The Honor of the Big Snows

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

Author of "The Danger Trail"

Copyright, 1911, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER X.

A Kiss and the Consequences.

MELISSE saw little of Jan during the day. At noon, Dixon told her that he had made up his mind not to accompany Thoreau on the trip south. The following morning, before she was up, Jan had gone. She was deeply hurt. Never before had he left on one of his long trips without spending his last moments with her. Outside of her thoughts of Jan, the days and evenings that followed were pleasant ones for her. The new agent was as jolly as he was fat, and took an immense liking to Melisse. Young Dixon was good looking and brimming with life, and spent a great deal of his time in her company. For hours at a time she listened to his stories of the wonderful world across the sea.

One day, a week after Jan had gone, he told her about the women in the world which had come to be a fairy land to Melisse.

"They are all beautiful over there?" she asked wonderingly, when he had finished.

"Many of them are beautiful, but none so beautiful as you, Melisse," he replied, leaning near to her, his eyes shining. "Do you know that you are beautiful?"

His words frightened her so much that she bowed her head to hide the signs of it in her face. Jan had often spoken those same words—a thousand times he had told her that she was beautiful—but there had never been this fluttering of her heart before.

There were few things which Iowaka and she did not hold in secret between them, and a day or two later Melisse told her friend what Dixon had said. For the first time Iowaka abused the confidence placed in her and told Jean.

"The devil!" gritted Jean, his face blackening.

He said no more until night, when the children were asleep. Then he drew Iowaka close beside him on a bench near the stove and asked carelessly:

"My angel, if one makes an oath to the blessed Virgin and breaks it what happens?"

He evaded the startled look in his wife's big black eyes.

"It means that one will be forever damned unless he confesses to a priest soon after, doesn't it? And if there is no priest nearer than 400 miles it is a dangerous thing to do, is it not?"

A fierce snarling and barking of dogs brought Gravois to the door. They could hear Croisset's raucous voice and the loud cracking of his big whip.

"I'll be back soon," said Jean, closing the door after him, but instead of approaching Croisset and the fighting dogs he went in the direction of Cummins' cabin. He gritted his teeth as young Dixon's laugh sounded loudly in the cabin. "Two fools!" he went on communing with himself. "Cummins—Jan Thoreau—both fools!"

During the week that followed Jean's little black eyes were never far distant from Cummins' cabin. Without being observed he watched Melisse and Dixon, and not even to Iowaka did he give hint of his growing suspicions. Dixon was a man whom most other men liked. There were a fascinating frankness in his voice and manner, strength in his broad shoulders and a general air of comradeship about him which won all but Jean.

The trap line runners began leaving the post at the end of the second week, and after this Melisse and the young Englishman were more together than ever. Dixon showed no inclination to accompany the sledges, and when they were gone he and Melisse began taking walks in the forest when the sun was high and warm.

It was on one of these days that Jean had gone along the edge of the caribou swamp that lay between the Barrens and the higher forest. He heard the sound of voices ahead of him, and a moment later he recognized them as those of Melisse and Dixon. His face clouded, and his eyes snapped fire.

He peered forth from the bushes, his loyal heart beating a wrathful tattoo when he saw that Dixon dared put his hand on Melisse's arm. They were coming very slowly, the Englishman bending low over the girl's bowed head, talking to her with strange earnestness. Suddenly he stopped, and before Jean could comprehend what had happened he had bent down and kissed her.

With a low cry Melisse tore herself free. For an instant she faced Dixon, who stood laughing into her blazing eyes. Then she turned and ran swiftly down the trail.

A second cry fell from her startled lips when she found herself face to face with Jean de Gravois. The little Frenchman was smiling. His eyes glittered like black diamonds.

"Jean, Jean!" she sobbed, running to him.

"He has insulted you," he said softly, smiling into her white face. "Run along to the post, my pretty Melisse."

He watched her, half turned from the [illegible] disappeared in a turn of the trail a hundred yards away. Then he faced Dixon.

"It is the first time that our Melisse has ever suffered insult," he said, speaking as coolly as if to a child. "If Jan Thoreau were here, he would kill you. He is gone, and I will kill you in his place."

