

Household Questions

A few bread crumbs added to scrambled eggs improves flavor and makes an extra serving possible.

Before laundering lace curtains soak them for an hour in cold water to which a little borax has been added. Then wash in warm soap suds.

Doeskin and chamois gloves become stiff and harsh unless washed in tepid suds and rinsed in slightly soapy water.

Add a tablespoon of cream to roast beef or lamb gravy. It makes it a delicious brown.

A little hot milk added a little at a time while mashing potatoes will make them light and fluffy. Heat but do not boil the milk.

Beat eggs only slightly when used in custards, puddings, sauces, etc. Beat well when used to make food light, as in sponge cakes, puffy omelets, etc.

A tablespoon of lemon juice added to the egg in which fish is dipped before frying gives it a delicious flavor.

To protect paper when cleaning paint use a piece of heavy cardboard about 12 inches square, moving it along as you wash paint.

It Is My Aim

TO KEEP my health! To do my work! To live! To see to it I grow and gain and give!

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GUNLOCK RANCH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Will he see again?" "Jane, my girl, give me another two weeks. If I thought anybody, anywhere, would do anything more than I'm doing, I'd put him on the cars tonight. It's time, Jane, time."

If Jane expected to get much information about the Denison fire at home, she was disappointed. When she reported it to her father, he was silent—professing still to feel outraged at her insubordination. McCrossen was more communicative, even sympathetic; but he knew little about the fire.

After a painful night, Jane rose early to go again into town. In the yard she encountered McCrossen. "Ridin' out?" he asked.

"I am." "I'll saddle up for you." "Have the horses been fed?" "Yep."

"I'll saddle up myself." "Your father rode over to the pastures with Page this mornin'," volunteered McCrossen, walking alongside Jane. She made no answer; indeed, she rather quickened her pace; her companion stepping up his own.

"Your father left word I was to ride out with you, if you went off the ranch."

"I don't need anybody to ride out with me."

"I don't care a rap what the old man says. I'll ride out with you if you want me. If you don't, say so."

"I don't." "O. K." Jane undertook to mount.

"Look here, girlie!" said McCrossen suddenly. "Why don't you like me?" Without further preface than a laugh he caught her in his arms. "I'll do anythin' to please you."

Jane, struggling angrily, stood pinned. He laughed immoderately at her efforts to tear herself away. She rained blows on him with her fists. "Let me go!" she panted. "I hate you!"

Still laughing, he tried to talk down her anger. She got away from him. "Hate me as much as you like, Janie, but I'm goin' to have you. I'll kill any man that tries to take you away from me," he continued coolly. "I don't care a damn who he is—just remember that, girlie. And I'll kill you, too, if you married another man."

Panting, and furious with anger and fear, she got into her hand the riding whip dangling from her wrist and lashed him across the face and head.

As she dashed away, McCrossen drew paper and tobacco from his pocket, rolled a cigarette, and licking the paper's edge as he looked after Jane riding toward Denison's ranch, struck a match, lighted up, and started for the bunkhouse.

Jane, her heart beating tumultuously, galloped swiftly along the trail, completely upset by McCrossen's bullying and the worry in her breast.

Instead of heading first for town, she rode over to Denison's ranch.

The sight of the ranch-house ruins was a shock, even though she tried to steel herself against it. A man down near the corral was leading one of Denison's horses to the barn.

"Are you Ben Page?" asked Jane abruptly.

"Yes'm."

"How did this happen, Ben?" she asked sympathically.

"You tell," he returned sullenly.

"Tell me all about it, Ben. I'm from Gunlock and a friend of Bill Denison's."

He regarded her with suspicion. "Must be the only one he's got over there," he growled.

Jane swallowed. "I hope it isn't as bad as that," she exclaimed. "What caused this dreadful fire, Ben?"

"How the hell should I know?" "Don't know what caused the fire, eh? Well, you ought to at least know how to be civil to a lady. Since you don't, I advise you to come over and take a lesson from your brother Bull."

Jane galloped swiftly away, more than ever upset mentally. Once in town, she sought Dr. Carpy.

She encountered him in the street. They walked together back to his office.

"How are you, Jane?" asked the doctor.

"I just rode in from Bill's. He has Ben Page there looking after things, and the insolent blockhead wouldn't even answer me civilly when I tried to find out how it happened—so I rode away into town."

"That fire has stirred Bill up terribly—out of all proportion to its importance. It maybe was done to annoy him."

