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Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Surgeon's Pencil The pencil salesman took out a pencil and wrote his name in bold black letters on the skin of the back of his hand.

Tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Peen-a-mint, the Cheung Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form.



Peen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

Youthful Assumption "How is your son getting on in his new position?" "First rate," answered Farmer Chubbuck.



Daughter Is Healthy Now

"My thirteen-year-old daughter Maxine was troubled with backache and pain when she came into womanhood. I knew Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would help her because I used to take it myself at her age.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

"As a matter of fact," Cannezzano answered, sitting down and making himself comfortable on the small davenport, "all that mess you stirred up about me, on the night of the murder, makes traveling not altogether agreeable for the present. Yes, I think, all things considered, that having me for a guest, after having set all the police in the country on my trail, keeping me safely here, as it were, is about the least you can do, isn't it?"

"I reckon I could do a little less, in a pinch," Sam drawled. "But, all things considered, as you say—though it might be you and I aren't considering the same things—I'm glad to see you here. Make yourself right at home, for you may be going to stay even longer than you planned."

"Right! However, if you have some neat little scheme of trying to pin the murder on me, I'd advise you to abandon it. It I hadn't had water-tight alibis, all along the line—"

"Keep your water-tight alibis in a dry place till you need them," Sam advised. "Maybe you will need them. We've got a crime analyst, specialist in murder cases, coming up here Friday. You can give your alibis to him."

"That crime analyst sounds like Lynn MacDonald. That's what she calls herself."

"She!" Sam said. "If you've got Lynn MacDonald, you've got a woman."

"Hell!" Sam exploded. "Just the same," Cannezzano said, "she's the best die on the coast. Some say that she is the best in this country. Not that I give a hang. But, this is inside dope, if anybody can find who killed the Gaby, this MacDonald woman can. You should hear some of the San Quentin boys compliment her—in their way."

"We don't want a woman Better wire her not to come, dad," John urged. This time it was Cannezzano who looked quickly and sharply at John. "You're dead right you had," he said, "if you don't want the murderer discovered."

"Sam," Hubert Hand suggested, "you'd better wire and verify her references, anyway."

Cannezzano laughed. "I see what you are getting at. I take it you've all gotten pretty jumpy around here, these last few days. Can't see the woodpile for the niggers. Now this gentleman—by the by, Sam, you are forgetting your manners; I have not, as yet, met any of your guests—thinks that this coming die may be a pal of mine; something of the sort. If that were the case, what good would it do to verify her references, by wire? The people you wired to would all answer that Lynn MacDonald was honest, capable, and so forth. She's got a reputation around the bay that is hard to beat. But, if this were a plant, Jane Jones or Amaryllis De Vere could come along, just the same, posing as Lynn MacDonald. If you are really concerned about it, why not have a Burns man bring her up? You shouldn't mind the extra expense, Sam."

"There's generally more than one way to skin a cat," Sam said, "besides the way you are told to do it."

him here, and he would pay him fifty dollars for his trouble. "Pretty work, Sam," Cannezzano approved. "Too bad I got you all so rattled. As a matter of fact, I rather fancy myself in the role of a sleuth. If Lynn MacDonald weren't coming, I'd like to take a try at this job myself. For instance, I noticed that, though Dan is in Frisco now—according to the papers—none of you suggested that she meet Lynn MacDonald, have her identified, and bring her back here with her. I am trying to decide whether that means that you don't trust the gentle Dan, or whether, though the newspapers say she is to return at once to her home in Nevada, you do not expect her to return."

"It means neither," John snapped. "Mr. Cannezzano," I said, "this is John Stanley, Sam's adopted son. He and Danny are engaged to be married. This other gentleman is Mr. Hubert Hand, and the lady is Mrs. Ricker."

Things felt real polite, for a minute, as they always do just after folks have been introduced. "Bad times you have been having around here, lately," Cannezzano said, pleasantly, as if he were talking about the weather.

Mrs. Ricker excused herself and went upstairs. CHAPTER XXXVII Strangler Bauermont Sam spoke directly to Cannezzano. "Did you ever know a man named Bauermont—Lewis Bauermont?"

"Strangler Bauermont? Very well indeed. Has he anything to do with it?" "What's that you called him?" Sam asked, sharply. "Strangler Bauermont, you mean?"

I remember that Danny had told me his nickname was "Mexico." Sam said, "That's what I mean. How did he come by a name like that?"

"He is by way of being a wrestler, I believe; and won the name for some particularly clever hold that brought his man down every time. I have never gone in for that sort of thing—can't give you scientific details. He was a jiu-jitsu expert, also. Oh, no, no," as he noticed our quickening interests. "He is a continent and an ocean away, at present. Moreover, murder is quite outside his line—quite. And he was, I believe, rather smitten than otherwise with the Gaby."

"You are sure he is in Europe now?" Sam questioned. "I had a letter from him, only a few days ago, written and sent from Deauville. A cable to Scotland Yard would locate him precisely for you. I have no doubt. Assuming, of course, that you don't mind spending a few dollars."

"I suppose," Sam mused, "that he could easy teach his strangling trick to another man."

"Undoubtedly. But isn't the entire connection rather foolish, when one stops to think that Strangler has been, for years, badly smitten with the lady?" "I guess he got over that," Sam said. "Seems, now, as if he was anxious to be shed of her."

"Oh-ho! And he famous for his constancy to the Gaby. Nine, ten, I don't know how many years. However, though I'll grant his name belies it, he was a smooth, diplomatic cuss. I think you can be practically certain that he would draw the line at murder—under any circumstances."

The letter you had from State college poultry department's exhibit at the state fair. The average yearly egg production of South Dakota hens is only 54. O. J. Weisner, extension poultryman, said. At least 90 eggs are required to pay for the feed and care of one hen for a year and 144 eggs are necessary to provide an income sufficiently above production costs to justify keeping hens for egg production, in his opinion.

Balanced Rations Raise Hens' Output

144 Eggs Necessary to Justify Keeping for Production, Expert Says

Brookings, S. D.—(AP)—How a balanced ration brought an increased yearly profit of \$2.12 per hen through greater egg production will be shown in the South Dakota

him," Sam said. "I suppose you destroyed it?" "I don't tie my letters into packets bound with blue ribbons."

"Was it written in code?" "No. You see, the hotel where I was putting up just then was, one might say, over regulated. Letters written in code were not favorably regarded there."

"Could you read a letter written in his code?" "I fancy so. If you have a Spanish dictionary."

"There was nothing Spanish about this one. It was just a jumble of letters."

"I don't know it then. I'm rather clever with codes, however. I fancy I could decipher it, with a bit of study."

"Do they speak Spanish in Mexico?" I questioned; and was rewarded by having all present look at me as if they thought that I had just developed a yearning for cultural, geographical knowledge.

"I am getting at something," I explained. "Was this Bauermont man ever in Mexico?" "Unfriendly persons," Cannezzano answered, "insinuate that Mexico is his native land."

"Did anyone ever call him 'Mexico'?" "To his fury, yes. Is it relevant?" Sam asked, "Where were you, do you know, at the time of the Tonopah train robbery, three years ago? You were here, right shortly after that, I seem to remember."

"I stopped for a friendly visit, and you kicked me out, and into my downfall at Frisco. My three years in the big house are at your door. But I hold no grudge."

"What I want to know is, where were you at the time of the train robbery?" "I was in Denver, since you insist."

"Was this Strangler fellow there with you?" "He was. Pardon my curiosity, but is this leading to something?"

"I don't know. Do you? This Strangler friend of yours told the girls that you and he robbed that train."

Cannezzano's face went dark and ugly. "So the girls say, uh?" "He told them that," John said. There was threat enough in his voice to make Cannezzano come off his perch.

"Is that possible?" he questioned, but pleasantly enough. "I can't see his motive. As a matter of fact, when we read the accounts of how easily the thing had been pulled off, we did rather regret that we had not taken a try at it ourselves. If he had not included himself in his confession to the girls, I would think that he had some friendly reason for preferring me in captivity. . . . No, I don't get it."

"We think he has denied it, since," Sam said. "We think that the code letter, which none of us can read, is his denial. No matter. Your story tots up straight enough with the one we have."

"Gratifying, I am sure. I wonder whether I might see this code letter? As I've remarked—I've a beastly habit of bragging, I hope you don't mind—I am rather clever with the things."

"I know. But I didn't—I couldn't. Sam does. And then, that man coming into the house to-night—I can't explain it; but, somehow, he made all of us, even Hubert, seem so good. The house itself felt, to me—do you understand?—good. As if any wicked thing would have to come into it from the outside, from far away, just as he came into it to-night?"

I did understand. I had had that feeling of drawing close to the others and away from him, the minute he had come into the room. But I was so put out with her, for startling me, and being in Gaby's room, anyway, poking around—though I know she had a right to be there, and I might have done the same thing myself, with my lists of clues, and so on—that I just said I suppose so, and picked up the letter, at the same time looking over the other things on the table to be sure nothing was missing.

"Perhaps," she said, "should not have come in here! I suppose when the detective comes, he—she would like to see the room as nearly as possible undisturbed."

"Do you think it would be a good plan to lock it, and to give the key to Sam, until she does come?"

She went around with me while I locked the doors or the inside. We had to lock the doors in Danny's room, too, since the two rooms had only the curtained doorway between them. We went into the hall through Danny's room. I locked that door after us. She told me good-night and went to her own room. I went downstairs, and gave the key and the letter to Sam.

"Wise idea, Mary," he said when I told him that I had locked the rooms, "I suppose Cannezzano would tell you, though, that locked doors do not a prison make." He handed the letter to him.

"Looks rather confusing doesn't it? Cannezzano said when he had unfolded and straightened the pages. "Still these things are generally quite simple. What price deciphering it, Sam?"

"No price, to you," Sam answered. He returned the letter to it envelope and tossed it on the table. "Fair enough," he said. "I fancy," he questioned next, "that Lynn MacDonald is going to get rather a good thing out of this, eh?"

"That depends on her success," Sam answered. "Yes? I understand she takes jobs on that basis quit often. It is not thoroughly approved in the best criminal circles. Too much incentive to frame a case. However, that theory of framing has been over exploited. My proposition cards on the table, is this: If I beat the lady to it, discover the murderer before she does will you pay me what you have agreed to pay her?"

"Cannezzano," Sam said "get this. Get it now. I'll pay you not one red cent for anything. Not one red cent."

"Fair enough," Cannezzano repeated. "And my mistake undoubtedly, I should have worded it differently. For instance—What will you pay me not to discover the murderer on the Desert Moon Ranch?"

A week ago, Sam would have got up and kicked him out through the door for that question. This evening Sam sat still and looked him over, sort of sliding his eyes up and down over his smooth dapperness. Finally he drawled, "Get as far as you like, Cannezzano. Only—you won't get anywhere you'd like to be, not on that line."

"Presently, perhaps," Cannezzano answered. "No hurry." "I'll be switched if Sam didn't sit there and murmur mildly, "Said the Carpenter," to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VALUABLE CITRUS CROP California citrus growers received more than \$120,000,000 for their crop last year. Last year's crop of lemons and oranges was 56 per cent greater than that of 1928 and 35 per cent larger than any other year in the industry's history.

those fed a balanced ration, including a good egg-laying mash, produced 179 eggs a hen, a gain of 122 eggs in favor of the balanced ration.

Besides portraying these facts, the State college exhibit will show how a South Dakota poultryman, feeding a balanced ration, made a total net profit of \$1,160.78 from 334 hens. The formula for mixing the "Big 5 Mash" will also be included in the exhibit.

Checks Are No Check. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Let Sir Walter bring peace to your household



YOUR pipe is in right with your friend wife the moment she gets that new and milder fragrance of Sir Walter's favorite mixture. A welcome blend of choice, mild tobaccos, kept fresh in a heavy gold foil wrap. Be fair to yourselves, men, and fair to the fair sex. Let Sir Walter make your pipe a pipe of peace.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH



True dyes are easiest to use!

Dresses, drapes or lingerie look new when they're re-dyed with Diamond Dyes. No spotting or streaking; never a trace of that re-dyed look. Just rich, even, bright colors that hold amazingly through wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes Highest Quality for 50 Years

Not for the Lairy Eleanor, who lives in Greencastle, had heard much discussion on the general subject of miniature golf courses. Passing one of these in a car with her mother, she exclaimed: "Oh, mother, there is another one of those minister's golf courses!"—Indianapolis News.

Misunderstood "Have you ever been abroad?" asked the chance acquaintance. "No," replied the little man, "I've always been this thin."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If a man's wife belongs to a certain church, he pretends he does if a minister asks him.

Take August Flower For CONSTIPATION

KILLS RATS NOTHING ELSE

K-R-O (Kills Rats Only) killed 238 rats in 12 hours on a Kansas farm. It is the original product made by a special process of squill, an ingredient recommended by U. S. Government as sure death to rats and mice, but harmless to dogs, cats, poultry or even baby chicks. You can depend on this. K-R-O in a few years has become America's leading rat and mouse killer. Sold by all druggists on a money back guarantee.