



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Away Low

"Is her voice a low contralto?"
"Very. Almost beneath criticism."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

10,000 Bottles a Day

Every day 10,000 women buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know that there is no better remedy for their troublesome ailments with their accompanying nervousness, backache, headache, "blue" spells, and rundown condition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

New Grain Discovered

A new grain, described as a cross between wheat and rye, having the quality of wheat and the power of rye to resist cold, has been produced by Russian scientists.

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Headache?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like S.P. for biliousness, sick headaches, and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never grips.

Make the test tonight—

NR TONIGHT

At Drugists—only 25c

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELJ LEROY JOHNSON

Jimmy nodded and then turned away. The Bleriot was making scant headway; it was taking dexterous handling to keep it from plunging into the water, with its lowered speed. The American worked cautiously out toward the right wing, gained its surface and stood erect. The ship was settling rapidly now; Broadmoor had no time for his friend—his every instinct was centered on the problem of keeping in the air at the low speed. There was scarcely 100 feet between the wheels of the ship and the lapping, greedy waves of the channel.

Jimmy hesitated for a fractional second. He took a last look at the sky, a last look at the oncoming steamer and the crowds at the rails—waved his hand in a final salute at Broadmoor.

Then, without turning again, he grinned—his old smile of contempt for danger—took a deep breath, leaned backward, and let himself drop, with the speed of a fallen plummet, into the sea.

The choppy waves arose with a terrific zizzzagging speed to meet him. He closed his eyes before he struck and heard—his last recollection—the furious roar of the Bleriot's exhaust as the plane headed, just in time, up into the clouds.

His sensation, as he struck the water, was of having broken through a thin sheeting of ice with a terrific crash. He felt himself plunging down and downward, his arms going out instinctively; but no volition of his own had any power to stem that wild plunge.

It was impossible to open his eyes. He still kept on, though his lungs were bursting for need of air. He felt weak, sick, helpless, as the downward dive continued, forced by the speed with which he had struck the water. It enclosed him. Dully he wondered, struggling feebly against his downward motion, how far it was possible for his momentum to carry him. Then the danger of death—a far-off fear of it which until then he had forgotten—returned. Was this truly the end?

He recalled "Martin Eden;" London's description of death had been like this. But his life was not passing in review; he was obsessed, rather, with a certain curiosity. When would the actual moment come? he wondered, and would he know when it did? Or would it be like the moment when sleep comes, unremembered, unrecognized in its approach?

He told himself that he had known what he was facing when he risked the plunge. What reason was there to suppose, after all, that he could live through a deed which the bravest of men might shrink from attempting?

It was a long time afterward that he became aware that his descent was slackening in its speed. Striking out blindly, he felt a pain that was like a burning flame in the center of his lungs. Yet he did not try to breathe or open his mouth. Grimly he held on to the last vestiges of consciousness and strength. A few bubbles of breath he allowed to escape. There was a roaring in his ears, like the echo of the Bleriot's motor, only it was painful. Blindly, stubbornly, he struck out, fighting his way toward the far-off light above him.

It seemed ages before he opened his burning eyes, when a light ray pierced through his eyelids. A moment more— one last violent lashing out with arms and legs, one last struggle—and with a gasp that was half a groan his tortured lungs gulped in a mouthful of

air. Gratefully he struck out, instinctively, grim determined to hold his place on the surface.

The Faustania loomed, a graceful monster of the sea, scarcely a city block away from him, towering over the spiteful waves. He gasped aloud, his vision reeling. Was the ship bearing down on him? Weakly he threw an arm. For a second, it seemed his heart was standing still. All he could see was the huge prow of the steamer, like a great black knife, gilded at its edges, making directly for him.

Then in the next second, he cried aloud with relief. The ship was swerving outward and losing speed. He could see the water churning at her stern.

"She's going to pick me up, at that," he laughed, spitting salt water and breathing deep draughts of the air which bit into his aching lungs. His body was almost numb, and he was grateful for the jacket which was keeping him afloat, for his ability to swim was seeping away with the last of his strength. Far off on the skyline, a skimming, winged bird, was the speck of Broadmoor's borrowed Bleriot, circling, waiting—even though it could be of no help, before heading back for France.

It was 10 minutes later that the Faustania's lifeboat reached Jimmy's side and willing hands hauled his almost unconscious form into the stern sheets, where he lay with his eyes closed, breathing jerkily. In five minutes more, he was being assisted up the Jacob's ladder, retaining his feet only by a terrific effort of the will, an echo of the captain's only slightly modulated profanity in his ears. His head was dizzy; he felt weak and faint.

He reached the top of the ladder and was helped to the deck. Clinging with one hand to the rail, his other hand found the arm of a sailor next to him. Blurred faces crowded his vision—curious, laughing, intent—the captain's red and infuriated—stupid, receding faces. Then one that he knew, wavering in the gauzy mist before him.

