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**3 handy packs 5¢**

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Eph—How so?

Seth—Why, he loafs all day. Never uses it for anything.—Allston Recorder.

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To be well, you must keep the blood stream free from impurities. If the kidneys lag, allowing body poisons to accumulate, a toxic condition is created. One is apt to feel dull, languid, tired and aching. A nagging headache is sometimes a symptom, with drowsy headaches and dizzy spells. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by burning or scanty passage of secretions. If you have reason to suspect improper kidney functioning, try Doan's Pills—a tested stimulant diuretic. Users praise them throughout the United States. Ask your neighbor!

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Forgetting a grouch will make it leave home.

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PETROLEUM JELLY

# THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

## CHAPTER I

### The Fray in Mincing Lane

"Watch! Ho, watch!"

The words rang through the misty darkness of the narrow street. I gathered my cloak around me and skulked closer to the nearest house-wall. Could it be possible the Bow Street runners had picked up my trail again!

And a new worry assailed me. Did the cry come from in front or behind? The fog that mantled London, and which so far had stood my friend, now served to muffle the source of this sudden alarm. Which way should I turn?

"Watch! Curse the sleepy varlets!"

The houses past which I had been feeling my way came to an end. An alley branched off to the right and from its entrance echoed the click of steel—music after my own heart. The blood coursed faster in my veins. No, this could be no trap such as had awaited me ever since I had stepped from the smuggler's small boat. Here was sword-play, a welcome change from the plotting and intrigue which had sickened me.

I cast my cloak back over my shoulder and drew my sword from its sheath, as I ran over the uneven cobbles which paved the alley. Dimly I saw before me a confused huddle of figures that tumbled and stamped about in the ghostly mirk of the fog.

"Hold, friend," I shouted.

"Make haste," panted a voice from the middle of the group.

One man against a gang of assassins! So that was the story. It savored more of Paris than of the staid London of merchants and shopkeepers over which the Hanoverian exercised his stolid sway.

But I had scant time for philosophy. They were on me in an instant, one assailant in front, an assassin on either hand, slashing with hangers and cut-throats that knew no tricks of fence, but only downright force. Their former prey was left with one to handle.

"Get to his rear, one of you fools," snarled the ruffian in command whilst he pounded at my guard.

But I backed into a handy doorway and barely managed to fend them off. And all the while the real object of their attack continued his appeals for the watch.

"Twas this which spoiled the fray for me. I could not but wonder, as I lodged and parried and thrust, what would happen if his cries should be heard and the watch appear. Would they know me? Or perchance should I have the opportunity to slip quietly away?"

I stole a glance about me. Several windows had gone up along the street and nightcapped heads protruded to add their din to that of my friend.

Surely—Aye, they had done it. The ruffian on my left leaped back with ear astant toward the alley entrance.

"Quick, bullies," he yelled. "'Tis the watch!"

With a celerity that was almost uncanny they disengaged their blades and melted into the fog. Their foot-falls dwindled around the corner as I detected the clumping footfalls of the approaching guardians of London's peace.

This brought me to my senses. I sheathed my sword and ran across the roadway, glancing to right and left for the best route of escape. But I reckoned without the other participant in our brawl.

"Be at ease, my master," he said in a voice which had a good thick Dorset burr in it—I liked him from that moment. I sounded so homelike; I could fairly see the rolling fields, the water meadows, the copses, all the scenes that had meant so much to me in boyhood, even the sprawling roofs and chimney stacks of Foxcroft house itself. "'Tis only the watch you hear. Hark to the jingling of their staves."

"I know that full well, my friend," I answered him, gooseflesh rising on my neck as the jingling staves and clumping feet drew nearer. "But I happen to have pressing reasons for avoiding the watch."

My friend prised his lips in a low whistle.

"So, sets the wind in that quarter! Yet you came fast enough to my help against those cut-purses a moment back."

I laughed. The watch were all but in the alley's mouth. 'Twas idle to think of running now.

"Oh, I am no highwayman," I said.

"Well, whatever you may be, you aided Robert Juggins in his peril, and 'twill be a sore pity if a worshipful alderman of the city may not see you through the scrutiny of a band of lazy bench-lopers."

