

SCIENTIFIC ODDITIES

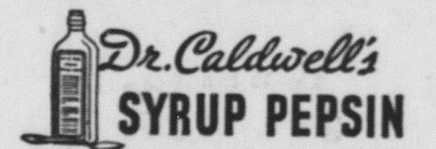
Recently two very important scientific discoveries have been made. One is that under the state of Montana lies a vast glacier composed of various gases, which have formed a natural refrigerating agent and frozen an underground lake. The other is that, suspended sixty miles above the North polar regions, is a canopy of ice-particles. French physicists who visited Greenland say that it is the cause of many violent thunderstorms. In contrast to these is the huge subterranean fire which rages beneath a mountain in the state of Colorado. It started in a coal bed years ago, and periodically, as the mountain is eaten away, it slips down till now it is 100 feet lower than it was ten years ago.—London Tit-Bits.

Week's Supply of Postum Free
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Source of Strength
A strong man is one who realizes how weak other men are.

The "liquid test"
...it ENDS bowel worries for many people

This is a test that tells you whether the system needs a cathartic change. If you have constant sluggish spells or bilious attacks, and laxatives seem to make things worse, it would be wise to try this:
Stop all use of any laxative that does not encourage variation from a "fixed dose" (which may be entirely too large a dose for your individual need). Use instead, a liquid laxative that you can measure and regulate as to dose. As necessary to repeat, take smaller doses, less and less often, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.
Doctors use liquid laxatives, and a properly prepared liquid laxative, containing natural laxative agents like senna and cascara is a joy and a comfort; a real help in establishing regularity. Ask your doctor about this! (Doctors use liquid laxatives) You can get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is a most dependable liquid laxative, at any drug store.



Grocers' Standby
Grocery bills are small if there are no men in the family.



Tax Gatherers Busy
There are 22,000 different kinds of taxes in this country.

For perfect BAKING RESULTS



ITCHING... anywhere on the body—also burning irritated skin—soothed and helped by Resinol

Do You Need A Tonic?
Mrs. W. E. Lowther of 929 Washburn St., Clarksville, Va., said: "I would die easily, it was a great effort for me to stay on my feet to do my housework. My appetite at that time was very poor, too. After taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I began to feel refreshed and stronger, and in a very short time I was restored to full health with improved appetite."
New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.35. All drug stores.

The Man From Yonder
By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Ave course, Donny," he acquiesced. "Ave course. O'll come back when ye're finished."
He went downstairs, rubbers thumping on the treads, but he stood at the bottom a long interval, shaking his head in misgiving and muttering to himself. Then he turned about and crept back as softly as a cat. On the upper landing he seated himself leaning against the thin partition of matched boards which separated him from the sick man.

A half hour, perhaps, Bird-Eye sat there growing cramped and chilly in the draughty hallway. Then he leaped to his feet with a little cry. From within had come a long, retching gasp, a sharp creak of bed springs, a thud on the floor. Blaine burst into the room. The catalogue was beside the bed. Old Don lay half doubled forward, face in the blankets, one limp hand swaying slightly as it dangled over the edge.

"Donny! Donny, b'y, what's up?"
He raised the limp figure, laid it back, stared hard at the face which now seemed so peaceful and then ran excitedly down the stairway in frenzied search of Joe Piette.

In the room was confusion after Doctor Sweet answered the hasty summons. The doctor felt vainly for a pulse, touched the shrunken breast of the old cruiser and then turned away with a significant shake of his head.

The usual things were said and then Bird-Eye and the physician were alone in the room. The little Irishman's eyes brimmed with tears but behind these was an intent look as of one who impatiently awaits opportunity to pursue a specific purpose, and when the others trooped down the stairway he closed the door and returned hastily to the bedside.

"Sure 'nd where is ut?" he asked beneath his breath, riffling the leaves of the bulky catalogue, shaking folds out of the rumpled blankets.
"What are you after, Bird-Eye?" the doctor asked.

"Ah! Here ut be!"
On his hands and knees, peering beneath the bed, he uttered that ejaculation and, reaching far under, rose to his knees with a sealed envelope in his hands.

