

If Back Hurts Begin on Salts

Flush Your Kidneys Occasionally by Drinking Quarts of Good Water

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Too much rich food creates acids which clog the kidney pores so that they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood. Then you get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage, or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin to drink soft water in quantities; also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone can take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby often preventing serious kidney complications.

Warning to Autoists

A plan aimed at impressing automobile drivers that they should operate their machines safely has been adopted at Pittsburgh. Large white crosses are painted on dangerous street intersections of the city where a number of fatalities have occurred. A short distance from the cross is painted a large white figure indicating the number of people who have already lost their lives at that particular spot.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Steam as Fire Alarm

Pounding of steam in the radiators in the home of Isadore J. Abranson of Philadelphia awakened him. He found the house to be on fire. The six members of the family were forced to flee. The water in the heating system boiled when the fire started next to the steam pipes in the basement.

On the Other Hand

"He who laughs last laughs best." "Yeah, but he soon gets a reputation for being dumb."

Throat Tickle?

The exclusive menthol blend soothes dry, irritated, inflamed throats like magic. 5c

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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 50-1928

The Doom Trail

— By —
Arthur D. Howden Smith
Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
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CHAPTER V—Continued

"Ta-wan-ne-ars is your friend, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go. He is not the friend of Ononitio (the French governor general of Canada, regardless of identity), who rules at Quebec. Most of the white people are not well-wishers to the Indian. I am come here with Corlaer to prove my friendship. On the frontier 'tis said Joncaire, the Frenchman who governs the trading post by the falls of Jagara (Niagara) is about to begin the building of a stone fort."

"A fort!" protested the governor. "Sure, 'tis impossible! 'Twould be a direct violation of the Peace of Utrecht."

"'Tis true," spoke up Corlaer. His voice was high and squeaky, and sounded ridiculous coming from such a giant.

"Hath the building begun?" demanded the governor.

"I think not. Ta-wan-ne-ars brought me der wordt at Onondaga. We comend to you as fast as we could."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars came because it was partly the fault of his people that the French are settled by Jagara," said the Indian.

"Yes," replied the governor. "Ononitio and Joncaire first made the Onondagas drunk, and then bargained with them to sell the Senecas' land."

"They had no right to do so," assented Ta-wan-ne-ars somberly. "But now will you believe that Ta-wan-ne-ars is your friend?"

"I believe," said the governor. "But I pray you tell me why you feel for us this friendship? When I came to New York to govern the province my predecessor told me that the experiment of having you educated by the missionaries had failed, that you had returned to the forest, closer wedded than ever to Indian ways."

The Indian's face lighted up again with that grave smile which showed itself with scarcely a contraction of the muscles.

"Yes, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, it failed to win Ta-wan-ne-ars from the ways of his people. Those ways are best for the Indian. But Ta-wan-ne-ars learned that of the two white races the English were the kindest to the Ho-de-sau-nee. (The People of the Long House—Indian name for Iroquois.) The French always have fought with us. The English have aided us. The French pay little for our furs; the English pay much."

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, I think the white man can never be an honest friend to the Indian, for he wants what the Indian has; but Ta-wan-ne-ars prefers the Englishman to the Frenchman, whatever may be the issue."

"Na-ho" ("I have finished.") I can give no adequate conception of the impressiveness with which this speech was delivered by a savage speaking in a tongue strange to him. Every word rang in my ears.

"Who is this man?" I whispered to Colder as he finished.

"He is one of the two war-chiefs of the Iroquois league, both of whom are Senecas. His name, which signifies 'Needle-Breaker,' is actually a form of title which goes with the office. Moreover, he is a nephew of the Roy-an-eh Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, who is Guardian of the Western Door of the Long House. He was taken as a youth and given to the missionaries—with the result that you see."

He broke off, for the governor was addressing me.

"Have you any objection, Master Ormerod, to my acquainting the chief and Corlaer with what we have been discussing?"

I shook my head.

He turned to the Indian.

