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Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

**BELLANS
INDIGESTION
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BELLANS
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John—Where was the first maple tree?
Jim—in the ground, of course.

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INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

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which contains proven directions
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Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monacopolis/Germany

As Always
"It's the woman who pays."
"Yes; after you've handed over the money."

Posterity is going to be much interested in us. Aren't we in ancestry?

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Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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Joint-Ease is for joint trouble only and is a clean penetrating preparation that druggists everywhere are recommending.

Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets in joint agony gets out—quick.

BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

Sir Geoffrey smiled at her. "Like everyone else, now that your anxiety has been lifted you're going to be cross. But you must try not to show your ill-humor to Alec."

She stopped in the entrance doorway.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"My car is at the door," said he, "and it is going to take you to my house. And there—"

Aline shrank back a little, with a frightened air. He put an arm over her shoulder and gave her a little shake.

"Come, Aline, I shall be with you."

She yielded to him and stepped into the car. But at his house she had another panic.

"Geoffrey," she asked him breathlessly, before they reached Alec's door, "Geoffrey—does he know I'm coming?"

Sir Geoffrey, walking beside her, his hands locked behind him, his glass firm in his eye, answered slowly, not looking at her:

"I haven't told you, Aline, that before he regained consciousness Alec asked for you incessantly. Since he has been himself—"

"Sir Geoffrey paused—"

"though he has not spoken of you, I have felt— Last night when I was alone with him he got out in his off-hand way, you know, 'I say, Sir Geoffrey, any reason why Aline shouldn't come in for a moment, eh?'"

Aline didn't look at Sir Geoffrey while he spoke, nor did he look at her.

They were silent until Alec's door was reached. Then, her eyes on the knob, "You'll come in too, won't you, Geoffrey?"

Aline besought him, and Sir Geoffrey gravely came.

To the surprise of Aline, who expected him to be upon his back, Alec was sitting up in a deep armchair of faded chintz, his bandaged head resting against the back, his long hands along the arms. Aline was reminded vividly of Lord Breeme though his face bore a far more visible mark of suffering. He turned his eyes to Aline and held out his hand.

"How are you, Alec?" were the only words that came to her. She was answered, by his characteristic grin.

"All here," said he, rather more jerkily than usual. "More than all here, as my head, I'm sure, is twice its natural size. Feels that way. Won't you sit down?"

Aline sat. Sir Geoffrey moved away the full length of the room and whistled softly near a window. Alec looked wretchedly embarrassed. There were lines about his mouth, and his narrow eyes avoided his visitor. Aline had perforce to talk. She told him all the news of Breeme House that could possibly be wrung from its past uneventful, anxious week. She reported the foolish, quaint sayings of Vi and Humphrey. She spoke of the copyist, and how he had announced his departure tomorrow for a few days with the copy and his return for some finishing touches.

"What copyist?" asked Alec.

"Mr. Cardoni, you know."

"Cardoni? Cardoni? Oh, yes, the fellow Claire spoke to me about. Hasn't he finished yet?"

"Well, Alec, he's been remarkably quick."

They stuck to Cardoni and his work till suddenly, in the midst of a speech, Alec stopped short. Aline looked round in surprise to see that Sir Geoffrey had left the room.

Aline stood up.

"Why did he go out?" she said quickly.

Alec put out an uncertain hand to her.

"Because he knows I must see you alone—Aline, I must."

She saw the flush rise in his face and, anxious for him, yielded.

"Yes, Alec, I'll stay."

"That's good."

The hand, uncertain as it was still held itself out to her, and Aline took it, standing beside him and trying to check the swift, warm current of delight that leapt from his fingers to hers.

"The man you are going to marry," said Alec, looking up at her from under his bandage

with eyes mysteriously changed in expression, "is a splendid fellow, Aline. Long before your wedding-day he is going to be the one man in the world for you. Please don't be angry with me, dear."

"Somehow," Aline murmured, "I'm not. I wish I could be."

"No. You're not angry, because you know it's what's behind speeches that gives 'em sting, and there's nothing behind mine to-day that could hurt a mouse. Please stand where I can look at you, Aline. Can't turn my confounded head."

Silently she changed her position.

"A smashed head doesn't usually make a fellow think, does it? I fancy I'm different from most people. My head needed a good crack to clear it. It aches like thunder, but it's as clear as glass. I say, Aline, you know I've asked Claire Wilton to be my wife?"

Her hand jerked in his, but he kept it, passing his own free one across his eyes.

"Can't remember just how I put it, but I did tell her I wanted her to be the Lady of Breeme House. She didn't give me my answer because—now, let me think—"

He frowned. "Oh, yes, Tremont and Jane galloped by us and gave us such a start that we couldn't decently get round to the topic again."

"Why do you tell me?" Aline asked, all the ironical patience of her eyes bent upon him.

"Well—you don't keep secrets from me, do you?" She winced a little, so that he felt it in her fingers.

He was silent. Aline, staring at him in suspense, could make nothing of his still, pale, narrow face, with its sombre mouth and lowered eyes. His hand held her fast. Suddenly he caught the hand up, pressed it to his forehead, then to his lips, and the first tears she had ever seen from him stood big in the eyes with which he glanced up and down again, ashamed and dogged in his pain. Without preface, "I love you," he said; "I love you. You know I love you," under his breath, and rapidly over and over again.

She slipped to her knees, gently drawing her hand from his.

"No, Alec, no. You mustn't say it."

"Yes, I must—I will. Just this once. You darling. It's so good to tell you. It's all right, too. I've Sir Geoffrey's permission. Thought that would make you look up. Oh, Aline, what eyes you have! There were never any eyes like them in all the world. I've been seeing them every second for these last days and nights. You did love me a little, didn't you, darling girl?"

She kept her eyes upon him, but said nothing.

"What a plucky thing you are! Aline, I'm sorry I've been a cad. I apologise. I ought to be caned for the way I've acted to you. It didn't take Sir Geoffrey to make me see that, thank Heaven! No excuse, though—just makes it worse."

Again he was still, she looking at him, silently.

"I'm not a free man, you know, Aline. I'm just part of the House of Breeme. I've got to look out for it. It's what we all do—all of us that are worth our salt. I suppose it means something—has some value. I don't know. I've got to please father and save our fortunes, and make up for the mischief I've been doing—duce take me. There's Humphrey, you know, and Jane and Vi. And I like Claire Wilton. I admire her even when she terrifies me. She does, you know! I never admitted it before. She likes my title and my house, and the Van Dyke, eh? That is the way of it, you see. It may not be romance, but it's true common sense. It was that, or the only alternative—selling the Van Dyke. That American cousin of mine offers to buy it. But I can't!"

She nodded. Her quivering mouth and throat would not let her speak.

"I wanted to tell you all about it," he began again, not quite so clearly and looking away from her with drawn lips. "It's the only amends I can make you. I think I've courage

enough to play out part. It's not—happiness, but, I think, it's duty. If it weren't for father I'd rather go off to the colonies and try to make money. But—but there's the dear old chap looking at me and hoping big things. And there are others!"

Another pause. Those tears of Alec's had forced their burning, painful way to his cheeks.

"I've about done with any life that I can call my own, I think," he ended dully.

Aline stood up and moved away and came back.

"It's the same for both of us, dear old boy," she said quickly. "We'll have to be brave for ourselves and each other. We'll get something out of it, shan't we? This minute, for instance, and—our friendship for all our lives. And the happiness of other people. I'm so grateful to you for telling me. I'm so much happier. I'm terribly happy, Alec."

"Are you?"

He looked up with weary wonder. She remembered that he was hurt.

"I'm going now. Yes I must," for his hand had gripped her desperately. "You'll be worn out. Thank you a million times. And—God bless you, dear."

His head and eyes compelled her. She bent and kissed his forehead. Then, she left him.

Sir Geoffrey came to her a few minutes later and took her home.

He talked much more than usual on the way, going over his political theories at considerable dryness. He was never a brilliant talker, but this afternoon he was profoundly dull. He did not ask one single question, however, nor demand so much as an "I understand," or a "Quite so."

Aline surrendered herself thankfully to her own thoughts, which were very pathetically noble and full of a strange, subdued joy. She did not hear Sir Geoffrey's good-bye nor her own.

CHAPTER XIV
SIR GEOFFREY'S MOVE

As soon as Alec was pronounced entirely out of danger, Lady Jane returned, like an anxious humming-bird, to her flowers. There was cause for delight and for dismay: some late buds had come out, the cat had not nibbled at others, an unexpected beautiful thing had flowered. But in the wild-flower bed there was sad havoc. A wobbly calf, escaped from the farm boy, had trampled across her ferns. Jane set to work, grave and tender of expression, with her long, supple hands to prop and tuck in and repair, clipping away, with small breaths of regret, what must be clipped away.

She looked up at a sound to see Rufus Tremont standing before her, the width of the fern-bed apart.

She started.

"You are back from London?"

He whimsically shook his head. Jane blushed and put back her hair, leaving a streak of mud across the blush.

"That wasn't a silly question," she defended herself. "It was an exclamation. Have you been to the house? Have you seen papa? He was asking about you; he is impatient to go on with the book."

"Yes'm." Tremont used this Westernism with an enjoyment of its flavour. "I've seen your father. Also, I went to Brooke's place, and saw Lord Tremont. He gave me—"

Here Rufus settled on the stone wall and, smiling ruefully to himself, contemplated his boots. "He gave me a cool reception. He had not forgotten a little tiff we had just before his tumble."

Jane looked pleased. Her side-long look and smile were of gleaming triumph. Rufus flushed.

"Have you ever heard a saw about laughing last and best?" said he.

"Ah!" Jane retorted cruelly, "that's just what I'm doing—laughing best and last. It was you who laughed first." And she sang lightly and shyly:

"Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?"

Madam, will you walk and talk with me?"

He looked at her hard, his lips tight, his color high.

"No," said Jane, tucking in a fern with her two forefingers and thumb, "no; you will never carry Lady Jane away from England!"

"That would be bad medicine," drawled he. "Not to carry Lady Jane away with me from England—bitter bad medicine!"

Jane kept at her work.

Unbeatable.
From Life.

It is our belief that the acme of caution has been achieved by the man who consulted a book on the United States game laws before setting a mouse-trap in his kitchen.

About \$22,000,000 of school funds was spent by 41 states in 1923 to pay for taking children to and from school. That was \$2 out of every \$100 used to pay the running expenses of the schools in these states.

Practical Woman

Fred C. Kelly in Collier's

I often wonder if the average woman wouldn't be far more capable in business than her husband. A woman is more practical in a thousand ways than a man. In fact, man is at his best as a dreamer. The greatest poets are men. On the other hand, some of the greatest rulers have been women; for example, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, Queen Victoria.

Whenever a man comes home talking big about things he is planning to do, his wife is the one to ask some annoyingly practical question. How much will it cost? Is there enough money in the bank?

If a man picks up a bargain in a piece of goods for a suit or a dress, his wife immediately asks what width it is, and then sets to work with a tape-line or yardstick. As likely as not she finds that the goods is a little short of being enough—which explains why he got it at a supposed bargain.

Woman is a more capable shopper than man. Usually, too, she's a better salesman. Not one man in fifty can get as much from an old-clothes man for a discarded suit as his wife can.

When a husband brings somebody unexpectedly home to dinner, he thinks in impractical general terms that there will somehow be enough for all. But the wife has to think in definite, specific terms. It is the wife who carefully scans the grocery bills.

In short, if more women were consulted about what goes on in offices, there might be less time wasted during business hours.

So much business seems to be carried on clumsily that it is small wonder men try to bolster up their self-respect by talking big at home about what goes on at the office. Too often the attitude of a man toward his wife about business is: "You wouldn't understand it even if I tried to explain it to you." He tries to give the impression that business is a difficult thing, to be grasped only by a male person of rare intelligence. This is on the same principle that the cornet player in a country band always puckers his face more than he needs—just to make his job look more difficult than it is.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What makes you so confident this morning, Lady Jane?"

She slipped her slim weight back on her heels, letting her hands lie, palm to palm, lightly between her knees.

"I wish I could tell you; but it's a secret. I think, however, that we are delivered, with our Van Dyke, safe out of your hands."

He was grim enough at that; got out his pipe quickly with the air, Jane was pathetically reminded, of a hurt child snatching for comfort at a favorite toy, and blinked downward through the smoke. He was thinking very closely, with knit brows.

"Yes, the American girl, of course," he said at last, and gave Jane a swift glance. After it he looked illuminated. "So that's it, is it? They are engaged!"

The tone of voice said "They have bartered themselves."

Then he seemed to crumple up into a tight bundle of hard thought, held together by knit hands. Jane saw the youth fade away from him—brow, lips, and eyes. There were harsh and ruthless lines in his face. He let his pipe go out, and stared through Jane.

Presently, without any change of attitude or look, he began to speak.

"You haven't been fair to me," said he. "You haven't tried to understand. You haven't the vaguest notion of what it means, of what I'm trying to do. I asked you to give me half an hour, but you wouldn't. I was mighty happy with you that first evening I felt as if I were walking mightily close to the gates of Paradise, when, at a word, out floated a flaming sword. You've been waving it about you ever since."

Jane watched, with no smile now, and was still.

"Let me tell you that has hurt. It was the first time I've ever offered my confidence to a woman. I was playing almighty fair, too. I needn't have told you what I was after."

"I wish you hadn't," said Jane.

"You don't trust me any further than you can see me. But don't feel too safe, Lady Jane. A general has always more than one plan of attack. Ah! there goes the flaming sword again. You don't love to be threatened, do you—not a little bit?"

The question, if its tone had been different by a shade, would have been almost insolent. But there was that in it—a throbbing, yearning something. Jane's head kept its deer-like pose, but her eyes fell.

Not Pleased

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"Would my technique indicate that?" asked the young man.

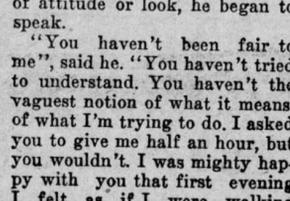
Brought up on a Farm

As a young man Dr. Pierce practiced medicine in a rural district and was known far and wide for his great success in alleviating disease. He early moved to Buffalo and put up in ready-to-use form, his Golden Medical Discovery, the well-known tonic for the blood, which is an extract of native roots. This "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's clears away pimples and annoying eruptions, tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. It corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, aids digestion, acts as a tonic and enriches the blood. Vim is sure to follow its use. All dealers. Tablets or liquid.

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S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.



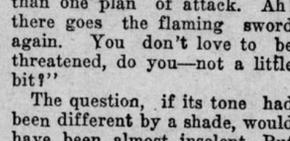
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