

## THROUGH ADVICE OF NEIGHBOR

Woman Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"A neighbor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said had helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My work was no longer a dread to me. If I hear of any one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same."—Mrs. BERTHA MEACHAM, 910 Center St., Lansing, Mich.

"I had been sickly ever since I was fifteen years old. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I got on my feet and all my housework and I am in good health."—Mrs. MARRIE K. WILLIAMS, Ketchikan, Alaska.

From Michigan to Alaska, from Maine to Oregon and from Connecticut to California letters are continually being written by grateful women recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Compound is made from roots and herbs and for more than fifty years has been helping to restore run-down, over-worked women to health.

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

Marjorie—"What do you think John said, daddy, when I told him that when we were married I wanted a city residence, a country place, three autos and a lot of servants?"

Daddy—"Well, what did the paragon say?"

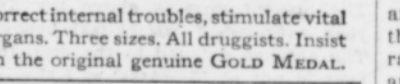
Marjorie—"He said that if I would sleep more on my right side, I wouldn't have such dreams."

Bad dreams are a good sign of poor digestion; when hard-worked stomach begins to complain, the whole system suffers and there is constipation, dyspepsia, offensive breath and similar disorders.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER has been relied on by many such sufferers for the past sixty years, and has contributed to the health and well-being of thousands of users. See and the bottles. At all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

## FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.



correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

## Motor on Roller Skates

A motor small enough to run roller skates has been perfected by a German engineer. It uses acetylene gas for fuel, and is fueled automatically, is water cooled and has a unique ventilating system. Power for six hours, with a speed of from 18 to 22 miles an hour, costs only about two cents.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—Bacon.

If you would have a good wife marry one who has been a good daughter.—Fuller.

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BELL'S INDIGESTION REMEDY 25 CENTS  
6 BELL'S Hot water Sure Relief

## BELL'S FOR INDIGESTION

25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

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Enter the great Liquid Veneer Contest. All you have to do is write us in less than 150 words what you consider the outstanding characteristic of Liquid Veneer, or tell us of an unusual use for Liquid Veneer.

You may win the first prize of \$500 or one of the 1,055 other prizes. Three prominent business men will act as judges. Contest closes December 31st, 1924. But don't delay. Get necessary Entry Blank and full particulars from your dealer. If he can't supply you write us. Don't miss this big opportunity.

Liquid Veneer is sold by hardware, furniture, drug, paint, grocery and general stores.

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## LIQUID VENEER

Have Good Hair And Clean Scalp Cuticura Soap and Ointment Work Wonders Try Our New Shaving Stick.

# The Doom Trail

—By—  
Arthur D. Howden Smith  
Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.  
(© by Brentano's.) 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. Taken by surprise, Ormerod is thrown overboard by the negro, Tom, but regains the deck safely.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

I looked around me, noting that the watch were all ensconced upon the forecastle or the poop. Then I remembered that ranged around the bottoms of the masts were long handbars of wood, iron-tipped, which were used in making fast the sail-ropes. I ran across to the mainmast and tore one from its slot.

Nobody had yet seen me in the pitch darkness, and I stole across the deck to the door which gave entrance to the poop, my water-soaked shoes quite soundless. The door was ajar, and I opened it very carefully, listening to the murmur of voices in the main cabin. Murray and De Veulle were sitting on the bench which ran across the stern, the table in front of them littered with cards. So much I saw when the entrance into the main cabin was darkened by the body of the negro, Tom.

He saw me descending the stairs, and apparently took me to be one of the officers coming off watch. At any rate, he stepped back into the cabin and stood there, waiting to give me room. The passage was not more than fifteen or sixteen feet long, and as I approached him I smelled again that rancid, musky odor—the body smell, as I afterward discovered, of the savage, black or red—which had overwhelmed my nostrils just before I was pitched over the side.

"Twas that decided me. I took a firm grip on my improvised club and, stepping into the pool of light in the main cabin, swung square around, face to face with Tom. He threw up both hands and staggered back with a wild scream of terror, eyes popping from his ashen-gray face.

I gave him no time for recovery, but brought down the iron-tipped end of the handbar with all my force against his skull. The blow would have killed any save a black man. I meant to kill him. As it was, he dropped like a slaughtered ox, and lay in a crumpled heap of tawdry finery on the floor.

