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Eheul

Engagement—Now, don't worry about that plano, honey, I'll get it upstairs for you.

Marriage—Bring you home a spool of thread? Do I look like a pack-horse? Telephone!—Western Features.

OLD DOCTOR'S IDEA IS BIG HELP TO ELDERLY PEOPLE



In 1885, Dr. Caldwell made a discovery for which elderly people the world over praise him today!

Years of practice convinced him that many people were endangering their health by a careless choice of laxatives. So he began a search for a harmless prescription which would be thoroughly effective, yet would neither gripe nor form any habit. At last he found it.

Over and over he wrote it, when he found people bilious, headachy, out of sorts, weak or feverish; with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy. It relieved the most obstinate cases, and yet was gentle with women, children and elderly people.

Today, this same famous, effective prescription, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is the world's most popular laxative. It may be obtained from any drugstore

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY

JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORONTO"

Tassler turned his head and caught sight of them. Leo went up to him, and both men raised their hats simultaneously, whilst the young man said:

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Tassler; I am Leonard Grath. I don't know if you have come out here to see me, but in any case..."

"Yes, I have come to speak to you," said the other heavily. "I hear that you no longer wish to sell the Copper House. Is that true?"

"Perfectly true," replied Leo politely.

Marcus Tassler looked at him as though this reply was not unexpected, and puffed away at his cigar.

"My client is prepared to increase his offer," he said after a minute.

Leo smiled.

"It is not a question of increasing the offer, but of the entire rejection of any offer whatsoever... Besides, your client is Mr. Andrei Bernin, isn't he? I have been talking to him, but he didn't allude to the matter; it does not seem to interest him any longer," added the young man boldly. Lona Ivanovna stood listening to them, her eyes bright, and her lips tightly shut, but she said nothing. Tassler turned to her:

"Can I see Andrei Ivanovitch?" he asked sharply;

"Rastakov told me that your brother is up..."

The old lady turned, and went indoors.

"Allow me to show you the way, gentlemen," she said, over her shoulder. Her voice and look bore traces of an inward conflict.

Another peal of thunder rumbled in the distance.

CHAPTER X.

The Situation Becomes Acute. Maurice Wallion had gone down the winding staircase just as the gardener came into the kitchen, and from his hiding place he heard Rosenthal inquire in a low voice:

"Where is Rastakov?"

A gruff voice, which obviously belonged to the man on guard by the kitchen door, replied:

"He is at the lodge."

There was a little rustling sound, as Rosenthal threw the roses down on a table, and he called out:

"Here are your roses, Lona Ivanovna. I hear you have visitors, and Tassler and the baron are expected," and without waiting for an answer, the gardener went out again. Wallion, who had remained motionless on the stairs, heard a distant sound from the front of the house, and hesitated over his next move. Presently he went up to the first floor and, after listening a little, he opened a window at the back of the house, and jumped softly down. He slipped into the shrubbery, and skirted the wall of the terrace until he came in sight of the main entrance. He heard the old lady request the gentlemen to follow her, and saw them enter the house behind her. Rastakov and the young girl remained together, and the former said shortly:

"What are you waiting for?"

She went up to him, and said, in a grave voice that contrasted oddly with her girlish appearance:

"Justice must be done. That is what I am waiting for." She looked straight at Rastakov's swarthy face, and he returned her gaze fixedly.

"Justice! That is a wonderful word, Sonia Andreievna. There is no justice nowadays; the bayonets have put an end to it. The future is blood-red.

Both Navies Have Spies. By Jonathan Mitchell in Outlook.

Both the American and British navies have their own special spies, and sometimes they outshine the admirals themselves. To some English naval officers the most glamorous man in the last war was not Fisher nor Jellicoe nor Beatty, but a spy called Mr. C.

Mr. C's greatest exploit, according to the legend which has grown up around him, was impersonating a member of General Ludendorff's staff and taking lunch with Emperor Wilhelm at German G. H. Q. It is known that Ludendorff habitually entrusted matters of great importance to young officers, and that the

Sonia Andreievna; don't pin your hopes to it."

He spoke in a hard, bitter voice, then turned and left her.

The girl put both her hands up to her face, and ran down the terrace; like some little lost animal, she stood still, then ran on again, crying softly to herself. At last she threw herself onto a bench under the shade of the syringa trees, crouched down in the farthest corner of it, and buried her face in her arms. A low murmur of voices could be heard through the open windows of the dining room.

Wallion, concealed by the trees, took a few steps towards the avenue, and saw in the distance Baron Fayerling approaching, accompanied by the lodgekeeper, Tugan, and two of the forest guards. They were walking briskly along, at the pace of a marching patrol. At the same moment, the Problem-hunter made another, and far from reassuring discovery: across the field on either side of the avenue, he noticed a number of men, posted at equal distances from each other, and stretching as far as the eye could reach... a double "cordon" was being drawn round the Copper House.

