Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII-Continued

"What you're hinting at," Tubby said boldly, "is that we've got to capture him, then, and dispose of him finally, once and for all. Murder, I suppose Of course, it doesn't matter. Any of use would gladly oblige, but it would be nice to know your plans first. We

might draw lots to see who would stab him. That's the fairest way, really." "What we've got to do," Bryn said, disregarding Tubby, "is to let him come here, all unsuspecting; but we've got to know ahead of time. We've got to let him come here to make sure of getting our hands on him. Inside our own gates we can be sure of being undisturbed."

"I know," Deborah said suddenly.

"3007"

She turned to Bryn. "Yes. Joe is our nearest neighbor's boy. Before you came," she explained, "when Joe's father brought us any mail from town, or anything we didn't expect, he used to sound a call on a horn he has there A kind of hunting bugle he made himself out of a deer-horn. He's terribly proud of it, and he loves to do it. He's taught Joe, too, and you can hear it for miles. Why not . . . why not have Joe watch the road? Nothing could get past him, especially if you told him enough to make him see how serious it And the minute he sees the car he can sound the horr, and we'll have almost fifteen minutes to prepare." "Well, there you are," Bryn said, smilling down at Deborah. "We're all

"We're . . . all right," Deborah said, and her lashes dropped to her cheek at the look in his eyes.

Bryn, very boldly, had proposed a starlit walk to Deborah, and to his surprise she had made no excuse. She had been pale and weary after the ex-citement of the letter, and now that some solution had been reached, she put it behind her with relief. She walked along beside him in silence, holding to her face, from time to time, the sheaf of clove-pinks he had gathered for her beside the walk. Their perfume, heady and sweet, drifted up to him. "It's a beautiful night," he said

steadily.

"What's It like up here in the winter

time, Deborah?"

"Oh," she replied, "It's beautiful. I love it. We get ever so much snow, just here in the valley, but it doesn't last long. When it comes, it makes me think of Lorna Doone. Do you remember? When the snow was so heavy and thick, and they were all winter-

"What do you do with yourself when you are snow-bound?"
"There was always plenty to do.

Mending, you know, and sewing, and keeping the house in order."

But in the evenings?

She glanced up at him. "Sometimes it is a little dull," she said. "But Joe's father brought us a load of logs each fail, and we would put one on the fire, Gary and I, and sit beside it reading. Or playing chess."

"It sound's very pleasant," Bryn sald "We'll get a radio this winter, shall we? And how about a kitten or two? A hearth isn't really complete without

She murmured something under her breath. Bryn bent toward her. "I beg your pardon?'

"I sald." she replied, lifting her voice, "I said, you would probably be bored. The road will be impassable as it very dull, shut away from the world

he said. "I'd be looking at

She caught her breath. "You'd ..

"I'd never get tired of looking at you. Don't you know how beautiful you are, Deborah? You're the prettiest thing in the world."

'Oh, no. No, I'm not."

She bent her head and lifted the pinks to her lips. She held them there, silent.

"Do you . . . like me at all?"

She did not answer. Bryn could ear bis own heart pounding. He walted. She stirred. "You have been

She stirred. "You have been more than kind to me," she said, "and to Grandmother, too. I am very grateful." She put her hands beside her on the wall and jumped lightly down, "I think we ought to go in," she said

you" as he held the door. Once inside she went directly up the stairs, quickly, as if she wanted to get away from

For a long time Bryn stood at the foot of the stairs, thinking, wondering, remembering. Then, slowly, he went on up, and down to Tubby's room.

Bryn shut the door behind him and down uninvited. He looked at Tubby. "You do a lot of tunning ..."
days," he said commiseratingly. "Must

be hard on you."
"Huh," Tubby retorted, meeting his gaze, "you don't look any too peaceful yourself. And yet, here am I, doing at least half your thinking for you, and d-n' near all the worrying. Lord, you're slow, Bryn. I never saw anything like it. I suppose you haven't told her yet how you feel about her. have you? Using the correct tech-

"What do you mean?"
"Well, one of the first rules is for a gentleman to confess his tender pas-sion first. I suppose you had sense enough to do that?"

Bryn drew a deep breath. "I don't know, I can't remember, I don't think so. What I wanted was to find out how she felt. I know how I feel."

"There you go, old dunderhead. She doesn't know how you feel, does she? That is, you couldn't expect her to be any more sensible than you, under the circumstances, and you're as blind as an owl. So you just asked the girl where she stood and omitted to mention your own state of affections first? Bright boy. Women love that kind of thing. It gives them so much ground to

Bryn gazed at him dazedly. Tubby groaned. He reached over to the table beside him and lifted Pilar's letter, open, its words leaping out from the page. "Read that," he commanded. "If anything can sober you up, this will."

"I don't want to read it. It hasn't anything to do with me.

"That's just what you'd like to think Let me tell you, my son, it's got everything to do with you. It may be ad-dressed to me, but if I hadn't been here with you, I'd never have seen it. She knows darn well I'll pass the word on to you." "What word?"

