

TWO WOMEN PRAISE SAME MEDICINE

Both Helped by Taking
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"After the birth of my little daughter I was very badly run-down. I could not think of going to a hospital, but grew steadily worse, being compelled to stay in bed two or three days each week. A friend of my sister's told of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done her, and my sister bought me two bottles of it. I had not taken all of one bottle when I was up and able to do some work. I am truly a booster for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and you may use my testimonial."—Mrs. MAYME LYNCH, 1119 Ave. E., Ext., McKee's Rocks, Pa.

Mrs. Hope L. Smith, a farmer's wife of Route 3, Floyd, Va., says she was ill for ten years with a good deal of pain in her side and so weak she could hardly work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped her so much she is telling her friends about it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine.

**Ends
pain in one
minute
CORN**

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads is the safe, sure, healing treatment for corns. At drug and shoe stores. For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

**Teach Children
To Use
Cuticura**
Soothes and Heals
Rashes and Irritations
Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

**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.

Greedy

During a heavy snowstorm I asked a shovel off a neighbor's snow. She agreed to my price, and I set to work. It was evening and when I had but a small piece to finish she told me to quit and come back in the morning to finish and get my pay. That night it snowed again and she had me clean he gave me 150 feet over again before she gave me the sum that I had asked for one job.—H. A., in Chicago Tribune.

**ATWATER
KENT
IGNITION
for Fords**

QUICKER PICK-UP
EASIER STARTING
MORE POWER
SMOOTH IDLING

—that is what an Atwater Kent Type LA Ignition System for Fords will mean to you. It's more than a mere timer, a complete scientific ignition system of the same general design and workmanship as Atwater Kent Ignition Systems furnished as standard equipment on many of America's foremost cars. Twenty-six years' experience in making scientific ignition systems back of it.



Type LA

It may be installed in less than an hour and costs only

\$10.80

Including Cable and Fittings

Atwater Kent Manufacturing Co.
A. Atwater Kent, President
1859 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of
ATWATER KENT RADIO

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

(© by Brentano's)

WNU Service

CHAPTER I

The Fray in Mincing Lane

"Watch! Ho, watch!" The words rang through the misty darkness of the narrow street. I gathered my cloak around me and skulked closer to the nearest house-wall. Could it be possible the Bow Street runners had picked up my trail again!

And a new worry assailed me. Did the cry come from in front or behind? The fog that mantled London, and which so far had stood my friend, now served to muffle the source of this sudden alarm. Which way should I turn?

"Watch! Curse the sleepy varlets!" The houses past which I had been feeling my way came to an end. An alley branched off to the right and from its entrance echoed the click of steel—music after my own heart. The blood coursed faster in my veins. No, this could be no trap such as had awaited me ever since I had stepped from the smuggler's small boat. Here was sword-play, a welcome change from the plotting and intrigue which had sickened me.

I cast my cloak back over my shoulder and drew my sword from its sheath, as I ran over the uneven cobbles which paved the alley. Dimly I saw before me a confused huddle of figures that tumbled and stamped about in the ghostly mirk of the fog.

"Hold, friend," I shouted.

"Make haste," panted a voice from the middle of the group.

One man against a gang of assassins! So that was the story. It savored more of Paris than of the staid London of merchants and shopkeepers over which the Hanoverian exercised his stolid sway.

But I had scant time for philosophy. They were on me in an instant, one assailant in front, an assassin on either hand, slashing with hangers and cut-lases that knew no tricks of fence, but only downright force. Their former prey was left with one to handle.

"Get to his rear, one of you fools," snarled the ruffian in command whilst he pounded at my guard.

But I backed into a handy doorway and barely managed to fend them off. And all the while the real object of their attack continued his appeals for the watch.

"Twas this which spoiled the fray for me. I could not but wonder, as I dodged and parried and thrust, what would happen if his cries should be heard and the watch appear. Would they know me? Or perchance should I have the opportunity to slip quietly away?"

I stole a glance about me. Several windows had gone up along the street and nightcapped heads protruded to add their clamor to that of my friend.

Surely—aye, they had done it. The ruffian on my left leaped back with ear assant toward the alley entrance.

"Quick, bullies," he yelled. "Tis the watch!"

With a celerity that was almost uncanny they disengaged their blades and melted into the fog. Their foot-falls dwindled around the corner as I detected the clumping footfalls of the approaching guardians of London's peace.

This brought me to my senses. I sheathed my sword and ran across the roadway, glancing to right and left for the best route of escape. But I reckoned without the other participant in our brawl.

"Be at ease, my master," he said in a voice which had a good thick Dorset burr in it—I liked him from that moment. I sounded so homelike; I could fairly see the rolling fields, the water meadows, the copses, all the scenes that had meant so much to me in boyhood, even the sprawling roofs and chimney stacks of Foxcroft house itself.

