

HOW THE PILGRIM MOTHER

Kept Her Family in Good Health

A statue to the Pilgrim Mother was recently unveiled at Plymouth Rock, Mass. Through her we honor every pioneer woman who endured privation and hardships that a nation might live. Shoulder to shoulder with her husband she built a home in the wilderness and reared her sturdy sons and daughters. She cooked and sewed. She spun and wove for her growing family and when they were ill, she brewed potent remedies from roots and herbs—such roots and herbs as are now used in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Massachusetts woman writes: "I was all run-down, with no ambition. I was tired all the time. Sometimes I would be in bed two or three days at a time, and the doctor would have to give me something to quiet me. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I had wonderful results from it. I felt better after taking the second bottle, and I am never without it in the house now. I have told lots of people about it, and they say it helps them, too. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. W. CARRICHT, 2 Hammond Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Retort Discourteous

It is related that George Bernard Shaw, a few days after his seventieth birthday, was roped into a drawing room party of a rather highbrow nature, at which the special attraction was a violinist. Said the hostess to Mr. Shaw, after the violinist had rendered one or two numbers: "Well, Mr. Shaw, what do you think of my discovery?" Replied Mr. Shaw: "I find in him a great resemblance to Paderewski." A painful pause. Then, "But, Mr. Shaw, Paderewski is not a violinist."

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.

Auto Caused Excitement

The arrival of the first automobile recently in a village in the highlands of Donegal county, Ireland, was celebrated as a public event. A holiday was declared and the streets decorated with flags and bunting, according to the Dearborn Independent.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

No Use for Those

Farmer's Wife—Hiram, the tramps have robbed our clothes line again. Hiram—How do you know its tramps? Wife—Because they have taken everything but the towels.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are not only a purgative. They exert a tonic action on the digestion. Test them yourself now. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

At the Clothier's

Clerk—A suit? Yes, sir—what cut do you want? Dad—Cut price.

See through a thing, then see the thing through.

A Nervous Breakdown

Bakersfield, Calif.—"I had a nervous breakdown, unable to leave my bed. I was under the care of a doctor, but was not getting along as well as I thought I should, so I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it is the tonic and nerve that restored me to health. I have never had a physical or a nervous breakdown since, which proves the thoroughness of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in reaching the source of the trouble and then overcoming the condition."—Mrs. Gertrude Higley, 1224 Truxton Ave.

All dealers. Tablet or fluid form. Write Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Cuticura Soap
Is Pure and Sweet
Ideal for Children

Boschee's Syrup
has been relieving coughs due to colds for sixty years.

Soothes the Throat
loosens the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest free from coughing. 30c and 50c bottles, at all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

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 Scotsman, 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 Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod arranges to take passage to America. On the ship he meets a girl, Murray's daughter, ardent Jacobite, who believes him to be loyal to the Stuarts. De Veulle recognizes Ormerod, and exposes him.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Tom doesn't make mistakes," remarked Murray with a gesture of dismissal to the negro. "May I ask you are, sir?" he addressed me.

"I suppose you may," I replied coolly; and with a sense of relief I ripped the bobbed scratch-wig off my head and tossed it into the sea. "Does that help you at all?" I inquired of De Veulle.

He stared back at me, his face all drawn with hatred.

"I knew you with it on," he said savagely. "It became you. Why should a deserter wear the clothes of a gentleman?"

I laughed at him, but Murray intervened quickly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. De Veulle made a gesture in my direction.

"This person, who was in the immediate entourage of the Pretender, abandoned his leader not long ago and fled to England to seek a pardon, repudiated and detested by all honorable men in Paris. But in England his protestations of loyalty were refused, for they naturally doubted the sincerity of one who wearied so soon of an unfortunate cause."

"Is this true?" Murray asked me. "Within reason," I said.

