

The Finding of Jasper Holt

BY Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

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

CHAPTER XXII.

"Father!" said Jean, closing the study door and standing guard in front of it lest her mother enter suddenly and be frightened at what she was saying. "Father, I must go to Hawk Valley at once—today! No, it isn't Eleanor, nor any of them—she added hastily, as she saw the quick apprehension in her father's face. "They are all well. I've just had a long letter from Eleanor. Father, it's the man who saved my life! He is dying and he needs me. I know he wants me. I love him, father, and he loves me! He didn't think you would like him, and so we never said anything about it—but now he's dying and I must go!"

The look in her eyes and the tilt of her chin were her father's own when he felt he must fulfill some high calling and would not be gainsaid. He kned at a glance that it was useless to try to stop her. Besides, he had all confidence in her.

"I see, daughter," he said with instant comprehension and a swift vision of what the wifeliness in her face had meant all these long months. "How soon can you be ready? There is a train at six, I think."

"I will be ready, father," she said, and then, turning, laid her head for an instant on his shoulder and hid her face in his neck. "Oh, father dear!"

He folded her close and kissed her. "Courage, daughter! Trust in our Father's tenderness."

"Thank you so much, father, for understanding," she said, lifting her eyes to his face.

"You will want me to go with you, daughter?" he asked, trying to think how it would be possible.

"No, father, you couldn't. You have that funeral tomorrow, and they need you," she answered, drying her tears, "and then, it wouldn't do to leave mother. No, I can go alone perfectly well. Her Eleanor's letter. Read it while you are here. That will explain a good deal. Tell you more on the way to the lake. He is the one who won the laurel wreath at the tournament. I took a little about him—"

"Yes, I know. I understand! Poor little child! Now go quickly and I will explain to your mother about it. You haven't much time. Don't try to pack more than a suit case. We can send your trunk on after you."

There are not many fathers so wise as this one, who seemed to know without asking just what was needed; who refrained from needless questions, calmed the frail mother's fears, and helped his girl away to her pain or her rejoicing as it should prove to be, with a blessing upon her as she left.

It was in the sunset gloaming that she arrived in Hawk Valley and the gold of the sky lay behind the hills, ruby lined, like the gold of Jasper Holt's roses whose sweet withered leaves lay stored among her linen in her ureau drawer at home.

They met her at the station, for a telegram had heralded her coming. Quietly, with hushed voices, they met her; for death waited beside the couch in the guest room of their home, and they had guessed how it must be between these two.

"He seems to be sleeping his life away," said Eleanor, folding a cloak about her sister, for she saw that it was going hard with her. "They cannot rouse him. He seems content to go. He does not want to live. It is strange with one so strong and young."

The light of battle came into the younger sister's eyes, but she answered nothing.

"Better come and get something to eat first," said Eleanor, when they reached the house, but Jean shook her head and fled up the stairs.

There could not have been anything quieter than the way she opened the door and slipped into that room. Her movements seemed to cling and hush but her face as she walked. But he opened his eyes at once; a strange, wondering look came into them as she came across the room and knelt beside him with a smile. Then she bowed her head and hid her lips upon his.

The doctors and the nurse who stood by were as nothing. There were just two in the universe and all else was hushed.

So the move about his room, or sat close beside his couch. She was there when he woke in the night, and looked at her, murmuring very low:

"Are you real or a dream?"

"I'm real, dear. I will not go away," she breathed, and laid her soft lips on his again. This time his own response came feebly.

It was in the morning that the doctors said there was hope, though they confessed afterward that recovery began with his first sight of Jean's face.

Jean scarcely left his side day or night, and seemed tireless. Often she slept on a low stool beside the bed, with her head against his pillow. One bright morning he awoke to find her sleeping so, and laid his weak uncertain hand softly upon her head. She opened her eyes, met his smile, and knew that he was better.

"A life for a life," he said softly. "Dear, you must go to your bed and rest. I will get well now. You are killing yourself."

But her smile shone forth radiantly. "I couldn't rest away from you," she said, giving him a dazzling look. "I'm not going to leave you any more, ever!" Then she paused and looked shyly up again. "Unless," she added archly, "unless you've changed your mind and don't want me. In that case I'll go back home as soon as you are able to be out."

