

Colds

Will stop tomorrow

Colds break in 24 hours for the millions who use Hill's. Fever and headaches go. La Grippe yields in 3 days. This is the quick, the scientific way to end these dangers and discomforts. Don't trust lesser balms, don't wait. Get back to normal at once.

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DON'T BE GRAY
Darken your gray hair, gradually and safely in privacy of your home. Used over 30 years by millions. Money-back guarantee. BOOKLET FREE.
aban Hair Color Restorer
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Salesmen Making Big Money Selling wonderful new Hack Saw Blades. Send for sample and explanation. PYRAMID HACK SAW CO., 4626 Woodstock Ave., Portland, Oregon.

SKIN BLEMISHES
pimples, blackheads, etc., cleared away easily and at little cost by
Resinol

Stringent Blue Laws in Old Connecticut

Under the earliest Connecticut blue laws a young man and young woman who indulged in what would in these days be called "petting," in the presence of the man's sister, were subject to a fine of \$5 each and the sister to a rebuke for tolerating such conduct. These early laws are contained in a small book printed more than 250 years ago. The book contains nothing about kissing one's wife on the Sabbath, but kissing another man's wife or kissing an unmarried woman who chose to complain about it, was a serious offense any day. Under the law no person under twenty-one years old, nor any other not accustomed to the use of tobacco was permitted to use it until he obtained a certificate from a physician and a license from the court. Furthermore, tobacco could not be used in the streets, highways or barnyards, and conviction could be obtained upon the testimony of one witness.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without gripping. 272 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Forgot the Baby
Three weeks after the birth of her first baby, an Eldorado girl-mother left the hospital. As she tripped along the hall waving farewell to patients in various rooms, she was a picture of happiness and eagerness to be at home. Just as she stepped into an elevator, a nurse hurried from the room the mother had occupied, calling, "You've forgotten the baby!" And sure enough, she had.—Capper's Weekly.

"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.

Traveling Schoolrooms

Schoolrooms on wheels are now a feature in sparsely settled regions of northern Ontario. They form a part of the educational program introduced by the province, working in conjunction with the railroad. Cars, overhauled to form schoolrooms, are supplied with modern equipment and provide accommodations for a teacher. The rolling schools will be routed to various outlying parts of Ontario.

Sport Quickly Ended

Very fond of hunting, Fred Hermann of Davis, Calif., is in doubt whether he should be regarded as fortunate or unfortunate. Hermann, who was out hunting for the first time this season, bagged two bucks with one shot. As the law allows only two a season, Hermann is through.

So long as war persists the hand that pulls the trigger is the hand that rocks the world.

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The DOOM TRAIL

by **ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH**
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.
W.N.U. SERVICE COPYRIGT BY BRENTANO'S

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Above everything else, I must know what is happening at Jagara," he said. "The Doom Trail may wait. The news which Ta-wan-ne-ars brought of the intent of the French to replace Joncaire's trading post with a stone fort is the most menacing tidings we have had since the peace was signed. It makes manifest what I have always contended: that there can be no real peace whilst we and the French sit cheek by jowl, each striving for more power than the other.

"Peace on paper there may be; but the French will be breaking it, as they have done in the case of Joncaire's post and as they now plan to do by building a fort upon English territory. I must know what they do there. Master Ormerod, I must know beyond a doubt, I must have a man I can trust who will see for himself on the spot."

"Surely, Corlaer—"

"Corlaer cannot speak French. Moreover, if he could, his face is known along the whole frontier. He and Joncaire are old opponents. 'Tis you who must go. Masquerade as a Frenchman. There are plenty of lads who go out every year to Canada to have a try at the fur trade. You should be able to pass for one of them. At any rate 'tis worth the attempt."

"'Tis well worth trying," I agreed. "Also, 'tis possible I may pick up some news of the Trail from Joncaire."

"Possible," he assented; "but keep the Trail in the back of your mind. 'Tis this fort which concerns me now. For look you, Master Ormerod, if I secure proof the French meditate in earnest to grave a breach of the treaty 'twill strengthen by so much my case against Murray. Then might I dare indeed to stir the Iroquois to hostilities against him, as Peter suggested."

"I will do what I may," I promised. "Tis well. And be not reluctant to accept advice from Corlaer and the Indians. They are schooled in the forest's craft. Good-by, sir, and be vigilant."

He gave me a hearty clasp of the hand and bowed me out. In the street Corlaer awaited me. "Der tide is flooding," he said, and without another word set off at a good round pace.

We came presently to a wharf at the foot of Deye street, where lay the sloop Betsy, her sails unstopped, land-lines slack. She cast off as we stepped aboard, and presently I was looking back over her stern at the dwindling skyline of the quaint little city.

On the fourth day the river bore us through a country of low, rolling hills and plains that lifted to mountainous heights in the distance. There were farms by the water's edge, and sometimes the imposing mansion of a patron with its attendant groups of buildings occupied by servants, slaves and tenants.

On the fifth day we sighted in the distance the stockades of Fort Orange, which the English were beginning to call Albany, nestling close to the river bank under the shelter of a steep hillside. We made the tottery pier, and hastened up into the town, delegating to the master of the sloop and his boy the task of conveying our baggage to the tavern. We learned that Murray had spent but twenty-four hours in the town and was gone two days since. We spent the forenoon in purchasing for me the regular trappings of the frontiersman—moccasins of ankle height and leather leggings and shirt, all Indian in manufacture. The weapons Juggins had supplied me were warmly praised by my comrades.

For the rest there were slim stores of salt, sugar, powder, flints and ball to be packed upon our backs. My garments of civilization I made into a package which I consigned to the inn-keeper's care.

We took the road to Schenectady. It was the last white man's road I was to see, and I long remembered its broad surface and the sunlight coming down between the trees on either hand and the farms with their log houses and stockades.

But I knew I was on the frontier at last, for the stockades were over high for mere herding of cattle and the house walls were loop-holed. In several of the villages there were square, log-built forts, two stories tall, with the top story projecting out beyond the lower, so that the garrison could fire down along the line of the walls. 'Twas sixteen miles to Schenectady, and night had fallen when we halted the gate for admission.

We were afoot again early the next morning. Beyond Schenectady a few farms rimmed the road, but presently we came to a clearing, and on the west side a green barrier stretched across our way. From end to end of the clearing it reached, and as far on either hand as I could see, a high, tangled, apparently impenetrable green wall of vegetation.

"The road stops here," I said to Ta-wan-ne-ars. "How shall we go on?"

"The road of the white man stops—yes," he answered. "But the road of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee begins."

"What is that?"

He made no answer, but kept on his way until we were under the bole of the first of the forest trees.

There at my feet was a deep, narrow slot in the earth, a groove some eighteen inches wide and perhaps twelve inches deep, that disappeared into the gloom which reigned under the interlacing boughs overhead. It did not go straight, but crookedly like a snake, curving and twisting as it changed to meet a mossy boulder or a tree too big to be readily felled or uprooted. As I stooped over it I saw that its bottom and steeply sloping sides were hard-packed, beaten down by continual pressure, the relentless pressure of countless human feet for generations and centuries.

Ta-wan-ne-ars instantly led the way into the groove of the trail, and as if instinctively swung into an easy loping trot. I followed him and the Dutchman brought up the rear.

It was cool under the trees, for the sun seldom penetrated the foliage, dense already although it was only the fag-end of spring. And it was very silent—terribly, oppressively silent.



The crack of a stick underfoot was like a musket shot. The padding of our feet on the resilient leaf-mold was like the low rolling of muffled drums. The timorous twittering of birds seemed to set the echoes flying.

Yet I was amazed when Ta-wan-ne-ars halted abruptly in mid-afternoon, and inclined his ear toward the trail behind us.

"What is it?" I asked, and so completely had the spirit of the forest taken possession of me that I whispered the words.

"Something is following us," he answered.

Corlaer put his ear to the bottom of the trail, and a curious expression crossed his face.

"Ya," was all he said.

CHAPTER VII

Along the Great Trail

"Shall we return and face them?" I asked eagerly.

Ta-wan-ne-ars permitted himself a smile of friendly sarcasm.

"If we can hear them, surely they can hear us," he said. "No, we will keep on. There is a place farther along the trail from which we can look back upon them. Come, Ormerod, you and I will run ahead. Peter will follow us."

Ta-wan-ne-ars shifted his musket to his shoulders, and broke into a long, loping stride. I followed him.

Half a mile up the trail he stopped. "Walk in my tracks, brother," he

"Message Sticks" Open Books to Aborigines

One of the mysteries of the aboriginal of Australia is the ease with which he reads "message-sticks" regardless of whether they have been written by one of his own tribesmen or a member of a distant tribe with which he has never come into contact. The signs and symbols apparently are the same among the aboriginal tribes, according to a writer in the Sydney Bulletin, who asserts that he has "seen an old aboriginal, to whom a stick from another tribe many miles distant had been shown, translate the strange markings with fluency, and when some time afterward the same stick was shown again to another na-

ive, the second one's translation agreed with that of the first."

A few white men have learned to decipher the conventional markings and symbols on the "message-sticks."

Eat Lots of Apples
The American people lead the world as apple eaters. Although we fall considerably short of the proverbial "apple a day," we average about three apples a week per capita. The British come second as eaters of apples. They consume an average of two apples a week per capita. The consumption of this fruit is comparatively light in Europe.

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 Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Comstock No Master of Art of Spelling

Anthony Comstock volunteered to assist in educating soldiers while in service in the Civil war and was assigned to teach a class in spelling. After the first session he recorded in his diary the conviction that "they can be taught." This was not the only instance in which he exhibited lack of proficiency in spelling. A year of service in the war left him still with the impression that the men to whose preaching he listened so eagerly on Sundays were "chaplains." Army biscuits he knew as "hard tact," and throughout the long years with the Society for the Suppression of Vice he left the blotter of that organization dotted with "Protestant" in the space in which the arresting officer was supposed to enter the religious affiliations of his prisoner.—Heywood Brown, in the New York World.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin, keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

Burglar's Luck

Breaking into an office in Bishops-gate, London, England, a burglar had an unexpected piece of luck. His search of the office revealed nothing of value except a key which he discovered in a corner of a desk. He tried the key on the safe, and found that the safe opened easily. He then helped himself to \$750 in money and a deposit note for \$23,000, and made his escape. The key was a spare one which had lain in the desk undisturbed for twenty years.

Usual Thing

Harry Thaw at a supper party in New York philosophized about a show girl whose extravagance had ruined a young man.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Thaw, "the young fellow had money to burn and of course—it always happens so—he met his match."

Measurements

"Any gold-bearing quartz in that mine you grubstaked?"

"Quartz," repeated Cactus Joe. "There aren't even plants!"



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