Doors banged in the passage, and I stepped to one side, setting my back to the bulkhead, the while I fastened my eyes upon the startled amazement with which Murray and De Veulle regarded me. 'Twas Murray recovered first.

"Zooks," he remarked, taking snuff with his usual precision. "It seems that Tom is growing in the way of making mistakes."

"Aye, and such mistakes are like to react upon others," I replied fiercely.

"If I were a refugee from justice, I should be careful how I threatened law-abiding subjects," he answered calmly. "Well, well, it seems we have more company."

I followed his glance to the passage, where stood the girl, whilst over her shoulder peered the square, puzzled features of my silent cabin mate, Master Ringham.

"What hath happened?" he asked. "Is the negro dead?"

"I think so," I said. "He—"

"Not he," corrected Murray cheerfully. "You know not Tom, good Master Ormerod. He hath a skull on him can be only be opened with blasting-powder."

"It matters little," I returned. "The rascal attacked me above, Master Ringham. I pursued him down here. There is naught more to be said. I will settle with his master."

The second mate looked questioningly toward Murray. I hated to compromise so, but I had not missed the veiled threat he had addressed to me nor his use of the name Ormerod. Remember, I was still known to the crew as Juggins.

I was uncertain what attitude the captain might take if he was told that I was a political refugee. There might

be a reward at stake—and sailors were human like other men.

"Why, that is fairly spoken," rejoined Murray, somewhat to my surprise. "I know naught of the circumstances. Master Ringham, but perhaps I may settle with your friend here. As for the negro, I will attend to him."

"There must be no more violence," warned Ringham, his eyes on me, his words addressed to all of us.

"Violence," rejoined Murray jovially. "Let us reject the idea altogether. Why should we disdain sweet reason's rule? Eh? Master Orm—er—Juggins?"

I bowed ironically.

Ringham nodded and clumped back to his bunk. But the girl stood her ground, her eyes accusing all of us.

"Well, Marjory," said Murray pleasantly, "and do you plan to join in our debate?"

That was the first time I heard her name, and—why, I cannot say—I heard it without surprise, as if I had always known it to be hers. It suited her, as names sometimes express the character and appearance of their possessors.

"What hath happened?" she asked in the same words the second mate had used.

"You have heard," said Murray. She shook her head.

"That is not all. This—" she hesitated—"gentlemen's clothes are wet. Tom does not attack people without orders."

Murray shrugged his shoulders. De Veulle answered her, leaning across the table, his eyes burning with hatred for me.

"You know what this man hath done, mademoiselle," he cried. "You know his record in the past. You know that he comes with us to spy out our plans, to thwart, it may be, what we undertake to do. Is any fate too hard for him? Why should you concern yourself?"

"Then there has been fighting?" she asked.

I could stand it no longer.

"Fighting?" I snapped. "And, if you call assassination fighting. An at-



tack in the dark upon an unarmed man, throwing him overboard to drown as you might a blind puppy, aever a chance for his life!"

"Yet you are here, sir?" she said quietly.

"This only by the intervention of Providence that I was saved—or the untidiness of our captain, who left a rope trailing over the side. God hath protected me against your father's—"

"My father?" she repeated questioningly.

"Well, what is he?" I returned cuttingly. "Mayhap you have some pet name for a parent who practices assassination. Did not you yourself say Tom never acted without orders?"

"But—"

"And, furthermore, if this case is not enough, let me tell you that this man here"—I pointed to Murray; for for some reason I disliked to call him father, even in wrath—"set a gang of ruffians to murder a friend of mine in London."

Murray rose from his seat behind the table.

"Your proof, sir?" he asked coldly.

"Proof?" I answered weakly. "Why, I was there!"

"Aye, sir," he rejoined with dignity. "But your proof that I hired assassins? Could you prove before the captain or any court of law?"

I saw the twinkle in his eyes and knew that he was playing with me.

"No," I said shortly; "I could not prove it. I have no witnesses."

"And you could not even go into a court of law," he pursued, "for you

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Clock Could Do Most Everything but Talk

A clock that showed the motions of the sun, marked the years and some historical events was completed by Felix Meyer of New York in 1880 after 10 years' work and experimenting. It showed local time, the hours, minutes, seconds, the days of the weeks and months, the seasons, the signs of the zodiac, the revolution of the earth around the sun and on its own axis, the movements of the planets around the sun and the phases of the moon. It showed the difference in time at Washington, San Francisco, Chicago, Cairo, Melbourne, Constantinople, Peking, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg (Leningrad). A child struck the quarter hour, a youth the half hour, an old man the three-quarters and death the hour; while Washington rose from his seat and, extending his right hand, presented

are an outlaw, denied benefit of law or clergy."

