### Boxes and Trays to Decorate the Home

MEAT tin or a tomato can A may be turned into a gay tea caddy with a wooden lid and a Dutch design on the front. An easy-to-follow pattern with actualsize painting patterns for 12 dif-ferent designs shows you how, home, ran into his previous boss, Inspecferent designs shows you how. Every step from lid making to



antique finish is clearly described.

and boxes of different sizes.

A few of the hand-decorated articles made with this pattern are shown here. The cigarette box at the lower left is made from the smallest size fruit can; the trinket box at the right from a salmon can. The ivy design fits a flat cigarette box. The strawberry is for the top of a mayonnaise jar. There is also a Swedish design for a button box and another style it. of tray for the bird design.

NOTE—Pattern 290, described here, is 15c postpaid. Send request direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills Drawer 10 Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. Name

### Harp for Ladies

The harp has been a woman's instrument since the latter part ly: "So it seemed to me sure that of the Eighteenth century when some one had done something here. it suddenly became popular in the salons of France.

The adoption of the instrument might have hid something; and I by the ladies is attributed chiefly to its ornamental shape and its unique aptitude for expressing the grace and tenderness of romantic melodies.

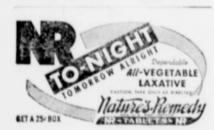
# Relief At Last **For Your Cough**

Creomulsion relieves promptly be-cause it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous mem-branes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the un derstanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are

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THE STORY THUS FAR: Adam Bruce, tor Tope, and Mrs. Tope. He sent them out to the Dewain's Mill auto camp, operated by Bee Dewain. Later that night Tope phoned Bruce and had him come out with Ned Quill, a state trooper. Tope had been shown to a cottage called Faraway, but seeing that something was wrong, he had a transfer made to another cottage. Tope had been told that no one had occupied the Faraway cottage, yet he had seen signs that led him to believe something was wrong. He sent his wife out while he began a search of the cottage to locate the mystery.

#### CHAPTER III

"But if a man is doing something in the dark by the light of a match, he Designs may be adapted for trays will hold it till it burns his fingers. This match would have burned a man's fingers."

> And he said: "I looked in the kindling and the paper and behind the logs, till I found eleven matches, all burned down about the same way. I lighted a match and timed Handled carefully, it burned

> over half a minute. So eleven matches would give some light, in this cabin, for about six minutes. A lc! can be done in six minutes. Mrs. Tope suggested: "You can't do much with one hand if you're

> holding a match in the other!" Tope nodded in quick pride. "That's right, ma'am! Adam, this wife of mine is keen. So whatever was done here, there were two people. One of them did it, and the other held the matches, made a light.'

Bruce said: "I can see that. Go

And Tope explained, apologetical-Either they came to get something. or to hide something. I thought they wanted to-search the place, see what I could find "

He looked at Mrs. Tope. "But-I didn't want to bother you, or worry you," he said to her; and then, to Adam. "So I let her go outside. Then I started to look under the beds. That was the only place where much of anything could be hidden. You see how they're made."

Adam felt his pulses pounding

"I found something under the bed," Tope explained. The young man tried to speak, to ask a question; but his voice died in a husky whisper. Tope said gravely: "It's still there. It's a dead man. I'll show you!"

But as he was about to draw the overlet away, some one knocked, in a soft, furtive fashion, on the That quiet knock was terrifying! These three whirled as one; and then a knock sounded again, and Bruce opened the door. said in a vast relief:

"Oh, hullo, Ned! Come in." He drew the other man into the room. 'This is Ned Quill, Inspector," he said. "You wanted him, and I told him to meet us here."

Tope extended his hand. "I've seen enough of Mr. Quill to know he doesn't like violins!"

Quill grinned, and took off his cap. and shook hands with Tope and with Mrs. Tope. "That fiddler makes me tired!" he agreed. He stood looking at them, waiting. "Well?" he challenged. "What's the matter? What's all the shooting for?"

Tope, after a moment and without a word, turned again toward the bed. They came silently behind

"There's a dead man under here," said Tope. He removed the blankets and the sheets, and he took hold of the mattress at one end, looked at Bruce. "You take the other end," he directed.

They lifted the mattress, laid it on the floor. There was left on the bed a spring, made of a square pattern of heavy wire. The electric light, a shaded bulb, hung almost directly overhead; and its rays shone down unhindered, so that the wire squares threw a network of shadow on that which lay in the boxlike space below.

This was, as Tope said, the body of a man. He lay a little on one side; yet not as though his body had been arranged in this position, but in a twisted fashion vaguely disturbing, suggestive of some spasmodic effort or movement in the moment of his death. He was an old man, 01-46 his age manifest in thin gray hair, scantily seen under a ragged cap pulled down to his ears. There was a prickling of gray beard on his chin and the upper part of his cheek.

