

Uncle Phil Says:

Wisdom Is Personal
Most of the wisdom one acquires one can't communicate to anyone else. Each man's life is his own. Dreams no more come true than most suspicions.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.



DO THIS when you wake up with a Headache

ENJOY RELIEF BEFORE YOU'VE FINISHED DRESSING

Bayer Tablets Dissolve Almost Instantly. In 2 seconds by stop watch, a genuine BAYER Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

When you wake up with a headache, do this: Take two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered.

15c FOR A DOZEN 2 FULL 25c DOZEN 25c Virtually 1c a tablet

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Valorous The virtue of the family of a great man is discretion.

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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

A FAMOUS DOCTOR

As a young man the late Dr. R. V. Pierce practiced medicine in Pennsylvania. His prescriptions met with such great demand that he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and got up in ready-to-use form his well-known tonic, Golden Medical Discovery, which will eliminate poisons from the intestines, increase the appetite, and tone up the digestive system. Buy now! Tabs. 50c, liquid \$1.00 & \$1.35.

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Wherever it is—however broken the surface—freely apply soothing Resinol

AFTER YOU EAT will you have regular, successful elimination? Get rid of gas, waste material, acid, headaches. Take Milonax Wafers. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Crispy and deliciously flavored. 20, 35c each.

GUNLOCK RANCH

by Frank H. Spearman

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Always blows the wrong way for me. I don't mind losing the timber. If it had caught him, I'd—" He checked himself suddenly. "Look here," he jerked, "why can't we help the wind along next night there's a blow—just give things a start down there?"

After Van Tambel came back from the hospital, he reopened his office in Sleepy Cat.

One day her father took her in town on business. The volunteer fire fighters were clamoring for their pay, and Jane, knowing the details of the agreement with Pardaloe as to how much beer and "grub" should be provided, plus their pay, rode with her father, to town, to settle with Pardaloe.

"Bill," she said to Pardaloe, when the accounts had been straightened out, "I want to ask a question and I want the truth."

Pardaloe looked at her with shrewd benevolence. "Fire away, girl!"

"Why does my father hate Bill Denison so?"

Pardaloe shifted uneasily. "You won't like the truth, Miss Jane."

"Well, your dad wants the Spring ranch—started a fight for it at the Medicine Bend land office. Bill beat him there, so he goes up to Washington, and Bill has to sell off his cows to get money to fight and pay lawyers. 'Fore he got through, the boy had to sell everything but his shirt to keep his end up. Kind of tough."

"It was tough," assented Jane grimly. Her eyes were half closed and her lips compressed, as if to shout out unpleasant details.

Pardaloe warmed to his story. "If it wasn't you, Miss Jane, an' your own dad, I'd call a man that'd act that way—well, wonder to me is, Bill never plugged him. Now don't cry; I told you you wouldn't like it."

Jane shook her head and brushed the tears from her eyes with a gesture of defiance. "Don't mind a little shower, Bill. You've told me what I asked for—the truth. Now I want to tell you something. But please keep my secret—will you, Bill?"

Pardaloe's huge, honest bulk, slow-moving jaws, and deep piercing eyes invited confidence. Jane had no difficulty in resting in the lanky ex-sheriff. "Shoot," was all he said.

Swiftly she told him of her first meetings with Denison, and of their rides together. She described how he had saved her life and how afterward her father had ridden over to the Denison ranch with Dave McCrossen, created a scene and forbade her ever again to see Denison.

"I'm watched now like a two-year-old child," she concluded, "and I'm rebellious!"

Pardaloe looked at her appraisingly. He observed the animation of her manner and the flash of her eye; he listened to the rapid flow of her words and the spirited way in which she spoke them. The old frontiersman looked at her as an artist might look on a flower; he could see, but couldn't quite understand, all that was hidden within it.

"I wish," said Jane, musing, almost as much to herself as to Pardaloe, "I knew just what to do."

He tried to make up to her. "I got off on the wrong foot with you, Jane," he said one day. The two were standing near the ranch-house door, in the sunshine. "I know that, all right. All I can say is, if there's anything I can do to square myself, I'm ready to do it whenever you say the word. Is that fair?"

Jane was looking up at the mountains. She answered without rancor; a mild manner must be her cue now; a week passed. Jane and Tambel lay in bed. He had to send Jane to Medicine Bend to attend to some bank business there. To keep her under surveillance, Van Tambel ordered McCrossen to ride to Sleepy Cat with her. When Jane heard of the arrangements she flatly refused to go.

"What's a-matter with you, you damned cantankerous thing!" demanded her father huskily. "Ain't my foreman good enough for you to ride with?"

Jane's features set. "I won't ride with him," she declared crisply.

"Why not?" thundered her father, rising up in bed. "Oh!" he exclaimed, swearing violently, at a sudden twinge of pain. "Why won't you ride with him, you hussy?"

Jane drew herself up the least bit. Her father's rudeness stiffened her attitude. "If you want to know the real reason, I don't want him trying to kiss me on the way home after he's had too many drinks in the Red Front saloon. I won't ride with him. If he goes, I don't."

Finally Bull Page was assigned to escort the wayward Jane, and the two set off for town. Jane was most interested to get some news from Bull Page about Denison; but Bull had neither seen nor heard of him since the Gunlock Knob fire.

In Medicine Bend, Jane extended a note, drew some money, paid the hospital bills, and waited for the afternoon train home. When she got to Sleepy Cat it was ten o'clock at night, and no rig was at the station from the ranch. She was compelled to spend the night at the hotel. It was a long time afterward before she realized that the whole trip had been planned by her father and McCrossen for a purpose.

She rose early, breakfasted alone, and started out to pay the few remaining fire bills. She went first to Spott's place to pay for the beer. Spotts was out. "Ought to be back pretty soon," said Oscar. "He's got to be here pretty soon to let the bartender out for breakfast."

"I've an order to leave at Rubido's," said Jane. "I'll be back." She walked over to the general store, left her provision order for the wagon to pick up, and returned to Spott's barber shop. Jake, his crutches at his side, was sitting in his barber chair.

"Hello there, Miss! Well! How's things out at Gunlock?"

"About as usual, Jake. I've come to pay for the beer."

"No more fire's botherin'?"

"Not at present. How much was the beer?"

"No hurry about that."

"Yes, but I want to clean it up."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the saloon keeper and barber as Jane counted out and handed him the money. "If I could only call my old side partner back out of it,—Spotts shook his head—'I wouldn't mind if I never got a durned cent for the beer.'"

"None of us will ever forget Panama, Jake."

"The cammedest, meanest, ornafest fires that ever swept them hills," said Spotts, counting over the money perfectly. "Done more damage to the range—not to speak of losin' the best man we had in Sleepy Cat and crippin' up the best man we had in the hills."

"Oh, my dear."

"You don't know what terrible fires we've been having down our way."

"They've been terrible everywhere this fall."

"Do you think there is any chance to save his sight? Oh, Sister, can you imagine how I feel?"

"Dear heart, I do know how you feel. Of course I don't know a thing about the case, except that Dr. Carpy has given very strict orders about his care."

"Do, Sister," said Jane. "Good-morning, Mr. Denison."

"Good-morning, Sister."

Jane, walking in on tiptoe behind her guide, heard his answer.

"Who's that with you, Sister?" Jane had stepped as lightly as possible; but his ears had detected her footsteps.

"I've brought you a visitor. I hope you're not cross," she added, banteringly.

"Who is visiting me?" he asked.

Jane had been gradually drawing closer to him. "Bill?"

He started violently. For an instant he was silent as if listening for more. Then he responded, low and strangely, "Jane?"

"Yes, Bill."

In the dark, her hand touched his arm. He caught both her hands, crushing them within his own, and drew one and the other hungrily to his lips.

"Sister," he said, composed, yet eager, "can you find a chair, in the dark, for Miss Van Tambel?"

With the nurse gliding out of the room, Jane's hands crept over his shoulders, around his neck, and as his arms enfolded her, their lips met to give and to receive that for which words were not needed.

"I didn't want you to hear that I was in trouble till we knew more about it. How did you find out I was here, Jane?"

"Jake Spotts, Bill. I never dreamed of such a thing," she said tremulously. "He told me the ranch house was burned last night. Oh, Bill!"

"I think maybe my eyes will be all right in a couple of days. Ben Page has been working for me for a while. He got hold of Bob Scott to bring me in to see Doc Carpy—and the doctor sent me here."

A Boost for Home Sewing!



HERE are three Sewing Circle specialties that are as easy to make as humming a tune. If you've never made a stitch before, here's your golden opportunity, for step-by-step sewing instructions are included with every pattern to direct you all the way.

Pattern No. 1945-B is a smashing hit in any office or social gathering and versatility personified. You can wear it as shown on the large figure with contrasting collar and cuffs and a self-fabric belt or make it with a twin collar and cuff, introducing another harmonizing color.

Pattern No. 1914-B is an alluring double duty frock; simple, inexpensive and the proud possessor of a sleek silhouette. It's a marvel for getting around the kitchen in a jiffy and just the thing for visiting, shopping or business. Depending of course on the material you select. For housewear, try a gingham, percale or cotton with a bit of color to pep you up, and for a more dresser effect choose striped shirting, broadcloth, lightweight wool or crepe.

Pattern No. 1870-B. Those of you whose figures run to width will join your slimmer sisters in choosing this gay slenderizing ensemble, with a contrasting scalloped collar and jabot, so flattering to the face. The effect is

exquisite in satin, crepe, broadcloth or silk, the result wholly and completely satisfying. With or without the jacket the frock is the ultimate in utility and style. It is available for sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires six and one-fourth yards of 39-inch material plus seven-eighths yard contrast.

Send for the Fall Pattern Book containing Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

LOOK, PIMPLE SUFFERERS! I HATE GOING OUT. MY SKIN LOOKS AWFUL. TRY CUTICURA. IT'S FINE FOR ALL IRRITATIONS OF EXTERNAL SOURCE. YOU'RE DANCING EVERY DANCE. YES, JANE, THANKS TO CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT. FREE sample, write "Cuticura" Dept. 35, Malden, Mass.

DISCOVERED Way to Relieve Coughs QUICKLY

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes. One set of ingredients in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relieves tickling, hacking, coughing; it soothes and soothes irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set actually enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough and speeds recovery. Check a cough due to a cold before it gets worse, before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speeded-up recovery.

Occasionally a Detour Civilization is the road man travels, not the house he lives in.

TIME IS SHORT, BUT FOOD IS TASTY... YOU EAT A LOT AND EAT IT HASTY... IN CASE A CASE OF HEARTBURN COMES, WE HOPE YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROLL OF TUMS!



Carry TUMS FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, GAS

SO many causes for acid indigestion! Hasty eating... smoking... beverages... rich foods... no wonder we have sudden, unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas! But millions have learned the smart thing to do is carry Tums! These tasty mints give scientific, thorough relief so quickly! Contain no harsh alkali... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Release just enough antacid compound to correct stomach acidity... remainder passes unabsorbed from your system. And they're so pleasant... just like candy. So handy to carry in pocket or purse. 10c a roll at any drugstore—or 3 rolls for 25c in the ECONOMY PACK.

TUMS FOR THE TRAVELER TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE... TASTE TO CHASE

A True Neighbor

IF ALL the best talents, that of belonging, of being a true member of the community, is the largest, and for many in our large cities, the least expressed. To be a true neighbor, citizen, patriot—to take on the state, so that what it does you do; to have the state within you, so that all that wounds public life hurts you—is to recover the top root of existence, to lay hold of the most vital of all the strands of life.—Joseph Lee.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.