"Tis only the watch you hear. Hark to the jingling of their staves."

"I know that full well, my friend," I answered him, gooselish rising on my neck as the jingling staves and clumping feet drew nearer. "But I happen to have pressing reasons for avoiding the watch."

My friend pursed his lips in a low whistle.

"So, sets the wind in that quarter! Yet you came fast enough to my help against those cut-purses a moment back."

I laughed. The watch were all but in the alley's mouth. "Twas idle to think of running now.

voice, "stand and deliver yourselves to us."

"And who may you be?" demanded my friend.

"No friends to brawlers and disturbers of the peace, sirrah," replied the stoutest of the watchmen, stepping to the front of his fellows. "We are the duly constituted and appointed constables and watchmen of his honor the worshipful lord mayor."

"It would be nearer the truth to say that you are the properly constituted and habitual sleepers and time-servers of the city," snapped my companion. "Draw near, and examine me."

"Nay, sir," adjured the captain of the watch portentously, "do you approach and render yourselves to us. 'Tis not for lawbreakers to order the city's watchmen how they shall be apprehended."

"You fool," said my friend very pleasantly, "if you would only trust your eyes you would see a face you have many times seen before this—aye, and shall see again in the morning."

"However, we will BRAZEN IT OUT."

"Hold, friend," I shouted.

"Make haste," panted a voice from the middle of the group.

One man against a gang of assassins! So that was the story. It savored more of Paris than of the staid London of merchants and shopkeepers over which the Hanoverian exercised his stolid sway.

But I had scant time for philosophy. They were on me in an instant, one assailant in front, an assassin on either hand, slashing with hangers and cut-lases that knew no tricks of fence, but only downright force. Their former prey was left with one to handle.

"Get to his rear, one of you fools," snarled the ruffian in command whilst he pounded at my guard.

But I backed into a handy doorway and barely managed to fend them off. And all the while the real object of their attack continued his appeals for the watch.

"Twas this which spoiled the fray for me. I could not but wonder, as I dodged and parried and thrust, what would happen if his cries should be heard and the watch appear. Would they know me? Or perchance should I have the opportunity to slip quietly away?"

I stole a glance about me. Several windows had gone up along the street and nightcapped heads protruded to add their clamor to that of my friend.

Surely—aye, they had done it. The ruffian on my left leaped back with ear assant toward the alley entrance.

"Quick, bullies," he yelled. "Tis the watch!"

With a celerity that was almost uncanny they disengaged their blades and melted into the fog. Their foot-falls dwindled around the corner as I detected the clumping footfalls of the approaching guardians of London's peace.

This brought me to my senses. I sheathed my sword and ran across the roadway, glancing to right and left for the best route of escape. But I reckoned without the other participant in our brawl.

"Be at ease, my master," he said in a voice which had a good thick Dorset burr in it—I liked him from that moment. I sounded so homelike; I could fairly see the rolling fields, the water meadows, the copses, all the scenes that had meant so much to me in boyhood, even the sprawling roofs and chimney stacks of Foxcroft house itself.

"Tis only the watch you hear. Hark to the jingling of their staves."

"I know that full well, my friend," I answered him, gooselish rising on my neck as the jingling staves and clumping feet drew nearer. "But I happen to have pressing reasons for avoiding the watch."

My friend pursed his lips in a low whistle.

"So, sets the wind in that quarter! Yet you came fast enough to my help against those cut-purses a moment back."

I laughed. The watch were all but in the alley's mouth. "Twas idle to think of running now.

"Oh, I am no highwayman," I said. "Well, whatever you may be, you aided Robert Juggins in his peril, and 'twill be a sore pity if a worshipful alderman of the city may not see you through the scrutiny of a band of lazy bench-loafers."

what you have done. I will then consider whether your belated efforts may overset your cowardice and laziness in the beginning.

"It shall be as you say, good Master Juggins," assented the captain meekly. "Which way went your assailants?"

"What? More questions?" exploded Master Juggins. "Nay, this is too much."

The watchmen turned in their tracks and herded out of the alley like bewildered cattle, all clumping boots, jingling staves, waving lanterns and jumbled wits. My savior removed his hat and mopped his brow with a white kerchief.

"So much for that," he remarked cheerfully. "Now—"

But he was interrupted from an unexpected quarter. The captain of the watch returned alone.

"I crave your pardon, Master Juggins," he began. "But we have been warned to keep a watch for a dangerous malefactor, an enemy of the state, one Ormerod, an emissary of the Pretender who is here on an errand against the crown."

Juggins favored me with a cursory glance of a somewhat peculiar nature. It was not exactly hostile, and yet much of the friendliness which had characterized his manner was gone.

