# Colds

Colds break in 24 hours for the millions who use Hill's. Pever 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 heips, don't

Be Sure It's HILL's Price 30c CASCARA QUININE Cet Red Box POMIDE with portrait



Salesmen Making Big Money Selling wonder ful new Hack Saw Blades. Send for sample and explanation. PYRAMID HACK SAW CO., 5626 Woodstock Ave. Portland, Oregon

Dried Prunes, Pears, Peaches, Figs, Raisins, Walnuts, Almonds. 5 lbs. assorted sample postpaid 50c. Homer Wright, Calistoga, Cal.

#### **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 ft 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 griping, 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







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"The road stops here," I said to Ta-

"The road of the white man stops-

yes," he answered. "But the road of

He made no answer, but kept on his

There at my feet was a deep, nar-

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

pressure of countless human feet for

Ta-wan-ne-ars instantly led the way

trot. I followed him and the Dutch-

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.

TRACKS, BROTHER

HE SAID

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

Yet I was amazed when Ta-wan-ne

ars halted abruptly in mid-afternoon,

and inclined his ear toward the trail

"What is it?" I asked, and so com-

pletely had the spirit of the forest

taken possession of me that I whis-

"Something is following us," he an-

the trail, and a curious expression crossed his face.

CHAPTER VII

Along the Great Trail

"Shall we return and face them?" I

Ta-wan-ne-ars permitted himself a

"If we can hear them, surely they

can hear us," he said. "No, we will

keep on. There is a place farther

and I will run ahead. Peter will fol-

Ta-wan-ne-ars shifted his musket to

Half a mile up the trail he stopped.

his shoulders, and broke into a long,

loping stride. I followed him.

"Ya," was all he said.

smile of friendly sarcasm.

seemed to set the echoes flying.

behind us.

pered the words.

asked eagerly

generations and centuries.

man brought up the rear.

wan-ne-ars. "How shall we go on?"

the Ho-de-no-sau-nee begins."

the first of the forest trees.

"What is that?"

AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC. W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER VI-Continued -13-

"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 tertitory. 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 1 secure proof the French meditate in earnest so 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 Indlans. They are schooled in the forest's craft. Good-by, sir, and be vig-

Hant. 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 Deve street, where lay the sloop Betsy, her sails unstopped, landlines 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 patroon with its attendant groups of buildings occupied by servants, slaves

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 hillock. 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 innkeeper'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 Jown 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

are down along the line of the walls. Twas stxteen miles to Schenectady, and night had fallen when we hailed

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 impervious green wall of vegetation.

he screen of underbrush on our right hand, and revealed a tunnel through the greenery into which he led the

said. "And be certain

way, hesitating at each step until he had gently thrust aside the intervening foliage. Once in the tunnel, however, his care was abandoned, and he ran quickly to the trunk of a huge pine which soared upward like a monumental column, high above the surrounding trees. He leaned his musket against the pitchy bole.

With the utmost caution he parted

"The symbol of the Long House," he said tapping the swelling girth of it. "Strength and symmetry and grandeur. We will climb, brother."

He swung himself up into the branches, which formed a perfect ladder, firm under foot, behind the screen of the pine needles. When the other treetops were beneath us, he straddled a bough and cleared a loophole from which we might look out over the forest we had traversed.

We looked for so long, without anything happening that my eyeballs ached. But at last there was a move ment like the miniature upheaval which is caused by an ant in breaking way until we were under the bole of ground. Boughs quivered, and a figure appeared in the open. 'Twas Corlaer. He glanced around him and row slot in the earth, a groove some strode on. In a moment he had passed the clearing and disappeared in the

Ta-wan-ne-ars hitched forward and peered through the loophole with tense muscles. And again there was a wait which seemed endless. My eyelids blinked from the strain of watching.

chanced to meet a mossy boulder or a tree too big to be readily felled or The desolation and loneliness of the wilderness were so complete that It uprooted. As I stooped over it I saw seemed inconceivable another human that its bottom and steeply sloping sides were hard-packed, beaten down being could be within view. And whilst by continual pressure, the relentless this thought occupied my mind a dark figure crawled on hands and knees from the mouth of the trail. At that distance all we could see of his cosinto the groove of the trail, and as if tume was the clump of feathers that instinctively swung into an easy loping bristled from his scalplock.

He followed Peter into the trail on our side of the clearing, and there was a second and briefer pause. Then as in which the arresting officer was supsilently as ghosts a string of figures flitted into the clearing. There were six of them, each with musket in the hollow of his arm, each with bristling feather headdress.

Ta-wap-ne-ars emitted a guttural grunt, quite unlike his usual rather musical utterances. "Down!" he rasped. "Down! The

ime is scant!" At the foot of the pine he snatched up his musket without a word, and turned into the green tunnel that debouched upon the screen of the trail. As we stepped into the worn slot

Peter came into view. 'Well?" he said phlegmatically.

"Cahnuaga dogs! They dare to inrade territory of the Long House!" "We can cross der Mohawk to der south branch of der trail," proposed Corlaer. "They wouldt not dare to

follow us there. "No," snarled Ta-wan-ne-ars; "we shall not step aside for them. We will attend to them ourselves. They will not attack unless they have to for we are still near the Mohawk castle, although 'tis upon the opposite bank of the river. They will leave us alone

"But why cannot we attack them?" A look of ferocity which was almost demoniac changed his usually pleasant eatures into an awful mask

until night."

"In an ambuscade one might escape No, my brother Ormerod, we will wait until they attack us. Then-" He paused significantly.

to tell Murray how his brothers died." We took up the march. 'Twas al-

ready mid-afternoon, and shortly the dimness of twilight descended upon the trail, as the level rays of the setting sun were turned aside by the interlacing masses of vegetation.

Twilight faded into dusk and still we kept on. Ta-wan-ne-ars had eyes like a cat's, and I, too, accustomed myself to perception of hanging branches and the unexpected turns and twists in the Corlaer put his ear to the bottom of groove of the path. The stars were out in the sky overhead when we stepped from the shelter of the forest into a rocky dell divided by a tiny brook.

"We will camp here," said Ta-wanne-ars.

He rested his musket on a boulder and began to collect firewood.

"Why a fire?" I asked. "The trailers must not think we

suspect them," he replied curtly. "If we lit no fire they would know for certain that we were suspicious.

I helped him, whilst Corlaer crouched by the opening of the trail on watch. along the trail from which we can look | We soon had a respectable pile of back upon them. Come, Ormerod, you wood, but before kindling it the Seneca bade us strip off our leathern shirts and stuffed them with underbrush into a semblance of human shapes. A third figure to represent himself he contrived out of the packs and geveral branches. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Walk in my tracks, brother, ' 

### "Message Sticks" Open Books to Aborigines

riginal 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 strange markings with fluency, and stick was shown again to another na- Europe.

One of the mysteries of the abo- | tive, 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 distant had been shown, translate the | consume an average of two apples a week per capita. The consumption of when some time afterward the same this fruit is comparatively light is



and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep. To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chart Fletcher Absolutely Harmless - No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach

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 tought." This was not the only instance in which he exhibited lack the impression that the men to whose preaching he listened so eagerly on Sundays were "chaplins." 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 "Prodestant" in the space

posed to enter the religious affiliations

of his prisoner.-Heywood Broun, 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 tollet table is complete

Burglar's Luck

without them .- Advertisement.

Breaking into an office in Bishopsgate, 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.

Sore eyes, blood-shot eyes, watery eyes sticky eyes, all healed promptly with nightly applications of Roman Eye Balsam. Adv.

Usual Thing

girl whose extravagance had ruined a per hour, has been built for use in young man.

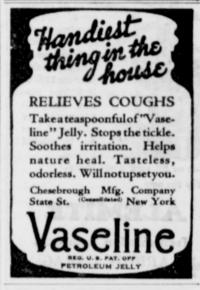
"Well, you see," said Mr. Thaw, "the young fellow had money to burn "Not one of the Keepers shall return and of course—it always happens so -he met his match."

> Measurements "Any gold-bearing quartz in that

mine you grubstaked?' repeated Cactus Joe. "There aren't even pints!"

Many Visit Monument

Such steady streams of sightseers sought the top of Washington monument during August that all records for any one month were broken. A total of 77,929 reached the top by elevator or stairway during that month, exceeding by some 30,000 the best previous record. Most visitors take the elevator in preference to tolling up the 898 steps which lead to the sumof proficiency in spelling. A year of mit. On Sundays and holidays the service in the war left him still with traffic is the heaviest. On one Sunday 3.220 persons made the ascent during four hours.



### **Stop Coughing**

The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

**Boschee's Syrup** has been giving relief for sixty years. Try it. 30c and 90c bottles. At all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

Fan Protects Miners

The largest coal mine fan in the Harry Thaw at a supper party in New York philosophized about a show tons of air per minute, or 1,500 tons South Africa. It has a blowing capacity of 70,000 cubic feet of air every minute and requires 650 horsepower of electricity. Powerful air control of this type prevents dust and other explosions in mines, besides protecting the health of workmen.

> An old man often finds that when the serene years come they are also the empty years.



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" - Genuine

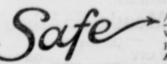
Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

Headache Colds Pain Neuralgia

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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART



Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100-Druggists. Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salleylicacid