

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels, and Comfort Stomach, too

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and breath, your stomach is probably "screaming the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin to save your touchy stomach from further distress. For years, many Doctors have used pepsin compounds as vehicles, or carriers to make other medicines agreeable to your stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative-Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna at your druggist today. Try one laxative that comforts your stomach, too.

In Silence
Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule.—Carlyle.

FOR HEAD COLDS

Just 2 drops Penetro Nose Drops will instantly start your nose open—way out of cold-stuffed misery. Remember, free and easy breathing takes the kick out of head colds—helps cut down the time these colds hang on. So, for extra, added freedom from colds this winter—head off head colds' misery with genuine Penetro Nose Drops.

Join in Hand
Then join in hand, brave Americans all!
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
—John Dickinson.

THIN WOMEN LOOK TOO OLD

Women needing the Vitamin B Complex and Iron of Vinol to stimulate appetite will see what a difference a few lively pounds make in filling out sunken hollows and skinny limbs. Get pleasant tasting Vinol.

Agreeable
Prof. Bjorn—Mr. Dzudi, what is your idea of civilization?
Dzudi—It's a good idea, Prof., and I think somebody ought to start it.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN 38-52 yrs. old NEED THIS ADVICE!!

Thousands of women are helped to go smiling thru distress peculiar to women—caused by this period in life—with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years. Pinkham's Compound—made especially for women—has helped thousands to relieve such weak, nervous feelings due to this functional disturbance. Try it!

One Science a Genius
One science only will one genius sit, so vast is art, so narrow human wit.—Pope.

BLACKMAN'S

for—

- PERFORMANCE
- CONDITION
- HEALTH

Deep Blackman's Lick-A-Brick in the feed trough. Stock do the rest. No drenching. No dosing. Animals keep in healthy working condition. Nature's way.

"STOCK LICK IT—STOCK LIKE IT!"
SOLD by leading Stock Dealers
ONE PRICE 25c
If there is no Dealer near you, write direct to
BLACKMAN STOCK MEDICINE CO.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.
LICK-A-BRICK

MERCHANTS

•Your Advertising Dollar
buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons.

LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT

Hawk in the Wind

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER © D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO. W-N-U-Service

CHAPTER XVII—Continued

"It's a trick!" Virgie cried. "Tom wouldn't sign away his stock. He didn't know what he was signing. He told me so. You tricked him—a helpless old man—in prison!"

"I assure you, Mrs. Morgan, that every document was carefully read to Mr. Pruitt."

"What of it? He wouldn't understand. He was scared and numb—you can scare Tom to death with a legal paper. You tricked him! He would have killed all of you before he'd give up his stock in this mill!"

"I can believe that. Mr. Pruitt's mania for homicide must be embarrassing to you. But—we do not trick people, Mrs. Morgan. We find it unnecessary." The oily voice ran like horrid fingers over her. "So, if you will read this order, please? You will notice that you are directed by Mr. Pruitt, as the custodian of his stocks and property, to deliver to me fifty shares of Morgan mill stock, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars par value."

"I won't deliver it. I'll fight you through every court in this country first!"

"Of course, you understand that that attitude is quite futile. We can compel you to deliver the stock, Mrs. Morgan. We can bring an officer here with a writ—"

"Bring a dozen officers—if you can find one who'll serve a writ against me!"

"You exaggerate your importance and your invulnerability, I fear. The stock will be taken to Mr. Pruitt for signature to transfer—"

"Transfer to whom?"

"Mr. Withers has contracted to purchase it, I understand."

"I thought so."

"Look here, Virgie, you're wasting your breath," Wallace put in. "This is all settled. You can't do a thing about it."

"I'll see about that."

"I reckon we'll have to fetch a constable." Wallace mustered pious patience with an obdurate woman. "She's hard-headed. Talk won't be any use. She keeps it in that safe—"

"How do you know where I keep it?" Virgie flashed at him. "I suppose you've got some more spies on my pay-roll? Your Mr. Daniels has done pretty well. I suppose you set those fires yourself?"

"You are being very unreasonable, Mrs. Morgan," soothed the lawyer. "We are being very lenient with Mr. Pruitt. My client has been permanently injured without justification or excuse—"

"You might as well hush," declared Withers patiently. "Come along and we'll fetch somebody she will listen to."