He advanced, his white teeth still gleaming in a smile, and not until he launched himself like a cat at Dixon's throat was the Englishman convinced that he meant attack. In a flash Dixon stepped a little to one side and sent out a crashing blow that caught Jean on the side of the head and sent him flat upon his back in the trail.

Half stunned, Gravois came to his feet. He did not hear the shrill cry of terror from the twist in the trail. He did not look back to see Melisse standing there. But Dixon both saw and heard, and he laughed tauntingly over Jean's head as the little Frenchman came toward him again, more cautiously than before.

It was the first time that Jean had ever come into contact with science. He darted in again in his quick, catlike way and received a blow that dazed him. This time he held to his feet.

"Bah, this is like striking a baby!" exclaimed Dixon. "What are you fighting about, Gravois? Is it a crime up here to kiss a pretty girl?"

"I am going to kill you!" said Jean, as coolly as before.

There was something terribly calm and decisive in his voice. He was not excited. He was not afraid. His fingers did not go near the long knife in his belt. Slowly the laugh faded from Dixon's face, and terse lines gathered around his mouth as Jean circled about him.

"Come, we don't want trouble like this," he urged. "I'm sorry—if Melisse didn't like it."

"I am going to kill you!" repeated Jean.

It was the science of the forest man pitted against that of another world. For sport Jean had played with wounded lynx. His was the quickness of sight, of instinct—without the other's science—the quickness of the great loon that had often played this same game with his rifle fire, of the sledge dog whose ripping fangs carried death so quickly that eyes could not follow.

A third and a fourth time he came within striking distance and escaped. He half drew his knife, and at the movement Dixon sprang back until his shoulders touched the brush. Smilingly Gravois unsheathed the blade and tossed it behind him in the trail. His eyes were like a serpent's in their steadiness, and the muscles of his body were drawn as tight as steel springs, ready to loose themselves when the chance came.

There were tricks in his fighting as well as in the other's, and a dawning of it began to grow upon Dixon. He dropped his arms to his side, inviting Jean within reach. Suddenly the little Frenchman straightened. His glittering eyes shot from the Englishman's face to the brush behind him, and a piercing yell burst from his lips. Involuntarily Dixon started, half turning his face, and before he had come to his guard Gravois flung himself under his arms, striking with the full force of his body against his antagonist's knees.

Together they went down in the trail. There was only one science now—that of the forest man. The lithe, brown fingers that could have crushed the life of a lynx, fastened themselves around the Englishman's throat, and there came one gasping, quickly throttled cry as they tightened in their neck breaking grip.

"I will kill you!" said Jean again.

Dixon's arms fell limply to his side. His eyes bulged from their sockets, his mouth was agape, but Jean did not see. His face was buried on the other's shoulder, the whole life of him in the grip. He would not have raised his head for a full minute longer had there not come a sudden interruption—the terrified voice of Melisse, the frantic tearing of her hands at his hands.

"He is dead!" she shrieked. "You have killed him, Jean!"

Jean looked into Dixon's eyes.

"He is not dead," he said, rising and going to her side. "Come, my dear, run home to Iowaka. I will not kill him." Her slender form shook with agonized sobs as he led her to the turn in the trail. "Run home to Iowaka," he repeated gently. "I will not kill him, Melisse."

He went back to Dixon and rubbed snow over the man's face.

"My God, but it was near to it!" he exclaimed, as there came a flicker of life into the eyes. "A little more and he would have been with the missioner!"

He dragged the Englishman to the side of the trail and set his back to a tree. When he saw that fallen foeman's breath was coming more strongly he followed slowly after Melisse.

Unobserved, he went into the store and washed the blood from his face, chuckling with huge satisfaction when he looked at himself in the little glass which hung over the washbasin.

"Ah, my sweet Iowaka, but would you guess now that Jean de Gravois had received two clouts on the side of the head that almost sent him into the blessed hereafter? I would not have had you see it for all the gold in this world."

A little later he went to the cabin. Iowaka and the children were at Croisset's, and he sat down to smoke a pipe. Scarce had he begun sending up blue clouds of smoke when the door opened and Melisse came in.

"Hello, my dear," he cried gayly, laughing at her with a wave of his pipe.

