



## Now-as You Read -Make this Test!

PRESS the thumbnail firmly for a few seconds—then watch it . . . unless the blood comes rushing back rich and red, it means that you too may blame your lack of energy on Anemia —blood starvation.

The best way to restore the from and manganese to your blood is by the daily use of Gude's Pepto-Mangan.

Physicians have seen thou-sands of worn out bodies regain health because of its iron and

manganese content. Easily as-similated by the blood stream, it is distributed to every cell in the body—rebuilding their vital-

Gude's Pepto-Mangan is now at your druggist in liquid or tablet form.

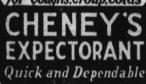
## Gude's Pepto-Mangan Tonic and Blood Enricher

# CROUP

Relief Begins in Three Minutes Mother! Don't be frantic with fear when your child wakes up at night choking with

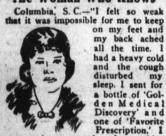
night choking with croup.

Just give a pleasant tasting spoonful or two of Cheney's, as millions of mothers have done. See how thankful you will be when that labored breathing stops and in a few minutes the little che is sheping peacefully again. Mothers who once use this quick, dependable remedy always keep an inexpensive bottle on hand. for Coughs. Croup, Colds



An engaged girl is always suspicio

## The Woman Who Knows



all the time

all the time. I had a heavy cold and the cough disturbed my sleep. I sent for a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one of 'Favorite Prescription.' I mproved so much after taking the first two bottles that I continued the treatment. Now I am absolutely well. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the blood and his 'Favorite' Prescription' for feminie weakness are sure to build up any woman who will try them."—Mra. I. J. Reeves, 309 Whaley St.

All dealers Liquid or tablets

Many a man falls to reach to top because every time he stops to rest he falls asleep.

The virtue of justice consists in oderation, as regulated by wisdom,



## bake it SINNERS IN HEAVEN

PART THREE-Continued.

With only the birds for witness, the und of the surf for choir, the radi ance of the eastern sky for ultur, simply and from their hearts' depths these two plighted their troth. The few chief sentences, from the marriage service were chosen by Barbara for their only

There would be many, away in the world, to scoff, many to condemn. But no outward consecration of ground, no urmy of ordained priests, could have rendered more sacred that moment when the hush was broken by their low-voiced avowals. Perchance the 'Destiny that shapes our ends," seeing all things, reading all hearts, who had flung these two together upon this far garden of His own creation, and given them there the one supreme gift which is part of Himself, would understand and accept their yows:

"To love and to cherish till death us do part. . . . And thereto i plight thee my troth. . . . " Their voices did not falter. The

small tin ring encircled the girl's finger: they stood silent a while, with locked hands. Then he drew her toward him, and very gently their lips

"My wife!" he breathed.

Barbara bathed, dressed, and got creakfast, with no thought of fatigue after a sleepless night. Her heart seemed almost unbearably full. As she watched the smoke curl up from her own fire, and that rising from Meamaa's hut, she resembled the primi-tive woman glorying in this life shorn of all false trappings. Was not Meama likewise cooking food for her man? In the south, too, the native women were so employed. Man and his mate—in palace or hovel, in mansion or but! All the artificiality hiding the big realities faded away with the worlds beyond the blue horizon.

It was the same with Alan. I,ike some fine, strong, wild thing, he dived. swam and splashed in the river; then returned for breakfast, ravenously hungry, singing as he swung down the

bay.
"I have a great surprise!" Barbara announced. "Here is a tin of 'bully beef.' I saved it for any emergency. Shall we have it for our wedding feast, as a special treat?"

shouted with laughter. "Lord! To think of 'bully' becoming a special treat for a wedding feast! Bring it

along, O wise and thrifty woman."

They ate their "wedding feast" in a mossy shady dell; and even the memory of Aunt Dolly, who unconsciously had provided it, failed to cast nore than a momentary shadow across

their joy.

Alan lay along the bottom of the boat, his head pillowed in Barbara's lap, as the sun began to sink.

"Well?" he asked. "Have you found a desert island honeymoon very irksome? What about the big cities where you expected to 'feel life'? What about your heart's desire?"

