

DETROIT AUTO MAN SUFFERS 20 YEARS

Tried All Kinds of Medicines and Treatments Without Getting Results.

FINDS RELIEF AT LAST

Making Full Time at Work Since Tanic Overcame Troubles, He Says—Has Gained Twelve Pounds.

"I have actually gained twelve pounds on three bottles of Tanic and I now consider myself a well man for the first time in twenty years," said A. G. Strayer of 430 Kirby street west, Detroit, Mich., an expert wood worker in the Fisher Automobile Plant, a few days ago.

"I was a sufferer from stomach trouble and rheumatism all these years," he explained, "and had to be as careful about my diet as if I were feeding a baby. My head ached like it would burst and gas from undigested food swelled me up so I was misery and could hardly button my clothes on me. My limbs would swell from rheumatism and would hurt so much I could not stand it another minute. I tried all kinds of medicines and consulted specialists in different states, but nothing did me any good until I tried Tanic."

"I am a friend of Tanic," he said, "and I got a bottle and felt better almost from the first dose. I can now eat anything I want and it gives me no trouble. I sleep so sound I had to set an alarm clock to wake me up in the morning. The rheumatism don't bother me now and I am making a wonderful day at my trade. My wife is taking Tanic, too, and she has as much of a Tanic booster as I am. I think everybody here ought to know what a wonderful medicine it is."

There is a Tanic dealer in your town—Adv.

WHERE SEASONS ARE MIXED

Caves Exist in United States in Which Ice Freezes in Summer and Thaws in Winter.

There are several caves in the United States where nature seems to have been confused as to the seasons, according to Popular Science Monthly. During the late spring and summer ice forms and a freezing temperature prevails, but as winter comes on the interior of the caves becomes milder, the ice gradually melts and a kind of subdued summer sets in underground.

One of these peculiar caves is to be found at Gouersport, Pa., and one at Detroit, Mich. The surprised among the residents of those localities give the caves a wide berth and look with suspicion upon any one daring enough to attempt to investigate them.

Edwin S. Balch of Philadelphia, who has made a study of the subterranean ice caves, is sure the cold air of winter does not penetrate and settle in them until late in the spring at the time when the water from spring thaws is seeping through the walls and roof. This water meeting the cold air freezes and stays frozen all summer, until the fall season approaches, the warm summer air at last finds its way into the cave and melts the ice. +

Quite Happy.

Through the wild way of her good-for-nothing husband, a hard-working charwoman had to remove to a little two-roomed cottage, where there was scarcely space to squeeze without shrinking the ornaments from the mantelpiece.

"It's hard lines for you to be brought down like this, after you've been accepted," said the sympathetic Mrs. Jones. "Don't you feel very miserable, Mrs. Jones?"

"No, I don't," the charwoman stoutly denied. "I'm happier here by a long way than I used to be on the old place. For one thing, when my husband comes home in a brute of a temper, he can't throw me down the cellar steps, as he used to, 'cos there ain't nothin' now!"—Pearson's Weekly.

In Fat Birth.

Towne—No; Grafton doesn't work at all now.

Browne—He doesn't? Why, when I knew him he seemed to be a young man with considerable push.

Towne—All that's changed now. He's a young man with considerable pull and doesn't have to work.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A mouse is afraid of a man. A man is afraid of a woman, and a woman is afraid of a mouse—sometimes.

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

23

Longorio broke in with a snarl: "Is it my fault that the country I'm used to is very much more peaceful and more peaceful here?" His voice cracked, and he made a despairing, violent gesture. "Go before I change my mind."

Dave signaled to the others, and Alaire slipped away to make herself ready. During the uncomfortable silence which succeeded her departure, Longorio paced the room, keeping his eyes restlessly turned away from Dave. "Do you mean that I, too, may go?" O'Malley asked.

"What good are you to me?" snapped the general.

"You will give us safe conduct?"

"Be still, priest!" Longorio glared at the speaker, clasping and unclasping his fists behind his back.

With the sound of hoofs outside, Alaire and Dolores appeared, and the Mexican straightened himself with an effort.

"Adios, sonora!" he said, with a stiff bow. "We've had a pleasant friendship—such a trifling flirtation, eh?"

"Be still, priest!" Longorio glared at the speaker, clasping and unclasping his fists behind his back.

As they climbed the bank and rode onward into the night, she said: "No matter what happens, dear, I shall be happy for it is the first of my dreams has come true. I have realized what I have always wanted to realize—Adios. He isn't want to let us go."