"The letter which you hold in your hand, Ta-wan-ne-ars, is from Master Robert Juggins of London, who was some time in the province when you were a lad."

"I remember Master Juggins," interrupted Ta-wan-ne-ars. "He sent me my first musket. Is this Englishman his friend?"

"Yes," said the governor. "He comes direct from Master Juggins, recommended to me for use in the plight I find myself in."

"I will help the Englishman," agreed Ta-wan-ne-ars eagerly.

"But you know nothing of the cause I am enlisting you in," protested the governor.

"That matters little," said Ta-wan-ne-ars composedly. "If you and this Englishman and Colder are in it, it is an honest cause. What say you, Corlaer?"

"It will be goodt enough for me," declared the Dutchman solemnly.

The governor laughed.

"My friends and I do thank you for the compliment you do us, Ta-wan-ne-ars. But I must lay our case before you, for we seek your counsel. Do you know that Andrew Murray hath secured the consent of the lords of trade in London to the suspension of the law against exporting trade-goods to Canada? Murray landed this morning, together with a French officer, the Chev-

He stopped at sight of the passion in the Seneca's face. But 'twas Corlaer who spoke first.

"That is fery strange news, gofernor, for on der frontier there is talk that an enfoy is coming to deliver a message to der tribes at Jagara from der king of France. Joncaire is calling a grandt council to meet in der summer. All der Indians from beyondt der lakes and der west vill come."

"Strange news!" repeated the governor. "You may well say so! Murray overrides our law! Joncaire sets out to build a stone fort upon our soil at Jagara; the French king sends an officer, experienced on the frontier, with a special message for a grand council of the tribes."

"All these three events come simultaneously. 'Tis impossible that accident so disposed them. Here we have the first indication of the culmination of the plot. Aye, 'tis graver than I had supposed."

Ta-wan-ne-ars laid down the unopened letter from Juggins upon the table.

"Let some other read this," he said. "But it serves no purpose. This Englishman and Ta-wan-ne-ars are brothers. Corlaer, too, will take the Englishman into his friendship—not because he carried this writing across the sea, but because he is a man to be trusted. So much is to be read in his face. And now Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, I would ask that Ta-wan-ne-ars may retire. What you have told me has clouded my heart with hatred, and I may not think straight."

His right arm swept up in the gesture of farewell, and the door closed upon his bronzed back.

"What hath happened to Ick him so?" inquired the governor in surprise.

"'Tis was this De Veulle who ran away with der dotter of his uncle, Do-ne-ho-ga-weh," replied Corlaer, stirred again from his habitual silence.

"I remember," interposed Colder. "'Twas some four years ago. I remember having seen the maid at a cannah at Albany. She was called Ga-ha-no (Hanging Flower), a pretty child and wondrous dainty for an Indian."

"'Tis a sad story," commented the governor. "Is it certain De Veulle took her?"

"He didt not take her. She ran away with him."

"I wonder what became of her," I said. "'Tis only some three years since De Veulle appeared in Paris."

Corlaer shrugged his shoulders.

"Suppose you find der Doom Trail andt come to La Verge du Bois. Maybe then you know."

"That is exactly what we wish to do, Corlaer!" exclaimed the governor. "Do you think it can be done?"

Corlaer reflected, ponderous as a sleepy moose.

"It will take much time andt money andt then all depends upon der Indians."

"What Indians?"

"Der Six Nations. If we findt der Trail, gofernor, what then. We are harp keepers. They are a strong bandt. We must fight them. You cannot send soldiers. That would be war. We must fight them with Indians. Andt what Indians couldt you get but der Iroquois?"

"Can we get the Iroquois?"

"I do not know," confessed Corlaer. "But if you get them, you smash der Trail."

"I see," said the governor. "Yes, there is every reason why the Iroquois should join us. Look you, Corlaer, this is the obvious plan of the French. With Murray's aid they will cram their magazines with trade goods this summer. They will push ahead the building of the fort at Jagara. Once that is finished, they will have a curb on the necks of the Iroquois. They will be able to hold up the fleets of fur canoes from the upper lakes that now pass down to our post at Oswego, on the Onondaga river. In two seasons they will have wrested the trade entirely from our hands, and then if they are ready they can strike with musket and scalping knife."