Jane looked frightened. "Why, doctor! What do you mean? Do you believe the ranch house was set on fire?"

Carpy was taken aback. He had said more than he meant to. "Why, no one can tell for sure about that, of course."

Some drunken Indian might have set it afire."

"To annoy Bill?" asked Jane incredulously.

"You can't tell," persisted the doctor, gathering courage as he proceeded. "Bill may have made one of 'em mad sometime—ordered him off the place or something."

"How is he coming on, doctor?" "All right, so far. It'll take time to tell the story, Jane, just's I said."

"Could I see him this morning, do you think?"

"If it was anybody else on earth, the answer would be no. If you go over, don't stay long, and tell Sister Virginia it's O. K. with me." "Be back here at twelve to take lunch with me—promise?"

"I promise."

"And remember"—Carpy raised the forefinger of his right hand—"mum's the word."

The utter absence of authentic details concerning the cause of the fire called for a more active effort on the part of the imagination; and this in turn indicated its stimulation at Jake Spotts' bar. So the old guard were gathered on this morning still discussing the "outrage."

Among those grouped at the inner end of Spotts' long bar were three veterans of the frontier. Henry Sawdy, calm, portly, pulled reflectively at his long-horned mustachios and fingered his well-filled glass without raising it to his lips. John Lefever, likewise full-bodied as old port, whistling "sotto voce," as Sawdy described it, twirled his glass and listened for the next fire theory offered by Jim McAlpin, the thin, nervous, weather-beaten-faced liver-eyman.

Toward this trio there now sauntered, coming in from the door, the raw-boned, lantern-jawed, unshaven Bill Pardaloe.

"What's the last news, boys?" he asked in a general appeal.

"Just like the first and that's nothin' at all," said McAlpin. "Give me the

same, Oscar, with more bitters. Hold on, boys! By the Lord, if I'm alive, there comes Ben Page now."

"Hey! Ben! This way," cried Sawdy as the stumpy bowlegged coman walked down the barroom towards them. "Come along and wet up."

"Well, Ben," demanded Sawdy, when the glasses were set down, "what about the fire?"

"I jumped through the window."

Neither questions nor alcoholic stimulation could draw out more definite information than this. As to the origin of the blaze, Page had no theory or knowledge.

The longer the group tarried, the more resentful they grew at the thought of Bill Denison's being burned out. It was at last decided to let Sawdy and Pardaloe ride to Denison's together to make an "official investigation." They took the Reservation trail and halfway out met Bob Scott riding into town.

The two adventurers halted Bob, explained their errand, and asked him to join them.

Scott wheeled his horse around, and the three galloped for Denison's ranch.

That night, late, Sawdy, Lefever, McAlpin, Pardaloe, and Ben Page met by the dim light of a lantern in the stuffy-smelling barn room of McAlpin's barn.

"Boys," began Sawdy, gravely, when the doors were carefully shut and outer approaches examined, "it's just's we figured—dirty work out at Bill's ranch. It was lucky Pardaloe and I picked up Bob Scott. He's magic on trails. If it hadn't been for Bob, Pardaloe and me'd been scratchin' around Bill's place yet. There wasn't a thing to show where or how the fire started—the job was too well done. But what couldn't be covered up was the ground sign in the yard. Who'd been there last? Lucky for us, there wasn't many horses'd been runnin' around the yard. Bob spotted three; one was Music, Bill's horse—Ben's been ridin' her. The other two were Gunlock horses, boys. One that Jane rides—that was fresh track. But there was older track—of a Gunlock horse."

"Gunlock horse?" echoed Lefever.

In the murky light of the lantern Sawdy pulled his mustachio deliberately. "A Gunlock horse," he repeated. "And it was the sorrel gelding that most of you've seen. Bob knows every horse in the hills by his hoofs, and as luck would have it, he himself

traded the sorrel to McCrossen about a year ago.

"That horse was over to Bill's place maybe thirty-six to forty-eight hours before Scott read the sign. The man that rode that horse over to Denison's night before last knows a lot about who started that fire. Who rode it?"

"That horse, boys, has been rode by Barney Rebstock since he's roosted over at Gunlock with his old pal and boss, Gus Van Tambel. After Bob fixed on the sorrel, Pardaloe sends him up around by Gunlock to scout the question, who rides the sorrel. Then Pardaloe and I rode straight back to town to send out Carpy. You see, Bob could appear up at Gunlock casual-like and ask questions and nobody would think anythin' about it. Bob rides in and out there often."