In an instant she had flung the shawl from her head and was upon her knees at his feet, her white face turned up to him pleadingly, her breath falling upon him in panting, sobbing excitement.

"Jean, Jean!" she whispered, stretching up her hands to his face. "Please tell me that you will never tell Jan—please tell me that you never will, Jean—never, never, never!"

"I will say nothing, Melisse."

For a sobbing breath she dropped her head upon his knees. Then suddenly she drew down his face and kissed him.

"Thank you, Jean, for what you have done!"

"Whew!" gasped Jean when she had gone. "What if Iowaka had been here then?"

The day following the fight in the forest Dixon found Jean de Gravois alone and came up to him.

"Gravois, will you shake hands with me?" he said. "I want to thank you for what you did to me yesterday. I deserved it. I have asked Miss Melisse to forgive me—and I want to shake hands with you."

Jean was thunderstruck. He had never met this kind of man.

"What the deuce!" he ejaculated, when he had come to his senses. "Yes, I will shake hands."

For several days after this Jean could see that Melisse made an effort to evade him. She did not visit Iowaka when he was in the cabin. Neither did she and Dixon go again into the forest. The young Englishman spent more of his time at the store, and just before the trappers began coming in he went on a three days' sledge trip with Croisset.

The change delighted Jean. The first time he met Melisse after the fight his eyes flashed pleasure.

"Jan will surely be coming home soon," he greeted her. "What if the birds tell him what happened out there on the trail?"

She flushed scarlet.

"Perhaps the same birds will tell us what has happened down on the Nelson House trail, Jean," she retorted.

"Pouf! Jan Thoreau doesn't give the snap of his small finger for the MacVeigh girl!" Jean replied, warm in defense of his friend.

"She is pretty," laughed Melisse, "and I have just learned that is why men like to—like them, I mean."

Jean strutted before her like a peacock.

"Am I pretty, Melisse?"

"No-o-o-o."

"I will not kill him, Melisse."

"Then why"—he shrugged his shoulders suggestively—"in the cabin"—

"Because you were brave, Jean. I love brave men."

"You were glad that I pummeled the stranger, then?"

Melisse did not answer, but he caught a laughing sparkle in the corner of her eye as she left him.

"Come home, Jan Thoreau," he hummed softly as he went to the store. "Come home, come home, come home for the little Melisse has grown into a woman and is learning to use her eyes."

Among the first of the trappers to come in with his furs was MacVeigh. He brought word that Jan had gone south to spend the annual holiday at Nelson House, and Cummins told Melisse whence the message came. He did not observe the slight change that came into her face and went on:

"I don't understand this in Jan. He is needed here for the carnival. Did you know that he was going to Nelson House?"

Melisse shook her head.

"MacVeigh says they have made him an offer to go down there as chief man," continued the factor. "It is strange that he has sent no explanation to me."

It was a week after the big caribou roast before Jan returned to Lac Bain. Melisse saw him drive in from the Churchill trail, but while her heart fluttered excitedly she steeled herself to meet him with at least an equal show of the calm indifference with which he had left her six weeks before. The coolness of his leave taking still rankled bitterly in her bosom. His hair and beard had grown, covering the smooth cheeks which he had always kept closely shaved. His eyes glowed with dull pleasure as she stood waiting for him, but there was none of the old flash and fire in them. There was a strangeness in his manner, an uneasiness in the shifting of his eyes.

"Jan!" she said.

Her voice trembled; her lips quivered. There was the old glorious pleading in her eyes, and before it Jan bowed his unkempt head and crushed her hands tightly in his own. For a half minute there was silence, and in that half minute there came a century between them. At last Jan spoke.

"I'm glad to see you again, Melisse. It has seemed like a very long time."

He lifted his eyes. Before them the girl involuntarily shrank back and Jan freed her hands. In them she saw none of the old love glow, nothing of their old comradeship.

"You will come to supper, Jan?"

"Surely, Melisse, if you are prepared."

CHAPTER XI.

Her Promise Kept.

JAN went from the cabin. Jean de Gravois and Iowaka were watching for him, and Jean hurried across the open to meet him.

"I am coming to offer you the loan of my razor," he cried gaily. "Iowaka says that you will be taken for a bear if the trappers see you."

