

# The Finding of Jasper Holt

BY  
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She turned pleasantly to greet the wife of one of the officers from the fort and left poor Mrs. Thorne to gasp and roll her eyes in astonishment. "Of course she doesn't know him; she doesn't understand," said the poor woman in an aside to Eleanor who came up just then. "And perhaps it's just as well she shouldn't, as she's going home so soon. Poor Freeman! I don't know what he'll do. He's completely gone over her!"

Then all those fluttering girls came around Jean and began to talk at once. "Oh, wasn't he simply great! And isn't it a shame he has to be so wicked? And such a woman hater? I declare I thought he was going to refuse to ride around with you. And, oh, Jean, you sly thing! You knew he was going to enter when you talked about it the other day, didn't you?"

They chattered and buzzed, and the young men came presently and bore them away one at a time. It was the captain, patient and persevering, who at last, by his very persistence, won the right to ride back to the house by Jean's side. Poor captain, his last ride, and that glorious smile in her eyes, but not for him!

She was gentle with him when he tried again to persuade her to accept his love. She told him with a wistful sigh that all happiness in this world was not in getting what we wanted, but in knowing things were real and true and fine. She said she should always think of him as her friend, and hoped he would forget that he had wanted anything else; and she thanked him for his beautiful orchids so sweetly that she left a warm glow in his heart, notwithstanding his double defeat.

Later, as she knelt before her window seat and looked out into the sweet starry night, and over toward the cottage where the Golden Sunset roses grew, she forgot all the petty things that had been bothering her all day, and just let herself be glad for a little while. Then she bowed her head and prayed: "Dear Father, I thank Thee for letting them see a touch. Please, some day let them know him as he really is. Bless and keep him. I trust him with my dear Lord."

And when she fell asleep at last weary with the long day and the excitement, against her pillow under her cheek there lay soft cool petals of the golden roses, and their fragrance mingled with her dreams and brought a smile to her lips.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The breath of the roses on her pillow and the fresh ones on the stand near the bed awakened Jean softly into the early morning, and she lay still, thinking joyously that she was to see Jasper once more before she left. She would have some word, some glance to carry with her on the way. She would have all the beautiful day that was past to put with their other experience together and keep, and she would have that good by. It was the knowledge that he had promised to see her again that brought the smile to her lips and the eternal hope of youth to her eyes, when she remembered that this was her last day in Hawk Valley, perhaps forever.

There were not many minutes for such happy thoughts. Her trunk was packed, save a few little things, but they must be put in; and the children were already clamoring for her to come downstairs, they could not spare her any longer on this, her last morning.

Before she was entirely ready to go down people began to come to the house to say good by and attend her to the station, and when she was finally ready she had gathered quite an escort so that her going through the street seemed quite like a little triumphal procession, a fit continuation of the festivities of the day before.

Eleanor was proud and pleased and laughing all in one.

With a soft little cry she hustled the overflow of flowers that lay on the seat beside her into the opposite one and made room for him. The car looked and was satisfied. Her lover had not been left behind after all, and he was good to look upon. All was as it should be. They settled back to watch the world old look on the two young faces, with a contentment and zest that never flags for the sweetest story of all. And there were no bad critics here, for none of them had ever heard of Jasper Holt.

In the still dark of the evening before, Holt had ridden forth in the opposite direction from that he intended to take, and skirting the town in a wide trail well known to himself, he had taken his way across country to the little flag station, where he left his horse to be cared for until he should return.

Very quietly they sat together, after the first wonderful greetings, and talked. There was over them the sadness of a coming separation which each felt might be forever; and they

spoke no word of hope that it might be otherwise. The day before them was a precious treasure they meant to have and keep for life. Many things they learned in that brief time, of each other's hopes, longings and desires. Quietly Holt drew from her many thoughts of her own pure heart wherewith to build his ideal for the future.

Once he looked meaningfully at the great bank of flowers before him and then down at the golden roses on her gown. They did not need to talk much about such things, for their eyes could say it all, and Holt read thoughts quickly, keenly, and spoke the language of a glance to perfection. The words that he felt he had not a right to speak she might read in his face if she chose.

And she chose. Once, as the afternoon was drawing to a close, he said suddenly: "Harrington sent the papers back to me last evening."

Jean looked up startled, questioning, and met amusement in Holt's eyes. "He didn't dare to keep them. He professes that he sent them, the minute he knew I was at home, and that he has been much disturbed by their presence in his house lest his possession of them might be misunderstood by me."

A little cloud of apprehension came into Jean's eyes. "Don't be afraid to trust me," Holt said softly, with gentleness in his eyes. "I'm not going to make any trouble for your sister. You know that."

Then a great light of joy came into her face, and the tears which had caused her so much annoyance earlier in the day came rushing back for very joy.

It was in the late afternoon that they reached the city where Jean was to change to the sleeper. Holt gathered up the flowers to take with her, but she put out a protestant hand: "Oh, please, I don't want any of them but these," and she laid her hand tenderly over the golden roses at her waist.

A look of love and appreciation came into Holt's eyes, and he dropped the flowers quite happily, to gather up her suit case and umbrella.

