

To Cure  
a Cold  
in  
One  
Day



Take  
Laxative  
**Bromo  
Quinine**  
tablets

The tonic and laxative effect of Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets will fortify the system against Grip, Influenza and other serious ills resulting from a Cold.

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Beaches which emit musical tones or other sounds when the sands are pressed under foot or struck together in a bag occur throughout the world, notably in the Peninsula or Sinai, on the great musical mountain of Jebel Nagous, near Colberg, in Pomerania, on the East Prussian coast, beaches on the Atlantic, on Wisconsin river (near Kilbourn City, Wis.), on the Mississippi opposite Carondelet and on the Pacific coast. Barking sands, where the sand is a mere squeak unless the sand is very dry, occurs in Hawaii, on the southwest coast of Kaula, in Africa (Liberia and West Criculand), Botany bay, New South Wales, and Browns River bay, Tasmania.

**Advice to Mothers**

Salem, Oreg.—"During each expectant period my back ached terribly and I had such bearing pains that I had to keep to my bed a great deal. One day I read of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and decided to give it a trial. I was very thankful for the comfort and relief that this remedy gave to me and I feel sure that if other young mothers would take the 'Prescription' throughout the entire period they would be saved much of the distress and suffering that most women endure."—Mrs. Mabel Ross, 359 Center St. All druggists. Tablets or liquid.

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STIFF JOINTS**

Stiff, swollen, inflamed, rheumatic joints should be treated with a remedy made for just that purpose and that purpose only.

Remember the name of this discovery is Joint-Ease and it will take out the agony, reduce the swelling and limber up any troubled joint after ordinary cure-alls have miserably failed. Just rub it on—60c a tube at any druggist—ask for Joint-Ease.

Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets in joint agony gets out—quick.

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**RESINOL**

Soothing and Healing  
Aids Poor Complexions

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 7-1926

**The Truant Soul**

By Victor Rousseau

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**CHAPTER VIII—Continued**

She nodded happily. "I am ashamed to feel so gay when you are unhappy," she said.

"I am not unhappy, Joan," he answered. "I thought over everything last night, and I see now that you were right. I shall go back. Of course I shall go back. I shall regain what I have lost, and I shall face my enemies and beat them."

At ten o'clock the horse was harnessed and the drive back began.

At first Joan, seated at her lover's side, breathed in the mountain air, the sense of freedom, the scent of the pines, the joy of the sunlight. Then the peaks began to tower above them. The dulled valley air struck something from her joy, but not too much for her to dream. She looked fondly at Lancaster, who drew her hand into his.

"I am going back to win," he said again.

Later the sun went into clouds. The air grew moister, the hills inclosed them, the familiar landmarks began to reappear. And now something of Lancaster's despondency of the evening before came over Joan. And again, as if sensing her mood, he reiterated:

"I am going back to fight and win, my dear."

But when the institute came into sight at last the long, gaunt building cast its chill over the girl's heart. In contrast with the mountain village Lancaster was depressing and lonely. And Joan was conscious of one gripping fear. Suppose that Myers had returned!

She understood now how Lancaster had felt the evening before when he said he would never go back. It was like plunging out of the sunlight into a dark mountain pool.

The matron came forward as the buggy stopped. Joan looked at her in terror. But her face was placid enough, and she was able to read in the secretary's continued absence.

"Dr. Lancaster, there was a telephone message for you a few minutes ago from Avonmouth," she said.

Lancaster leaped from the buggy and helped Joan down. "I'll be with you in a few moments," he said, throwing the reins over the hitching post.

He went into the house. His step was firm, his demeanor unruffled; the matron, who followed him, seemed undisturbed. But already everything was changed. The black shadow of Myers seemed to loom up until it overspread the institute again. Joan paced the porch in fear which gathered strength each moment that Lancaster failed to return. When at last she saw him coming her suspense was unbearable.

She looked at him in mute fear as he laid his hand carelessly upon her shoulder.

"I have to go to Avonmouth at once," he said. "I have no choice in the matter. It is a patient who must undergo an operation—my operation—within twelve hours. It is fortunate that we have the buggy, because I shall just have time to catch the afternoon train and get into Avonmouth at midnight."

Then he looked at her white face and read the fear in it. "If you tell me to stay, I'll stay," he said.

"And the patient?" whispered Joan.

"Will die. No, of course I shall go. Nothing could keep me from going, not even you, my dear. But you would not have me stay."

"You are right. Yes, of course you must go. But I am afraid," said Joan. "I am afraid of Myers."

He started, as if he, too, had been thinking of the secretary. "But the man can't harm me, dear," he said.

"The message came from him!" cried Joan in fear.

Lancaster looked away. But, when she repeated the question he answered, "No."

"He is at Avonmouth. Is he not there?" she asked.

"Well, Joan, I think he is," said Lancaster reluctantly. "But he may not be. I only know that the message was not from him."

"It was not from the hospital? Not from MacPherson?"

"It was from a man connected with the hospital," said Lancaster. "But it was not from MacPherson and not from Myers, and it did not mention Myers' name. Why, my dear, you mustn't give way to nerves now that I am losing mine. It is a simple request for me to operate tomorrow."

She pulled herself together. "Of course you must go, John," she said again. She put her arms about his neck. "Dear, if you should see that man, you will not fall into any trap that he may set for you?" she asked. "You are so strong, you will not let him trample on you? You are yourself again, and you will remain so for my sake?"

"Never fear!" he answered earnestly. "I am not going to take morphine again. Why, I shall have none with me, my dear Joan, and I should have no opportunity to buy any, even if I wanted to. I shall operate perhaps as soon as I reach the hospital, and return on the morning train. I may not even go to my house at all."

"I am not afraid that you will take morphine," said Joan. "But you will not see Myers?"

"Not if I can help it. He can't come to the hospital, and I don't think he will dare to lie in wait for me at the station. If he does, he'll find me a tough customer to kidnap in broad daylight. There, my dear, be calm and sensible, and when I return I shall tell you everything that you must know."

He kissed her and hurried in to pack his suitcase. He came out in a few moments and placed it in the buggy. "Good-by, Joan, dearest Joan," he said. "And you will not hint at our engagement to Mrs. Fraser while I am gone? I have very special reasons for this."

She shook her head and laughed, and returned his kiss, and all the while her heart grew heavier. And long after the buggy had disappeared from sight she stood upon the porch looking after it.

**Chapter IX**

That night was sleepless as the last, but all the joy that had filled her heart in the hill cabin was gone. She lay awake, listening to the rain that pattered on the roof, thinking and wondering. How strange her life had become, and how far away the old landmarks were! She had fought for a man's soul in darkness and snatched it into light, and now the darkness seemed closing about her again. And she could only hope and wait through endless hours.

In vain she tried to tell herself that it was only an ordinary summons. On the face of it, the call was natural; but Joan's instinct told her that there was more behind it. Myers had not surrendered his prey so easily as he had assumed to do. And Lancaster had been evasive—to spare her, perhaps, but evasive. And her task now was only to wait.

At eight she rose. She imagined that she must have finished the operation some time before, and be at the station, or on his way there, but her soul could not get out to his across the distance, and their communion seemed to be cut short by the same impene-



"And the Patient?" Whisped Joan.

trable darkness. Dressing, she was conscious of a stronger presentiment of approaching evil which she could not shake away.

It was a gloomy day, and the rain came down in torrents. About eleven o'clock Doctor Jenkins arrived in his buggy and inquired for Lancaster. He seemed surprised to learn that he had gone to Avonmouth.

He was preparing to return, but Joan felt the need of speech with him irresistible. She did not mean to cross-examine him, she only wanted to shake off the feeling that Lancaster had passed out of her reach by speaking to one of his associates. She hardly knew the purpose of her accosting Jenkins until she saw the look of concern upon his face.

"Miss Wentworth, you aren't well!" he exclaimed. "You have been over-doing it!"

"No, Doctor Jenkins, but—Doctor Lancaster has gone into Avonmouth—"

"Yes, Miss Wentworth. But he won't come to any harm there, thanks to you. You've taught me a thing or two about morphine patients. Miss Wentworth," he went on, in his polite, complimentary fashion. "I never saw anyone get well as fast as Doctor Lancaster, nor any nurse that could handle a situation as you did," he added.

"Yes, but it was not really morphine, you know," said Joan, and then she almost gasped in astonishment. What had she said? Why had she said it?

Doctor Jenkins was staring at her too. "Not morphine, you say, Miss Wentworth?" he stammered. "I mean, the symptoms weren't those of morphine poisoning," said Joan.

"Oh, well, Miss Wentworth, everybody takes it in a different way," he answered. "Yes, I reckon it was morphine right enough. They wouldn't put the wrong label on the bottles. You certainly did set things humming, Miss Wentworth," he added, laughing and raising his hat.

"Wait a moment, Doctor Jenkins," persisted Joan. "I am so anxious about the doctor. He ought not to have gone; he was in no condition to go, and yet a man's life is at stake."

The doctor's face became at once impenetrable. He seemed to be on his guard against her. He seemed to know more than she, Doctor Lancaster's fiancée, knew; it was humiliating and ironical, but Joan saw that to question him, even if she had been so minded, was useless.

She was not minded. That would be a disloyal act toward her lover. Soon she would know; and meanwhile she kept down her fears. She watched Jenkins drive away with sinking heart. And somehow the morning passed.

The hours of afternoon were leaden ones. Five o'clock came at last, with no cessation of the downpour, and Joan went out and paced the rain-soaked veranda endlessly, looking anxiously in the direction of the station, though she knew that it must be at least two hours before she could hope to see Jenkins' buggy again on its way up the hill.

Through the lowering western clouds the sun, emerging for a moment, streaked the west with angry crimson splashes. Lancaster must be nearly home. But it was no use waiting there, where her fears grew from moment to moment. She went into the building, and saw the matron standing within her door. Suddenly she sensed the reflection of her own fears in Mrs. Fraser's heart; she knew the woman was doing nothing as she stood there, was waiting, like herself, and, in the same manner, hoping against hope for the doctor's safe return. Impulsively Joan entered the room. She could keep silence no longer. She broke down, sobbing distractedly.

"I am afraid something has happened to the doctor," she wept.

"Now you sit down in that chair, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Fraser kindly. "It's been a trying day. But Doctor Lancaster will be home in an hour, and there's no use becoming anxious about him. Heavens, if we got anxious before we had cause, what should we do?"

"I know," sobbed the girl. "But I can't bear waiting. I know something has happened to him."

"Now, my dear, you are all worked up about him," she said. "He won't come to any harm. He can't come to harm when he went straight to his own hospital," she added.

But she spoke without conviction. Joan's hysterical mood was infecting her, increasing her own fears and forebodings.

"I reckon you know, Miss Wentworth, how much Doctor Jenkins and I feel we owe to you for taking care of the doctor," she said, seating herself at the girl's side. "And for getting that man out of the place, my dear. Man? He's a devil—he's the doctor's devil, Miss Wentworth. And no harm can come to the doctor with you watching for him and praying for him."

Joan looked up at her with troubled face. "Mrs. Fraser, I am so much at a loss," she said. "Doctor Jenkins and you have known Doctor Lancaster so long, and I am a stranger here. I am like a child in comparison with you, so far as knowledge of Doctor Lancaster is concerned. I have been fighting his physical troubles, and I do not know his mental ones. That is what puts me at a loss. How can I know that Doctor Lancaster's enemies are not waiting for him, or have not hurt him?"

The matron placed her hand on the girl's knee. "Why, my dear, Doctor Lancaster has no enemies," she said. "How could such a splendid man have enemies? Of course there are troubles; who hasn't them? And it may be there's things that Doctor Jenkins and I don't know—I've thought there might be. But we've only been here three years, and that was long after the doctor's troubles began. And of course we never listened to the village gossip. But oh, Miss Wentworth, you can't imagine the sorrow in our hearts when we saw that splendid man giving way to his habit, and letting it creep over him little by little and gain the mastery."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**"News" in "Newport News"**

The origin of the name of the city of Newport News is uncertain. It is believed to be derived from two proper names—Newport and Newce. Captain Newport commanded the first vessel to bring immigrants to Virginia and William Newce was one of the early treasurers of the colony. John Smith wrote the latter name "Nuse."

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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturers of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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A keen sense of humor enables a man to know when not to laugh.

**Ask Another One**

"How many times have I told you to keep quiet? Do you want me to shut you up in a dark room?"

Bobby (aged five)—What makes you ask such foolish questions, papa?—Boston Post.

**Cuticura for Sore Hands.**

Soak hands on retiring in the hot sud of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

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**Children Cry for**

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CASTORIA**



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**L**AXATIVES and cathartics provide temporary relief only. Their continued use leads to permanent injury. In time, says an eminent physician, almost incalculable amount of harm is done by the use of pills, salts, mineral waters, castor oil and the like.

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Internal Cleanliness**

Medical science has found at last in *lubrication* a means of overcoming constipation. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste and thus hastens its passage through and out of the body. Thus, Nujol brings internal cleanliness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative and cannot gripe. Like pure water, it is harmless.

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