"That is good hearing," I answered. "Will they have your description?"

"I think not, but if they ask me to account for myself I shall be at fault. I am but lately landed from France, and I have no passport."

He pursed his lips once more in the quaint form of a low whistle.

"I begin to see. There is a foreign cut to your wig; that I do not like," he commented. "However, we will brazen it out. Here they come."

The watchman rounded the corner into the alley, lanterns swinging high, staves poised.

"Ho, knaves," proclaimed a pompous

voice, "stand and deliver yourselves to us."

"And who may you be?" demanded my friend.

"No friends to brawlers and disturbers of the peace, sirrah," replied the stoutest of the watchmen, stepping to the front of his fellows. "We are the duly constituted and appointed constables and watchmen of his honor the worshipful lord mayor."

"It would be nearer the truth to say that you are the properly constituted and habitual sleepers and time-servers of the city," snapped my companion. "Draw near, and examine me."

"Nay, sir," adjured the captain of the watch portentously, "do you approach and render yourselves to us. 'Tis not for lawbreakers to order the city's watchmen how they shall be apprehended."

"You fool," said my friend very pleasantly. "If you would only trust your eyes you would see a face you have many times seen before this—aye, and shall see again in the morn-

ing before the bench of sheriffs when you plead forgiveness for your dilatory performance of the duties intrusted to you."

My friend left my side and strode toward the captain of the watch, who gave back a pace or two until he felt the stomachs of his followers at his back.

"How, now," said he who had called himself Robert Juggins, "hold up that lantern, you, sirrah, with the shaking arm. Look into my face, lazy dogs that you are. Dost know me?" He poked his finger into the fat figure of the captain.

"Sure, you are Master Juggins," assented that official with sullen reluctance.

"And is an alderman of the city and a cupmate of the lord mayor and sheriffs and the warden of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Traders to the Western Plantations, on his way home from a meeting of his guild, within the city precincts—aye, in Mincing lane, under the shadow of Paul's—I say am I to be held up by cut-purses, stabbed in the arm, forced to defend my very life—and then denounced and threatened with arrest by the watchmen paid by the city to protect its citizens?"

"You stand here trying to prove 'tis I, and not they, who have sought to rob myself. Go to! Ye are worthless, and I shall see that the sheriffs and the magistrates at Bow Street know of it."

"But we will be after the scoundrels, worshipful Master Alderman," pleaded the captain. "Can you but give us a description of the knaves?"

"Shall I do your work for you?" replied Master Juggins in his delightful Dorset burr. "Zounds! How I liked the man with his broad humor, his ready courage and prompt good sense!"

"Nay, but—"

"But me no buts. Be about your rounds. And if you see any hang-dog rogues or homeless knaves or masterless men, do you apprehend them for the night and lodge them in the Fleet. In the morning you may let me know

what you have done. I will then consider whether your belated efforts may overset your cowardice and laziness in the beginning."

"It shall be as you say, good Master Juggins," assented the captain meekly. "Which way went your assailants?"

"What? More questions?" exploded Master Juggins. "Nay, this is too much."

The watchmen turned in their tracks and herded out of the alley like bewildered cattle, all clumping boots, jingling staves, waving lanterns and jumbled wits. My savior removed his hat and mopped his brow with a white kerchief.

"So much for that," he remarked cheerfully. "Now—"

But he was interrupted from an unexpected quarter. The captain of the watch returned alone.

"I crave your pardon, Master Juggins," he began. "But we have been warned to keep a watch for a dangerous malefactor, an enemy of the state, one Ormerod, an emissary of the Pretender who is here on an errand against the crown."

Juggins favored me with a cursory glance of a somewhat peculiar nature. It was not exactly hostile, and yet much of the friendliness which had characterized his manner was gone.

I felt cold chills running down my back. Would he give me up? What right after all had I to expect better treatment from a total stranger, a man who had nothing to gain from shielding me?

"Go on," said Juggins coldly to the watchman, withdrawing his attention from me.

"Why, worshipful sir, there is no more to say. It is just that I thought, the attack being made upon you, a well-known citizen, it might have been—"

"And how should I know this person of whom you speak?"

