

Beyond Shadow of Doubt It WAS the END!

A certain actor was fond of telling his friends what he would accomplish when he had a speaking part. He would show them some real acting.

Beware Coughs from common colds 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.

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

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels

With herb laxative combined with syrup peppermint 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.

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 FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Helped Thousands! Few women today do not have some sign of functional trouble.

Profitable Walk

He who walks over his estate finds a coin each time.

Why Suffer! MENEL'S MAGIC REMEDY. RHEUMATISM NEURITIS LUMBAGO. Brings Blessed Relief.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

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

Hawk in the Wind BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER © D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO. W-N-U-Service

CHAPTER I —1— Virgie Morgan shut the front door of her house, locked it, chained it, 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.

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.

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

Her feet wavering slightly, her head spinning, she stumbled into her library, which she still stubbornly called the "sitting-room."

Virgie looked up at this portrait, swallowed grimly and aching, tightened her cold hands into fists.

"You missed a lot, David," she said aloud. "I reckon it's just as well."

"Come along in, Lossie," she snapped. "If you want to listen, come in where you won't miss anything!"

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

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

"That"—Virgie was dry—"never deterred you yet when you had anything on your mind?"

"She's had her own way too much." Marian's mother set her mouth stiffly.

"No, you wouldn't, Mis' Morgan. You know what I say is so. You want me to sit up till she comes in?"

"I'd better oil up your boots and set 'em in a warm place, then. You got 'em terrible stiff the other day, wading that branch."

"I want sausage—and corn muffins. And black coffee. Black—not dirty gray. Shut that door. It makes a draught."

"Yes'm. If you'd put in a furnace, Mis' Morgan—it would save a lot—all that ashes and dirt."

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.

As though she had not steered the mill successfully through the hardest years business had ever known in these Carolina hills!

She unbuttoned her shoes, eased the straps over her plump ankles, wandered to the window.

"I'd like to see the mill Wallace Withers would run—the old chiseler!" she snorted, fanning her disgust anew.

Marian ought to be coming in—the crazy young one. It was after ten and the wind was rising.



"Lossie, make some hot coffee right away."

slow, cold drizzle blackened the windows and, freezing, made the hemlocks bend and twist into tortured patterns. It was the worst early storm Virgie could remember.

"My heavens!" Virgie exclaimed, warming to him, as she, denied sons, warmed to everything young and male except Bry Hutton.

"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—"

"I—must have been. It seemed like a couple of years to me. You see—I was starting on ahead to 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—a perfectly plain trail—"

"Made by a bear, probably. Or by hogs or hunters," supplied Virgie, putting more wood on the blaze.

"No, you wouldn't, Mis' Morgan. You know what I say is so. You want me to sit up till she comes in?"

"No, you go to bed. I want my breakfast before seven. I'm going up in the woods with the boys."

"I want sausage—and corn muffins. And black coffee. Black—not dirty gray. Shut that door. It makes a draught."

"Yes'm. If you'd put in a furnace, Mis' Morgan—it would save a lot—all that ashes and dirt."

"I heard somebody." Lossie tensed. "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.

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.

"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.

"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.

"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."

"I didn't—come by the highway." He removed the dripping hat and she knew then that she had been right about him.

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"Yes'm. If you'd put in a furnace, Mis' Morgan—it would save a lot—all that ashes and dirt."

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 popular. Rhododendron over my head—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 first—better 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 Washington."

"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 maybe 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."

"I grew up in Alabama," he said. "I—think I can manage it now," thank you. May I drink all this?"

"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?"

"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 years."

"No, you're 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 better 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. "Whenever government men want to lay any sin in these mountains on any one, they pick on me."

"Oh—but I'm sure—"

"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—"

"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—"

"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)

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

While boiling milk, if a small pinch of baking soda is added it will keep the milk from curdling.

Cottage or cream cheese moistened with orange juice makes a delicious filling for peach or pear salads.

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 curtain.

Powdered borax added to the water when washing fine white flannels helps to keep them soft.

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

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

For DIZZINESS BILIOUSNESS

due to Constipation! Dr. Hitchcock's All-Vegetable Laxative Powder—an intestinal tonic-laxative—actually tones lax bowels, muscles. It helps relieve that sluggish feeling, 15 doses for only 10 cents. Large family size 25 cents. At all druggists.

Dr. HITCHCOCK'S LAXATIVE POWDER

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

CHOICE OF MILLIONS ST. JOSEPH'S ASPIRIN 10c

No Results He beat the bushes without taking the birds.—Rabelais.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

WNU-7 46-40 Undependable Luck Luck is always against the man who depends upon it.

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DOAN'S PILLS

Introducing Helen Topping Miller's Great New Story HAWK IN THE WIND Here's a story that is brimming with human interest! It tells of courageous Virgie Morgan, a widow, who fought for existence in the Carolina mountains, and of her efforts to guide her daughter in love. You won't want to miss a single installment. START IT TODAY!