

**Is Hurry and Bustle of World Reality or Dream?**

When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; and I look on what has passed as one of those wild dreams which opium occasions, and I by no means wish to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive illusion.—Chesterfield.

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● Bettering a previous year's record, cakes, etc., baked with CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder, won 48 awards at a single state fair in 1935.

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**HERE'S RELIEF for Sore, Irritated Skin**

Wherever it is—however broken the surface—freely apply soothing **Resinol**

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Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood  
YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**BEFORE BABY COMES**

Elimination of Body Waste Is Doubly Important  
In the crucial months before baby arrives it is vitally important that the body be rid of waste matter. Your intestines must function—regularly, completely without gripping.



**STORM MUSIC**  
By DORNFORD YATES

CHAPTER X—Continued

"In a sense that's true," said Pharaoh. "I frankly admit I'm more accustomed to dealing with knaves than fools. And he's been very fortunate so far: but I don't think his luck will last. It's all my fault," he sighed. "I've only myself to thank. But he made such an excellent lever that against my better judgment I let him live. But there—we all make mistakes. To be perfectly honest, I went to the forester's cottage because I believed he was there. I didn't need you, you know. I always knew of this room."

"You seem to need me now." "Quite," said Pharaoh, "quite. But that's because your brother has gone. As a host—well, his hospitality left nothing to be desired. I find you more exacting. Never mind. About Mr. Spencer. You know I did give him a chance. I actually wrote him a note, containing some good advice."

"People like Mr. Spencer don't take any notice of threats. He has spoiled your game—and he isn't dead yet." "I assure you," said Pharaoh, "it's only a matter of time." A gust of passion suddenly shook his accents. "If he goes to Tibet, I'll get him." The gust died down and he laughed. "Stupid," he murmured. "Let's say I don't like his face."

"But you don't, do you?" flashed Pharaoh. "It's astonishing how you've fallen for that young calf." "I could just distinguish the man, but the resolute beam from the torch went far to distract my eye. I could make out that he was standing beside a chair, about six paces from Dewdrop, close to the wall. There was furniture standing between us, a massive writing table against which Dewdrop was leaning, holding the torch."

For fear of missing my man, I dared not fire upon him from where I stood. Reach him I could not, without crossing the beam of the torch. "I told you I had no scruples." The voice was cold and harsh as the Vardar wind. "Am I to demonstrate this?" Helena shrugged her shoulders. "That's a matter for you—not me. I find it sufficiently obvious, but perhaps you like gliding your most refined gold."

"I have two questions to ask you. You know what they are. To obtain the accurate answers I am ready to go all lengths. Not a long way. All lengths." "I believe you," said Helena calmly. "The trouble is you've got as far as you can."

"Let us see. Your brother was a mine of information, as you may believe. Amongst other things, he told me the following curious fact. When a son or a daughter of Yorick is ten years old, a leopard, the badge of Yorick, is tattooed upon their skin. . . . Is—is that true, Lady Helena?" Helena moistened her lips. "Yes."

"He said—it may not be true, but he said they were always tattooed beneath the left breast. . . . In your case, I think an expert was brought from Japan. It was thought, very properly, if I may say so, that so exquisite a canvas deserved a master's brush. . . . May we . . . see his handiwork, please?" Helena sat as though stricken—turned into stone.

the torch. When I had found it, I switched it on to the bench. This was empty. I turned the beam on to myself. "Helena," I said, "it's all right. I've done the swine in."

She did not answer, so I got to my feet and threw the beam round the room. She must be there somewhere. And then all at once I knew where Helena was. She had fled for the staircase-turret when Rush and I, between us, had dropped the torch. Rush had locked the door of the hall, not the door of the secret room. I took a step toward this—and stopped in my tracks.

The doorway by which I had entered had disappeared. Helena was safe—for the moment. So much I saw. (As a matter of fact, she was saved; but at that time I did not know that no one within the room could open the door she had shut.) And Rush was dead, and Pharaoh and Dewdrop knew nothing of what had occurred. In the twinkling of an eye my position had been reversed. If I could not make an end of the two, I deserved to be shot.

I stepped to the cut through which Pharaoh and Dewdrop had passed. As I had supposed, this gave to a winding stair—no doubt of a considerable depth, for though I strained my ears, I could hear nothing at all. Determined to leave nothing to chance, I proceeded to lay my ambush with infinite care. Pharaoh must find nothing wrong—until too late. To all appearance the room must be as he had left it. The bench, however, could be seen from the head of the winding stair. I must therefore suggest to Pharaoh that his captive had merely moved. This was easy enough. Next to the bench stood the fireplace, which jutted into the room. On the other side of this was a chair with its back to the wall. If my torch were trained upon this, Pharaoh would receive the impression that his captive had changed her seat. The only question was how to support the torch.

For a moment I stood thinking. Then I perceived that, unless I were to flout reason, this office must devolve upon Rush. Anyone leaving the stair with a torch in his hand would be almost sure to illumine the opposite side of the room. The corpse must therefore be moved in any event. And if I could gird it into the semblance of life. . . .

In two or three minutes the grisly business was done, and Rush was seated upright in a high-backed chair, with an arm along one of the chairs and the torch in his hand. His belt and mine and some cord I found in his pocket had done the trick. His head had proved troublesome, but I took a stick from the grate, buttoned this into his waistcoat and propped it like that. The effect was hideous, for the corpse was poking its head. But that was beside the point. At the first bluish, not even the man's own mother would even have known he was dead.