"Take it. Read it." Bryn took it, and sighed, but settled

My Dear Tubby:

I do hope you are having a pleasant visit away up there in the mountains. I must say I was completely taken by surprise to hear that you had gone, and without telling anyone your address! But Bryn naturally would not care to have the world know the location of his ldyllic retreat. Isn't it romantic? I think it is too thrilling, and together with every one else, I can scarcely wait to meet his bride. I hear she is very beautiful and completely charming, and I am so glad for Bryn. Do give him my kindest regards, and give Deborah my love.

Affectionately.

Affectionately, PILAR.

Bryn looked up. "How does she know Deborah's name? How does she

"I'll bet a nickel she searched the records of the license bureau for the answer to your first question. And for the other, Sally and Simon left a forwarding address. Pilar would get what she wanted or die in the attempt."

"Well, why shouldn't she?" Bryn demanded. "She should have been told, as far as that goes. I thought you would tell her something to satisfy her. She's one of the gang isn't she, and, after all, we did go around together pretty steadily, Tubby. If she's upset, I don't blame her much. It would have been only common courtesy on my part to write and tell her the whole story, but it was too damned awkward.

"And the reason it was awkward." Tubby said evenly, "was because she wasn't just one of the gang, and you knew perfectly well that she expected to marry you in the end. Didn't you?" "I didn't ask her to."

"Don't quibble."

"I never told her I was in love with her. I wasn't in love with her. I've never kissed Pilar in my life." He heared down at the note. "It's a very" kind note, under the circumstances," he said. "She might perfectly well have written it to me. I don't see why she

"That note," Tubby said deliberately, "is about as innocent and kind as a stick of dynamite with a fuse burning."

"Oh, don't be a fool, Tubby. What's got into you, anyway? You used to like her. You said she was a good sport, and a lot of other things. You and she

were great pals."
"Mhm," Tubby agreed. "So we were. So we were. But why? That's what I found out when you pulled your lit-tle stunt. She didn't care two pins about me. The only reason she ever spread herself about me was because she thought it might make it easier for her to get you. See? And that night when I went to tell her that you were married, I caught her off her guard. Never again, I wouldn't go

near her with a suit of boilerplate on Bryn folded the note and put it back

on the table.
"And now," Tubby said, watching him, "she knows where you are."
"And what of it?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Go on mooning, old hophead." Bryn took out his case and lit a

cigarette

"Say, Bryn," Tubby said at last, "did you hear what Madeline said to me tonight?"

"What did she say?"

"Well, nothing much," Tubby an-swered, embarrassed. "It was the way she said it. You know, Madeline's a darn nice girl. I never really thought much about it before, sort of took her for granted, you know. But she's a

Bryn got up leisurely and went to the door. He opened it. Bryn moved across the hall and tapped at Made line's door. Tubby sat up, stiff with

"Madeline," Bryn called through the

keyhole.
"Mhm?"

"Madeline, Tubby says he likes you." "Oh," Madeline said, and obviously sat up in bed. "How much?" she inquired after a moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sugar That Is Sweeter Than Cane Is Found Plentiful in Artichoke Plant

Sugar that is "sweeter than sugar" by carbonation, the calcium carbonate is the product of a model experimental filtered out, and the filtrate evaporated of a form of sugar which is sweeter than ordinary cane sugar, and which has never before been produced at a cost permitting commercial exploita-

The source of their sugar is Jerusalem artichoke which contains from 7 to 24 per cent of levulose. The artichoke is said to produce more sugar per acre than any other plant except sugar cane, while the cost of production per acre is less than for any other sugar-yielding plant.

The artichokes when harvested are washed, sliced and dried. The dried chips will keep indefinitely without losing their sugar content. As needed, chips are "extracted" with hot water, dissolving out the sugars. This solu-tion is acidified to convert the natural inulin and levulin to levulose which is then precipitated by the addition of Grandmother, too. I am very grateful."
She put her hands beside her on the lime. It is at this point in the process wall and jumped lightly down, "I think we ought to go in," she said quickly.

She did not speak on the way back to the house, except to murmur "Thank to the house, except to

plant at Iowa State college, says the Scientific American. Here Prof. J. H. McGumphy and J. W. Eichinger have

Elephant Wrecker

It happened in Uganda-not exactly the motorist's earthly paradise, be-cause there are lots of wooden bridges to cross, and sometimes, after the rains, the bridges aren't there. On this occasion, however, the trouble was a pedcatrian. The car ran into him from behind. The driver—a native—didn't wait to apologize; he got out and legged it to the nearest settlement, where he reported the secilent. where he reported the accident. A rescue party went out to bring in the motor and found it in little pedestrian was an elephant and the driver not being available, he had taken his revenge on the car, which he destroyed.