"Yes," I flared in answer; "and you, sir, what think you might be your fate in New York if I denounce you to Governor Burnet for attempted murder? Would he make use of the opportunity—or no?"

The realization of this trump card I held had come to me in a flash of inspiration. Now it lay face up for all to see, and there could be no doubt it gave my enemies cause for uneasiness.

"I do not think I am so weakly situated as you had supposed," I mocked him. "Aye, you may denounce me to the captain for a Jacobite conspirator, and it may be he will see fit to believe you. You are three to my one. But when we reach New York, and I am brought before the officers of the Crown, I may have a different story to tell. Think you the governor would be loath to implicate a French officer and the man who is leading the fight against his struggle to control the fur trade?"

Murray nodded his head slowly, and sank back in his seat.

"Sure, you are a lad after my own heart," he said. "That was well thought of. 'Tis checkmate—for this present. We must have a truce."

But he reckoned without Marjory. She stood forward in the center of the cabin, passionate indignation shaking her whole figure.

"Oh, why do you talk like this?" she exclaimed. "Are we criminals that we must bargain with a criminal?"

I had not made any headway in regaining her good opinion, 'twas evident, and that must be the excuse for my barbed retort.

"You show unwonted sensibility, my lady," I said. "Sure, no men with good consciences would stoop to bargain with such as I."

"I fear me, Marjory," said Murray gently, "that you have no appreciation of the tangled path which must be trod by those who concern themselves with affairs of state. The good and the bad are strangely intermingled. Sometimes we must consort with those we dislike in order to gain a good cause. 'Tis not we who count, who are but pawns; but the cause we serve."

He turned to me.

"It seems, then, Master Ormerod, that we must proclaim a truce for the time being. But the truce holds good only for the period of our voyage together."

"That is understood," I agreed. His eyes hardened.

"Did you ever hear of the Red Death and the Black Death, Master Ormerod?"

"I shook my head, puzzled.

"You have met the Black Death. You have yet to meet the Red Death. And you may meet the Black Death again," he added as Tom groaned where he lay on the floor.

Marjory shuddered.

"Enough of this," she exclaimed. "Is it understood there is to be no killing on this ship?"

"It is, my dear," Murray responded. "And now I think you had best withdraw. This has been a trying interview for you, I fear."

She looked from one to the other of us, as if half in doubt; and then gathered her cloak around her. We all three, as with one accord, bowed low as she stepped into the passage.

One day followed another and one week ran into the next as the New Venture made her southing and bore toward the new world. We who shared the tiny quarters under the poop contrived to live together without further quarrels. The girl—I called her Marjory in my thoughts—ignored my existence. She spent much of her time with De Veulle, walking the deck with him, reading or playing at cards. I liked to think she did it to provoke me.

With Murray my relations were outwardly friendly. He liked much to talk, and indeed he demonstrated a considerable acquaintance with the great men of his period. But he never dropped a hint concerning the enterprise in which he was now engaged. Nor for that matter did he refer to the emnity between us or the bargain we had made until the day we sailed through the Narrows, the entrance to New York's inner harbor.

"We part for a time, Master Ormerod," he said, coming upon me where I leaned on the railing in the waist of the ship. "Our truce expires when we disembark."

Of the part played by Chance in arranging meetings that alter the course of lives, Ormerod is to be convinced, as the next installment of this narrative proves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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the Declaration of Independence, a servant entered the door and all the Presidents of the United States entered and saluted Washington and passed out through another door.

## Sport With Dragon Flies

One of the most popular amusements among Japanese boys is the sport of catching dragon flies on long poles smeared with lime. When the insects are captured, they are tied with fine string and flown from the sticks. The dragon fly is known to almost every part of the world except the polar regions, more than twenty-one hundred species being classified. A peculiarity of some kinds is that they choose a favorite twig on which to roost and always return to it even after long excursions after food.—Popular Mechanics Magazine

# Children Cry for



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JOIN EXCHANGE CLUB  
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When a flood in Oil City, Pa., recently abated it was found that a motor had been running steadily for 45 hours under 14 feet of water.

**A Hint**  
"Does your sister swim, Harold?" "Depends on who's with her, Mr. Shye."



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