The door banged behind them. Virgie stood still in the middle of the room, still shaking with white rage.

"The thieves!" she muttered.

They would be back presently, with some country constable, who would turn red when she looked at him, but who would drag from an unsavory pocket a paper with the seal of a magistrate upon it, and compel her to open the safe.

A sudden thought came to her. Swiftly she bent and twirled the combination of the safe. The heavy door moved open slowly, and she flung it back and unlocked the inner compartment. Flat, taped bundles of paper slid into her hand. She sat on the floor, turning them over rapidly. All the papers on the Hazel Fork property—she knew those well, she had had them out the day before with Wills. Her own stock in the mill tied in an envelope—she counted the shares. All there. But—that was all!

Twice she turned over the entire contents of the compartment. Then in a panic flurry she pulled everything out—old ledgers, old bills, contracts, and leases. Papers that David had filed, papers she herself had put carefully away; tax receipts, deeds to timber lands, insurance policies, she unfolded each, shook it, opened and shook every book, searched frantically.

Tom's stock—and Marian's—was gone!

But—how—who—

No one but Lucy knew the combination. Lucy and Tom. And Tom was locked in jail.

She was still sitting there, shaking out papers, staring at the empty spaces in the safe when the door opened. She started, then saw that it was Marian who stood there.

"Mother! What has happened?" Marian exclaimed.

Virgie tied a tape with cold fingers. "We've been robbed," she said. "A lawyer came—Wallace was with him. They tricked Tom into signing away his stock last night. They're coming back with an officer to make me give it up. And—it isn't here! It's gone. And your stock—the stock your father left for you—is gone, too!"

Marian closed the door, slid the bolt.

"Mother—get up—and sit down here. You're white as a sheet. You're shaking all over."

"I can't sit down. They'll be here any minute. They won't believe me. Some fool took it, I suppose—some of the sneaks who've been working for Wallace. It couldn't be Lucy—"

"Oh, no—not Lucy—"

"She knows enough to know that the stock's useless until it's signed over. But—nobody else knew the combination."

"Tom knew it. And—I know it,"

"You?"

"Tom wrote it down for me. Mother—sit here and let me bring you some cold water. The stock isn't gone, Mother. It's safe. I took it."

Virgie sank limply into the old chair that had been David's.

"You took it?"

"I took it over to the court-house. To be registered. Tom signed it over to me—a week ago. It's mine. He couldn't give it to anyone else—because he has already signed it over to me. He was going to leave it to me—in his will. He told me so. And I saw the will. He left it here with Lucy that day—when he went up to Hazel Fork. Tom wanted me to have it. So—the last time I went to the jail, he was worrying about it. And—I wanted that stock, Mother—I'm ashamed to tell you why I wanted it. I wanted to control the mill. I wanted to make you fire Branford Wills—and now—I'm ashamed! But—the stock is safe. They can't touch it."

Virgie's hands fell limply. "Pick up that mess," she muttered, sagging back in her chair. "I give up."

"Here—drink this—"

"I'm all right. It's just—too much has been happening behind my back. Even you—"

"I told you I was ashamed. But anyway, we saved Tom's stock. Maybe we can beat them yet."

Virgie looked numbly at her child. David's child—with her finely cut profile, her dark eyes and resolute mouth. Gallant and splendid—and indomitable. Like David.

"So—you own the mill?" she said.

"Are you angry, Mother?"

"I don't know. It was a shrewd thing to do. Your father would have thought of it. I—seem not to think of things—soon enough."

"You're wonderful, Mother. I don't want to run the mill. I couldn't. I'm not wise enough or strong enough."

"I seem not to be wise, either. Lock the safe, Baby—those men will be back."

"They're coming now. It looks like an army."

No one noticed Lucy, coming in at the back door, because so many people were entering by the front way. Lucy's eyes were blazing and a little wild. Her chin had a dogged angle, and scarlet coins burned in her cheeks. She looked younger, lighter, aglow with a sort of fantastic triumph, almost defiant. She pulled out her chair, then waited as the odd procession filed in.

"Mr. Payne," the lawyer introduced the newcomers, "and Mr. Hooper. And this officer, I suppose, you know?"

The shaming constable, looking awkward and on fire with curiosity jerked at his hat and said, "Howdy, Mis' Morgan."

