

Drink Water If Back or Kidneys Hurt

Begin Taking Salts if You Feel Backache or Have Bladder Weakness

Too much rich food forms acids which excite and overwork the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Flush the kidneys occasionally to relieve them like you relieve the bowels, removing acids, waste and poison, else you may feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, the stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get irritated, obliging one to get up two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids and flush out the body's urinous waste, begin drinking water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine and bladder disorders disappear.

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 and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help prevent serious kidney and bladder disorders. By all means, drink lots of good water every day.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Send for Samples To Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Soothes and Softens the Scalp—Keeps the Hair Clean and Shiny—Sells Everywhere.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Drugists. Hilex Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Tales of the Tots

To avoid being swamped by them we bunched here a few child stories:

"Mamma," said a little fellow fresh from Sunday school, "I knew what the three virtues are; they are faith, hope and cherry tree."

A little Brookline lad explaining to his small sister the advent of the new baby said: "Why, God has only to wave His hand and down they come."

David, a wee Winchester boy, was out walking with his nurse. It was near noon, and seeing a horse standing by the roadside the nurse remarked: "I guess that horse is getting hungry for his dinner."

"Yes," replied the little fellow, "he wants to have his prunes, doesn't he?"—Boston Transcript.

A hint, lightly dropped, sometimes sounds like a hod full of bricks, when it lands.

Colds

By millions ended—Hill's stops millions of colds every winter—and in 24 hours. They end headache and fever, open the bowels, tone the whole system. Use nothing less reliable. Colds and Grippe call for prompt, efficient help. Be sure you get it.

Be Sure It's **HILL'S QUININE** with portrait
CASCARA BROMIDE
Get Red Box

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned 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.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ASTHMA?

3 generations have found relief in Olive Tree, soothing and healing to membranes of throat and lungs. HALL & RUCKEL, New York

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness.
PRICES \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE
Write for Free Booklet
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.
1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of
PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
(© by Brentano's)
WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Parts of his ears were gone, and as he drew nearer I saw that his face was criss-crossed by innumerable tiny scars. When he raised his hand in blessing the Indians I realized that two fingers were missing, and those which were left were twisted and gnarled as by fire.

"Whom have we here?" he called in a loud, harsh voice.

"Two prisoners, reverend sir," replied Murray. "English spies caught at Jagara by the vigilance of Monsieur de Veulle."

"Are they heretics?" demanded the priest.

"I fear I have never conversed with Master Ormerod concerning his religious beliefs," said Murray whimsically. The priest peered closely at me.

"Well, sir," he asked brusquely, "are you a son of the true faith?"

"Not the one you refer to, sir," I said.

"And this savage here?"

"He believes, quite devoutly, I should say, in the gods of his race."

The Jesuit locked and unlocked his fingers nervously.

"I fear, monsieur, that you will suffer torment at the hands of my poor children here," he said. "Will you not repent before it is too late?"

"But will you stand by and see your children torture an Englishman in time of peace?" I asked.

"Peace?" he rasped. "There is no peace—there can be no peace—between England, the harlot nation, and holy France. France follows her destiny, and her destiny is to rule America on behalf of the Church."

"Yet peace there is," I insisted.

"I refuse to admit it. We know no peace here. We are at war, endless war, physically, spiritually, mentally, with England. If you come amongst us, you do so at your bodily peril. But—and the challenge left his voice and was replaced by a note of pleading, soft and compelling—"It may be monsieur, that in your bodily peril you have achieved the salvation of your soul. Repent, I urge you, and though your body perish your soul shall live."

Murray and De Veulle stirred restlessly during this harangue, but the savages were so silent you could hear the birds in the trees. I was interested in this man, in his fanatic sincerity, his queer conception of life.

"But if I repented, as you say," I suggested, "would not you save my body?"

His eyes burned with contempt.

"Would you drive a bargain with God?" he cried. "For shame! Some may tolerate that, but I never will! What matters your miserable body! It has transgressed the rights of Erance. Let it die! But your soul is immortal; save that, I conjure you! Death? What is death? And what matters the manner of death? Look at me, monsieur."

He fixed my gaze on each of his infirmities.

"I am but the wreck of a man. These poor, ignorant children of the wilderness have worked their will with me, and because it was best for me God permitted it. Torture never hurt any man. It is excellent for the spirit. It will benefit you. If you must die—"

His voice trailed into nothingness. De Veulle interposed.

