

Sure Relief

No more Heartburn

For correcting over-acidity, normalizing digestion and quickly relieving belching, gas, sourness, heartburn, nausea and other digestive disorders. Safe. Pleasant.

Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath



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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

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First Farmer—How are things in the city?
Second Farmer—Plenty exciting. You'd think Higgin's house was being struck by lightning all the time.

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Act quickly in a cold. It may lead to grippe or flu. Break up a cold within twenty-four hours. HILL'S will do it! Combines the four great requirements. Stops the cold in a day, checks the fever, cures the bronchitis, tones the entire system. Get red box to day at any drugist, etc.

HILL'S

Coughs—Bronchitis—Quins

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Use on scalp and hair. Wash out with soap and water. H. B. Parker, New York, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. No extra cost by mail or at drugists. H. B. Parker, New York, N. Y.

Much Alike

"Sometimes I get to thinking about the folks in other towns where I have been," said old Riley Rezdew. "They just putter around at their tasks, bragging how they put it all over so-and-so, relating their symptoms, trying to get ahead of the other fellow, etc. Here in Petunia we are arresting and getting arrested, setting out in the public square, cussing the legislature, and the like, just about like all other towns, big and little. But of course Petunia is the biggest little town anywhere around."—Kansas City Star.

If a man's credit isn't good he can easily cut down his expenses.

Those who tell fortunes are not the ones who make them.

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic, or constipation, or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR for your children's COLDS

The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1212 Western Newspaper Union.)

Now blessings light on him who first invented this same cabinet! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even.—Cervantes.

FAVORITE DISHES

A cake that is a little different and one that will be enjoyed is:

Lightning Cake.—Cream half a cupful of butter with one-half cupful of sugar until well mixed, add four beaten egg yolks, three tablespoonfuls of milk and one cupful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Spread the mixture in a shallow pan and over it spread the frosting given below; dredge with sugar and cinnamon and bake thirty minutes. For serving cut into strips two inches long and one inch wide.

Frosting for Lightning Cake.—Beat four egg whites until light, gradually add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and a half cupful of blanched almonds. Spread on the uncooked cake and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

Codfish Balls.—Put hot boiled potatoes through a ricer—enough to make two cupfuls. Have ready one cupful of salt codfish, parboiled and shredded; add to the potato with a tablespoonful of butter, seasoning of paprika and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Beat with wooden spoon until light and fluffy. Shape into balls, roll in egg mixed with three tablespoonfuls of cold water, then in crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. If the balls are made the day previous to serving they will cook better and keep their shape.

Try this good fruit salad dressing on the next salad:

Los Angeles Salad Dressing.—Beat four egg yolks, add one-fourth cupful of olive oil, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of mustard and salt and a dash of cayenne. Cook in a double boiler, stirring well until the mixture thickens. Chill and add a cupful of heavy cream beaten stiff and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish.

Tongue With Vegetables.—Cook a tongue in water to cover until tender. Remove the skin and place in a baking dish. Add carrots, onion, celery, and cover well with the vegetables, using the broth for liquid. Bake and cook for an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold.

Ginger Cream.—Make a custard of the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of slurrup from preserved ginger and one pint of milk. Just before the custard is done add a tablespoonful of dissolved gelatin. Stir until well dissolved and turn into cold molds to chill. Sprinkle each mold with chopped preserved ginger. Occasionally serve a few raisins mixed with cracked nuts for dessert. It is easier and less expensive of time than more elaborately made dishes.

The Good Old Peanut.

As a substitute for butter, peanut butter is a most agreeable one. It may be used in various dishes, adding flavor and nutriment.

Browned Sweet Potatoes With Peanut Butter.—Select medium sized potatoes (yams preferred), steam them in their skins. Remove the skins and cut the potatoes lengthwise into one-inch thick slices. Spread with peanut butter, dust with a trace of nutmeg and brown in a hot oven.

Peanut Loaf.—Take two cupfuls of bread crumbs, three-fourths of a cupful of peanut butter, one cupful of cooked rice, one teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, one teaspoonful of parsley and minced onion. Combine and form a loaf. Bake one-half hour and serve with tomato sauce.

Peanut Butter Boiled Fing.—Boil one cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of water until a thread is formed. Pour over the well beaten white of an egg, add one-fourth cupful of peanut butter and place over the heat. Cook until the sugar is a little dry around the edges, then beat until thick and spread over the cake.

Peanut Butter Soup.—Take one cupful of peanut butter, one quart of milk and one pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of grated onion, one clove, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of finely minced green pepper, or a tablespoonful of parsley. Mix and cook as usual.

Peanut and Tomato Loaf.—Put two cupfuls of peanut butter into a saucepan, moisten two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little water and add to it two cupfuls of thick tomatoes, one and one-fourth cupfuls of bread crumbs, salt and pepper to season. Mix and steam in a mold two hours. Serve surrounded with creamed onions.