"They that is to prevent him from—well from having us followed?" Alaire inquired.

"Nothing," Dave told her.

"As they climbed the bank and rode onward into the night, she said: "No matter what happens, dear, I shall be happy for it is the first of my dreams has come true. I have realized what I have always wanted to realize—Adios! Adios!" He bowed formally, in turn to Dave and to the priest, then resumed his pacing, with his hands at his back and his brow furrowed as if in a struggle with affairs of greater importance.

But as he heard the outside door creak shut behind them his indifference vanished and he hastened with head turned in an effort to catch the last sounds of their departure. His face was like tallow now, his lips were drawn back from his teeth as if in supreme agony. A moment and the hoofs had died away. Then Longorio slipped his leath.

He stopped, drew his sword, and pointed it at the priest. "I'll—"

"Wait a minute," O'Malley said. "We've alighted among friends," Alaire explained.

"Dear, have you considered how we're going to explain our marriage?"

"I won't consider that," O'Malley said.

"Perhaps. And yet—"

"It seems ages since I learned—what happened to Ed. But he is still it's only a few hours. Who's people talk?"

Dave caught at the suggestion. "Then let's keep it secret for the present."

"With a little recklessness, laugh she confessed, "I—let's—find it—"

"I'm with it," he said in sharp agony.

Leaning far out, he endeavored for his first, then, half lifting her from her saddle, he crushed his lips to hers. It was his first display of emotion since Father O'Malley had urged him.

There were few villages along the road they followed, and because of the lateness of the hour all were dark, hence the party passed through without exciting attention except from an occasional hankie dog. But as morning approached, the light began to glow from the ranches.

"We've got to hide out during the day or we'll get into trouble. Besides, these women must be getting hungry."

"I fear there is something feminine about me," confessed the little man.

"I'm finished, too."

At the next ranch they came to they applied for shelter, but were denied. In fact, the owner cursed them so roundly for being Americans that they were glad to ride onward. A few miles farther on, they met a cart of two men, who, after a brief scrutiny, invited them to their ranch.

"I'm afraid he'll be a bad man," O'Malley said. "I don't like the action of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they'll be bad."

Soon they came to a rise in the road, and from the crest of this elevation became ahead of them a small village of white houses shaded from the shelter of a grove. The rancheria was perhaps two miles away, and galloping toward it was the vaquero who had challenged them.

"That's the Rio Negro crossing," Dave announced. Then spring a little house squatting a short distance back from the road, he said: "We'd better try yonder. If they turn us down we'll have to take to the bush."

"O'Malley agreed. "Yes, and we have to do it. That horseman is good, and when his first paroxysm is spent, his violence, he turns his horse to a sharp right in a instant. He bit his teeth, he pointed his fist, he kicked, he sprawled full length on the floor, clawing at the cool smooth tiles until his blood dried."

"Christ! O Christ!" he screamed. "The sound of his blasphemy reached the little group of soldiers who had lingered curiously outside, and they listened open-mouthed. One by one they crossed themselves and stood away into the darkness, muttering.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Grateful Peon.

With a singing heart, Alaire rode through the night at her husband's side. The strain of the last few hours had been so intense, the relief at her deliverance so keen, that now she was curious and bold, and the long close of her confinement by her barrenness and secret in the knowledge of his strength.

Although he was unusually taciturn and rode with his chin upon his breast, she attributed his silence to fatigue. Now and then, therefore, she spurred to his side and spoke softly, caressing him. At such times he reached for her hand and clung to it.

David was not weary, and not infrequently he dozed for a moment or two in his saddle. Some two hours out from La Feria the riders halted at a point where the road dipped into a rocky streambed; then, as the horses drank, Dolores voiced a thought that had troubled all of them.

"Let me try," Alaire begged, and spurred her horse up to the group. She summed down at the country people, saying: "We have traveled a long way, and we're tired and hungry. Don't you give us something to eat? Well pay you well for your trouble."

"If that bandit really means to spare us, why did he send us away in the night, like this?" she asked. "I shall be most grateful if you can tell me."

"He must have meant it," Alaire spoke with a conviction she did not entirely feel. "Father O'Malley arched the finer side of his nature."

"Perhaps," agreed the priest. "Somewhere in there is a fear of God."