"A beard is good to keep off the black flies," replied Jan. "It is approaching summer and the black flies love to feast upon me. Let us go down the trail, Jean. I want to speak with you."

Where there had been wood cutting in the deep spruce they sat down, facing each other. Jan spoke in French.

"I have traveled far since leaving Lac Bain," he said. "I went first to Nelson House, and from there to the Wholdaia. I found them at Nelson House, but not on the Wholdaia."

"What?" asked Jean, though he knew well what the other meant.

"My brothers, Jean de Gravois," answered Jan, drawing his lips until his teeth gleamed in a sneering smile. "My brothers the carrion! I saw the two at Nelson House. One of them is a half wit, and the other"—he hunched his shoulders—"is worse. Petraud, one of the two who were at Wholdaia, was killed by a Cree father last winter for dishonoring his daughter. The other disappeared. So you see, Jean de Gravois, what sort of creature is your friend Jan Thoreau!"

"I see that you are a bigger fool than ever," Jean said quietly. "Jan Thoreau, what if I should break my oath—and tell Melisse?"

Unflinching the men's eyes met. A dull glare came into Jan's. Slowly he unsheathed his long knife and placed it upon the snow between his feet, with the gleaming end of the blade pointing toward Gravois. With a low cry Jean sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean that, Jan Thoreau? Do you mean to give the knife challenge to one who has staked his life for you and who loves you as a brother?"

"Yes," said Jan deliberately. "I love you, Jean, more than any other man in the world. And yet I will kill you if you betray me to Melisse!" He rose to his feet and stretched out his hands to the little Frenchman. "Jean, wouldn't you do as I am doing? Wouldn't you have done as much for Iowaka?"

For a moment Gravois was silent.

"I would not have taken her love without telling her," he said then. "That is not what you and I know as honor, Jan Thoreau. But I would have gone to her, as you should now go to Melisse, and she would have opened her arms to me, as Melisse would open hers to you. That is what I would have done."

"And that is what I shall never do," said Jan decisively, turning toward the post. "I could kill myself more easily. That is what I wanted to tell you, Jean. No one but you and I must ever know!"

"I would like to choke that fool of a Croisset for sending you to hunt up those people at Nelson House and Wholdaia!" grumbled Jean.

"It was best for me."

They saw Melisse leaving Iowaka's home when they came from the forest. Both waved their hands to her, and Jan cut across the open to the store.

Jean went to the Cummins cabin as soon as he was sure that he was not observed. There was little of the old vivacity in his manner as he greeted Melisse. He noted, too, that the girl was not her natural self. There was a redness under her eyes which told him that she had been crying.

"Melisse," he said at last, speaking to her with his eyes fixed on the cap he was twisting in his fingers, "there has come a great change over Jan."

"A very great change, Jean. If I were to guess I should say that his heart had been broken down on the Nelson trail."

Gravois caught the sharp meaning in her voice, which trembled a little as she spoke. He was before her in an instant, his cap fallen to the floor, his eyes blazing as he caught her by the arms.

"Yes, the heart of Jan Thoreau is broken!" he cried. "But it has been broken by nothing that lives on the Nelson House trail. It is broken because of—you!"

"I?" Melisse drew back from him with a breathless cry. "I—I have broken"—

"I did not say that," interrupted Jean. "I say that it is broken because of you. If only I might tell you!"

"Do—do, Jean! Please tell me!" She put her hands on his shoulders. Her eyes implored him. "Tell me what I have done—what can I do, Jean?"

"I can say that much to you, and no more," he said quietly. "Only know this, my dear—that there is a great grief eating at the soul of Jan Thoreau, and that because of this grief he is changed. I know what that grief is, but I am pledged never to reveal it. It is for you to find out, and to do this, above all else—let him know that you love him. Not as a sister any longer, Melisse, but as a woman!"

Gravois did not stay to see the effect of his last words. Cummins and Jan came in together at supper time. The factor was in high humor. An Indian from the Porcupine had brought in two silver foxes that morning, and he was immensely pleased at Jan's return, a combination of incidents which put him in the best of moods.

