

## THE REIGN OF KING LEO

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

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"KING, be a good boy till I return. Am going down to the club for a smoke and a game of pool." Markley stroked the panther on the thick, furry neck, and closed the door of its box. Then he donned his coat and hat and left the office.

Markley was a timber cruiser, and his business carried him frequently into the Coast Mountain forests. During one of his cruises into the primeval he came upon an old panther and cub. For his own safety he was obliged to shoot the old one. He dropped the cub into a canvas bag, which he swung to his saddle and brought down to the Pass.

The young panther grew and waxed fat. He took his warmed milk from a bottle, first by the pint, and soon by the quart. He ranged at will through Markley's suite of office rooms, and nothing pleased him better than to lie stretched at full length on one end of the table, while his master wrote letters at the other.

He was early given the name of "King Leo," or just "King" for convenience. At the end of a year King was a full-grown panther, powerful as any mountain lion of the Coast range, and as playful and docile as a kitten. But he had an unpleasant habit of pouncing playfully upon every visitor to Markley's office. It usually resulted in seating the visitor unceremoniously on the carpet. While it was King's method of welcoming guests, there were many who objected.

Hence, to prevent a complete paralysis of business, Markley was finally obliged to chain King during the day, keeping him out on the flat roof of an adjoining building till night. Then he would bring him in, and the two would romp and roll about over the floor. It was great sport for Markley.

Just across the hall from Markley's rooms was the office of Tom Fetterly, whose hobby was goats—registered, high-bred goats—with pedigrees that reached all the way from the Swiss mountains to Oregon. On the night that King was locked in his box, while his master played pool at the club, a high-priced, fancy goat was sleeping peacefully just across the hall.

Fetterly had found a buyer for his goat down in the Sacramento valley, and, as the animal was to be shipped that night, he gave the expressman a key to the office door, for Fetterly, too, was one of those who played pool at the club.

An hour before the ten o'clock Overland arrived, the deliveryman and an assistant groped down the long, dark hall and finally found a keyhole and a lock which responded to Fetterly's key, and from the black darkness dragged a box to the express office, where it was set on the scales to be weighed and entered on the route book, and tipped the beam at just one hundred and eighty pounds.

"He's the heaviest goat that ever grew whiskers," one man remarked, as he glanced at the scales.

"No wonder we got tired, Mike," the other replied. "I would have brought the wagon round if I had known the blamed goat was as big as a yearling calf."

"It's a good thing Tom Fetterly don't have to pay the charges," said the expressman, as he struck the big red tag of the express company on the box.

Just then there came a rumble from within, and two feet of tail protruded through an opening.

The expressman gasped. "Mike, did you see that?" one exclaimed. "Two feet of tail! Six inches is enough for any goat. I believe we have a cow here."

He essayed to make an examination of the animal inside, but was deterred by a remark from his partner: "Cow, your granny! Don't you s'pose I know a fancy goat's tail when I see it? Goats are made nowadays with tails long enough to whip off flies."

When Preston, the express messenger, received the box, read the shipping directions, and essayed to comply with the request to give "an ample feed of hay two hours before delivery," he said unprintable things.

"A thing like this ought to go in a cattle car," he declared. "I hit my bunk in half an hour, and I won't turn out at four in the morning to feed no blamed billy goat! You lunch now, Billy, or not at all!"

had ruled supreme among the wild things of the mountain crags through which he, the last of a long line of monarchs, was now being sped on an express train.

Preston quickly sought refuge behind a stack of apple boxes, piled nearly to the ceiling at the rear end of the car. At the other end, just over his bunk, were his rifle and revolver; but the panther stood between.

It was clearly evident to the messenger that something was going to happen. The panther would undoubtedly put an end to him, the oldest and—he had hoped—the most faithful messenger in the Great Western's employ. It looked to Preston as a pretty rough termination for an honorable career.

King eyed the messenger suspiciously, as if inclined to believe him responsible for the white miserable blunder. He stalked down the car, sniffed the air, and then he crouched as if to leap. Preston drew his knife, determined to die hard.

