran, and he was forever taking the blame frankly of all the broken windows and looted garden plots in the neighborhood. In these days his acquaintance with his father was limited to severe interviews in which stern threats and scathing reprimands mingled with a galling scream were dealt abundantly. It was as his clear eyes looked steadily, unflinchingly, into the angry steel eyes of the man that his young face hardened, his warrior chin took a firm set, and the light in his face was deadened by a stab of pain. He was growing wise and losing his faith in the love he had taken for granted in both father and mother. It was at that time that he lived mostly upon the street, and accompanied with boys of the rougher class. No one but his nurse knew it, and she but seldom. She was only too glad to have the time off duty.

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(Continued Next Week.)

constitution. The last forbade the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation or transportation of intoxicating liquors within the United States after January, 1920.

Principles For Employers.

From the Indianapolis News. Twelve principles of industrial relations have been indorsed by American employers as represented in the membership of the United States Chamber of Commerce. A canvass of a referendum vote announced today showed the proposal for a national employment system to have been the only article of 13 which failed to receive the two-thirds majority.

Underlying the cardinal principle that "the public interest requires adjustment of industrial relations by peaceful methods," were those declaring "the right of workers to organize;" that "industrial harmony and prosperity will be most effectually promoted by adequate representation of the parties in interest;" and that industrial relations agreements "should be faithfully observed."

Other declarations approved were that wages should be "reduced only when the possibility of reduction of costs in all other directions has been exhausted;" that every man is entitled to an opportunity to earn a living wage and that "wages should be adjusted with due regard to their purchasing power."

Fixing of a basic day as a "device for increasing compensation" was declared to be a "subterfuge that should be condemned."

About Knox's Resolution. When the Senate has had time to study the resolution, with its inconsistencies, its dangerous proposals, its insults to our friends and its consolation for our foes, we are convinced it will vote it down.

Indianaapolis News, Rep. Senator Knox clearly sees that neither France nor Great Britain would ratify a treaty without a league of some sort, or a full equivalent thereof. The sentiment that he offers is the declaration of a new policy that would commit this country to co-operation with "our chief antagonists for the defense of civilization," and to war in association with them if war should be necessary.

Springfield Republican, Ind. The present Knox resolution, if adopted, would involve an attempt by the Senate at usurpation by seeking to interfere with and control the treaty making power in a stage which does not officially concern it. It would be an overweening performance by a body of men democratically unrepresentative of the American people trying to assume the full direction of our foreign relations. Mr. Wilson, confronted by such an arrogant declaration, would be bound to safeguard the constitutional prerogatives of his high office by throwing himself in opposition to it with all his constitutional resources. The Knox resolution might well have distinguished more clearly between that which is abstractly desirable and that which is actually attainable. As the proposed declaration is drawn the two things are intermingled.

Philadelphia Record, Dem. The German propaganda has annexed the republican side of the Senate, with the support of a few democrats who would sacrifice anything to any cause, and embarrass the president, who as a member of the peace conference is under the obligations of honor not to make the treaty public till the peace conference so orders.

Louisville Post, Dem. The whole thing gives certain senators who hope to get the republican nomination for president a chance to make speeches in furtherance of their candidacies. It also gave the handful of recalcitrant democrats, with Reed and Chamberlain in the lead, an opportunity to vent their temper against the national administration.

Chicago Daily News, Ind. The Knox resolution should be thoroughly debated. A dispassionate discussion of the alternative it purports to offer should bring about its decisive defeat.

New York Times, Ind. This resolution which Mr. Knox has had the hardihood to propose for the adoption of the Senate is dangerous not alone to the peace of the world and to our good relations with the powers engaged with us in negotiating the treaty; it is, we feel well assured dangerous to the republican party. There is abundant evidence that the people of the United States desire a prompt peace as ardently as the people of the European countries, and there is evidence that the very great part of them hold that view of the League of Nations covenant to which Mr. Knox gives such unseemly expression. We are confident that they would deeply resent the adoption, or even the serious consideration by the Senate, of the resolutions which the senator from Pennsylvania has most unwisely been moved to introduce.

New York World, Dem. Unless the Senate has gone crazy the Knox resolution will never again see the light of day; but its introduction was a mischievous and miserable proceeding.

A Poets Ears. For hours went waiting by The summer wind last night— I could not win my ear From following its flight. From seeking to make clear The burden of its cry.

So dread, for June's rose days, That voice which swept the dark! It seemed the child of love In autumn, late and stark. When all the leaves are shed And roses long time dead.

For hours I heard it moan, That wild nocturne of June, Now wandering away. As if it would attune Its chant elsewhere; then stray Hither with restless tone.

Now sharp it broke, now low, In sudden tenderness; As ripples coyly flow Where beach waves cease to press— Then, like a mist-drowned sail, I lost its wayward trail.

—William Struthers.

Vacation. And now the city dweller dreams of speckled trout in mountain streams and rufous deer that roam the glens. When summer comes with brassy skies who does not long for things like these, for outings where the mountains rise or in the shade of lordly trees? And surely men, who toil and spin for weary months, and give their best when rattled by the city's din, should have one month of helpful rest. One month of loafing in the dells, where nature does her smoothest work, and man would come back wearing bells, to do his stint as shipping clerk. One month of camping in the wild, the office chairs all left behind, and man would then be reconciled to his demerit, beastly grind. One month of trapping grizzly bears, of catching codfish in the sea, of chasing bobcats to their lairs and man would do the work of three. Though earnestly we workers try to plan out fine vacation schemes, the cost of living is so high we have to take it out in dreams. The grocer and the butcher still insist on having all we earn, so we pass up the wind swept hill, the woodland and the brae and burn. The ferman and the plumber come to tell how much they think we owe; in vain the scented breeze hums, we can't enjoy them as they blow.

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

Honesty buys and sells things; dishonesty steals and keeps them.

"CAN I BE CURED?" SAYS THE SUFFERER

How often have you heard that and cry from the victims of disease. Perhaps the disorder has gone too far for help, but oftener it is just in its first stages and the pains and aches are only nature's first cries for help. Do not despair. Find out the cause and give nature all the help you can and she will repay you with health. Look after the kidneys. The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering and throwing off the poison that constantly accumulates in the system, everything goes wrong. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney and bladder troubles and their kindred ailments. They will free your body from pain in short order. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. In three sizes, sealed packages. Money refunded if they do not help you.—Adv.

What man has done woman thinks she can do better.

THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the alluring curves and lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who feel their excessive thinness and weakness are due to a starved nervous system. Our bodies need phosphorus, more than is contained in any food. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric acid elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance: the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes ought to brighten, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health. Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was once thin and frail, reporting her own experience, writes: "Bitro-Phosphate has brought about a magic transformation with me. I gained 15 pounds and never before felt so well."

CAUTION.—Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its tendency to increase weight, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

The worst use that can be made of success is to boast about it.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

The Sword is his who gives it on.

MURINE Basis, Refreshes, Softens, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy; If they Tingle, Smart, Itch, or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Mace Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U.S.A.