But Dave was skeptical. "More likely fear of the gringo government," said he. "Longorio is a four- footer. When he realized he had been tricked he tried to make fast to a granite pedestal. He didn't want to let us go."

"They that is to prevent him from—well from having us followed?" Alaire inquired.

"Nothing," Dave told her.

As they climbed the bank and rode onward into the night, she said: "No matter what happens, dear, I shall be happy for it is the first of my dreams has come true. I have realized what I have always wanted to realize—Adios! Adios!" He bowed formally, in turn to Dave and to the priest, then resumed his pacing, with his hands at his back and his brow furrowed as if in a struggle with affairs of greater importance.

But as he heard the outside door creak shut behind them his indifference vanished and he hastened with head turned in an effort to catch the last sounds of their departure. His face was like tallow now, his lips were drawn back from his teeth as if in supreme agony. A moment and the hoofs had died away. Then Longorio slipped his leath.

He stopped, drew his sword, and pointed it at the priest. "I'll—"

"Wait a minute," O'Malley said. "We've alighted among friends," Alaire explained.

"Dear, have you considered how we're going to explain our marriage?"

"I won't consider that," O'Malley said.

"Perhaps. And yet—"

"It seems ages since I learned—what happened to Ed. But he is still it's only a few hours. Who's people talk?"

Dave caught at the suggestion. "Then let's keep it secret for the present."

"With a little recklessness, laugh she confessed, "I—let's—find it—"

"I'm with it," he said in sharp agony.

Leaning far out, he endeavored for his first, then, half lifting her from her saddle, he crushed his lips to hers. It was his first display of emotion since Father O'Malley had urged him.

There were few villages along the road they followed, and because of the lateness of the hour all were dark, hence the party passed through without exciting attention except from an occasional hankie dog. But as morning approached, the light began to glow from the ranches.

"I fear there is something feminine about me," confessed the little man.

"I'm finished, too."

At the next ranch they came to they applied for shelter, but were denied. In fact, the owner cursed them so roundly for being Americans that they were glad to ride onward. A few miles farther on, they met a cart of two men, who, after a brief scrutiny, invited them to their ranch.

"I'm afraid he'll be a bad man," O'Malley said. "I don't like the action of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they'll be bad."

Soon they came to a rise in the road, and from the crest of this elevation became ahead of them a small village of white houses shaded from the shelter of a grove. The rancheria was perhaps two miles away, and galloping toward it was the vaquero who had challenged them.

"That's the Rio Negro crossing," Dave announced. Then spring a little house squatting a short distance back from the road, he said: "We'd better try yonder. If they turn us down we'll have to take to the bush."

"O'Malley agreed. "Yes, and we have to do it. That horseman is good, and when his first paroxysm is spent, his violence, he turns his horse to a sharp right in a instant. He bit his teeth, he pointed his fist, he kicked, he sprawled full length on the floor, clawing at the cool smooth tiles until his blood dried."

"Christ! O Christ!" he screamed. "The sound of his blasphemy reached the little group of soldiers who had lingered curiously outside, and they listened open-mouthed. One by one they crossed themselves and stood away into the darkness, muttering.

"I'm afraid he'll be a bad man," O'Malley said. "I don't like the action of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they'll be bad."

Soon they came to a rise in the road, and from the crest of this elevation became ahead of them a small village of white houses shaded from the shelter of a grove. The rancheria was perhaps two miles away, and galloping toward it was the vaquero who had challenged them.

"That's the Rio Negro crossing," Dave announced. Then spring a little house squatting a short distance back from the road, he said: "We'd better try yonder. If they turn us down we'll have to take to the bush."

"O'Malley agreed. "Yes, and we have to do it. That horseman is good, and when his first paroxysm is spent, his violence, he turns his horse to a sharp right in a instant. He bit his teeth, he pointed his fist, he kicked, he sprawled full length on the floor, clawing at the cool smooth tiles until his blood dried."

"Christ! O Christ!" he screamed. "The sound of his blasphemy reached the little group of soldiers who had lingered curiously outside, and they listened open-mouthed. One by one they crossed themselves and stood away into the darkness, muttering.

"I'm afraid he'll be a bad man," O'Malley said. "I don't like the action of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they'll be bad."

Soon they came to a rise in the road, and from the crest of this elevation became ahead of them a small village of white houses shaded from the shelter of a grove. The rancheria was perhaps two miles away, and galloping toward it was the vaquero who had challenged them.

"That's the Rio Negro crossing," Dave announced. Then spring a little house squatting a short distance back from the road, he said: "We'd better try yonder. If they turn us down we'll have to take to the bush."

"O'Malley agreed. "Yes, and we have to do it. That horseman is good, and when his first paroxysm is spent, his violence, he turns his horse to a sharp right in a instant. He bit his teeth, he pointed his fist, he kicked, he sprawled full length on the floor, clawing at the cool smooth tiles until his blood dried."

"Christ! O Christ!" he screamed. "The sound of his blasphemy reached the little group of soldiers who had lingered curiously outside, and they listened open-mouthed. One by one they crossed themselves and stood away into the darkness, muttering.

"I'm afraid he'll be a bad man," O'Malley said. "I don't like the action of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they'll be bad."

The man demurred reluctantly, and his wife refused; but his wife, after a moment's vacillation, interrupted him with a cry. Rushing forward, she took the edge of Alaire's skirt in her hands and kissed it.

"God be praised! A miracle!" she exclaimed. "John, do you see? It is the beautiful señora for whom we pray every night of our lives. She is shameless one! It is she who delivered you from the prison."

"Juan, stand here!" Then his wife, his limbs relaxed, his body sagging.

"Poor fellow, he's done up." Father O'Malley said.

"You're not slept for days," she whispered. "Help me." With the assistance of Dolores they succeeded in lifting Dave to the bed, but he half roused himself. "Lie down, dear," Alaire told him. "Close your eyes for a few minutes. We're safe now."

"Somebody has to keep watch," he muttered, thickly, and tried to fight off his fatigue. But he was like a drunken sailor now, while she was hungry enough to devour Juanito."

Turning to her companions, she explained the circumstances of her first meeting with these good people; and as she talked the Garcias broke in joyfully, adding their own account of her goodness.

"We've fallen among friends," Alaire said to Dave and Father O'Malley. "They will let us rest here. I am safe."

Husband and wife agreed in one voice. "I am safe," Juanito said.

"Juan, this is your opportunity. Come in and tell your husband what you have seen."

"Juan, stand here!" She begged him to do so, and was asleep almost instantly.

Alaire motioned the others out of the room, then stood looking down at the man whose wife had given her life. As she looked her face became radiant. Dave was unkempt, unshaven, dirty, and his eyes were half-closed. She held him by the shoulders, and he was a godlike beauty, and the knowledge that he was her husband gave her a strange thrill. Her love for Ed was now like her first love, but she had lost it.

Juan, curtsied respectfully to the priest. "My house is yours, father."

"Can you take care of our house, too, and—give us a place to sleep?" Dave asked. His eyes were heavy; he had almost constant in the sun.

"Juanito, taking his friend's garments, he hurriedly put them on, and then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he went into the room, where he had been staying.

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean.

The food that Inez set before her guests was, too, was excellent, though scanty.

Juanito, taking his friend's garments, he hurriedly put them on, and then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he went into the room, where he had been staying.

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean.

The food that Inez set before her guests was, too, was excellent, though scanty.

Juanito, taking his friend's garments, he hurriedly put them on, and then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he went into the room, where he had been staying.

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean.

The food that Inez set before her guests was, too, was excellent, though scanty.

Juanito, taking his friend's garments, he hurriedly put them on, and then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he went into the room, where he had been staying.

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean.

The food that Inez set before her guests was, too, was excellent, though scanty.

Juanito, taking his friend's garments, he hurriedly put them on, and then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he went into the room, where he had been staying.

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean.

The food that Inez set before her guests was, too, was excellent, though scanty.

Juanito, taking his friend's garments, he hurriedly put them on, and then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he went into the room, where he had been staying.

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean.

The food that Inez set before her guests was, too, was excellent, though scanty.

Juanito, taking his friend's garments, he hurriedly put them on, and then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he went into the room, where he had been staying.

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean.

The food that Inez set before her guests was, too, was excellent, though scanty.

Get It Out of Your System!

The aches and pains of winter colds and sickness

The ever troublesome Rheumatic pains—Skin eruptions caused from 4-6 days.

100 Rooms—\$1.00 and up.

Oriental Hotel

Library Ave. Detroit

Detroit

Get the best.

It comes to Facial Disfigurements.

If you have a contraction

Unrefined skin

Fatigue—

Redness—

Wrinkles—

Age spots—

Dark circles—

Dark circles—