"Oh, my dear!" he said softly, and drew her down to his breast with his one good arm. "Do you mean it? Not leave me again ever? Are you willing to be my wife? Can you really trust me now?"

"I've trusted you always," she said softly, nesting her face against his cheek. "I trusted you the first time I saw you."

"But your people, Jean?"

"My people all love and honor you," said Jean, with shining eyes. "They think you are magnificent! They cannot say enough about you. Eleanor would bow down and kiss your feet, and my father and mother know all about you and have sent me to you willingly. But, Jasper, listen, if every one in this wide world were against you, even my dear people, I should marry you anyway and stay with you! I couldn't live any longer without you!"

He looked into her eyes, and he drank in her trust and loveliness and beautiful self-surrender as if it had been some life giving draught; then he laid his hand upon her hair and pressed her closer to him.

"Oh, you wonderful woman!" he said.

"I did not take Jasper Holt long to get well after that. Hope and joy shone in his eyes so that his face was dazzling to look upon, and those who came into his room walked softly, filled with awe, that a man who had come and gone among them for years and been held almost in contempt, could have within him a soul so great and noble as to shine like that in his face."

Jean's father and mother came west for a visit about that time, for Jean wrote that there was no use expecting her to return now, and when the two met, Jean's father and her lover, and stood hand in hand, looking into one another's eyes for a full, long minute before either spoke, each felt entirely satisfied.

Of course all this could not go on without the town knowing something of the state of things, for everybody came to find out how the hero was getting on; and Jasper Holt's men, as they came and went in grave concern were beset with questions. And when Jean arrived, then her parents, the town opened eyes of understanding and nodded gravely, thinking it was well.

So when it was announced most formally that a wedding would take place no one was surprised. Indeed, Jean's girl friends had been embroiling and chattering away over wedding gifts for a week before it was whispered officially that they would be needed.

Once more the Huntington house was smothered in flowers for an Gifts came from far and near, from all her old admirers who were now also with one consent became Holt's admirers. But the flowers that Jean carried in her arms when she came down the stairs, white clad and smiling to meet her bridegroom, were great golden "Sunset" roses, gathered by Holt's faithful men for her; and among the guests were all those men, 54 of them, standing off and embarrassed outside the door, with their leader stand among the flowers and take his beautiful girl bride by the hand.

It was sunset again, gold and ruby boughs of sweet smelling branches, heaped up blazing logs in the big stone fireplace and sand strewn the floor all clean and fresh. There alone at last together in their own home they stood with ruby and golden light from the sunset windows mingling with the soft flicker of firelight, and looked into each other's eyes and knew that their heavenly Father had been good to them.

(THE END)

PENNY of TOP HILL TRAIL

By BELLE KANARIS MANIATES

Author of "AMARILLY OF CLOTHES-LINE ALLEY," "MILDEW MANSE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

On an afternoon in early spring a man lounged against the wall of the station waiting for the express from the east. Slender of waist and hip, stalwart of shoulder, some 72 inches of sinewy height, he was the figure of the typical cattleman. His eyes were deep set and far seeing; his lean, brown face, roughened by outdoor life, was austere and resolute in expression.

The train had barely stopped when a boyish looking, lithe limbed youth leaped from the platform. The blue serge suit and checked cap he wore did not disguise the fact that his working clothes—his field uniform—were those of a cow puncher. A few quick strides brought him to the man in waiting.

"Hoped you'd be on hand to meet me, Kurt, so I could get out to the ranch tonight. How's things up there?"

"Just the same as they were when you left, Jo," said the one addressed in whimsical tone. "You've only been gone 10 days, you know."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Jo, following his companion through the depot. "City does age a man."

Gone are the days of the golden west when spurred and revolved horsemen sprang into saddles and leaped out of the brush, or skimmed over matted mesquite on a buckboard drawn by swift running ponies.

A long racing car was waiting for the two men and they were soon speeding over a hard baked, steel like road that led up, around and over the far flung, undulating hills before them.

"I thought Kingdon's best car was worth 1,000,000 bucks before I went to Chicago," said Jo critically, "but I sure would look like a two-spot on Michigan avenue."

The other smiled indulgently. "I trust everything out here won't suffer by comparison with the things you have seen during your journey."

"I should say not! It all looks pretty good to me. I wouldn't change this trail to Top Hill for all the boulevards and asphalt of Chicago, and our ranch house has got any hotel I saw skinned by a mile for real living. I had some vacation, though, and it was mighty good of you to send me on that bus."

"I tended to it, all right as soon as I got there, before I took in any of the sights or let loose for my time. I won't forget it in you, Kurt—to send me instead of going yourself."

"Well, Jo, you'd been cooped up here a long time for a youngster," said Kurt, laying a hand on the younger man's shoulder, "and I saw you were rarin' for a little recreation. I thought you would settle down to a hard season's work if you let out a little. I received your report and check. You managed that cattle deal very shrewdly. Kingdon was much pleased."

"That's encouraging, but I feel better at pleasing you, Kurt."

They rode on without talking for some distance. From time to time Kurt cast a searching glance at the young man whose eyes shone with a strange, steady light—a look of exaltation and despair combined.

The car slowed down to conversational speed.

"What 'is, Jo? Did you come to grief when you 'let loose'?" Let go all your earnings in one big game without any way-slip, or did you have such a round of theaters, cabarets and night life that you are feeling the depression of reaction?"

"You're guessing wrong," replied Jo quietly. "I know that's the way most of us grass-fed men act when we get a chance at white flannels. I had a beautiful time that was as short and as far off as a pleasant dream. As I said, I started out for a regular time, but I didn't take a drink, or touch a card, or—say, Kurt, I think I'd like to tell you about it. I know you won't kid me, for I'm in earnest and—in trouble."

Another quick glance at the blue eyes, usually so bright with sparkling gaiety but which were now serious and despondent, brought a transformation to the grim face of the older man, making him look kinder, warmer, younger.

"Shoot, Jo!" was all he said, but the lad felt that the crude word was backed up by a real interest, a readiness to hear and advise.

"Some one gave me a steer to a dance place," he began. "Hurricane hail. I think it was called, and as soon as I looked in, I saw it was tougher even than a cowboy's craving called for; but I sort of stuck around until I happened to look at one of the tables over in a cornered off place. A little girl was sitting there alone, different from all those other fire looking ones who were dressed in high water skirts and with waists that looked as if they needed inside blinds to get by."

"She had on a white dress, a real dress—not a skirt and top—that covered her, and without much fixings. Her hair was drawn back plain—a kid's. I knew right off she'd got in wrong, and I thought it was up to me to get her out of that joint."

"I went over to her and said: 'Excuse my nerve, little girl, but I guess you're in the wrong pew.'"

"She looked at me sort of funny, but she smiled and said: 'Same to you!'"

"Her voice sounded like low, soft music—contralto kind."

"Yes," I said. "You're right. I'm a cowboy, not a country boy, and I'm in Chicago to see the sights; but I'd ask for blunders if I stayed around here much longer. Who brought you here?"

"Nobody," she said, looking down. "I came by myself."

"I'm glad of it. I tell her, and I'm the guy that's going to take you away from here."

"Why?" she asked me, "and how do you know I'll go with you?"

"Yes," she said; and I knew she meant it.

"I want to dance with you," I told her, "but I don't want to do it here."

"Where can we go?" she asked.

"I know a man in Chicago," I said, "who has asked me to come to his place. It ain't stylish enough for you, but it's run right and respectable. It ain't very far from here. Reilly's. Know it?"

"I've heard of it," she said, "but I've never been there."

"Of course she hadn't. I'd seen right off she was just a kid and hadn't been around to places."

"Will you go there with me now?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said. "I know you're all right."

"Maybe I wasn't feeling good when I'd got her out of there and steered her through the street. She was a little mite of a thing, and young, but very quiet; her eyes had a sad look."

"We went to Reilly's. He was up here in the hill country once for a vacation—the time you were out on the coast. We fellows gave him some time, and he liked it fine. Well, he told us the place was ours. The music was great, and we started right out on the floor. Say! I was feeling as fit and stepping as lively as if I had had 1,000,000 drinks, but I hadn't had one. There was no getting around it. That little girl in her white dress had landed me one right over the heart. She slipped into my arms as quick as she had into my heart, too. I danced the way I felt—well, she was right with me every time: the slickest little stepper I ever saw. Not dance mad, like those professional kind; she let me set the pace and she followed any lead."

"Reilly came up to us on the floor and offered to introduce us to folks. I asked him if he remembered the time I gave him out west, and he said he could never forget it and he was now aiming to return it best he knew how."

"Take it from me, I said, 'that I can get right returns from you if you'll not give any other fellow the chance to butt in on these dances. 'I'm on,' he said, and he let us alone."

"We danced every time without talking any. When it came closing time, Reilly came up again and said: 'This is the hour we quit, but I don't mean for my guests. Come back in this little room and have refreshments on me.'"

"He showed us into a little ring-around-the-rosy room with lights half off and asked: 'What'll you have?'"

"Coffee," I said quickly and warningly, and the kid said: 'I'll have the same.'"

"Reilly laughed—because I took coffee, I suppose. We got it good and hot, with sandwiches and pickles thrown in. Then we talked. Someway she got me to do most of the talking. She wanted to hear all about ranches and cowboys and me. Her eyes got bright, and she said it was better than movies, and she wished she could see my country. I told her she would, because I was going to take her there. She didn't say anything to that. Pretty soon Reilly comes in and tells me he wants to give us the best time he knows how all right, but were we planning to stay to breakfast? When I saw what time it was, I took the hint and we got right up. I asked him what there was to pay, and he said if I tried to pay, I'd have to do it over his dead body. We went out in the night, only 'twas morning. I asked her what her folks would say."

"I have no folks," she said kind of sad like.

"That made me feel good."

"I am glad of that, I told her, because I want you all to myself."

"Then I thought she must be working, and I told her I was sorry to have kept her up so late because she'd be too tired to go to work. She said she was out of a job, but was expecting something soon."

"I am glad of that, too," I said.

"She looked sort of surprised, so I knew I'd been too sudden, but you see, time was short with me. I told her I'd be in Chicago another 24 hours and would she help show me around. I had never been on one of the big boats and Reilly had told me about a fine tour to take to some saint place. She knew, where he meant, though she had never been there. She said folks who lived in Chicago didn't go outside much. Left the trips for visitors. She promised to meet me at the dock in a few hours."

"She wouldn't let me go all the way home with her. She said she had reasons, and made me leave her on a corner which she said was quite close to where she lived. It was an awful poor part of the city, and I suppose she didn't want me to know how humble her home was. As if I cared for that. It was so near light I knew she would be safe, but I stood there on guard for a few minutes after she left."

"Believe me, I was right on time at the dock, and she came soon after I did. She had on a plain, dark suit, neat, little shoes, and a hat down over her eyes like the girls in movies wear. I'd passed a corner on the way to the boat where they sold flowers. There were some violets that looked like her. I bought a big bunch and when I gave them to her, she sort of gasped and said no one had ever bought flowers for her before. I was glad to hear that."

I asked her hadn't she ever had a fellow, and she said she hadn't. I told her I couldn't see why, unless it was because she didn't want one. She looked up at me sort of shy and sad, she might have had one most any time, but that there had never been one she cared for before."

(To be continued next week.)

All grain stored in Turkish government warehouses, millions of bushels, has been made available for distribution by the American commission for relief in the Near East by Mohammed VI, the Sultan of Turkey, following an audience granted to Maj. David G. Arnold, director of the commission. The commission's field of operations covers the entire area of the old Turkish empire.

CALLS GOUTER PREVENTABLE

In a recent number of American Scientific, Bram says from 20 to 30 per cent of the gouters can be prevented. This will be good news to many people, especially since he has something to say about methods of curing the small, mild gouters, of which there are so many.

The most important necessity is to boil the water. Just what is the relation of water to gout nobody seems to know. Some say it is gross pollution of the water which does the harm. That view is held by McCannerson, an English physician located in India, where the drinking water is of the very foul. It does not explain why there is so much of the disease in cities located on the great lakes and supplied with pure water.

Others say that the disease is caused by the absence of certain chemicals from water or the presence of others in it. Though there is disagreement as to the cause, there is agreement that the water should be boiled. The second necessity is that the food should contain a certain percentage of iodine. Meat foods are poor in iodine. Some vegetables contain a small amount. A diet against water is one that contains but little meat, but is rich in vegetables.

A third requisite is an active sort of door life, with plenty of sunshine. In some gouter districts, it is said letting the sunshine into the drinking water will prevent gout from developing among the residents are absorbed into the air and breathed to supply the iodine needed by the bodies of the occupants.

For persons with small gouters Kocher advises painting the enlargement with an iodine-iodide of potash salve—15 to 45 grams—daily for two weeks. To paint a fracture of iodine discolors and irritates the skin. In some places they give a small dose of iodide of soda or syrup of iodide of iron every day for two weeks twice a year. The dose of iodide of soda is 6 grams a day; of syrup of iodide of iron, 15 drops.

Of considerable importance is proper personal hygiene. The bowels must be kept regular, the digestion good and there must be plenty of exercise in the open air. If the teeth or tonsils are abnormal they must be attended to.

It has been noticed that there is a relation between adolescence and gout in women. Many girls with gout are worse during their engagement and yet better when they marry. Therefore Bram advises girls with gout to have a short engagement and to marry early.

WHY CHILDREN ARE ABSENT FROM SCHOOL.

In Gary, when a child returns to school after an absence, the reason is inquired into. If sickness is given, the nature of the illness is asked.

It was found there, as in every other place, that the inefficiency of school work is the greatest cause of absence from the schools, and, therefore, adds to the tax rate.

The Gary schools were closed on account of the influenza epidemic, from October 12 to October 30 and from November 20 to December 16. The expense of these closures was great and the teaching for the year was badly disorganized.

Closing the schools as a means of controlling influenza was a waste of money, as closing of schools in order to check an epidemic generally is. But that far from states the loss from nonattendance.

In all, 5,446 pupils were enrolled in the three principal schools, while the daily average attendance was only 3,736. Practically one-third of the total enrolled were absent each day. Ordinary colds caused 3,018 pupils to absent themselves, an average of 2.5 days—a loss of 7,545 days.

In these closures a first grade class of 1,145 pupils to stay away about 2.5 days each, or almost 3,000 days' loss. In spite of the closure of the schools for a month and a half, influenza and its immediate effects caused 846 children to stay away from school.

Contagion made up a comparatively small part of the total. Diphtheria caused only 104 to absent themselves, scarlet fever, 41; measles, 187; whooping cough, 6, and chickenpox, 163.

These figures are increased when to them is added the number excluded from school or absent themselves, 20 were excluded on account of diphtheria, 13 on account of scarlet fever, 67 on account of chickenpox, 60 measles, and 1 mumps.

The figures show that diphtheria is not very prevalent among Gary school children. Only 16 positive cultures were found among 1,019 tubes inoculated from school children. Minor skin troubles were prevalent among these children.

In one school the nurse gave 227 treatments for ringworm, 163 for impetigo, and 14 for herpes. Fifteen were excluded from school or absent themselves, on account of lice, and the same number on account of itch.

It is all probability the number suffering from mild forms of contagious skin trouble was considerably greater than these figures indicate.

Within a generation the importance of colds and infections of the throat and bronchial tubes from the health standpoint, and also from the standpoint of waste, will be recognized and something will be done about it. At that time the importance of good air outside and inside buildings will be appreciated.

Taxes and Extravagance.

From Otto H. Kahn.

One of the most valuable by-products of wise taxation is the promotion of thrift. But our personal income tax, by reason of the kind and manner of its graduation, instead of promoting more frugal living, is a breeder of extravagance and waste.

The prices of this is everywhere. America has probably never been as spendthrift as she is now. For this phenomenon, there are various psychological and economic explanations which it would take too long to set forth in this memorandum. One of these explanations is expressed in the sentiment which I have heard expressed repeatedly: "What is the use of trying to save a few hundred or a few thousand dollars when the government takes it away from us in chunks?"

In other words, the incentive to save has become greatly diminished.

Moreover, the investor, in order to reap portions, at least, of his income tax, demands securities yielding much higher rates of interest than formerly, thus increasing the cost of capital—which again makes for higher prices. Of his tax exempt municipal bonds or government bonds, thus diminishing the quantity of funds available for private enterprise.

An incidental evil is disclosed in the fact that seeking, because of the income tax, a higher return than bond investments are known and induced to turn to speculation. The promoter of "get rich quick" schemes is reaping a harvest.

The investor's reluctance to buy bonds subject to income tax, or to yield his insistence on an abnormally high yield of interest, is bound to be the long run to have a decidedly unfavorable effect on our export trade, because if the world and our existing circumstances is to buy from us, we must enable foreigners to buy from us, not only by means of our own commercial credits to them, but also by freely purchasing their securities.

Meeting the Family.

From Answers, London.

Groom—Who is that quiet little man in the corner who gazes at me so earnestly?

Bride—That—Oh, I'll introduce him after lunch! That's father!

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."



"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

BAD BREATH Often Caused by Acid-Stomach

How can anyone with a sour, gassy stomach, who is constantly belching, has heartburn and suffers from indigestion, have anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—Acid-Stomach.

EATONIC, the wonderful new stomach remedy in pleasant tasting tablet form that you eat like a bit of candy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries. EATONIC sweetens the breath because it makes the stomach sweet, cool and comfortable. Try it for that nasty taste, congested throat and "heavy feeling" after too much smoking.

If neglected, Acid-Stomach may cause you a lot of serious trouble, leads to nervousness, headaches, insomnia, melancholia, rheumatism, sciatica, heart trouble, ulcers and cancer of the stomach. It strikes its millions of victims weak and miserable, listless, lacking in energy, all tired out. It often brings about chronic indigestion, premature old age, a shortening of one's days.

You need the help that EATONIC can give you if you are not feeling as strong and well as you should. You will be surprised to see how much better you will feel just as soon as you begin taking this wonderful stomach remedy. Get a box from your druggist today. He will return your money if you are not satisfied.

EATONIC YOUR ACID-STOMACH

States Has Monopoly. Great Britain, France not Italy has been able to find workable helium fields. Russia may have them, but that is doubtful. Germany has none. The United States seems to have the monopoly, and investigation by scientists of the United States geological survey tends to show that we have all we need. Great Britain must continue of necessity to fill her gas bags with the deadly hydrogen, pending the time when she can buy helium of the United States; but here in America we hope soon to bid farewell forever to hydrogen and all its tragical evils.

Eat Less and Take Bitro-Phosphate To Put on Flesh

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Frederick S. Kelle, M. D., Editor of New York Physicians' "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force, should take a 5-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meal.

This particular phosphate is the discovery of a famous French scientist, and reports of remarkable results from its use have recently appeared in many medical journals.

If you do not feel well; if you tire easily; do not sleep well, or are too thin; go to any good druggist and get enough Bitro-Phosphate for two weeks' supply—it costs only fifty cents a week.

Eat less; chew your food thoroughly, and if at the end of a few weeks you do not feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your nerves are not steadier; if you do not sleep better and have more vim, endurance and vitality, your money will be returned, and the Bitro-Phosphate will cost you nothing.

An Overrated Article. Charles M. Schwab, who believes above all things in young men, was defending his belief at a banquet.

"Young men have energy, yes," a barker admitted, doubtfully, "but, far high executive positions, don't you think experience is needed?"

"Oh, experience!" said Mr. Schwab. "Experience is an overrated article. What's the good, after all, of knowing what the weather was like day before yesterday?"

A Tip. There are two great races—the human race and the horse race—and if you must bet, lay your wager on the human race—it is safer.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

MURINE'S Resists, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keeps your Eyes Strong and Healthy, if they are Weak, Smart, Itchy, Burn, or Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, urine often. Safe for Infants.

Druggists. Write