payment.

"I have saved your honor at the price of my own," the note ran. "Take what I have

brought and guard them carefully. They cost a man's life better than my own and a

woman's heart. For this I shall ask no

Cuyas had been revenged, but the one

man whom Inez had ever loved had scorned her and was riding farther from her every

After leaving the house of General de

Quesada Oliver had but one thought, and

hat to reach Camila as soon as possible. He

did not ask whether he loved her or not. He hardly knew. It had been so long since any

soft feelings had entered his heart that he

felt it hardly possible that he could love.

One thing, however, never left his mind. His

must be put aside; for that he must live; for that he must work; for that, if necessary,

he must die. He rode fast and furiously,

careless of the uncertain roads, heedless of

the burning heat, which threatened even

his iron frame, inured to every climate. He

did not even notice it when the thorny

branch of a gigantic palm tree struck his

nead and inflicted a jagged wound, though

he mechanically wiped the blood out of his

At noon he came in sight of the little house

hastened forward. Camila stood in the door.

shading her eyes with her hand. At his ap-

proach she gave a little cry, then stood quite

still, regarding him mournfully. The

Falling to his knees from utter weariness,

Oliver took her hands. For a moment his

ips refused to obey him, but he forced them

to speak, and told her the whole story, omit-

ing nothing, sparing himself no detail. He

felt the little hands in his tremble and grow

cold, and as he finished they were slowly

withdrawn. He dared not look up, he who

had never known fear, was afraid to see her

ace. A sense of guilt weighed him down

t was to be placed without the pale of love

yet how impossible to hope. The blood o

ner brother was morally on his hands, and

even could she forgive the wrong to herself

the dead must ever stand between them.
"Camila, Camila!" he said mournfully;

'my little one, my sweetheart. It is like

death to lose you. Tell me, querida, how

can I serve you? How can I make you

happy? Oh, why did I not meet you

She did not answer, but he felt her arms

around his neck, and she drew him closer

antil his head rested on her bosom. Sur-

he looked up and saw her eyes. Them he knew

that no gulf could be too wide for woman'

Gay and Gaudy Parasols

Umbrellas and parasols are getting in

heir inning nowadays. If a woman would

be strictly up-to-date she must carry a

very gay and festive looking sun umbrella

and her parasol must be all fluff and frills.

Curious shades of gray, blue, red and

green prevail in the umbrellas, and those

with green is said to resist the sun's rays

eyes than any other, but the colors are not

becoming to most women. The man who chances to read this needn't smile; woman

tries on her umbrellas and parasols be

fore a big glass just as she does her hats

and buys according to becomingness. Near

ly all the colored parasols and umbrella

have white ribs this year, and handles are

Conventional Length

The good little girl's not long for this world—
And how long is that? Well, to guess,

Ughter and prettier than ever before.

She mustn't ever be longer, at most.

By more than two feet than her dress.

THE VICTIM OF CAREFULNESS

The time when a man feels an impulse to

The thing that he's yearning for more than

It may be his pen or his pipe or his book;

"And-somewhere-I put it away,

Such trouble to put it away."

search,

and perch

church.

Secure.

So the man sets about in a maddening

And he ransacks each cranny and drawer

And he thinks in a way that's taboed by the

As he gropes for that hidden "some-

O women who love us, we beg and beseech

Which place all our chattels so far out of

And glowing and eloquent figures of speech

We know you desire to promote, not to mar,

But please leave our pouches and pipes

In a nook that's so near, yet so bafflingly

That the search makes us wrinkled and

Without pain and inconvenience,

TOTAL COST, \$5.00, IF SUCCESSFUL

DR. J. T. RINEHART 212 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal,

in a a few hours

-Chicago Record.

Or NO CHARGE

And don't, oh! don't-put them away! Away

Are born of that hunt for "somewhere.

The joys of our brief earthly stay,

where they are.

gray.

lape

Worm

Call on, or write to . . .

Removed Entire

You check that devotion and care

In a safe but forgotten "somewhere"

Somewhere!

Somewhere!!

We tear

Our hair.

Now hopeful, now filled with despair,

In quest of that hazy "somewhere."

Somewhere!

Semewhere!!

And almost an impulse to swear,

Is safe and secure-somewhere!

"I saw it but yesterday,"

"I put it away somewhere."

-Detroit Journal

BELLIDO.

prised, doubting his senses, afraid t

Los Angeles, July, 1898.

sleepless and anxious hours.