She laughed low, passing caressing fingers through his hair. "I have no



other heart's desire. You are life it-"You came to me last night?" he

suggested softly, as she stopped. She nodded. The boat drifted idly, caressed by the soft breeze, rocking gently with the tide

"Thank God you did." he murmured, after a pause. "Ev coming—unbearable." "Everything was be-

She trailed her fingers in the water, lost in thought.
"It was strange," she observed presently, "that the day on which I first began to feel-what you had become

to me-should have been my wedding "Those first months here nearly drove me mad—until I was sure the field was clear," he replied. "Then I

"Oh, Alan!" With sudden passion she drew his head back against her breast. "If I lost you—my husband

He turned in her arms, and pressed his lips to ber soft neck.

"Barbara! It means-all that-to you, at last?" They stayed in the boat until dark-

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oars he had fashioned, and paddled

Silence fell upon them as they neared the shore. It was the hour when ex-terior things diminished to nothingness, and the Big Things were too vast for conversation. He beached the boat, then slipped his arm around the girl and drew her toward the hut. "Our wedding night, Barbara," he whispered.

Her feet lingered a little, and she paused now and then to admire beauties of scent or sound; the rising moon showed her face tremulous. Outside the dark but, she drew herself free, turning toward the sea as though loath to leave it. It seemed as though she were silently bidding farewell to some her stood motionless, his eyes on her averted head, silently waiting, making

no attempt to touch her. . . . . At last, slowly, she turned and held out her hands. He took them close

"Come, my dearest," he said.

Six months, when you live in an earthly paradise, are but a flash of vivid light in a sky which is always blue. These two had crossed their looming mountains and arrived at the valley upon the other side; and they found it fair and shining, full of the

songs of birds. The days sped by, each seeming to exceed in beauty its predecessor. There was no need now to fill each moment with arduous, thankless toll. All walls and divisions were down. When Alan. with a few slashing cuts, severed the o partition in their sleeping hut, it had been symbolic.

"There!" he exclaimed, his foot upon the canes strewing the floor. more twos. Everything's one."

"One!" she breathed, renouncing, with the outward surrender of her only privacy, all the private strong-holds of her nature. But the look she gave him was no longer elusive. It was steadfast, shining, exultant.

In the wilderness Barbara had found the "hidden want": the love which, with all its many far-reaching subkeys, can alone tune the extraordinary cosmology, called life into any sem blance of a harmonious whole. . .

Sometimes they played ridiculous games upon the sand, gambling with the money lying useless in their lug-They hunted, fished, worked, bathed

together. And, during these months, each learned much, which was accumulated and stored within their Their clothes were in rags, but they

made fun of the matter. Alan clung to his old razor, and Barbara to her

"After all," she said, "we can cover ourselves in reed matting. Provided you don't grow a beard, I can face anything." Six months of perfect happiness

It was against all the rules of fate; but even fate seemed to have cast off these two for a time. For some reatiful, and human beings placed in it without any choice. But the attainment, much less the possession, of permanent bliss therein has not been

At the end of six months, the first ominous cloud appeared. Chimabahol the native chief, fell ill and died. Sabooma became head of the tribe.

No care or pity for his fellows per-

meated the hide of brutality encasing Babooma. All the worst instincts of the savage, held in check by the old chief under Croft's influence, now rose to the surface. His own adherents, impatient of restraints, halled him ment became at once more evident: murmuring dissatisfaction upon one side, threats and tortures upon the

The white man's popularity had increased with the increase of health, cleanliness and industry among the natives. Now he took full advantage of it, and only his continuous intervention maintained order. The position, however, was fraught with dan ger. To continue to inspire a semisuperstitious fear after more than eighteen months was in itself a pre carious task, only achieved by the weight of his own personality. Furbooma's personal hatred. From Roowa he had learned of the chief's mania for women, and women were scarce in the tribe. White women no longer offended the black men's instincts.

At present vivid memories of a wounded shoulder, blue devils hissing from round Croft's hut, the supposition of a hidden white tribe ever at hand, restrained Babooma from defi-ance of a mun tabu. But familiarity and the scraps of education imparted by the white people were gaining upon superstition. . . . It was only a matter of time.

Barbara had quickly perceived that her man was seriously troubled con-cerning the tribe. Dimly aware her-self of the first faint clouds in the brightness of their sky, heralding a possible storm, she sought to hide them, to keep their happiness undis-turbed.

