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PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

WRITERS

PLAYS, STORIES, "TALKIE IDEAS"

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Everything Fixed for Speed in Elopement

The modern Romeo was making arrangements for eloping with his Juliet. "Now, darling," he said, "we'll run over our schedule for the last time. The car will be at the door just before midnight. You understand that?"

"Yes, precious."
"I'll creep round to your window and throw a handful of stones up against it to let you know I'm there. Do you follow me, sweetheart?"

"Absolutely, my own."
"You will then creep downstairs with your suitcase. You'll be quite ready with it when I arrive, won't you?"

She nodded.
"Quite, dearest," she replied. "Mother is packing it for me now!"

Another Bird Refuge

A new bird refuge has been established on a group of islands off the tip of Florida by executive order of President Hoover. The group consists of Snake key, North Key and Dead or Bird key. It will be known as Cedar keys bird refuge and will be administered by the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Why, You Idiot!

Herbert—Would you marry an idiot for the sake of money?
Rita—Oh, this is so sudden.

All things come to him who waits—except the thing he wants.

This Little Girl Got Well Quick



"Just after her third birthday, my little daughter, Connie, had a serious attack of intestinal flu," says Mrs. H. W. Turnage, 217 Cadwalder St., San Antonio, Texas. "It left her very weak and pale. Her bowels wouldn't act and she had no appetite and nothing to do with her."
"Our physician told us to give her some California Fig Syrup. It made her pick up right away, and now she is as robust and happy as any child in our neighborhood. I give California Fig Syrup full credit for her wonderful condition. It is a great thing for children."

Children like the rich, fruity taste of California Fig Syrup, and you can give it to them as often as they need it, because it is purely vegetable. For over 50 years leading physicians have recommended it, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows it gives satisfaction. Nothing compares with it as a gentle but certain laxative, and it goes further than this. It regulates the stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

There are many imitations of California Fig Syrup, so look for the name "California" on the carton to be sure you get the genu-

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY JULIUS REGIS
AUTHOR OF "NO. 13 TORONTO"

"Do you depend so much upon our being helpless?"

"No, I depend only upon myself. I have not come here to make terms: your point of view does not interest me. I have come to get Tarraschin's memorandum."

"Are you sure that it exists?"

"Yes, for what else could you offer in exchange?"

"In exchange for what?"

"Your life."

Ortiz uttered these two words in a perfectly ordinary tone, but his deep-set eyes remained somber and remote; his inmost thoughts seemed to have strayed into that far-off region where his future lay hidden.

Wallion realized that to this dark and dangerous being, one life signified less than nothing, but he said quietly:

"You are too hasty; threats are not a sign of strength."

Ortiz turned away without answering him.

"A table and a chair!" he commanded. The two men hastened to obey, and placed what he asked for in the middle of the room; he seated himself, and the baron took up his position close by.

Wallion remained on the alert for any sounds from outside. By this time, the three messengers ought to have solved their problem. No sound issued from the darkness that surrounded the house; the rain had abated, and there were longer intervals between the flashes of lightning. Was it possible that all three had got safely away?

"I miss three of your friends," said Ortiz suddenly; "where are they?"

"Do you wish to see them?"

"I do."

"Then I regret that I can give you no information about them."

Ortiz laid a paper on the table in front of him. It was covered with names and dates; he ran his pen down the lines, making a mark against three of them; finally he looked up.

"Rosenthal, gardener. Bring the man in, Baron Fayerling."

The baron went to the door, a scuffle was heard in the hall, and, panting and disheveled, a drenched figure was hustled up to the table; it was the Austrian.

"Look at me," said Ortiz coldly. "Are you Rosenthal?"

"Yes," replied the gardener hoarsely.

"You were engaged on the recommendation of Madame Samunsov, on the 29th of April?"

"Yes."

"You have made two attempts to betray us today; what have you to say for yourself?"

The Austrian was silent.

"Have you nothing to say?"