Nellie Maxwell

Wilton Rug

The term "Six Frame Wilton" is used to denote the number of colors that are used in the weaving of a Wilton rug. The word "frame" is used to indicate the wire that is used, over which the threads are woven. Also this frame wire is used in the cutting of the thread so as to give the piled effect of the rug.

Clothes Made of Cotton
About four-fifths of all the clothes worn by man are made of cotton.

Idle Island



By
ETHEL HUESTON

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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Deane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "Admiral's Daughter." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Aunt Almira," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." On an exploration of the island Gay, standing on the seashore, is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man, which she nerves herself to bring to the shore. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay makes her way to the "Captain" with the story. Returning with him to the shore, they find no body there, and Gay's story of the incident is set down to an attack of "nerves." Gay, unable to convince her neighbors of the truth, draws a picture of the face of the dead man, intending to send it to the authorities. She meets a stranger, to whom she tells the story and shows the picture. He asks her to let him take it, but Gay refuses. Next day Gay finds the picture has been taken from the cottage. "Rand" Wallace, wanderer, and considered something of a "black sheep" by the islanders, surprises Gay at her household tasks. Gay's acquaintance with Rand ripens into affection. Rand leaves the island on business. Gay determines to stay for the winter.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Didn't he ever come back?"
"He died, dearie. Died away. But I had Buddy then. But Buddy went, too. Could I have a little more sugar, dearie?"

That was all. They talked of other things. Aunt Almira's gentle interest was just as it had always been, her easy amiability, but after that flush of feverish hope she seemed pale and worn with her age.

The next day Rand came, and they two, Gay and Rand, drifted into a routine of joyous companionship and love. Frankly and trustfully they professed full sympathy and understanding in each other's whims. Gay vowed to be in love, but brooked no thought of marriage, demanding freedom, she said, freedom for work. Rand, too, admitted satisfaction in the arrangement, craving freedom from the very thing that she desired freedom for freedom's sake, he called it.

If sometimes Gay wondered if love built on foundation so slight could long endure, she hushed her doubts. She was very happy, and she dreamed of long years of this same happiness for both, freedom for each for the things that each desired. She would come to him, he would come to her, they would summer together in this cool and lovely place.

September drew swiftly, goldenly toward its close. September is the death of summer in the northland. The hotels on the island were already closed for the season, the summer shops locked into their storm windows, the shore cottages deserted. Still Gay lingered. Between herself and Rand had been no suggestion of parting, no hint that the season was over, the time of separation at hand. The island was lovely in September, lovely and vital and stirring. Gay would not let herself think of leaving.

She sat alone in her window-seat one afternoon and watched the sunset as it faded swiftly and darkness crept over the land. An hour passed, two hours. The dusk had deepened to night. And then, with one of her impulsive changes, she sprang to her feet, wanting brightness, wanting light.

With her hand outstretched to press the button, she stopped, suddenly motionless, holding her breath. Pressed hard against her window on the eastern side, the side of the forest, she saw it again, that face of yellow parchment with the seamed scar beneath the slanting eyes. As she looked it faded away into the darkness from which it had come.

With its disappearance came sudden anxiety, flaming anger.

She ran to the window and flung it wide.

"Hello," she called. "Hello there!"
There was no answer to her call, out, staring intently, she saw among the shadows of the wood one shadow that moved silently farther into the recesses of the forest, and merged at last into black. She closed the window thoughtfully, locked it and lowered the blinds.

Gay had a pistol, a handsome monogrammed one, which it was her pleasant conceit to keep loaded, well conditioned, ready for emergency use in the drawer of her desk near at hand. She had bought it during that memorable year abroad on one of her venturesome visits to London pawnshops, and with a sort of boyish vanity had carried it with her ever since. But it is indicative of the absolute confidence of her nature that in an emergency she always entirely forgot the weapon, reverting to the more feminine defense of screaming, calling or locking doors.

When she saw the yellow face at her window she did not so much as think of the loaded pistol, which she affectionately dubbed the "Baby," until she was safe behind the lowered blinds. Then she opened the drawer and looked at it.

"You're a useless old thing," she

said impatiently. "Why don't you go off when there is some occasion for you, and scare the Peeping Toms?"

Expecting Rand, who came at his own caprice and kept her alert with expectation, she was not startled when, an hour later, there was a light knock at her door. It was past nine o'clock, but as his hours always suited his convenience, she only smiled tolerantly at his tardiness as she opened the door. But when she saw in the shadow, not Rand, but Ronald Ingram, she was startled into a little frightened cry, for which she quickly apologized with friendly laughter.

"Oh, you startled me. I—I was expecting someone else. Do come in. I am glad to see you again."

