



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Luckies never cut my wind" says Billy Burch, Captain of N. Y. Americans' Hockey Team

"I can't afford to take any chances with my physical condition. That's why I stick to Luckies. In addition to the pleasure I get from their fine flavor, they have never cut my wind to any noticeable degree. Finally, I never suffer with sudden coughing which might be very dangerous for me when there's a scramble on the ice."

Billy Burch

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Brodie's Jump Not the Only Chance He Took

"Give ear!" said the Park Row philosopher, off again. "Are people any boneter today than of yore? I say no! I could give you a dozen proofs, but one will do. Remember Steve Brodie—the Steve Brodie who took a chance and jumped off the Brooklyn bridge? Well, he got away with it and started a saloon in the Bowery. And he filled that old ginmill with umbrellas—scores and hundreds of perfectly good umbrellas. What for? You'd never guess. For working girls to use on rainy days. "He put out a sign: 'Any honest girl is welcome to the use of one of these umbrellas. Just return when done with. For years he kept that up. Thousands of girls used the umbrellas, and they say Brodie never lost one.'—New York Sun.

Retort Courteous

During a reception which followed the performance of a French troupe in Berlin, a comedienne found herself sitting next to a German officer who offered her a glass of Rhine wine. "This wine is excellent," he said, "but of course I am sorry that it isn't champagne." Then he added: "The German army hopes to have the pleasure of drinking some in France, some day."

Quick as a flash the French girl retorted: "We don't serve our prisoners champagne, M'sieu."

Famous Garden Restored

At Upsala the old garden of the famous botanist, Linnaeus, has been restored, according to the original plan left by the master. In this old university town the Swedish "king of flowers" taught students from all over the world his system of classifying plants.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Would Be Easier

She—Aren't you happy now that the furniture people will let you pay for the furniture by installments? He—I would be if they'd let me pay the installments by installments.—Dublin Opinion.

Headaches from Slight Colds

Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the headache by curing the cold. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 35c.—Adv.

Personal liberty has been harped on a good deal, but so has religion. They're both indestructible.

Keep Fit This Winter

Your Kidneys Must Function Properly For You to Be Well.



WINTER is hard on the kidneys. All too often colds and chills upset the action of the kidneys and allow poisons to remain in the system. That's why winter finds so many folks aching and tired; with backache, headache, dizzy spells and scanty, burning kidney secretions.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys
At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

Idle Island

By
ETHEL HUESTON

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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Delane, artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrators." 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 is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay returns with the "Captain," but they find no body there. Gay, being 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 for it, but Gay refuses. Next day the picture is missing. "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. Gay determines to stay for the winter. The stranger whom Gay had met the day of her discovery of the body introduces himself as Ronald Ingram. "Aunt Almira" tells Gay of her son, "Buddy," who has been missing for years. Rand is suspicious of Ronald Ingram, and apprehensive of some evil design in his house known as the "Little Club," apparently unoccupied.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

And so one night, toward the end of October, when Ronald Ingram came again, Gay, because she was lonely, received him with a warmth so genuine, a pleasure so undisguised, that springing hope sent an eager light to his eyes, and he made no effort to conceal his feeling for her. "You little snow bird," he cried, "are you still here? You'll wake up some morning to find your feathers flecked with snow!"

"And I am going to stay longer, much longer, weeks, and months. Maybe all winter. Maybe forever, if I am very happy."

"Oh, my dear," he expostulated anxiously, "you can't do that. Positively, it is not safe. Why, the island will be snowbound inside of another month. You cannot expose yourself to such danger. It is not right."

"What danger? If I am snowed in, certainly everybody else will be snowed out!"

He sighed heavily, hesitated a moment, then, with the air of squaring one's self for a sudden plunge, he said earnestly, "Then you will hate me for my errand. I am seeking the owner of your hilltop iceberg. I want to buy it."

"Too late, too late! It is mine, I have already bought it, and it is not for sale."

"Anything is for sale, at the right price," he argued. "I must have it. I have bought the old clubhouse down in the woods, and I want to corner this whole end of the peninsula for a nest of cottages. You see, I must have your hilltop to complete the circle."

"Never, never. You cannot have it. Not for sale."

"Oh, come, have a heart! I am willing that you should make a fair profit on me. But I must have it. You see it is really essential to me."

But it was essential to Gay also. "Think what it means to my bank account," he pleaded.

But Gay thought only of what it meant to her heart.

"No, no," she said firmly. "I should be followed by bad luck the rest of my life, I tell you, if I sold my Heart's Desire. It would be sacrilege, it would be blood money."

"You are in love," he said shrewdly and with a shadow of a smile on his eyes.

Gay laughed. She would offer no denial. The very admission was sweet to her.

He told Gay something of his plans for the exploitation of that part of the island. He cautioned her not to discuss his venture too freely among her friends. "For I shall have to buy some land yet, and much material, and if people think there is money being made, prices take wings."

Gay laughingly promised discretion. As he said good night, he took both her hands in his again, and said pleasantly, "After all, I feel a sort of happiness because you would not sell. Since we are to be neighbors, we must be friends. I shall never feel that you are outside my circle, but a part of it. But if you see me or my workmen pottering about, measuring off yards or acres in the woods behind you, don't put a shot into us with that Baby of yours, will you?"

Gay said she would limit her target practice to the lobster buoys, and he went away at last, smiling back at her.

She did not see Rand until the next morning, when he appeared for coffee at eleven.

"Oh, why didn't you come last night?" she cried petulantly. "Ronald Ingram was here. I want you to meet him. He is so nice."

Rand studied her closely. "I knew you were charming—I've known it all along. But his devotion—"

"It wasn't devotion, stupid. Guess what he wanted! Oh, Rand, he wanted to buy my dear little Lone Pine."

Rand gave a startled exclamation,

sharply bitten off, and lighted his pipe with slow consideration. He said nothing.

"Yes, He has bought the Little Club house and the woods, and he wanted my hilltop to round off the circle. I laughed at him. Oh, Rand, he offered to give me exactly twice what I paid for it, spot cash. I laughed at him. Wouldn't the administrator die if she knew she could get today twice what she got last month?"

Rand regarded her reflectively. "That settles it," he said slowly. "Whatever that chap is up to, it is not over yet. It is not past, it is present."

Gay stared at him. "That chap is up to," she repeated indignantly. "You don't think Ronald Ingram—"

"Don't be silly, Gay. Of course it is Ronald Ingram."

Rand had her go back over the story she had told, from the day of her arrival, and pieced it all together, bit by bit, in chronological order.

"All right, now," he said, when she had finished, "look at this. Some one, watching, no doubt in a panic of terror, saw you discover that body in the cove, saw you run for help—Some one took that body away while you were gone, and hid it—Some one watched for your return, saw your curious work with a pencil and paper, had to know what you were up to. And found out—Some one tried to get the sketch from you, tried to beg it, tried to buy it—Some one came in here at night, and stole it. Some one wants to get you away from here, tried to frighten you away, and finally tried to buy you out—And that is no one but your gentlemanly Ingram, Gay, mark that!"

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