"Of course, he had to be careful. But there's two honest men over there. Bull Page and the Chink. Bob set down in the kitchen for a cup of coffee—hadn't had no breakfast—and buzzes the Chink. Finally he comes around to the sorrel he'd traded in to the ranch, and asks who rides it now. 'Rebstock,' says the Chink."

"Then Bob waits for Bull Page. He asks Bull whether he thinks there's any chance to get McCrossen to trade the sorrel back to him. Finally he asks Bull who's ridin' the sorrel. Bull says since Barney Rebstock come back, he asked McCrossen if he could fasten onto the sorrel and McCrossen said yes."

Sawdy paused again. There was a general silence.

"That's the story, boys. No, hold on! Barney and Van Tambel left the ranch at daylight this mornin' for the pastures, with Barney on the sorrel!"

"Story enough," grunted McAlpin. "But," he continued, "Barney's pretty cute. If he was goin' to start a fire, wouldn't he take somebody else's horse?"

"I thought that way for a while," intervened Pardaloe. "But Barney can be careless, too—you know that, boys. So I asked Bob to find out, was Barney out that night of the fire; was the sorrel out. Old Bull is a nighthawk around Gunlock—you know that. He may have suspected what was in Bob's mind, but he wouldn't give a whoop anyway. He hates Barney like poison. He told Bob that Barney was the only man outside the bunkhouse that night. And he heard him ridin' away."

Sawdy stopped the general discussion. "Boys, what you goin' to do?"

Pardaloe rose. Some experience in frontier courts of this kind had convinced him that it was time for a sheriff or an ex-sheriff to be moving on. As a one-time representative of the law laid down in statute books, he felt it incumbent on himself to take no further part in the deliberations.

"Itun along, Bill," nodded Sawdy. "We'll see you later—maybe."

With the ex-sheriff gone, Sawdy called for opinion as to what, if any, action should be taken.

"If any!" exclaimed McAlpin, echoing the words scornfully. "Man alive, you know it ain't a question of 'if any' action. It's a question of what kind of action."

"Got a rope here, McAlpin?" "Got 'em big and little, old and new."

"Don't be too hard on Barney," interposed Lefever. "The least you can do is to soap the rope for him."

"Don't misunderstand me, boys," interposed Sawdy. "I want to string him up and down a few times to get the story out of him. A little argument like that'll bring it."

"Boys," said McAlpin, "I've an idea you can catch Rebstock right here in town. If he set the fire, he's got money aplenty. It's burnin' holes in his pockets. Catch your cat in the Red Front saloon; call him out the back door; set him on a horse and ride him down to the bridge—that's gentlemanly and private."

"It's the first time in your life, but I guess you are right, McAlpin," said Sawdy. "We've just got to set the rope watch on Barney."

Ten minutes later found the worthies concealed—except McAlpin, detained at the barn—lined up at Jake Spotts' bar.

Jake, still on crutches, was hobbling around.

"How's the leg, Jake?" asked Sawdy, to be polite.

"By rights I ought to be in bed, but I can't afford it."

"Have you sen Barney Rebstock this evenin'?" asked Lefever, casually.

Spotts' face darkened—he, too, hated Barney. "I ain't seen him, and don't ask nothin' like that to make me swear. Boys," he added, addressing the group, "you know Panama spent a whole year tryin' to break me of my bad habit of swearin'. Now, when it's too late for me to know, I'm goin' to quit swearin'. I give public notice, here and now. If any s--d man gets me so angry I've got to swear, I'm not goin' to cuss him out, like I used to. No! I'm just goin' to lick h--l out of him then and there, so you fellows can tell the boys what to expect."

At that moment the back screen door banged on its hinges and McAlpin, sharp-faced, keen-eyed, and out of breath, rushed into the room. With much celerity and many patonimic gestures, the Scotsman drew Sawdy far into an empty corner of the saloon.

"What's up, Scotty?"

"He's in there," whispered McAlpin. "He's in there right now!"

"Who?"

"Barney!"

"Where?"

"In Boland's saloon! I seen the sorrel standin' at the hitch rack in front when I come along up street to join you here, so I went in. Hurry, he's there!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for November 1

LAW, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE (International Temperance Sunday)

LESSON TEXT—Romans 13:1-14. GOLDEN TEXT—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth. Rom. 14:21.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Why We Keep Rules. JUNIOR TOPIC—Junior Citizens. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Shall We Do About Drinking? YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Law, Love, and Temperance.