"No."

"Can you deny that you are an Austrian detective named Max Raebel?" said Ortiz.

The Austrian laughed bitterly.

"No, I am glad you know it," he replied. "It doesn't matter now; I have done with you and your associates in Russia; you may do your worst."

Ortiz seemed to ignore this remark; he made a sign to the baron, pointed to the paper, and said a few words in an undertone. The baron shrugged his shoulders.

"That's impossible!" he replied with a contemptuous glance at the Austrian. Ortiz got up, went across to the detective, and looked him straight in the face.

"You have been here two months," said he, reflectively; "have you made any notes?"

"Do you think so little of me as to ask me that?" retorted Raebel. "I never take notes,

but I have a good memory..."

"What is your memory worth?"

Raebel did not reply.

"A million, perhaps?"

"No. Do you wish me to name my terms?"

"Yes."

"Give me Tarraschin's memorandum, surrender yourself to the authorities, and distribute your millions among the poor, and I may consider the matter."

Ortiz turned his back upon him, returned to the table, and said, without raising his voice:

"See that this fellow is taken on board, when we leave here."

"Would it not be better to do it at once?" suggested the baron.

"No, I might require him again. Isn't Rastakov ready yet?"

"Yes, he's just coming."

Rastakov entered the room.

"Well!" Ortiz greeted him.

"I have searched Rosenthal's room," replied Rastakov; "he has made no notes, and I have found nothing."

"Good!"

Ortiz was silent for a little time. It did not escape Wallion that the baron and Rastakov exchanged a rapid glance full of uneasiness; he could guess the reason.

Ortiz looked at his watch.

"Rastakov—have you left any of your men in Stockholm?"

"No, they are all here."

"Nobody missing?"

"No."

"Is everything aboard the lighter?"

"Yes."

"Good!" said the Chief once again. "Bring in Leonard Grath and Sonia Bernin immediately; I don't wish to wait any longer."

The baron bit his lips and looked nervously at Rastakov. For several seconds a dead silence reigned in the room, at the end of which Rastakov went out, making an ambiguous sign to Fayerling.

"Well!" said Ortiz, raising his voice, and looking round him. "Where is Rastakov gone? What does this mean? Am I not to be obeyed?"

Max Raebel had drawn close to Wallion, and said rapidly in a barely audible voice:

"They caught me almost directly, but I played my part for all it was worth, I can tell you! Three of them seized me at once and dragged me down, but I believe the youngsters got away safely."

Ortiz fixed his dark eyes upon them, and exclaimed sharply: "Gentlemen! You had better speak out loud; nobody whispers in my presence. Can either of you perhaps inform me where the two missing persons are to be found?"

Wallion replied:

"They have gone to fetch some friends of mine, who might otherwise arrive too late to meet you."

Ortiz' eyes blazed; this time he was visibly provoked, and patches of red appeared on his cheeks.

"So that is what you are waiting for! I saw through you from the first; you are at the bottom of all this. You must be a very optimistic man, Maurice Wallion, if you imagine that I have not anticipated your action. Do I need to tell you that nothing can stop me?"

He struck the table with the palm of his hand.

"I am the master of Copper House for tonight, and I intend to show it! You have sent them to alarm the authorities! That is a good move; but do you suppose that Rastakov would be such a fool as to admit them? And if he did,

what would be the result? When authorities get here, they will find no one to tell them what has occurred. I sweep clean after me, as you ought to know, after seeking me for so long."

"Brooms don't always sweep quite clean enough," answered Wallion; "to begin with, how do you know that the runaways have not taken Tarraschin's memorandum with them, as literature for the journey?"

This shot struck home. Ortiz walked up to the journalist, and looked at him intently.

"If you have dared to do that!" said he, slowly; "but no, it is impossible. You couldn't be so foolishly reckless!"

He turned to Lona Ivanovna, who met his eyes without flinching.

