## BEST MEDICINE.

Fresh air is probably the world's best medicine, not only in the treatment of disease, but in its prevention. This is a statement buried in an announcement by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Not one person in 100, it says further, gets enough fresh air at his work, at his rest or in his sleep. The association has published a handbook on the subject of sleeping out of doors and giving directions as to how to obtain the greatest benefit in so doing. The helpfulness of fresh air has long been understood in a general way, but calling it the world's best medicine will give it a new value in the minds of many. Knowledge of It has expanded in the last few years from a point at which it was thought necessary to send sufferers from tuberculosis to California, Colorado or Arizona to a point when the atmosphere of the Adirondacks was appreciated, and since then, to the appreclation of the most available large open space having clean air. But while the curative work goes on, thousands of more or less able-bodied persons make no effort to secure individual breathing space. They sleep with closed windows, ride in closed cars and work in stuffy offices, shops or stores. Some few persons in the crowd whose lungs are offended protest or escape, but the bulk of humanity tolerates polluted air while b cries for unpolluted food and drink.

The greatness of the future will not depend upon its science, its invention, its industry, its trade, its knowledge, or any of these material things. Our glory must rest not upon the physical, but upon the spiritual. That has been the backing of all great reforms and upward movements recorded in history. It has been the vital principle of all great and true lives. And what is this spiritual upon which all true progress is built? It is faith, love, hope, friendship, unselfishness. There is no fact in everyday life sure and steadfast as this. We may grow in material things, but it is not true growth unless we grow in spiritual things, too, says the Ohio State Journal. Whoever spends his life in material progress, in making money and doing a great business, is no agent of or friend of his community unless he embodies these spiritual qualities in his work. The only real enterprise consists in its alliance with these vir-tues of the spirit. One can build that tallest structures, the biggest mill, or the longest railroad, but he is a poor agent of the public good if he does not unite in his work these great moral virtues.

Miss Dora Keen, the mountain climber who ascended Mount Blackburn in Alaska, startled Américan geographers by her statement that saw at a distance to the eastward an unknown mountain apparently higher than Mount McKinley. Coast survey experts have looked into the matter and found that the peak which at tracted Miss Keen's attention is Mount Steele, the height of which has been estimated to be 16,439 feet, while the height of Mount McKinley is upward of 20,000 feet. The height of Mount Blackburn is 16,140 feet. which is 800 feet lower than that of Mount Steele. Mount McKinley re when it was named of being the loftiest peak on the North American conti

A medical expert, speaking before the Eugenics Congress, declared he would rather have a robust burglar than a consumptive bishop for his father. He should follow up this by the logical advocacy of the abolition of of a return to the days of the cave men when the physical basis was the ideal of life. In fact, all the so-called new thoughts about life and progress are suspiciously like a return to the good old times when might was right and men did not bother with the fine distinctions of morals and laws.

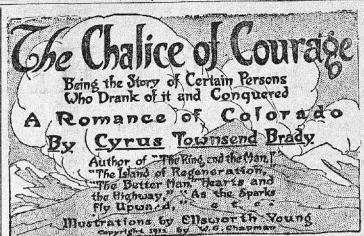
It is announced that dictators of fashion intend to compel us to wear such cotumes as were worn during the reign of terror in Paris. The dictators of fashion appear to be ab solutely merciless.

A New Jersey policeman who re cently inherited \$100,000 has received 2,000 offers of marriage. It is evident that a lot of women think he is not going to be spoiled by sudden riches

It is said that the average salary of clergymen in this country is \$663 a year. And yet we wonder why so many college men turn to baseball.

A Los Angeles scientist makes the prediction that in 500 years all men will be bald. He has doubtless been experimenting with a hair restorer.

A Long Branch bell hop gained fame by writing a poem on "Tips." If loath to say the word that so far as a poet could glean a bell hop's tips they'd renounce pen and ink for life.



SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitiand, a frank, free and unspoiled young Phailadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorade mountains by her uncle. Robert Maitland, James Armstrong, Maitland's protege, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a climater of the control of the con

CHAPTER A Dy (Continued).

"Do you by any chance belong to the Maryland Newbolds, sir?

'Yes, they are distantly related to a most excellent family of the same name in Philadelphia, I believe."

"I have always understood that to be the truth."