The Tokens of Donna Inez

A Story of Cuban Life

(Written for The Herald.) folded arms and down-bent gaze, his speech, the idol of the country people and strong, lithe figure, in its simple suit of who every day made new recruits to the black, rising head and shoulders above rebel cause. His home was known to be those around him. Beautiful women passed somewhere in the mountains, but although him, dancing languidly to the seductive many attempts had been made by the govpair of dark eyes sent an unspoken invita-tion to the tall American, and the Senorita him Oliver started, but she held up her hand Dona Inez de Quesada had motioned to him twice with her fan, but he heeded nothing

In fact, Carter Oliver's thoughts were anything but pleasant and had strayed far ways alone. One day I met a caballero in from the brilliantly lighted room. A tri- the road. He was handsome. I wearied. fling incident, occurring that morning, had After that we rode together, I letting him brought him troublesome memories, which think me the daughter of a ranchero, he brought him troublesome memories, which he found hard to banish. He had been taking his usual morning stroll along the water front, watching idly the small boats folly and gave him an opal ring and a porin the harbor, which were making their way toward a white cruiser, anchored some He amused me. When I left I thought that distance out from shore, and from which floated the American flag. A group of blueuniformed sailors from the strange ship stood near him, laughing and talking. Suddenly their chatter ceased for an instant, Oliver, turning slightly to note the cause, had seen their hands raised in salute to an officer who was passing. One rapid searching glance was enough. He spent the remainder of the day in solitude on the hills, seeking to avoid another encounter and a prey to the gloomiest of thoughts, for in the American officer he All would listen, some believe. He is a rebel, had seen the man who had made of him a I am loyal. My God! can you not see! You voluntary exile.

During that long, hot day on the hills of Santiago de Cuba the past came back to Carter Oliver with a force which made the ccurrences ten years gone seem like yesterday. The brief period of happiness during his two years of married life rose before him like a mirage. He suffered again in the discovery of his wife's unfaithfulness and the subsequent scandal attending her flight with the man he had met that morning. Since then he had been a wanderer, following his calling as civil engineer in foreign lands. The gold mines of were equally familiar. He had watched the Southern Cross in the skies of the tropics, and had tramped through the bush of Australia. The beauties of India and Mexico had looked love into his eyes, and he had seen the fandango danced in Andalusia. He had made and thrown away a fortune, and acquired some fame, of which he was careless. None knew him well, but those who knew him best found him cynical and reserved, brave almost to a fault, and with one thing which he held sacred-and that his word of honor. After traveling over the world, he had finally settled in Cuba, and had become a well-known figure in every part of the island. Some American investments sufficed for his simple mode of living, and he had been in Santiago nearly

All these things coursed through his brain like the shifting colors of a kaleide-scope as he lay in the shade of a palm smoking innumerable cigarettes. At sunset he saw the American cruiser steam out toward the open sea, and when nothing could be seen of her but a faint line of smoke he went down into the city. In search of something to distract his mind. he remembered that he had promised to attend the Senora Macia's ball, and late in the evening he appeared at the scene of festivities, his entrance causing quite a stir, for all the Cuban beauties were greatly interested in him. He, however, sough no one for the dance, but leaned against the wali, unconscious of the charms around him. Since the day when he had found the woman who had been his wife miserable and deserted in a small Canadian village it is true, but even to the last sternly refusing her prayer for forgiveness, women had been to him but beautiful playthings and many had suffered for the fault of one

two years.

The music ceased and waves of perfume. air floated toward him, as the slowly promenading throng went by. He awoke from his reverie with a start, suddenly conscious of some compelling force which had brought him back from a land of dreams. As he lifted his eyes he met the stead; gaze of the Senorita Inez de Quesada. For a moment the two gazed at each other across the room, then, mentally shaking himself together, Oliver answered the un snoken invitation in her eyes and sough

In all of the Spanish possessions Old World or New, it would be hard to find a ore beautiful woman than the Dona Inez and if she had reached her twenty-fifth year unmarried, it was not because of a lack of suitors. To look once into her inscrutable topaz eyes was to wish to look forever. Of a race in whose veins flowed Castile, her beauty was enhanced by her royal air, and no one had ever disputed her right to reign as queen over the social life which surrounded her.

As Oliver bent over the little white hand which, after the American fashion, was extended to greet him, his eyes swept her from the burning gold of her small, proud head to her tiny arched feet and then rested on ber face, as if satisfied with their scrutiny while he wondered idly at the faint rose flush which had flickered over her ivory

"The Senor Oliver pays but a poor tribute to the beauties of Cuba this evening," she said mockingly.

