

From School Teacher
to Great Eminence

A young man who was brought up on a farm, qualified for district school teacher, then managed to save enough money to put him thru medical college.

Later, he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and today the name of this man, Dr. R. V. Pierce, is known throughout the world. His Golden Medical

Discovery is the best known blood medicine and tonic. More than fifty million bottles have been sold. If your dealer does not sell the Discovery, in liquid or tablets, you can obtain a pkg. of the tablets by sending 65c to the Dr. Pierce Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y. Also write for free medical advice.

Educational Argument

In the rural districts of England, where children have always gone to work in the fields, compulsory education is looked upon with a good deal of disfavor. The Argonaut says that during an election a candidate for parliamentary honors was addressing a meeting of Yorkshire men when he was interrupted by a man who asked: "Art in favor o' childer goin' t' school, till they be sixteen?"

"Certainly I am," said the speaker.

"Well, 'm not," was the emphatic answer. "I'm none goin' to 'ave my lad comin' whoom fro' t'school an' axin' me for money for a shave."—Youth's Companion.

Too great haste leads us to error.

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25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Clear The Pores
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Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere

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Darken your gray hair, gradually, surely and safely in privacy of your home. Used over 30 years by millions. Money-back guarantee. BOTTLES FREE.

At your Druggist

HESSIG-ELLIS, CHEMISTS, Dept. W, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Dr. STAFFORD'S
olive tar

heals sore throat. Don't cough all night—few drops gives quick relief. Never fails.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc.
147 Waverly Place
New York

colds
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EYES HURT?

Don't ignore the danger signals of aching eyes, red lids, bloodshot eyeballs. Mitchell's Eye Salve removes irritation, redness, inflammation, soothes pain.

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BOILS

There's quick, positive, relief in CARBOIL

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

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HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c by mail or at drug stores. Hiram's Cream, Wm. Pathe, N.Y.

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200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

PASTOR KOENIG'S
NERVINE

for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness.

PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE

Write for free Booklet

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.

1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of
PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to the British crown as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London without friends or prospects, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from assassins who had waylaid him. The arrival of the watch puts an end to the affair, and Harry tells his new acquaintance of his former activities as a soldier in the service of the Stuarts and later an official at the "court" of the so-called King James the Third.

CHAPTER I—Continued

I had forgotten my surroundings, forgotten the dingy cobbles of Mincing lane, forgotten the strange circumstances under which I had met this strange person who seemed so intimately versed in my family history. I lived over again the brave days at Foxcroft when Charles had been master and I his lieutenant. But the moment passed, the memories faded, and my eyes saw again the drab buildings of the alley and the odd figure of my deliverer—whom I had first delivered.

"And you, sir," I said. "May I ask how it happens you know so much concerning the fortunes of a plain Dorset family?"

He seemed not to hear me, standing there in a brown study, and I spoke to him again sharply.

"Yes, yes, I heard," he answered, almost impatiently. "I was—But this is no place for discussion. Come with me to my house."

Some trace of my feelings must have been revealed in my attitude—my face he could not have seen in the darkness—for he continued:

"You need not fear me, Master Ormerod. I mean you no harm. I could not do harm to your father's son."

"But you?" I asked. "Who are you, sir?"

He chuckled dryly.

"You know my name," he answered, "and you heard the watch acknowledge my civic dignity. For the rest—if you have spent much time in Dorset you should know a Dorset voice."

"I do that," I assented heartily, "and 'tis grateful to my ears."

"Then be content with that, sir, for a few minutes. Come, let us be on our way. I have reasons for not wishing to invite a second attack upon us."

He set off at a great pace, his head buried in his cloak collar, and I walked beside him, puzzled exceedingly.

Ten minutes later we stopped before a tall, gabled house of brick and timber on the near side of Holborn. My companion produced a key from his person and unlocked a heavy door which opened upon a staircase leading to the second story. The first floor was occupied by a shop.

"Enter, Master Ormerod," said Juggins. "You are right welcome. I hope you have none of the country gentleman's scorn for the home of an honest merchant."

"A beggar must not be a chooser," I answered. "But if I were not indebted to you for my liberty I should still be glad to visit a Dorset man who knows how to fight and who remembers the woods of Foxcroft."

"Well spoken," applauded Juggins as he fastened the door behind us. "So I might have expected your father's son to speak."

"That is the second time you have called me 'my father's son,'" I said. "Prithce, Master Juggins, had you acquaintance with my father?"

"Bide, bide," he replied enigmatically. "We shall settle all that anon. After you, sir."

And he ushered me up the stairs, which were hung with the skins of many kinds of animals, some of which I did not even know. The stairs gave upon a large hall, similarly decorated, and through this we passed into a comfortable chamber which stretched across the front of the house.

Master Juggins relieved me of my cloak and hat and motioned to a deep chair in front of the fire.

"Rest yourself, Master Ormerod. Presently we shall have provender for the inner man as well. Ho, Goody! Art abed, after all?"

"Abed? Abed?" answered a thin, old voice that was inexpressibly sweet, with a Dorset burr that made Master Robert's sound like the twang of a Londoner. "Abed? says he. When did I ever feel the sheets, and not knowing he was warm and safe and his posset-cup where it belongs—which is in his stomach? Abed! Didst ever find—"

She stepped into the room, a quaint little figure in hoddie-graz, a dainty cap perched on her wispy white hair, her brown eyes gleaming in the candlelight, the criss-crossed wrinkles of her cheeks shining like a network of fine lace. In her hands she held a tray supporting a steaming flagon and divers covered dishes of pewterware.

Juggins favored me with a humorous glance.

"Sure, I grow more troublesome year by year, granny," he said as she paused at sight of me. "Here I am come home later than ever, bringing a guest with me. Who think you he is?"

"'Tis Master Ormerod."

"Ormerod? Not—"

"Aye; Master Harry."

"But he is in France!"

"Nay; he is here."

She drew closer, and studied my fea-

tures under the candles that shone from the mantel shelf.

"Is he in danger?" she asked breathlessly.

"The watch were after him when he came to my rescue," replied Juggins. "Yet he came."

She patted my cheek with her hand. "That was a deed which you need never be ashamed of, Master Ormerod, and you shall win free to safety, whatever it may be or wherever, if Robert and I have any wits between us. Sit yourself down, Master Ormerod, and you shall have a draft of mulled ale and a dish of deviled bones and thereafter a bed with sheets that have lain in Dorset lavender. Hath it a welcome sound to you?"

The tears came into my eyes.

"I am happier this night than I have been any time since Charles and I left Foxcroft," I said. "But pray tell me why you two, who are strangers to me, should be so interested in an out-cast?"

"He does not know?" exclaimed the little old lady.

"I have told him nothing," said Juggins, smiling.

"Well, 'tis time he knew he was amongst the right sort of friends," the little lady said. "You are too young, Master Ormerod, to remember old Peter Juggins—"

A light burst upon my addled wits.

"Why, of course!" I cried. "He was steward under my father, and in his father's time before him! But you?"

"Peter was my husband," she said simply. "Robert here is our grandson. When Peter died your father offered his place to Robert. Robert would have none of it. He had the

more sincere they became. I found my leader a catspaw of foreigners, used to undermine England's prestige. His aims were not the good of England, but his own aggrandizement, the furthering of France's ambitions."

"Hast learned that, lad? Why, then, there's no more loyal Englishman in London!"

"So you think," I answered. "So I think. But hear me out. I told my feelings to a certain great gentleman who handles affairs at St. Germain. He cursed me for a turncoat, would have ordered his lackeys to flog me from the palace. I left him—in disgrace. The doors of my friends were closed to me. I thought I would make my way to England and begin a new life."

"So I applied to the English ambassador for a passport. He laughed at me. Did I think he was so innocent as to be blinded by such transparent trickery? Nay, the Stuarts must seek elsewhere for means to plant a fresh spy in England. In desperation then I bought passage from a smuggler of Dieppe, who landed me three weeks since in Sussex. I made my way to Dorset, hoping to find old friends who would help me to gain a pardon; but I was recognized by one of my cousins who now hold Foxcroft house, and he raised a hue and cry after me, fearing no doubt that I sought to regain the estate."

"Since then I have been hunted like a beast. My last shilling was spent this morning. Tomorrow, had I escaped so long. I planned to sell my sword, and if all else failed to seek a press-gang."

"Let us thank God you heard my cries," said Juggins earnestly.

"I do," I said, "and with no lack of reverence, my friend, I also thank you."

He gave me a keen look.

"You call me friend. Do you mean the word?"

"Why not?"

"I was your father's servant," he said, and he said it so that the words were at once proud and humble.

I caught his hand in mine.

"You were his friend, too; and who am I, an outlaw without name or fortune, to set myself above a man who has prospered like you through the diligence of his own hands and brains?"

Master Juggins drew a deep breath and wrung my hand hard.

"You'll do, lad," he said. "My help would have been yours on any terms. But you have made it a glad privilege for me to help you. Doubt not we shall find a way."

"Now get you to bed. I shall have somewhat to say to you on the morrow."

The part played by the inexhaustible riches of the American colonies in the machinations of European politics comes as a revelation to Ormerod.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Timber, Sound, Though Buried for Centuries

Furniture made from oak used by the Romans more than 1,800 years ago in the construction of an embankment for the Thames is shortly to be added to the historic treasures of the Mansion house, says the London Mail.

The timber, discovered during excavations behind King William street, E. C., is in good condition, although it has been buried for centuries.

It is in the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Edwards, a member of the London and Middlesex archeological society, who, with other experts, is satisfied that the find is part of the

first embankment built by the Romans.

A member of the society said the timbered embankment is 83 feet north of the Roman wall, probably built 200 years later.

Whole trunks of trees, piled one above the others, six deep and locked by cross-timbers, were found in such good condition that they can still be used for almost any purpose.

Natural Question

"There are two sides to every story."

"Are you still single?"

Juggins," I exclaimed as the door closed behind his grandmother. "Remember that. And let me not imperil for one moment two friends of my father, who revere his memory as I had not supposed any did, save myself."

He pushed me down into my chair by the fire.

"There is no question of claim, sir. 'Tis a privilege. Do you tell me now of your present plight. Fear not to be frank with me, Master Ormerod. I do not mix in politics. I am none of your red-hot loyalists who would hang a man because he remarks that our worthy king is a Hanoverian by birth. But on the other hand I'll have naught to do with those plotters who fume over the exiled Stuarts."

"The Stuarts went, sir, because they overtaxed the forbearance of a long-suffering people. They might have returned ere this, as you know, had they possessed the good sense to appreciate what their whilom people required. But they lacked that good sense, Master Ormerod, and with all deference I say to you they will never return unless they learn that lesson very soon."

I leaned forward in my chair and interrupted him, the words bubbling from my lips.

"I could not have put neater my own feelings, Master Juggins. When I was a lad not yet of age I risked all I had for the Stuart cause. What came of it? A life of exile that might have ruined me, as it has many a better man. My family's estate was sequestered; my outlawry was proclaimed. I have no place to lay my head, save it be by the bounty of a foreigner."

"Have I secured any moral satisfaction by these sacrifices? At first I thought I had. But when I looked closer I found that I had done nothing for my country. For the Stuarts, yes. But for my country, nothing."

"This made me think the harder, Master Juggins. At the beginning I had taken zest in the plots and plans which were aimed to bring about his restoration to power."

"But the longer I studied them the more insincere they became. I found my leader a catspaw of foreigners, used to undermine England's prestige. His aims were not the good of England, but his own aggrandizement, the furthering of France's ambitions."

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HIGHER THAN
WOOLWORTH BUILDING

Year's Sales of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



MRS. ED. DAUGHERTY
1808 ORCHARD AVENUE, MUSCATINE, IOWA

The Woolworth Building in New York City, which towers 792 feet above the street, is the highest building in the United States.

If all the bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound sold in 1925 could be placed end to end, they would make a column as high as the Woolworth Building with enough left over to extend from Lynn, Massachusetts to Cleveland, Ohio.

In many little villages as in many thriving cities along the route, who are glad to tell others about Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In a recent letter, Mrs. Daugherty says, "I was ill for four months before I took your medicine. I found one of your books at my front door and read it. It seemed to fit my case, so I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after I took the third bottle, I found relief. I am on my eleventh bottle and I don't have that trouble any more, and feel like a different woman. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to every one I see who has trouble like mine. I am willing to answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Ed. DAUGHERTY, 1808 Orchard Avenue, Muscatine, Iowa.

Mrs. Carr Also Helped

Muncie, Indiana.—"I could not get around to do my work. I took treatments and they did me no good. I had always heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and I thought it would be like all the others, but I found out after I took half a bottle, as I have proved it wonderful. I am taking it yet and I can do all my work. I am feeling fine now, and it is your good medicines that have done it. I tell every woman of the good I get from taking the Vegetable Compound and from using the Sanative Wash."—Mrs. P. W. Carr, 721 West Powers St., Muncie, Indiana.

Language in Ireland

The native Irish speak in English or the Irish language. The Irish is a Celtic language, which is now being used by a greater percentage of the people of Ireland. The decline in use of Irish began in the Eighteenth century and the language was gradually superseded by English until 1901, when only 20,953, or 4.5 per cent, of the people could speak Irish. The number of pupils in schools learning Irish is still on the increase.

When Cantaloupe Laughs

A scientist says that vegetables have thoughts, feelings and emotions similar to those of human beings. If that is so, how the average cantaloupe must enjoy the look of disappointment on the face of the person who has just cut it open.—Boston Transcript.

To encourage the rubber industry, the Philippine Islands furnish seed to growers at cost.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of

Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Why Is It—

That the evening you planned for a quiet one is usually a rip snorter—that the day you go to the country it always rains—that all plans made between 1 and 6 a. m. never materialize?—that every time you are taken to the theater you have seen the play before—that after you have given the waiter the order, you always discover on the menu a far more appetizing dish?—that yesterday's newspaper seems ages old?—that you can never remember the singularly brilliant thought that struck you the other morning in the bath?—that whenever you are in a hurry every thoroughfare turns out to be a one-way street of the opposite direction?—that you can never tell what a woman is going to do next?—Kansas City Star.

Poetic Intoxicant

A new intoxicant has appeared in Japan. In the precincts of a shrine at Kameto in Japan the other day a policeman on patrol discovered what he took to be a corpse. He telephoned to the village office for a coffin, which was at once sent, and the body put in. On the way to the village office, however, the corpse in the coffin revived and began to sing and dance, to the alarm of the bearers. It was later ascertained that he was a young man, aged twenty-three, who had been made intoxicated by viewing the cherry blossoms.

A machine to measure the exact color of different kinds of hay has been invented to help local inspectors in the grading of hay.

Genuine

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago

Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and