"Reverend father," he said, "I have a letter for you from Jacques Pourier. The rivermen would like you to give them a mass Sunday. 'Tis a long—"

"Give me the letter," he cried eagerly.

"Ah, that is good reading! Sometimes I despair for my sons—aye, more than for the miserable children of the wilderness. But now I know that a seed grows in the hearts of some that I have doubted. I shall go gladly."

De Veulle winked at Murray as the priest limped away.

"I must send Jacques a barrel of brandy for this," he remarked; "but our Cahnuags would be in the sulks if they could not celebrate the Moon feast, and they stand in such fear of the worthy Hyacinthe that they would never risk his wrath."

"The Moon-feast!" exclaimed Murray. "True, I had forgotten. Well, 'twill be an excellent introduction to the customs of the savages for our friend the intruder."

"'Twill make a great impression upon him," laughed De Veulle. "In fact, upon both of them. I have a surprise for our Iroquois captive as well. The Mistress of the False Faces awaits them."

He murmured some orders to our guards, kicked me out of his path and sauntered through the gateway beside Murray.

With Bolippe in active supervision and Tom hanging greedily on the flanks of the crowd, we were hustled through the clearing, past the chapel and an intervening belt of woodland, into a natural amphitheater on the far side of the village, where a background of dark pines walled in a wide surface of hard-beaten, grassless ground. Two stakes stood ready, side by side, in the center, and our captors tore off our tattered clothes and lashed us to these with whoops of joy.

So we stood, naked and bound, ankle, knee, thigh, chest and armpit, whilst the sun, setting behind the village, flooded the inferno with mellow light and an army of fiends, men, women and children, pranced around us. For myself, I was dazed and fearful, but Ta-wan-ne-ars again showed me the better road.

"The Keepers scream like women,"

he shouted, in order to make himself heard. "Have you never taken captives before? You are women. We scorn you. Do you know what has become of the seven warriors Murray sent to pursue us on the Great Trail? Silence prevailed.

"Yes, there were seven of them," gibed Ta-wan-ne-ars. "And there were three of us. And where are they? I will tell you. Cahnuaga dogs, Shawandade dogs, Huron dogs. Crawl closer on your bellies while I tell you."

"Their scalps hang in the lodge of Ta-wan-ne-ars—seven scalps of the Keepers who could not fight against real men. The scalps of seven who called themselves warriors and who were so rash that they tried to fight three."

A howl of anger answered him. "Begin the torment," yelled Bolippe. Tom drew a wicked knife and ran toward us, his yellow eyes aflame. But a squat Cahnuaga chief pushed him back.

"They are to be held for the Moon feast," he proclaimed. "See, the Mistress comes. Stand back, brothers."

The sound of a monotonous wailing filled the air, joining itself with the evening breeze that sighed in the

branches of the pines behind us. The crowd of savages drew away from us in sudden awe.

"Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta," they muttered to each other.

"What do they say?" I asked Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"The Mistress of the False Faces is coming," he replied curtly.

"And who is she?"

"The priestess of their devilish brotherhood."

Out from the long bark building wound a curious serpentine procession of men in fantastic head-masks, who danced along with a halting step. As they danced they sang in the weird monotone we had first heard. And behind them all walked slowly one without a mask, a young girl of upright figure, her long black hair cascading about her bare shoulders. Her arms were folded across her breast. She wore only the short ga-ka-ah, or kilt, with moccasins on her feet.

The breath whistled in Ta-wan-ne-ars' nostrils as his chest heaved against his bonds, and I turned my head in amazement. The expression on his face was compounded of such demonic ferocity as I had seen there once before—that, and incredulous affection.

"What is it?" I cried.

He did not heed me. He did not even hear me. His whole being was focused upon the girl whose ruddy bronze skin gleamed through the masses of her hair, whose shapely limbs ignored the beat of the music which governed the motions of her attendants.

The procession threaded its way at leisurely pace through the throngs of Indians, the girl walking as unconcernedly as if she were alone, her head held high, her eyes staring unseeingly before her.

"Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta," murmured the savages, bowing low.

The False Faces drew clear of the crowd, and danced solemnly around us. They paid us no attention, but when they had strung a complete circle around the stakes they faced inward and stopped, each one where he stood. For the first time the priestess, or Mistress as they called her, showed appreciation of her surroundings. She walked into the ring of masks and took up her position in front of us and

between our stakes. She had not looked at us.