Melisse sat opposite Jan at the table. She had twisted a sprig of red bakneesh into her glossy braid, and a cluster of it nestled at her throat, but Jan gave no sign that he had noticed this little favor, which was meant entirely for him.

"Has MacVeigh put in his new trap line?" Cummins inquired after asking Jan many questions about his trip.

"I don't know," replied Jan. "I didn't go to MacVeigh's."

Purposely he held his eyes from Melisse. She understood his effort, and a quick flush gathered in her cheeks.

"It was MacVeigh who brought in word of you."

"I met him in the Cree lake country, but he said nothing of his trap lines."

He rose from the table with Cummins and started to follow him from the cabin. Melisse came between. For a moment her hand rested upon his arm.

"You are going to stay with me, Jan," she smiled. "I want your help with the dishes, and then we're going to play on the violin."

She pulled him into a chair as Cummins left and tied an apron about his shoulders.

"Close your eyes and don't move," she commanded, laughing into his surprised face as she ran into her room.

A moment later she returned with one hand held behind her back. There came the snip of scissors and a little nervous laugh close to his head.

"It's terribly long, Jan!" Her soft hand brushed his bearded cheek. "Ugh!" she shuddered. "You must take that off your face. If you don't!"—

"Why?" he asked through lack of anything else to say.

She lowered her head until her cheek pressed against his own.

"Because it feels like bristles," she whispered.

She reddened fiercely when he remained silent, and the scissors snipped more rapidly between her fingers.

"I'm going to prospect the big swamp along the edge of the Barrens this summer," he explained soon, laughing to relieve the tension. "A beard will protect me from the black flies."

"You can grow another."

She took the apron from about his shoulders and held it so that he could see the result of her work. He looked up, smiling.

"Thank you, Melisse."

She went to the cupboard behind the stove and brought out her father's shaving mug and razor.

"I insist that you shall use them," she said, stirring the soap into a lather and noting the indecision in his face. "I am afraid of you."

"Afraid of me?"

He stood for a moment in front of the little mirror, turning his face from side to side. Melisse handed him the razor and cup.

"You don't seem like the Jan that I used to know once upon a time. There has been a great change in you since—since"—

She hesitated.

"Since when, Melisse?"

"Since the day we came in from the mountain and I put up my hair." With timid sweetness she added, "I haven't had it up again, Jan."

She caught a glimpse of his lathered face in the glass staring at her with big, seeking eyes. She had washed the dishes before he finished shaving. Then she took down the old violin from the wall and began to play, her low, sweet voice accompanying the instrument in a Cree melody which Iowaka had taught her.

Surprised, he faced her, his eyes glowing as there fell from her lips the gentle love song of a heartbroken Indian maiden, filled with its infinite sadness and despair. He stood silent until she had finished, staring down upon her bowed head. When she lifted her eyes to him, he saw that her long lashes were wet and glistening in the lamp glow.

She played again, her voice humming with exquisite sweetness the wordless music which he had taught her. At last she gave him the violin.

"Now you must play for me."

"I have forgotten a great deal, Melisse."

She was astonished to see how clumsily his brown fingers traveled over the strings. As she watched him her heart thrilled uneasily. It was not the old Jan who was playing for her now, but a new Jan, whose eyes shone dull and passionless, in whom there was no stir of the old spirit of the violin. He wandered listlessly from one thing to another, and after a few minutes gave her the instrument again.

Without speaking, she rose from her chair and hung the violin upon the wall.

"You must practice a great deal," she said quietly.

At her movement, he, too, rose from his seat, and when she turned to him again he had his cap in his hand. A flash of surprise shot into her eyes.

"Are you going so soon, Jan?"

"I am tired," he said in excuse. "It has been two days since I have slept, Melisse. Good night!"

He smiled at her from the door, but the "Good night" which fell from her lips was lifeless and unmeaning. Jan shivered when he went out. Under the cold stars he clinched his hands, knowing that he had come from the cabin none too soon.

It was late when Cummins returned home. Melisse was still up. He looked at her sharply over his shoulder as he hung up his coat and hat.

"Has anything come between you and Jan?" he asked suddenly. "Why have you been crying?"

