

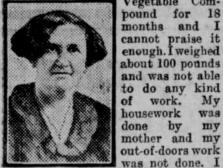
WHEN damp days, sudden changes in weather, or exposure to a draft makes joints ache, there is always quick relief in Bayer Aspirin. It makes short work of headaches or any little pain. Just as effective in the more serious suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago. No ache or pain is ever too deep-seated for Bayer Aspirin to relieve, and it does not affect the heart. All druggists, with proven directions for various uses which many people have found invaluable in the relief of pain.





Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable **Compound Helped Her So Much**

Kingston, Mo.—"I have not taken anything but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

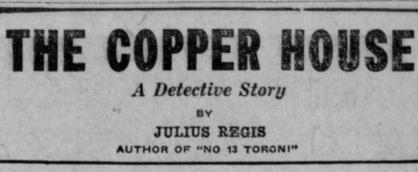


done by my mother and my out-of-doors work was not done. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and now I am well and strong and feel fine. I got my sister-in-law to take it after her last baby came and she is stronger now. I cannot praise it enough."-MRS. HATTIE V. EASTIN, R. I, Kingston, Missouri.

My

was

my



The recollection that he would soon have no right to go there made him serious again. Take it all in all, he had certainly been a thoughtless, easygoing fellow. In a flash af clearsighted self-criticism, he passed the last few years in review; gay parties at the studio in Montmartre, seaside amusements at Ostend, yachting, tennis and garden parties in California-one long, sunny playtime in company with other idlers, who talked a great deal, and accomplished little. And now, what was the result? He must sell the Copper House and tune his life to a new key, with less play and more work

.... it was jolly hard lines! The conductor came around

to elip the tickets, and as Leo put his back into his pocket, his fingers came in contact with the photograph, and he took it out for another look. Presently he heard a movement, and the sound of a deep breath quite close to him, and he looked up. His fellow-passenger had bent forward, and was gazing at the photograph with wide-open eyes, but in a second he drew back, like a snail into its shell, without meeting Leo's inquiring glance. The man sat perfectly motionless, with his hands on his case, staring at the opposite wall as before, but his lips were twitching, and his face, as Leo put it to himself, had no more color in it than a pencil drawing. All of a sudden Leo remembered Wallion's warning, the disappearance of his pocketbook, the man with the camera, and Burchardt's anxious face. He felt convinced that the strange figure opposite had been desperately startled by the sight of the photograph,

ed war which brings them over. Sweden's full of these heathen now, and they have to have bread tickets Well, if you must go to the Copper House, it will take you the best part of half an hour to walk it

Leo walked on out of earshot and did not feel inclined to pass them again, as he wished to avoid recognition. He crossed the railway, and walked slowly past some newly-built villas, and the old deaf florist's greenhouse ("wonder if the old boy is still alive?"). As he reached the outskirts of the wood, he turned round and saw the man with the case walking about 100 yards behind him, like a gray shadow on the white road. The fellow, like himself, was really on the way to Copper House, then? He looked down at the dark, solitary figure, approaching in the sunshine, and wondered what he had better do: leave things as they were, or force a closer acquaintance. But he was not called upon to make a decision after all, for the other left the road suddenly, leapt over a ditch, and vanished into the woods.

A quarter of an hour later, Leo stood outside the socalled Karka gates. And here we must insert a bit of topography which will help our readres to a clearer understanding of the events which followed.

The port and watering place of Nynas is, so to speak, Stockholm's most southerly outpost on the Baltic sea, as Saltsjobaden and Sandhamm are its most easterly ones. The Nynas railway runs throughout the length of Soderstrom which lies between those two points, and the nearer it gets to Nynas, the narrower grows the hilly country between the railway and the sea. As Karkaby is one of the last stations before Nynas, one can easily reach the shore by walking for

deed, you want to come in, do you? Why not say at once that you are the emperor of China?'

"Don't you hear me say that this place belongs to me? Open the gate at once, man!" exclaimed Leo angrily, and shaking the locked gate violently. The porter slipped a cartridge into his gun, and laid the weapon across his knees.