A Great Life Purpos

Set before yourself a great life purpose. Devote your best energies to its accomplishment. Make it the one pose. Devote your best energies to its accomplishment. Make it the one definite aim of your daily life. Be enthusiastic about it. The great things of the world are done by the men who specialize and concentrate and who believe that they can.



Use of Drugs

WHEN we remember that what we call drugs are in most cases the leaves of the field and the roots of the ground, all provided by Nature, it may be only natural to believe that they should be used often and regu-

However Osler, our greatest mod-ern physician, stated that he had

reduced the number of his drugs to a total of 15, that he thought he would soon have the number down to 4, and perhaps, if he lived long enough, he long enough, he would use no drugs at all.

However, every thinking physician and every thinking Dr. Barton. layman recognizes that there are

of extreme need for powerful drugs
—strychnine or digitalis for a fast
failing heart and morphine for unbearable pain.

What about all the other drugs commonly used for headaches, rheumatic pains, pain of stomach ulcer, to correct constipation, to prevent diarrhoea?

Give Nature a Chance.

There isn't any question but that a headache powder, some baking soda for the stomach, and the usual remedies for diarrhoea are helpful and harmless when used for short periods. It is considered better to use the drug than to have the whole nervous tone of the body lowered the depressing effects of the

Then of course there are simple tonics containing iron, phosphorus and lime that put these body building materials into the blood and tissues direct, instead of trying to get them by eating large quantities of food with no appetite and a poor digestion.

However, what is wrong is the

habit so many have acquired of drugging themselves regularly and often for slight headaches, constipa-tion and other little disturbances, failing to realize that nature will correct conditions if given the least

What caused the headache? Eat What caused the neadache: Eating too fast or too much; eyestrain?
Why not correct the cause? What
caused the "gas" pains in the stomach or intestines? Certain foods
that you know cause it? Why are
you constipated? Is it no exercise; not enough fruit and vegetables?

The point is that drugs-leaves ots-have their place in our present civilization under circum-stances. To use them often and regularly for conditions that nature your common sense can correct is a big mistake.

Advantages of Fasting.

That too much food or the wrong kinds of foods can cause disturbances in the body whether the in-dividual is sick or well is now generally known. That most of us eat more food than we need is like-wise known and admitted.

Thus most physicians agree that fasting seems to be of real help in various disturbances of the body.

The ailments in which fasting seems to be good treatment are some acute ailments such as flu, simple colds, and high blood pres-sure, bronchial asthma, rheumatic disturbances, acute stomach or in-testinal upsets and overweight.

However, fasting is really dangerous in many cases if not supervised by a physician. Dr. W. Eisenberg, Munich, states that the fasting cure may involve danger. Patients with cancer and with tuberculosis should not fast. Hysterical patients should allowed to fast, and most cases of mental disturbances should not undergo fasting cures.

Sometimes the fasting cure is used on patients with a poor appetite, the idea being that if allowed to go without food for some time the appetite will increase. Dr. Eisenberg points our that this is dangerous in cases of neurasthenia (being tired physically and mentally) as these cases need food to keep up their strength.

while the fasting cure is helpful in many cases of heart disease, it should not be used when there is rheumatism or tonsillitis.

Belief in Ourselves

WHEN we believe in ourselves and in others, when
we teach and practice The
Golden Rule—when we smile
in defeat and never repeat the things that harm others—when we do the right thing at the right time, and then keer on doing this thing, we grow; and when we grow, somebody is bound to need our services.

A man in ripe age is like a sword in a ship window. Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it was completed.— Henry Ward Beecher.

The Mind Meter • HENDERSON

LOWELL

8. ject 9. look

9 employ. 10. subject.

& Bell Syndicate .- WNU Service.

The Syllables Test

In this test there are two col-umns of syllables. Take a syllable out of the first column and unite it with one in the second column to form a word. When you are finished, you should have ten com-

plete words. First Column Second Column 1. bar 1 gest out ex 4. den 5. mis 5. port 6. gro con sud

10. sub

10. cer Answers 1. bargain. 2. outlook 3. export. 4. tactics. * congest.
 sudden.

Floats 6,500 Miles

Floating 6,500 miles in five years, a bottle has been picked up in the Bahamas and returned to the navy hydrographic officer at Washington for record-making purposes. It was thrown into the sea off the coast of Virginia in 1930. Hydrographers say that in its journeys, the bottle has twice crossed the Atlantic.

CLEANS APPAREL, ANYTHING LEAVES NO RING, NO ODOR



"built up to" A pun that is "built up to" lacks savor; most of them do,

Why Laxatives Fail In Stubborn

Constipation

Twelve to 24 hours is too long to with when relief from elegged bowels and constipation is needed, for then ending to the end of the end of

Adierika's DOUBLE Advantage of the mar system a therough cleaning ingling out old pelsonous waste mare that may have caused GAS painters at the market of the months.

Adierika relieves stomach GAS at Adierika relieves stomach outs are usually removes bowel conception in less than two hours, he will be a more than two hours, and the months of the mont



WE WANT WOMEN USER AGENTS

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