

Colds

Broken in a day
Hill's act quickly—stop colds in 24 hours. Fever and headache disappear. Grippe is conquered in 3 days. Every winter it saves millions danger and discomfort. Don't take chances, don't delay an hour. Get the best help science knows.

Be Sure It's **HILL'S** Price 30c
CASCARA QUININE
Get Red Box **BROMIDE** with portrait

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teaching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

At All **Druggists**

CARBUNCLES
Carbol draws out the core and gives quick relief

CARBOIL
GENEROUS 50¢ BOTTLE

At All **Druggists**—Money-back guarantee

SKIN BLEACH
Kremolin makes the skin beautiful for only 15c

FREE BOOKLET. Ask your dealer or write Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. W, 205 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

WANTED—LOTS IN BROOKLYN, N. YORK
Owners, contract holders send full particulars. Geo. E. Jantzer, 1387 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IRRITATING RASHES
For quick, lasting relief from itching and burning, doctors prescribe

Resinol
Garfield Tea
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb 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.

Express Agent's Troubles
The express agent at Freeport, Pa., sympathizes with his predecessor who had the trouble with the pigs, remarks the Boston Globe. A coon dog was ordered by a Freeport man on a 15-day free trial, and the express clerk was instructed that the money should not be sent to the breeder until the end of the trial period. By mistake the money was sent. The man decided that he didn't want the dog and the breeder decided that he wanted the money, so the agent became the dog's custodian. Then a few more yards of red tape were spun when the dog gave birth to 13 puppies.

PERMANENT RELIEF FOR ECZEMA
Used by noted doctor 40 yrs. Don't order unless you will follow directions. Send 12c or write **MADDERN COMPANY**, Box 372, El Paso, Texas, for full information.—Adv.

Valuable Faculty
Men have made a fortune out of cultivating the faculty of remembering people's names and mixing them with smiles.

smokers
Ease irritated throats, relieve coughs and sweeten the breath with **Luden's**.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH
5c DROPS

Just Dropped In
Just as a peasant of Breslau, Germany, was about to partake of a large bowl of pea soup, he was interrupted by two women landing squarely on top of the table. The women, who had entered the cottage at the foot of a mountain through the open window, had been coasting down the mountain and had lost control of the sled.

If your eyes are sore, get **Roman Eye** Elixir. Apply it at night and you are healed by morning. 212 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Not a Matter of Mind
"There's one thing when a man's brain don't count."
"When is that?"
"When he's punching the adding machine."—Good Hardware.

Fellow who won't take no for an answer should associate only with yes-men.

FOR **Coughs** due to **Colds**

BOSCHER'S SYRUP
SUCCESSFUL FOR 60 YEARS
30c & 90c At all Druggists

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith

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

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Because it is to the interest of our people to act even more than it is to the interest of the English," retorted Do-ne-ho-ga-weh with impassioned energy. "Already the English are more numerous than we are. They have strong forts. We have only the forest. They have brothers across the Great Water who will aid them. We have only the uncertain aid of our allies and subject tribes.

"The decision is in your hands. If you fight for the English you will survive and grow stronger. If you fight for the French or if you do not fight for the English, you will slowly be crippled and in a little time you will be no more feared than the Mohicans or the Eries.

"Na-ho!"

"That was the last speech of the day, and the council adjourned, only, as in the case of the Senecas' tribal council, to dissolve into minor councils of the roy-an-ehs of the different clan groups.

When the representatives of each tribe had reached the unanimity which was required by the laws of the League, they discussed the situation informally with the roy-an-ehs of the other tribes; and on the fifth day To-do-da-ho delivered the common judgment of the roy-an-ehs.

"Murray and the Keepers of the Doom Trail are the enemies of the Long House. We must break them now before they grow too powerful. Therefore we have decided to take up the hatchet against them. But we shall send word to Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, appealing to him, by virtue of the covenant chain between us, to support us against the vengeance of the French. This is the decision of the Ho-yar-na-go-war, O my people."

"Yo-hay!" answered the roy-an-ehs. And the thousands of people in the meadow echoed the shout.

