



The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued

And, standing with legs spread apart in the middle of the paved sidewalk, he read:
"And seeing that the resentment of the Six Nations is so deeply stirred by reason of the tabling of the law, we are resolved that the provincial government shall have authority to impose the duties upon trade goods for Canada as before. And his excellency the governor shall be required to file a complete report of the situation with such addenda, facts and statistics relative to amounts and totals of trade and fluctuations therein in the recent past as may be helpful to their lordships in reaching a final decision in this matter."
"There is more of the same tone as that I read. But I am selfishly occupied with my own interests, Ormerod. Here is a matter which more nearly concerneth yourself."
He produced a large rolled sheet of parchment, imposingly encircled, across the top of which ran the legend:

"A FREE PARDON."
"Twas bound to come," he rambled on. "Do you go within and show it to Mistress Ormerod."
But Marjory had been listening at the window, and as I opened the door she fell into my arms and clung there, sobbing for the relief that came to



both of us with the lifting of the menace which had overhung my life so long.
"I am so happy I know not what to do," protested Marjory, wiping her eyes. "But, oh, see who comes!"
We followed her pointing finger; and there, striding between the ordered house-fronts of Pearl Street, exactly as I had seen him the first time we met, came Ta-wan-ne-ars, the eagle's feather slanting from his scalplock, the wolf's head of his clan insignia painted on his naked chest. His grave face was smiling. His right arm was raised in salute.

"Qua, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go! Qua, friends! Ta-wan-ne-ars greets you."
"Have you any further news?" questioned the governor, alert as always for tidings of his distant dominions.
"Only news of peace. The frontier is quiet. The Doom Trail is closed. The fur tribes are traveling to Albany to offer their allegiance and friendship. The fur trade is once more under control of the English and the Long House."
"We have waited long for you to visit us, brother," I said. "Now that you have come we shall make you stay many moons."
His smile became sad.
"It cannot be. Ta-wan-ne-ars comes to say good-by."
"Good-by?"
"Yes, brother. Have you forgotten the search for my Lost Soul?"
"But she is dead!"
"She is with Ata-ent-sic. Ta-wan-ne-ars seeks his Lost Soul. He has no fear. He will go through Da-ye-da-go-war, the Great Home of the Winds, where Ga-oh, the Wind Spirit, dwells. He will go through Ha-nis-ka-a-n-geh, the Dwelling Place of the Evil-Minded. He will go to the world's end if the Great Spirit will but guide his footsteps."
He would not step indoors for food, but insisted on walking back toward the Broad-Way with Master Burnet and me. At the Bowling Green we encountered Peter Corlaer.

"Ha, Peter," the governor halted him. "Well met, indeed. What hath earned us this honor?"
"I heardt Ta-wan-ne-ars was here," he panted. "I followedt him down rifer from Fort Orange."
"What does Corlaer wish?" asked Ta-wan-ne-ars.

The big Dutchman stammered and gurgled with embarrassment.
"I go with you," he gasped after much effort.

"I go to the Land of Lost Souls."
"Ja, that's all right," returned Corlaer. "I go with you."
The hard lines of the Seneca's stern face were softened by a rare glow of feeling.
"Ta-wan-ne-ars never doubted Corlaer, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go," he answered, squeezing Peter's hand in his. "He would not ask any to go with him because the peril is great. But he will be glad to have Peter by his side. We will take the first boat which leaves."
"One is sailing from der Whalet's Headt wharf," suggested Peter.
"Good. Then we will say good-by here."
"No, no, we will accompany you to the wharf," said the governor. "Where are you from, Peter?"
"I was in der Shawnees' country when I heardt Ta-wan-ne-ars was going upon a long journey alone. So I go to De-o-nun-da-ga-a, and from there to Fort Orange and here."
"Have you heardt aught of Murray?"
"Nien, Murray is nefer spoken of. Der French would hafe none of him. They saidt he sailed from Quebec for der Hafana."
"So are the mighty fallen," mused the governor as we strolled along. "A few short months ago he was more powerful than I in the province. Today he is nobody."
We walked out upon the wharf where the sloop River Queen lay with her moorings slack.

