Beyond Shadow of Doubt It WAS the END!

A certain actor was fond of tell-ing his friends what he would ac-complish when he had a speaking part. He would show them some

real acting.

Eventually he was booked for a coming production. He was to ap-pear in a scene and say: "It is." For three weeks he rehearsed

nightly before his mirror, trying all sorts of gestures, expressions, tones, until he felt perfect.

The eventful night arrived. The actor impatiently waited his cue. It came. "And so this is the end?"

With his best tragedian air he actor impatiently waited his cue. It came. "And so this is the end?" With his best tragedian air he stalked to the center of the stage, and in a voice of thunder cried: "Is it?"

Beware Coughs That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Take a music bath once or twice week for a few seasons. You a week for a few seasons. You will find it is to the soul what a water bath is to the body.—Holmes.

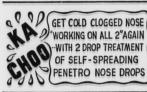
Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels

with herb laxative, combined with syrup per to make it agreeable and easy to take

eith herb lazztie, combined with syrup pepele to make it agreeable and easy to take When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with good old Syrup Pepsin to make your laxative more agreeable and easier to take. For years many Doctors have used pepsin compounds, as agreeable carriers to make other medicines more palatable when your "taster" fels easily upset. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna, combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully its herb Laxative Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines, to bring welcome relief from constipation. And see how its Syrup Pepsin makes Dr. Caldwell's medicine so smooth and agreeable to a touchy gullet. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna at your druggist's today. Try one laxative that won't bring on violent distaste, even when you take it after a full meal.

Suffer for Others

Alas! we see that the small have always suffered for the follies of the great.—La Fontaine.



Inquisitive One

Shun the inquisitive person, for he is also a talker.—Horace.

WHY SUFFER Functional

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Co Has Helped Thousands I

Has Helped Thousands I
Few women today do not have some sign of
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Then try Lydia E. Pic tenstrup nerves,
relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache,
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due to functional disorders. For over 60
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He who walks over his estate finds a coin each time.



SPECIAL BARGAINS

WHEN you see the specials of Wour merchants announced in the columns of this paper you can depend on them. They mean bargains for you.

• They are offered by merchants who are not afraid to announce their prices or the quality of the merchandise they offer.



CHAPTER I Virgie Morgan shut the front door of her house, locked it, chained it, leaned against it, her knees fluid,

leaned against it, her knees fluid, her heart pounding.

"The old fool!" She choked with fury. "The addle-headed, pathetic, impudent old fool!"

Hot red surged into her strong, shrewd face. Then it ebbed a little. She pushed back a gray wave of hair with a gesture naive and disturbed. She was fifty-two. A tall, strong woman with power in every inch of her tallness, in the wide decisive gentleness of her mouth, in her steady gray eyes, her proud nose which dominated her features without dwarfing them.

Her feet sat solidly on the pol-

without dwarfing them.

Her feet sat solidly on the polished floor; her clothes, well-made and not cheap, fitted her muscular body, forsaking style for utility. Her chest was deep and her thighs sturdy, but with all this anchored stability she was now one quivering tumult of outraged nerves.

A man had asked her to marry

A man had asked her to marry him and in sudden wrath, half shame and half consternation, she had put him out of her house. Now she could hear his car roaring around her drive, swerving past the rhododendrons and the tall stone posts gathering speed as it swooped.

posts, gathering speed as it swooped into the descending road.

Wallace Withers, whom she had known all her life—going home in a rage because she had slammed her door upon him.

Pulling herself together with some difficulty Virgie went to the mirror, straightened her collar, looked herself coldly up and down

self coldly up and down.

Her feet wavering slightly, her head spinning, she stumbled into her library, which she still stubbornly called the "sitting-room." A log fire burned there; there were books in autumnal colors along two walls and, over the stone mantel, an enlarged photograph of a middle-seed larged photograph of a middle-aged man with an alert, nervous face, black hair, and cool, calculating blue eyes.

Virgie looked up at this portrait, swallowed grimly and achingly, tightened her cold hands into fists. "You missed a lot, David," she said aloud. "I reckon it's just as

A door at the far end of the room moved slightly. Virgie scowled at it.
"Come along in, Lossie," she
snapped. "If you want to listen,
come in where you won't miss anything!"

thing!"
A girl with a dull face and brassy
hair waved stiffly slid into the room.
"I heard you talkin'—I thought
maybe you was callin' me?"
"You heard me all right." Virgie

was grim. "I suppose you heard Mr. Withers, too? Listen to me, Lossie Wilson—if you drop a word around Marian, you're fired—you

hear me?"