"Don't you go trying that on," said he. "If you are the owner, you are in California. and I guess you won't mind if I send a charge of shot in your direction

He cocked his gun and raised it.

"Be off, now." he added. "we are tired of sending strangers off the place."

Leo returned his look, and retired unwillingly, but he could not help laughing: the situation struck him as susupremely ridiculous.

"You may see my papers," said he.

"Don't talk to me of your papers!" replied the man, following up his words with a most unexpected action. Raising the gun, and without getting up, he fired. The range was too short for the shot to spread, but Leo saw chips of mortar fly from the gateway. "You-you scoundrel!" he

burst out in amazement. "What do you mean by that?" The man loaded again, without a word. They looked at one another; Leo opened his mouth, closed it again, and returned to the road : he was not inclined to laugh any longer. He walked cautiously alongside the iron palings, for he knew that they came to an end about 100 yards further on, where a rustic fence took their place. When he was out of sight from the gate, he clambered over the fence, and found himself at length on his own property, with every inch of which he had been familiar since childhood. He made his way up a slope, and came to a small pine wood, which, after a little consideration, he entered by a well-worn path. Suddenly he stopped, and drew a deep breath. "Home!" he said aloud. The thought filled him with ecstacy; he had not expected that the sight of this old-world, sun-steeped spot would move him so deeply, and he sat down on a stone to recover himself. To think that he was really home again, and that, in another 10 minutes, he would be inside the Copper House! Forgetting everything else, he sprang up, and set off with swift, eager steps in the direction of a field which could be seen through the trees. At that minute he heard a light footstep on the path ahead of him, and a girl in a black riding-habit came running towards him, looking behind her at every few steps. Two men with guns slung at their backs could be seen some way off on the left, hastening with long strides, as though to intercept her. The girl uttered a cry, as the two men leapt down on the path just in front of her, and seized her by the arms. She easily shook them off, and her riding-whip left a red wheal on the face of the nearest. They said something in a rough flood, and the girl cried out angrily: "I shall go where I like, you have no right "You be quiet, now, Miss, and go home to your papa," said one of the men, not uncivily; and he lifted her up and began to carry her back along the same path by which they had come. She broke loose, and struck him again across the face. The pain made him furious, and with a shout, he pushed her violently away. By this time Leo had come up. "We don't treat women like that, in this part of the world," said he, pushing the fellow aside with a shove of his broad shoulder. The second man reached for his gun, but Leo twisted the weapon out of his hands, and motioned him back. "Keep still!" he ordered. The girl had recovered herself, and looked at him in si-

lence. She appeared to be about 17 or 18, and the young man immediately recognized the dark beauty of the photograph. He raised his hat.

"Miss Bernin, I believe? My name is Leonard Grath."

As the girl stood stood looking uneasily at him, with a curious blank expression in her big brown eyes, he added hastily: "Are you hurt?"

She came up to him, laid both hands on his arm, and said in a low tone: "Go! Go back the way you came!"

Leo glanced at the two men, who stood a little way off between him and the path, watching him attentively.

"What are those two fellows doing?" he asked. "They are two of the forest

guards," answered the girl, 'but do, do go away!"

"Why should I?" said Leo, with a pang of annoyance and disappointment. "I have a right to come here, haven't I?"

He offered her his arm, rather ironically, and added: "Although I seem to be so unwelcome, allow me to escort you to the Copper House; I am just on my way there."

The girl colored, bit her lip, and, turning round, she walked away. One of the men laughed, and Leo said sharply, glad of the opportunity to give vent to the wrath that was boiling within: "Be quiet, if you don't want me to thrash you off the premises! I have evidently arrived unexpectedly, but I haven't begun yet. Just wait a bit, and you'll see!"

The two men gave no sign that they had heard what he had said. Lee threw down the gun, turned his back, and followed the girl. When he caught her up, she hung her head, and he saw that she was very pale. He fell into step at her left side, but she walked on as though she was alone.

"There seem to be great changes here," he remarked, without taking any notice of her attitude. "The Copper House was always famous for its hospitality, but now it seems that it won't even admit its own master."