"I know you, Lona Ivanovna! For you, and for him there," and he nodded contemptuously at the silent figure crouched in the armchair, "the document is altogether too costly!"

He swung round on his heel.

"Baron Fayerling! What are you waiting for? If there is such delay in bringing in my prisoners, I must take more vigorous measures."

The baron bowed low.

"I believe they are on the way here," he answered.

The Austrian seized Wallion by the arm:

"Hark, I hear people coming up the avenue! Either they have been caught, or else..."

A noise outside became audible. The journalist looked out of the window, and saw a dozen lanterns coming up the avenue, in whose light the dark faces of a band of men were visible; rifle-barrels gleamed, and a voice shouted:

"Are you all here? In with you, there is no time to lose!"

A crowd of men surged into the hall.

CHAPTER XVII

Leo and Sonia determine to steal a motorcar but fall into an unexpected trap.

Never before had Leo found the avenue between the Copper House and Karka gates so interminably long. Sometimes it seemed as wide as a boulevard, at others no broader than a woodland path, where he kept on bumping into trees, and grazing his hands. The rain, which blew in diagonal lines across their path, or fell upon their heads in heavy drops from the thick foliage, drenched, but did not cool him; hot and breathless, he stumbled continually, and at last stood still, perfectly bewildered.

"Wait!" he panted to the young girl. "It has never taken me more than six minutes to walk down this avenue, but tonight it seems by some sort of black magic to be five times longer than usual. If one could at least see one's own nose!"

"Hush!" whispered Sonia.

"We are somewhere near the lodge; I fancied I saw a light..."

Leo started nervously.

"Is there someone behind us?" he exclaimed, trying to peer between the trees. But he could no longer see even the lights on the terrace, and came to the conclusion that they must somehow have traversed the entire length of the avenue.

"No, it's nobody," said the girl, after listening for a minute; "they are too busy now with Ortiz' arrival."

"Ortiz! don't speak of him, I am scared to death when I think of his face; supposing he comes after us!"

"No, no," said the girl, catching hold of his coat. "Never mind Ortiz now! Look, isn't that a light over there?"

They went on through the palm trees; a flash of lightning flickered through the darkness, but its momentary glimmer was not sufficient to show them their exact whereabouts; it was succeeded by a brief peal of thunder, echoing among the surrounding hills. Leo could see nothing of the

light which the girl had noticed.

"Yes, yes!" she insisted; "it was just as though somebody was lighting a pipe—ah, there it is again!"

This time they really saw a faint glow, which threw an intermittent light upon a brutal face, wreathed in smoke, whilst a burning match ricocheted through the air and went out.

Leo recognized the face of the gatekeeper Tugan, who had fired at him on his first arrival at the Copper House.

They heard him grumbling to himself, and suddenly a light flared out again; the man had opened a dark lantern, and was flashing it suspiciously first on one side, then on the other, but without discovering the fugitives, who had taken cover behind the trunk of a large tree. After some minutes the light vanished, and they thought they heard steps moving away. Meanwhile, the temporary illumination had shown them where they were: the lodge was not more than twenty paces away from them, and twenty paces further on to the right, they could make out the bars of the gates. The gatekeeper seemed to be the only human being about.

"He has gone," whispered Sonia. "He went out of the gate."

"No," returned Leo, "he went inside; I heard a door shut."

"Impossible, for we should see a light in the window."

"Not necessarily; he would be on the lookout."

They wrangled obstinately, though in subdued tones, assured that the rain and the wind were sufficient to cover any sound they might make.

"Let us wait a few seconds, and we shall know for certain"; Leo proposed finally; "I don't feel quite comfortable about it; the old fox may be lying in wait."

They stood so close together, sheltering as best they could from the rain, that the girl's soft hair brushed his face, and he could feel the vibration of her hurried breathing. She was evidently strung-up to a high pitch of excitement, and her agitation communicated itself to him, making him feel strengthless and confused.

"Sonia," said he, taking her hand, "I may call you Sonia, mayn't I? Your fingers are like ice, are you very frightened? Things have gone rather well, so far."

