

## If Back Hurts Flush Kidneys

Drink Plenty of Water and Take  
Glass of Salts Before Break-  
fast Occasionally

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulate them to their normal activity.

The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

## YOUR STOMACH

Is your stomach out of order? Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Bloating, Sick headache, Sour stomach, or similar distress caused by disordered stomach. Then try DYJEST, the most wonderful stomach remedy known. Send us 60c stamps or coin, we will send you DYJEST, post paid anywhere.

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quickly improved and usually  
cleared entirely if properly treated with

## Resinol

**DON'T EXPERIMENT  
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MITCHELL EYE SALVE  
heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids,  
styes, etc. Sure. Safe. Speedy. 25c at  
all druggists. Hall & Ruckel, N. Y. C.

Amusement is to the mind what  
sunshine is to the flowers.

## DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You  
See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name  
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are not getting the genuine Bayer  
Aspirin proved safe by millions and  
prescribed by physicians for 26 years.  
Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.  
Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

One admires charity that isn't on  
parade.

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Have our local dealer take your measure for a  
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# The DOOM TRAIL

—By—  
**Arthur D. Howden Smith**

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



## CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Ta-wan-ne-ars has only one regret that he is to die," he said. "That is because he cannot live to find your lost soul and return it to you."

She laughed harshly. "Ta-wan-ne-ars is a child," she said. "His heart is turned to water. My soul is here." She tapped her left breast. "It does not matter, however, for the Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta does not need a soul as other mortals do."

She turned on her heel abruptly, and followed the priests into the long bark house from which they had emerged.

The great mob of Indians melted away as soon as she left us. They all but fled in order to reach their lodges before sundown, and so hurried were our guards that in removing us from the stakes to the Council-House in the center of the village they forebore to beat or maltreat us.

In the Council-House they supplied us with a liberal meal of meat and vegetables. Then our bonds were replaced and we were covered with robes, whilst our guards cowered close to the fire in abject fear. They started at the slightest movement. Had we been able to stir hand or foot I think we might have won our freedom. But they used care in binding us, and we lay inert as corpses.

"What do they fear?" I whispered to Ta-wan-ne-ars at length, desirous of hearing a friendly voice.

"I do not know exactly, brother," he said. "These Cahnuagas are renegades from the Great League."

"But the Moon feast they talk about," I persisted. "What is that?"

"It is some invention of their own," he replied. "Perhaps Murray or De Veulle helped them with it. My people know nothing of such things."

Through the bark walls of the house came the weird, minor melody which had attended the appearance of the Mistress of the False Faces, mingled with shrieks, groans, screams and yells. Our guards huddled closer together. They abandoned their weapons and covered their heads with blankets. A drum throbbed near by, and at intervals sounded the wailing chant of the masked priests and the thudding of dancing feet.

The uproar increased in violence. Women's voices, some in drowsy protestation, some in eager ecstasy, joined in it. It was near, then, at a distance, then returning. And occasionally that one shrill, sweet voice quelled the saturnalia and was lifted on a note of pagan exultation—only to be drowned in the thrumming of drums.

Our fire dwindled and was rekindled. The night crept on toward the dawn. The monotony of the noises, the endless repetition, deadened the senses, and we slept. When I awakened, 'twas to see the daylight trickling through the smoke-hole in the roof.

Somewhere in the sunshine a bird began to sing, and my captors yawned and sat up. The squat chief, his fears of the night gone, kicked Ta-wan-ne-ars awake.

"This is the day of the Moon feast," he said. "You will soon clamor to die."

## CHAPTER X

### The Moon Feast

We were yanked to our feet and pushed outside. Thousands of Indians lined the narrow, dirty streets between the bark houses and lodges. They greeted us with a silence so intent that it was as arresting as a shout. Not a finger was laid upon us, not a voice was raised. Yet the fierce anticipation which gleamed in every face was more threatening than definite gestures.

Ahead of us opened the flat expanse of the dancing-place, with the two lonely stakes, flanked by piles of freshly gathered firewood, standing like portents of evil against the dark-green background of the pines which walled the rear of the amphitheater.

Ta-wan-ne-ars looked eagerly in every direction, but she whom he sought was not present nor were there visible any of the earlon crew of priests. Only the sinister faces of the negro, Tom, and Bolling, with his tangle of red hair, stirred recollections in that alien, hostile mass.

Our guards bound us to the stakes as they had the day before, and Ta-wan-ne-ars, with a significant glance at me, rallied them with the searching wit of his race.

"The Cahnuaga dogs are not used to taking captives," he commented. "They are women. They should be tilling the field. They do not know how to torment real warriors."

When they were passing the thongs under his arm-pits, the Seneca bent forward and fastened his teeth in the forearm of the incautious guard. The blood spurted and the man yelped with pain. Ta-wan-ne-ars laughed.

"Unarmed and bound, yet I can hurt you," he cried. "Truly, you are women. The warriors of the Great League scorn you."

Strangely enough, they made no retaliation upon him; but, having successfully fastened us to the stakes, withdrew and stood somewhat apart from the encompassing crowds.