Across the face was a scrawl, written with an indelible pencil. Blaine scowled as he tried to make out the words, got to his feet, and moved across the room to hold the envelope closer to the light. Doctor Sweet bent over it beside him.

"Ben Elliott," the latter read aloud. "Open this when the nut gets too hard to crack."
The doctor scratched his mustache. He turned his face to meet Bird-Eye's startled gaze.

"It's somethin', Doctor, that he didn't dare die with his soul! Somethin' he was fearful to tell if he lived, as well. . . . Somethin' . . ." His hand holding the letter trembled sharply. "Doctor, sure 'nd it's somethin' about th' owd devil himself!"

"Brandon?"
"None other!"
Emory Sweet straightened and gave a long-drawn Hum-m-m.

"Brandon for sure!" Bird-Eye whispered hoarsely. "Twas Brandon kept Donny out av Tincup fer years, wa'n't it? Twas Brandon tuk him when he was hittin' th' booze years back 'nd made a slave av him, he did! It's Brandon who's be'n comin' here every night, not loike you or I'd come, but loike a masher 'd come to watch a slave . . . a slave he was a-scared to have around. . . ."

"Why was a rich man loike Nick Brandon afraid av 'n owd bum loike Donny?" he demanded, shaking the letter almost accusingly close in the other's face. "Who was 't with Faxonson when he died? Who was 't put Faxonson's murder on McManus?" He gesticulated gravely toward the bed. "Him. . . . Him, Nick Brandon's slave, who wance was a man, who want to hell with booze, who's trucked to Brandon evir since until his pore owd heart broke!"

"By George, Bird-Eye, it does look as though it might—" The doctor did not finish what he had started to say. Instead he remarked intently: "I'd give a good deal to know just what's in that letter!"

"O'll be takin' it myself to Ben Elliott this night. Aw, 'nd won't Misher Brandon squirm when th' b'y starts in crackin' th' tough nut! 'Nd it's th' justice av th' saints, no less, that Brandon brings Elliott to Able's attention in a fight over owd Donny."

They went down the stairway together after closing the door softly behind them. Bird-Eye muttering imprecations on the head of Nicholas Brandon. And even as Doctor Sweet emerged from the dark mouth of the narrow stairway, the front door opened and Brandon himself entered the hotel, stamping new snow from his feet. Others were there, Piette, the drummer, the mill hands; two or three more. But Brandon's attention centered only on the physician.

"Well, Doctor?" he began and it seemed as though his lungs were too filled with air to speak comfortably. "How's our patient this evening?"

Emory Sweet looked grimly into the other's face.

"Old Don has taken the long trail," he said.

"Dead? . . . Dead!" Brandon's voice on the query plucked up a bit. And on the repetition of the word it fell hollowly, with a finality which might have indicated sorrow, dismay or amazement.

But none of these three was reflected in his face. In his dark eyes was just one expression: Relief. Relief! Relief from suspense, from worry; relief from dark and haunting fear!

"You don't say! So the old fellow's gone!" His voice was even now, colorless, assured, as was normal. "Well, it was to be expected, I suppose. Were you with him, Doctor?"

"No; he died alone."
Brandon drew a breath as one will who has asked an important question and received a pleasing or reassuring answer.

"Talking couldn't have helped a man in his condition, he. . . . He didn't visit with anyone, did he?"

A queer hesitancy crept into his manner on the fact which he shrank from knowing the reply and Doctor Sweet turned to Bird-Eye Blaine inquiringly. But Bird-Eye did not look at the doctor. He was staring at Brandon and as that individual's gaze, following the doctor's, encountered his, the Irishman's lips twitched into a bitter smile.

"So ye're after wonderin' what pore owd Donny said on his deathbed, are ye?" he demanded and with this challenge stepped down from the stairway and crossed the floor slowly toward Brandon. "So ye're worryin', now, over what he might 've said, eh?" He laughed, a dry and mirthless laugh, and came to a halt a pace from the man who was so powerful in Tincup.