"Tumble aboard, my masters," shouted the captain. "There's a fair breeze and the tide is flowing."
"Good-by," said Ta-wan-ne-ars. "Ga-en-gwa-ra-go and O-te-ti-and will be always in the thoughts of Ta-wan-ne-ars."
"Goodt-by," mumbled Corlaer.
"Good-by for a while," retorted the governor. "We shall be ready to welcome you with rejoicing when you return with a brave tale to tell us."
"Good-by," I called, and my voice choked.

I raised my right arm in the Iroquois gesture of greeting and farewell. Ta-wan-ne-ars answered in kind, motionless as a bronze statue against the dirty gray expanse of the sail. The sloop dropped her moorings and glided out into the current.
In ten minutes Peter's face was a broad white blotch at the foot of the mast and Ta-wan-ne-ars was a darker blur beside him. They sailed on into the eye of the setting sun.
"Tis the very spirit of this land, Ormerod," observed Master Burnet as we watched. "Having finished one adventure, they seek a fresh trial of their resource and daring. Ah, well, 'tis for you and me to take their precept and strive to sharpen our wits upon some homely adventures of our own. All of us may not seek the Land of Lost Souls, but each of us may find a worth-while task upon his doorstep."
[THE END.]

Value of Milk Known From Earliest Times

Cows were the first animals domesticated when cavemen forsook their clubs for rude plows to till the soil. In India the cow has been worshipped for centuries. Sacred cows have been maintained in temples and milk has had an important place in Hindu magic. Milk has been the subject of song and poetry since history began. Canaan, the promised land of Israel, was said to flow with milk and honey. Ovid, the Roman poet, gave milk second place only to nectar, the drink of the gods.
Milk for ages has been regarded as a cure for human ills. The ancients discovered it was a tremendous factor in building up and maintaining the body. This is because milk is an almost perfect food, combining nearly all the elements necessary for complete nourishment.
Modern science has produced evaporated milk which, experts say, is an improvement on the original. By removal of 60 per cent of the water, evaporated milk is rendered twice as rich in food value as ordinary market milk. The sterilizing process through which evaporated milk goes makes it easier of digestion than ordinary bottled milk. This is due to the fact that the milk curds are rendered more flocculent by the heat.

In Little Old New York

A Broadway trolley conductor had listened to a loud tirade against his refusal to stop at an odd-numbered street and was silent until the irate lady was well off his car at Fifty-second street, still scolding. Then he turned to the inside of the car, made a bow and called out clearly: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to announce that the next stop will be at Fiftieth street."—The New Yorker.

The Sandman Story

of Martha Martin

NEWS FROM FAIRY QUEEN

EVERYONE was sitting about in Fairyland that evening while the Fairy Queen was telling them of all the good news she had heard recently.
Some sat upon toadstools, some had mossy seats and some had dear old cozy stumps of trees to sit upon.
"I heard," said the Fairy Queen "that there were wonderful bird sanctuaries in one part of the country and that there were islands upon which these bird sanctuaries were placed."
"Many of the birds came to these islands, among them teals, mallards,



Fairy Queen Interested in Bird Sanctuaries.

blue bills, redheads and canvasbacks, laughing gulls and brown pelicans as well as herons and grackles.
"Societies which care for and protect birds are looking after these islands and the birds know they will be safe there and that no animals will be allowed who will destroy their eggs. It is a beautiful thing for the birds and it is a splendid piece of news."
"Another piece of interesting news I heard lately was that at a big contest rag dolls were voted as being the favorites. Many children voted as to their favorite kind of a doll."
"Many thought that the walking doll and the talking doll would be popular and so they were but by far the most popular of all were rag dolls."
"Yes, the children voted that they liked old rag dolls they could love and

fondle and they didn't care whether they were beautiful rag dolls or unusual rag dolls.
"I've always known how popular Allie Baa was and still is. She is the doll belonging to the little girl who is now a grown-up lady, and when children go to call on the grown-up lady, Allie Baa is at once loved by them above everything else the lady has."
"Oh, Allie Baa entertains so many children every year. They dress and undress her, and even though Allie's clothes are old-fashioned no one minds, for there is something about Allie's dear, lovable, huggable body and her sweet rag face that no child can resist."
"Another interesting bit of news I had to tell was that I heard that chickens could trace their ancestry back generation after generation."
"Yes, I heard that they are among the oldest of creatures known, for there were chickens in the world, almost three thousand years ago."
"But I don't suppose any of the chickens ever stop to think of their family tree and count back how great a grandfather one would be of several thousand years ago!"
"And then I have heard recently of a splendid dog who dove into the water when it was frozen over and rescued a little girl who had walked over ice which was not strong enough."
"How many dog heroes there are in the world!"
"Oh, yes," said the Fairies, "dogs are so splendid. They are always doing wonderful things."
"That is so," the Fairy Queen continued, "for I heard of such splendid things about dogs, dogs who knew every sound of distress a child could make, dogs who cared nothing for their own safety but only for those they loved."
"Oh, yes, I could talk on, it would almost seem forever, about the dog heroes."
"But this little bit of news I thought was interesting, too. An elephant of today—splendid big creature—marched to a table made of bronze, some distance away, and put upon it a wreath of wild flowers in honor of the first elephant who had appeared in a circus in America upon that spot, many years before. The big elephant walked along with his circus keeper but they did not hurry. They took their time and all along the line of march everyone came out to see the elephant."
"After all, that was only natural. I wouldn't miss seeing an elephant, if I could, any time."
"Even though I'm the Fairy Queen with a magic wand an elephant to me is a rare treat to see—always and at all times."
And all the Fairies in Fairyland agreed with the Fairy Queen and they thanked her for telling them the news. (Copyright.)

George Bancroft



Here is a "straight" picture of George Bancroft, the "smiling villain" of "The Pony Express" fame. Bancroft has a prominent part in "Old Ironsides," and his latest is "Too Many Crooks."

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

HOPE

A MAN was once asked for a contribution toward the erection of a monument, to which he replied, "Not a dollar. I am ready to contribute toward building monuments to those who made us hope, but I will not give a dollar to help perpetuate the memory and influence of those who live to make us despair." Tourists in the Alps are able to see below them the shadows of the night while above them the sun is still shining. Pessimism always looks downward into the shadows, while hope looks upward where the sun shines.
The ship at sea fights against the storm. Something goes wrong with her machinery. She is at the mercy of the forces of nature which seem destined to play havoc with her craft. The S. O. S. signal is sent through the air. In a few moments the answer comes that another vessel is coming to the rescue. Immediately there is lit in the hearts of all on board the lamp of hope. The physician enters the sick room at a time of doubt and discouragement. Nature begins to react favorably to his medicine. Hope helps nature complete her task of recovery.
We could not live very long in a world where there was no hope. The worst possible thing that could happen to any person is to be plunged into that hell on earth where all hope is abandoned. To extinguish the light of hope is to meet with despair, disaster and ultimate failure in life. Where there is hope there is life, opportunity, purpose and ambition. Ideals are not abstract things. When hoped for they are half realized.
A man who has no hope in his heart is an unwelcome member of society. Wherever he goes he finds himself not wanted. We naturally shun the man whose presence breathes an atmosphere of pessimism and despair. There is nothing so contagious as energy, hope and enthusiasm. If hope is so important a factor in one's career then let it be cultivated and cherished. The world is so full of beautiful things that we should all be as happy as kings. Light the lamp of hope within the heart. It will always lead upward and on. (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"HYPOCRITE"

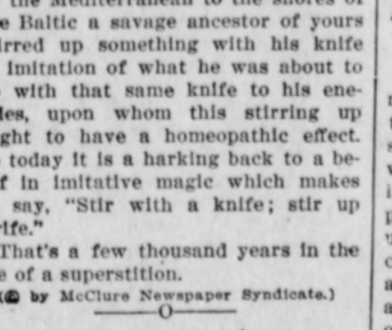
THE hypocrite today may be, indeed, he usually is, a good actor. He may be an artist in dissimulation; but if so, it is a shameful art and one that is looked upon with nothing but contempt. Originally, however, the hypocrite found nothing derogatory in the appellation, for it named an honorable calling and described an artist in the right sense of the word.
The word comes from the ancient Greek, where hypocrisy meant acting a part on the stage. The more artistically a role was performed, the more perfectly a player concealed his own personality in that of the character he was supposed to assume, the greater artist he was acclaimed to be and the more he was lauded by the people of his beauty-loving race. The "hypocrite" of old was the Hamden and the Barrymore of today.
Little did the lovers of the Greek theater dream how their good word would be perverted and corrupted in the centuries to come. (Copyright.)

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

STIRRING WITH A KNIFE

"STIR with a knife; stir up strife." This rhyming piece of old-time superstition is still firmly believed in by a great many people. It is especially prevalent in some rural districts—and is of ancient descent. The superstition has its root in imitative magic in which our barbarian ancestors were particularly strong. Seeing effects only, and ignorant of causes and yet convinced that causes must exist, they adopted the homeopathic doctrine of "like produces like," imitating what they desired to produce.
In those days a man's knife was not a table implement; it was his weapon for strife with wild beast and with his fellow man. In the old Teutonic dialects the word "stir" has, besides its present meaning, that of "to destroy," "scatter," "disturb." In the depths of that vast and gloomy forest which once covered Europe from the shores of the Mediterranean to the shores of the Baltic a savage ancestor of yours stirred up something with his knife in imitation of what he was about to do with that same knife to his enemies, upon whom this stirring up ought to have a homeopathic effect. So today it is a harking back to a belief in imitative magic which makes us say, "Stir with a knife; stir up strife."
That's a few thousand years in the life of a superstition. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



LIFE IS LIKE A JUKE BOX. IF YOU DON'T GET IN EARLY, YOU'LL GET IN LATE. ANOTHER.

What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



WHAT IS SAND?

When old earth's crust began to cool The sand formed a great mass. Its other name is sill-i-con. From it we get our glass. (Copyright.)

Laughter Better Than Complaint and Anger

Some folks have such an exalted notion of their own importance that they stiffen up as though over-starched, to such an extent that they would break if they had to bend in laughter. To such an one poor, simple, light-hearted Charles Lamb went up in the street one day, and innocently asked: "Beg pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" Such a man could not laugh. He could only fume and boil inside, until he burst out in complaint to some one. If we really valued things aright, we should see that very often we ought to let our laughter rise, instead of our complaints and angry passions, when things do not go our way. A bishop of Oxford slipped and fell one day. An unctuous confere leaped over him with the remark: "Ah, Sam; sinners stand in slippery places." "I see they do," said Wilberforce looking up, with a laugh, at him. "but I can't!" Which was a whole lot better than getting grouchy with the unctuous one! What good would complaining have done in his case!—Exchange. (Copyright.)

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Young Diplomat

Mrs. Jones, who was busily sweeping the floor, was bothered by Junior, her small son, until she exclaimed:
"Now, Junior, you sit on that chair and when I finish sweeping I'm going to spank you."
Junior climbed into the chair and sat brooding for a few minutes. Finally he said: "Oh, mother dear, I just think you're the cutest thing."
Of course that saved the day for Junior.

In Danger

"So that quiet chap is in love with Betty. Well, they say still water runs deep."
"Oh, yes. And she's got him in deeper than any other fellow she ever flirted with."
Turned Down
Ann (rather stout)—You want to marry me? You're quite ambitious?
Ted—Yes, I always strive for big things.

All great men are in some degree inspired.—Cleero.

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