

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.

CLABBER GIRL WINS AGAIN!

Sweeps State Fair with 48 Awards

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

Five cakes, all winners of First Prizes, were tied in competition for the Championship Award... and all baked with CLABBER GIRL



Not So Bad We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—Balzac.

LIFE LONG FRIEND Keeps Them Fit at 70

THIS is a real-vegetable laxative—NATURE'S REMEDY... It is so free from complaints. Millions of people welcome the aid of this reliable corrective. For Nature's Remedy strengthens and regulates the entire eliminative tract—safely carries away the poisons that bring on headaches, colds, biliousness, constipation, etc.

HERE'S RELIEF for Sore, Irritated Skin Resinol

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

Watch Your Kidneys! 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.

Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—much pleasanter to take than liquid. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today



STORM MUSIC By DORN FORD YATES

CHAPTER X—Continued —14— "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.

Helena was trembling. A little hand went up to cover her eyes. "I'll make you an offer. I nearly made it just now. If you'll go now, I'll show you the secret way. Tomorrow night I'll meet you with five thousand pounds in gold. And after that I'll pay you five thousand a year—for every year that you let Mr. Spencer live."

It was clear that a child was speaking, a terrified child. Offer, promise, figures were things grotesque. Her suggestion was below comment. But Pharaoh had his foot in the opening, quick as a flash. "That's better," he said. "Much better. You've gone, shall we say, a long way. But I'm sure Mr. Spencer's worth ten thousand a year."

"You don't like him because you fear him." "He may prove inconvenient. Unagitated nuisances sometimes do." "It isn't his tongue that you fear. You fear his hand."

"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.

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. Pharaoh proceeded mercilessly. "If you would like assistance, you've only to say the word. We're none of us lady's maids, but Rush has the reputation of being a lady's man."

The sweat was running on my temples. As I tried to measure my distance, I found that I could not see, for my eyes had been fixed on Helena and now could not pierce the darkness which veiled the rest of the room. And then I heard Rush moving. . . Had the fellow moved forward, that must have been the end of this tale. But he only passed behind me, to stand between me and Dewdrop—I suppose to be nearer his master. . . the suddenly favored courtier approaching the steps of the throne.

That the end was fast approaching was very plain. Any moment now I should have to send my mask flying. First Pharaoh. . . I would strike down the torch and hurl myself at the monster before he had

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. For the chair was masked by the fireplace and could not be seen from the cut. 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 devote 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 grid 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-iron 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 blush, 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. 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

this report. And no one could have killed Dewdrop, unless he had first made an end of Bugle and Rush.

The truth was in Pharaoh's hands. He knew as well as did I that someone was in the chamber, waiting to take his life. As I say, I could have done myself violence. I was here to play the knave, and instead I was playing the fool.

I am bound to confess that I cannot defend my annoyance at finding that I must fight Pharaoh instead of playing the butcher as I had already done. I can only say that at that time I had no fear for myself; but since I knew very well that the man was as swift and as cunning as I was slow, I was full of apprehension lest he should escape. The bare thought of such an outcome made the sweat start on my brow. Live—after what he had done? Live—to walk out of that room and do it again?

I pulled myself together, slid my pistols into my pockets and set about hoisting Dewdrop out of my way. CHAPTER XI — Helena. NOW by firing, as I had, upon Dewdrop, I had cast away the element of surprise; but that was not all the mischief that I had done, for the roar of the heavy pistol had made me completely deaf.

When I had fired in the forest, so savage was the report that four or five minutes went by before my full hearing came back; but here, within such four walls, the shock of the violent explosion had appalled the drums of my ears. To listen for Pharaoh's coming was, therefore, but waste of time, and, since he might arrive at any moment, I made my preparations as swiftly as ever I could.

These were simple—there was not much I could do. The chair on which Rush was seated I slewed to the left, so that the beam of his torch fell full on the cut in the wall. I then took Dewdrop's torch and studied the room, marking the furniture well in case I must move in the dark. Then I slid the torch into my pocket and lay down behind the great table of which I have spoken before.

This was a pedestal table of carved, gray oak. Between the two pedestals there was a knee-hole or archway three feet wide by some twenty-six inches high. Looking through this, I directly commanded the cut, while the pedestal offered good cover on either hand. I ventured to settle myself with the greatest care, for I knew that if I possibly could I must kill my man before he had entered the room; if Pharaoh could contrive to come in, the advantage I presently held would be utterly lost, for, though we should, in a sense, be fighting on even terms, Pharaoh was an expert at murder, but I was no more than a resolute amateur.