'The Senorita Dona Inez de Quesada knows that none can be blind to her charms," he replied in his courteous yet half

negligent way. risings which were then shaking the island, she speaking scornfully of the insurgents power, and he picking his words carefully as he answered, for although his sympathies were inclined to be with the rebels, he had many friends on either side, and from a feeling of loyalty to his own land Olive wished to be considered neutral as long as possible in the troubles which threatened to end in war. He therefore greeted the music which rang out again as a welcome diversion, and offered his hand to his companion to lead her out on the floor, but she arew back. "No," she said, and glanced around her. "I must speak to you, and alone. Come!"

He walked by her side down the room and followed her, as heedless of comment and curious glances, she stepped through one of the big open windows on the veranda Here she turned and faced him. "Senor," the said. "will you do me a service?"

"Is it necessary to ask?" he answered. "You will-that is good," she continued Then listen. You have heard of Diego de Cuyas?"

Who has not indeed! Diego de Cuyas

of Spanish waltzes. More than one ernment to capture him, they had so far impatiently.
"Wait," she said. "I will tell you. Last

was the most troublesome of rebels, pos

and did not even seem to notice that the winter I visited my cousin, Benita Sepul-Senora Macia's ball was a decided success. veda. It is dull in the country, as you konw, and Benita is but a child. I rode much, al saying that he was a gentleman of Mexico trait of myself painted on ivory. Why not? would be the end. But behold! he is the rebel de Cuyas, and twice I have received letters from him saying that he is mad with love of me, and if I do not marry him he will come to the town and carry me off, if I were the daughter of God himself, showing the ring and picture to all in proof that he has the right."

"But has he?" questioned Oliver sternly She raised her head proudly. "Who says so, lies," she answered. "As I said, it was a folly. Without the tokens he would appear can save me. There is a price on his head.' "I do not kill for money," he said, abruptly turning away, but she placed her

hand on his arm. "But for me?" she whispered. "Bring me only the tokens; I care not how you get them, and ask of me what you will.

She stood close to him, the moonlight drifting over her pearl sewn satin gown and glancing on her white shoulders. Oliver's bad angel had been in the ascendant all da and his mood was evil and bitter. He looked her full in the eyes and laughed recklessly "What I will?" he questioned. "Yes, I wil Brazil and the mountains of Switzerland save you, but I trust no woman. Beware you do not fool me. Ten days from now you shall have what you wish.'

He turned and left her standing ther alone, a triumphant smile curling her lips, as she heard his footseps echo down the moonlit street.

All night Carter Oliver did not draw rei and the rising sun found him at the hacienda of his friend, Senor Gonzales, where, giving short answers to the few questions put to him, he left his tired horse and took a fresh one. All day he rode through wild savannas sun of the tropics beating fiercely down upon him. At sunset he turned inland toward the mountains, looking sharply to right and left, as the ascent grew steepe and the canyons deeper, for somewhere among the hills Cuyas was supposed to be

Oliver had formed no plans as to what h was to do when he met the man he was seeking. All he knew was that his word passed and must be redeemed a any cost. He determined that he would not cared nothing for the promises of the government, but he had sworn to save the Senorita de Quesada's honor, and it must

A large dog, running out at him barking oused him sharply, and he drew rein, seeing dimly through the trees, for twilight had fallen, a small adobe house. He could stop there for the night, he thought, and by some cautious inquiries might, perhaps, learn something to his advantage. So, turning in at the clearing, he knocked at the barred

It was opened by a girl, who, in answer to fully bade him enter. As he stepped over the threshhold, bending his head for the door was low, he saw lying on the floor an name "Diego Manuel de Cuyas." Controlling a start of surprise, he sat down to wa

while his supper was being prepared. That he was in the house of the man h sought he did not doubt, and a carefully worded conversation with the girl, whom h discovered to be Cuyas' sister, proved that his surmise was correct. He 'determined, therefore, to remain as long as possible in the place, sure that by watching closely he could obtain an interview with Cuyas himself, who could not be far off.