My attention was diverted to a young Onondaga who attempted to explain something to me in his dialect. Seeing I could not understand, Ta-wan-ne-ars approached and listened to him, a look of astonishment creasing his usually impassive face.

"The Onondaga says that a Frenchman has come to the village who claims to have a message for you," translated the Seneca.

"For me? Who can it be from?"

"I do not know, brother. Let us hasten and find out."

We pushed our way through the masses of warriors already beginning the war-dance, and ran between the vegetable gardens toward Ka-na-ta-go-wa.

CHAPTER XIV

The Evil Wood

We found the messenger squatting placidly by the council-house under the guard of several Onondagas. He was of the usual type of courier du bois, but with an unusually repellent countenance.

"You have a message for me?" I said.

"Are you Monsieur Ormerod?" he replied in his peasant's patois.

"I am."

He examined me with a sidewise squint out of his shifty eyes, and fished with one hand in the bosom of his filthy leather shirt.

"You will pay for the service?" he inquired warily. "She said you would pay what I asked."

I took one step forward and grasped the ruffian by the arm.

"Who? I repeated. 'Tell me, if you value your life! And give me the message.'

"No offense, no offense, monsieur," he growled, pulling away from me. "Mademoiselle Murray—"

"Give it to me," I insisted. "We will talk of pay afterward."

He reluctantly withdrew his hand from his shirt, and offered me a folded square of heavy paper, stained with sweat. I opened it carefully, lest it tear, and saw these lines of fine, angular writing staring me in the face:

"La Vierge du Bois, ye 21st Sept., 1725.

"You said You wid come if I call for You. I Begge you now, in ye Name of All you Holde Deer, help Mee. I am to be Ford to wad ye Chev. de Veulle. 'Tis ye price he has Fixt for his Services to Mr. Murray. I will Marrie me whenne Pere Hyacinthe is returned from a Visit to ye Dionondadies by ye Huronne Lake. So much grace I have obtained from them. Help Mee.

MARJORY.

"Do notte Trust ye messenger who Carries this, but please Pay him What he asks. Come by ye waye you Lefte through ye Woodde of ye False Faces."

Stunned, I read it a second time, then handed it to Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"What is your name?" I asked the messenger whilst Ta-wan-ne-ars scanned the paper.

"Baptiste Meurier," he said sullenly. "Who gave you the paper?"

"Who but the mademoiselle herself?"

"How did she happen to choose you?"

He protruded his chest.

"Who better could she select than Baptiste Meurier?" he replied. "North of the Lakes everyone knows Baptiste Meurier—and I am not unknown to the Iroquois."

"But how did mademoiselle hear of you, Baptiste?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can say? A beautiful young person says she has a mission of much importance and profit to be performed. I reply I will go anywhere for a price. I am told I have only to name it. And so I am here, monsieur."

"And what is your price?" I inquired, amused despite myself by the cool insouciance of the scoundrel.



"Two hundred livres," he said instantly.

"Very well. It shall be paid. You will be detained here for a time, and I will purchase for you a sufficient number of beaver pelts to defray that sum."

And, turning to Ta-wan-ne-ars, I asked him to give the necessary instructions to the Onondagas. The messenger, a look of sour satisfaction on his cunning face, was marched off to undergo the restraint of an unwelcome visitor.

"Well?" I said to Ta-wan-ne-ars.

The Seneca returned me the letter. "See," he said, pointing to the wild geese flying in pairs to the south, "the cold weather is coming. Black Robe will be delayed in returning from his visit to the Dionondadies. And that is a very good thing for us, brother. But for that I think we would be too late."

"But we shall have fighting," I exclaimed. "The Keepers will soon discover us, and no matter how numerous we may be they will fight desperately. They may carry her away to Canada before we reach La Vierge du Bois."

"This is true," he admitted. "And the thought Ta-wan-ne-ars had, brother, was that we might leave to Do-ne-ho-ga-weh and Corlaer the breaking of the Doom Trail whilst you and I with a handful of warriors marched around by the way we escaped, as the white maiden advises in her letter. That way is not guarded, for none has known it, and perhaps we may hide in the Wood of the False Faces and hear of the maiden in the confusion of a surprise attack."

"It sounds reasonable," I said doubtfully. "Tis preferable to trusting to the main attack."

"There is no other plan," he rejoined with energy. "Now we must tell what we have learned to Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, and arrange our plans with him."

The Guardian of the Western Door was the center of an immense mob of warriors who danced around the war post which had been planted in the council-place.

The grim face of Do-ne-ho-ga-weh was alight with the joy of battle.

"Behold, O my son," he called to me, "the warriors of the Eight Clans are with us. Our brothers of the Turtle, Beaver, Bear and Wolf, and our younger brothers of the Sulpe, Heron, Deer and Hawk, all hunger for the scalps of the Keepers of the Trail."

"A thousand braves will follow us on the warpath. We will give the French a lesson. They shall see the night of the Long House."

But the light faded from his features as Ta-wan-ne-ars told him of the message from Marjory. A look of cold hatred accentuated the grimness of the hooked nose and high cheekbones.

"The French dog De Veulle is wretched of Ga-ha-na," he rasped. "He has had enough of the red maiden. Now he craves the white. Yes, it is well that my red nephew and my white son should go against this man who knows no laws to curb his lust. I charge you, do not spare him."

"We will not spare him," I promised.

"Good! It shall be as you ask. Corlaer shall guide me to the Doom Trail. How many warriors are to go with you?"

We debated this point together, and decided that for purposes of swift movement and secrecy we had best re-

strict our escort to twenty men. Do-ne-ho-ga-weh approved this number.

"Do nothing, if you can help it, until we have begun our attack," he said. "If you must move without us, rely upon flight, for you cannot hope to succeed by fighting."

Our party mustered at dawn the next morning. It consisted of twenty stalwart young Seneca Wolves, each man selected by Ta-wan-ne-ars for strength and wind. In addition to their clothing and weapons each man also carried two lengthy contrivances of wood, with hide strips laid across them.

"What are they for?" I asked as Ta-wan-ne-ars presented me with a pair and showed me how to fasten them on my back so that the narrower ends stuck up over my head.

"Ga-weh-ga—snow-shoes," he replied. "In the wilderness, brother, the snow lies deep, and we should sink down at every step once the ground was covered over the first storm. You must learn how to use the ga-weh-ga, for otherwise you would be helpless."

We kept our purpose a strict secret, even from the warriors of our escort. They were told no more than that they were given an opportunity to go upon a hazardous venture which should yield them fame and a proportionate toll of scalps.

That was all they wanted to know. Ta-wan-ne-ars was a leader they had fought under before. I was assigned a wholly undeserved measure of fame because of my recent adventures in his company.

We marched rapidly. For three days we averaged thirty miles a day, and each day, when we camped, I practiced with the snow-shoes on some level bit of ground, learning how to walk without catching the points and tripping myself.

We had not gone very far on the fourth day when O-da-wa-an-do, the Otter, a warrior who had attached himself to me, pointed through the leafless trees toward a grayish-white bank which was rolling down upon us from the north.

"O-ga-on-de-o," he said. "It snows."

Fifteen minutes later the snow began to fall. Driven by a piercing wind, it descended like a vast, enveloping blanket, coldly damp, strangling the breath, blinding the eyes, numbing the muscles.

We struggled along against it until we came to a hillside scattered with large boulders. Here we halted and built shelters for ourselves by roofing the boulders with pine saplings we hacked down with our tomahawks. Under these, with fires roaring at our feet, we made shift to resist the cold.

The snow fell for the better part of two days, so thickly as to preclude traveling, and during that time we dared not stir from shelter, except to collect firewood. In the evening of the second day the storm passed, and the stars shone out in a sky that was a hard, metallic blue.

"We have lost much time, brothers," said Ta-wan-ne-ars, "and we have had a long rest. Let us push on tonight."

Our progress was slowed considerably by my clumsiness on snow-shoes. But the Otter and other warriors went to considerable pains to help me, picking out the easiest courses to follow, quick with hint or advice to remedy my ignorance. I became proficient enough to travel at the tail of the column, although my companions could never march as rapidly as they would have done without me.

The wilderness which was traversed by the Doom Trail was deserted because of the universal Indian fear of the False Faces. Ta-wan-ne-ars and I discussed this point as we neared the forbidden country, and I suggested that he tell his followers our destination.

He halted until we were a long day's march from and well to the northwest of the goal! Then he gathered the warriors about him as they mustered for the trail.

"Soon, O my brothers," he said in the musical, cadenced Seneca dialect which I was beginning to take pleasure in understanding, "we shall strike our enemies. It is a desperate enterprise you go upon. No war party ever set out to risk such heavy odds. No warriors of the Long House were ever called upon to practice such caution, to reveal such courage.

"O my brothers, we are going into the Wood of Evil, the haunt of the False Faces, which is the breeding place of all the wickedness that brands the Keepers of the Doom Trail. You will face much that is horrible. You will be threatened with spells and witchcraft. But I ask you to remember that my brother O-to-ti-an-i and I passed through all such perils without harm. Keep your hearts strong."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Device That Combines Field Glass and Gun

A field-glass gun has been devised which serves the purpose of both a light gun and a powerful glass. A short barrel is rigged between a pair of telescopes, and a bar with a recoil pad extends to the forehead to take the "kick" from the discharge. If a heavy caliber is used, a shoulder stock can also be provided so that the shooter will not suffer too great a shock.

The telescope gun does better work than the ordinary rifle telescope because it gives the advantage of a pair of binoculars and is much lighter and more convenient to handle. The old rifle telescope, which has become fairly common, does not allow enough light to reach the eye, so that its best use is confined to target shooting. A deer hunter in the woods is hardly able to distinguish an animal he has seen when he sights through the telescope. Two well-constructed telescopes, mounted as a part of the gun as in this device, should prove of great value, and may replace the old type. Just as binoculars have replaced the telescope in a great many uses of the latter instrument.

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—Seume.

Mrs. Furtado Makes Rapid Recovery

Sacramento Woman Suffering From After-Effects of "Flu," Nervous Exhaustion and Run-Down Condition, Recovers Perfect Health. Thanks Tanlac

The experience of Mrs. Mary Furtado, living at 2915 24th St., Sacramento, Cal., should be of interest to everyone suffering similar ailments.

When Mrs. Furtado was only 22, "flu" left her in a badly run-down condition, "I was in such a weak condition," says Mrs. Furtado, "that I couldn't do a thing. I was awfully thin, had no appetite whatever, and was so weak that I couldn't do my housework. My nerves were in a terrible state, everything worried me and I felt some days as if I would go to pieces."

"Tanlac certainly proved to be just what I needed. I not only gained 15 pounds in weight, but that tired, run-down feeling left me completely, my appetite improved wonderfully and the nervousness all disappeared."

"I never felt better in my life than I did after taking Tanlac. I could do my housework and I felt just perfect."

"Whenever I feel the least bit run-down or tired I always go back to Tanlac, for it never fails to build me right up."

Love has made a fool of many a man who was considered wise.

Virtue when concealed is a worthless thing.—Caudianus.



Benefit by Mrs. Furtado's experience. Let this marvelous tonic made from roots, barks and herbs according to the famous Tanlac formula, rebuild your run-down body, drive out pain and poison, give you robust health. Results from first bottle amazing. Ask your druggist for Tanlac—today! Over 40 million bottles sold.

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Music revives the recollections it would appease.—Mime. de Stael. All married men are heroes, but they can't always prove it.

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.

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Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart as Blood in Veins Flows That Way.

If you or any relative or friends are worried because of varicose veins, or bunions, the best advice that anyone in this world can give you is to ask your druggist for an original two-

Cuticura Comforts Tender Aching Irritated Feet

Bathe the feet for several minutes with Cuticura Soap and warm water, then follow with a light application of Cuticura Ointment, gently rubbed in. This treatment is most successful in relieving and comforting tired, hot, aching, burning feet.

Prep. E. C. Ointment 25c and Soap 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample sent free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B-1, Malden, Mass."

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