Revolution, political disorder, anarchy—these are words which characterize much of the world's news of our day. What should be our attitude toward government? Should a Christian participate in revolts against government? These are questions that stir the hearts of men.

The Bible has an answer, and it is found in our lesson for today. Let us study it with care and seek God's message for us and for our nation in these utterly confusing days.

We consider together a portion of Paul's epistle to the Romans in which, having laid his superb doctrinal foundation, he turns to a practical application. Let us ever remember that while right doctrine is necessary to right living, it is never sufficient to hold the doctrine and fail to permit it to control our daily walk.

Good citizenship of the true type is the result of staunch Christian character. Much of the weakness in our political and social life can be traced to the neglect of the things of God in the home, the school, and the church.

Paul presents the Christian as one who has the right attitude toward his neighbors, and toward his own daily walk. The Christian is

I. Politically-Intelligent and Loyal (vv. 1-7).

Lectures on political economy are well worth while. School children should learn to love and honor their country. But for real intelligent citizenship we must have a study of God's Word. For all governmental authority is dependent on a God-given power. No man has any right to rule over any other man except as God delegates that right to him.

No "divine right of kings" is justified by this passage, but clearly it does teach that government is ordained of God and functions by his providence. To resist such authority is to resist God.

Must we always obey the government? Yes; until it commands us to do that which is clearly contrary to the laws of God. We do not resist or question the authority of any properly appointed governmental agency, no matter how weak, or even wicked the agent may be, as long as he acts as "a minister of God . . . for good."

Any government is better than anarchy. But no government has the right to command any man to disobey God.

In our land we have a powerful agency for the correction of governmental weakness and error — the ballot box. Let every Christian use it discreetly and in the fear of God.

Before leaving the passage, note that the Christian does not dodge, "fix," or leave unpaid the taxes which support the government under whose benefits he lives and works. There is too much dishonesty at this point, and we need to correct it.

II. Socially-Honest and Loving (vv. 8-10).

"Love thy neighbor as thyself!" and there will be no social dishonesty, strife, and ill-will. Remember the lesson of last week on love—I Corinthians 13.

III. Personally-Clean and Spiritual (vv. 11-14).

The time when our redemption is to be fully completed—that is, when the Lord himself returns — is at hand. We therefore will not live as those who walk in darkness, but as children of the light, clean in life and thought. We will "put on the Lord Jesus Christ."

In these days when almost every wayside store and hundreds of thousands of city buildings have been converted into drinking places far worse than the old-time saloon, when men and women are making drunken sots of themselves, it is indeed time for Christians to raise their voices in protest and to act to protect the boys and girls of America.

But above all—let us win them to Christ, for if they "put on Christ" they will "make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof."

Respect for Parents Honor your parents in your hearts; bear them not only awe and respect, but kindness and affection; love their persons, and fear to do anything that may justly provoke them.—Rev. W. Craddock.

Good Neighbors It is a small thing to a man whether or not his neighbor be merciful to him; it is life or death to him whether or not he be merciful to his neighbor.

Smiles

Page Dr. Dafoe "How's the wife, George?" "Not so well, old boy. She's just had quinsy." "Gosh! How many is that you've got how?"

Realistic Teacher—Why are you late for school this morning? Tommy (breathlessly)—P-p-please, sir, I dreamt I was at a football match, and the referee ordered extra time, so I stayed to see the finish.

With the Trimmings "Was the defendant expensively garbed?" asked the lawyer of the colored witness. "Ah knows expensive garbage when I sees it."

A Start Her Mother — Now that you're married, you should help Ferdinand to save something. Mrs. Newbride—I do. I've already helped him to save something on his income tax.

Self Pity One who says, "I am misunderstood," is usually out of a job.

Repercussion of Revenge He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Bacon.

If You Have a Child ASK YOUR DOCTOR THIS

Ask Him Before Giving Your Child an Unknown Remedy Practically any doctor you ask will warn: "Don't give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first."

When it comes to the widely used children's remedy—"milk of magnesia," the standard of the world is established. For over half a century many doctors have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia." Safe for children. No other is "quite like it."

Keep this in mind, and say "PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA" when you buy. Now also in tablet form. Get the form you prefer. But see that what you get is labeled "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

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