But an unlooked for obstacle rose to con-front him. He soon learned that Camila, although the most ardent of patriots, was unaware of her brother's movements. As oon as she knew that her guest was an American she answered all he asked without reserve, but she could tell him little Still he lingered, he scarcely knew why, The soft beauty and childlikeness of Camil acted like a balm to his tired nerves. Unlike the Dona Inez, she was small and delicately formed, reaching hardly to his shoulder Her dark eyes seemed always looking for love, and her red mouth had a pathetic his horse, rode on again. Those who saw him droop. It seemed as it a harsh word must crush her, yet she was brave, since for the there were none who dared to question. greater part of the time she was alone, save

for the company of an old servant.

everything, with the usual Spanish hos- treacherous eyes clung to him, drawing pitality, was placed at his service while he him on against his will. Then a vision of chose to remain. Her father, Camila told Camila, desolate, alone, looking for the him, had been a Spanish officer, who had brother who would never come, cursing the oved Cuba "too well," and that was all she man she had trusted, made him shudder ever said. Her brother was her idol, and as and set his teeth. ever said. Her prother was her idol, and as the grew more confidential, she told Oliver that he trusted her to such an extent that the water of the marshes, he saw the spire he had given into her care the ring of his sweetheart, bidding her guard it with her little later he rode up the hilly street of life. She added wistfully that she had never | Santiago. The long, hot day was gasping seen the woman whom her brother loved, its last breath out under a flaming yellow but hoped that he might be happy. Oliver sky, and most of the people were gathered could scarcely repress a sardonic smile at in the plaza. he thought of the Dona Inez and Cuyas | Covered as he was with dirt, Oliver made wedded and happy, but it faded soon enough as Camila offered to show him the jewel, and drew from her bosom Inez's ring. Here was half of what he sought. He had only to reach out he hand and take it, but, al- ing a fresh horse which a servant brought though it hung on a slight ribbon around ride away in the direction from which he a girl's neck, it was guarded from him had come. nore surely than if surrounded by the whole

army of Cuba. Camila, sitting on the low step, had been hour of the time when he had promised to playing her guitar, and as she replaced the return. Her heart beat with a feeling ring she took up the instrument again.

Oliver felt a sudden distate for his mis-Oliver felt a sudden distate for his mis-sion, and all at once realized what it would promising to receive him with a warmth mean to the girl before him. He turned to her sharply. "I must leave tomorrow," he She hastened to the door in answer to the

discordant crash, and she glanced up, fingers. Then letting the ring and picture startled. Oliver saw in her eyes the same which were enclosed fall unheeded to the look which he had seen in those of other floor she read the words written hastily on

women. It filled him with a vague trouble. the slip of paper, and sank back in her He had not been over-scrupulous in his chair with staring eyes and blanched lips. He had not been over-scrupulous in his affairs of the heart, believing, as he did, that all women were naturally fickle and deceltful, but this one was different.

Obeying a strange impulse, he stepped arms. She rose, half hesitatingly, but the next moment he was kissing her passionately; then she freed herself and ran into the

It was with mingled emotions that Oliver paced up and down the small cleared space in front of the house after Camila left him. He had but a short twenty-four hours to (Written for The Herald.)

Carter Oliver stood in the doorway, with sessed of wonderfully persuasive powers of the ideal of the country people and not even seen Cuyas, who had the most important thing, the picture, in his possession. There was but one way. He must take the jewel and leave immediately. It would seem like robbery, and he ground his teeth as he thought of its bitterly cursing himself for the promise he had made and which must be kept.

Tossing his cigarette aside, he entered the house, braced for the task before him. He knew Camila's room, and it was an easy thing to open the unbarred door, yet great drops of sweat stood on his forehead as ne

The moonlight streaming across the nar row bed showed him the girl as she lay asleep, one arm bent under her head and her dark hair tumbled over the pillow. With trembling fingers he untied the ribbon on her neck and drew the ring gently off. The touch of her cool, soft skin against his hand went through him like a shock. She moved slightly and murmured something in her sleep. It was his name. With a stifled groan he hastily turned and left the room. Reaching the open air, he leaned against the side of the house, dizzy and exhausted. But his work was not yet done, and he forced himself to go to the stable and saddle his horse, breathing more freely as he rode out of the enclosure.

He had ridden but a short distance, picking his way carefully over the miserable road, when a man stepped out from the underbrush and stood directly in his path The moon made it almost as light as day, and Oliver-easily recognized Cuyas. Throw ing himself from his horse, he went up to him, but the other held up his hand. senor," he said, in slow, drawling Spanish you go from my house like al thief in the light. What do you take with you?"

"Nothing," answered Oliver, coolly, "but the ring of the Senorita Dona Inez de Quesada, which I have promised to deliver her tomorrow night, with the picture which you wear over your heart.'

Cuyas' face gleamed white and angry, and e sprang forward with a threatening gesure. Oliver caught his wrists and held hem in his powerful grasp.
"Listen," he said in Spanish, "I was in-

rited by the lady whom you love to kill you, but I shall not. I have promised a certain ning and I shall do it. Yield peaceably, for yield you must, and she is not worth a strugtle. Come, will you give me the picture? "Mother of God! Never!" said the other fighting desperately to free himself.

