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When Baby Frets rom teething, feverthness, cold, colic or tomach and bowel irregularities there is nothing that will give it quicker relief than DR. THORNTON'S

# The Lord of Thunder Gate

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

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CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

"I am saddened beyond expression that I annoy you, dear Mr. Williams, nd shall make obelsances to the good of my house that all shall be well with I have brought the word that Mr. Sanderson desires. Is it permit

ted that I go to get it?"
Sanderson nodded wearily. "Whatever you have from my boy I must With a bow, Wells opened the door

which led into the hall, bowed again. The room broke into a babel of sound the instant that the door closed behind Wells; it was as if he had held them all bound by his personality, his detached air, his calmness. Now Alberta and Williams realized how insecure was the rock upon which their mansion was builded, how proof from this Japanese would bring it down upon their heads. There was no doubt as to what Sanderson would do if the Japanese made good his promise. Why had the Oriental said these things? What was it to him? A mischief maker.

The yellow thing!" Alberta shrilled at her uncle. He took no notice of her, and she turned, vixen-like, upon El-len, who sat apart from the rest, trembling more through excitement

"You—you—" Alberta gasped for words. Her case was desperate, if the uncanny devil did have proof. Everything would come out. Panic surged into her throat, the seconds that she was speechless seemed an hour, her tongue clove to her palate. As words returned to her, she became more composed, and becoming composed, bitter-ly vitriolic. There was nothing that he could have. A letter from Bob, telling all the details! when the Japanese had said Bob was almost dead when he found him. But, oh, the fright! the fright it had given her. Hate: all directed at Ellen, all humiliating, cutting as a scalpel, painful as a probe in a wound—of a white woman who would marry a man of another

Ellen tried to be brave under it. Hot tears came. Why must she hear this? Why endure? Why had her husband left her so? She started to her feet, walked blindly to the door, heard it click behind her, and, alone in the dim hall, stumbled into a great chair, to lie there, sobbing, s pitiful huddle of silk.

The Lord of the Thunder Gate walked slowly across the hall after leaving the library, and with deliberation walked up the stairs. The cabin-boy, through the crack of the closes door, saw him suddenly pick his ki-mono up above his knees, and with a great bound, followed by others as fast and huge, reach the end of the hall, clear past the rooms, faster than the cabin-boy could draw a surprised

The assassin peered hastily from his vantage point, then followed stealth-ily. The lord mounted the iron stairs, two at a time, opened the door of the tower room and shut it immedi-

Asa! but it was a beautiful happer ing. The cabin-boy need not wait weary hours. The floor was deserted. All of the people were in the room of books. Up the stairs after the lord he mounted, silent as a stalking cat, passed the door cautiously, and took up a position on the next turn of the stairs. It was very the beating of his frenzied heart seemed battering down the wall of his chest. He was above the door from which the rice-stealer must emerge. He could reach the other's back from above. There was no risk. No pos sibility of failure.

A sound from the room. The fanatic lifted his knife and poised it. He would be quick as thought, drive down his knife, pounce upon the lord for a second strike. Then he became suddenly goggle-eyed with amazement

Out of the room sprang a white man, buttoning his vest and pulling his necktle together as he ran. A white man. No face-concealing, distorting bandage, no narrowed eyes or comprehendingly the black kimono oung in lusterless folds over this man's left arm. What had happened to the lord? Before the fellow could piece together the fragments of reason which remained the white man was

looked into the empty tower room without moving. Kayama-San had been spirited away. He could not have climbed through the window, for even a fool could see that it was a great distance to the street below. There was but one solution. The god of the lord's family had rescued Kayama-San in some unknown way from the peril of the knife which waited.

quicker relief than

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famous baby's specialist's prescription, coessfully used for 15 years. A sweet mader that children like—takes the place contact oil. Contains no opiates or harmdrug. Package, 25c, at your druggist. It fails to help, your money refunded.

Bob rushed down the steps, headed for the library door. He saw a chair filled with familiar silk, a bowed and sunken head crowned by the flaming glory of hair. Ellen! He gathered her to him in a great sweeping move

"My dear, my dearest," he whispered chokingliy. "I can't tell you now—there is no time for explanations, but

She lifted a tear-wet face. "I know -some of it I know, and some I have guessed already-" "They made you cry!" he said fierce-

("Now," snarled the Thunder God to the Keeper of the Stars, "look closely! There will be fighting!")

face against her cheek. "All's nearly over," Wells whispered comfortingly. "Ellen, oh, Ellen, I love you—don't cry, dear girl." His arm

tightened about her. From the depths of the coat, muffled: "Are you about to beat me, my

For answer Wells lifted her radiant "A kiss is not . . . foolish, as you said," she breathed, still in his s. "My . . . my head swims . " And he must kiss her again.

They stood another moment so. Then, together, they entered the room.