He brought up suddenly. It was gone, and another had taken its place—Rogers.

With a last effort, Jimmy pulled himself erect—and smiled!

"Before you can say it, old thing, I'm sorry I was—detained!"

Rogers' brows drew down; his face was livid. Jimmy turned to the master of the ship. "My apologies, Captain," he faltered, swaying. "My apologies, and—my—thanks!"

That was almost all he knew. A great, dark cloud descended upon him, blotting out the strange faces and the rhythm of the ship's engines, obscuring the fast-receding daylight. He reeled, slipped forward, and heard a cry that seemed to echo through immense caverns in which he walked alone. There was a poignant, familiar odor in his nostrils that was part of the madness of the moment; he felt tender arms about him—ghostly arms for they came out of the black void, unseen.

"Jim—Jimmy . . ."

That was part of the reeling madness, of course. Weakness, the effect of the rarefied air of the clouds, the physical exertion of the day and the days just passed—these, combined with the awful, muscle-rendering plunge into the channel, brought Jimmy Brandon down to the deck.

but still with a good oak case. The cheaper Dutch clock with its pretty painted face was to be seen in some cottages. . . .

Upstairs there would be at least one solid bed, either of oak or of commoner wood painted, with head and footboards paneled and, perhaps, moulded. In a good farmhouse there was sure to be a handsome four-poster with curtains and top valance. The wooden cradle of 17th century design was from a cottage; its solid head tells of the need of protection from draught; it has rockers and handles at both ends. Many a good old chest of drawers was in the farmhouse, and others

CHAPTER XXV.

Narcisse Noir . . . Jimmy awakened slowly, the faint scent of perfume in his nostrils indistinct. He could not be certain that it was really there; perhaps it was only part of the long dream through which he had struggled. Recollection came a moment later. His eyes opened.

Had he dreamed?—or had that been Natalie's voice, those last words he remembered as he reeled into unconsciousness? She had seemed very close, somehow. He had an indistinct recollection of her face, hazy and receding, before his eyes had fallen on Austin Rogers.

He looked about him dubiously. Yes, undoubtedly, he was in his suite on the Faustania. It was the same two rooms he had used previously. Through the open porthole, as the ship rolled slightly in a mild sea, he saw moonlight wavering across purple waters shimmering into a far horizon.

Bound for New York—the last lap!

Thoughtfully, he took stock of himself. He glanced at the watch on his wrist. It had stopped. But he must have been asleep for several hours. They must be well out of the channel and on the sea. Apparently, too, he was not seriously injured. His muscles were tired; his arms and legs ached. But beyond that, and a lassitude which enveloped his entire being, he was whole and well.

He and Austin Rogers and Natalie. They were all aboard this same ship, all bound for the same port. There was a certain comfort in this realization. During the days at sea, he would have the opportunity to meet Rogers—the kind of meeting he had been promising himself for so long. That would come. Meanwhile, there was time—a lot of time, for rest.

Half dozing, his mind strayed again to the girl—the woman, she was—who had done so much for him, and who at the end had signed a message to Cecil Broadmoor with that single word that meant so much. It was an oddly disturbing thought.

Why shouldn't she love Broadmoor, though? Jimmy himself had the most profound admiration for the man, and respect, too. The English flier was one of the few of his kind—born to aid man's conquest of the air and to maintain the spirit of his own caste when his feet were on the ground.

But if she loved Broadmoor, who had taught her to fly—why—

Here Jimmy Brandon broke off. It was logical enough that she should care for his friend—that the Englishman should care for her, as well—but why, then, had she followed him all about the globe, merely to help him and to be near when he needed her?

He realized, in the quiet of his room, that Natalie, before he had known her identity, had been coming to mean a deep thing in his life. Even in her mystery, her elusiveness, there had been a certain provocative intimacy. He had been looking forward to the day of their meeting more intensely, he knew now, than he had looked forward to victory in this race.

Now that he knew—knew too much, he added to himself—there was something of poignant sadness in the knowing. Frances was a far-off echo of a haunting dream song he had fashioned for himself. She had never been what he had made of her out of his own imaginings. He would not go back to her now; he had learned that love was not to be won by breaking records for his sake. At least, his venture had taught him that much, he told himself with a trace of bitterness, and added, as an afterthought, that he had Natalie to thank for that, if nothing else.

There were steps in the corridor outside. The door opened. Jimmy sat up, peering

into the gloom that was but slightly dissipated by the glow of light coming from the alley. A burly figure stood there. At first he thought it might be Rogers.

"Well?"
"Oh, you're awake. I simply stopped in to see." The figure came into the room and Jimmy smiled.

"Captain Farquharson! Skipper, are you ever going to forgive me?"

The master of the Faustania switched on the lights above his passenger's bed before he answered. Then he was smiling—a grim smile; but in his gray eyes there glinted a mitigating humorous twinkle. He shook his head.

"I'm never going to forgive you—no," he replied at last. "That would be impossible. You fooled me, you see. Brandon, do you realize that, if I'd known it was you out there, I'd never have stopped?"

"I suspected it. But you did, and I think I've told you that I'm grateful. How long have I been out?"

"Several hours. It's nearly eight bells. Are you all right?"
"So far as I can discover." Jimmy hesitated. "Has anyone been—in here?"

"The steward, the ship's doctor, and myself." Captain Farquharson paused, deliberated, and watched the other shrewdly. "Couple of your friends, too—Bill Bertles and Eddie Stanley."

Jimmy appeared not to be interested in the visits of those mentioned. He sniffed. The odor of narcisse noir still clung, fainter now, but—it couldn't be imagination. The sailor smiled.

"Oh, yes—and a lady. One of my passengers. She said you didn't know her, but she was interested; you were a friend of her brother's, I think she told me. Called you 'Jimmy,' though; I thought that strange."

"She's been here?" Jimmy sat up.

"Yes, alone. She chased the steward out and stayed here with the doctor. You're all right—I think you've got too much attention."

Jimmy considered. "The lady was—Miss Crane?"
"So you do know her!" The captain straightened. "I'm afraid I've been imposed upon, Brandon, and I resent it." He hesitated, half smiling. "But she is charming, isn't she?"

Jimmy was struggling with the covers of his bed. "I can get up, I suppose?"

"No, not till tomorrow." Farquharson frowned. "You couldn't go to her stateroom, anyhow. But it's just within the rules to allow her in here for a few moments as your attendant. If you'll promise not to do any more Brodies in front of the Faustania when I'm making a speed run, I'll tell her to come."

Jimmy sighed and relaxed. "I'll promise anything," he breathed. "Get going, skipper—I'm a sick man, and your presence right now distresses me!"

Farquharson laughed and obeyed. Like others who sailed or roamed over the face of the seven seas, he knew, respected, and was inordinately fond of Jimmy Brandon. It was a peculiar attribute of Jimmy's careless charm that, along with respect and liking from all classes, he commanded from men older than himself an almost paternal affection as well. Farquharson, in spite of his rigorous conception of duty, was glad that he had been able to pick him up out of the channel, though he dared not admit it, even to himself.

Alone again, the adventurer smiled softly into the shadows at the foot of his bed. Neck and neck with Rogers, safe on the Faustania—and Natalie!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wear and Tear.

From Judge.
"Hello! Is this the laundry? This is Jones. I didn't get my cuffs back in that package you just delivered."
"We have no record that you sent any cuffs. Are you sure you did?"
"Sure; I got the shirt here they were torn off of."

of the earliest of the tradesmen's pattern books. . . .

A FURTHER DEPRESSION

From Fashion Paper
Is there anything more depressing than the inspection of a shabby wardrobe?
Oft I gaze while I am dressing At my stock of shabby togs, And with other fellows' smartness I compare 'em.
Is there aught that's more depressing Than to contemplate those rags? Yes—the awful thought that I have got to wear 'em. A. L.



IT'S folly to suffer long from neuritis, neuralgia, or headaches when relief is swift and sure, with Bayer Aspirin. For 28 years the medical profession has recommended it. It does not affect the heart. Take it for colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Gargle it for a sore throat or tonsillitis. Proven directions for its many uses, in every package. All drug stores have genuine Bayer Aspirin which is readily identified by the name on the box and the Bayer cross on every tablet.

ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacocinacindesider of Salzerhaid
For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sores
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

GREAT DISCOVERY KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE

Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens
K-R-O (Kills Rats Only) is a new exterminator that can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Comstock process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 378 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials. **Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee.** Instant upon K-R-O Kills Rats Only, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists 75c, or direct if not yet stocked. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

Query

"I notice he calls his wife 'kitten.'"
"Um."
"Has she any claws?"

Help is Offered



and is freely given to every nervous, delicate woman by Dr. Pierce. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N.Y., for confidential medical advice. No charge for this service. Obtain Dr. Pierce's Prescription now, in liquid or tablets, from your druggist or send 10c to Dr. Pierce at above address, for trial package of tablets. One woman writes:
"About two years ago I suffered with very severe pains in my right side, had functional disturbances, was weak, nervous and run-down. Doctors said I could never be a mother. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—took eight bottles in all—and today I have a fine healthy boy, and enjoy better health. I cannot say enough in favor of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."—Mrs. Maude Bailey, Edgar, Neb.

Have you ever tried Dr. Pierce's Pellets for the stomach and bowels?

Speech enables a woman to conceal what she really thinks.

Snowy linens are the pride of every housewife. Keep them in that condition by using Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry. At all grocers.—Adv.

All the charms of Nature are but limits of God's heaven.



DR. CALDWELL'S

THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not habit forming.

The Doctor never did approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois.