

**Is It Your Nerves?**  
Bakersfield, Calif.—I had a nervous breakdown, unable to leave my bed. I was under the care of a doctor, but was not getting along as well as I thought I should, so I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it is the tonic and nerve that restored me to health. Its soothing effect upon my nerves was wonderful while taking the first bottle, but I continued its use until I had taken five bottles and was then completely restored to health. I have never had a physical or a nervous breakdown since, which proves the thoroughness of the 'Prescription' in reaching the source of the trouble and then over-coming it.—Mrs. Gertrude Higley, 1224 Truxton Ave. All dealers.

**FOR Coughs due to Colds**  
**BOSCHEE'S SYRUP**  
SUCCESSFUL FOR 60 YEARS  
30c & 90c At all Druggists

**CALIFORNIA STATE APPROVED LANDS**  
Small improved farms in well established settlement. Fruit, alfalfa, dairy, hogs, poultry. Churches, high school, grammar schools. Also unimproved lands with first water rights. Easy terms. Write Fresno Farms, Kernan, Calif.

**Nuff Sed**  
A young fellow wrote to his father from college: "No man, no fun, your son."  
Promptly his father answered: "How sad, too bad, your dad."

**DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN**  
Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."  
Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you 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.

**Could Hardly Expect One**  
Jones—Have you a reference from your last employer?  
Typist—Well, no; you see I married and divorced 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.

**World's Debt to Edison**  
Edison has given mankind inventions which, in their present development, are conservatively valued at \$15,000,000,000.

**PERMANENT RELIEF FOR ECZEMA**  
Used by noted doctor 40 yrs. Don't order unless you will follow directions. Send \$2 or write MADDEN COMPANY, Box 872, El Paso, Texas, for full information.—Adv.

**Nickels Mounted Up**  
One Bath (Maine) woman on Christmas eve, 1925, commenced saving her nickels, and during the year would not spend one when it could be avoided. On Christmas eve, 1926, she got out her nickels and counted them. She had \$152.05.

**Trust on having Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot"**  
for Worms or Tapeworm and the drugist will get it for you. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

**Home Talent**  
Neighbor—What's that awful yelling over at your house, Elsie?  
Elsie—That's my baby paining mother.

**Stop the Pain.**  
The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 50c and 60c at all druggists, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Advertisement.

Even if a man's good deeds live after him, he isn't in a position to care.

**Sure Relief**  
**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief  
**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

**DON'T RUB!**  
INFLAMED LIDS  
It increases the irritation. Use MITCHELL'S EYE SALVE, a simple, safe remedy. 12c at all druggists. Hall & Buckel, New York City.

**DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR**  
Applied externally, relieves congestion, loosens, takes internally soothes inflamed membrane, stops coughing. For whooping cough, CRUQ, influenza.  
**HALL & BUCKEL**  
New York  
**FOR COLDS**



**The DOOM TRAIL**  
by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH  
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.  
WNU SERVICE COPYRIGHT BY BRENTANOS

**CHAPTER XI—Continued**

Peter answered him with the Iroquois war-whoop, and we sprang from the sumac clump, dodging right and left through the tree trunks.  
"Here they come," yelled Bolling in warning.  
He fired his musket, and I felt the wind of its bullet on my cheek. Tom shot with no better results. The two surviving Cahnuagas threw away their guns and fled.  
"I will take care of them, brothers," shouted Ta-wan-ne-ars, casting aside his own musket. "One Seneca against two Cahnuagas—that should be fair odds."

He put on speed as he spoke, waved his hand and was gone, running like a greyhound after the two frightened savages, who were scurrying around the swamp.  
The field was left to Peter and me and the two ruffians whom the frontier called Red Death and Black Death. They seemed nothing loath to meet us.  
"Ho, ho, ho," roared Bolling. "D'ye see who it is, Tom? Waail, young feller!—this to me—'was you intending to amuse me some?"  
"I'm intending to let a little clean air into your dirty skin," I answered.  
He threw back his head as if much amused.  
"Ho, ho, ha! Now ain't you got the smart way o' puttin' things? Young feller, I'll tell yer what: you're too good for the frontier. You—"

As quick as lightning, and without an indication in advance to warn me, he flung his tomahawk at my head. I saw it coming, and instinctively did the only thing possible to save myself—raised my own ax to guard. Bolling's hatchet struck mine and knocked it from my hand, leaving my arm sore and tingling.  
"You wasn't expectin' that, was you?" he gibed. "Waail, young feller, there's a heap o' other things you ain't expectin', but they're a-goin' to happen. Yes, right now. You watch."  
He poised himself on the balls of his feet, and pranced around me, his big, double-edged scalping knife held rigid in his right hand.  
"I'm a-minn' to carve you, my lad," he warned me. "You ain't got the chance a squirrel has ag'in an eagle. There ain't a knife-fighter in these parts can stand up to me. Boy, I'm 'most ready to be sorry for ye. I feel that bloody-minded I ain't got no mercy left at all."

He attacked me with a peculiar sweeping blow that was aimed at my shoulder, but fell at the level of the waist. Had it passed my guard, 'twould have disemboweled me. I parried his blade with mine, and struck back for the first time with such venom that he leaped away in alarm.  
The suspension in his attack gave me opportunity to glance over my shoulder toward the edge of the swamp, where Peter and the negro were circling each other warily, tomahawk poised for throwing.  
The sight put an idea in my mind. I remembered my duel with the Cahnuaga in the glade by the Great Trail and the discovery that he was at a disadvantage when I used the knife as I had learned to use the sword. I promptly shifted my grip on the knife-hilt and held it straight before me as if it were a rapier. At the same time I inclined my other arm behind me to balance it. Bolling viewed this maneuver with derision.  
"Ye pore baby," he sneered. "Think ye can meet a knife-fighter like me with one arm? Or fight me off with the point? I'll show ye."

He charged upon me like a battering-ram, his knife a whirling point of steel, its broad blade slashing in both directions. I retired slowly, anxious to increase his self-confidence.  
"Stand up to me now!" he yelled finally. "Be ye feared?"  
I laughed at this, and it made him furious. He stamped around me, slashing and stabbing, and it was several minutes before he discovered that however viciously he struck I was always able to parry him with an economy of effort.  
He crept forward like a huge cat, feet-spread wide, shoulders crouched, knife a menacing flame.  
Somewhat to his surprise I did not give ground to him this time, but met him squarely as he advanced. My arm was extended, full-length, tipped with a good ten inches of steel. He struck, and I parried the blow. He slashed, and I put it aside. He struck again, and I almost succeeded in twisting his blade from his hand by an old trick of the salle des armes. But my knife was not long enough to get the necessary purchase with it.  
He charged with wonderful celerity, swooped to his knee and slashed upward so effectively that his point cut the skirt of my leather shirt.  
"I'll get ye yet," he howled with glee.

But I refused to be intimidated. Indeed, I was no longer doubtful of the issue. I knew that I could outfight him or any fighter of his caliber by my adaptation of sword-play to knife-fighting.  
I leaped upon him by way of answer, and pressed the fighting. He yielded ground to me, seeking to retreat into the woods by the trail; but I rounded him up and herded him steadily toward the edge of the swamp.  
I shortened our fighting-range, and gave him the point, drawing blood occasionally. He kept his head down, and parried desperately, trying to escape to one side, but I was on him so swiftly that he was afraid of a blow from the rear, and must needs stand to defend himself. At last he stood on the very brink of the morass, with no avenue of escape open.  
"How will you die, my friend?" I asked. "You can smother to death if you prefer it?"  
His answer was a bellow of insensate rage and his knife, thrown point-first at my chest. By sheer luck I caught its point on my hilt, turned it aside and met his rush. He wrapped his arms around me, intent on carrying me with him into the ooze and slime. But I stabbed him to the heart before his bear's hug was completed, and he fell away from me, arms spread wide, and lay in a noisome heap by the tussocks of marsh grass.  
I stood over him, panting from my exertions, when a shout from Ta-wan-ne-ars attracted my attention. The Seneca was returning from his pursuit

of the two Cahnuagas. He shouted again and pointed behind me. I turned to see Peter and the negro locked in each other's arms, and as I looked, Tom heaved Peter into the air and tried to throw him. But Peter locked his legs around the negro's waist, and they rolled over and over across the ground.  
I reached them just as they struggled to their feet, grips unrelaxed. Peter warned me off.  
"Stand clear," he croaked. "I finish this myself."  
Certain, nobody but Peter could have finished it. The negro's strength was colossal. He fought like a wildcat, with teeth and nails and legs. But Peter met him plegmatically, refusing to be angered by the vilest attempt. They dripped blood. Their skins shone with sweat. Their chests heaved with the effort for breath.  
Tom stooped and flung his arms around Peter's waist, driving his head for the Dutchman's loins. Peter retaliated by bringing up his knee against the negro's chin. Tom reeled back, and Peter swooped upon him. One arm hooked Tom's waist, the other caught him by the neck.  
**Device Called Upon to Detect Balance**  
Detecting the unbalanced portion of any revolving mass, such as a flying wheel of an engine or a dynamo armature, is declared a simple matter by the inventor of a device that is called a "balance detector." The theory of the instrument is based on the principle that any revolving body or disk, perfectly balanced and loosely supported on its axis, will, when revolving, seek its own course of revolution and rotate steadily, irrespective of the course of its axis.  
The device consists essentially of a case or housing. Through this runs an axle, universally supported, on which is a rotating disk. The bearing member protrudes from the casing, and when testing, is placed against the end of the shaft of the piece of machinery in question. This is allowed to rotate until it has attained the maximum speed of the shaft. In the casting is a pointer which shows the trend of the motion, greatly exaggerated. The machine is then stopped, with the device still connected, and the pointer will then show the side out of balance.  
**Southern Expression**  
Riddell's "Fact, Fancy and Fable" says that the expression "Nigger in the woodpile" originated in the South and refers to the thieving propensity of slaves.  
**We've Noticed It, Too**  
Often when you think you are losing you are winning, and when you think you are winning you are losing. Time will tell the story, too.—Watertown Standard.

Dazed and with a mouthful of shattered teeth, Tom struggled feebly, but without avail. Peter twisted him, bore him to the ground, shifted grip rapidly, drove his knee into the quivering belly and throttled the life out of the black throat.  
"So I make an end of him," panted the Dutchman as he staggered to his feet.  
"Aye, we have made an end to Red Death and Black Death," I answered.  
"And I slew the two who ran," added Ta-wan-ne-ars, touching two scalps whose clustered feathers protruded from his belt.  
"A clean sweep," I said. "There will be none to carry the tale to La Viegre du Bois."

**CHAPTER XII**

**Governor Burnet Is Defied**

'Twas early autumn when we returned to Albany. The flag over the battlements of Fort Orange stood out straight from its staff. The citizens who thronged the street leading up to the fort gate must needs hold on to their hat-brims.  
"Are the streets usually so crowded?" I asked Peter.  
He shook his head, and I accosted a tavern keeper who stood in his doorway, regarding the passers-by with anticipation of the harvest he would reap later.  
"Tis his excellency the governor," he explained. "The governor and Master Colden of his council have summoned certain gentry and merchants and the officers of the troops to meet them in the great hall of the fort this afternoon."  
We came to the fort gate and gave our names to the sentry who stopped all save the few the governor had summoned to attend upon him. A messenger he dispatched brought back word that we were to enter, and we were escorted across the parade and into the quarters of the commandant adjoining the great hall.  
Master Colden met us in the doorway.  
"Zooks, but I am right glad to see you," he cried. "And his excellency is overjoyed."  
He opened an inner door and ushered us into the presence of the governor. Master Burnet rose and came forward with hand outstretched.  
"Master Ormerod, this could not have been better! I wished about all things for speech with you. Corlaer, I am deeply in your debt. Ta-wan-ne-ars, you have again incurred the gratitude of the province."  
"Did you receive my report from Oswego, sir?" I asked.  
"Certain, 'twas that—and this"—he tapped a document which lay before him on the table—"which brought me here."  
He proffered it. 'Twas a report from a secret agent at Montreal, quoting the decision of the French fur dealers, acting in conjunction with their government, to raise the price of beaver from two livres, or one shilling sixpence in English currency, the pound, to the level of four livres, or three shillings, the established price then prevailing at the English trading-posts.  
"That, mind you," continued the governor as I returned the paper to him, "was the first reaction in Canada to the tidings that Murray had succeeded in legitimizing his trade over the Doom Trail. But come with me. It may be I shall appeal to you for firsthand testimony."  
We deposited our muskets in a corner of the room, and filed into the larger chamber adjoining, where some thirty men awaited him. Several were gentry who were members of his council. Three were officers in command of the frontier garrisons. The remainder were merchants, dealing to greater or lesser extent in the fur-trade, the great export staple of the province.  
His excellency wasted no time in preliminaries or generalities. He deposited several papers on the table in front of him, and addressed himself to his task.  
"Gentlemen," he began, "I have summoned you to meet me here because a situation has arisen which is of the utmost gravity to the welfare of the province and the larger interests of his majesty's realm. Recently I have been in receipt of a communication in the form of a petition signed by many of the chief merchants of the province, beseeching me to abandon my opposition to the retention of the free trade with Canada which is now temporarily secured to them by the action of the lords of trade in suspending decision upon the law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods which I secured to be passed last year."  
"That petition represented the sober thought of a majority of the merchants and traders, your excellency," spoke up a prosperous-looking man.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**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 'oggy. 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 act 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.