I felt cold chills running down my back. Would he give me up? What right after all had I to expect better treatment from a total stranger, a man who had nothing to gain from shielding me?

"Go on," said Juggins coldly to the watchman, withdrawing his attention from me.

"Why, worshipful sir, there is no more to say. It is just that I thought, the attack being made upon you, a well-known citizen, it might have been—"

"And how should I know this person of whom you speak?"

"Why, sir, that I cannot—"

"Be about your duties, sirrah," interrupted Master Juggins, "and pester me no longer."

The captain stumped off to where his faithful band awaited him, the several curious-minded citizens who had listened to the altercation from the vantage-point of their bedroom windows retired to resume their slumbers, and Master Juggins strode back to my side.

"Is your name Ormerod?" he asked.

"I am Harry Ormerod, once a captain of foot under the duke of Berwick; and I formerly had the honor to be chamberlain to the man whom some people call King James the Third."

"You are a rebel, a conspirator against the crown?"

"I do not expect you to believe me, of course," I answered as lightly as I could. "But I am not a rebel—in spirit or intent, at any rate—and I am not conspiring against the Crown at this moment—although I have done so in the past—and I am at this moment a fugitive from justice."

"Humph," said Master Juggins thoughtfully.

He stood there in the middle of the alley, caressing his shaven chin.

"Ormerod," he murmured. "Harry Ormerod. But surely—of course—why, you are Ormerod of Foxcroft in Dorset."

"I shook my head sadly.

"No, my friend; if you know that story you must know that I was Ormerod of Foxcroft house."

Master Juggins was suddenly all animation.

"I know it well," he returned. "You and Charles, your elder brother, were both out in the '19. Charles died in Scotland, and you escaped with the remnants of the expedition to France."

Word More or Less

A colored man was slowly looking over cantaloupes on the fruit and vegetable counter of a Senate avenue store. The clerks were busy at other counters.

"How much these melons?" the man asked in a sing-song voice none too distinct.

"What's that?" snapped the store-keeper, a bit impatient at being interrupted while he was weighing sugar.

"I said, how much these breakfast melons?" said the colored man, attempting to be more explicit.—Indianapolis News.

A Handicap

Mae—I can't dance with you because of a couple of big stringed instruments.

Herb—What big stringed instruments? Mae—Your shoes—they're always in my way.

**"BAYER ASPIRIN"
PROVED SAFE**

Take without Fear as Told
in "Bayer" Package



Does not affect
the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

Colds Headache
Neuritis Lumbago
Toothache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

The best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.—Goethe.

When
you buy a car
on credit

When you buy a General Motors car on credit, you may be sure that the purchase plan is as dependable as the car itself.

The purchase plan offered by General Motors dealers is another way by which you secure greatest value for every dollar you spend for a General Motors car.

This is the GMAC Plan, operated by a member of the General Motors family. It combines sound credit practice with very low cost.

The General Motors line is a complete line—a car for every purse and purpose." And under the GMAC Plan, purchase may be arranged according to the circumstances and assured income of individual buyers.

Any General Motors dealer will be glad to explain the GMAC Plan.

**GENERAL MOTORS
ACCEPTANCE
CORPORATION**

operating the GMAC Plan for the purchase of

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND · BUICK · CADILLAC
FRIGIDAIRE · DELCO-LIGHT

Franklin Would Have Put Maxims on Coins

The first third of the Nineteenth century was the heyday of Staffordshire ware decorated with pictures. And not the least interesting of this china was the series picturing maxims, proverbs and morals.

Of this didactic china many pieces carried reproductions of "Poor Richard's" sayings, which our great American, Benjamin Franklin, industriously circulated through his Poor Richard's Almanack for 25 years.

The Poor Richard maxims were very near to Franklin's heart, and he let no chance slip to get them into greater circulation. One of his projects—which, however, was not carried out—was to imprint on one side of the copper coins of the new American republic some proverbs of Sol-

omon and other sayings encouraging thrift.

"Diligence is the mother of good luck," and "Plow deep while sluggards sleep" were among those he suggested. His practical and benevolent mind pictured how many a family would read and ponder his precepts as they gathered round the hearth.—The Antiquarian.

Ancient—but Up to Date

An ancient hostelry near Shaftesbury, England, is named "The Listen Inn."

The European cabbage butterfly was brought to the United States about the time of the Civil war.



On the
Road of Life,
Take along the help of

WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING SWEET
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

Wrigley's adds a zest to work and play—your nerves are steadier—your interest keener.

Aids teeth and digestion.

After Every Meal

G141



Leads in Maple

New York state produced more maple sugar and sirup this year than Vermont. Of the large producing counties in the state, Wyoming county stands at the head with a production of 98,000 pounds.

**FOR OVER
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.

Sound Basis

"What makes them such good friends?" "What they don't know about each other."