"And who, think you, will bear the brunt of the first blow? Who but the Iroquois, whom the French have dreading since Champlain's day?"

"True," murmured Colder.

"Yes," assented Corlaer; "you haf der right of it, gofernor. What is your plan?"

"I shall send this young man"—he laid his hand on my arm—"with you and Ta-wan-ne-ars to spy out the ground at Jagara, to search the wilderness for signs of the Trail, to work upon the Iroquois in our interest. Master Ormerod hath had experience with the French and he knows De Veulle of old."

"When do we start?" replied Corlaer simply.

"Within the week you must leave

Many Firmly Believe in Influence of Moon

A supposed influence of the moon on plants and animals is found mixed with the religious ideas of nearly all primitive peoples. The moon, too, is blamed for interfering in the affairs of men, and such beliefs persist today in folklore and superstitions.

If we get into touch with primitive peoples, or even, nearer home, if we take country folk aside and ask them in confidence what they think of the personality of the moon and of its influence, many will give this sort of answer. They will tell us that the moon, wife or sister of the sun, shares with the latter the duty of lighting the world. Perhaps we shall hear further that for misconduct it has been banished to the night. One is said to see in the full moon the face of a man in penitence or others say, the image of a hare. And we shall be told that the moon affects innumerable activities of man from the

most important, such as agriculture, to the most trivial, as cutting the nails or hair.—H. Munro Fox in the Forum.

Modern Mother and Child
A woman who is so fashionable that she is almost a stranger to her little son decided that it was about time she became acquainted with him.

She read old books about the things mothers used to do, such as singing lullabies and rocking to sleep.

And then, one night, she sent her nurse out and stayed at home, just for a new sensation.

She crept into her little son's bedroom, and began to croon, as she pushed the bed about, "Hush-a-hye, baby, on the tree-top."

The child turned a wondering eye on her, and then said, sleepily: "I say, cut that stuff out, mother. A fellow wants to get some sleep."

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA
MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Comstock No Master of Art of Spelling

Anthony Comstock volunteered to assist in educating soldiers while in service in the Civil war and was assigned to teach a class in spelling.

After the first session he recorded in his diary the conviction that "they can be taught." This was not the only instance in which he exhibited lack of proficiency in spelling.

A year of service in the war left him still with the impression that the men to whose preaching he listened so eagerly on Sundays were "chaplains." Army biscuits he knew as "hard fact," and throughout the long years with the Society for the Suppression of Vice he left the blotter of that organization dotted with "Protestant" in the space in which the arresting officer was supposed to enter the religious affiliations of his prisoner.—Heywood Brown, in the New York World.

Burglar's Luck

Breaking into an office in Bishopsgate, London, England, a burglar had an unexpected piece of luck. His search of the office revealed nothing of value except a key which he discovered in a corner of a desk.

He tried the key on the safe, and found that the safe opened easily. He then helped himself to \$750 in money and a deposit note for \$23,000, and made his escape. The key was a spare one which had lain in the desk undisturbed for twenty years.

Usual Thing

Harry Thaw at a supper party in New York philosophized about a show girl whose extravagance had ruined a young man.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Thaw, "the young fellow had money to burn and of course—it always happens so—he met his match."

Measurements

"Any gold-bearing quartz in that mine you grubstaked?"

"Quartz," repeated Cactus Joe. "There aren't even plints!"

Fan Protects Miners

The largest coal mine fan in the world with a capacity for pumping 25 tons of air per minute, or 1,500 tons per hour, has been built for use in South Africa. It has a blowing capacity of 70,000 cubic feet of air every minute and requires 650 horsepower of electricity. Powerful air control of this type prevents dust and other explosions in mines, besides protecting the health of workmen.

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The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

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