"Ah, a very satisfactory connection indeed," said Stephen Maitland with no little satisfaction. "Proceed, sir." "There is nothing much else to say about myself, except that I love your

daughter and with your permission I want her for my wife." Mr. Maitland had thought long and seriously over the state of affairs. He had proposed in his desperation to give her hand to Armstrong if he

found her. It had been impossible to keep secret the story of her adventure, her rescue and the death of Armstrong. It was natural and inevitable that gossip should have busied itself with her name. It would therefore have been somewhat difficult for Mr. Maitland to have withheld his consent to her marriage to almost any veputable man who had been thrown so intimately with her, but when the man was so unexceptionably born and bred as Newbold, what had appeared as a more or less disagreeable duty, almost an imperative imposition, became a

Mr. Maitland was no bad judge of men when his prejudices were not the present state of society in favor rampant, and he looked with much satisfaction on the fine, clean limbed, clear eyed, vigorous man who was at present suing for his daughter's hand. Newbold had shaved off his beard and had cropped close his mustache; he was dressed in the habits of civilization and he was almost metamorphosed. His shyness wore away as he talked and his inherited ease of manner and his birthright of good breeding came back to him and sat

easily upon him. Under the circumstances the very best thing that could happen would be a marriage between the two, indeed to be quite honest, Mr. Stephen Maitland would have felt that perhaps under any circumstances his daughter could do no better than commit her

self to a man like this. "I shall never attempt," he said at last, "to constrain my daughter. I think I have learned something by my touch with this life here; perhaps we of Philadelphia need a little broadening in airs more free. I am sure that she would never give her hand with-out her heart, and therefore, she must decide this matter herself. From her

own lips you shall have your answer.' "But you, sir; I confess that I should feel easier and happier if I had your sanction and approval."

"Steve," said Mr. Robert Maitland, as the other hesitated, not because he intended to refuse, but because he was he was concerned would give his Newbold.

daughter into another man's keeping "I think you can trust Newbold; there are men who knew him years ago there is abundant evidence and testimony as to his qualities, I vouch for him.

"Robert," answered his brother, "I need no such testimony; the way in which he saved Enid, the way he comported himself during that period of solation with her, his present bearing -in short, sir, if a father is ever glad to give away his daughter, I might say I should be glad to entrust her to you. I believe you to be a man of honor and a gentleman; your family is almost as old as my own; as for the disparity in our fortunes, I can easily remedy that."

Newbold smiled at Enid's father, but it was a pleasant smile; albeit with a trace of mockery and a trace of triumph in it.

"Mr. Maitland, I am more grateful to you than I can say for your consent and approval which I shall do my best to merit. I think I may claim to have won your daughter's heart; to have added to that your sanction completes my happiness. As for the disparity in our fortunes, while your generosity touches me profoundly, I hardly think that you need be under any uneasiness as to our material welfare." "What do you mean?"

"I am a mining engineer, sir; I didn't live five years alone in the mountains of Colorado for nothing."

"Pray, explain yourself, sir." "Did you find gold in the hills?" asked Robert Maitland, quicker to understand. "The richest veins on the continent,"

answered Newbold. "And nobody knows anything about

"Not a soul."

"Have you located the claims?"

"Certainly, certainly. Robert, will rou oblige me-

In compliance with his brother's gesture, Robert Maitland touched the pell and bade the answering servant ask Miss Maitland to comento the li-

"Now," said Mr. Stephen Maitland as the servant closed the door, "you and I would leave the young people alone. Eh, Rebert?"

"By all means," answered the young er, and opening the door again the two older men went out leaving New-

bold alone. "But I don't quite understand," queried Mr. Stephan Maitland.

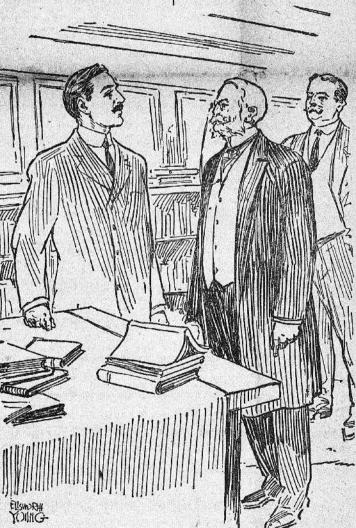
He heard a soft step on the stair in the hall without; the gentle swish of a dress as semebody descended from the floor above. A vision appeared in the doorway. Without a movement in opposition, without a word of remonstrance, without a throb of hesitation on her part, he took her in his arms. From the drawing-room opposite, Mr. Robert Maitland softly tiptoed across the hall and closed the library door, neither of the lovers being aware of his action.

Often and often they had longed for each other on the opposite side of a door, and now at last the woman was in the man's arms and no door rose between them, no barrier kept them apart any longer. There was no obligation of loyalty or honor, real or imagined, to separate them now. They had drunk deep of the chalice of courage, they had drained the cup to the very bottom, they had shown each other that though love was the greatest of passions, honor and loyalty were the most powerful of forces, and now they reaped the reward of their abnegation and devotion.

At last the woman gave herself up to him in complete and entire abandonment without fear and without reproach; and at last the man took what was his own without the shadow of a reservation. She shrank from no pressure of his arms, she turned her face away from no touch of his lips. They two had proved their right to surrender by their ability to conquer.

Speech was hardly necessary beween them, and it was not for a long time that coherent words came. Little murmurs of endearment, little passionate whispers of a beloved namethese were enough then.

When he could find strength to deny himself a little and to hold her at arm's length and look at her, he found her paler, thinner and more delicate when he had seen her in the mountains. She had on some witching creation of pale blue and silver; he didn't know what it was; he didn't



"Do You by Any Chance Belong to the Maryland Newbolds, Sir?"

"We'll go back as soon as the snow melts," said the younger Maitland, 'and take them up. You are sure?" "Absolutely."

"He means," said his brother, "that he has discovered gold."
"And silver too," interposed New-

"In unlimited quantities," continued the other Maitland.

"Your daughter will have more money than she knows what to do with sir," smiled Newbold. "God bless me," exclaimed the Phil-

adelphian. "And that whether she marries me or not, for the richest claim of all is

to be taken out in her name," added her lover. Mr. Stephen Maitland shook the oth-

er by the hand vigorously. "I congratulate you," he said, "you have beaten me on all points; I must therefore regard you as the most eligible of suitors. Gold in these moun-

tains, well, well!" "And may I see your daughter and

care-it made her only more like an angel to him than ever. She found him, too, greatly changed and highly approved the alterations in his pearance.

"Why, Will," she said at last, never realized what a handsome man you were."

He laughed at her. "I always knew you were the most beautiful woman on earth." "Oh, yes, doubtless when I was the

only one.' "And if there were millions you would still be the only one. But it isn't for your beauty alone that I love you. You knew all the time that my fight against loving you was based upon a misinterpretation, a mistake; you didn't tell me because you were

thoughtful of a poor woman." "Should I have told you?" "No, I have thought it all out. I was

loyal through a mistake, but you wouldn't betray a dead sister; you would save her reputation in the mind of the one being that remembered her, at the expense of your own happiness. plead my cares in person, sir?" asked | And if there were nothing else I could l love you for that."

qualities. "Everything," he answered, rap-

"And is there anything else?" asked

turously drawing her once more to his heart.

"I knew that there would be some way," answered the satisfied woman softly after a little space; "love like ours is not born to fall short of the completest happiness. Oh, how fortunate for me was that idle impulse that turned me up the canon instead of down, for if it had not been for that there would have been no meeting-"

She stopped suddenly, her face aflame at the thought of the conditions of that meeting; she must needs hide her face on his shoulder.

He laughed gayly. "My little spirit of the fountain, my love, my wife that is to be! Did you



He Shamefully Held Her Close.

know that your father had done me the honor to give me your hand, subject to the condition that your heart goes with it?"
"You took that first," answered the

voman looking up at him again. There was a knock on the door Without waiting for permission it was opened; this time three men entered, for old Kirkby had joined the group. The blushing Enid made an impulsive movement to tear herself away from Newbold's arms, but he shamefully held her close. The three men locked at the two lovers solemnly for a moment and then broke into laughter. It

was Kirkby who spoke first. "I hear as how you found gold in hem mountains, Mr. Newbold."

"I found something far more valuable than all the gold in Colorado in

"And what was that?" asked the old frontiersman, curiously and innocently. "This!" answered Newbold as he kissed the girl again

(THE END.)

Wife Who Nags.

The worst thing that the bad fairs wish upon a man is a nagging, fault-finding wife. The most savory of the dishes prepared by her hand tastes flat and stale if served up with the sauce of her complaints, and the cosiest of homes is a place of unrest if it is the storehouse of her recriminations. Even if there is just cause for jealousy, nagging is an aggrava-tion rather than a cure.

It breeds the spirit of antagonism and the case of the injured party is hurt rather than helped.

The only safe cure for straying affections is to make oneself so attractive, so agreeable, that the desired love and attention is irresistibly held to its original moorings. Sometimes sudden evidence of indifference awakes the errant one to the fact that the straying may be mutual. Sometimes renewed outbursts of affection, of care and interest, is the tonic of weakened ardor. Sometimes splendid results are accomplished by wearing smart and becoming clothes and brushing up the wits and vivacity.

Big Bags of British Hunters. The shooting in Great Britain for 1911 is over as far as grouse are concerned. The heaviest one-day bag obtained in Scotland was that of Lord Dalkeith and his party on the Duke of Buccleuch's Roanfell moor, in Rox burghshire, when eight guns killed In England the best one-day bas

was that of the Duc de Luynes and five other guns on Lord Strathmore's Wemmergill moors in the Upper Lune dale district of Durham; 1,599 birds were killed during four drives in stormy weather.

On the Duke of Devonshire's Upper Wharfedale moore in Yorkshire 14,918 birds were killed in twenty-two days, all by driving, and there were usually nine guns out. The best bag was obtained on August 18th, when the King was included in the party, and nine guns killed 1,580 birds on the Bardes and Rylstone moors.