During the following months the cloud grew ever more menacing. Those natives who, fundamentally brutal and idle, had not appreciated their enforced life of industry, quickly de-

By CLIVE ARDEN | teriorated under Babooma's leadership His adherents increased in number, as did his cruelties. There being in sufficient grown women, he seized young girls, almost children, made them the toys of his lusts, and after-ward they disappeared—sometimes, under cloak of religious fanaticism, upon the sacrificial altar to Balhuaka etimes to satiate his own appetite for human flesh

Many times Croft was on the poin of utilizing that last bullet. But with it his influence would have vanished. Natives regard their own chief with extraordinary superstition. To them he is permanently tabu. The next in Only more danger would have result ed for Barbara and himself, and probably civil war in the settlement. These people were insisting on making their own hell, and nobody could save them short of exterminating half their num-

Barbara near the settlement. She said little. She passed long hours with Meamaa and her children, banishing the mental torture during his absence in the radiance of her welcome upon

One night he returned, after stormy day's battling in the south, with his own optimism gravely shak-en. It was, he knew, but a question of days before the threatening mine should burst. The division had widdays ened to an extent which only blood and explosion would, eventually, bridge; it needed but a match to the fuse, and that explosion would come.

Barbara did not meet him as usual. He wondered a little, making his way quickly down to their hut. Supper was ready, but she was not there. He ooked into the sleeping hut, but that also was empty. Anxiously he turned his steps toward Roowa's abode. Meamaa sat outside, suckling a new addition to her family, crooning softly over the little dark form.

She waved an arm toward the east "The great chief's wife went up to the heights long, long ago! Meamaa still watching for her," she said. He strode off up the slope, and the native woman continued her crooning

song.

Barbara was seated upon the rocks where, nearly a year before, the dawn had witnessed their simple marriage ceremony. Her elbows were propped on her knees, her chin was sunk in her hards. her hands.

Alan approached noiselessly, but she became instinctively aware of his presence. He noticed a strange expression in her eyes as she turned to greet him: a far-seeing wonder blend ed with a tenderness which seemed reflected in the smiling, tremulous ines of her mouth.

She silently stretched out her hands, and he took them in his, mystified.
"I wondered what had become of you—" he began.

"I felt I must come here. This always seems a kind of sacred temple, our own. . . Oh, Alan!"

She gazed into his face half-smil-

ing, yet with a suspicion of tears dim-ming the soft light in her eyes.
"What, dear?" he asked, more puz-

She made no reply; but the glory in her face seemed to deepen, radiating toward him. . . Loosing his hands, her arms crept up to his shoulders, round his neck, drawing his head down to her own.

A sudden, vague realization of some stupendous happening caused him to draw her close. "What is it, Barbara?" he murmured. "What are you trying to tell me?"-

She tilted her head back a little, and saw the dawning comprehension in his face. A faint smile flickered

in his face. A faint smile nickered again across her own.
"Can't you guess my husband?"
Instantly he was conscious of the same inimitable tenderness in her regard which he had just seen in the eyes of the woman suckling her child. The same mysterious essence of motherhood seemed to emanate from both. With a muttered cry, his lips sought hers; he caught her close, pressing her to his heart as if daring all the forces of nature, all the venom of savage humanity, to take her from

Suddenly, impulsively, she looked up into his eyes. "Shall you love It?" she whis-

A reflection of her own tenderness showed in the smile which answered her. The glory of the sinking sun illuminated his face.
"Shall I?" he breathed. "My dear

est-what a question!"

Hand in hand they descended the hill, full of this fresh wonder. After supper they sat on the shore in the moonlight, talking in low tones of the future, making wonderful plans...

Both possessed that curious sensities need to negure which compals one tiveness to nature which compels one.

water became caim to offiness.

Barbara was restless, and lay long awake. The strange stillness with its sensation of false caim heralding approaching tempest, revived her premonitions of disaster. When at last she fell asleep, it was only to be tortured with the same premonitions magnified into nightmare realities. She works essuing and subling in Alexander and sublin

arms, and clung to him feverishly,
"I dreamed you had disappeared,"
she cried, in bewildered explanation.
"How could that happen?" He
soothed ker. "How could my bulk dis-

appear? Don't talk nonsense!"

They breakfasted later than usual, and had barely finished when the noise of many agitated voices reached their

Glancing apprehensively at each other, they hurried out of the hut. The sky was leaden, hues of angry orange suffusing the horizon, the air oppressive. From the direction of the palm grove streamed a hurrying, chat-tering crowd of black figures—men, women and children.

Croft's brow contracted, and his lips set. The mine had evidently explode ven sooner than he expected.

Seeing him, a wailing cry arose from the advancing crowd. Weary and terrified, they stumbled forward to the pallsade, where the women fell upon the ground, moaning, weeping, waving wild arms, sometimes adding their voices to the unintelligible babble of the men. To comprehend their mean-

ing was at present impossible.

