

# IN DAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS

## Women Prepared Their Own Medicines

The wise pioneer women learned to gather, in woods and fields, the remedies the Indians used. From the rafters of colonial houses, hung great bunches of dried roots and herbs. From these, in times of sickness, the busy mother brewed simple and powerful remedies. From roots and herbs, Lydia E. Pinkham, a descendant of these sturdy pioneers, made her Vegetable Compound. The beneficial effects of this dependable medicine are vouched for by hundreds of women. Mrs. Wm. Kraft of 2838 Vinewood Ave., Detroit, Mich., saw a Pinkham advertisement in the "News" one day and made up her mind that she would give the Compound a trial. At that time she was very weak. "After the first bottle," she writes, "I began to feel better and like a new woman after taking six bottles. I recommend it to others and always keep a bottle in the house."

Mrs. Gust Green of 401 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Rockford, Illinois, found herself in a condition similar to that of Mrs. Kraft. "I was weak and run-down," she writes, "but the Vegetable Compound has helped me and I feel better now. I recommend it to all women who need more strength."

### Justice for Goldenrod

The goldenrod was once popular, and loved by the poets, but was later banned because of the accusation that it was the cause of hay fever. Now rumors indicate that justice is about to be done and the goldenrod restored to its old place in popular favor. The ragweed, and not the goldenrod, is now thought to be the offender. There are 37 varieties of the goldenrod and some of these varieties may be found in nearly every state in the Union. Thus goldenrod lovers will welcome its restoration.

For overnight relief to inflamed eyes and itchy nose Roman Eye Balsam. Once tried, always preferred. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Pardon others often, thyself never.—Pabulus Syrus.

Soft words often solve hard problems.

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Just Notice the Big Improvement!  
No Alcohol—No Drugs

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SEND TODAY AND SAVE HALF

**FACIAL ERUPTIONS** unsightly and annoying—improved by one application of

**Resinol**

# The DOOM TRAIL

—By—  
**Arthur D. Howden Smith**  
Author of  
**PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.**  
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WNU Service

## STORY FROM THE START

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to the British crown as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London without friends or prospects, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from assassins who had waylaid him. The arrival of the watch puts an end to the affair, and Harry tells his new acquaintance of his former activities as a soldier in the service of the Stuarts and later an official at the "court" of the so-called King James the Third.

## CHAPTER I—Continued

I had forgotten my surroundings, forgotten the dingy cobbles of Mining lane, forgotten the strange circumstances under which I had met this strange person who seemed so intimately versed in my family history. I lived over again the brave days at Foxcroft when Charles had been master and I his lieutenant. But the moment passed, the memories faded, and my eyes saw again the drab buildings of the alley and the odd figure of my deliverer—whom I had first delivered.

"And you, sir," I said. "May I ask how it happens you know so much concerning the fortunes of a plain Dorset family?"

He seemed not to hear me, standing there in a brown study, and I spoke to him again sharply.

"Yes, yes, I heard," he answered, almost impatiently. "I was—But this is no place for discussion. Come with me to my house."

Some trace of my feelings must have been revealed in my attitude—my face he could not have seen in the darkness—for he continued:

"You need not fear me, Master Ormerod. I mean you no harm. I could not do harm to your father's son."

"But you?" I asked. "Who are you, sir?"

He chuckled dryly.

"You know my name," he answered, "and you heard the watch acknowledge my civic dignity. For the rest—if you have spent much time in Dorset you should know a Dorset voice."

"I do that," I assented heartily, "and 'tis grateful to my ears."

"Then be content with that, sir, for a few minutes. Come, let us be on our way. I have reasons for not wishing to invite a second attack upon us."

He set off at a great pace, his head buried in his cloak collar, and I walked beside him, puzzled exceedingly.

Ten minutes later we stopped before a tall, gabled house of brick and timber on the near side of Holborn. My companion produced a key from his person and unlocked a heavy door which opened upon a staircase leading to the second story. The first floor was occupied by a shop.

"Enter, Master Ormerod," said Juggins. "You are right welcome. I hope you have none of the country gentleman's scorn for the home of an honest merchant."

"A beggar must not be a chooser," I answered. "But if I were not indebted to you for my liberty I should still be glad to visit a Dorset man who knows how to fight and who remembers the woods of Foxcroft."

"Well spoken," applauded Juggins as he fastened the door behind us. "So I might have expected your father's son to speak."

"That is the second time you have called me 'my father's son,'" I said. "Prithce, Master Juggins, had you acquaintance with my father?"

"Bide, bide," he replied enigmatically. "We shall settle all that anon. After you, sir."

And he ushered me up the stairs, which were hung with the skins of many kinds of animals, some of which I did not even know. The stairs gave upon a large hall, similarly decorated, and through this we passed into a comfortable chamber which stretched across the front of the house.

Master Juggins relieved me of my cloak and hat and motioned to a deep chair in front of the fire.

"Rest yourself, Master Ormerod. Presently we shall have provender for the inner man as well. Ho, Goody! Art abed, after all?"

"Abed? Abed?" answered a thin, old voice that was inexpressibly sweet, with a Dorset burr that made Master Robert's sound like the twang of a Londoner. "Abed? says he. When did I ever feel the sheets, and not knowing he was warm and safe and his posset-cup where it belongs—which is in his stomach? Abed! Didst ever find—"

tures under the candles that shone from the mantel shelf.

"Is he in danger?" she asked breathlessly.

"The watch were after him when he came to my rescue," replied Juggins. "Yet he came."

She patted my cheek with her hand. "That was a deed which you need never be ashamed of, Master Ormerod, and you shall win free to safety, whatever it may be or wherever, if Robert and I have any wits between us. Sit yourself down, Master Ormerod, and you shall have a draft of mulled ale and a dish of deviled bones and there—afterward a bed with sheets that have lain in Dorset lavender. Hath it a welcome sound to you?"

The tears came into my eyes.

"I am happier this night than I have been any time since Charles and I left Foxcroft," I said. "But pray tell me why you two, who are strangers to me, should be so interested in an outcast?"

"He does not know?" exclaimed the little old lady.

"I have told him nothing," said Juggins, smiling.

"Well, 'tis time he knew he was amongst the right sort of friends," the little lady said. "You are too young, Master Ormerod, to remember old Peter Juggins—"

A light burst upon my addled wits.

"Why, of course!" I cried. "He was steward under my father, and in his father's time before him! But you?"

"Peter was my husband," she said simply. "Robert here is our grandson. When Peter died your father offered his place to Robert. Robert would have none of it. He had the



wandering bee in his bonnet. He was young, and he must see the world. He would make his fortune, too. No life as an estate steward for him."

"And wise I was, too, granny," interjected Master Juggins. "Even you will grant that now?"

"Be not too elevated by your good fortune," she retorted. "Had you followed your grandfather at Foxcroft your counsel might have restrained Master Harry and his brother from their madness—"

"I wish it might have," I said bitterly, thinking of Charles' lonely grave on a mist-draped hillside in the Scotch highlands.

"Many a gentleman would have taken in bad part such an answer to an offer made in kindness, Master Ormerod. But not your father. No, after trying all he could by fair means to dissuade Robert from his course, he asked where his fancies drifted, and then supplied him with money for the voyage to the Western Plantations and to enable him to secure a start."

"Twas that permitted Robert to go overseas and to set himself up as a fur-trader there and afterward to return and establish his business downstairs, which hath grown so that it is more than he can handle. All of it, I say, owe we to you."

"All of it, granny," reaffirmed Master Juggins himself. "I have not made it one whit too strong for me. But I would find out before we sleep how I may be of aid to Master Ormerod."

"Aid?" quoth she. "All that we have in the world is his, if he wants it; aye, the clothes off our backs. Good night to you, Master Ormerod. And remember, this house, poor though it be for your father's son, is to be your home until you have a better."

I rose and bowed my acknowledgments, but I could not speak. My heart was too full. Here in this bleak, unfriendly London, which had greeted me with suspicion and persecution, I had found friendship and assistance. It was almost too good to believe.