"Hello, Ed," greeted Virgie. "You travel in poor company."

"This here is somethin' I got to do," fumbled Ed. "I ain't so set on it—but you know how things is—"

"Go ahead," ordered Virgie, curtly.

Ed rummaged out his paper. Wallace Withers pulled out his heavy old watch and ran his thumb over the crystal, thudded it back again. Lucy's eyes were big and anxious. Only Marian stood calm, smiling a one-sided smile.

"I got an order here," began Ed, "for some stock—belongs to Tom Pruitt—"

"Go on and serve the paper," snapped Withers, "I got to get home. It's most time to milk."

"Don't bother, Ed," Virgie said, "I know what's in that paper. It won't do you any good to read it to me. These gentlemen—and their attorney—are very astute. They know exactly what they are doing. You investigated the ownership of this stock, I suppose, gentlemen?"

"Certainly!" snapped the man Payne.

"You're just stalling, Virgie—and it won't do you a bit of good."

"I'm not trying to do myself any good, Wallace. I'm doing you good. You got that order by fraud—and I can prove it. That might not sound so well in court—"

"We got it square—Pruitt knew what he was doing. He knew he was signing away his stock—he had to save himself."

"Sounds funny," Virgie's voice drawled. "I've known Tom a long time. He was a shrewd old mountain man. He knew what he was doing most of the time—except when he lost his head because he was being robbed. It's hard to believe he'd sign an order to deliver that stock to you—yesterday, that was?—when he had already transferred it—a week ago!"

"I don't believe it!" barked Withers.

"The transfer is recorded. You can see the record at the court-house. That will be about all today, gentlemen—" Virgie drew herself up superbly.

"No—not quite all," said a quiet voice from the door.

Branford Wills stood there, lean and calm and tall, a folded paper in his hand.

"Mr. Payne, I assume?" he said. "And Mr. Hooper? I have just come from Hazel Fork, gentlemen—"

The lawyer interrupted. "This is another matter, sir. We do not know you."

"I am employed by Mrs. Morgan. My name is Wills—formerly with the National Park Commission. I have been investigating the area on Hazel Fork—upon which I under-

stand you gentlemen, all of you, intend beginning some extensive operations in lumber and pulp wood?"

"What's your business?" demanded Withers. "If you've been interfering up there, Virgie Morgan—"

"Mrs. Morgan has not been interfering," Wills said. "Mrs. Morgan knows nothing about this. I happen to be a government cartographer, formerly, as I have said, with the Park Commission. I made the road maps for that area. There has been, evidently, some confusion and delay in surveys and condemnation suits—owing to the confused condition of the title to the land—a condition you gentlemen were very quick to take advantage of, but—I would not advise you to begin timbering operations on that land, gentlemen—now or ever!"

"You're very smart, young fellow," snapped the man Hooper, "but I happen to have a court order that allows me to timber that area to satisfy my claims and those of my associates. Do you think I'd be fool enough to invest money in a proposition like that if I didn't know what I was doing?"

"Unfortunately," Wills smiled a slow, dry smile, "I do not know what sort of a fool you are, Mr. Hooper, I am merely advising you

to leave. He didn't do it. He was a fool—but he isn't crooked. I locked him up. Shall I let him out, Mrs. Morgan?"

Virgie's smile crinkled her face and she burst into a sudden laugh.

"No—don't let him out, Lucy. Keep him there till he realizes what a grand girl you are. Keep him there till he melts."

Lucy smiled and it was as though a candle had been lighted behind her eyes.

"I think he's—melting, Mrs. Morgan!"

"It's raining," Marian said suddenly aloud. "Rain and sleet. I'd better take you home, Mother—it's going to be a dreadful night."

And then the telephone rang. Marian answered it, said, "Mother!" faintly, handed the instrument to Virgie, the color draining out of her face.

Virgie barked, "What did you say, how? Who came there? You say he took your gun?"

She hung up slowly, sitting rigid and aghast.

"Tom has escaped!"

"When? How? How could he?"

"Lon says he got away thirty minutes ago. They don't know how. He took Lon's gun."

"But—he'll freeze—on a night like this! We'll have to find him, Mother—"

"Yes—we'll have to find him." Virgie looked at Wills. "Lon says that Wallace Withers was over there today. Tom has found out who it is that has been plotting to ruin us. He's a mountain man—"

"We'll go," Wills said. "They'll look for him, of course?"