"Bow down, O my people," she chanted in a soft voice that was hauntingly sweet. "The False Faces are come amongst you, for it is again the period of our rule, and I, their Mistress, am to give you the word.

"Behold, the old moon is dying, and a new moon will be born again to us. The Powers of Evil, the Powers of Good and the Powers of Life are come together for the creation.

"Thrice, fortunate are you that you recognize the rule of So-a-ka-ga-gwa (the moon—the light of the night), for it brings you well-being, now and hereafter in the Land of Souls. Moreover, it brings you captives, and your feast will be graced by their sufferings."

She turned to face us, arms flung wide in a graceful gesture. I thought that Ta-wan-ne-ars would burst the things that bound him: His powerful chest expanded until they stretched.

"Ga-ha-no!" he sobbed.

She faltered, and her hands locked together involuntarily between her breasts. A light of apprehension dawned in her eyes, and for a moment I thought there was a trace of something more.

"Ga-ha-no!" pleaded Ta-wan-ne-ars. But she regained the mastery of herself, and a mocking smile was his answer.

"They are no ordinary captives who will consecrate our feast," she continued her recitative.

"For one is a chief of the Iroquois and a warrior whose valor will resist the torment with pride. And the other is a white chief whose tender flesh will yield great delight and whose screams will give pleasure in our ears.

"O my people, this is the Night of Preparation. When An-da-ka-ga-gwa (the sun—the Light of the Day), the husband of So-a-ka-ga-gwa, retires to rest to mourn his dead wife and make ready for the new one he will take tomorrow, you must retire to your lodges, and put out your fires, and let down your hair.

"For in the night the spirits of Hani-ka-o-no-geh (hell—the dwelling-place of evil) will come to hold communion with their servants, the False Faces, and they will be hungry for your souls.

"And this is my warning to you, O my people. Heed the warning of Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta.

"And on the next night we will celebrate the Moon feast, and I will dance the torture dance. And we will tear the hearts out of our enemies' breasts and grow strong from their sufferings."

She tossed her arms above her head, and the ring of False Faces burst into their high-pitched, nasal chant, and resumed the hesitant dancing step, their horrible masks wobbling from side to side, their painted bodies, naked save for the breech-clout, posturing in rhythm.

Their Mistress summoned the squat Cahnuaga chief, who seemed to be especially charged with our safe-keeping.

"You will unbind the captives from the stakes and place them in the Council-House," she said coldly. "If they are left out in the night, my brothers and sisters, the aids of Hane-go-ate-geh will devour them. Feed them well, so that they will be strong to resist their torment, and tie them securely, and place a guard of crafty warriors over them. If they escape, you shall be the sacrifice at the Moon feast."

The chief groveled before her.

"The commands of the Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta shall be obeyed," he promised. "And I pray you will hold off the Spirits of Evil tonight, for sometimes they have been overbold and have snatched our people from their lodges."

"You are safe this time if you heed my words," she answered, "for you have pleased to So-a-ka-ga-gwa and her friends." (For this and other conversations I am indebted to Ta-wan-ne-ars, who translated them for me afterward.—H. O.)

Then she came up quite close to us. She looked at me with frank curiosity, and particularly my hair, which was brown. But most of her attention was bestowed upon Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"So you remember me?" she said in a hard voice and speaking in the Seneca dialect.

"I remember you, Ga-ha-no," he answered. "But I see you do not remember me."

"Oh, well enough," she returned. "But I am no longer an ordinary woman. I am the Mistress of the False Faces."

"And of a French snake," he added bitterly.

Her eyes flashed.

"I am not a snake, which is what I should have been had you and my stupid father had your way with me!" Ta-wan-ne-ars shook his head sadly, took up her position in front of us and

between our stakes. She had not looked at us.

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On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Advertisement.

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The co-eds at the southern branch have started a new game which promises to be more popular than football. They call it Christians. Here is how it is played:

The Christians, who are the girls, get on one side and the boys, who are the heathens, get on the other. Then the heathens cross over and embrace Christianity.—Los Angeles Times.

For speedy and effective action, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has no equal. A single dose cleans out Worms or Tape-worm. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

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Paying Teller—Sorry, madam, but your account is already quite a bit overdrawn.

Lady—Well, suppose it is. Haven't I a right to do what I like with my own account?

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