

## Rheumatism?

Quick relief from rheumatic pains without harm!



To relieve the worst rheumatic pain is a very easy matter. Bayer Aspirin will do it every time! It's something you can always take. Genuine Aspirin tablets are harmless. Look for the Bayer Cross on each tablet.

## BAYER ASPIRIN

**And No Beauty Parlor!**  
Three hundred white women in a city and no beauty parlor. That is the dismal picture drawn of Accra, the capital city of the Gold coast of Africa, just revealed by one of the 300, who are wives and daughters of the British government officials there. Every woman drives a car and a branch of the Women's Automobile association is to be established in Accra. But when it comes to hair-dressing all must wait for ships in order to patronize the ship barbers.

## HEALTHY COMPLEXIONS

**Feen-a-mint**  
Healthy complexions come from healthy systems. Free the body of poisons with Feen-a-mint. Effective in smaller doses. All druggists sell this safe, scientific laxative.

## Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

**WELL OR MONEY BACK**  
Four Pills eliminated or two refunded—this is the written assurance. Dr. C. J. Dean, famous medical expert, has analyzed Feen-a-mint. (Used by us exclusively.) Feen-a-mint is a safe, scientific laxative. It is a chemical composition which is said to be so flexible that it cannot break, is colorless, noninflammable and absolutely clear and capable of being worked into various shapes for many different purposes.

**Salting Peanuts in Shell**  
Peanuts may be salted in the shell by soaking in a 10 per cent salt solution before roasting.

**Inventor of Decimal?**  
The decimal point and its use are said to have been invented in 1612 by Bartholomaeus.



## Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!  
When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it.  
Phillips is the genuine, prescription product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

## PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

# Black Sheep's Gold

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

### THE STORY

On a pleasure trip in eastern waters, Philip Amory, English World War veteran, now a trader on the island of Papua, New Guinea, plunges overboard to save the life of a musical comedy actress, known as "Gin-Sling." Amory becomes interested in Pia Laurier, member of a wealthy New South Wales family. He tells her of his knowledge of a wonderful gold field on the island. "Gin-Sling" tells him Pia is engaged to Sir Richard Fanshawe. His holiday ended, Amory arrives back at Daru. He meets an Englishman, Spicer, there on development business for a syndicate of which Fanshawe is head. Fanshawe's name recalls to Amory a long-forgotten incident in which he witnessed the escape of Fanshawe from a leper colony. He tells his friend Spicer about it and decides to inform Laurier. He goes to Thursday Island to send the message. Amory hears Fanshawe dictate a message which indicates that the secret of the gold field is known. Amory meets with an accident that lays him up for three weeks.

### CHAPTER V—Continued

"I think you're very good indeed," I lied promptly. Dismiss was the emotion that, in truth, had possession of me. I wondered how many people knew, or would know, and how soon they would be on the track of the unique, amazing place known as Tataru. I swore to myself that, doctors or no doctors, I was off tomorrow.

Something of this I said. Gin-Sling eyed me with a satisfaction that I found almost puzzling. "Right; get off and beat him to it. That's the way, my lad; I'd be heavy, you'll soon be dead!" was her entirely juvenile comment. "What was will you go?" she asked, presently.

"Way? Oh, by Daru, I suppose." She seemed to like that, and I realized, with some astonishment, that the map of Papua was no blank to her. "Well," she said, "I must be going, or the cats will begin to mew. Call and say good-by to me before you go. I'm out of a shop now, so I dare say I'll make back to little Sydney again. You've no idea what a lumpy you look in those pink pajamas, cuddly boy! See you again soon." Her yellow stockings gleamed as she walked down the long veranda, just not dancing, out through the doorway into the smiling sun.

Next day I left the hospital. I called on Dinky, as a matter of course, and was rather surprised to find that she had sailed the previous night. The hotel people did seem to be sure what boat she had taken or where she had gone. And the truth was, that I had too much to do to puzzle over the matter, for more than a little while. Nor did I, for even an instance, suspect what matters of grave import had lain concealed beneath the light surfaces of our talk.

I had to go to Port Moresby, it turned out, because there was no one at Daru to take charge of my store. The man on whom I counted having suddenly left, I remember I was worried at having to go, but consoled myself by remembering that Sir Richard and his lot could not possibly get away before me, since they had still to do their recruiting, and mine was as good as done. I had only to whistle and get as many boys as I wanted, but they would have to employ a recruiter, and probably overcome a good many difficulties before they collected boys enough to carry for a large party of strange white men. As to Pia, she was safe in the East.

So, feeling like myself again at last, I sailed once more in the merry sun and wind, heading my cutter for Port Moresby.

Never since then have I believed in presentiments, in warnings, or shadows that fall before events. There was no warning for me. Singing, I went straight to the dark day of my life; the day that has colored, and will color, every following hour, until that time when hours and days shall mean nothing more to me.

### CHAPTER VI

I made Port Moresby on the evening of the third day. My boy was not with me; I had sent him back to Daru direct, and was alone. It was duskish when I sighted Paga Hill, with a nasty squall coming up. I thought with disgust of the trouble of seeing the doctor, and the customs, and getting pratique, all to be gone through before I could have leave to land. Very likely they wouldn't give me pratique that evening; I should have to sleep on board the tiny cutter again, just when I needed a good rest. The sight of Fisherman Island looming up to starboard decided me. I would run in there, spend the night at the empty quarantine station, and get off early next day for the port. Nobody would know—the island was uninhabited save by the old, crazy, Solomon Island natives, who had been there for over thirty years and couldn't tell tales even if he would. Perhaps was breaking quarantine laws—I didn't know, and did not much care. I knew that the two houses were comfortable, and one could get into them, and I reckoned I could manage that.

I found the two little houses standing up stark and pale against the velvet sky; I scrambled into one, and cautiously flashed my torch.

"Well!" was my astonished comment. Somebody had certainly been preparing the place for a stay. There was a comfortable bed a couple of

planter chairs, a box seat—I guessed contained linen and oddments of various kinds. I peered into the cook house. Stores; cooking utensils. "They'll be coming along tomorrow," I thought; and reflected that I was luckier than I deserved.

It was very cool out there, I remember, far cooler than it would have been in little iron rooms beneath the stifling roofs of town. I had a bite of something from the locker of my boat, swung my bedding on the unknown person's bedstead, and slept magnificently.

Dawn came with a wild crying of seabirds, and a sudden wind that burst in the door. I waked me, and I slid to earth, looking for my shoes, for now it was full time I got away. I suppose I took a few seconds to slip on and tie my shoes; I never heard a sound—but when I looked up, there was some one in the doorway.

My first thought—for you could not see the man's face, so blackly he was silhouetted against the pale rose and primrose of the sky—was—"Caught, maybe it's the doctor inspecting." My second sent the blood from heart to fingertips, like leaping flame. I knew that tall, tight, well-set figure that bearded head. I had seen it four times; once on the island of decay and death; once on the great liner in the Arutua sea, once at the hotel on Thursday, and now here.

Fanshawe had seen me, he came across the door in a couple of strides.



I knew that Tall, Tight, Well-Set Figure, That Bearded Head.

And asked me, with profane additions what on earth I might be doing there? I could hardly answer him at first; never, till that moment, had I occurred to me that, however well he was known to me, I was, so far, quite unknown to him, except by repute. I answered him briefly.

"I did not know anyone had the place. I got in late, and camped."

"The hell you did," answered Fanshawe roughly. "Don't you know you have to get leave to land?"

"There was a squall coming."

"Squall be hanged. You'd better clear out of this, and be thankful if I don't report you."

I might have gone—knowing myself to be in the wrong, and not wishing to enlighten Fanshawe more than was necessary about myself—I might have gone, and changed the course of four lives that day—had not the merest trifle intervened. Nothing on earth but a cashbox, Sir Richard had been carrying it, wrapped up in paper; while he was talking to me, he laid it down on a table, and the paper, being insufficiently fastened, burst open. I saw the thing, a pretty little of white satin and embroidered flowers, crying "Wedding Present" in every stitch and thread. I saw somebody's

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card fastened to it. And immediately I knew what it was; for whom it had been intended. And the world, for one fleeting instant, vanished behind veils of red.

I came out of that moment's madness calm and cold, as once or twice, in the war, I had found myself, before the doing of some deed that brought a medal after it.

"You are Sir Richard Fanshawe," I stated. He looked at me curiously; I thought he was beginning to guess.

"It may interest you to know," I went on, that I am Philip Amory."

Now he turned scarlet; the curious honey-colored eyes flashed crescent moons of white above and below, like the eyes of a dangerous horse.

"It seems," he said, restraining himself, "that I owe you a great deal of kindly interest in what I had supposed were my affairs."

I let the silence pass. I had one thing only in my mind, and like a charging bull, I drove straight for it.

"Where is Miss Laurier?" I asked. I didn't expect him to answer, but he replied at once, coolly.

"About forty-five miles out at sea on today's Morinda."

"She has come back to marry you?" "Exactly."

"You're fixing up this place for her?" He did not reply to that; he looked at me, watchfully, as one boxer eyes another in the ring.

"Well, I want to tell you," I said, "that you won't marry her—as long as I'm above ground."

Again he was silent. Again I charged like a bull; but this time, it was as a bull charges frantically and uselessly, upon the barrier about the ring.

"You were the man who got away from Iota Island. You're an escaped leper."

He just laughed a little; seemed to be waiting for me to have done. He had not anticipated this. He just stood there, not admitting, not denying. If I was strong, he, with his weight of added years and honors, his money, and his celebrity, to back him up, was stronger. I could feel that—as he meant that I should feel it—almost visibly upholding and supporting him, as we stood there in the windy quarantine house, with the seabirds crying on the sands outside; Fanshawe and I—none and one, with a shadowy third—the eternal triangle yet again.

Fanshawe was entirely self-possessed. He waited till it seemed clear that I had done, and then spoke.

"Your boat is outside. You can get away as quick as you like."

"If I do," I warned him, "I'll sail straight to Port and stop your d—d marriage."

"Just as you choose," he said. He took the white cushion out of its paper, smoothed it, and it carefully on the back of one of the planter chairs; set down some small parcels he had in his pockets, and walked out of the house. He did not seem to be paying any attention at all to me.

One used to fight in the great war sometimes, when one was almost three parts asleep; drunk with the want of rest, long continued, with the never-relaxing strain. So I fought then, drunk, drugged by Fanshawe's enormous personality, his superior mental forces, yet determined, as ever one had been in the trenches, not to give in while life was life, and I was I.

We went down to the beach almost together. There was my cutter, rocking on the tide; there, long and black and slim, was what I knew to be the fastest thing afloat for a thousand miles—a speed-launch capable of doing thirty miles an hour, which had lain for some good while in Port, unsailable, because she simply ate fuel.

I thought I knew who had bought her now; who didn't count a tin or two of benzine, when he happened to be in a hurry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Cured Small Boys of "Finickiness" at Meals

Meal time generally was a try-it-a-period in the Brown household. Invariably Bobby didn't like half the things that were served, and Billy expressed a dislike for the other half. Often they agreed on the same item. It required threats and persuasion to force them to partake of the food provided, but at length the Browns decided on a new method.

For weeks they compiled a list of the eatables that the boys hated, and served them exclusively for dinner. There was a howl of anguish from the two urchins as they glanced at the table. The parents passed the various dishes instead of Mr. Brown serving them, but the boys, with a palmed look, took tiny helpings or passed them up entirely. They pecked at the food and went to bed hungry for Mrs. Brown had seen to it that there was nothing in the larder to attract them.

This went on for several meals.

And they got the point.

A negro evangelist was preaching concerning the horrors of hell. In front of him was a coffin piled high with flowers. Newspapers had announced that it was to be the funeral of a neighbor. There was no word of praise from the preacher's mouth.

"Brethren an alms," he shouted "such deceased friend hath done committed every sin in de catalog. He owned ready when de trumpet of de angel called him. He was unprepared. He was wicked an had to face judgment in his wickedness." At the end of the sermon every member of the congregation was eager to crowd forward and view the "remains." Solemnly they filed past the coffin. It was empty but in the bottom was a mirror that reflected the face of every mourner—that looked in. The lesson went home.—Capper's Weekly.

Art of Giving

He who gives things only gives little. The real part of any present is the imaginative sympathy through which one has an interest and rejoicing in a desire in some other to have being and has not something of one's self into the choice of that which will gratify this desire.—Woolson's Home Magazine.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"The man who is anybody and does anything, is surely going to be criticized, vilified and misunderstood. This is a part of the price of greatness, and every great man understands, too, that it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure criticism without resentment."

### TASTY SANDWICHES

There are so many hearty sandwiches that may be prepared from a few slices of cold meat with the addition of pepper, onion, catsup, or other seasonings, that one may have a variety without any trouble.

**Pork Sandwich.**—Mix chopped, cooked pork with chopped onion and green pepper for seasoning, moisten with salad dressing and use as filling on buttered bread. Take pork that has been cooked with boiled dinner, chop fine and add chopped sweet pickles, green peppers and a stalk or two of celery. Add mayonnaise to mix and use on any bread.

**Corned Beef Sandwich.**—Put a thick slice of corned beef between two slices of lightly buttered bread. Spread with a thin coating of made mustard and a lettuce leaf. Horseradish may be used in place of the mustard for variety. Another way is to chop the corned beef, add mustard and enough of the fat of the meat for richness and use on buttered rye bread.

**Dried Beef and Pickle Sandwich.**—Put one-fourth of a pound of dried beef and three or four sweet pickles through the food chopper, add mayonnaise and spread on buttered bread. This tastes like ham sandwich.