Presently their talk grew more coerent: he was able to make out its

"We will serve thee, O Great White Chief! . . . Thou art merciful! Thou art wise beyond the wisdom of our men! . . We will work for thee, O Chief! Thou carest not to torture and kill. . . A-aa! A-aa! . . . Thou hast done much for our

tribe. Under thee it will become strong, if thou wilt be our chief. The fruits



A Waifing Cry Arose.

of the earth will grow, the fish leap up from the water! . . . We love thee, O, Mighty Friend of the Gods! We will serve thee! . . ." Thus and much more with a similar bur den, did they babble in their eagerness Commanding silence, he bade one of them explain the cause of this visits

Babooma, it transpired, soon after Croft's departure the previous evening, had worked himself into a passion. Expressing contempt for the white man and his gods, he raised the tabu. Encouraged by his own adherents, he then declared war upon the white chief with instant death to all who thwarted his designs. This set the fuse alight. An outburst of murmur-ing disloyalty to Babooma warred with the usual superstitious fear of him as their god-ordained chief; while their genuine affection for Croft flared up to white heat. To prove his words, maddened by opposition, Babooma seized and strangled one of the men

who dared openly to rebel.

This was too much for the peaceful faction. Secretly and swiftly, they conspired together, under cover of conspired together, under cover of night. While the rest of the tribe slept, they stole out—some eighty-odd, including women and children—and sped through the woods to the north. This drastic move meant a tremendous decision, bound around as they were with a graded governtitions.

with agewas a forlorn, terror-stricken little band which Croft presently addressed. He spoke kindly, trying to allay their fear, feeling a certain relief that the anticipated trouble had occurred so soon. Most of the men, he noticed were fully armed; therefore it should not be impossible to overthrow Ba-booma and, once for all, quell the savage element.

"Whether I can be your chief or not is in the hands of my gods," he concluded with prudent plety; "but rest assured of my protection. Your the long walk through the forest. Let them come inside our garden for safe

He opened the entrance in the palisade. Awestruck into silence, they filed through, their minds full of the "little blue devils," experienced here by their menfolk. Might these not spring up and burn them even now at the great white chief's command in any crisis, to make for open spaces, limities horizons of ocean. . . . It was after midnight when at last they went to bed. The night breeze had died down, and a peculiar sense of airlessness pervaded the island; the water became calm to offiness.

Barbara was restless, and lay long awake. The strange stiliness with its resting outside, kept a sharp watch for any daylight attack. Roows was sent to feed them, Alan went indoors to attend to his store of natives weapons. Presently the excited visitors . . . Presently the excited visitors in the garden, tired and satisfied, fell

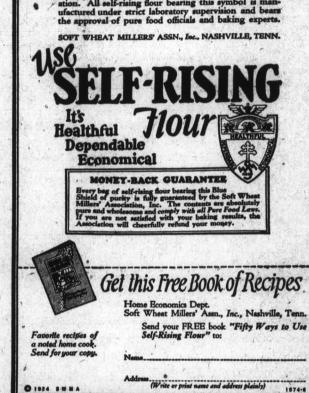
# Doughnuts

A new simple way to make them light and delicious

HERE'S a way to make good home-made doughnuts—a way you'll like because it's easy as well as economical. No matter what doughnut recipe you've been using, you'll be pleasantly surprised when you learn how delicious and tempting are the doughnuts made from self-rising flour,

It's an excellent idea to keep plenty of self-rising flour on hand at all times for such occasions as doughnut making, baking hurry-up cakes, quick muffins, biscuits and the like. Only those who use self-rising flour and know of its purity and wholesomeness can realize how it simplifies home baking, how it eliminates disappointing results and saves time and trouble in the kitchen.

Just one precaution. See that the self-rising flour you buy carries the Blue Shield of the Soft Wheat Millers' Association. All self-rising flour bearing this symbol is manufactured under strict laboratory supervision and bears the approval of pure food officials and baking experts.



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She Understood Heir-Now, don't forget, dearest, that for family reasons our engagement must be kept a profound secret.

Actress-Yes, that's exactly what

Dubious

'Tis said that every man finds his own level, yet we all know fellows who don't come up to the mark.—Boston Transcript.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dan-druff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white

Many of Them Do

hands.—Advertisement.

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His Limitation

"I would do anything in my power to prove my love for your daughter Would you support her?" "My dear sir, I said anything in my



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