"No," she answered in a low tone, not withdrawing her hand; "I am not frightened."

He ventured to squeeze the little hand.

"You'll see, if once we can get safely out of this, it will be all right. We shall manage to outwit the lot of them, Ortiz and his myrmidons; he shan't hurt your people, and tomorrow a happier future will dawn..."

"There can be no future for me," she burst out mournfully, "unless, unless..."

"Yes, unless what? Tell me."

"Unless Sergius is saved. He runs the greatest risk of all, and if he dies..."

She broke off with a sob, and the sound struck Leo like a blow.

"Yes, of course, Sergius," he murmured. "Oh, that'll be all right. Sergius shan't be taken from you."

In spite of his brave words he was conscious of a feeling of exhaustion and disappointment as he realized that he had been fixing his hopes on something that was quite out of his reach... no, it was best as it was... Sergius! So all her anxiety was for him. Ah well, perhaps it was the most suitable...

He pulled himself together.

"Come along!" he encouraged her; "let's go ahead to rescue Sergius."

They went up to the lodge, and tried to look in through the window.

"He isn't there," whispered the girl.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FAMILY DOCTOR LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION



Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

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Trains to Close Gates

Application of the apparatus which recently stopped two speeding French railway trains within 20 feet of each other may be applied to crossings. The trains automatically will, when a mile from a crossing, cause lamps on the gates to light up, then closing the gates and start a loud bell ringing. The apparatus may be applied to steam or electric trains.

His Fiancee

Jack—Is there anything in this affair of yours with the heiress?
Tom—Millions, I hope.

A good talker knows when to start, what to say and when to stop.

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If your nerves are jumpy and every little noise or irregularity annoys you—YOU NEED KOENIG'S NERVINE. This world-famous, tried and tested medicinal aid has successfully proved its great beneficial worth in the treatment of Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion and Nervous Irritability. Agencies All Over the World.

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Weak After Operation

"About five months ago, following an operation for appendicitis I did not gain strength enough to be up and about. My mother and sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken five bottles and it has helped me to get strong so I can do my own household work now. I have recommended it to several friends who have been weak and run-down."—Mrs. Oscar Ottum, Box 474, Thief River Falls, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Pinkham, Lowell, Mass.

Texas Plains Avoid Land Foreclosures

LUBBOCK, TEX.—(AP)—Not a foreclosure of a land mortgage has been recorded in the 12 years the federal land bank has been operating in the 'south plains' area of Texas.

Loans aggregating \$185,000,000 have been made to the farmers of this tenth federal land bank district, which is as large as Pennsylvania. It is believed no other section

of the country has equalled this foreclosure record.

Vast ranches have been subdivided into farms to make this area one of the nation's most profitable agricultural centers. Widespread growth of grain sorghums has resulted in encouragement to encouragement to cattle, livestock and poultry farmers.

Cotton and wheat are two other principal crops. The plain's altitude of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea level has proved destructive to the boll weevil and other cotton ravagers.

Shortly before the Federal Land

bank was organized at Houston, even Texans considered the south plains useless for anything but cattle grazing. To the practice of diversified farming is attributed part of the bank's ability to avoid foreclosures.

STIMULATES READING

For reading and giving a brief sketch of 10 selected books, children in Georgia, members of vacation reading clubs conducted by the Georgia State Library commission, are awarded a certificate. A list of 25 books, suited to the age and grade of the child, is selected by the

commission and books are loaned to the children, two books at a time for two weeks. A notebook for the sketches is provided by the commission. Reading of all 25 books entitles a child to a goldstar certificate. During the three summers that the plan has been enrolled, of whom 735 members have been enrolled, of whom 335 have received certificates.

Q. What has become of "Gamby" who was formerly at the Roxy Theater?
A. Maria Gambarelli is soon to begin a tour in vaudeville. She has been devoting her time to production during the past year.