

DETROIT AUTO MAN SUFFERS 20 YEARS

Tried All Kinds of Medicines and
Treatments Without Get-
ting Results.

FINDS RELIEF AT LAST

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

"I have actually gained twelve pounds on three bottles of Tanalac and I now consider myself a well man. I was the first time in twenty years," said A. G. Strayer of 430 Kirby street west, Detroit, Mich., an expert work worker in the Flamer 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 in misery and could hardly button my clothes on. My limbs would swell from rheumatism and would hurt so I felt like I couldn't 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 Tanalac."

"A friend in York, Pa., told me about it 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 buy an alarm clock to wake me in the morning. The rheumatism doesn't bother me now and I am making full time working every day at my trade. My wife is taking Tanalac, too, and she is as much of a Tanalac booster as I am. I think everybody who doesn't know what a wonderful medicine it is. There is a Tanalac dealer in your town."

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 become confused as to the seasons, according to Popular Science Monthly. During the late spring and early summer months, the temperature inside the caves is so warm that the ice gradually melts and a kind of subzero summer sets in underground.

One of these peculiar caves is to be found at Coudersport, Pa., and is at Decatur, Ind. The superstitious 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. Bach of Philadelphia, who has made a study of the subterranean mines, as they are called, states that according to the theory evolved by investigators the formation of the caverns is such that the cold air of winter does not penetrate and settle in them until late in the spring at the time when the water from the thaw is seeping through the walls and roof. This water meeting the cold air freezes and forms frozen air summits, as 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 move without striking the ornaments from the mantelpiece.

"It's hard lines for you to be brought down like this, after what you've been accustomed to," said a sympathetic neighbor. "I don't doubt you feel very miserable, Mrs. Jones."

"No, I don't," the charwoman stoutly replied. "My happier here by a long way than I used to be in 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 no stairs now!"

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

Brown—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.

Bobby says
Try a dish of
Post Toasties
with cream
for lunch
on hot days

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

—23—

Longorio broke in with a snarl: "Is it my fault that the country is in arms? Military necessity compels me to remain here. I consider myself magnanimous. I—" His voice cracked, and he made a disparaging, violent gesture. "Go, before I change my mind."

Dave signified 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 resolutely turned away from Law. "Do you mean that I, too, may go?" O'Malley inquired.

"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, senora," he said, with a stiff bow. "We have had a pleasant friendship and a thrilling friendship, eh? I shall never cease to regret that I have interrupted at such an interesting moment. 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 moment than this.

But when he heard the outside door creek shut behind him, his indifference vanished, and he halted with head turned in an effort to catch the last sounds of their departure. His face was like fallow now, his lips were drawn from his teeth as if in surprise, and he halted with head turned in an effort to catch the last sounds of their departure. His face was like fallow now, his lips were drawn from his teeth as if in surprise, and he halted with head turned in an effort to catch the last sounds of their departure.

He uttered a cry—a hoarse, half-strangled shriek that tore his throat. He clutched the collar of his neck as if it choked him; he bent his breast, seizing whatever article his eye fell upon, he tore and crushed it; he swept the table cloth and the cushions, he trampled the floor, he trampled the floor, he trampled the floor.

There were few villages along the road they followed, and because of the lateness of the hour all were deserted. The party passed through without exciting attention except from an occasional wakeful dog. But as morning came and the east began to glow Dave told the priest:

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

"I fear here is something feminine about me," confessed the little man. "My fiancée, too."

At the next rancho they came to they asked for shelter, but were denied; in fact, the owner cursed them so roundly for being Americans that they were glad to leave. A mile or two farther along they met a cart driver, of which refused to answer their greetings. As they passed out of his sight they saw that he had halted his team and was staring after them in amazement. Later, when the sun was well up and the world had fully awakened they descended a mounted man, evidently a cowboy, riding through the chaparral. He saw them, too, and came toward the road, but after a few minutes he whirled his horse and galloped off through the cañons, shouting something over his shoulder.

"This won't do," O'Malley declared, uneasily. "I don't like the actions of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they all hate us."

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

"That's the Rio Negro crossing," Dave announced. Then, spying a little house squinting a short distance back from the road, he said: "We'll return here. If they turn us down we'll have to take to the brush."

O'Malley agreed. "Yes, and we have no time to lose. That horseman is going to rouse the town. My friend here, you must stay here for a moment."

Dave nodded silently.

Leaving the beaten path, the refugees threaded their way through cañons and shade to a gate, entering which they approached the straw-batched house they had seen.

A naked boy then scuttled behind their draw near, but scatted for shelter, piping an alarm. A man appeared from somewhere, at sight of whom the priest rode forward with a pleasant greeting. But the fellow was unkindly. His wife, too, emerged from the dwelling and joined her husband in warning Father O'Malley away.