Murray stared from one to the other of us. "Stap me, but I rejoice to see that we may look forward to an entertaining voyage!" he exclaimed. "I had feared 'twould be most tedious. Are you seeking satisfaction from the gentleman, chevalier?"

"I shall fight him when I choose, on ground of my own choosing," replied De Veulle curtly.

"And by no means with small-swords," I jeered.

He gave me a black look.

"You will pray me to kill you if you ever fall into my power, Ormerod. I can wait until then."

"As you please."

He turned and left us. Murray took snuff very deliberately, first offering the box to me—which he had not done before—and scrutinized me politely from head to foot.

"I fear I have been patronizing in my conduct, sir," he observed. "Pray accept my apologies. 'Twas a perfect disguise. And your manner, if I may say so, was well conceived."

"I thank you."

"In short, I find you an opponent of totally different importance. You are an opponent?" he shot at me.

"Sure, sir, that is for you to say," I made answer. "So far as I know at this time we merely happen to be passengers together on this craft."

He laughed.

"I might have known it!" he exclaimed. "Twas not like Juggins to send a humkin to Burnet. He hath been an enemy I might not scorn at any moment. But I must go below now. I have some papers to attend to. And I shall also attempt to induce the Chevalier de Veulle to preserve the amenities of life whilst we are restricted to such confined quarters."

"He shall not have to labor against my hostility," I promised as he departed.

Despite myself, I was taken with the man. His unmistakable breeding, his ready wit, the assurance of power and self-sufficiency which radiated from him and explained, as I thought, his readiness to admit himself in the wrong, all these joined to inspire respect for his parts, if not admiration for his character.

During the rest of that day I made myself at home about the ship, talking with the seamen and their officers and watching vainly for the lady of the green cloak who had awakened me with her song. But she kept her cabin until the second afternoon, when we were sailing easily with a fair wind abeam. I found her then as I returned from a walk forward, standing with her hand on the poop-railing to steady her.

"I have met your father," I said, coming to her side, "and I make no doubt he would present me were he here, so—"

"Sir," she said stiffly, "I have no desire for your company."

I stared at her, mouth agape.

"If I have offended—" I began.

"I may as well tell you," she interrupted me again. "I have heard that about you which will make me have no inclination for your company."

"And I shall ask you to tell me what that is," I retorted with mounting indignation. "It is not fair that you should accept the slurs of an enemy behind my back."

She hesitated.

"That may be so," she admitted, "but you will be willing to answer me two questions?"

"Surely."

"You are Captain Ormerod, formerly chamberlain to King James III?"

"Yes."

"And you not long ago abandoned the king's service and fruitlessly sought a pardon in London?"

"Yes."

"That is enough for me. You are a traitor, a deserter, proven out of your own mouth."

"But—"

"No, sir; there is naught you can say would interest me. I should despise you none the less had you deserted in the same circumstances to my own side. It makes it no less culpable that you deserted from my side because our fortunes were at low ebb."

"But you shall hear me," I protested.

"This is absurd, what you say. You have taken two bare statements of fact and twisted into them the implications skillfully made by a personal enemy. You—"

"Last night, sir," she said cuttingly, withdrawing the folds of her cloak so that they might not touch me, "you played upon my sympathies with your tale of exile and a brother buried in the Clan Donald country, and I was all for sympathy with you and sorrow for your sorrow. You as much as told me you were one of the Good People. You let me deceive myself, after you had deceived me first. Oh, you will have acted unspcakably!"

"What I told you was true! I was out in the '19; I fled to Scotland with my brother; he died and was buried there; I escaped with the remnants of the expedition; I am an exile at this moment."

"An exile! Phough! Think on the honest men can truly say that in their misfortune this day! And you—I could weep for the shame that bore you will be feeling as they look down upon you!"