Double, indeed; for when Wallion turned round, he saw five or six fellows with guns file on to the terrace from the opposite direction, and take up their position close to the house. No chance of getting past them!

He was caught in a trap. The outer "cordon," which embraced a considerable area, was being gradually contracted. He calculated the number of men to be about 40.

"They have brought reinforcements," he reflected. "Something must be going to happen; the gang is assembling—they only want the great, invisible Gabriel Ortiz to make things complete," and he looked all round him, and bit his lips. A few raindrops were beginning to patter on the dry leaves, and towards the sea, dark thunder-clouds were gathering in heavy masses.

Lona Ivanovna appeared again; she went over to her niece and took her by the shoulder.

"Come indoors," she said softly and gently; "Sonia, I believe that a miracle might happen, but we must keep a brave face, and never cry for quarter."

The girl got up; her eyes were dry now, and she took her aunt's hand, like a child, and went in with her.

It was very quiet in the dining room where the others were assembled. Tassler was standing in the middle of the room, Leo by the window on the right-hand side, and Rastakov—his arms theatrically folded—by the door. No one was speaking, but it was evident that something had just been said which astonished them, and they were all looking at the blind man in his armchair, as though they expected him to say something more.

Andrei Bernin was sitting with his white head turned towards them; now and then, he rubbed his hands as though they were cold, but he remained silent.

"It is very strange," said Tassler at length, in a thick, grumbling voice; "it is most extraordinary, Andrei Bernin, that you did not find this out before. You state that you no longer wish to buy the Copper House, because you are too poor! You owe both Mr. Grath and myself an explanation."

"I never said that I was rich enough to buy the Copper House. It is as much as I can afford to remain here as its

tenant. Why do you ask me, Marcus, when you know that you have always managed everything?"

"Exactly, I undertook to see to all your business for you. You—poor! Why, man, you have been ill for so long, that your ideas have grown quite hazy! Your money has multiplied enormously, invested in the Finno-Russian Import and Export company; don't you realize that?"

Tassler spoke rapidly and loudly, as though he anticipated some interruption; he mopped his cheeks and forehead with his handkerchief, and looked at Andrei Bernin with a very unwonted expression of obsequious servility.

"Surely you are capable of understanding as much of your business as that," he continued... "of course, I have done my best for you."

"Perhaps," answered the blind man; "perhaps you have, Marcus; but I am not going to buy the Copper House."

Tassler lifted his small, plump hands, and turned to Lona Ivanovna.

"Always the same! This poor brother of yours hasn't the slightest idea of business! I begin to think that you must have acted on your own responsibility during his illness. Can't you make him see reason?"

"I don't think that is necessary," she answered quietly. "You don't!"

"No, not since yesterday—when Sergius came here."

"Sergius!"

"Yes, Marcus, up to yesterday, I still believed in you, and allowed you to act for us. That's all over. Now you must act for yourself."

"And that is the most difficult of all," added the feeble voice of the blind man, philosophically.

Marcus Tassler turned distinctly paler; it was impossible to ignore the challenge of Lona Ivanovna's tone and whole demeanor. Even Leo noticed it, and to relieve the painful tension, he said pleasantly, and as unconcerned as he could:

"Yes, there we are agreed, my dear Mr. Tassler. When the purchaser will not buy, nor the seller sell, the whole transaction comes automatically to an end. For the exact details, I must ask you to be so good as to refer to Mr. Burchardt."

Tassler turned to him, with the ponderous agility of a hippopotamus.

"I will do so, Mr. Grath."

"That will be all right, then."

"And I shall tell him that you have refused the best offer that has ever been made for a property," continued Tassler. "My conscience is clear, at any rate."

"Not altogether, Marcus," said the blind man from his corner.

Tassler's obsequiousness crackled like a mirror at a blow from a hammer, and be-very different face, with an- hind the mirror appeared a grey eyes, distorted features, and lips drawn back in an ugly snarl.

"Listen to me, Andrei," he cried out quickly and breathlessly, "and you too, Lona. I can see quite well that Sergius has bewitched you. Take care! Sergius is not what he was, he has taken the wrong road, and anyone who shelters him is bound to be ruined."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to speak to him before it is too late."

"It is too late, now."

"That's impossible!"

"Marcus Tassler, it is all over. You cannot alter things now."

"Not I perhaps, but certainly..."

"Certainly who?" a voice interrupted him, and the baron came into the room. "Can you mean me, by any chance?"

Tassler was silent. The baron had staged his entrance

submarine captain, asleep in the billiard room.

While he went to rouse the club servants the man vanished, and it was not until after armistice that he discovered that the man had been dear old Bilkinsop, who had flown back from the North Sea to report to the admiralty, and not anticipating that any one would be up and about at such an hour, sneaked into the club for a few minutes' sleep.

The ability of the British admiralty's secret service is widely admitted, even by Americans. An attaché of our embassy in London declares that more than once our navy

with the skill and aplomb of an accomplished actor. He advanced with the friendly air of a casual visitor, but no one could ignore the imperious gesture with which he imposed silence upon his partner. The lash was inflicted with a smile:

"By Jove, Tassler, how you do hold forth! Madame Ivanovna, don't let us dispute over trifles. Be so good as to introduce me to your brother and to the owner of the Copper House."

As the old lady did not move, he completed the ceremony himself, with easy grace, pressing the blind man's passive hand, and bowing low to Leo.

"You have a remarkably fine old property, Mr. Grath," he remarked, "but it is very much out of the world, and all sorts of queer things might happen here, without anybody having the slightest suspicion of what was going on. I am thinking more particularly of the case of Bernard Jenin, and what is likely to be the result of it."

He smoothed his D'Annunzio beard, looked from one face to another, and repeated thoughtfully:

"What the results may be."

A pause followed these words. The blind man remarked:

"Logic teaches us that one of two results will follow: either Bernard Jenin will be captured, or he will not. I incline towards the latter hypothesis."

"Indeed!" replied the baron. "Logic is a wonderful science, my dear Mr. Bernin; I also argue logically, and I say: Bernard Jenin certainly came to the Copper House; he certainly did not leave it again; therefore he must still be in the Copper House. It is as easy to prove as this other little syllogism: Thieves deserve punishment; Bernard Jenin is a thief; therefore Bernard Jenin deserves punishment."

"Are you not first bound to prove that he is a thief?" suggested Leo, and Sonia flashed a grateful look at him.

The baron affected to be much surprised, and turned courteously to the speaker:

"Certainly," he admitted, "but only to those whose business it is to plead for the thief."

Leo colored.

"As the owner of the Copper House," he said more sharply, "it seems to me that I have a right to know whether I am harboring a thief in my house, or not."

"Most assuredly. Will it content you if I can show that the fellow robbed me?"

Leo replied with a stiff bow.

"Well, Mr. Grath, allow me to inform you that an important paper—the so-called Taraschin memorandum—whilst on its way to me from Russia, was stolen by Bernard Jenin, and is still in his possession. Tassler and Rastakov are my witnesses; is that sufficient?"

"Yes, if no one takes exception to your statement, or to your witnesses." Leo looked at Lona Ivanovna, but, to his surprise, she turned her face away.

The baron smiled superciliously, and the young man, irritated, he knew not why, said deliberately:

"No doubt you are right; and you are quite at liberty to call in the police."

Rastakov made an involuntary movement, but the baron checked her with a glance, and answered:

"The police? Yes, I would do so, if I had plenty of time to spare, and if I was not unwilling to compromise my dear friends here—!" and he looked at Andrei Bernin and the two ladies. "As it is essential that I should have the paper by this evening, I must unfortunately take the matter into my own hands."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. When will the Pendleton roundup be held?—E. A. A. The 20th annual Pendleton roundup will be held September 18 to 21, inclusive.

during the war was forced to ask its help.

There is an unkind rumor among foreigners that the admiralty does not hesitate to spy even on its own government whenever it is suspected that the foreign office, or the army, or whoever else, is contemplating some step which the navy ought to know about.

In Whose Arms? From Answers.

Flora: Jack tried to kiss me last night.

Dora: What in the world did you do?

Flora: I was up in arms in a minute.



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AS FIRST AID

Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

An Old-Timer. The Lake Champlain sea serpent which was first observed by the discoverer of the water and reappeared recently after an interval of 25 years is now 300 years old and destined to immortality, having reached the venerable maturity of a tradition.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

FOR QUICK, HARMLESS COMFORT Children Cry for It FOR CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA, FEVERISHNESS

Ever Young

Howard Chandler Christy, about to sail for Rumania to do a portrait for Queen Marie, marveled at the billions spent on powder and rouge, beauty and massage creams, lip sticks and what not. Then he laughed and said: "If Shakespeare were alive today, he'd give us a Seven Ages of Woman. I suppose it would run like this:

- "The babe,
- "The child,
- "The girl,
- "The young woman,
- "The young woman,
- "The young woman,"
- "The young woman."

Equipped for Flight

Miss Gushington—Do you believe that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out the window?

Mr. Hardfax—Sure! Didn't you ever notice the wings on Cupid?



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

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