Like a Lawyer. Dr. Cyrus Cutler, the well known Springfield surgeon, is a member of the Colonial club, an institution that fines its members for talking shop, relates

Dr. Cutler, getting out of his motor car, entered the Colonial club the other day for luncheon, and, advancing into the restaurant, said to a lawye as he took off his goggles:

the New York Tribune.

"Well, old man, how are you?" The lawyer got Dr. Cutler fined then and there for talking shop.

The next day when he arrived at the club again for luncheon, the surgeon, angered at what had happened, cut the lawyer. The latter then had him fined

MORAL FOR THE MONEY-MAD

Hope of Becoming Millionaires About on a Par With the Washerwoman's Delusion.

Prof. Warren M. Beidler of Bethel, Pa., in a recent address made the striking assertion that the American people, money-mad, taught their children how to earn a living, but not how to live.

There is no viler, and there is no vainer ambition," said Professor Beidler to a reporter, "than that of the American boy to become a millionaire. What percentage of our boys do become millionaires? It would take a good many decimals to work that out, believe met

"The boy who sets his heart on a million fares like the washerwoman who set her heart on a cross-eyed

"'I hear you married that cross-eyed aeronaut last week?" said a friend. "'Yes, I did,' replied the washer woman, as she rocked back and forth over her tub. "Yes, I married him, and I gave him \$500 out of my buildin association to start an airship fac-

"That so?" said the friend. "Where is he now?

"'I don't know,' said the washerwoman. 'I'm waitin' for him to come back from his honeymoon."

Explains the Undertaker's Grouch. "Who is that fellow sitting humped up and muttering to himself out there

on the horse block?" "Aw, that's Ezra Toombs, the undertaker," replied the landlord of the Skeedee tavern. "He's feeling sore over the way his business has been going of late. You see, the doctor gave Judge Feebles two weeks to live; that was six weeks ago, and the judge is up and around now and figgerin' on marryin' again. Every time Ezra meets the doctor he asks him, 'How about it, hey? and they have a row And now he's sittin' out there watch ing a tramp painter gilding the weath er vane of the church, across the street. Ezra says, by Heck, he's about

Absorbed.

iere."-Kansas City Star.

A college professor noted for his concentration of thought, returned nome from a scientific meeting one night, still pendering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the "Is there someone there?" he asked

absently. "No, professor," answered the fn

truder, who knew his peculiarities. "That's strange," muttered the professor. "I was almost sure I heard someone under the bed."

Rig was indignation.
Little Ruth was the youngest daughter in a very strict Presbyterian fam-ily that especially abhorred profanity. One day little Ruth became exceed ingly exasperated with one of her dollles. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately

her disapproval of dolly's conduct. Finally, throwing the offending dolly across the room, she cried, feel-

ingly:
"My gracious! I wish I belonged to a family that sweared!"

No Such Aspersion "Do you get a stipend for your "Nothin' like that. I git reg'lar

NOT NARCOTIC

Pumphin Seed -Alx Serna -Anticelle Salty -Antice Seed -Experimint -BiCorbonate Soda -Warm Seed Clarified Sugar Hindurgreen Flavor

Chart Fletcher.

NEW YORK.



A HOT ONE.

"Is your daughter going to practio on the plane this afternoon?" "Yes. I think so."

"Well, then, I'd like to borrow you lawn mower. I've got to cut the smu some time, anyway."-Judge.

A rich man without charity is an faithful to his duty.—Fielding.

## BACKACHE

But a Symptom, a Danger Sig nal Which Every Woman Should Heed

Backache is a symptom of orgal weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get pe-manent relief you must reach the not of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Watall's experience.

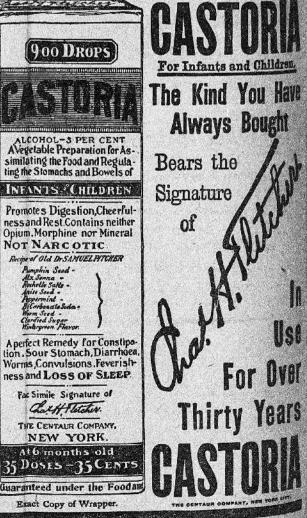
ready to move away things is so dead Morton's Gap, Kentucky, - 'T sufferi two years with female disorders, n

health was very he and I had a confirm backache which was simply awful I con not stand on my fee long enough to cot a meal's victual without my bat nearly killing me, and I would have

ness in each side, could not stand but lothing, and was irregular, I was pletely run down. On a Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg is now more than two years and is not had an ache or pain since. I dell my own work, washing and everything never have backache any think your medicine is grand and I m

testimony will help others you may pullish it."-Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, in ish it."—Mrs. Ollis Woodal, and ton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest dock that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, will to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicinets (confidential) Lynn, Mass, for a vice. Your letter will be opened read and answered by a wona, and held in strict confidence.



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