"Lon said he was sending some of the boys out. They won't know where to go. I know where Tom will go." Virgie's face was heavy with trouble as she twisted into her heavy coat.

"I'm going, too," Marian said abruptly.

"It's going to be an ugly night," Virgie objected. "You'd better go home before it freezes."

"Mother—I'm going. Tell Frank to put the chains on."

"Wrap yourself up then. Lucy, you stay here by the phone. If Lon calls tell him we're out on a hunt—if we find Tom we'll bring him in."

Wills drove and Marian huddled in the middle of the single seat of Virgie's old car. Freezing rain spatted on the roof, coated the windshield. The light failed with the swift completeness of mountain night. Wills got out to scrub the windshield clean. The wheels slewed on the curves in spite of the chains and Virgie's profile, against the dim light, was granite and grim.

"Drive on," she said. "I'll tell you when to turn."

"He wouldn't take the road, Mother," Marian worried. "And even if we met him we couldn't see him."

"Drive on," said Virgie, flatly.

They passed a looming mill and a curve where a waterfall came down, roaring and splashing under a high bridge.

"Left—at the next road," said Virgie.

"Mother—" an edge of panic was in Marian's voice. "You don't think—"

"I know!" said Virgie, soberly.

"They were over there—Wallace and the others. Tom didn't know before who was working against us—but now he knows. Take it slow, Wills—this road is dirt and it'll be slippery."

"It's freezing a little. The chains hold. I can go faster if it won't make you nervous."

Marian huddled, small and frightened, under Branford Wills' elbow, her head in a snug beret, scarcely reaching his shoulder. Once he looked around and gave her a scrap of smile, in the dim light from the dash, but she was looking solemnly and searchingly ahead.

"How awful—to be wandering around in the hills on a night like this!" she said. "Poor old Tom!"

"I know how awful it can be," Wills agreed. "I had two nights of it. There's so much sky and black air and empty wind and savage dark around you—and you feel a sort of hatred in it—as though it would kill you if it could. And the branches reach out and snatch and almost snarl—and boulders and roots trip you up—and the wind gathers up handfuls of ice and flings them in your face."

"And you were lost!" said Marian in a small, frail voice.

He looked down at her. "I'm still lost," he said, levelly.

Virgie cleared her throat. "I'm here," she reminded them, "but I'm old and my hearing isn't what it used to be."

"Tom wouldn't be lost." Marian essayed the commonplace again.

"He knows his way anywhere in these mountains—no matter how dark it might be."

The river was alongside now, dark and noisy and hidden by the whirling dash of sleety rain. Trees hung low, and the darkness grew thicker; it brooded and was hostile and fearsome. Marian clutched a sleeve and laid her face against it. Wind shook the old car fiercely, but the wheels dug and spun and plowed on. Once a frightened rabbit leaped through the darting steel rods of the rain, its eyes green and terrified. Ice was glassy on the hood, the windshield wiper gouged a feeble arc and then failed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Things to do

Pattern No. 2588

EVERYONE'S favorite, these modern, easy-to-do designs. Embroider them on towel or pillow case and let your needlework score a hit.

Pattern 2588 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs averaging 4½ by 6½ inches; color schemes; materials required; illustrations of stitches. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
Address

INDIGESTION

may affect the heart

Gas trapped in the stomach or gut may act like a hair-trigger on the heart. At the first sign of distress smart men and women depend on Doan's Tablets to get gas free. No laxative but made of the fastest-acting medicine known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST DOAN'S TABLET gives relief, get more. Doan's Tablets to use and receive DOAN'S Money Back. 25c.

A Good Name
Good name, in man or woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls—Who steals my purse steals trash; but he that fishes from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.—Shakespeare.

Why Suffer?
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

Brings Blessed Relief
RHEUMATISM NEURITIS LUMBAGO

Courage and Faith
There is a courage which is only another name for faith. Many a battle is lost before the soldier leaves his tent. The first step to victory is to believe that the battle need not be lost at all.—Hugh Black.

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

WNU-7 8-41

For His Comfort
Stranger (savagely)—You're sitting on my hat, sir!
Old Gentleman—So I feel, sir! And I hope in the future you will wear soft hats, and not these hard-brimmed abominations.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wise. Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by a careful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS