

## If Kidneys Act Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean that you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and clogged. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then get fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of soft water.

### Explaining It

"Brederlin, we must do something to remedy 'de status quo,'" said a negro preacher to his congregation.

"Brydder Jones, what am de status quo?" asked a member.

"Dat, my brudder," replied the preacher, "am de Latin for de mess we're in."—The Outlook.

It's a wise woman who knows half that she would like to know about her neighbors.

**1/2 PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER TO DIABETICS**  
Money Back if Not Satisfied



Raymond Smith says—

"Now No Doctor Can Find Diabetes In My System!"

Three years ago I was rejected by my life insurance Co. because my blood sugar test was 200. I had the best medical treatment known. No help! Then a friend who was cured of Diabetes brought me the Herb Tea that helped him. This Herb Tea was the result of a

Lifetime Study by European Chemists leading to produce

Instant effect in my case—improvement noticeable in 1 week. Big improvement in a month. Now blood sugar down to 90 and I'm the picture of health! Every Diabetic should start right away to drink morning and evening—

**INGRAM'S NO. 11 TROPICAL HERB TEA FOR DIABETES**

Have a Blood Test and Urine Test. Now drink the Tea twice a day for a month—then have a new Blood and Urine Test and—**Just Notice the Big Improvement!**  
No Alcohol—No Drugs

**HALF-PRICE OFFER**  
Ingram's Tropical Herbs  
528 San Jose Ave. San Francisco  
Send me more information without obligation on my part—

SEND TODAY AND SAVE HALF

### Coughs and Colds

are not only annoying, but dangerous. If not attended to at once they may develop into serious ailments.

### Boschee's Syrup

is soothing and healing in every case, and has been used for sixty years. Be the end of the bottle. At all drug stores. 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.

WNU SERVICE

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### PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from 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 him 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' 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 takes 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 in safety. He accuses Murray of inciting Tom to murder him, but of course can prove nothing. A truce is declared until the vessel reaches New York.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

"That is true," I asserted. "There is somewhat I would venture to observe upon, if you will permit me," he continued detachedly. "You are a youth of boldness and courage. You possess intelligence. You may go far in the provinces, always supposing you do not succeed in winning a pardon. I opine that a pardon might be won if you went about it in the right way. There are gentlemen at Whitehall, who—"

His hesitation was eloquent. "And you would suggest?" I asked him, faintly amused as I perceived the drift of his intention.

"Think well before you commit yourself to this venture. You cannot hope to overcome me. Why, the governor of this province, with all the semi-regal powers at his command, has failed to balk me in my plans. My influence is no less in London. If you continue as you have begun you will end, I fear, in an early grave. I say it not as a threat. 'Tis merely a prediction."

"I fear me I should lose your good opinion did I take your advice," I replied.

He looked me straight in the eyes. "You would," he said curtly, and he turned on his heel and left me.

Three hours later we lay at anchor in the East river under the lee of Nutten Island, which some called the Governor's because it was a part of his official estate. Small boats landed us at a wharf on a canal which ran up into the town along the middle of Broad street. From here I had my baggage carried by a waterman to the George tavern in Queen street, which he recommended as being favored by the gentry.

Murray's party I overheard giving directions for the conduct of their effects to Cawston's tavern in Hanover square.

After a meal I inquired of Master Kurt van Dam, the proprietor of the George, where I might find Governor Burnet. Van Dam was a broad-bodied, square-headed Dutchman. He sat in the ordinary, smoking a long clay pipe.

"Der gofernor is at Cabtain van Horne's," he said, and immediately replaced his pipe in his mouth. "And where is Cabtain van Horne's house?" I asked.

"In the Broad-Vay not far oop from der fort. You walk across through Hanover square." I thanked him and walked forth. In Hanover square, which was only a few steps distant, there was a crowd collected about the entrance to Cawston's tavern. Murray was standing in the doorway, Tom on one side of him, and a huge, red-haired giant in buckskin, with knife and tomahawk at his belt on the other. I stared at the red-haired man, for he was the first woodsman I had seen, observing with curiosity his shaggy locks and fur cap and the brutal ferocity of his face.

I stared so long that I attracted the attention of Murray, who broke off his conversation with the group surrounding him, and with a pale smile pointed me out to his buckskin retainer. The man scowled at me, and one hand went to his knife-hilt.