#### CHAPTER XIX

Sanderson was still deep in his He had not moved since Wells had left. Williams cupped a light for his cigarette, was absorbed momentarily, that Alberta first saw the quie opening of the door, first saw the man

with the black kimono over his arm. The instant of horrified recognition was unendurable. More awful because

of what it stood for. It was Bob. It-was-it-was-it-was! Bob had been . . . that robe, the darker skin . . . he had been the Japanese. Kayama. She would never be able to explain things to Sander son. Not after what the Japanese, (What Bob!) had said. And she had urged him on. Never reinstate her-sest. Never! She had no thought of



a Mighty Blow!"

Williams now. Never! The sicken-ing futility of that word made her case the more desperate . . . an-other moment of this silence and she would rave herself mad

"The proof," Bob said very evenly in his Japanese voice.

Sanderson's head did not lift. He was far away, he saw his Bob in that strange land, so unutterably alone.
Williams ruised his head, The
match burned against the nail of his finger, charred, and went out. A ghost! It must be a ghost. Some trick of the Japanese. He had heard that 

no . . . It was real. His face wave-ered between surprise and quick-com-hy cat. He was the to speak, or move his hand.

move his hand.

He tried to smile, achieved an upturning of his lips in an expression that held steady, neither waxing nor waning. He lowered his eyes, and fixed them in desperation on a point at the table's edge. That point, whatever it was, a speck of dust, perhaps, seemed to grow and grow until/it was monstrous and a burden intolerable to endure. With a great effort he strefened out his hand toward Wells, in greeting.

Alberta sat bold upright, trying to reason out her misery with wide, tearless eyes and a hand pressed to keep down the tumult in her breast. She attempted to speak, but could only motion with her dry lips. She noticed for the first time the steel hue of Wells' eyes, that had always been so brown and friendly.

Wells smiled, and Williams tried to limitate him. His desperate grinning made his jaws ache and his naile went to his teeth—were lowered again to

his side as Wells took another step Sanderson had not moved.

Wells, Ellen by his side, moved to the edge of his uncle's chair and, very gently, touched the older man's shoul-

"Uncle Jim!" he said. His uncle looked up. So rapidly that his face was still in sorrow while his eyes moved into the new expression of joyful, half-unbelleving rapture; he stretched for Bob's hand. grasped it convulsively, unable to

speak. But understanding. Wells' knees trembled as he turned to Williams: "Here's your proof,

A gurgle of attempted words. "Why-how-you-"
"What do you think of it?"

"I—we—glad to see you back—"
"Still lying, Ray? You would lie "I-let me explain, Bob. If-"

"If the proof had been paper—like the proof you were looking for, and preparing to perjure against—you lie well, I'll say that for you, Ray—it'd have been destroyed long ago. For it's been rained on, and kicked, and spat ers. I'll bet you wept when you were told about me, you crocodile!" His voice raised like wind in a brass

tube, and he dropped his arm from about Ellen and reached a sudder hand to Williams' coat collar, him out of his chair and to his feet Unmindful of Alberta's whimper of protesting fright. Unmindful? Un-

"I promised you proof. You should ask for proof." His hand flicked light-ly against Williams' cheek. "Take a good look at your proof, Ray. It was a sad affair, wasn't it? You tried to help me, didn't you?" Hand against cheek, harder. "You were a h—l of a friend, you were!"

He stopped, breathless, and release the other's collar, glaring at him.

"Uncle Sandy . . . stop them . . . this is no place . . " Alberta found her voice at last.

Sanderson's face was a picture; in finitely prim, extraordinarily wise; he blimited from below his abaggy brows but made no motion as if to speak or interrupt,

Williams wished that he might step away ./. farther from Bob. Dim ly, he heard Alberta's "It's Bob! Bob

iy, he heard Alberta's "It's Bob! Bob!
. . don't let him hurt Ray, please"
and so he, also, must speak.
"It was . . Alberta, Bob.
Listen! She made me . . made
me . . it was her plan . . .
she wanted . "
"By the Thunder God, who saw me
through this thing," Wells said so
sently that Williams felt safer "you

gently that Williams felt safer, "you are a dirty swine, Ray! You—you—" (Kaminari slipped a thunderbolt to Wells' right hand.) "You hound!" And Bob's hand became a tight fist, drove igainst Williams' jaw. Once. ("Ho!" Kaminari admired. "That

vas a mighty blow!")

Sanderson spoke first. "Better take him away, Alberta," he said, glancing to where Williams sprawled lizard-like upon the rug, pro tecting his head needlessly from a second blow. "You wanted him. You must have wanted him pretty badly, must have wanted him pretty badly, Alberta, to have gone through all this. Well, well, you've got him now. Yes, you've got him, He's yours to keep. Take him away."

She must try once. "Bob's traveling with that woman, Uncle Sandy. He's no better than I've said, Won't you believe me when I tell you

"Why not?" Wells asked. "She's my wife, you know."