"Let me try," Alaire begged, and spurred her horse up to the group. She smiled down at the country people, saying: "We have traveled a long way, and were tired and hungry. Won't you give us something to eat?"

They yawned well for trouble.

The man demurred sullenly, and began a refusal; but his wife, after a wondering scrutiny, 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. "I don't know you, but you are a beautiful woman for whom we pray every night of our lives. On your knees, shameless one! It is she who delivered you from the prison."

Alaire stared unbelievably, then his face changed; his teeth flashed in a smile, and, sweeping his hat from his head, he too, approached Alaire.

"It is! It is! I am Juan Garcia, son of your savior, and this is Inez," he declared. "Heaven bless you and forgive me."

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Turning to her companions, she explained the circumstances of her 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 told Dave and Father O'Malley. "They will let us rest here, I am sure."

Husband and wife agreed in one voice. In fact, they were overjoyed at an opportunity of serving her; and little Juan, his complexion already brightened, issued from hiding and waddled forward to take part in the welcome.

Shamefacedly the elder Garcia explained his indisputable reputation of the travelers. "We hear the Americans are coming to kill us and take our farms. Everybody is badly frightened. We are driving our herds away and hiding what we can."

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"If that bandit really means to spare us, why did he send us away in the night, like this?" she asked. "I shall be surprised if we are not assassinated before morning."

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

"Perhaps I agreed the priest. 'Somewhere in him there is a fear of God.' But Dave was skeptical. 'More likely it is a fear of the gringo government,' said he. 'Longorio is a fourth-rate bandit. When he realized he was licked he tried to save his face by a grandstand play. He didn't want to let us go.'"

"Then what 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 to see you at the end of the road. I shall come true.' He reached out and patted her. 'You've no idea what a coward I was until you came. But the moment I saw you all my fears were gone. I shall be a just child who shall never cease to regret that I have interrupted at such an interesting moment. Adios! Adios!'"

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When Alaire, having watched the party out of sight, turned from the window she found that Dave had collapsed upon a chair and was sleeping, his limbs relaxed, his body sagging.

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

"Yes; he's not slept for days," she whispered. "Help me." With the assistance of Dolores they succeeded in lifting Dave to the bed, but he half rose 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 man.

"I'm not sleepy! I'll stand guard," the priest volunteered, and, disregarding further protest, he helped Alaire remove Dave's coat.

Seeing that the bed was nothing more than a board platform covered with straw matting, Alaire folded the garment for a pillow; and she did so a handful of soiled, frayed letters spilled out upon the floor.

"Rest now, while you have a chance," she begged of her husband. "Just for a little while."

"All right," he agreed. "Call me in an hour. Couldn't sleep—wasn't time." He shook off his weariness and settled at his wife, while his eyes filled with some emotion. "There is something I ought to tell you, but I can't now—not now. Don't sleep!" His head dropped again; she forced him back; he stretched himself out with a sigh, and was asleep almost instantly.

Alaire motioned the others, put up the room, then stood looking down at the man into whose keeping she had given her life. As she looked her face became radiant. Dave was unkempt, unshaven, dirty, but to her he was of a godlike beauty; and the knowledge that he was hers to comfort and guard was strangely thrilling. Her love for El even that first love of her girlhood, had been nothing like this. How could she have been like that? she asked herself. How could she have loved deeply when, at the time, her own nature lacked depth? Experience had broad-

ened her, and suffering had uncovered depths in her being which nothing else had had the power to uncover. Sleeping, she kissed Dave softly, then let her cheek rest against his. Her man! Her man! She found herself whispering the words.

For a long time she sat gazing at him tenderly; then she slipped out and, taking him in her arms and hugging him, Inez thought the beautiful senora's voice was like the music of birds.

It was growing dark when Dave was awakened by cool hands upon his face and by soft lips upon his. He opened his eyes to find Alaire bending over him.

"You must get up," she smiled. "It's nearly time to go, and Inez is cooking our supper."

He reached up and took her in his arms. She lay upon his breast, thrillingly, applying with her fingers to him, and they remained so for a while, whispering now and then, trying ineffectually to voice the thoughts that needed no expression.

"Why did you let me sleep so long?" he asked her, reproachfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Alma Mater."

The phrase "Alma Mater," as applied to colleges and universities, is said to have originated in the University of Bonn, Germany. A statue of the Mother of Christ—the alma mater, or beloved mother, stands over the doorway of that famous seat of learning. From it the phrase received its origin.

A Worth-While Habit.

"It is a worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things," Samuel Johnson.

dirt floor, from the window of which they watched Juan go to meet a group of horsemen. Juan went out, too, and joined in the party. Then, after a time, the riders galloped away.

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