"Why, sir, that I cannot—"

"Be about your duties, sirrah," interrupted Master Juggins, "and pester me no longer."

The captain stumped off to where his faithful hand awaited him, the several curious-minded citizens who had listened to the altercation from the vantage-point of their bedroom windows retired to resume their slumbers, and Master Juggins strode back to my side.

"Is your name Ormerod?" he asked.

"I am Harry Ormerod, once a captain of foot under the duke of Berwick; and I formerly had the honor to be chamberlain to the man whom some people call King James the Third."

"You are a rebel, a conspirator against the crown?"

"I do not expect you to believe me, of course," I answered as lightly as I could, "but I am not a rebel—in spirit or intent, at any rate—and I am not conspiring against the Crown at this moment—although I have done so in the past—and I am at this moment a fugitive from justice."

"Humph," said Master Juggins thoughtfully.

He stood there in the middle of the alley, gazing at his shaven chin.

"Ormerod," he murmured. "Harry Ormerod. But surely—of course—why, you are Ormerod of Foxcroft in Dorset."

"I shook my head sadly.

"No, my friend; if you know that story you must know that I was Ormerod of Foxcroft house."

Master Juggins was suddenly all attention.

"I know it well," he returned. "You and Charles, your elder brother, were both out in the '19. Charles died in Scotland, and you escaped with the remnants of the expedition to France."

"And Foxcroft house was sequestered to the Crown," I amended bitterly.

"The Hampshire branch have it now," went on Master Juggins. "They looted it through the Pelhams."

"Yes, — them!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Franklin Would Have Put Maxims on Coins

The first third of the Nineteenth century was the heyday of Staffordshire ware decorated with pictures. And were not the least interesting of this china was the series picturing maxims, proverbs and morals.

Of this didactic china many pieces carried reproductions of "Poor Richard's" sayings, which our great American, Benjamin Franklin, industriously circulated through his Poor Richard's Almanac for 25 years.

The Poor Richard maxims were very dear to Franklin's heart, and he let no chance slip to get them into greater circulation. One of his projects—which, however, was not carried out—was to imprint on one side of the copper coins of the new American republic some proverbs of Solo-

mon and other sayings encouraging thrift.

"Diligence is the mother of good luck," and "Plow deep while sluggards sleep" were among those he suggested. His practical and benevolent mind pictured how many a family would read and ponder his precepts as they gathered round the hearth.—The Antiquarian.

**Ancient—but Up to Date**

An ancient hostelry near Shaftesbury, England, is named "The Listen Inn."

The European cabbage butterfly was brought to the United States about the time of the Civil war.

# CENSUS REVEALS ASTONISHING FACT

8,549,511 Working Women in United States



MRS. W. M. BAILEY  
R. P. D. No. 5, BOX 27, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

## Many Say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Keep Them Fit to Work

8,549,511 women would be a vast army. According to the 1920 Census of Manufactures, that is the number of women and girls employed in all trades in the United States.

Napoleon said, "An army travels on its stomach." This army of women travels on its general health. Every working girl knows that time lost through illness seldom is paid for and seldom can be made up. Employers demand regularity. If she

wants to keep her job or hopes for a better one, she must guard her health.

Atlanta, Ga.—"My system was weak and run-down, and I was tired. I was this way for five years or more. I read your advertisement in the papers and I decided to try your medicine, the Vegetable Compound, but I did not begin to take it regularly until after I was married. I got so much good from it that I feel fine and have gained in weight. I work in a broom shop, but my work is not so hard on me now, and I keep my own house, and work my garden, too. I am telling all my friends of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and how it has helped me."—Mrs. W. M. BAILEY, R. F. D. No. 5, Box 27, Atlanta, Georgia.

## Missouri Woman Helped

Parkville, Mo.—"I am proud to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was so ill that I could not lie down at night. Then I got my husband to go to the store and buy me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I was up and around before the first bottle was gone, although I only weighed about ninety pounds. I took six or eight bottles and was able to do all my housework, washing and ironing, take care of my five boys, and tend to my chickens and garden, where before I had to hire my washing and part of my housework."—Mrs. ANNA COLE, R. R. 2, Parkville, Missouri.

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