**Not So Very Restful**  
"You'll find this place very restful."  
"Don't tell me that; you remind me of the time I had that assurance and a cyclone took the house away in the night."  
For bloated feeling and distressed breathing due to indigestion you need a medicine as well as a purgative. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are both. Adv.

**The Difference**  
He—I make the money.  
She—And I make it stretch.—Christian Science Monitor.  
Where everybody is busy knocking, nobody hears Opportunity.

**Stang Sounds Loud**  
Dorothy, aged four, was told not to say "gee," as the word was slang. That night, when her father came home, Dorothy ran to him, and said: "Daddy, I don't say 'gee' because it's 'slam'!" "It's what?" asked the puzzled father. "Slam," repeated the youngster. Seeing that her parent still did not understand, Dorothy went to the door, opened it, and then closed it with a bang. "Slam, like this," she explained.

**No Letup**  
Caller—Why don't your husband take a day off now and then?  
Hostess—John works in the weather bureau and you know, my dear, people simply must have weather.—New Haven Register.

**Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN**  
SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!  
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for  
Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism  
**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**  
**Safe** Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.  
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturer of Monacettein, Germany.

**Housing and Child Health**  
The larger and more comfortable the family house, all other things being equal, the better chance babies have to live, according to a recently published yearly report on child welfare in England. In one-room dwellings, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the death rate was 108; in two-room dwellings, 100; in three-rooms, 89; while in those over three rooms, it dropped to 76.  
**California Directory**  
**2.50 for one**  
**3.50 for two**  
**Advantages**  
In theatrical, club, and shopping centers.  
One block from Union Square. Every room with private bath. Popular dining room. Garage in same block.  
Under proprietor-management of **Leo Lebenbaum**  
**HOTEL CECIL**  
POST STREET NEAR MASON SAN FRANCISCO  
**SELIG BROS., San Francisco**  
Wholesale Tailors  
Have our local dealer take your measure for a "Satisfaction Guaranteed" ALL-WOOL SUIT. Prices to suit your purse.  
**HOTEL ROOSEVELT**  
SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL  
Every room with bath or shower. \$2.00 to \$3.00. Jones at Eddy. Garage next door.  
**PENNANT PARLOR COACH LINES**  
180 Market St., San Francisco. Hemlock 8771  
**San Francisco to Portland \$12.50**  
**Portland to Seattle \$16.50**  
PORTLAND DEPOT Phone Alhwater 323  
SEATTLE DEPOT, 606 Seneca St. Phone Elliott 708  
**HOTEL WILTSHIRE, San Francisco**  
940 Stockton St., near Union Square. Butler 226  
**LARRY BOYLE, Manager**  
Outside rooms with bath, \$10 single, \$15 double. Court rooms with bath, \$10 single, \$15 double. Breakfasts 50c, 60c, 80c; Dinners 80c; Sunday \$1.00.  
**SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL MENTONE**  
387 Ellis Street, at Jones  
OUTSIDE ROOM, PRIVATE BATH \$2.00  
W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 8-1927.

**Oakland G. A. R. Veteran and Wife Regain Health**  
Aged Couple, Suffering Acutely from Rheumatism, Neuritis and Indigestion, Find Quick and Permanent Relief in Tanlac and Praise It Highly  
"From the day I was fortunate enough to line up with Tanlac," says Mr. Emil Langhans, ex-cavalryman and retired customs official. "It has kept my health and strength up to highest standard."  
Sitting in his comfortable home at 2219 107th Avenue, Oakland, Calif., Mr. Langhans told how Tanlac had rebuilt strength and vigor for himself and his charming wife. "Tanlac worked wonders for my wife," he said. "She suffered from high blood pressure, neuritis and general run-down condition. Tanlac relieved her."  
"I had sciatic rheumatism—suffered for five years with it—so that I could sleep but little, on account of the pain. Kidney trouble, indigestion and loss of appetite had reduced my strength to a low ebb."  
"Since taking Tanlac my health, as well as that of my wife, has been remarkable. Though I am retired, I could resume my old work any time. No rheumatism—nor kidney trouble—in past two years. I never miss an opportunity to praise Tanlac."  
Old and young, from coast to coast, unite in praising this famous remedy of nature. Made of roots, barks and herbs, according to the exclusive Tanlac formula, it is an amazing tonic medicine. All good druggists sell Tanlac. Get a bottle today! Over 40 million bottles sold.

