



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.



**CAN'T PRAISE IT ENOUGH**

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

Kingston, Mo.—"I have not taken anything but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for 18 months and I cannot praise it enough. I weighed about 100 pounds and was not able to do any kind of work. My housework was done by my mother and my out-of-door 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. EASTEN, R. 1, Kingston, Missouri.

**Somewhat Mixed**

Three stations on the same wavelength 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, 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**

The common cause of digestive difficulties 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, prescription product.

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**

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

**THE COPPER HOUSE**

A Detective Story

BY JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO. 13 TORONTO"

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 of clear-sighted 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 clip 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 Burchard's anxious face. He felt convinced that the strange figure opposite had been desperately startled by the sight of the photograph, and he began to feel a chill suspicion that he was somehow or other getting entangled in a huge net, which was gradually tightening its meshes round him. What was up? Was everybody going crazy?

He resolved to say something, but changed his mind as hastily, for the other man looked as impassive as an image of Buddha. The situation was becoming awkward, and meanwhile the train rattled on towards Nynas and the sea. Leo quitted the field, and took refuge at the nearest passage-window. Refreshed by the strong sea breeze, he made a laudable attempt to sum up the experiences of this eventful day, but soon tired of this, and began instead to gaze aimlessly at the passing landscape. Could he have guessed that the most eventful part of the day was still to come, he would perhaps have jumped out of the train then and there, and returned to Stockholm; but, not being endowed with second-sight, he alighted calmly at Karkby station. The first person he saw as he reached the platform was the stranger with the attaché-case, who left the train at the same time by another door. Leo saw him go up to the pointsman and address him in good Swedish. Seeing a look of surprise pass over the pointsman's face, the young man could not repress his curiosity but strolled past them, and heard the pointsman exclaim: "Well, if it's to the Copper House you are going, I doubt if you'll find yourself very welcome."

"You think not?" said the man, in a low, nervous voice; "may I venture to ask why?" "We never hear of there being 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 round a curve.

"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 Cartersville, Ga., a town I passed through in April while motoring from Florida to Kansas. The strongest impression I carried away was the smartness of machinery. The mill is the center of an independent village on the edge of Cartersville. There are many people who devote their lives to abusing cotton mill owners; I do not believe I have ever seen a decent word of one in print. It seems to me a good deal

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 new-time 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 so-called Karka gates. And here we must insert a bit of topography which will help our readers 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 about half an hour in an easterly direction. But, as the railway is a fairly recent innovation anyone who starts to walk, soon strikes the old main road to Stockholm (nowadays practically disused), and, by following it, he will come suddenly upon the entrance to Karka, rising, as if by magic, out of the deserted landscape. It is a ruinous archway, with rusty iron gates, and a porter's lodge, behind which a carriage road winds up through an avenue of ancient trees. No house is visible, but this is the boundary of the Graths' ancestral property, Karka, which occupies a considerable portion of land between the sea and the road. It is strangely impressive to see, in the midst of the wooded country, this once stately entrance left desolate and crumbling, like a monument to the wealth and prosperity of former times.

What was the state of affairs at the Copper House, as the whole property was generally called, from the appearance of the house itself, we shall tell in due time.

Leonard Grath, its present owner (and that only in name), stood outside the gates, and looked through the bars. Outside the porter's lodge sat a man cleaning a double-barreled gun; he did not look up.

"Hello, there!" cried 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 up.

"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 employees are encouraged to keep cows, and free pasturage is

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 supremely 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 ecstasy; he had not expected that the sight of this old-world, sun-stepped 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 wheel 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 uncivilly; 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 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. Leo 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. I suppose you keep them to look after the squirrels? At any rate, one of them evidently took me for a squirrel...."

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 do 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 cry," 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 I 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 chattering 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 Leo reproachfully, "but just before that you told me to go away!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

store so large and complete that it attracts trade from all over that section, and prices are very low.

Nearly all the employees 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 violation of law to tell the truth about a southern cotton mill?

Q. Must a coast guard vessel keep its lights burning at night? Q. S.

A. It is not required to do so.

The company operates a general



**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 entirely 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 simplest remedy for constipation, 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 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 ahead 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.—Malthie 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 hostess. The letter ran as follows: "Dear Merriman—Tommie has the henpox. SUZANNE."

On being asked why she had called chickenpox henpox, she said: "Well, it's much easier to write."

**POISON IVY**

**Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh**

Money back for first bottle if not cured. All dealers.

**Oh, That Kind**

Kiwans—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 tears—and then proceeds to open the telegram.

**Are You Ready**



**When your Children Cry for It**

Baby has little upsets at times. All 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 do—give 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.

**Fletcher's CASTORIA**