"Sometimes the tears come when I am playing the violin, father. I know of nothing that has come between Jan and me, only I—I don't understand"—

She stopped, struggling hard to keep back the sobs that were trembling in her throat.

"Neither do I understand," exclaimed the factor, going to the stove to light his pipe. "He gave me his resignation as a paid servant of the company tonight!"

"He is not going—to leave—the post?"

"He is leaving the service," reiterated her father. "That means he can not long live at Lac Bain. He says he is going into the woods, perhaps into Jean's country of the Athabasca. Has he told you more?"

"Nothing," said Melisse.

The next day it was Croisset who went along the edge of the Barrens

"Goodby, Jan!"

for meat. Gravois found Jan filling a new shoulder pack with supplies. It was their first encounter since he had learned that Jan had given up the service.

"I say, M. Jan Thoreau!" he fairly hissed.

Jan looked up, smiling, to see the little Frenchman fairly quivering with rage.

"Good morning, M. Jean de Gravois!" he laughed back. "You see I am going out among the foxes. I am tired of the post. I can make better wage for my time in the swamps to the west."

Jean's thin lips were almost snarling.

"Blessed saints, and it was I who"—

He spun upon his heels without another word and went straight to Melisse.

"Jan Thoreau is going to leave the post," he announced fiercely, throwing out his chest and glaring at her accusingly.

"So father has told me," said Melisse.

Her cheeks were colorless and there were purplish lines under her eyes, but she spoke with exceeding calmness.

"Well," exclaimed Jean, whirling again, "you take it coolly!"

A little later Melisse saw Jan coming from the store. When he entered the cabin his dark face betrayed the strain under which he was laboring, but his voice was unnaturally calm.

"I have come to say goodby, Melisse," he said. "I am going to prospect for a good trap line among the Barrens."

"I hope you will have good luck, Jan."

In her voice, too, was a firmness almost metallic.

"Will you wait a moment?" she asked.

She hurried into her room, and scarcely had she gone before she reappeared again, this time with a flush burning in her cheeks and her eyes shining brightly. She had unbraided her hair, and it lay coiled upon the crown of her head, glistening with crimson sprigs of bakneesh. She came to him a second time and once more gave him her hand.

"I don't suppose you care now," she said coldly, and yet laughing in his face. "I have not broken my promise. It was silly, wasn't it?"

He felt as if his blood had been suddenly chilled to water, and he fought to choke back the thick throbbing in his throat.

"You promised"— He could not go further.

"I promised that I would not do up my hair again until you had forgotten to love me," she finished for him. "I will do it up now."

"I have not forgotten to love you, Melisse. I shall never cease to love my little sister. But you are older now, and it is time for you to do up your hair."

He turned without looking at her again, leaving her standing with her arms still half stretched out to him, and went from the cabin.

"Goodby, Jan!"

The words fell in a sobbing whisper from her, but he had gone too far to hear.

(Continued Next Saturday)

"I never saw such a chronic kicker as Touch is."

"What's his latest grievance?"

"He found a five-dollar bill this morning and is grumbling because a man to whom he owed $4 saw him pick it up."

MOTHERHOOD SUGGESTIONS

Advice to Expectant Mothers

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Building Lots For Sale

120 LOTS 40 by 80 feet for sale at Kalihi, right on King Street, near the Kalihi bridge. Prices range from $350 to $500 a lot.

Liberal discounts will be allowed for cash.

Terms are very easy.

Inquire of

Kalihi Poi Factory and Land Co., Ltd.

or to

W. C. Achi

Townsend Undertaking Co.,
Limited
Night and Day Phone: 1328
71 BERETANIA

MEMBERSHIP FEES
—In—
THE HARRISON MUTUAL BURIAL ASSOCIATION

From 1 to 10 years old...	$2.50
From 10 to 30 years old...	3.50
From 30 to 40 years old...	4.50
From 40 to 50 years old...	5.50
From 50 to 60 years old...	6.50

J. D. Marques, Pres.
J. H. Townsend, Secy.

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

URINARY DISCHARGES RELIEVED IN 24 HOURS

Each Capsule bears the name MIDY

Beware of counterfeits

ALL DRUGGISTS

Star-Bulletin Ads. are Best Business Getters.