With that she was gone, and I was left cursing De Veulle, whose treacherous tongue had planted the distorted shreds of truth in her mind; cursing Murray, who must have stood by and listened to it all, smugly amused; cursing my cousin who had put me in such a plight, after winning my inheritance; cursing the men and women at St. Germain who repaid years of sacrifice and ungrudging loyalty with such canards; cursing Juggins for having embarked me upon the ship with the girl; cursing myself for getting into such a false position; cursing the girl—

But no. Common sense came to my rescue then. There was something unaccountably fine about her attitude, something I should never have thought to uncover in Murray's daughter, however beautiful and attractive she might be. There was devotion for you, faithfulness to a lost cause, the single-minded truthfulness which only a good woman can possess.

The twilight faded rapidly, and I found myself with no appetite for the crowded main cabin, where De Veulle and Murray played piquet, or my stuffy berth. I strolled the deck, immersed in thought. I came over what Juggins had told me, memorized anew many of the messages he had entrusted to me, speculated upon the possible turn of affairs. I planned in some vague way to win a fortune in that unknown new world ahead of me, and with the proceeds in one hand and a pardon in the other, return and reclaim Foxcroft from those abominable Hampshire cousins.

With chin cupped in hand I leaned upon the starboard rail in the black well of shadow which was formed by the overhang of the forecastle, and the towering piles of canvas that

clothed the foremast. Somewhere beyond the wastes of watery darkness that veiled my eyes lay England, the home which had disowned me. I—

Without any warning a huge arm was twisted around my shoulders and a hand so huge that my teeth could make no impression in it was clamped down over my mouth. Another arm encircled my waist. My arms were pinned to my sides. My legs kicked feebly at a muscular body which pressed me against the bulwark. Fighting back with all my strength, I was nevertheless lifted gradually from the deck and shoved slowly across the flat level of the five-rail.

CHAPTER IV

A Truce

I came to the surface, fighting for breath, my hands battling fruitlessly at the slimy side of the ship, which slid past as relentlessly as the passage of time. I tried to cry out, but the salt water choked me. Not a sound came from the decks above. The blackness was absolute, except for the mild gleam of a watch-lantern on the poop.

Death was only a brace of minutes away—not death from drowning, but death from the bitter cold that paralyzed my limbs and smote my heart. In the mad desperation of my fear I heaved myself waist-high out of the water, hands clutching and clawing for the support which reason must have denied me to expect.

I was sinking beneath a smooth-running wave along the counter when my fingers came in contact with a dripping rope, which slipped through their grip and lashed me in the face. My hands possessed themselves of it again, and I rove a loose knot in the end.

With teeth clenched I drew myself upward along the rope, thrusting forward with my feet for purchase against the side. Sometimes I slipped on the wet planks, and then I was put to it to hold my position. But after I withdrew my body from the water, what with the urgency of my effort and the stimulation of the exercise, some degree of my strength returned; and presently I was able to pull myself up the rope, hand over hand, until I reached a small projecting structure at the level of the deck to which was fastened the starboard rigging of the mainmast.

On this bit of a platform I rested myself, below the level of the bulwarks, one arm thrust round a tautened stay. I suppose that at the most not more than five minutes had elapsed since I had been heaved overboard, and obviously no one had witnessed the incident, for the deck was as quiet and deserted as it had been when I was attacked.

Who had done it? I accepted as a primary fact the impossibility that it could have been one of the crew. No, I must seek the assailant in the camp of my known enemies, and those immense, twining arms could belong only to the apellie negro. I scrambled over the bulwark in a flash, and crouched down upon the deck to survey the situation. It was one against three—no, four, I reflected bitterly; for I made no doubt the girl would array herself against me. I must have some weapon.

Ormerod is to realize that in Murray he has an opponent who will stoop to anything to gain the ends to which he is fanatically devoted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Swimmer Had Choice of Death or Agony

To be attacked by a shark is, to my mind, one of the most terrifying ordeals imaginable, says a writer in a South African paper. And of all the shark stories I have heard, this grim adventure on the coast of North Queensland is among the most dramatic.

