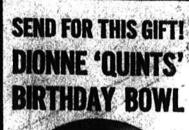
Forty sates as well as the Dis-rict of Columbia and the United state federal government have a lead penalty for murder. In North akota, Rhode Island and some other states where life imprisonment is the penalty for murder, death by hanging is inflicted if a person kills somebody else while serving a life term. In some of the capital punishment states the jury has the right to fix the penalty at life imprisonment, by recommending mercy.





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sor mouth acidity).

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SYNOPSIS

10-V

The future of the still youthful and omely "Widder" Marcia Howe, recently released by death from her idling hus-band, is a conversational tit-bit among housewives of the little hamlet of Wilton. Eligible bachelors and widow-ers also are interested. Marcia is lonely, and has invited her late husband's niece, Sylvia Hayden, whom she had never seen, to visit her. A stranger, on the verge of exhaustion, finds his way to Marcia's home. Secretly, he asks Marcia to hide a package contain-ing jewelry. She does so, Elisha Winslow, town sheriff, brings news of a jewel robbery nearby. The stranger gives his name as Stanley Heath. Sylvia, by chance, discovers the jewels, and naturally believes Heath is a rob-ber. She realizes that Marcia must have hidden them, and decides to say noth-ing, putting the gems back in their hiding place.

CHAPTER V-Continued

Prince came bounding into the house from some distant pligrimage of his own, almost knocking her down in his eagerness for breakfast.

She glanced far up the shore and saw, serenely rocking with the tide, "My Unknown Lady."

As she whispered the name, she was conscious of hot blood rushing to her cheeks.

How ridiculous! Stanley Heath was simply a stranger of a night, he was nothing to her.

Well indeed was it, too, that he was not!

During her hours of sleeplessness the ardor of her faith in him had, to a degree, cooled. True, she still maintained her belief in his innocence; but that belief, she now realized, was only a blind unfounded intuition. Both the circumstances and sober second thought failed to back it up. The man's impatience to be gone, his/complete silence with regard to the jewels, although perfectly justifiable, did not strengthen it.

Marcia conceded he had every right to keep his affairs to himself. Had he started to confide his secret to her, she would have held up her hand to stay him.

It was the fact that through the dim hours of the night, while she sat at his elbow trying to make the discomforts he suffered more bearable, he talked of almost everything else but the thing uppermost in both their minds. That was what hurt. She did not want to know. She wanted to be trusted; to help; to feel his dependence upon her. Instead he held her at arm's length.

He spoke with appreciation of the his boat off the sand-bar, appearing to consider them tremendously kind—as undoubtedly they were! Still, they had not begun to come into the close contact with him that she had.

Marcia caught herself up with a round turn. Here she was being sensitive, womanish. How detestable! Why should Stanley Heath pour out his soul to her? She had never laid eyes on him until yesterday. In a day or two he would be gone never again to come into her life. She was glad of it. It was better so

This decision reached, she drew in her chin, lifted her head a wee bit and began to get the breakfast

Even Doctor Stetson's arrival and his subsequent verdict that the patient had bronchitis and would take his life in his hands should he leave his bed, afforded her only scant satisfaction.

So she was to keep Stanley Heath under her roof after all-but against his will. It was not a very flattering situation.

She sent Sylvia up with his coffee and toast, and began her usual round of morning duties.

And then just as they were finished and the clock was striking eleven, he

called. She went up, cheerful but with her head still held high, and paused on

the threshold. Glancing at her he smiled. "You look like a bird about to take

flight. Won't you sit down?" She went nearer. Nevertheless she

did not take the chair he indicated. "I see you are busy," he said. " thought perhaps your housework might be done by this time and you might have a moment to spare. Well, I mustn't interrupt. Forgive me for

"I haven't a thing in the world to do," Marcia burst out.

"Good! Then you can stay a little while," he coaxed. "Now answer this question truthfully, please. You heard what Doctor Stetson said about my returning to New York today. I don't want to be pig-headed and take a risk if it is imprudent; that is neither fair to others nor to myself. Still, it is important that I go and I am anxious

to. What is your advice?" "I think you are too ill."

A frown of annoyance wrinkled his "Perhaps you're right. Yet for all

that I am disappointed. I want very much to go. It is necessary."

"Letters, telegrams—whatever you wish. I can telephone or telegraph anywhere. Or I can write,"

Surprise stole over his face, then deepened to admiration. "You would do that for me-blindfolded?"

"Why not? I simply want to help. I always like to help when I can."
"Even when you do not under-

Piercingly his eyes rested on her

"I-I-do not need to understand," was her proud retort.

For the fraction of a second their glances met. When he spoke his voice vas low-imperative.

"Marcia-come here!" She went-she knew not why.

"Give me your hand." Again, half-trembling, half reluctant, she obeyed.

He took it in his and bending, kissed it.

"I will stay and you shall telegraph." was all he said.

She sprang to fetch paper and pencil, as if welcoming this break in the tension.

"I'm afraid I cannot write plainly enough with my left hand," he said. Will you take down the message?"

"Mrs. S. C. Heath." Her pencil, so firm only an instant

"Certainly."

efore, quivered. "Have you that?"

"Yes."

"The Biltmore, New York City." "Yes."

"Everything safe with me. Do not worry. Marooned on Cape Cod with Nothing serious. Home soon. cold. Love. Stanley."

"Got that?" "Yes."

Had something gone out of her voice? The monosyllable was flat, colorless. Heath looked at her. Even her expression was different-or did he merely imagine it?

"Perhaps I would better just glance over the message before you send itsimply to make sure it's right." "Let me copy it first," she objected.

"Copy it? Nonsense! What for? Nobody's going to see it."

He reached for the paper. Still she withheld it.

"What's the trouble?" "It isn't written well enough. I'd rather copy it."

"Why?" "It's wobbly. I-I-perhaps my

hands were cold." "You're not chilly?" "No-oh, no."

"If the room is cool you mustn't stay ere."

"It isn't. I'm not cold at all." "Will you let me take the telegram?"

She placed it in his hand. "It is shaky. However, that's of no consequence, since you are to 'phone Western Union. Now, if you truly are not cold, I'd like to dictate a second wire."

"All right." "This one is for Currier," he said. Mr. James Currier, The Biltmore, New York City. Safe on Cape with My Lady. Shall return with her later. Motor here at once, bringing whatever

I need for indefinite stay. "Stanley C. Heath."

"O. K.," nodded Marcia.

This time, without hesitation, she assed him the paper. "This, I see, is your normal handwriting," he commented as he placed

the messages side by side. Taking up the sheets, he studied

them with interest. "Hadn't I better go and get off the messages?" suggested Marcia, rising nervously. "The station might be closed. Often it is, at noontime." "It doesn't matter if they don't go

until afternoon." "But there might be some slip." He glanced at her with his keen

"What's the matter?"

"Matter?"

"Yes, with you? All of a sudden you've turned easterly."

"Have I?" Lightly, she laughed. I probably have caught the habit from the sea. Environment does influence character, psychologists say."

"Nevertheless, you are not fickle." "How do you know? You know an amazing amount about me, seems to me, considering the length of our acquaintance," she observed with a tantalizing-smile.

"I do," was the grim retort. "I know more than you think-more, perhaps than you know yourself. Shall I hold the betraying mirror up before you?"

"The mirror of truth? God forbid: Who of us would dare face it?" she protested, still smiling but with genuine alarm. "Now do let me run along and send off the messages. I must not loiter here talking. You are forgetting that you're ill. The next you know your temperature will go up and Docter Stetson will blame me."

"My temperature has gone up," growled Stanley Heath, turning his back on her and burying his face in the pillow with the touchiness of a small boy.

Sylvia, meanwhile, had heard Stanley Heath call Marcia and hailed her unt's departure from the kitchen as the opportunity for which she had so anxiously been waiting.

No sooner was the elder woman upstairs and out of earshot than she tiptoed from her room, the monogrammed handkerchief in her pocket.

She had pried out the brick and had the jewel-case in her hand, wrapped and ready for its return when conversation overhead suddenly ceased and she heard Marcia pass through the hall and start down stairs.

Sylvia gasped. There was no chance to put the package back and replace from other sources.

the brick, which fitted so tightly that its adjustment was a process requiring patience, care, and time.

Flustered, frightened, she jammed the jewel case into her dress and frantically restoring the brick to the yawning hote in the hearth as best she could, she fied up the back stairs at the same moment Marcia descended the front ones.

Once in her room, she closed and locked the door and sank panting into a chair to recover her breath.

Well, at least she had not been caught and in the meantime the jewels were quite safe.

She took the case stealthly from her pocket. Now that the gems were in her possession, it certainly could do no harm for her to look at themeven try them on, as she had been tempted to do when she first discovered them. Probably never again in all her life would she hold in her hand so much wealth and beauty. Accordingly she unwound the band-

kerchief and opened the box. There lay the glistening heap of treasure, resplendent in the sunshine, a far more gorgeous spectacle than she

had realized. Going to the bureau, Sylvia took out the jewels, one by one.

She clasped the diamonds about her neck; fastened the emerald brooch in place; put on the sapphire pendant; then added the rings and looked at herself in the gold-framed mirror.

What she saw reflected dazzled her. Who would have believed jewels could make such a difference in one's appearance? They set off her blond beauty so that she was suddenly transformed into a princess.

Slowly, and with conscious coquetry, like a preening bird, she turned her head this way and that, delighting in the creaminess of the neck the gems encircled, and in the fairness of her golden curls.

She really ought to have jewels. She was born for them and could carry them off. There were myriad women in the world on whom such adornment would be wasted-good and worthy women, too.

Then a voice interrupted her reverie. It was Stanley Heath calling. She heard Marcia reply and come

hurrying upstairs.

Guiltily Sylvia took off her sparkling regalia; tumbled it unceremoniously into its case; and slipped it into the drawer underneath a pile of nightdresses. Then she softly unlocked the door and sauntered out. It was none too soon, for Marcia

was speaking to her.

"Sylvia?" "How would you feel about going over to the village for the mail and to

do some errands? The tide is out and you could walk. Prince needs a run." "I'd love to go." "That's fine. Here is a list of things

we need at the store. You're sure you don't mind going?"

"No, indeed. I shall enjoy being out." Then suddenly Sylvia had an inspiration which she instantly acted upon.

"Why don't you go?" she inquired. 'You didn't sleep much last night, and a walk might do you good." "Oh, I couldn't," objected Marcia with haste. "I've a hundred and one

things to do. Thanks, just the same.' "Well, you know your own business best. Is this the list?' "Yes. There are quite a few items, but they won't be heavy. Here is the

Prince will carry it That is his job and very proud he is of doing it. Good-by, dear.' "She's dreadfully anxious to get us out of the way, isn't she, Prince?" commented young Sylvia as she and

'Now what do you suppose she has on her mind? She's up to something. Marcia isn't a bit of an actress. She's too genuine." Marcia, standing at the window watching the girl, would have been as-

the setter started out over the sand.

tonished enough had she heard this astute observation.

She did want Sylvia out of the way. The girl had read her correctly. She must telephone the messages to

the stationmaster at Sawyer Falls, the adjoining town where the railroad ended and the nearest telegraph sta-

She got the line and had no sooner dictated the telegrams than she heard Heath's voice.

During the interval that had elapsed since she had left him, both of them had experienced a reaction and each was eager to make amends.

Marcia regretted her flippancy. It had been childish of her to give way to pique and punish Heath simply because it was proved he had a wife. Why should he not be married? No doubt the absent Mrs. Stanley Heath was a dashing, sophisticated beauty, too, who lived in luxury at the great city hotel to which the first wire had

Heath had been quite frank about the message and its destination. On thinking matters over, it occurred to Marcia he might have considered this the easiest way to inform her of things he found it embarrassing to put into

Instead of appreciating his honesty. chivalry, gentlemanly conduct as she should have done, and receiving it gra-

displaying resentment. She was heartly ashamed of herself. No matter how much it humbled her pride, she must put things right. For tunately it was not too late to do so.

clously, surprise had betrayed her into

(TO BE CONTINUED) Many Lands Sond Sugar

It is usual to think of the foreign source of sugar used in the United States as being limited to Guba, Puerto Rico, the Virgin islands and the Phik ippines, yet fairly large quantities come

IMPROVED) UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY

JCHOOL Lesson

Lesson for November 10 EZEKIEL TEACHES PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

LESSON TEXT-Exektel \$3:7-16. GOLDEN TEXT—Exeklel 53:7-16.
GOLDEN TEXT—So then every one
of us shall give account of himself to
God.—Romans 16:12.
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Prophet Encourages His People.
JUNIOR TOPIC—A Watchman on

Duty.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR
TOPIC—Does God Care What I Do?
TOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT
TOPIC—Individuals Accountable to

Ezekiel prophesied in the land of the captivity. The purpose of his ministry was threefold: (1) To show the house of Israel that they were in captivity because of their sins (14:23). (2) To show that God is righteous in his visitation of judgment upon them (7:8, 9). (3) To sustain their faith by assuring them of their national restoration, the punishment of their enemies and their final exaltation among the nations when Messiah shall reign.

I. God's Sovereign Right to the Souls Men (18:1-4). Every man is personally responsible

II. The Moral Obligation of Sons to

Their Father (Ezek. 18:14-20). While the law of heredity gives the child a sinful nature and when the child arrives at the age of moral responsibility it begins to sin, God holds such responsible for their deeds.

III. Ezekiel's Responsibility (Ezek. 83:1-9).

As a prophet of God certain responsibilities were imposed upon him. There is a sense in which every disciple of Christ is a witness for him and therefore is responsible for the giving of his testimony to sinners. His responsibility is set forth under the figure of a watchman. Two things were required of a watchman.

1. To hear the words of God's mouth (v. 7). The source of the message of every minister and Sunday School teacher is Ged's holy Word. Just as the prophet did not originate his message but received it of God's mouth, so it should be with every minister and Sunday School teacher.

2. To sound the warning (v. 7). After hearing God's message he was to speak it out and proclaim it to the people. A watchman today is both to hear and to speak. The people are to be warned of the impending danger. Failure to sound the alarm makes the watchman guilty of the blood of the sinner.

IV. God's Attitude Toward the Sinner (vv. 10, 11).

God has declared in his Word that unfaithfulness on the part of his people would cause them to "perish among the heathen," that they would "pine away in their iniquity" (Lev. 28:38, 89). In view of this pronouncement some are disposed to say that their case is hopeless. To meet this attitude of despair the prophet assured them that God had no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that his sincere desire was for the wicked to turn from their way and live. Regardless of what their past had been, they were given the assurance that the future was bright if they heeded God's command and plea. No one need to despair because of sin, for God's grace is great-

er than human sin. V. The Sinner's Personal Responsi-

billty (vv. 12-20). God created the members of the race personal beings, giving them freedom of choice. They have moral discernment enabling them to distinguish between the right and the wrong. They choose, therefore, according to the

quality of their being. The following principles govern the

sinner: 1. Past righteousness will not avail for present sins (v. 12). When a righteous man turns to iniquity, his past seeming righteousness will be of

2. Past sins do not make impossible present acceptance with God (vv. 12-15). By virtue of the operation of the law of habit, every sinful act makes it harder for the sinner to repent, but Ged's grace is such that if the sinner repents God will forgive and

restore. 3. Restitution required (vv. 15, 16). The proof of penitence is that, so far as possible, the sinner makes amends

for wrongs done. 4. God's ways are equal (vv. 17-20). God holds man responsible for his own deeds. The child is not condemned because of the deeds of his father, nor can it be said that the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. This does not do away with the law of heredity. Regardless of what one's past life has been, God's grace in Jesus Christ blots out his record and he stands accepted in the Beleved.

Friends are as companions of a journey, who ought to aid each other, as preservers on the road to a happier life.—Pythagoras.

A Mother's Love If there be aught surpassing human

deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love!-De Spradaro.

tremble,-Kossuth.

The power that is supported by torce alone will have cause often to

21 Trillion M to One Double Handful

Life teems in the soft with incon-ceivable numbers and activity. Dr. Charles Thom of the united States Department of Agriculture, in a recent talk to world soil scientists at Oxford, England, said counts of soft bacteria have shown as many as forty-six billions of active organisms in a gram of decomposing plant material. There are 28 grams in an ounce, 16 ounces in a pound. A gardener picks up a double handful of mellow compost and there may sift through his fingers, among other things, a living microscopic host represented by a figure that reaches halfway across the usual newspaper column—21,000,000,000,000.

Week's Supply of Postum Free Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.-Adv.

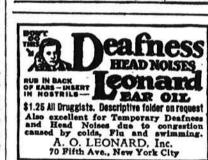
All That Is Dan Daniel Murphy is the nickname of colored tenant farmer at Van Al-Styne, Texas, but when he takes a deep breath he can tell the name his grandfather gave him: Daniel's Wisdom May I Know, Stephen's Faith and Spirit Choose, John's Divine Communion Seal, Moses' Meekness, Joshua's Zeal, Win the Day, and



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Never mind what a good beginning

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BLACK-DRAUGHT

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Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil is made by the makers of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and is sold by all druggists at 30c and 60c with guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

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Be Sure They Properly

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ache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, misera-Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills.

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