He paused, but there was no reply. "As for forest-guards," he

continued, "such luxuries have been superfluous in these woods for many years past.] suppose you keep them to look after the squirrels? At any rate, one of them evidently took me for a squirrel "



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions antirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup

Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin. The sin_pler the remedy for constipa-tion, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal, All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

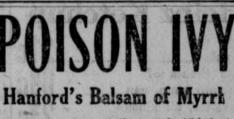
Life's Real Business

Our business in life is not to get thead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves. To break our own record, to outstrip yesterdays by todays, to bear our trials more beautifully than we ever dreamed we could . . . this is the true idea-to get ahead of ourselves .- Matthie D. Babcock.

Easier

Suzanne, age six, was taking tea one afternoon with a neighbor. On seeing the writing desk she decided to write a short letter to her bostess. The letter ran as follows:

"Dear Merriman-Tommie has the SUZANNE." henpox. On being asked why she 'ad called chickenpox henpox, she said: "Well, it's much easier to write."



O'NEILL FRONTIER

Somewhat Mixed

Three stations on the same wave length resulted in the following statements on a radio at Concordia, Kan.: "The Old Testament tells us that baby chicks should detour one mile south of Salina and listen to the word of the prophets. After passing through Leavenworth, turn north at Jericho, A bond issue is being talked of in the Holy city." The radio fan discovered that one broadcaster was a minister, and took refuge at the nearest one a man giving condition of the road, and the other a lecturer on poultry.

Panned

Gerald Gould, the eminent London critic, was asked by a publisher the other day what he thought of the latest "best seller" novelist. Mr. Gould answered thoughtfully:

"Many a shining light is only a flash in the pan."



Acidity

very welcome."

round a curve.

ida to Kansas.

edge of Carterville.

"You think not?" said the

man, in a low, nervous voice:

"may I venture to ask why?"

ing any entertaining out there

nowadays: a nice sort of life

they must lead. If it was a

monastery they couldn't shut

themselves up more," added

the pointsman mysteriously, as

he watched the train disappear

"A pack of foreigners, too;

I suppose it's this here wretch-

The Abused Cotton Mill.

From Howe's Monthly.

I have seen a good many cotton mills, but was never in one until

last month. This mill was at Carter-

ville, Ga., a town I passed through

in April while motoring from Flor-

ried away was the smartness of machinery. The mill is the center

of an independent village on the

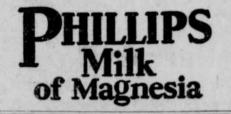
There are many people who de-vote their lives to abusing cotton mill owners; I do not believe I have ever seen a decent word of one in nrint. It seems to me a good deal

The strongest impression I car-

"We never hear of there be-

The common cause of digestive difficuities is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take. Any drug store has the genuine, pre scriptional product.



SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 29--1929.

What was up? Was evnım. erybody going crazy?

and he began to feel a chill sus-

picion that he was somehow or

other getting entangled in a

huge net, which was gradually

tightening its meshes round

about half an hour in an east-He resolved to say someerly direction. But, as the railway is a fearly recent inthing, but changed his mind as hastily, for the other man novation anyone who starts to looked as impassive as an walk, soon strikes the old image of Buddha. The situamain road to Stockholm (nowtion was becoming awkward. adays practically disused), and meanwhile the train ratand, by following it, he will tled on towards Nynas and the come suddenly upon the ensea. Leo guitted the field, trance to Karka, rising, as if by magic, out of the deserted passage-window. Refreshed by landscape. It is a ruinous the strong sea breeze, he made archway, with rusty iron gates, a laudable attempt to sum up

and a porter's lodge, behind the experiences of this eventful which a carriage road winds day, but soon tired of this, and up through an avenue of anbegan instead to gaze aimlessly cient trees. No house is visible. at the passing landscape. Could but this is the boundary of he have guessed that the most the Graths' ancestral property, eventful part of the day was Karka, which occupies a constill to come, he would perhaps siderable portion of land behave jumped out of the train tween the sea and the road. then and there, and returned to It is strangely impressive to Stockholm; but, not being ensee, in the midst of the wooddowed with second-sight, he ed country, this once stately alighted calmly at Karkby staentrance left desolate and tion. The first person he saw as he reached the platform was crumbling, like a monument to the wealth and prosperity of the stranger with the attacheformer times. case, who left the train at the What was the state of affairs at the Copper House, as the same time by another door. Leo saw him go up to the

whole property was generally pointsman and address him in called, from the appearance of good Swedish. Seeing a look the house itself, we shall tell in of surprise pass over the due time. pointsman's face, the young Leonard Grath, its present man could not repress his curiowner (and that only in name), osity but strolled past them, stood outside the gates, and and heard the pointsman ex-

looked through the bars. Outclaim: "Well, if it's to the side the porter's lodge sat a Copper House you are going, I man cleaning a double-barreled doubt if you'll find yourself gun: he did not look up.

"Hello, there!" eried the young man cheerily, "just let me in, there's a good chap."

The fellow looked into the road with evident surprise; he had a'swarthy, sunburnt face.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he demanded roughly, and without getting

"I am Leonard Grath, the owner of the Copper House, and I want to come in."

The man stared at Leo with an insolent grin, and said: "In-

might be said on the other side. and I am an entirely unprejudiced witness

The company provides very comfortable houses at a rental of four dollars a month, including electric lights and water; also imposing schools and churches. In all Georgia I doubt if there is an equally pretty and well-kept village not owned by a cotton mill company.

If a man employed in the mill does not send his children to the schools provided, he is warned, and finally discharged if he persists in neglect. Heads of families among the employes are encouraged to keen cows. and free pasturage is

provided. I saw no children at work in the mills, but a few boys and girls above 16. The superintendent said these were not wanted, but that occasionally they were employed at the solicitation of parents who worked with them; otherwise the boys and girls would run at large, with no one to control and direct them.

These boys and girls earn from two to three dollars a day; their elders more, and it is paid them in cash every Saturday night. Some families provide several mill workers, and have a very considerable income.

The company operates a general

He described, with a sort of bitter enjoyment, the episode at the gate. Quite unexpectedly the girl burst into tears and he looked at her with sudden remorse.

"I am a brute," he muttered. "Miss Bernin, for Heaven's sake, look at me, you can see and hear that I'm only an awful idiot. Please dc laugh, at me instead!"

There was a sort of tearful laugh, then a sob, and finally the laugh won the day. The girl looked up at him, and dried her eyes with a little silk handkerchief.

"It is silly to ery." she remarked seriously. "Were you very surprised?"

"Not so very," he assured her. "Young ladies are allowed to shed a few tears now and then, aren't they? It is perfectly natural....

"I have forgotten to thank you," she said, with a little bow. "It wasn't as dangerous as it looked, but you came up at the right moment. You see, my father and my aunt are very strict, and occasionally 1 rebel, and the authorities send out the squirrel-police to quell the disturbance. You arrived on the final scene of a domestic crisis....

The little lady was chatter. ing away in the liveliest fashion with quick, birdlike movements of her uncovered, dark head, which made the jet earrings that she wore dance and quiver. She stepped out like a boy, with a quick, firm tread swinging her riding whip.

"You say now that I came at the right minute," said Lec reproachfully, "but just before that you told me to go away!"

(TO B): CONTINUED)

store so large and complete that it attracts trade from all over that section and prices are very low. Nearly all the employes in the mill came from poor farms in the surrounding hills and are immensely better off than they ever were before. And I am told this mill is typical of those in the south. Why have they been abused so viciously? Why has not a defense

of them been written? Is it a viola tion of law to tell the truth about a southern cotton mill?

Q. Must a coast guard vesse keep its lights burning at

A. It is not required to do so.

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All des Oh, That Kind

Kiwanis-What sort of people are the Skimpoles? Rotarian-Nothing much-the kind

of people that have to ride in rumble seats .- Pathfinder Magazine,

The Vital Question

Mrs. Benham-He has been disappointed in love. Benham-How long has he been

married?

A woman first sheds a few tearsand then proceeds to open the telegram.



Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. AL your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do-what most physicians would tell you to dogive a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.