"Worryin'?" Brandon countered steadily. "You're either drunk or crazy, Blaine!"

"Mebby!"—with a sharp nod. "Mebby both. But old Donny wa'n't. . . . He didn't do talkin'. Misher Brandon. Rid yer mind av that worry. Sure, 'nd he didn't talk to a soul av what was on his mind when he knowed he lay dyin'. . . . No talk! No talk fer somebody to repate 'nd git twisted up 'nd lave out things that shud 've be'n told. . . . He wrote ut! That's what he done, Brandon!"—voice, mounting.

"He wrote ut! 'Nd he wrote ut fer one who'll make ut so hot that ye'll wish ye was sizzlin' in hell!"

With a sweeping gesture he thrust the envelope close to Brandon's face, so close that the man jerked his head backward sharply.

"He wrote ut!" Bird-Eye cried triumphantly. "'Nd may th' saints tread th' day when Misher Elliott puts to use th' thing owd Donny had to tell!"

Grimly he poised an instant before the larger man. Then he thrust the letter into his shirt pocket, buttoned his jacket tightly across it, slapped his chest decisively, almost boastfully, and without another word strode to the door and let himself out into the street.

It was late when Bird-Eye stepped into the darkness of the tiny office where Ben Elliott slept at Hoot Owl, struck a match, lifted it high above his head and spoke:

"Hi! Misher Elliott!" Ben roused himself and squinted at the flickering match. "Git up! Rouse up! I got big news fer ye!"

They lighted a lantern and by its glow Ben read the inscription on the letter which Don Stuart had left him as Bird-Eye hastily and excitedly explained.

"There's somethin' in ut, Donny'd carried secret fer long!" he whispered hoarsely. "Ut's to do with Brandon, with fightin' fire with fire, or I'm th' worst guesser in th' woods!"

"Poor old beggar!" Ben said gently. "Poor! Him?"

"Stuart, I meant. Tough to die that way. And I never got in to see him again!"

Bird-Eye nodded. "Yes, but mebbe he's done ye as great a favor as anny man evir done! The somethin' in ut about Sam Faxonson 'nd McManus, I'd bet me last shirt!"

Ben shrugged and turned the envelope over. Then he rose, yawned and slipped it into the drawer of the plain table that did service for an office desk.

"Ain't ye goin' to read ut, even?" Bird-Eye demanded in extreme amazement.

"Why no. You saw the directions: to open it when the nut gets too hard to crack."
Blaine opened his mouth! Words would not come. "Well, I'm dommed!" he breathed finally. "Here mebbe ye've got th' club that'll drive him out av th' country 'nd ye ain't even curious about ut!"

Elliott smiled. "Maybe it's only a

sick man's dream, Bird-Eye. And again maybe it's an . . . an ace in the hole. I've never yet looked at my hole card until I'm beaten on the board. I'm not beaten yet, by a long walk."

Bird-Eye scratched his head. "No, not yet. 'Nd may th' saints kape ye evir as far from a lickin' as ye are now, Ben Elliott! But . . . I'd loike to bet my noble tourin' car that owd Donny wrote somethin' to do with th' killin' av Sam Faxonson, I would!"

"Well, you can't get any takers here, Bird-Eye. Not tonight. Into the hay, now, and let me sleep."

And about the time Ben Elliott burrowed into his pillow and shed responsibility and perplexing problems, Nicholas Brandon turned in the pacing of his cold and otherwise deserted office and cocked his head alertly. It was not unusual for him to be late in his office. But those drawn shades and this quick, restless, hurried march to and fro, around and about, and that perspiration which beaded his fore-



"No. . . . A Clear Head Now!"

head, and the sudden stoppings and listenings at the slightest sound . . . Those were not usual for a man so thoroughly established in his community that he dictated every phase of his life and activity.

He stopped after a time and opening a drawer of his big desk took from it a bottle of whisky, shook himself and muttered softly. For a time he held it in his hands, debating. Then, with finally, muttered: "No. . . . A clear head now!" He shut the liquor in its place and resumed his pacing.

Nicholas Brandon may have ruled Tincup and the surrounding country with an iron absolutism. He may have had a deserved reputation for being a strong man, a resourceful man. But tonight, alone in his office, remembering the words and looks and gestures of Bird-Eye Blaine, a lowly employee of an insolvent venture, seeing again the flash of that letter veiled before his eyes, he was no commanding figure. He was a frightened man, a haunted man, battling to retain a hold on himself.

CHAPTER IV

Ben Elliott had been on the job at Hoot Owl just two weeks. Able Armitage was with him for the night. Ben was tireless, it seemed. Since the beginning he had labored daytimes, schemed until late at night, and now he spent another hour with Able, trying, as he said, to make every dime look like a dollar.

"Now, say!" His face took on a curious smile as they finally folded their papers. "I haven't had much time to think about anything but patching up this outfit and getting it to function, but through it all one thing's kept bobbing up so often it's got my curiosity on its hind legs."

"Who was McManus? What about Sam Faxonson? Where does the little girl you're guardian for come in?"

"Little girl!" Able said, startled and then smiled. "Why, Dawn is—"

"I keep hearing about these men McManus and Faxonson and how Brandon is trying to beat you down so he can cheat the orphan child. How about it all?"

Able's smile died out. He shoved up his spectacles and rubbed his sleepy eyes.

"We haven't had much time for history, have we? I'd intended to give you the story of this property but we've been so concerned with bank balances and paper due and breakdowns and such things that I just haven't had time."

"I'll have to make a long story short;

SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—arrives at the lumbering town of Tincup, with Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. He defeats Bull Duval, "king of the river," and town bully, in a log-birthing contest. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence, trying to force him to leave town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested. He finds a friend in Judge Able Armitage. The judge hires him to run the one lumber camp, the Hoot Owl, that Brandon has not been able to grab. This belongs to Dawn McManus, daughter of Brandon's old partner, who has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head. Brandon sends his bully, Duval, to beat up Ben, and Ben worsts him in a fist fight and throws him out of camp.

TREASURE IN KETTLE

A kettle unearthed in a forest near Leningrad, recently, was found to contain 11,000 coins of many countries, all dating from the Eleventh century or earlier.

Do you tire easily?



no appetite? nervous? losing weight? pale?

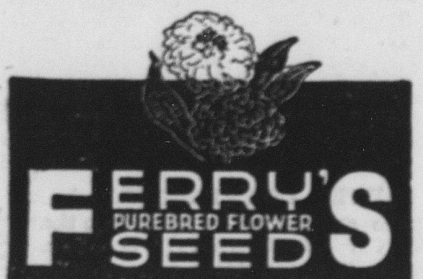
then don't gamble with your body

WHY not reason out the cause of this unnatural condition? Your first thought may be, "I must eat more." That's not all. You should enjoy what you do eat. Frequently, the blood cells are low. . . . and this, perhaps, is what makes you feel weak. If this is your trouble the stomach may not be calling for sufficient food. Zest to eat may be lacking. But what a difference S.S.S. makes when taken just before meals. Just try it and notice how your appetite and digestion improve.

S.S.S. stimulates the flow of gastric juices and also supplies the precious mineral elements so necessary in blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin up-building. Do try it. It may be the rainbow you need to brush away present discouragement over your health condition. © S.S.S. Co.



Keep Out of Them! How little sympathy a man gets in a lovers' quarrel.



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YOUR NEIGHBORS WILL ENVY

Don't take a back seat when it comes to growing flowers. Plant Ferry's Purebred Flower Seeds and your garden will be the envy of everyone in your neighborhood. They are pure-bred seeds—the offspring of generations of perfect plants.

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD STORE SELLS THEM IN FRESH DATED PACKETS—MANY ONLY 5¢

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Relieved by Cuticura

"I suffered for two or three years with tetter on my hands. If I did any work they would bleed and become irritated, and I could not bear to put them in water. They were dirty-looking all the time."

"I tried different remedies, but they failed, so I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I purchased more and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment my hands were entirely relieved." (Signed) Miss Mary Pratt, R. 2, New Market, Tenn.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Calcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.