But King suddenly changed his mind, and, turning, strode majestically toward the other end. The messenger gave a long sigh of relief.

When the panther reached the farther end of the car, the train came to an abrupt stop, with all brakes set. At the same instant there was a loud pounding on the side door of the express, the shouts of deep-voiced men, and a rattle of pistol shots.

"Open up here!" commanded a voice at the door. Both the messenger and the panther were silent to the command.

"Open up, and be quick about it, or we'll dynamite the car!" Preston understood. The train was in the hands of highwaymen. The robbers were after the express money, and were, no doubt, aware of the big shipment of gold in the safe. It dawned upon him that the panther was in the plot. It was an ingenious scheme to get him off his guard.

"Open the door!" the voice commanded a third time. Then followed a low murmur of preparation, the scratch of a match on the car wall, and the scurrying of heavy feet. In a moment there was a terrific crash, the flying of splintered timber and broken iron, a confusion of express packages and bundles, and the dense smoke of burned powder.

Louder and more terrible than the explosion of the dynamite was the roar of King. Wounded and bruised, he raged up and down from end to end of the car. Preston was madly endeavoring to extricate himself from beneath the pile of apple boxes.

A ragged hole was blown in the car, and through this a voice of command came: "Toss out the money box or we'll come in after it!"

A messenger's sworn duty is to protect the treasure entrusted to him. The bronze badge on Preston's jacket was proof that he had been tried and was not found wanting. The knowledge that the express safe was in danger drove all fear of the panther from the messenger's mind. He squirmed from beneath the heap of boxes and waded through the litter of packages and bundles to the front end of the car. Midway he passed King, but the great cat was too intent upon the hole in the car to notice Preston.

"Crawl in, Bill," said a voice, and a masked face appeared through the hole. King leaped across the car and struck with both paws at the intruder. There was a howl of pain, and the man dropped heavily from the hole. King crouched to one side, roaring loudly.

Preston found his rifle and stuck the barrel through the iron-barred window. Two men were standing near the train, popping their revolvers promiscuously to keep curious heads inside car windows. The messenger leveled his rifle and fired three shots. Again King roared as he furiously awaited the second appearance of the masked face.

But it did not appear. The reception given the one man who was rash enough to attempt an entrance was not desired by any of his comrades. Confused by the roar of the unknown monster and the rifle fire from the window, the robbers retreated in haste down the embankment, carrying the wounded man between them. Mounting their horses, the entire band dashed away, with a wild clatter of hoofs, down the canyon.

The messenger clambered out the window and closed the bars behind him, just as the conductor came rushing forward excitedly.

"You did nobly, Preston," said the train chief admiringly. "The company owes you another bronze tag."

"They don't owe it to me—hear that?" the messenger replied as King emitted an angry roar.

"My G—d, what is it?" the conductor gasped.

"It's a lion," said the messenger. "He's as big as an elephant and has a voice like the bass end of a calloppo—put 'im on board the train for a goat." It was he that stood off the gang. Get back in the car? Not me. I think I'll take the rear pullman."

At Redding the conductor received a message from Markley: "My pet panther was put aboard tonight's Overland by mistake," the message said. "Hold till I arrive."

"Please hurry, the conductor wired in return, "we need the car."

**Good Start**  
Betty came running into the house in a state of great excitement.

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

### THE SUBTLE SPIDER

HIDDEN in some dark corner, or perhaps right before your eyes the spider spins his silken web in which to entangle and destroy his unwary victim.

Whether you believe it or not, you are watched every hour of your earthly existence by some sort of vicious spider planning to entrap you.

If you are less watchful than he, if you do not take account of your words and actions and make a mental note of the trifling web-like things which are happening all about you, the spider will eventually outwit you.

And when once you become entangled in his invisible web with a great sense of fear will descend upon you with the weight and swiftness of a raging deluge, of whose existence you did not before believe to be possible.

Falling into the spider's web is one of the deplorable misfortunes of the human kind. Everybody in life, from the rosy-cheeked schoolgirl to her

immature parents, is liable to become entangled, for the spider is no respecter of youth or age.

A bewitching smile, a glance of the eye, a musical voice, a beaming countenance, an uncontrollable greed for wealth, may, in some way or another, prove to be the flowing thread of the terrible web flung out by a passing breeze to entrap you.

"Now," says the spider, as he spins another thread to make your captivity more certain, "now I am in position to continue our discussion."

Up to this moment you have succeeded in eluding him.

And in your fancied security, as likely as not you have taunted and derided him, so now he is bent on mocking you, quite ready to resume the discussion.

But the manhood in you is going to outwit him.

You are going to wean from him his subtle power, by warning the world from your housetop to beware of his silken web which has through the ages strangled out love and hope, washed out eyes with tears and poisoned hearts until they have festered and died.

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**"What's in a Name?"**  
By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

**MELINDA**

THOUGH not generally listed in English nomenclature and regarded rather as a product of the South in this country, Melinda has in reality an interesting history dating back to Spanish ballad lore. In that remote era, she was undoubtedly Melisenda and first appeared as the name of the wife of Don Gayferos who was taken captive by the Moors, on the occasion of the feats that were represented by the puppet shows in which Don Quixote took an unfortunately lively interest.

Another Melisenda was Princess Melisenda who carried the uneasy crown of Jerusalem to the House of Anjou. It was a most natural step to eliminate the overabundance of syllables and contract the name to our present-day euphonious Melinda. For some inexplicable reason it caught the fancy of the South and its popularity there is still unquestioned.

The opal is Melinda's talismanic stone. It is the most mysterious and fascinating of all gems and is believed to bestow upon its wearer the charm which comes from brilliancy, restlessness and ever-changing moods. It will prove for Melinda a talisman against sorrow. Monday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

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**THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS**  
By H. IRVING KING

**HALLOWEEN**

AS EVERYBODY knows, Halloween is the night, especially favorable for the practice of all sorts of magic rites, especially of those "projects" or love divinations and charms, by which young men and maidens seek to know something of their future partners or see them evolved visible from thin air. Ghosts and spirits walk about and weird things are said to happen on Halloween.

In some places boys mount pumpkins on poles and, draped in a sheet, carry them about simulating ghosts. All this is but a perpetuation of that feast of the dead which our ancestors celebrated unnumbered centuries ago. Nearly every feast today on some date when the spirits of the dead are supposed to return to their earthly habitations. Ours is a perpetuation of the old Celtic feast of the dead which was celebrated on the Celtic New Year's day—November 1. In the hopes of supplanting an old pagan custom by a Christian observance, Pope Gregory IV in 835 established the feast of All Saints for November 1. But this substitution not working as well as was expected, a feast of All Souls was instituted, and November 1 being already occupied, was placed for November 2. Or rather the custom grew up from the example of Odilo, abbot of Clugny, spreading throughout Christendom, though it is said never to have been formally sanctioned by the church itself. This custom of celebrating a Mass for "all the dead who sleep in Christ" on November 2 it was thought would be sufficiently analogous in its idea to wean the people from their old heathen rites of November 1. It was the church's second attempt to do away with the old pagan feast of the dead, the maimed rites of which still flourish among us in the observance of Halloween.

## THE FRATERNITY OF GRIEF

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

YOU have had grief—but so have I; I, too, have watched the closing tomb, My heart the ache. Our loved ones die.

But, oh, the company they meet Upon that far, celestial street, Where throngs of angels intertwe— My beloved and yours, your loved and mine.

I have had grief—but so have you; And, in my hour of deepest loss, I do not see the single cross— Thank God, I see the other two, Yes, my own loss has this much gain:

I feel the brotherhood of pain, And, kneeling here beside my own, I know the loss that you have known.

We have our grief—but so have all. In all our grieving all our grief Must not be selfish. Pluck one leaf And gently let one petal fall Upon some spot where someone sleeps.

For whom some other woman weeps, For whom some man will mourn today; We have had grief—but so have they.

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## Well-Merited Success

Honored politically and professionally, Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose picture appears here, made a success few have equalled. His pure herbal remedies, which have stood the test for fifty years, are still among the "best sellers." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood medicine and stomach alterative. It clears the skin, beautifies it, increases the blood supply and the circulation, and pimples and eruptions vanish quickly. This Discovery of Doctor Pierce's puts you in fine condition, with all the organs active. All dealers have it.

Send 10 cents for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Read Circular around Bottle

**Don't Suffer With Itching Rashes Use Cuticura**  
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Samples from our Office, Laboratories, Dept. M. Malden, Mass.

**Dueling Ban Protested**  
For hundreds of years dueling has been one of the features of life at Heidelberg university, but the parliament not long ago, sitting at Baden, decided that student dueling came under the anti-dueling law. After several students were arrested the student body got up in arms and formally protested against the regulation, which robs them of one of their cherished college traditions.

**DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN**  
Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

**Kind Intervention**  
A Vermont man tripped over a fallen tree and broke his leg while chasing a skunk. Providence sometimes employs hard methods to protect humans from the result of their folly.—Boston Transcript.

Constructive criticism is as much criticism as any other kind.

**Take Healing Sulphur baths At home**  
For rheumatism, gout, eczema or hives, nothing is more beneficial than frequent sulphur baths.

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**WHY SHOULD ANYONE SUFFER WITH INDIGESTION OR ANY STOMACH MISERY?**

If you want to fix up your dyspeptic, out of order stomach so that you can relish what you eat with not the least bit of after distress, do what tens of thousands of people have already done. Getting rid of gas, bloating, belching, heaviness and that feeling of near suffocation isn't such a hard matter as you may think—you've been getting hold of the wrong medicine—that's all.

But better late than never—ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Pepsin—a real stomach medicine and a very pleasant one. For acute indigestion one or two doses is enough, but when the trouble is chronic, two or three bottles may be needed to put your disordered stomach in good healthy condition and make life worth living.

Making a start is the main thing, so why not get one bottle today with the distinct understanding that if it doesn't help you the purchase price will be returned.

## SCHOOL DAYS



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**Mother's Cook Book**

Shadows lie dark on the hillside, Sunshine lies warm on the shore, But the golden rod waves in his pride, And the clover blooms no more, Gone are the blossoms of May, Their robe is a purple leaf, And the corn stands ripe in his sheaf, For summer is gliding away.

**COMMON FOODS**

**Delicious Cake Filling.**  
Beat two eggs until stiff, add one-half cupful of sugar and the pulp and juice of a large tart apple grated. Beat until firm enough to spread; cover the top of the cake with the filling.

**Coconut Soup.**  
Grate the meat of one fresh coconut. Cook a tablespoonful of butter with a tablespoonful each of flour and curry powder. Add a quart of milk and water, a pint each and the coconut; simmer for a few minutes, add salt and serve. Some like a cupful of peas added just before serving.

**Spinach a la Souza.**  
Cook a peck of spinach in the water that clings to the leaves after washing. When tender, drain and chop. Add two beaten eggs and one yolk and two tablespoonfuls of parmesan cheese; mix and season with a teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a grating of nutmeg. Cook for five minutes, stirring carefully until the mixture is well thickened. Remove from the fire and add the beaten white of an egg. Mold with a tablespoon into egg shapes and fry in a little bacon fat. Arrange on a serving dish; and pour around tomato, bechamel or any other preferred sauce.

**Cranberry Ice.**  
To two cupfuls of cranberry puree (cooked fruit put through a sieve) add two cupfuls of sugar and three cupfuls of water. Pour into a freezer and freeze as usual. Serve in sherbet cups with the meat course.

**Custard Nut Pie.**  
Prepare a custard pie as usual, using a pint of milk and two large eggs,

*Nellie Maxwell*  
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**THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY**

The young lady across the way says that even if it should turn out to be true that the Germans have learned how to make synthetic gold and they manufacture it in such large quantities that it wouldn't be worth anything any more we'd still have paper money, which is more convenient anyway.

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