"Yes'm. I wouldn't say anything for nothing, Mis' Morgan. I didn't hear real good, anyhow. You want anything, Mis' Morgan?"

"Yes. Heat up the coffee-pot. You haven't washed it, I know. Bring me a cup of coffee—strong—and no sugar. Is Marian in yet?"

"No'm, she ain't yet. She went to

"No'm, she ain't yet. She went to the second show, maybe."

Virgie wandered to the window uneasily. "It's starting to sleet again. She's got no business driv-ing that car up this mountain in a

"Yes'm—but she will though. It ain't any use saying anything to her."

her."

The coffee was hot and black and, warmed by it, Virgie Morgan relaxed a little. Her anger had turned chill, stiffened to self-scorn. She had let herself get out of control. She had made Wallace Wighers mad. That he had made her fighting mad, also, did not excuse her.

She had known, she realized now.

also, did not excuse her.

She had known, she realized now, what was working in Wallace Withers' mind for more than a year. She had known when she had gone to his brick house up the river, at the time of his wife's death. She had carried hot home-made bread and baked ham; she had gone into the Withers' kitchen and supervised the

withers kitchen and supervised the excited, whispering women there, had made coffee for Wallace Withers and prepared his supper.

With his wife lying stony dead and cancer-yellowed, laid out in her best gray silk, Wallace had looked at Virgie then with approval and thoughtful speculation in his slow, drabeves.

eyes.

A rich man, a careful man, a man who lusted for power; she knew now that she had seen then the birth of an idea in Wallace Withers' mind, over that hot meal, that cup of coffee.

A rich man, a careful man, a man who lusted for power; she knew now that she had seen then the birth of an idea in Wallace Withers' mind, over that hot meal, that cup of coffee.

And tonight, here by her pleasant fire the idea had emerged, fullgrown, ruthlessly practical, dressed up in tight arguments, launched in clipped, perfected phrases.

Wallace had kept to his suave tone, however, wheedling, smooth, switching cleverly to the point that actually lurked in the back of his mind.

The mill. Virgie's mill.

No womanly woman—no gentle, sender-hearted creature, his marching words averred, aught to be worried with running a pulp mill. And there was his timber land, up river, toward the gap.

"I'll buy it if you want to sell,"

Wirgie interrupted, tersely.

But Wallace did not want to sell.

His eyes were on the mill. On the

awkin the Win BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

mill that David Morgan had built and Virgie had run successfully ever since David's death. It was then that Virgie had lost her temper.

"Trying to tell me I didn't know enough to run my mill!" She snorted now, setting the coffee-cup down on the hearth.

As though she had not steered the

As though she had not steered the mill successfully through the hard-est years business had ever known in these Carolina hills! A whole year in these Carolina hills! A whole year after David had had his stroke, and for three years since. No profits to speak of—but no red ink either. Credit maintained, and the quality of the Morgan product kept to its high standard. Manufacturers who beautht null from the Morgan mills high standard. Manufacturers who bought pulp from the Morgan mills knew that they were getting the best. Virgie had fought for that—as David had before her.
"I'd like the see the mill Wallace Withers would run—the old chiseler!" she snorted, fanning her disgust anew

She unbuttoned her shoes, eased the straps over her plump ankles wandered to the window. Marian ought to be coming in-the crazy young one. It was after ten and the wind was rising. A



"Lossie, make some hot coffee right away."

slow, cold drizzle blackened the win dows and, freezing, made the hem-locks bend and twist into tortured locks bend and twist into tortured patterns. It was the worst early storm Virgie could remember. The boys would grumble about going out into the woods tomorrow, but two truckloads of seedlings had to be put out before the ground froze hard and their roots dried.

Lossie came in with the wood, punched at the fire, regarded her mistress staring out into the ugly night.

night.
"Want I should wind the clock?"

"Want I should wind the clock?" she inquired helpfully.
"You always wind it too tight," Virgie objected. "I'd hate for that clock to get out of fix. David brought it to me all the way from St. Louis once, held it on his lap so the little bronze boy wouldn't get his arm broken off. It's company for me, ticking and striking in the night. Marian thinks it looks terrible—but Marian thinks about everything in Marian thinks about everything in this house is old-fashioned and terri ble-including me!'

Lossie, hunkered down, poking at the embers, said hesitantly, "It's none of my business, Mis' Mor-gan—"

none of my business, Mis' Morgan—"
"That"—Virgie was dry—"never deterred you yet when you had anything on your mind!"
"It's none of my business," the girl went on in a little, desperate rush, "but I can't help seeing things. She—don't care a thing in this world for Bry Hutton, Mis' Morgan. Not a thing in this world. It's just—you make such a fuss about it—she's stubborn, she's always had her own way a lot."
"She's had her own way too much." Marian's mother set her mouth stiffly. "Bry Hutton can't

much." Marian's mother set ner mouth stiffly. "Bry Hutton can't drink and tear around like he does and then hang around my house!" "She just wants her own way," persisted Lossie, with the brash fa-miliarity of the old servant. "If you'd just ston fussing about him minarity of the old servant. "If you'd just stop fussing about him—let on like it didn't matter one way or another, she'd get tired of him mighty quick. But—she likes a fuss going—she likes to get the best of you—"

"I heard somebody." Lossie ensed. "Sounded like the front

door."

Three dogs, yapping, flung themselves suddenly out of the dark and around the house. Virgie Morgan pressed switches. The terrace outside, ivy-covered and glittering now with ice, was suddenly illumined. And as swiftly, the dogs were still. She could see them out there now, in the drizzle, taut as so many canine statues, facing a tall figure in a tan rain-coat and limp, rain-soaked hat.

There was another rap on the door, and she could hear a calm, slow voice, masculine, with youth in it, speaking quietly to the dogs outside.

Behind her Lossie begged, "Don't open it, Mis' Morgan. Let me call

"Shush!" Virgie was curt. "Certainly I'll open it. It's one of the boys likely. Don't be a fool. Oh—" she said, as the briny gust of the night rushed in the open door. "How do you do?"

"Good evening." Out of a strange, white, young face, strange dark eyes regarded her. A man—a young man, whom she had never seen before. "I—" he began, hoarsely, smiling in a wan, dazed way, "seem to be lost. I—saw your light—"

"Come in out of the wet," Virgie

"Come in out of the wet," Virgle ordered. Lossie was making little frightened, expostulatory noises but

frightened, expostulatory noises but Virgie paid no attention.
"My feet are pretty muddy," the stranger objected. His voice had the sound of cities in it. His clothes had never, obviously, been made for mountain travel. They were sodden, soil-stained, briar-torn.
"Come along in," repeated Virgie, firmly. "Where were you headed for? You're a long way off the highway. This road doesn't go any farther."
This young man, she was certain,

This young man, she was certain, was no thug. His face was startlingly pale, with hollow shadows under the eyes.

under the eyes.

"I didn't—come by the highway."
He removed the dripping hat and
she knew then that she had been
right about him. He had a good
head, his eyes looked at her honestly, though haggardly, and he could
not be much past twenty-five. "I
was trying to find the highway. I
came over the mountain."

"My heavens!" Virgie exclaimed,
warming to him, as she, denied sons,
warmed to everything young and

warming to him, as she, denied sons, warmed to everything young and male except Bry Hutton. "You mean—you've been walking—weather like this? Come up here by the fire. Never mind the mud—this house is used to mud. Lossie, make some hot coffee right away. You'd better take that soggy coat off quick, young fellow, and let it dry out. How on earth did you get lost on the mountain?"

The stranger sank into a chair, slipping wearily out of the dripping coat. He seemed at the point of utter exhaustion. His breath came in tired gusts. His hands shook.
"I came in—with Johnston's out-

tired gusts. His hands shook.

"I came in—with Johnston's outfit," he said. "We were making estimates on some road-building for the Government. We started to leave—Tuesday—that was—"

"You mean—you've been roaming around these mountains since Tuesday?" she demanded.

"I—must have been. It seemed like a couple of years to me. You

like a couple of years to me. You see—I was starting on ahead to send a couple of telegrams from the send a couple of telegrams from the filling station down there at the cross-roads and the rest of the outfit were supposed to pick me up, when the baggage was loaded. So I walked down the mountain road and I saw what I thought was certainly a short cut down to the store

tainly a short cut down to the store—a perfectly plain trail—"
"Made by a bear, probably. Or by hogs or hunters," supplied Virgie, putting more wood on the blaze.
"Then in a little bit you found that you were lost. Men born and raised in these mountains have been lost. you were lost. Men born and raised in these mountains have been lost over there in those laurel hells, son. Folks who know these hills respect them. We don't go up there in the big timber without a guide. Even I don't—and I've lived here in the shedow of those hig peaks, and cut shadow of those big peaks, and cut timber on them for a lot of years. You were mighty lucky to get out alive, if you ask me."

The young man laughed, wearily.
"I know that very well. I went around in a circle for a while—kept coming back to the same big poplar. Rhododendron over my head—no light, no path—"
"My boys" and Vision "forms."

no light, no path—"
"My boys," said Virgie, "found a man over toward Huggin's, once, east of Chimneys. He'd been dead for three months. Just a photographer chap from up north. He had a map. Put the coffee down here, Lossie, and fetch some hot milk and some bread and some of that cold veal. He can have the milk firstbetter not go too fast if he's been hungry for a while. You didn't tell me your name, son."
"I'm Branford Wills—of Washing-

"I'm Branford Wills-of Washing-

"And from Georgia or some place before that, by your talk. Kick those shoes off—I think I can find you a dry pair. My husband had small feet—he was a slight man—but may-be you can squeeze them on. Here comes Lossie with the milk. Now don't gulp-take it easy. Hold the cup, Lossie-his hand is unsteady."

Young Mr. Branford Wills sipped the steaming milk, sighed, smiled. He was, so Virgie discerned, a very

engaging person when he smiled.

engaging person when he smiled.
"I grew up in Alabama," he said,
"I—think I can manage it now,
thank you. May I drink all this?"
"Slowly," Virgie said. "Where did
you stay last night, for goodness'
sake? It was cold as charity and
that sleety rain falling."
"I welled. I didn't dore to stop

"I walked. I didn't dare to stop. I sighted a star and kept moving. The absurd part of it is that I'm supposed to know better. I'm a government cartographer."

"That's a map-maker," supplied Virgie, as Lossie looked perplexed. "So you knew enough to stick to a star, did you? The trouble was that the star didn't seem to stick to you. Where did you start from?"

"South of the gap-six miles or

"In a straight line from here that's twenty miles. But the way you came—"

"Half around the world, I'd say. May I have the coffee now? I'm all right, really. I'm pretty rugged, I've lived out for a number of

"Nobody would believe that, by your clothes."

"Oh, we were heading into town, you see. We were through. We were up there checking the contractor's bids. My woods clothes have gone on back to Washington without me—unless the other fellows waited, When I didn't show up at that filling station they may have been worried and uneasy—they may be up there yet."

"We can telephone. But you'd bet-ter eat first."

"You're a generous person." He took the hot cup of coffee, eagerly, "Not many people would take in a tramp like me—and believe his story. You didn't tell me your name."

"I'm Mrs. David Morgan. If you've been with the government men you've heard about me." Virgie's lips drew a little straight. Her motherly gray eyes emptied and withdrew a trifle.

"Oh, yes." He was slightly embarrassed. "You belong to the pulp

people."
"I'm the Morgan pulp business." A thin edge was on her tone. "When-ever government men want to lay any sin in these mountains on any one, they pick on me. "Oh—but I'm sure-

"Oh, I'm used to it. I don't mind,"

she went on.
"In the meantime I'm going to give you a warm bed for the night, and then we'll send a message to your folks—"
"Bleed don't better about me."

your folks—"
"Please don't bother about me."
Little spots of color had come into his face, his eyes looked anxious.
"I can go on now. I'll get down to town—there is a town, isn't there? Of course there must be—your mill—"

mill—"
"Six miles," Virgie said, "and you're not going any farther tonight —not in this storm and cold. I'm a mountain woman first and a robber baroness afterwards. Mountain people never turn away strangers."

(TO BE CONTINUED) (TO BE CONTINUED)

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AGENTS



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Cottage or cream cheese mois-tened with orange juice makes a delicious filling for peach or pear

Use the rinsing water from milk bottles to water house plants. This water will make them healthy.

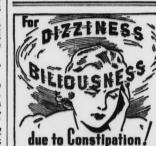
To keep muslin curtains even when laundering them, put two curtains together and iron as one

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To cook dried prunes, wash them well, cover with four inches of cold water and let soak over night. Simmer very slowly for one

To shorten the baking time for apple pie 20 minutes, first cook the apples five minutes in a small quantity of water, then cool them and proceed as usual. Hang small household articles, used frequently, on screw-eyes placed on inside of hall or bath-

room cabinet or closet. They are then out of sight but within easy



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Wrong Roads

One goes to the right, the other to the left; both are wrong, but in different directions.—Horace.



No Results He beat the bushes without tak-



WNU-7

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