



**DOCTOR'S Prescription gives Bowels Real Help**

Train your bowels to be regular; to move at the same time every day; to be so thorough that they get rid of all the waste. Syrup Pepsin—a doctor's prescription—will help you do this. When you take this compound of laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other valuable ingredients, you are helping the bowels to help themselves.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the sensible thing to take whenever you are headachy, bilious, half-sick from constipation. When you have no appetite, and a bad taste or bad breath shows you're full of poisonous matter or sour bile.

Dr. Caldwell studied bowel troubles for 47 years. His prescription always works quickly, thoroughly; can never do you any harm. It just cleans you out and sweetens the whole digestive tract. It gives those overworked bowels the help they need.

Take some Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin today, and see how fine you feel tomorrow—and for days to come. Give it to the kiddies when they're sickly or feverish; they'll like the taste! Your druggist has big bottles of it, all ready for use.

**DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative**

**Lion Easily Satisfied!**

Alfred Morton, waking from a nightmare, was greeted by a lion that walked out from under his bed in a Rhodesian farmhouse. The lion was satisfied with killing an ox, a calf and three dogs and did not attack Morton.

**What A Woman 45 to 49 Should Weigh Beware of Fat**

As women grow older they are apt to take on weight—best to watch out and keep from growing fat—weigh yourself today and see if your weight and height compare with figures below—If so you are lucky—your figure is ideally perfect and you can feel happy.

**Ages 45 to 49**

|              |            |
|--------------|------------|
| 4 Ft. 11 In. | 129 Pounds |
| 5 Ft. 0 In.  | 131 "      |
| 5 Ft. 1 In.  | 133 "      |
| 5 Ft. 2 In.  | 136 "      |
| 5 Ft. 3 In.  | 139 "      |
| 5 Ft. 4 In.  | 142 "      |
| 5 Ft. 5 In.  | 146 "      |
| 5 Ft. 6 In.  | 151 "      |
| 5 Ft. 7 In.  | 155 "      |
| 5 Ft. 8 In.  | 159 "      |
| 5 Ft. 9 In.  | 163 "      |

Weights given include ordinary indoor clothing.

If you are overweight cut out pies, pastries, cakes and candy for 4 weeks—then weigh yourself—go light on potatoes, rice, butter, cream and sugar—eat lean meat—chicken, fish, salads, green vegetables and fruit.

Take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—This is the easy, safe and sensible way to take off fat—an 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts lasts 4 weeks—get it at any drug store in the world. You'll be gloriously alive—vigorous and vivacious in 4 weeks.

**That Kind of Luck**

Blinks—Do any fishing on your vacation?

Jinks—A lot, but darn little catchin.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Even the good man who believes he will get his reward in heaven is in no hurry to claim it.

**INDIGESTION GOES—QUICKLY, PLEASANTLY**

When you suffer from heartburn, gas or indigestion, it's usually too much acid in your stomach. The quickest way to stop your trouble is with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. A spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids—Instantly. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

Try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, and you will never allow yourself to suffer from over-acidity again. It is the standard anti-acid with doctors. Your druggist has Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, with directions for use, in generous 25c and 50c bottles.

**THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN**

"You can judge for yourself. Martha was always trying experiments with feeding her rabbits. I guess she thought they might like grain. Maybe they do. I don't know. Anyway, she, or someone, had tugged a half sack of grain up there. A lot of it had spilled out under the berry bushes. It is all fresh sprouted, and growing fine. Is that important, or not?"

Her brows puckered. "I'm sorry—I don't follow you." "There wasn't a spot out there, except under those bushes, where Martha could have hidden the body. A body, even as small as Gaby's, would have smashed down and broken those fresh sprouts of grain."

"But—the body was never there."

"Mrs. Ricker said that she thought it was. We just told you."

Her mouth popped open with surprise. "But, Mr. Stanley, you couldn't have considered Mrs. Ricker's opinion seriously? Is it possible that you don't know that Gabrielle Canneziano was murdered right there on the stairs, where she fell, where she was found?"

**CHAPTER XLIII**

**A Revelation**

How in blazes could I know it?" Sam said. "What's more, I don't believe it. I think that she was murdered outside, and carried in, afterwards."

"My word! Weren't you present when the body was moved?"

"No. I—well, I didn't care about being."

"The fingers of her right hand were clutching the stair tread with the grasp of death. Nothing can disprove that. Dead fingers can not be made to clutch."

"How do you know that?" Sam demanded. "About her fingers, I mean."

"To prove to you," she said, after an instant's hesitation, "that my refusal to answer questions is not merely an attempt to appear wise and mysterious, I am going to answer this question."

"When I saw the body in the crematory in San Francisco—"

"What!"

"I always do that, when I can. Before I sent you my telegram, I had gone to see the body."

"Did—does Danny know that?"

"No. It might be better not to tell her. It is a necessary part of my profession. The crematory people realize that; but, since people are often very sensitive about it, they prefer that the relatives should not know that they allow it. As I was saying, then, the fingers on the right hand had been broken. The undertaker had done that, you understand, in order that they might look natural to fold."

"When I had received your telegram engaging me to take the case, I telephoned to the coroner and the undertaker in Telko. I asked them to come to the train and talk with me for the twenty minutes that the train stops in Telko. I took a drawing-room for the purpose; so that we could talk undisturbed and unnoticed. That will be the reason for the day's drawing-room charge on my expense account, Mr. Stanley. I don't want you to think that I was unduly extravagant."

"Extravagant! Hell!" Sam exploded, forgetting himself. "What do I care about a drawing-room? What I want to know is, what those fellows told you, and why they didn't tell me."

"They corroborated the opinion I had formed, from the fingers, about the death clutch, among other things. I don't know why they didn't

tell you that. Probably, because they assumed that you already knew it. What in formation I got from them, they gave with extreme reluctance, due, I think, to their long-standing friendship with you, and their desire not to incriminate any member of your household. I got nothing from them—or, to put it more fairly, perhaps, they were able to tell me nothing except the facts concerning the position of the body. Those facts proved that she had been killed on the stairs, by someone who had been coming downstairs behind her. How did it happen that you did not know this?"

"As soon as I realized what had occurred," Sam explained. "I cleared everybody right out and locked the door. I knew that it was necessary for the coroner to examine the body before it had been disturbed."

"How very, very sensible," Miss MacDonald said. But I did not quite like the way she said it.

"If you mean," I spoke up, "how unfeeling, I want to say that, though she had been living here for two months, she had not exactly endeared herself to any of us."

"No? I had understood that Chadwick Caufield was deeply in love with her; that Mr. Hand was more or less enamoured. There can be no doubt that her sister loved her devotedly. That leaves Mr. Stanley, his son and daughter, Mrs. Ricker and yourself, as the people to whom she had not endeared herself."

Sam and I received that in silence. It was one of those odd things that was true, but that did not sound so.

I looked at my watch and said that it was time for me to be starting to get dinner. She asked if she might help me. I thought that she was trying only to be polite, and I was making my refusal just as polite, when she interrupted me.

"Please, Mrs. Magin," she urged. "You mentioned at breakfast that you had only one inefficient girl to help you, just now. I love housework, of all sorts. And I want to get intimately acquainted with this house. The best way to do that is to work in it, isn't it? You know—you can't know a stove until you have cooked on it, nor a room until you have cleaned it. Won't you let me help you, as a special favor to me?"

Sam winked at me. "She isn't going to let you out of her sight, Mary."

Miss MacDonald tried to smile, but she made a failure of it.

"But you don't need to worry, Mary," Sam went on, "because one thing, now, is dead certain. If Gaby was murdered there on the steps, it is impossible that any member of this household could have done it. It was, anyway. But now it is sure. That clears us all."

Miss MacDonald flashed out, in one of her rarely shown tempers. "What utter nonsense," she said.

**CHAPTER XLIII**

**A Shadow**

When it came to helping in the kitchen, that girl was more help in five minutes than Belle, Sadie and Goldie, all three of them together, had been in half a day. She didn't ask questions. She didn't say where is this, and how do you do that? She pitched in as if she had been working in that kitchen with me for the past twenty years. How she knew where I kept the potatoes, where the best paring knife lived, and the particular kettle that was best for cooking the potatoes in, I don't know, and I never shall know. Most

mystery stories, especially of late, have an element of the supernatural in them. I tell you, that girl's knowledge of my ways, and the manner in which she took hold in the kitchen, are as supernatural as anything ever brought to my notice. The first thing I knew, she was peeling the potatoes, and peeling them thin and clean. She didn't ask how many would be enough. When she got them peeled and washed, she put them on, in boiling water, with no inquiry as to where I kept the salt. She did not talk as she worked. I was glad of that; for, after three solid hours of conversation, I needed, badly, a silent space. I wanted to think. Those last words of hers, "utter nonsense," in answer to Sam's statement, kept ringing in my ears.

I tried to think whether there was any way a person could get upstairs without coming through the house. We had no fire escapes. There were no trees close enough to the house so that even Douglas Fairbanks could swing to an upstairs window from one of them. There were no vines growing on the house. Without about a twenty foot ladder which we didn't have on the place, and which would be hard to go conveying about, to say nothing of disposing of it afterwards, there was not any possible way for anyone to get to the second floor of our house, except by means of the back or the front stairway.

Since Gaby had been killed on the attic stairway, and since all who knew about that sort of thing agreed that she had been dead at least two hours when we found her, she must have returned to the house sometime between four and five o'clock, and have stolen upstairs with none of us seeing or hearing her. Since she could do that, there was no reason to suppose that someone else could not have done the same thing; either coming in with her at the time, or coming before or after she did. I had to conclude that another person certainly had done just that; had entered the house and had gone upstairs during that hour. Who? The person whom she had been fearing? Not one of us, that seemed a certainty. And yet, Miss MacDonald had said, "nonsense."

I remembered, again, her strange, mad actions immediately after she had received the code letter. I remembered how she had looked in the hall that day, when I had told John that I thought I had seen the ghost of Sin. In Gaby's note to Danny she had written that she had purposely kept her fears and her danger a secret from Danny. Undoubtedly, the secret was written in the code letter. Had she told Danny partly the truth about the contents of that letter, or had she told her falsehoods from beginning to end? Or had Danny told us only a part of the truth? Why did we all keep forgetting how Danny had tried to call Gaby back, when Gaby had started on that fatal walk?

I have said before, and I say again, I knew that Danielle Canneziano had not murdered her sister. But I knew, too, that if she had some reason, some better reason than I could conceive, for keeping quiet, for not telling everything she knew, Danny was capable of so doing. I remembered our talk in her room on the morning of the fifth of July. I remembered how she had acted when her engagement ring had slipped from her finger—and I tried to turn my thoughts into different channels.

There was Chad's suicide and his confession. It could be possible that he had killed himself because he had loved Gaby. But that would not account for his confession to the crime. It could mean but one thing—a desire to shield someone. Would he have cared

about shielding some unknown scoundrel who had crept into the house and killed the girl whom Chad loved? Had Chad then, mistakenly suspected Martha, or Sam, or John, and killed himself and left the note to aid one of them? Not likely. Men do not kill themselves, leaving a written confession to a crime of which they are innocent, because of some mere suspicion.

I remembered my conversation with Hubert Hand in the hall that morning. What was it that he had thought I had overheard in the cabin and had bribed me not to tell? It was reasonable enough to suppose that, at that time, he had hoped to keep his entire story, his prison records, his reason for coming to the Desert Moon, his relations with Mrs. Ricker and Martha a secret; just as I had hoped to keep the fact of finding Sam's pipe ashes a secret.

Sam's pipe ashes, again. If someone had put them there in an effort to implicate Sam, it would have had to be someone who knew Sam's ways. My thoughts were off again. You can't, I told myself, get shed of a following shadow by running away from it. You have to turn and face it, before you can go the other way. I faced it.

John. He had left the ranch at two o'clock. He could easily have gotten back by four, or shortly after. Suppose that he had left the machine down the road, quite far down the road in the spot where the tire tracks showed that the machine had been stopped and started again, the spot where we thought he had changed a tire? He could have climbed the fence, taken a short cut to the house, and gotten here in half or three quarters of an hour. He could have met Gaby; could have stolen into the house with her. He could have killed her, and stolen out of the house again. A short cut across the fields, and a drive to the house would get him here by six o'clock—the time he did get here. If he could be wicked enough to murder, he could be wicked enough to arrange clues to throw suspicions on his father and his sister. If he were low enough to do that, he would be low enough to rob her of a little money. In other words grant that John is a blonde and you can go along and grant that he has blue eyes and tow hair. It was all of it false, I told myself, from its wicked beginning to its wicked end; false and unfair. But I had faced it. Now I could turn and go in another direction.

I had not realized how deeply I had been thinking, dawdling over my work in consequence, until I saw that Miss MacDonald had taken up the pork chops, and had them in the warming-oven, and was making gravy, as smooth and tasty looking pan-gravy as I ever saw.

"Good lands!" I said. "I've certainly come to one conclusion."

"It is a little early for conclusions, isn't it?" she asked. "It is a lot too late for this one."

"Please—" she began; but, for once, I got the best of her.

"My conclusion is," I said, "that, by hook or crook, Sam Stanley has got to get me some efficient help in this house. When I think of what I've put up with, all these years in the way of help, and then seen the way you pitch in, it makes me mad all over."

"I wish," she said, "that I might drop this case, right now, and stay here for all time, and be your assistant and a thoroughly domestic person, and forget that there were crimes and criminals in the world."

"Maybe," I said, eagerly, but knowing of course that it was too good to come true, "when you've finished with this case, you could do that. You'd be one of our family, and Sam would pay—well, I guess anything you'd care to ask."

**(TO BE CONTINUED)**

committee, is always regular. He is an enemy of effective farm relief and a friend of the high tariff crowd. He is an Anti Saloon league man and this, to some persons, will cover a multitude of faults. The New York Telegram says Fees is a mediocre man.—Menville (La.) Mail.

**What Does She Mean?**

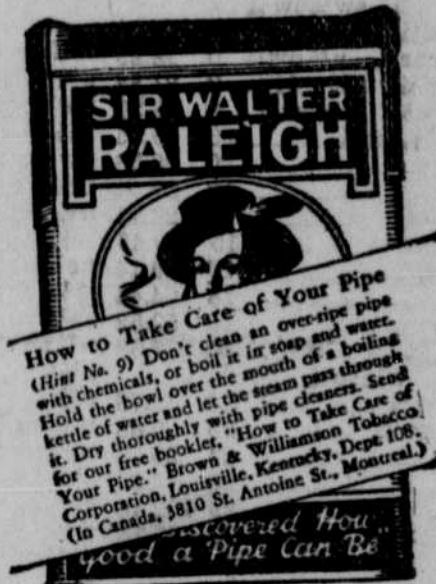
Father: This is a nice state of affairs! Here you've got engaged to this young fellow—he's been coming here every night for weeks—and you know absolutely nothing about him!

Daughter (dreamily): Now you mention it, he does rather like keeping me in the dark!

**Nobody ever walked out on Sir Walter**



SIR WALTER RALEIGH has restored the good repute of many a pipe. Give that unpopular briar of yours a thorough cleaning. Fill it with Sir Walter's smoking mixture. Before you've finished the first can, you'll find yourself with a reformed pipe—a pipe that will get admiring glances from your friends. Sir Walter is a distinctive blend of fine Burley, skillfully mellowed to a mildness and fragrance that are hard to equal, no matter what price you pay.



IT'S 15¢—and milder

**Real dyes give richest colors!**

FOR every home use, Diamond Dyes are the finest you can buy. They contain the highest quality anilines that can be produced.

It's the anilines in Diamond Dyes that give such soft, bright, new colors to dresses, drapes, lingerie. Diamond Dyes are easy to use. They go on smoothly and evenly; do not spot or streak; never give things that re-dyed look. Just true, even, new colors that keep their depth and brilliance in spite of wear and washing. 15¢ packages. All drug stores.

**Diamond Dyes Highest Quality for 50 Years**

**The Ideal Vacation Land**

Sunshine All Winter Long Splendid roads—towering mountain ranges—Highest type hotels—dry invigorating air—clear starlit nights—California's Foremost Desert Playground Write Geo. & Chaffey Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

Was ever any wicked man free from the stings of a guilty conscience?—Tillotson.

**Stubborn Coughs Give Up to**

Don't let coughs and colds wear down your strength and vitality. Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly—ends coughs quickly. Relief GUARANTEED.

**Boschee's SYRUP**

**KILLS 103 RATS ON NEBRASKA FARM**

A Nebraska farmer killed 103 rats in 12 hours with K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), the product made by a special process of squill, an ingredient highly recommended by the U. S. Government. It is sure death to rats and mice but harmless to dogs, cats, poultry or even baby chicks. K-R-O is today America's most widely used rat and mouse exterminator. Sold by druggists on money back guarantee.

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 42-1930.

**107th Holstein Nets 30,000 Pounds of Milk**

Montana Cow Averages More Than 10 Gallons Daily for Full Year

Chicago—By producing more than 10 gallons of milk and nearly 2.7 pounds of butterfat daily for one year, Lady Cascade Tubie Lilit, owned by Western Canning and

Dairy company, of White Sulphur Springs, Mont., becomes the 107th Holstein to produce more than 30,000 pounds of milk and ranks 34th on the national list for milk and 191st on the Holstein fat list. Her new record is 32,447.7 pounds (3,773 gallons) of milk or 88.9 pounds daily, containing 980.8 pounds of butterfat.

That Lady has been a profitable producer is indicated by advanced registry records, begun at 1 year and 10 months; 2 years, 9 months; 3 years, 9 months; 5 years, 11 months, and 9 years, 2 months, the age at which she began her latest

lactation. Her total production while on test was 102,741 pounds of milk containing 3,075.45 pounds of butterfat. The records indicate that she was not tested when 4 years old, 7 years old and 8 years old, but if her milk and fat yields during these three years were comparable to those on semi-official test she should have produced close to 165,000 pounds of milk and 5,000 pounds of butterfat.

With These Few Exceptions Fees Probably Is a Nice Man! Senator Fees of Ohio, the new chairman of the republican national