

Are You "Toxic?"

It Is Well, Then, to Learn the Importance of Good Elimination.

FUNCTIONAL inactivity of the kidneys permits a retention of waste poisons in the blood. Symptoms of this toxic condition are a dull, languid feeling, drowsy headaches and sometimes, toxic backache and dizziness. That the kidneys are not functioning as they should is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Many readers have learned the value of Doan's Pills, stimulant diuretic to the kidneys, in this condition. Users everywhere endorse Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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Yessa
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Clifford—Oh, I see. A henna.

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The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
AUTHOR of PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.
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PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Harry Ormerod, long proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from a band of assassins. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuart cause. Juggins informs Ormerod of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. At its head is Andrew Murray, a Scotaman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' early return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnett, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod arranges to take passage to America.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Why, a war for the right to grow and to flourish, a war for trade. At other times, mark you, nations clash over questions of honor or territory. So their statesmen say. Actually there is a question of trade or merchantry at the bottom of every war that has been fought since the world began. Today we are fighting with France for control of the trade of the Atlantic—and control of the Atlantic trade means control of the Western Plantations, America. We are fighting, Master Harry, with laws and tariffs and manufacturing skill and shipping instead of with men and deadly weapons.

"The country which wins the fur trade will win control over the greatest number of savages. And the country which is so placed, especially if it be England, will win the military struggle which some day will have to be fought for dominion in America. So I would have you feel yourself a soldier, a general of trade, sent out upon a venture of great danger and importance. It may be, Master Harry, that you carry on your shoulders the future of England and of nations yet unborn."

"All that I can, I will do!" I exclaimed.

"Good. I cannot ask more."

He clasped my hand in a wringing grip. "Good luck to you, lad, and write as occasion serves."

He went over the side with his lips pursed as if to whistle and a look of doleful pleasure on his face. Him, too, as it happened, I was never to see again. In fact, I wonder whether I should not have leaped over the vessel's side at that moment had I realized how complete was to be the severance of my life from all that I had known before.

By the cabin entrance under the poop I found the seaman who had collected my scanty baggage. "Where do you berth?" he asked me, pausing at the foot of the ladder-stairs.

"With the second mate."

He opened the door on the right-hand, or starboard, side, revealing a space so tiny that I marveled how two men could force themselves into it at once. Two short, shallow bunks occupied two-thirds of its area.

"Do all the passengers lodge aft here?" I asked him carelessly as he disposed of my trappings.

"All save the negro; he is to sleep in the galley behind the companionway."

When he had gone I curled up in the lower bunk, which the second mate obviously had surrendered to me. At last I must have dozed, for I was awakened suddenly by the strangest of sounds—a woman's voice singing. It was a song I had never heard before, with a Scots accent to the words and a wonderful lilting melody that was somehow very sad and all the while it was pretending to merriment.

I rose from my bunk, and, stealing to the door, set it open, so that I might hear the better. I was so interested in the song and the singer's voice that I forgot even to watch the door of the cabin next to mine where she was singing. And judge to my surprise when the singer's door swung open and she stepped into the passage, almost at my side.

Her surprise, as was but natural, was greater than mine. So we stood there a moment within a long yard of each other, gazing intently into each other's eyes. Her face, flower-white in the dim light that came down the companionway, had a sweetness of expression that belied the proud carriage of her head and an air of hauteur such as I had seen about the great ladies of King Louis' court. Her hair was black and all blown in little wisps that curled at her forehead and neck. Her eyes were dark, too.

"I heard you singing," I said.

She turned and made to re-enter her

cabin. But I raised my hand involuntarily in a gesture of appeal.

"I am sorry," I went on quickly. "I did not mean to be rude. I—I could not help it."

She regarded me gravely, evidently puzzled by the incongruousness of my voice and my plowboy garments.

"You are never Scots, sir?" she answered finally.

"No, but I know Scotland."

A light dawned in her eyes with the words.

"Ah, then you will be knowing the song that I sang! 'Lochaber No More' 'tis called, and a bitter lament of exiles out of their own homeland."

"No, I never heard it before—but I have a brother buried on a hillside far north of Lochaber, in the Clan Donald country."

The sorrow that came into her face was beautiful to see. None but a per-

son who had Gaelic blood could have sympathized so instantly and so generously with a stranger's grief.

"That will have been the great sadness upon you," she cried in the odd way that the Highland Scots have of using English. "Oh, sir, your woe will have been deep! So far from his own home?"

"Yes," I assented; "and he an exile, too."

"An exile!" She leaned toward me, her eyes like stars.

"You will be one of the Good People?"

I did not answer her, too confused in my wits to know what to say; and suddenly my confusion spread to her.

"It is wild I am talking, sir!" she exclaimed. "Never heed my words. Sure, who would be trusting his heart's blood to the stranger that stepped in his path?"

"I think I would trust mine to you," I answered boldly.

She smiled faintly.

"From your manner you would be no Englishman, sir, saying such pretty things without consideration."

"I have been long out of England."

"Then your sorrow will not be so great for parting with all you have held dear. Lucky is your lot."

"You have never been to America?" I asked.

"I had never been out of Scotland until I came south to take ship today. Ah, sir, there is a great sorrow at my heart for the country I love."

We said nothing while you might have counted ten, and in the silence she looked away from me.

"And you go with us to New York?" I asked fatuously.