The silence continued for more than an hour, when a lane was opened opposite to us and Murray and De Veulle sauntered forward.

"I trust you have fared well, Master Juggins—I beg pardon, Master Ormerod?" remarked Murray urbanely. "No discomferts? Enough to eat and sufficient attention?"

I profited by Ta-wan-ne-ars' example,

This continued for a long time. Twi light was at hand before they dropped back, and a select band of young warriors began to exhibit their skill with bow and arrow, knife and tomahawk. Arrows were shot between our arm and bodies; tomahawks hurtled into the posts beside our ears; knives were hurled from the far side of the open space, so closely aimed that their points shaved our naked ribs. Once in a while we were scratched; the handle of a tomahawk, poorly thrown, raised a bump on my forehead. And De Veulle, squatting on the ground with a knot of chiefs, applauded the show.

It went on and on. New forms of mental torture were constantly devised. Darkness closed down, and the fires beside the stakes were lighted. I was in a daze. I had ceased to feel fear or misgiving. I was conscious only of a great weariness and thirst.

Of a sudden I realized that the shouting had died down. The prancing figures were at rest. But into the circle of firelight swayed the hideous column of False Faces, their masks of monstrous birds and beasts and reptiles seeming alive with horrid purpose in the shifting gloom, their feet moving harmoniously in the hesitant step of the dance, their voices united in the monotonous music of their chant.

They strung a circle, as they had done the day before, and halted, heads wabbling this way and that. There was a brief pause, and I noticed De Veulle, risen to his feet and staring intently behind me, where the wall of pines made a perfect background for the spectacle. A sigh burst from the half-seen throngs of savages.

"Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta!" I craned my neck, and as well as the things permitted me peered around the stake to which I was lashed. A white figure flitted from the protection of the trees and glided toward us. The False Faces started a queer, rhythmic air, accompanied by gently throbbing drums. The figure commenced to dance, arms wide, hair floating free. Beside me Ta-wan-ne-ars choked back a groan of hate and love and fought fruitlessly against the rawhide thongs.

"Twas Ga-ha-no. She wore again her ceremonial uniform, the kilt and moccasins; but this time they were white, fashioned of skins taken from the bellies of young does. Her limbs and body, too, were coated with some white substance that made her gleam like a delicate marble statue when she postured in the flickering radiance of the fires.

She tossed up her arms in a curving gesture toward the moon, riding low above the treetops. The music of the attendant priests swung into a faster measure, the pulsing of the drums became subtly disturbing, commanding.

"O So-a-ka-ga-gwa," she cried, "I, your servant, the Mistress of the False Faces, begin now the Moon feast we make in your honor!"

She resumed her dance, but 'twas very different from the graceful, pleasing steps she had first used. I know not how to describe it, save perhaps that 'twas like the music, provocative, appealing to the basest instincts in man, indecent with a peculiarly attractive indecency. It was, I think, the dance of creation, of the impulse of life, one of the oldest and in its perverted way one of the truest dances which man ever devised. It could only be danced by a savage people, primitive and unshamed.

Faster went the measure of the dance. Faster whirled the glistening white figure. Now she danced before us, her eyes burning with mockery—I know not what—of Ta-wan-ne-ars. Now she spun around the open space in a series of intricate steps and posturings.

The music worked up to a crescendo, the drums thudding with furious speed. Ga-ha-no leaped high in air and raised her arms toward the moon, whose sickle shape was no whiter or fairer than she.

The chant stopped in the middle of a note, and as her feet touched the ground again she ran lightly across the amphitheater and threw herself into De Veulle's arms. He tossed her upon his shoulder.

"The Moon feast is open, O my people," she called back as he disappeared with her into the shadows.

All those thousands of people went mad. The dancing-place became a wild tumult of naked savages, men and women, leaping in groups and couples to the renewed music of the False Faces. Decency and restraint were cast aside.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

and thrust for the one weak spot in the man's armor of egotism.

"You do proclaim yourself for what you are," I answered him steadily. "Sure, no man of breeding would descend to the depths you reach. I do assure you, fellow, if you ever return to civilization and attempt to mix with the gently bred, your plowboy origin will out."

His face was suffused to a purple hue. "Sdeath!" he rasped. "Sir, know you not I am of the Murrays of Cobblelaw? I quarter my arms with the Kieths! I have a right to carry the Bleeding Heart on my shield! I—"

"No, no," I interrupted. "'Tis easy for you to claim here in the wilderness, but the humblest cadet of the house of Douglas would disprove you. I dislike to speak ill of any woman, and certes I could weep for the grief of her who conceived you, whatever she was. But I make no doubt she was some Huron squaw."

His face went dead white. "I was pleaded with overlong to spare you," he said in accents so cold that the words fell like icicles breaking from the rocks. "I am glad I resisted. I shall give orders now that your torments be the most ingenious our savages can devise."

"I doubt it not," I said. "You will die in much agony," he continued placidly. "Nobody will ever know of your taunts. And I—his vanity flared up again—"I shall die a marquis and a duke."

"And a convicted criminal," I added. He murmured to De Veulle and walked away, the savages moving from his path as if he were death in person, for indeed they feared him, more even than they feared Black Robe and their own accursed priests. He was the master of all.

"So you are to be chief torturer, monsieur le chevalier?" I remarked to De Veulle.

"Even so," he agreed. "There could not be a fitter," I said sympathetically.

"I thank you for your appreciation," he replied. "I have instructed the savages to give you the long torment. You will be still alive this time tomorrow. Think of it! Your Iroquois friend knows what that means—an eyeless, bloody wreck of a man, begging to be slain!"

He beckoned to the Cahnuaga chief. "Let loose your people," he ordered, and stepped back.

The Cahnuaga put his hand to his mouth, and the high-pitched, soaring notes of the war-whoop resounded through the air. And as if one directing center animated them all the thousands of savages closed in on us, yelling and shrieking, weapons menacing, feet-pounding the measures of some clumsy dance.

They swirled round and round us, those who could get nearest dashing up to the stakes to mock at us or threaten us with words and weapons. Nobody touched us, but the strain of constantly expecting physical assault was nerve-racking. Ta-wan-ne-ars smiled serenely at them all, and when he could make himself heard, returned their threats.

Not Much Doubt as to Where She Stood

Attorney W. B. Ward tells of the utterance of a client he once had in Kansas City that he regarded as a classic in finality. The client was of ebon hue and was asking to be divorced from what she termed the "most neocountest, trillingest man that breathed."

Judge Birney figured such exhortation indicated another suitor somewhere in the background. By clever questioning he attempted to wring from the irate witness that there was another man in the case, but she stoutly denied such inference and continued with the denunciation of the hapless spouse. After an hour the court decided the plaintiff had earned her decree and so intimated, but in passing judgment he observed verbally that the plaintiff would in all probability be married again within a month. Disregarding formality and

even with contempt the woman took her stand in front of the bench and fixing Judge Birney with her eyes she exclaimed:

"Judge, the man I'd marry again ain't been born yet and furthermore his mother's daid."

**Way of All Golf**  
Man is an awful liar. When he slinks a long putt he smilingly declares it was only a matter of luck, but he knows deep in his heart that it was because he is a great man.—Eldorado (Kans.) Times.

**A Different Valuation**  
"When you figure on what you're worth," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "you may get a different result from your conscience from the one your bank account gives you."

## Albert Rooke Makes His Comeback

Wins six-year fight for health. Now well and strong  
at 60. Husky as ever, he praises Tanlac

At 1830 West 39th Place, Los Angeles, lives Albert A. Rooke, a respected citizen with 38 years of active railroad experience. He tells of a very interesting experience.

"About seven years ago," says Mr. Rooke, "my stomach and liver went back on me. It was a most distressing experience. Nothing seemed to agree with me; I lost all desire for food. A sound night's sleep was out of the question, so I rose each morning tired and peevish. Then constipation developed and made life a continuous misery. I lost weight and could hardly drag myself around a good deal of the time. After six years of that I was all in. Along came the 'lu' when I had no resistance left. That was about the last straw. Nothing seemed to help me.

"On a friend's advice I tried Tanlac, and that certainly did help. I soon began to get refreshing sleep again, to eat with old-time zest. The distressing stomach and liver troubles disappeared. Briefly, Tanlac put me on my feet, with all my old-time vigor and enjoyment of life. I put on weight and after five bottles was as well as



ever in my life. That was a year ago. I'm still in fine shape, as you see. Few men of 60 are as well as I am, thanks to Tanlac."

Tanlac is nature's own tonic and body builder, made from roots, herbs and barks by the famous Tanlac formula. Try a bottle—it may do for you what it did for Mr. Rooke. Your druggist has it. Over 52 million bottles sold.

### Figure of Speech

"He gives his orders with an iron hand." "Do you mean he uses the sign language?"

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin  
Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

### Lesson in Lasso

"What's the baby crying for?" "We're playing rodeo an' he doesn't know why we rope him."

### "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.

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Cole's Carbolsalve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 30c and 40c. Ask your druggist, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill., for a package.—Adv.

The dinner gong and the dinner ring are not always synonymous.

### Opportunity

"Dear, shall we see a show to-night?" "Yes, I've lots of things to tell you."

## Sure Relief

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25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Real Estate Brokers! Earn \$1,000 Monthly selling Rio Grande Valley Income Grapefruit Properties; write BANTA AND GILES, Owners, Astor Building, San Antonio, Texas.

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Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup. 35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c

Those who say that life is a burden always make others tired. It's easy to fool a man who has no faith in human nature.

## Children Cry for



**MOTHER:—** Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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Mr. Slow Pay—If this floor paint works, I'll owe it all to you.  
Clerk—Pardon me, sir, but our terms are cash.—Good Hardware.

Firmness, gone to seed, is obstinacy and obstinacy makes deadlocks.  
Aid stomach, heartburn and nausea are corrected with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.  
Life without love would be as useless as a lamp without oil.



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Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

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