"What luck to find you," Ronald Ingram said with a warmth there was no mistaking. "I had no idea you would still be here. You are rather outstaying the summer, are you not?"
"Well—yes—a little, perhaps. But I was—quite ill, and I need—on, a great deal of rest." Her face flushed with her feverish explanations, and Ronald Ingram studied her keenly.

"So many of the summer people have gone," he said slowly. "I should think you would be afraid to stay on alone. Especially after your experiences here. Was it in this room you saw the light—that night after you found the body in the cave?"

"Yes. In that window, right there."

"And the hand? Are you sure of that hand? Stretched out—"

"Of course I am sure. And when I came up in the morning, the sketch was gone. It was here, in this drawer." She lightly pulled out the drawer of the desk. Her pistol, busi-



"Didn't He Ever Come Back?"

nesslike, important, lay in full sight. "It was here. And the next morning it was gone. Doors locked, windows barred, just as I left them. But the sketch was gone. So I knew the poor dear wished to be left in peace and undisturbed."

"By George, you make my hair stand on end. And after all that, you stay on here, alone, unprotected—"

"Oh, he was a gentle spirit. He would not harm me."

He smiled and dropped the subject. He said he had come to Portland on business, and had come to the island with only a faint hope that he might find her, or, failing to find her, to get her address in the city. He said he could not bear to drop the little acquaintance, which to him had proved so sweetly charming.

Then he went quickly away, waving back to her as she stood in the lighted doorway beneath the tall pine.

Gay waited about for a while, hoping still that Rand would come, but finally she went upstairs and kicked off her slippers rather crossly. When, a little later, she heard his quick knock on the door below, and his blithe whistle above it, she caught up her slippers in her hand and ran downstairs, laughing, to let him in.

"Oh, good!" she cried. "A minute later and I'd have been in bed."

"I'd have been earlier, but—I was detained. You are all right, are you? Nothing has happened—no haven't seen anything unusual?"

Gay sensed an undertone of anxiety beneath the lightness of his voice.

"Why, of course I'm all right. Of course nothing has happened. Why not? Or why?"

"Well, I saw a chap hanging about in the woods near your windows, sort of spying, sneaking around. I started up to see who it was, and he ran. Of course I chased him, and the two of us have hot-footed it all over the island. He was playing with me. Got me down to the city landing and dropped me like a hot cake. You haven't—"

"Oh, that must have been the Chinaman!"

"The Chinaman?" Rand's amazement was unbounded. "The Chinaman! What under heaven—"

"Oh, I must have told you about the Chinaman," she said evasively.

"You know darned well you never have. What about him?"

"Well, come and sit down. It's a long story—You are quite sure I haven't told you?"

Rand laughed. "Quite sure, you little liar, and so are you."

"Well, you weren't here when I came in. I was so tired, and sick, I was a perfect wreck. Aunt Almira was here, and while she picked up I lay down on the couch here, and slept. It was the sleep of death for weariness. She awakened me for dinner, and I ate, and went to sleep again. So she went away and left me sleeping—Well, it was evening. And I felt—You know how one feels looking at me. I could hardly squeeze a look out beneath my lids, for the weariness. But I did. And in the dusk, faint and yellow, I saw the face of a Chinaman, this plucked features, slanting eyes and a small scarred scar beneath one eye. As I looked, the face just melted backward into the darkness, so I knew it was a dream and went to sleep again."

Rand lighted a cigarette hastily but said nothing, and Gay went on.

"Well, you know how sometimes, at just dreaming, as the sun sets, until it is dark—I did tonight. And I jumped up suddenly to light the lights, although it was not entirely dark, and I saw it at my window, that window—same face, the very same. So it could not have been a dream."

"When was that?"

"Oh, hours ago! Just before the final darkness."

"But it was late when I found him—about an hour ago—in the meantime, what? Any noises? Were you afraid?"

"No, Mr. Ingram was here."

Rand flicked the ashes from his cigarette thoughtfully. "Ah, Mr. Ingram—Mr. Ingram—I suppose you told me about him, too. May one inquire, who is Mr. Ingram?"

"He is the man who—It was he who—It was Mr. Ingram who—Gay closed her lips stubbornly. She had often wished to tell him of the affair in the cave, but resentment had always forbidden the confidence. He always asked her, she glanced at him furtively. His chin was set, and his eyes were anxious. Gay relented.

"Well, Rand, I suppose the family females told you—what happened in the cave?"

Rand smiled faintly, his fingers caressed her arm. Gay hardened again.

"I know they thought I was out of my head, but you surely do not believe any such nonsense."

"They thought you saw driftwood, a log in a barrel."

"How about my handkerchief? Did they think I put it on a piece of driftwood?"

"They thought—Now, remember, Gay, you did not mention the handkerchief until they reported there was no body. They thought—well, they thought you made it up to sort of carry out your story, make it hold water."

"What did you think?"

"I thought," he said tenderly, "that some time, in a moment of great confidence, my Gay would tell me about herself, and then I should know all."

Gay laughed, bent suddenly and kissed his hand. "You work me, outrageously," she said.

"And Mr. Ingram—"

"Well, then—No, the core comes first. The reason I like Mr. Ingram is because if he is interested in anything, he talks about it. If he wants to know anything, he asks. He doesn't think other people are crazy just because they happened to see something he didn't happen to see himself. Like the state of Maine," she said vindictively.

"And the cave—"

"Well, then, I said down the rocks into the cave."

"Why, Gay, why? With a whole island full of accessible shore, why slide down the worst cliff in the bay?"

"Because I thought I couldn't," she answered promptly. "Because every body said one couldn't get down—So I did."

Rand rolled his eyes heavenward. "A woman," he said devoutly. "Is heaven's greatest miracle. She did, because she couldn't—Go on—Like your Mr. Ingram, I understand perfectly."

"Well, I tried to get into the clubhouse, and I couldn't. And into the bathroom, and I couldn't."

"You should have burned them to the ground—if you couldn't get in, you should have."

Gay laughed. "Don't be silly. I was in love in the cave, and I stood there and saw—it coming in."

Rand, it was a man. He came in and with my two hands I pulled him up on the sand. There was a rope about one ankle, a stout rope, with one end dangling loose. He had been shot in the temple—here. She touched her brow with a slender finger. "The blood was washed away, but the hair was clotted about it. I laid his hand upon his breast, and put my handkerchief over his face. I called for help, but of course nobody heard me. So I went for the Captain. You know what happened."

Rand was impressed. She could see that.

"It sounds very—reasonable."

"Oh, Rand! When I went back the and was wet where the body had lain. I showed it to the Captain, and he said it had splashed there. It couldn't have splashed. It hadn't splashed anywhere else."

"And Mr. Ingram—"

Gay smiled at his persistence.

"Well, I sent the captain away. I could see every line of the poor, tired, anxious face, and the long fine hand, and the drenched hair. I took my drawing pad, and drew it, line for line. I was going to send it to the police department, so they could try to trace him—Mr. Ingram was looking for a way down to the shore, and I went up and took him back through the woods the other way. I showed him the sketch, and he was greatly interested. He wanted it. He is a newspaper man."

"And now he comes again—"

"Oh, he came before—"

"Oh, I see." Rand's voice was quizzical.

"Oh, no, you don't see. Well, I met him on the rocks beyond the Little Club one day—he is very nice, so gentle, so friendly, sympathetic—so I brought him home, and we had a long talk. He was thinking of buying up part of the island for exploitation, to build and sell, you know, things like that. He is very nice."

Rand's face was very stern. "Why didn't you tell me all this before?" he demanded curtly.

"Because if you want to be so darned close about everything, I will be darned close myself," she said smartly. "Rand, he felt terrible about the sketch—Oh, I didn't tell you about that."

"What? What about it? What did the police—"

"Now, Rand, now is your chance to decide once and for all that I was entirely out of my head—am still, perhaps—But Aunt Almira can swear to part of it. If she will, though she made me promise not to tell, she said folks would think queer of it."

"Gay!"

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

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Bottles and Bricks

Hurled by Aviators

Many of the aviators in the World war had pet peculiarities which they catered to while on night bombing raids, points out Capt. A. Roy Brown, the Canadian ace who conquered the famous German aviator, Richthofen, in an article in Liberty.

Along with the explosives the flyers would take bricks, bottles, old boots, empty tins, and other kinds of junk, and toss them out, over the German lines, with boyish enthusiasm.

A favorite missile was an empty bottle," explains Captain Brown. "It was not unusual for a bomber to fare forth with a dozen empties on board as added starters."

"An empty bottle tossed out with the right flip from a height of several thousand feet, fell—as the wind caught its open mouth—with the screech of a Valkyrie. It could not do much harm, of course, unless it made a direct hit; but the night-raiding pilots felt that these falling bottles had a moral effect that was not to be sneezed at."

Getting There by Rocket

Scientists of many nationalities are interested in experiments which are now taking place with a giant rocket, which combines the features of a fire work and an airplane. The scheme, which, though it sounds fantastic, is said to be practical enough in reality, is to shoot passengers across the Atlantic at a speed which the inventor, Professor Goddard, of Clark university, declares would be far greater than that of Lindbergh during his recent Transatlantic flight. A number of tests have proved that it would be quite possible to propel such a rocket an enormous distance beyond the earth's gravity by a series of explosions, and to send from New York to London would be a comparatively simple matter.

Gloomy Outlook