I spoke to the citizen nearest me. "Pray, sir, who is the tall fellow in buckskin on the steps?"

The man edged away from me suspiciously. "I am a stranger in your town," I added.

"'Tis a frontiersman," he replied reluctantly; "one called 'Red Jack' Bollin."

"An ugly knave," I commented. But the citizen only eyed me askance, and I walked on. I was passing through Bridge street, with the leafing tree-boughs overhead and the walls of Fort George before me, when another and smaller crowd rounded the corner from the Broad-Vay—a street which formed the principal thoroughfare of the town and took its name from the wide space between the house-walls.

In the lead came an Indian. He was the first of his race I chanced to see, and sure, 'tis strange that we were destined to be friends—aye, more than friends, brethren of the same clan. He was a large man, six feet in his moccasins, and of about the same age as myself. He stalked along, arms swinging easily at his side, wholly impervious to the rabble of small boys who tagged behind, yelling and shrieking at him.

He was naked from the waist up, and on his massive chest was painted in yellow and red pigments the head



of a wolf. He wore no other paint, and he was weaponless, except for the tomahawk and knife which hung at his belt.

The children danced around him so many little animals. They never touched him, but some of the more venturesome hurled pebbles from the walk at his brawny shoulders. I cannot repeat the catch-calls and rhymes which they employed, some of them too disgusting for print.

I looked to see some citizen intervene, but several who sat on their doorsteps or lounged in front of shops, smoking the inevitable pipe, viewed the spectacle with indifference or open amusement.

My wrath boiled over, and I charged down upon the tormentors. "Be off," I shouted. "Have you no proper place to occupy your time?"

They fled hilariously, pleased rather than outraged by the attack, after the perverse habit of children who prefer always to be noticed instead of ignored, and I was proceeding on my way when I was dumfounded by hearing the Indian address me.

"Hold, brother," he said in perfect English, but with a certain thick guttural accent. "Ta-wan-ne-ars would thank you."

"You speak English!" I exclaimed. A light of amusement gleamed in his eyes, although his face remained expressionless as a mask.

"You do not think of the Indian as these ignorant little ones do?" he asked curiously.

"I—I know nothing of your people," I stammered. "I am but this day landed here."

"My brother is an Englishman?" he questioned, not idly but with the courteous interest of a gentleman.

"I am."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars thanks you, Englishman." He extended his hand.

### Excess of Gratitude Not a Common Fault

Gratitude, in many people, is only a strong and secret desire for further favors. I believe it was Goethe who wrote: "He who is not grateful for a favor may be likened to one who muddies the spring from which his thirst was quenched."

When gratitude, I heard another say, has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways of escaping its bonds. This is only another manner of saying that he who expects gratitude is a merchant, not a benefactor. Gratitude, which the ancients always painted in the brightest colors, is one's duty, but it is not an inalienable right one is at liberty to exact. Honore de Balzac, in probably one of his less lucid moments, wrote that

"Your kindness was the greater because you obeyed it by instinct."

I regarded him with increasing amazement. Who was this savage who talked like a London courtier?

"I helped you," I said, "because you were a stranger in a strange city, and by the laws of hospitality your comfort should be assured."

"That is the law of the Indian, Englishman," he answered pleasantly; "but it is not the law of the white man."

"It is the law our religion teaches," I remonstrated. "I go now to Governor Burnet. I shall ask him to make a law that Indians shall be as safe from mockery as from violence in New York."

"Governor Burnet is a good man. My brother will speak to friendly ears."

"You call me brother," I said. "I have no friends in this land. May I call you brother?"

That wonderful expression of burning intelligence lighted his face again.

"My brother has befriended Ta-wan-ne-ars. Ta-wan-ne-ars is his friend and brother. Ta-wan-ne-ars will not forget."

He raised his right hand arm high in the gesture of greeting or farewell, and we separated.

### CHAPTER V

#### The Governor in Council

Where Garden street crosses the Broad-Vay I met the town bellringer brandishing his bell. I approached him with a request for the location of Captain van Horne's house.

"Do you but follow your nose straight before you," he directed me, "until you come to the red-brick walk with the yellow-brick wall this side of the Green lane. That is his."