A newcomer swam out from the beach during hot weather to an iron buoy about a hundred yards from the shore. He found that the buoy was too hot to hold, and turned back to the shore—turned and saw a man-eating shark a few yards away. On to the burning buoy he scrambled, dancing in agony as his feet touched the hot surface. The shark swam round, eyeing him.

After a minute on the buoy, he jumped into the water to cool himself. In a moment the shark was dashing

towards him. He returned to the buoy.

This ghastly business was repeated a dozen times until some one on the beach came out with a boat and rescued the swimmer.

Sage Reflection

It's better to be dumb, but with enough sense to get some pleasure out of life, than be intelligent enough to understand higher mathematics, yet too dumb to get any joy out of living.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Uncle Eben

"Education teaches a man to read an' write," said Uncle Eben, "but it can't guarantee to keep 'im from dola' both foolishly."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Furtado Makes Rapid Recovery

Sacramento Woman Suffering From After-Effects of "Flu," Nervous Exhaustion and Run-Down Condition, Recovers Perfect Health. Thanks Tanlac

The experience of Mrs. Mary Furtado, living at 2915 24th St., Sacramento, Cal., should be of interest to everyone suffering similar ailments.

When Mrs. Furtado was only 22, "flu" left her in a badly run-down condition. "I was in such a weak condition," says Mrs. Furtado, "that I couldn't do a thing. I was awfully thin, had no appetite whatever, and was so weak that I couldn't do my housework. My nerves were in a terrible state, everything worried me and I felt some days as if I would go to pieces."

"Tanlac certainly proved to be just what I needed. I not only gained 15 pounds in weight, but that tired, run-down feeling left me completely, my appetite improved wonderfully and the nervousness all disappeared."

"I never felt better in my life than I did after taking Tanlac. I could do my housework and I felt just perfect. Whenever I feel the least bit run-down or tired I always go back to Tanlac, for it never fails to build me right up."



Benefit by Mrs. Furtado's experience. Let this marvelous tonic made from roots, barks and herbs according to the famous Tanlac formula, rebuild your run-down body, drive out pain and poison, give you robust health. Results from first bottle amazing. Ask your druggist for Tanlac—today! Over 40 million bottles sold.

He Remembered

Two children, a brother and sister, had a dispute which ended in a fight. The little boy was on a visit to his aunt's, and, wishing to relate the affair, said: "Me and sister had a fight."

And the aunt asked: "Who whipped?"

The little fellow honestly answered: "Dad did!"

The cynic thinks that a hypocrite is a married man who pretends to feel sorry for a bachelor.

New Wage Solution

Chinese coolies in tea godowns pulled a new stunt in the history of labor movements during their recent strike when they kidnaped three of their employers in China, and taking them to a vacant lot, forced them to sign a bond acceding to their demands for an increase of 10 cents silver a day. More than 1,000 employes benefited by the action.

The soft seat is the toboggan slide to business perdition, and many there be that ride it.



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions over 25 years 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 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacostadt of Kaiserreich

North America Sinking

Scientists say that the North American continent is slowly sinking into the ocean, the rate being about an inch a year. At any rate, however, the scientists say the change is nothing for anyone to become alarmed over, as changes of this kind have been noted with no cataclysmic effect on any considerable portion of the earth's surface since the time of recorded history.

South Converts Own Cotton

In 1860 the South used in its own industries 200,000 bales of cotton, but in 1925 the number of bales manufactured in sight of the cotton fields was 4,000,000, showing the tremendous increase in industrial activity in the South. Last year there were 17,000,000 active spindles in the southern mills against 16,000,000 active spindles in the North. In 1900 there were only 4,000,000 spindles in the South against 14,400,000 in the North.

Sign

"What makes you think Tommy would make a good husband?"

Whoever blushes is already guilty; true innocence is ashamed of nothing.—Rousseau.

Children Cry for



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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.