**Turkey, Cheese and Celery.**—Chopped tongue with cucumber relish or chopped pickles, used on buttered whole wheat bread, is very good.

**Tongue Sandwich.**—Mix one cupful of finely chopped tongue with one chopped pimiento and enough salad dressing to spread. Spread buttered bread with the mixture, add a crisp lettuce leaf and spread with thick mayonnaise. Cut into three strips.

### SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

So many housewives like to serve a meat loaf, because the man of the house can make no reasonable excuse for not wishing to carve it.

**Ham Loaf.**—Take two pounds of smoked ham one and three-fourths pounds of lean fresh pork, one green pepper and one-half an onion, all chopped fine. Mix with one cupful of bread crumbs, two beaten eggs, one cupful of milk and seasoning of salt and pepper. Make a loaf. Place in a pan cover with cracker crumbs which have been moistened with milk. Bake in a moderate oven one and one-half hours. Serve with a tomato or mushroom sauce.

**Chicken Croquettes.**—Make one cupful of white sauce using chicken stock and mix, add two cupfuls of chopped chicken, one-half teaspoonful of salt the same of celery salt and onion salt one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Let it cool and form into cone-shaped croquettes. Roll in slightly beaten eggs which two tablespoonfuls of water has been added. Then roll in bread crumbs. Set away to chill. Fry in hot fat and serve with mushroom sauce.

**Perfect Pancakes.**—Beat two eggs yolks and whites separately, add one tablespoonful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of rich sour milk, two and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and three-fourths teaspoonful of soda. Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar, beat until dissolved, add sour milk to which the soda has been added. Stir flour with salt and baking powder and add to the sour milk, fold in the stiffly beaten whites and bake on a hot waffle iron.

**Waffles.**—Mix two beaten egg yolks, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of melted butter, salt, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake on a hot waffle iron.

**Free Verse?**

There's a girl in Michigan who dances to poetry, and we wish we knew her address, for we have on hand quite a lot of poetry that needs some sort of assistance along that line.—Kansas City Star.

**Watch for Him**

The fool who rocked the boat has given that up long ago. He wobbles on a now and tries to see how near he can come to sideswiping an approaching car.—Florida Times-Union.

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## Old and young can take this family laxative; free trial bottle!

The next time you or the children need a laxative, try this famous doctor's prescription which aids the bowels without doing any harm. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, containing pure senna and laxative herbs, is effective in a gentle and helpful way. Its action is thorough, but it never weakens the bowels. It stimulates muscular action and is thus actually good for the system. So remember Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin when coated tongue, fetid breath, headaches, nausea, jaded appetite or biliousness tells the need of a thorough cleansing. Druggists keep it in big bottles, or write Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, Monticello, Ill., for a free trial bottle.



## Aticura SOAP

Does much to keep a good clear complexion, no matter what the weather!



### Sea Makes Relentless War on Eastern Coast

About 10,000 persons annually visit Highland light on the tip of Cape Cod. According to Keeper Fred Tibbetts, who has had charge of the station for seventeen years, receiving visitors and answering questions are more wearing than the duties Uncle Sam imposes. It was in 1797 that the United States government bought this reservation and began construction of the first Highland light.

The constant battering of the seas against the cliffs at Truro, and erosion of the sand dunes by wind and weather, have taken surprising toll. The original deed showed the conveyance of ten acres of land. Today there remain less than four acres. At the brink of the cliff are wooden benches and seats for visitors. Every other year it becomes necessary to move these back several feet.

It seems but a question of time before the famous lighthouse and its cluster of official buildings must either be moved or go tumbling into the sea.—New York Times.

### Good Opinion of World

Not Coveted by G. B. S.

An American Journalist has been interviewing George Bernard Shaw and was amazed to find him, contrary to expectations, very friendly and affable.

"Tell me," he asked, "how it came about that so sympathetic and human a man as you are, has achieved the sinister reputation of being unapproachable and always disposed to snub the vast community of your admirers?"

"For heaven's sake!" laughed Shaw. "Don't talk to me about my reputation. You see, it's this way. So long as people don't know me personally, they insist that I must be a horrid old man. Then, once they have met me, they insist that I'm a much nicer old man than I really am—and there's nothing I can do about it."

**Goldsmith's Memorials**

Oliver Goldsmith's bi-centenary recently attracted many pilgrims to the modest stone on the north side of Temple church, which marks, as nearly as can be conjectured, the last resting place of the creator of Doctor Primrose and Tony Lumpkin.

There is, however, another London memorial of "rich-houred Goldsmith," which is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be—a very handsome window in Southwark cathedral.

The window, erected only a few years ago, fitly commemorates the poet's association with the south side borough, where, for a time, he practiced as "poor physician of the poor."</