The negro servant who answered my knock admitted that the governor was within.

"But Massa Burnet done hab de gentlemen ob de council wid him jus' now, sah," he added doubtfully.

"I am this minute landed with letters for the governor from London," I said.

"Oh, here well, sah. Dat be a dif-runt matter. Massa Burnet be plumb glad to see yo'. Dis way, please."

He ushered me into the wide hall-way and knocked on the door of the first room on the right.

"Enter," roared a jovial bass voice. The negro threw open a leaf of the door and stood aside.

"Dis gen'l'man done jus' lan' 'om London wif letters fo' yo' excellency," he announced.

I saw before me a group of eight men gathered around a dinner-table, which was spread with maps and papers in place of eatables. At the head sat the man of the bass voice, ruddy-faced, comfortable in girth, with the high forehead of the thinker and the square jaw of the man of action.

"I am Governor Burnet, sir," he said. "Who are you?"

"These letters will explain, your excellency," I replied.

I tendered them to him.

"Hah, from Master Juggins!" he exclaimed with heightened interest. "You sailed on the New Venture?"

"Yes, your excellency—with Master Murray."

"That is well. Be seated, sir; be seated," ordered the governor as he silt the packet.

I found a chair by the fireplace, and watched in silence whilst he read through the close-writ pages, with an occasional word or interjection to the others, who had risen from their places and were clustered about him. They were, as I afterward learned, the most prominent men of the governor's faction in the province, who strove to clinch the control of the fur trade in English hands.

"So! Humph!"

The governor laid down the covering letter which accompanied the detailed report of the operations of Murray in London.

"You are Master—"

He examined the letter again. "Humph! Yes."

He turned from me to his councillors.

"It is apparent from what Master Juggins has writ that Murray has triumphed, gentlemen, even if not so absolutely as he would have our citizens believe. However, we know the worst, and we may prepare for it. If I may have your indulgence, I would crave an adjournment of our meeting to enable me to discuss some aspects of the situation more intimately with Master Juggins' messenger."

Ormerod is to get an inkling of the power an unscrupulous man can wield by the employment of superstition to influence an ignorant people and attain leadership.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Popular San Diego Woman Recovers From Long Illness

Amazing Improvement in Mrs. Jester's Health Surprises Friends. Serious Ailments Caused by Nervous Breakdown Relieved and Strength Restored by Tanlac. Looks and Feels Better Than Ever

"Tanlac has certainly done wonders for me; I cannot praise it enough," declares Mrs. T. D. Jester, 1268 Pennsylvania Avenue, San Diego, Calif. "I had suffered a nervous breakdown, and for many months afterward I continued to get worse and worse, despite all the different nerve medicines I tried. Nothing seemed to help until I tried Tanlac. "I was as near to being a complete nervous and physical wreck as I could be, without entirely collapsing. The slightest noise would make me want to scream, and after retiring it would be hours before I could sleep. I would awaken with terrible nervous headaches and the slightest exertion would tire me out so that I would be trembling, I lost weight and appetite. I tried Tanlac with little expectation of improvement. "Before I had taken all of the first bottle, I developed a ravenous appetite, and was sleeping better. I continued to improve rapidly and felt like a different person entirely. In less than three weeks I had gained seven pounds! Later, my weight went up from 105 to 125 pounds. "If your troubles are similar to those



from which Mrs. Jester suffered so keenly, get relief before it is too late! Tanlac will doubtless help you just as it helped Mrs. Jester—and as it has helped thousands of other sufferers. Tanlac is a pure and wholesome compound, made from herbs, roots and barks, according to the famous Tanlac formula. It is a wonderful tonic medicine, for run-down and nervous conditions and for digestive disorders. All good druggists sell Tanlac—get your first bottle today! Over 40 million bottles sold.

## Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

**ITCHING RASHES** quickly relieved and often cleared away by a few applications of

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EYES HURT?

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A Practical Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurseries, Fruit Growers, Country Estates and Lawn work. AMERICAN FARM MACHINE CO., 1200-13rd Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

## DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR

FOR COLDS

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 46-1926.

Between Bridge Players "Playing bridge much lately, Mitchell?" "Not much. Haven't played since yesterday."

**Demand**

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Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

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