"Let the brakeman take them home to his wife, then," he said joyously. He left her, at last, in the sleeper, and as he stood beside the train until it moved out of the station, their eyes made promises of trust and loyalty long after their lips were forced to remain silent.

Jean did not weep when she saw the last glimpse of his splendid figure on the dim station platform. She had entered upon her desert, but she had the light of his look to shine in her heart and her courage rose. Her eyes were bright and undaunted. No tears should break her down now. He had kept trust and she was content. He would be true and she would trust him always, even if she never saw him again.

Just what the future would hold for her she did not care to think. This strange vow she had made with a man she could not hope to marry with her parents' consent, and whom she would not marry without, she had made on trust and on trust she would keep it.

She did not mean to trouble her dear ones with the story. They had been far away and they could not understand. She would not have them looking at her pityingly, north of him unworthily. She would trust and live her life, and know that somewhere, somehow he was being true also.

Most unpractical, of course, but dear and ideal. Her sister Eleanor would have said it was foolish, and been glad it was no worse, hoping of course, that now when she saw no more of him she would get over it very soon. But Jean was not made like that. She knew the heartache that was before her, and knowing, dared to rejoice in it.

## CHAPTER XX.

Three days later Jasper Holt rode into Hawk Valley from a westerly direction, seriously and silent, with a light of purpose in his eyes and a new dignity about him; and Harrington, meeting him in trepidation, was surprised and not a little disturbed by the steady look of understanding that accompanied the grave bow he gave him.

The tournament had accomplished one thing in Holt's favor, for many men meeting him now acknowledged his presence by a formal greeting who had formerly seen want to ignore him utterly or treat him with contempt. A few even went so far as to try to talk with him in a friendly way when they met him in the postoffice, though perhaps there was the least bit of condescension about their manner when they did it. But Jasper Holt held on his reserved way, mingling little with any save his chosen few, and presuming not at all on his popularity on the day of the tournament. That incident was closed and he wished it to be as if it were not so far as they were concerned. The greetings of his fellow men he answered coolly, almost curtly, always briefly and was gone. Would be friends found little encouragement in any advances they made. A recognition won by mere physical skill was not what he desired. His pride lay not in that direction. There were things he intended to do, but they would take time, and meantime he went on his independent way and men saw little of him.

Time passed on and Jean's languishing lovers recovered from their various heartbreaks. Other maidens visited Hawk Valley and were feasted and feted and cherished with flowers and tournaments; but Jasper Holt came no more to dispute their victories. He

was keeping on his quiet, steady way, and gaining their respect every day.

Not a word passed between Holt and the girl in the east whom he loved. Eleanor never mentioned him in her letters, although her conscience hurt her now and then that she did not; for she was an honest woman and liked to give even the devil his due. Moreover Harrington, after a period of restlessness and unstrung nerves, appeared to have settled down to the fact that his enemy was not going to bring him to justice, and had developed a most extraordinary way of saying pleasant things about him now and then. He even suggested once that Eleanor include him in a dinner they were giving for business purposes; but his wife promptly vetoed the idea. Even for business purposes she would not lay aside her principles, she said, and shut her lips in a firm line that reminded Harrington of her younger sister.

Jean in her quiet, safe home had not expected letters from Holt and so had nothing to be disappointed about; but sometimes when her sister's letters came she distended eagerly, hoping for just some little word that would tell her how he was faring; and after they were read she would invariably sit looking wistfully off out of the window. Her father and mother noticed it and wondered if she had left her heart behind her with any of the many lovers of whom Eleanor had written. They talked it over at dusk sometimes when they were alone, and looked ahead to the years when their girl would be without them.

"I'd like her to find a strong, noble man," said her father, "I cannot bear to think of her treading her years alone. And yet, there are very few men of that kind," ad he sighed.

"Perhaps we ought to send her back to Eleanor's for another visit," suggested her mother anxiously. "We called her home so soon before her visit was done you know. It may be there was someone there. It may be she would like to go."

Yet when they suggested it to Jean, although her face lighted wistfully she shook her head.

"No, mother dear," she said firmly, "I'm going to stay with you. I'm not going off there again to get my head turned," and from that purpose they could not turn her, although they tried more than once; and so they settled back relieved and happy that she was content to stay with them.

Nevertheless, although she would not go, she cried her heart out that night with longing; yet knew it was better that she should stay.

A year and more had passed with Jean continuing on her quiet way in the home and church. It was not an unhappy place to be. The manse in which they lived was beautiful for situation, built of stone with pretty rooms and many windows, the rooms all cheerful and light and everything pleasant in a simple, unpretentious way. The people of the church loved Jean as they loved her father and mother, and she was welcome every where in all the merry makings. She had a large Sunday school class in the church and another in a mission in the lower part of the town and her boys were her most devoted followers.

Neither was she without older admirers, for all the young men in the church and neighborhood were her friends, and she was as popular at home as she had been in the west. The little manse reception room was never for long unadorned with flowers of some kind that had been sent to her, and she was never without an escort to anything she cared to attend. Yet, though she had a pleasant circle of young friends and seemed to enjoy their company moderately, she never was deeply interested in any of them; and one by one those who had tried their fortune at her hand, went sadly away and seldom came any more.

Jean seemed happy. She spent much time with her music and her books, when she was not actually busy about the house or in the parish helping her father with some plan for his poor people or his sick people. But she was growing thin, and the wistful look was ever in her eyes now. Her mother watched her anxiously and petted her more every day, and her father sighed and wished he could afford to take her off on a foreign trip for a little while. Jean only smiled, and went on her way, doing every day the duty that came next.

### (To be continued next week.)

#### Electrical Voting.

From the Milwaukee Journal. The Searchlight, a journal devoted to the doings of congress, says that Edison invented an electrical voting device and demonstrated it to a congressional committee 50 years ago. The committee would have sold it and to this day congress continues to waste hours of time in endless roll calls.

The Wisconsin assembly, through the use of an electrical voting machine of more recent invention, clicks off its roll to take hours. But it is not likely that congress could be induced to adopt such a time saving method. The aye and nay roll call enables a minority to stall and prevent the majority from taking action. In other words, the mere fact that electrical voting would save time goes for nothing if it would surrender any sacred right of parliamentary chicanery.

#### Hard to Explain.

From the Springfield Republican. It is no other country the fight against the league finds the least parallel in intensity to the fight in the United States Senate, what conclusion must be drawn? We are precluded from thinking that the United States alone understands its own interests and is always ready to safeguard them. It is nonsense to suppose that America alone is genuinely interested in some way by the League of Nations; for there must be features in the covenant that threaten some other power if it contains features that seriously threaten us.

#### Toad in a Coal Seam.

A toad has been found buried in Nethersea colliery, near Burton-on-Trent, England. A collier was mining 300 feet below the surface and a mile from the pit shaft when his pick struck upon a pocket of clay, and out rolled a toad three inches long. It is being kept in the manager's office, and is recovering sight and moving about.

Occasionally some young man attempts to make the mare go by investing a lot of money in wild oats.

#### Arithmetic.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torbins, "would you mind helping me with a little bit of arithmetic?" "Not at all." "Well, if we pay the cook all the wages she wants will we have enough money left to buy anything for her to cook?"

A Wonder. "Do you swear, little boy?" "No, but say, you just ought to hear my old man."

## What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

#### Nervy.

"What are you writing, old man?" "An article entitled 'Advice to Graduates.'" "Eh! Advice to grad— Well, of all the presumption!" —Boston Evening Transcript.

#### Tin From Malay.

The amount of tin exported from the Federated Malay States in the last year was 87,370 tons, valued at \$51,520,332.

#### Didn't Want It by Heart.

Five-year-old Dorothy was watching her aunt drink a glass of milk. Upon being offered some she said: "Oh, no, I never drink milk by heart; I only like it with tea or coffee."

Adam fell in love with Eve—and the fall of man has been a continuous performance from that day to this.

A child who has been taught obedience has had wise parents.

## KIDNEYS WEAKENING? BETTER LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease. Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain.

ment of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its sale. The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders. Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

#### PERSONS OF ROYAL DESCENT

In Natural Course, Millions Might Lay Claim to Blood of William the Conqueror.

There are more claims of descent from William the Conqueror than from any monarch in the world, and in most cases a descendant of this king comes down a line of 15 or 20 other royal personages, although sometimes the descent from monarch to plain, untitled yeoman seems to have been accomplished in two or three generations. There is practically no limit to his descendants today and one genealogist says this fact is accounted for by the statement that, according to the regular proportion of increase in each generation since his time, the descendants of William the Conqueror would now number more than twice the present population of the British Isles. So, of course, it is very easy to see how many of them came over to the United States.

#### Cheering Note in City Hubbub.

It was a scorching hot day. Three of the characters that grow familiar to the frequenters of the thoroughfare from Broadway to Park Row took part in a little bit of drama that was watched from a nearby bench. The lame old man who sells shoes sits wearily on the stairs leading to the closed canteen opposite the office. His eyes drooped with sleep but opened suddenly at a word from the woman who sits near by with a basket of pretzels, the piece de resistance of many a midday meal in that vicinity.

She held out a tall glass of orange-ade supplied, doubtless, by the proprietor of the flourishing stand hard by, where one may buy postcard souvenirs of New York, or sweets and cool drinks to eke out the pretzel lunch. He drank it gratefully while the kindly if draggled Hebe chatted about the weather. It was a cheering note in the rush of the city's crowded, careless thoroughfare.—New York Times.

#### Rebuking Daddy.

Alice's father was an engineer with a decided conscience. His work came before pleasure, absolutely. "Oh, daddy," pleaded the child one day, "please go with us to the ball game this afternoon!" "Simply can't, child; too much to do," was the hurried answer. "Oh, daddy! You'll never go anywhere! You're so duffed."

A Lot Cheaper, Too. The other day we were told how good locusts were as food, and now an exchange says: "Put cream and sugar on a fly, and it tastes very much like a black raspberry."

The average man doesn't waste any politeness on his wife.

Some people can't even be crazy without attracting attention.

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pound, net.

## What are you paying for coffee?