Since the cut was so narrow, the gauntlet he had to run was extremely strict and, unless my pistol misfired, I did not see how he could do it and save his life. So I lay very still from force of habit straining my useless ears with my pistol-hand on the plinth of the pedestal-table and my eyes on the cut that was waiting to frame my deed.

After a little, I found myself thinking how soft the carpet was. . . I do not know how long I waited, but the first intimation I had of Pharaoh's approach was the sudden roar of his pistol as he fired at and shattered the torch.

I do not know how long I waited, but the first intimation I had of Pharaoh's approach was the sudden roar of his pistol as he fired at and shattered the torch. I fear this tale is a record of bad mistakes, but when I was laying my ambush I made the worst of them all. I have no excuse to offer. I think a child would have seen that he must so place the torch that, while it illuminated the cut, it could not itself be seen from the head of the winding stair. Be that as it may, the horrid shock and the darkness took me aback, and when I fired at the cut, I fired an instant too late. Pharaoh's answer came swift as a flash, and his bullet went through my knee-hole, to lodge in the wall beyond.

And then—silence. We were both of us deafened, of course; and, remembering that, I at least had the sense to move. An instant later I was standing behind Rush's chair. And then for the first time that night I felt the stab of something I knew to be fear.

I was as good as blindfolded, my ears were stopped: four walls hemmed me in, and somewhere within their compass was moving—Death. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Picked Longest Psalm The Covenanters, in the time of the Civil wars were exceedingly fond of singing psalms. When the great Montrose was taken prisoner, his chaplain, Wishart, the elegant historian of his deeds, shared the same fate with his patron, and was condemned to the same punishment. Being desired on the scaffold to name what psalm he wished to have sung, he selected the one hundred and nineteenth, consisting of 22 stanzas. In this he was guided by God's good providence, for before two-thirds of the psalm was sung, a pardon arrived.

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.

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 Mess 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).

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

WE have a limited stock of new 1936 Stewart Warner Model 1375 radios. Consoles that must be sold immediately. Regular Price \$129.95 Special \$69.50 Price . . . Write, wire or phone RADIO WASHER COMPANY 4622 So. 24th St. Phone Market 1900 Omaha, Nebr.

Earn \$2 Hourly in Spare Time. Not selling. Give full qualifications. Enclose stamp. LoCosD. 1014 12th St., Sioux City, Iowa.

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

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

Faces Their Fortune, Yet They Don't Visit Beauty Shop Mongolian 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.

Grow a garden of "GRADUATES" from a real seed breeding institute

For 80 years, Ferry-Morse Seed Co., America's greatest scientific seed growing organization, through continuous yearly tests and with infinite care, has protected market and home gardeners against deterioration in seed quality.

Our foundation stock is developed at The Ferry-Morse Seed Breeding Institute Stations at Rochester, Mich., and Salinas, Cal. This purebred stock is then used for seed production on our own farms, or under our direct supervision. The seed crops from this stock are sold only after thorough tests have shown that they are of proper quality and germination.

That is why—North, South, East, West—you can buy seeds from the Ferry display in your neighborhood store with the greatest assurance that they will reproduce true to type and quality. Look for the Ferry display before planning your garden. Write for free copy of our Home Garden Catalog. Ferry-Morse Seed Co., Detroit and San Francisco.

THE FERRY-MORSE SEED BREEDING INSTITUTE

Devoted to improving and maintaining the quality of America's garden seeds. Plainest Truths The usefulness of truth is plainest; and while we keep to them, our differences cannot rise high.—William Penn.

Iron the Easy Way

GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING Coleman SELF-HEATING IRON The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the match inside the iron—no burned fingers. The Coleman heats in a jiffy; is quickly ready for use. Entire ironing surface is heated with point the hottest. Maintains its heat even for the fast worker. Entirely self-heating. Operates for 1/2 an hour. You do your ironing with less effort, in one-third less time. Be sure your next iron is the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful time and labor saver—nothing like it. The Coleman is the easy way to iron. SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE Folder and Full Details. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO. Dept. WU316 Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif. (SUN)

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