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Chew it after every meal. It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.



Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and freshens the mouth.

SEAL in its Purity Package. WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM.

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Your Men Folks save half the cost and are better pleased when, by our new method, you make at home all their SHIRTS.

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Teachers—Only 25c for "Better Teaching." Contains hundreds sound principles, practical suggestions. ... WANTED—MAN TO TAKE ORDERS FOR trees, shrubs, roses, etc. ... FOR GOOD HEALTH USE W-H-Y.

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Repose of Life. Old age is the repose of life; the rest that precedes the rest that remains.—Robert Collyer.

Freshen a Heavy Skin. With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. ... Life is too short to be spent in nursing animosities.

A Standard for 90 Years. As a laxative and blood purifier there is nothing better than Brandreth Pills. In use throughout the world.—Adv.

Mercy is one of the attributes of perfection. A single dose of Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" is enough to expel worms or tapeworm. ... One man's success may spell disaster for another.



THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods. By DAVID ANDERSON. Author of "The Blue Moon". Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co. CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The tracks had been made by a boot much worn and frayed. The man that made them must have been large and heavy, for his boot heel had dented deep into the floor boards, and the length of his stride indicated him to be little, if any, under six feet. ... The woodsman found himself wondering what manner of man he could have been, and what his purpose.

Everything pointed to the conclusion that the cabin's unknown visitor would come again—probably with the night. The lamp on the box, the blanket ready to hang over the window, were not without a purpose. ... The woodsman found himself wondering what manner of man he could have been, and what his purpose.

Using the greatest care to conceal his footprints, he opened the door, stepped cautiously out, closed it and, after a critical look about the surrounding weeds and bushes, slipped away up the side of the timbered bluff, through the woods and back to his unfinished chores.

After a hasty supper, he drew out his revolver; bent over it a brief but thoroughly competent instant of inspection by the candle; tried the trigger-pull; twirled the cylinder; dropped it back in the holster; blew out the candle and laid his hand to the door-latch. ... The cloud-bank had dissolved in the west when he again reached the illuminated hovel and the sky was hanging out its stars—the big ones already out, and the little ones coming.

He again crept down the wooded face of the bluff and, under cover of the fallen oak, festooned with the wild cucumber vines, stole up to the chink in the wall and peeped between the logs. The cabin was apparently empty of its unknown intruder.

After listening intently for some time he again stole around the wall to the door, pushed it slowly open and entered. As soon as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he saw that the room was just as he had left it a few hours earlier.

Not daring to venture out on the floor, the light being too dim again to risk hiding his trail by stepping in the tracks, he reached up, caught one of the joists and, swinging from hand to hand, crossed to the far corner of the room; concealed himself behind the old boards and boxes of the rubbish heap and sat gripping his sore shoulder—the exertion had opened the gash, and he could feel the blood crawling down his side.

There is something depressing, fearsome, about entering an old deserted house—especially after nightfall. And this was the cabin of dead Henry Spencer. Few flatwoodsmen would care to go near it—much less into it—at such an hour.

Jack watched the last faint light from the west die out in the smudged window—so foul with clay that he had not been able to make out more than the bare outline of the face that had peered through it a few hours before. He knew the bats were darting about in the cabin, for the dark was alive with the click of their teeth. A screech owl shivered his lonesome wall from an upstanding branch of the fallen oak.

The woodsman half started, listened closely, smiled. The sound was genuine—it was a screech owl. The low wash of Eagle run, lapping the rocks in its shallow bed, came up across the lonely road; the melancholy note of a whippoorwill carried down out of the woods.

A sound fell upon the night—the low swish of weeds in the yard—and the woodsman grew tense and strained. There followed a guarded footfall; a hand fumbled over the door. It opened; a heavy step creaked the sagging floor; a form bulked huge and black in the gloom; a hand and arm passed across the window and hung the blanket into place.

A match scraped—one of the old-fashioned kind that sputter a while before making much light—the chimney of the lamp was raised; the match laid to the wick. Out of the dark flared the powerful form and truculent face of Black Bogus.

After a somewhat close study of the tracked floor, he went around on the other side of the lamp to the ruined hearth, lifted up a loosened slab of stone and felt under it. Apparently what he expected to find was not there, for he swore, put the

floor a time or two; slouched down upon the box and, without turning up the light, again hunted his pipe.

It must have been well toward midnight, and the cramped position of the man behind the rubbish heap had grown almost unbearable, when, after many peeps through the narrow slit at the door, Black Bogus blew out the light and very softly slipped out of the cabin.

The woodsman rose, listened to the low swish of Black Bogus' receding steps among the weeds until there came the creak of the rails as he climbed the fence into the Eagle Hollow road. Opening the door with the utmost caution, Jack slipped out and stood listening—the steps had turned down the road toward the village. He closed the door and followed.

He had not shadowed the renegade far until it became plainly evident that he was a very indifferent woodsman. Sticks snapped under his feet, bushes slapped back into place as he brushed against them, and once or twice his boot struck the ground with a clumsy thud. Clear down to the mouth of the hollow Jack stalked him. He took the path that led along the east bank of the stream, and when he came to the fork, followed the branch that led to the little park.

The woodsman stole after him, taking the path himself this time and grinning dryly at the complacency he had paid the fellow the night before in thinking he might notice the croaking of the frogs. It was a refinement of woodcraft of which Black Bogus had probably never dreamed.

Down into the little park and to the seat at Whispering Spring the hulking shadow crept; again, as on the night before, the man crouched down among the gnarled maple roots by the rustic seat.

The windows of the red-roofed cottage were dark. The place lay serene and peaceful, with no spark of light alive to show that it was awake to the sinister web of evil slowly weaving about it.

After an interval spent in listening, the crouched figure among the gnarled maple roots lifted his hands to his mouth and again the lonesome wail of the screech owl shivered out upon the night. The woodsman seized the favorable moment to steal closer and to conceal himself in a clump of shrubbery much nearer than he had ventured the night before.

Black Bogus had given his rather clever imitation of the screech owl three times, and was on the point of giving it again, when the parlor door opened and the tall figure of the preacher, without his glasses and with the stoop gone from his shoulders, came out on the porch. With a step that carried no suggestion of mincing nervousness he came down across the yard. The white butt of the six-gun at his side looked as if it belonged there.

He went straight to the spring; took down the dipper, making a very obvious amount of clatter in doing so; dipped himself a drink; hung up the dipper; turned back toward the house; stopped by the rustic seat, and held out his hand.

Black Bogus reached in the breast of his coat, drew out a package, the bunch of bills, without a doubt—and laid it in the waiting hand. The preacher put it inside his shirt bosom; turned away; hesitated; came back a step.

"Bogus, be ready any night now"—the hurried tones barely carried to the man hidden in the shrubbery—"there's a barrel o' money in there. I wouldn't 'a' believed any man would risk so much about 'im, and that old, out-of-date safe—a horse jockey could open it. It's all right slippin' the goats"—he patted his breast—"in among the sheep like we're doin'; and it's lucky we printed a plenty down the river off o' them new plates; and that was a great idea of mine—mussn' 'em up in leaf mold dampened with tobacco spit so's they'd look like old bills. The devil 'imself couldn't tell 'em."

"It works, and we'd carry it through, only for one thing—Warhope! He's suspicious. I saw it that first evening at the supper table. That's why I went on that fool seinin' spree—'t' throw 'im off; and that's why I couldn't leave no notes under the slab at the old cabin as we'd planned. Where he got his clue I don't know, but he's got it. I had the devil's own time blindin' them hawk eyes of his this afternoon."

"Warhope!—and 't' think Loge had 'im right at the point of a six-gun and let 'im beat 'im on the draw." "An' me—had 'im at the point of a knife there in the schoolhouse," the man among the maple roots broke in—"why didn't 'u let me alone?"

The other whirled on him, and his voice thickened. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Couldn't Fool Him. Vesuvius always has a plume of smoke waving over it. This caught the eye of one visitor to Naples to the exclusion of all else.

For days he viewed it from his hotel window with a telescope. Proceeding then to make the acquaintance of some city officials, he asked the name of the mountain. They told him it was Vesuvius.

"Well," he stated, "I'm a revenue officer at home, and I'll just give your police a little tip. I have been watching that hill for a week now. I've had experience in such matters. They can't fool me. Somebody is running a still.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER. PORKY PIG.

"The Pigs in this pig pen and yard," said Grandfather Porky Pig, "have not been paying me enough attention of late.

"I must speak to them about it." So Grandfather Porky got up from his soft bed of mud and, twisting his little tail and looking at his splendid fat body, he said: "Grunt, grunt, Pinky Pig, come and talk to your grandpa."

And to Sammy Sausage he said: "Grunt, grunt, Sammy Sausage, come and have words with your grandfather."

And to Brother Bacon he said: "Grunt, grunt, Brother Bacon, come and chat with Grandfather Porky." And to Master Pink Pig he said: "Grunt, grunt, come and hear what your dear Grandfather Porky Pig, the leader of the Pig Pen, has to say."

And to Miss Ham he said: "Grunt, grunt, Miss Ham. Come and hear me talk." And to Mrs. Pink Pig he said: "Hurry along, Mrs. Pink Pig. Grunt, grunt, hurry along."

And to Pinky Pig's mother he said: "Grunt, grunt, waste no time in idleness. Porky Pig is about to give a talk." "If that's all you're going to give," squealed Pinky Pig's mother, "I don't think I'll come."

So Pinky Pig's mother went on with what she was doing—she was very busy hunting for something to eat. But Grandfather Porky did not invite any one else in just that way. "Grunt, grunt, little Black Squealer," he said, "come to your dear old Grandpa and maybe he'll tell you a pretty pig story."

"Grunt, grunt," he said to Sir Benjamin Bacon, "do come to the important meeting I'm to hold." And to Sir Percival Pork he said the very same thing.

So all the Pigs were curious enough to see what it was that Grandfather Porky had to say to them. "Grunt, grunt, squeal, squeal," they all said. "We are here. Now, what is all the excitement?"

"I've been thinking for some time," said Grandfather Porky, "that none of you pigs pay me enough attention. You forget that it always should be age before beauty."

He made a handsome bow before Miss Ham. "And you haven't been bringing me

any goodies, nor sharing things with your dear old Grandpa. "Little Black Squealer, you are young and maybe you will be the best of all. I hope so. It is of the young that we expect things."

But little Black Squealer shook his head and his little tail almost seemed to laugh. "Squeal, squeal," he said, "that may be so, but I'm a pig, dear Grandpa Porky, and I will listen to a pretty pig story, but not that kind. That's not a TRUE PIG STORY when you expect things of me—a good little pig."

"Dear, dear, grunt, grunt," said Grandfather Porky Pig, as all the pigs wandered off without agreeing to anything he said, "they're a most ungrateful lot—not to want to do honor to their noble Porky Grandpa."

Rice Growers and Birds. Several years ago the rice growers in California complained to the federal government that wild fowl were devastating their crops, and asked for unrestricted shooting of birds seen damaging the rice. Investigation showed that the money value of the wild birds lawfully killed for food during the shooting season compared favorably with the value of the rice crop, without making any account of the value of the sport as recreation. Unrestricted shooting was, therefore, denied, and the rice growers resorted to other methods to scare away the birds from their fields during the closed season.

Explained. "Why do you dislike me so, Jimmy?" asked the girl's suitor of her kid brother. "What have I ever done to deserve it?" "Well, when you call on sis, you put the clock back an hour," answered the boy sullenly. "That makes me late for school, and I get licked for it."—Legion Weekly.

Because of the Draught. Jack—You've got a bad cold, Pete. Pete—Yeh. Jack—How'd you get it? Pete—I slept in a field last night and someone left the gate open.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

KEEP EYES WELL! Dr. Thompson's Eye Water will soothe them. ... ITCH! Money back without question if HUNT'S SALLYE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. ... DON'T WAIT TILL YOU'RE DOWN SICK. THE minute you feel a little under the weather, get a bottle of Gude's Pepto-Mangan. ... Gude's Pepto-Mangan Tonic and Blood Enricher. Relief for coughs. Use PISO's—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. ... Extravagant Women. Happy is the man whose wife is stinky. Women's extravagance is the downfall of most men. GIRLS! A GLEAMY MASS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR. 25-Cent "Danderine" So Improves Lifeless, Neglected Hair. An abundance of luxuriant hair full of gloss, gleams and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine." ... Seldom. Seldom does it happen that a woman is both beautiful and intelligent. That's how nature protects men. WOMEN! DON'T BE IMPOSED UPON. Warning! Not All Package Dyes Are "Diamond Dyes." Diamond Dyes. Always ask for "Diamond Dyes" and if you don't see the name "Diamond Dyes" on the package—refuse it—hand it back! ... "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS—10c A BOX. Cures Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Drug stores. Adv. Government Bond Is Best. A government bond draws much less interest than a paw ticket does, but it is more profitable to the holder. suspicious sore throat. Don't neglect it. Begin gargling at once with one teaspoonful of Zonite in 20 teaspoonfuls of water. Gargle every half hour until all discomfort has disappeared. Zonite is the most remarkable of all antiseptics. It doesn't taste or smell sweet, but it surely does kill germs. Positively non-poisonous. Zonite KILLS GERMS.