Her eyes danced with a glint of humor.

"Pray, sir, will there be any other shipping place in the ocean?" I laughed.

"My name," I began—and then I stopped abruptly.

My name at present was William



Ormerod is to be brought to a realization of the treachery of which a man of "honor," led by overweening ambition, can be capable.

Juggins, and I had a feeling of reinsurance at practicing deceit upon this girl at our first meeting. But she saved me from my quandary.

"You will not be what you seem, sir," she said gravely. "That I can see, and perhaps you will not think me indiscreet if I say so much."

"'Tis true," I assented eagerly. "Indeed—"

"But you will be meeting my—" she hesitated ever so little—"my father presently, no doubt, and he will make us known to one another. Now I must go on deck."

And she walked by me with a faint smile of skirts that sounded like an echo of far-off fairy music.

Her father! Who could he be? And then realization smote me.

Plainly, she could not be De Veulle's daughter—or Captain Abbot's. She was Murray's.

Murray's daughter! I rebelled against the idea. It could not be. It ought not to be. What right had he to a daughter—and such a maid as this? 'Twas absurd! Manifestly absurd!

Why, I must hate the man. I had no other recourse. And he had a daughter! And above all, this daughter!

When I came on deck the next morning we were driving down-channel before a smart northwest wind. Murray stood by the weather rail with the negro, who I learned afterward was called Tom, at his elbow. As I emerged from the companionway Tom leaned forward and whispered something to his master. Murray walked straight across the deck to my side, his eyes fastened upon my face.

"How, now, Master Juggins," he said heartily, his hand outstretched, "and did you leave your good uncle—or is it cousin?—well?"

I perceived that he took me for the lout I was dressed to represent, and strove to play up to the disguise.

"Well enough, sir," I answered sullenly, shifting clownishly from foot to foot.

"His good!" he exclaimed. "Faith I am vastly relieved. I have a warm regard for honest Robert Juggins. He has spoken of me, perhaps?"

The question, designed to catch my simple mentality unawares, gave me considerable amusement.

"Oh, ay," I muttered.

"We have been rivals in our ventures, as you doubtless know," continued Murray.

"But he doesn't take it seriously, sir," I assured him gravely.

"Eh? What's that?"

"He laughs about it, sir."

And I giggled at him stupidly. After a moment's inspection of my countenance he seemed constrained to accept the remark as without innocence, for a grim light of humor appeared in his eyes.

"Laughs, does he? Zooks, I might have known it. He is a merry soul, Robert Juggins, and I should like to see him footing a Morris to a right merry tune. Mayhap we shall see it some day. Who knows?"

"Who knows, sir?" I repeated vacantly.

"And you are to cast your fortunes in America, lad? You may count upon my good offices in New York. Faith, I shall be glad to do a favor if I can, for Robert Juggins' nephew—or did you say cousin?"

"I am—"

But he saved me from the lie.

"Ah, here is come one of our fellow passengers," he interrupted.

I turned to see De Veulle approaching us.

"'Tis a French gentleman," pursued Murray, bent upon winning my confidence with his easy manners and glib tongue, "on his way to Canada. Ha, chevalier, meet a young countryman of mine, Master Juggins—the Chevalier de Veulle."

All unsuspecting, De Veulle made me a slight bow, a look of indifferent disdain on his face at sight of my plebeian figure. The disguise was good, and I hoped I might cozen him for a time at least. But no man forgets another who has toyed with his life, and his indifference was dissipated the instant his eye met mine.

"Juggins?" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "Parbleu! 'Tis Harry Ormerod, the Jacobite refugee!"

Murray snapped his fingers to Tom, the negro, who had been a silent witness to our conversation. In an instant he stood beside us.

"Is this the man who came with Master Juggins to the hearing before the lords of trade?" snapped Murray. "He de man, massa."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, massa."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Travesty on Coffee Served by Javanese

Java coffee is renowned the world over—in the bean. In the cup, as served in the Dutch tropical possessions, it is a frightful travesty on coffee, writes Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post.

They roast the bean until it is almost burned, and grind it. Then they let water drip through it or employ some other occult process, and produce a black, thick, acid mixture they call coffee essence. This is served cold in a little pitcher, with a larger pitcher of hot water. The plot is to pour some of the essence into your cup, fill the cup with the hot water and revel in the murky combination.

It doesn't taste like coffee. It tastes like some sort of chemical solution used for cleaning rugs. That is a detail. There isn't a good cupful of coffee, or a cupful of good coffee, to be had outside of the United States anywhere in this world, so why impeach the Dutchman's idea of the brew?

Write Your Own Telegrams
The telegraph service is now being added to the state telegraph system of France and one can now transmit a telegram in his own handwriting to all the leading French towns. The service is not only useful for sentimental but practical purposes, as the courts will probably accept a signature sent by wire as legal.

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Testament Reading Timed
It required 69 hours and 20 minutes of constant reading for members of the First Methodist church at Yucalpa, Calif., to finish the Old and New Testaments, says the Pathfinder Magazine. This is 10 minutes better than last year's time. In 1925 the Seventh Day Adventists in Boston read the Bible aloud in 55 hours and 47 minutes.

Stopping the Flow
Enthusiastic Angler (resuming interrupted story)—Let me see, now—where was I?
Guest (resourcefully)—You'd just finished telling me about a fish you once caught.
Many are called and more are bluffed.

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