But except for brow and cheek and chin, his countenance was concealed by two strips of black adhesive tape bound tight over his mouth and over his eyes. Each band was carried clear around his head, double and triple for full security. Also, his hands were bound behind him, with lengths of insulated wire twisted around the wrists; and these wires held in place around his hands a thick fold of blanket. His feet in the same way had first been wrapped in a blanket and then hands were secured to a rope that

circled his body like a belt. As for his garments, he was too large for him, stained and soiled; and stained with grease and cil.

Through the rents in them no hint of underclothing was visible.

This was the whole picture. They looked, and Mrs. Tope closed her eyes and clung to her husband's arm, and Tope covered her hand with his. Adam Bruce was pale and shaken, his face a drawn mask. Save for the cheerful murmur of the brook outside, the night was completely still.

Tope said gravely: "When I saw the tape, Adam, I thought of you. The gags and the blindfold looked like kidnaping. This may be in your line.

Bruce nodded. "Who is it?" he muttered.

Tope shook his head. "I don't know. I haven't touched him, except to make sure he was dead."

'There's been no kidnaping reported," Bruce reflected. "Or we'd have known. The Chief knew where was." And he exclaimed incredulously: "I was here last night, Tope! Do you suppose he was here then?'

But Tope spoke, in a tene of final-"Well, there it is," he said. 'Quill, this is up to you and Adam." Bruce objected: "I've no standing unless this chap was carried across a state line." And he urged: "Be-



This was, as Tope said, a body of a man.

sides, Inspector, you're not going to walk out on us! Mat Cumberland will keep you on the job if he has to handcuff you."

"Cumberland?" Tope echoed. "Is he still the D.A. up here? I worked on the Hichens case for him." Quill suggested: "But Joe Dane

does all the work in the office. He'll be back here, later, when he brings Bee home." Adam urged: "It's not up to us to call Joe. Ned. We'll get Mat. If

he wants to turn it over to Joe, that's up to him." "You ought to get the medical examiner too," Tope suggested. "But -I've a notion it might be a good idea to keep this quiet, just at first.

Don't use the telephone. It's a par-

ty line." "I left my bike up at Amasa's," Ned Quill explained. "I can ride

to town and get Cumberland." Tope, when the trooper had gone, laid a sheet over the naked springs of the bed, and he and Adam and Mrs. Tope drew near the fire. Adam stood leading against the mantel; Tope filled his pipe and lighted it; and Adam said:

"Looks like a tough one, Tope." "Well, it may get easier as we go along." He puffed contentedly. "After I found this man, I did a lot of listening. Your friend Miss Dewain, she talks without much prodding; and there's a woman, a Mrs. Murrell, that likes to ask questions. Maybe you know her?"

"Sure," Adam agreed.

"I listened to some of her ques tions," Tope explained. "And asked some of my own. They tell me eight cottages were full Saturday night. I figure that was the night he was put here." He asked: "Adam, how many people were here last night? What time did you get here? You weren't here Saturday night, were

Bruce shook his head. "I was here Tuesday night," he replied. 'Left Wednesday, and then came back Sunday. That's yesterday afternoon. Bee and I went for a walk after supper last night, upon the ledges back of Amasa's barn. There's a moon, you know. We got back late. But I didn't see anyone, anything.

"Who was here? How many?"

Tope insisted. "Well, Vade and the Murrells," Bruce said. "And a man and his wife-a Maine man, by the way he bound with wires; his swaddled talked. And two Harvard men in an old flivver, on their way to Chicago or California or somewhere. And a fellow named Bowen, a hardware dressed in a very old sweater, gray, salesman making this territory. He likes to tell Bee how his wife misand a pair of overalls, also too large, understands him. Harmless.

Tope suggested. "How about this

man with the violin! Know any-

thing about him?" Bruce hesitated. "Why, his particular hobby is rivers and waterfalls. He's the secretary of an association for the protection of our streams. I don't know whether there is any such association, but he's the secretary of it, anyway!"

Tope looked at the young man thoughtfully. "Your-vacation up here have anything to do with him, Adam? I gathered he didn't like

Bruce chuckled. "You're cute as a weasel, Tope, for smelling out a trail, but you can cross Vade off." The older man did not press the

"All right," he said. "We'll point. cross Vade off. But two men came in tonight after we got here. One of them-called himself Whitlockwas talking to Priddy after supper. I think they're after something; but they weren't here Saturday

"No," Adam agreed. "Nobody here by those names "

"How about the Murrells?" Adam chuckled. "Out," he said positively

"And Miss Dewain? She doesn't seem as stubborn and cantankerous as you said she was. What about her?'

"Why, I met her two or three years ago," Adam explained. "While I was working in the bank commissioner's office. I came up here to look over the local bank, and she was secretary to the president. A man named Eberly." He spoke ruefully. "I liked her, and she liked me, but the bank was in bad shape. After I made my report, the commissioner closed it, and she has held it against me ever since. Or at least she pretends to. She was devoted to Mr. Eberly. . . But Tope, this doesn't get us anywhere. Not on this business. I don't see that we've got any place to start, on this."