"She isn't," Alberta protested bitterly, speaking quickly and with excitement. It might be saved yet, Ray? He was done . . . but what did that matter . . . but she, herself, this great house, her position . . . if she could but convince Sanderson that she had acted for what she had

#### Production of Rosin Is One of Oldest Industries

Production of turpentine and rosin is one of the oldest industries of America, records of exports dating as far back as 1662, showing these to have lea, records of exports dating as far back as 1662, showing these to have been among the first products exported by the early colonists. While they were originally used in shipbuilding for caulking wooden vessels and protecting rope rigging, thus gaining their name of "naval storea," chemistry has developed an amazing number of uses for rosin and turpentine, making them indispensable in a large number of important industries. Soap manufacture leads in consumption of rosin, with surfacing of writing and printing paper ranking second. Rosin is also extensively used in the manufacture of varnishes, water-proofing compounds, roofing materials, leather dressings, lubricants, waxes, linoleum and electric insulation. Turpentine is an important industrial factor as a thinner for paint, solvent for links, waxes, rubber and water-proofing compounds, as well as in chemical and pharm-sceutical combinations.

### The Kitchen Cabinet

Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartet of vir-tues that will never be improved upon.—James Oliver.

FOR AFTERNOON TEAS

Sandwiches of various kinds are al vays acceptable with a cup of tea Cheese with chopped olives,



bread, toasted just before serving, is one that is Raisin or nut bread with guava jelly and cream cheese between slices of buttered

between thir

slices of buttered

bread tre all good. A dainty bit of bread to be served in various ways is prepared thus: Cut fresh bread very thin, spread it with butter, anchovies, caviar or any highly flavored and liked paste; roll up to the size of the little finger, use a wooden toothpick to skewer and lay them in a pan and toast in the oven. Served hot or cold. Very nice with poullion or with a salad.

Toasted Bacon Rolls.—Split crisp, tender, oval-shaped rolls and toast delicately. Place three pieces of crisp well-cooked bacon between the halves of each roll.

Hot Deviled Eggs.—Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks, mash, add half as much grated cheese or deviled ham, chopped cooked chicken, chicken livers, or veal Moisten with melted butter or mayon naise, season highly with sait, pepper emon juice or mustard. Refill the whites and place two halves on a slice

sauce and serve at once. Fruit Salad,-Fresh pears with sec tions of orange and grapefruit free from membrane is a most delicious embination; serve with

Golden Dressing.—Take three tablespoonfuls of orange juice, one table poonful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of sugar, a few grains of salt, all heated in the top of a double boiler. Add one egg slightly beaten, and cook until smooth and thick. Cool, and just before serving add one-half cupful of cream beaten stiff.

Blueberry Muffins. — Sift together two cupfuls of flour, four teasponfuls of baking powder, one-half tea spoonful of salt and one-fourth cupful of sugar. Beat one egg, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk and mix with the dry ingredients; add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and when thoroughly mixed add one cup-ful of blueberries. Bake in a hot wen in buttered muffin pans.

Pears cut into sections and combined with very ripe tomatoes also cut into sections, served with a mayonnaise to which a few spoonfuls of cream cheese has been added, is a very tasty

Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to another.—Emerson.

In all the universe of God there are no two souls alike. There are no two with the same work to do.

GOOD THINGS WE ALL LIKE

Between seasons, when the appetite fails, hearty dishes do not appeal, and one really needs to eat, a dish of nicely seasoned macaroni will touch the

cooked eggs and a cupful of rich white sauce baked, makes a hearty and well-liked dish. Cook

five eggs in the shell, a half cupful of grated cheese and the white sauce with a bit of onion juice. Put the ingre tween to avoid the strongest heat. Cut the eggs into eighths and bake just long enough to become heated hot.

Grandmother's Muffins,-Mix one cupful each of corn meal and flour, ne-half cupful of light brown sugar -or maple sugar if it can be obtained, two cupfuls of cold water and one-half teaspoonful of salt; let stand over night. In the morning add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Beat hard and drop into hot, well-greased gem pans and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes.

Brussels Sprouts With Cream Sauce.

Boll a quart of brussels sprouts in two quarts of water until tender. Drain and serve with a rich white sauce prepared by melting two tablespoonfuls of butter and when bubbling hot add two tablespoonfuls of flour, cook until smooth and add one and one-quarter cook until smooth and thick, adding six or eight cooked chestnuts which have

been put through a sieve.

Honey Hermits.—Dissolve one ter conful of soda in one and one-half cupfuls of warmed honey; add one cupful of butter; cream together. Beat three eggs well and add to the honey and butter, then add five cup-fuls of flour sifted with a tenspoonful of salt, two tenspoonfuls of cinnamon and two and one-fourth cupfuls each of chopped raisins and nuts. Stir un-til well blended and drop from a tea-spoon on buttered sheet. Bake in a moderate oven.

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mar by Lindley Murray."

that I just had to drive myself

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The Sign

"How old is your cow?" "Two years."

"How can you tell?" "By her horns." "Oh, yes, I see. It only has two." **Encouraging Lawyer** 

"De lawyer in de case was so good," said Uncle Eben, "dat his client was kind 'o sorry he didn't steal several mo' chickens while he was at it."—





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