"Then I must take it," answered Oliver, nd holding Cuyas' hands firmly in one of is own, he tore open his shirt with the ther and felt for the picture. It was suspended by a cord around his neck, and Oliver easily detached it. Then taking Cuyas' knife and pistol from him he tossed made of conspicuous plaids and stripes are them into the bushes. "I cannot afford to also much used. One of dark blue lined et you kill me," he said, grimly, "but you shall have that satisfaction before long, as and to prove more restful to the wearer's

Neither man had heard a slight rustling mong the trees, but as Oliver released his old on his prisoner a file of soldiers stepped nto the narrow path and seized Cuyas' arm They wore the uniform of Spain. Oliver grasped the situation at a glance and turned defend the man he had been struggling him save at the last extremity. He and bound his arms. The officer stepped with, but the soldiers had surrounded him forward and raised his hat courteous Oliver, who immediately recognized his face. "Allow me to thank you, Senor Oliver," he said, "but I cannot understand why you let him go."

"I had no quarrel with the man." returned the American; "merely a question of business. But if you consider him my prisoner let him go."

"Impossible," said the other, "we have been on his track for days and should not have him now had you not detained him with your 'business.' Tomorrow there will

The words were uttered brutally within plain hearing of C)uyas, but not a muscle of his face stirred. He motioned Oliver to come

nearer, and the American obeyed. "Do not blame yourself," said generously. "But for the woman I only die. Tell her I was mad to threaten. I never really meant to harm her. But, God! Why did she make me love her?" He shiv- Says the wife of his soul, with the kindlies ered slightly and turned his face away; then after a moment's silence spoke in a broken voice. "My sister," he said. "What shall I

Oliver grasped his fettered hands. "Her You'ly find it somewhere hereabouts, for I happiness shall be my charge," he replied. "I swear it."

Cuyas had no chance to reply, for th Spanish soldiers, impatient of delay, closed around him, forcing Oliver aside. American knew that nothing could save him and he turned away, jumping on his horse. He had not ridden far when a single rifle shot ringing in his ears told him only too plainly that Spanish hate had not waited until the morrow, and there was one patriot less in Cuba.

It was noon when Oliver reached the hacienda of Senor Gomzales, and changing As he galloped on he dared not think. The face of Inez rose before him in all its allur-It was easy for Oliver to see that poverty ing beauty, as he had seen it last, half was not a stranger to this house, for all, mocking, half loving. The strange light even the food, was of the simplest, but that had gleamed for a moment in the

The Senorita Inez de Quesada, sitting bearmy of Cuba.

They were outside in the moonlight, seen Oliver ride up to the door within an which surprised her, and she sat hands clasped in an agony of expectation. which would amply reward his trouble servant's knock, but it was only to receive Her fingers tightened on the strings with a a package which she opened with trembling

BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT

Crowning Triumph of a Notable Career—The Foo and Wing Herb Company Again Victor—Successful in a Long Contest With Disease—The Herbal System Aga Shown to Be Rational, Scientific and Potent in Results-Co-Working With Nature Its Secret of Success—It Cures Because It Helps—A Case That Absolutely Proves Its Merits—Appreciative Letter From Grateful Parents

AN APPEAL TO AMERICA'S LOVE OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY

promise to the man for whose death he considered himself guilty had become the moving power of his life. For that all else and throwing himself from his horse he shadows under her eyes told a sad story of

No BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

The skill of the best workman is unavailing if he has no tools and no margin physician, which yet the modern physician, which yet the modern physician with yet the modern physician with the standard physician seeds to should be successfully treated by the standard physician seeds to should be successfully treated by the standard physician seeds to should be successfully treated by the standard physician seeds the successfully into the blood, employing a degree of lastic and force which is nitsed concentrated foods with the standard productive of greating the successfully treated by the standard physician seeds the successfully into the blood, employing a degree of plastic and force which is nitsed concentrated foods with the standard productive of greating the successfully treated by the standard productive of greating in the successfully into the blood, employing a degree of plastic and force which is nitsed concentrated foods with the standard productive of greating plantary. When and productive of greating plantary when the standard productive of plantary when the standard productive plantary when the standa

The human mind is the most perverse thing in the universes. Everything else is thing in the universes. Everything else is the process of action permitted thought also permits mankind to deviate, to a certain certain torm the natural laws provided as the process of action torm the natural laws provided extent from the natural laws prov

the growth and most observated food of the control of the control