"Well, son, we know some things," Tope reminded him: "We know there were two people in it, because one of them struck matches to make a light, while the other did the job. And by the way the bed was made, I wouldn't be surprised if one of them was a woman. Not many men can make a bed right. Then there's another thing: That's electricians' tape around this man's mouth and eyes; and the wires he's tied up with are old ignition wires off a car; and the clothes on him are greasy. Maybe whoever tied him up was a mechanic, a chauffeur."

"That's just guessing." "Well, I believe in guessing," Tope insisted. "Then those pieces of blanket wrapped around his hands and feet and head-a dog had slept on that blanket. A police dog, I from top to bottom one week and

think. You can see the hairs." "Plenty of police dogs around!" Tope considered; and then he asked, in the tone of one who has made a discovery: "Adam, why head wrapped up in pieces of blank-

body behind?" know!"

Tope said positively: "Why, to flat. keep him from making a noise, by kicking, or butting with his head, or beating with his hands. A noise that some one might hear."

he wasn't dead when they put him

"Well, it's sure he wasn't dead when they tied him up, anyway." Mrs. Tope spoke swiftly. "Inspector!" They looked at her. "Inspector, no one would kidnap a poor man! This man has on old, shabby clothes."

Tope watched her. "Oh, they changed his clothes." "Why?" she challenged, as though

she knew the answer. "So he couldn't be identified by what he had on."

"You mean they changed his clothes after they killed him?" "Why-yes!"

"But you just said," she argued, 'that the reason they tied his hands and feet, and muffled them with blankets, was because he was alive and might make a noise." "Of course.

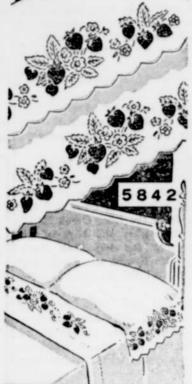
She cried triumphantly: "But don't you see that won't fit? If he was already tied up, they couldn't change his clothes without untying his hands and feet; and if he were already dead when they changed his clothes, there wouldn't be any point to tying him up again afterward.' And she urged: "So he was alive when they changed his clothes; and he was alive when they brought him here, because otherwise there was ne point in muffling his hands and feet and head to keep him from making a noise."

They heard the sound of footsteps on the drive-Ned Quill returning, with Mat Cumberland and Doctor Medford. Cumberland was a large man with an almost bovine calm; one of those individuals whom other men trust as they do a stone, or a hill, for their very immobility. Doctor Medford was of a different mold; chunky, some hint of swagger in the set of his shoulders, with a round open countenance. After introductions, the Doctor went to where the dead man lay, and Cumberland asked a question, and Tope told briefly what there was to tell

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK

# trawberry Motifs to Embroider



ONE of the loveliest designs you've ever seen for embroidering on pillow case tubing, on a guest bed sheet, on guest towels or on luncheon cloths. Each strawberry is one inch in size, to be done in red silk or cotton. Leaves are 11/2 inches, outlined in green thread-blossoms are in white satin or outline stitch.



For boring small holes in plate glass or ordinary window pane, a triangular saw file makes a good drill. Apply the file with light pressure and dip in water from time to time.

Take your outmoded gauntlet or your elaborately trimmed glove and cut it down to a wrist-length shorty-this season's favorite.

Keep a pair of clean gloves near your supply of hosiery during the winter, and don them before putting on hose. It will save many snags caused from hands that are roughened by cold weather. Never starch linens that are to

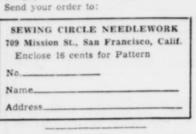
be stored, since starch tends to make the fabric crack. Wrap in blue paper to prevent yellowing. Mattresses should be turned

side to side the next to prevent On most patterns, seam lines are indicated by small round perwere his feet and his hands and his forations. Mark these, then when

sewing, take up their full amount et? Why were his hands tied to his for best fit. Match corresponding notches too. Press each seam as Bruce shook his head. "I don't it is finished and clip at corners and curves so it will lie perfectly

A small child will not be likely to lose handkerchiefs if a buttonhole is worked into a corner of Bruce stared at him. "You mean each handkerchief permitting it to be buttoned onto the child's outer garments. One mother sews a button inside the pocket of her boy's play suits and buttons the handkerchief to this.

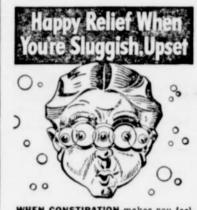
To obtain transfers for the three Straw-berry designs (Pattern No. 5842) color chart for working, amounts of threads specified, send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number. Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.



### Popular Breeds of Horses Originated in 13 Countries

While domesticated horses and ponies of mixed and minor strains have been bred in nearly all countries for centuries, the 38 distinct and best-known breeds in existence today originated in 13 coun-

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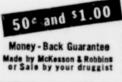
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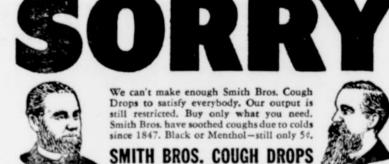
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