Here I should say that, before I had set Rush up, I had taken away his pistol and Helena's master key. Once again I took care to listen at the head of the winding steps—and heard no sound. To pick my own position was easy enough. I had only to take my stand behind the panel-door that belonged to the cut. This was wide enough to conceal me.

I decided to use a pistol, for the bullet was swift and sure and at quarters so close I could not possibly miss. For all that, I took the knife, too. And then at last I was ready, with the knife at my hip and a pistol in either hand. . . . I had to wait full five minutes before I heard a sigh on the winding stair.

The sigh grew to a murmur, and the murmur into that unmistakable sound—the regular scuffling of feet that are mounting a flight of stone steps. The footfalls were hasty. The two were mounting apace. Why this was I could not imagine. Why should they run? The stars were fighting against them. But for their haste, I should not have heard them so soon. The rapid, regular shuffle began to grow clear. . . . Unless they were moving as one, the shoes of one of the two were rubber-soled, for only one set of footfalls came to my ears.

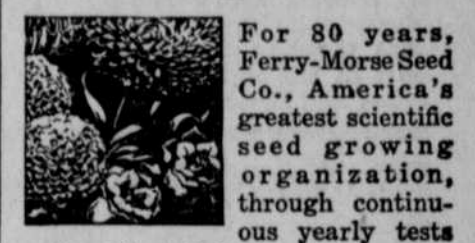
In that case—And then I saw the glow of a torch. Two steps more, and I heard their heavy breathing. . . . The stars against them? All the company of heaven had ranged itself on my side. The two would be spent and breathless. . . . Dewdrop began to speak before he had entered the room. "Bugle an' Ruth to go down. Pharaoh thayth!" As he stepped through the cut and I fired, I saw my mistake. Dewdrop would slip no more, but the deafening roar of my pistol had carried a message to Pharaoh which not even a child could misread. I could have done myself violence. Pharaoh was more than warned. My shot, being fired when it was, had reported the ugly news that Dewdrop was dead. The fact that no one came down would confirm

**All Around the House**

Try rolling doughnuts after frying in cinnamon and sugar. You may like the flavor. . . . When the lining of your hat becomes soiled take it out, wash with soap and water and iron. Steam hat, if felt, to renew the color, and sew in clean lining. . . . A very fine sandpaper rubbed over soapstone set tubs or sink before applying linseed oil and turpentine will make tubs as smooth as when new. . . . For luncheon try serving frankfurters in this way: Wrap a slice of bacon around each frankfurter and fasten with a toothpick. Place under broiler until bacon is crisp. . . . Onion soup is delicious when grated parmesan cheese is sprinkled on top of it. . . . Glue used to keep furniture parts together cracks and dries out in heated rooms. If a good grade of fish glue is used furniture should stay glued for a long time. . . . If tea stains are on cotton or linen and only a few days old, soak them in a solution made of one-half to one teaspoon of borax to one cup of water. Rinse in boiling water. . . . Linseed oil applied to leather furniture makes it soft and pliable, gives a darker shade and increases its durability. . . . The glass which covers the indicator on your gas oven may be cleaned by wetting a stiff brush with water, sprinkling liberally with a scouring powder and rubbing over glass. . . . Fill the coffee pot with cold water to which a tablespoon of baking soda has been added and boil for one-half hour each week. This will remove the brown stain on inside of pot. . . . If fruit juice from ples runs out into the oven, throw salt on it. There will then be no odor and where burned crisp the juice may be easily removed. . . . When a hot-water bottle leaks it may be repaired with adhesive tape to hold hot salt instead of water. © Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

**Faces Their Fortune, Yet They Don't Visit Beauty Shop**  
Mongolia harbors some queer persons whose faces keep them in food. Members of a certain Mongolian cult know the secret of making hair grow all over their faces, until they almost look like animals. They terrorize simple villagers into providing them with food and clothing, and thus, their faces become their fortunes.

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**TOP AND BOTTOM, THEN**



"I love you from the bottom of my heart."  
"Why make that distinction, when it is so small that top and bottom are identical."

Leftovers  
Tourist (in museum)—What's in here?  
Guide—Remains to be seen, sir.—Answers Magazine.

**Smiles**

**A Generous Attitude**  
"Can you afford to keep a dog?" "Dat ain' worryin' me," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "But de way my luck's been runnin', if I was de dog I'd git out an' hunt up somebody else to belong to."

**Double Checking**  
"Nurse, did you kill all the germs in the baby's milk?" "Yes, ma'am; I ran it through the meat chopper twice."

**Suspicion**  
"What is the principal business in Crimson Gulch?" asked the stranger. "Let's understand each other," said Mesa Bill. "Are you a drummer or a detective?"

**Some Linguist**  
Visitor—I hear your daughter has learned Esperanto. Does she speak it fluently?  
Fond Mother—Like a native!—Stray Stories Magazine.

**In Need of One**  
Sonny Boy—Say, dad, are there any plumbers in heaven?  
Dad—I rather think not, my son. What made you ask such a funny question?  
Sonny Boy—I thought there couldn't be, because the sky leaks so much.—Pathfinder.

**And Stay Put All Night**  
"What do you take as a remedy for your insomnia?"  
"A glass of wine at regular intervals."  
"Does that make you sleep?"  
"No; but it makes me content to stay awake."—Humorist (London).

**WRIGLEY'S RELIEVES A DRY AND SMOKEY THROAT**

BEFORE AFTER

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**

THE FLAVOR LASTS

(TO BE CONTINUED)