"I have no claim upon you, Master

Timber, Sound, Though Buried for Centuries

Furniture made from oak used by the Romans more than 1,800 years ago in the construction of an embankment for the Thames is shortly to be added to the historic treasures of the Mansion house, says the London Mail.

The timber, discovered during excavations behind King William street, E. C., is in good condition, although it has been buried for centuries.

It is in the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Edwards, a member of the London and Middlesex archeological society, who, with other experts, is satisfied that the find is part of the

Juggins," I exclaimed as the door closed behind his grandmother. "Remember that. And let me not imperil for one moment two friends of my father, who revere his memory as I had not supposed any did, save myself."

He pushed me down into my chair by the fire.

"There is no question of claim, sir. 'Tis a privilege. Do you tell me now of your present plight. Fear not to be frank with me, Master Ormerod. I do not mix in politics. I am none of your red-hot loyalists who would hang a man because he remarks that our worthy king is a Hanoverian by birth. But on the other hand I'll have naught to do with these plotters who fume over the exiled Stuarts."

"The Stuarts went, sir, because they overtaxed the forbearance of a long-suffering people. They might have returned ere this, as you know, had they possessed the good sense to appreciate what their whilom people required. But they lacked that good sense, Master Ormerod, and with all deference I say to you they will never return unless they learn that lesson very soon."

I leaned forward in my chair and interrupted him, the words bubbling from my lips.

"I could not have put neater my own feelings, Master Juggins. When I was a lad not yet of age I risked all I had for the Stuart cause. What came of it? A life of exile that might have ruined me, as it has many a better man. My family's estate was sequestered; my outlawry was proclaimed. I have no place to lay my head, save it be by the bounty of a foreigner."

"Have I secured any moral satisfaction by these sacrifices? At first I thought I had. But when I looked closer I found that I had done nothing for my country. For the Stuarts, yes. But for my country, nothing."

"This made me think the harder, Master Juggins. At the beginning I had taken zest in the plots and plans which were aimed to bring about his restoration to power."

"But the longer I studied them the more insincere they became. I found my leader a cat'spaw of foreigners, used to undermine England's prestige. His aims were not the good of England, but his own aggrandisement, the furthering of France's ambitions."

"Hast learned that, lad? Why, then, there's no more loyal Englishman in London!"

"So you think," I answered. "So I think. But hear me out. I told my feelings to a certain great gentleman who handles affairs at St. Germain. He cursed me for a turncoat, would have ordered his lackeys to flog me from the palace. I left him—in disgrace. The doors of my friends were closed to me. I thought I would make my way to England and begin a new life."

"So I applied to the English ambassador for a passport. He laughed at me. Did I think he was so innocent as to be blinded by such transparent trickery? Nay, the Stuarts must seek otherwhere for means to plant a fresh spy in England. In desperation then I bought passage from a smuggler of Dieppe, who landed me three weeks since in Sussex. I made my way to Dorset, hoping to find old friends who would help me to gain a pardon; but I was recognized by one of my cousins who now hold Foxcroft house, and he raised a hue and cry after me, fearing no doubt that I sought to regain the estate."

"Since then I have been hunted like a beast. My last shilling was spent this morning. Tomorrow, had I escaped so long, I planned to sell my sword, and if all else failed to seek a press-gang."

"Let us thank God you heard my cries," said Juggins earnestly.

"I do," I said, "and with no lack of reverence, my friend, I also thank you."

He gave me a keen look.

"You call me friend. Do you mean the word?"

"Why not?"

"I was your father's servant," he said, and he said it so that the words were at once proud and humble.

I caught his hand in mine.

"You were his friend, too; and who am I, an outlaw without name or fortune, to set myself above a man who has prospered like you through the diligence of his own hands and brains?"

Master Juggins drew a deep breath and wrung my hand hard.

"You'll do, lad," he said. "My help would have been yours on any terms. But you have made it a glad privilege for me to help you. Doubt not we shall find a way."

"Now get you to bed. I shall have somewhat to say to you on the morrow."

The part played by the inexhaustible riches of the American colonies in the machinations of European politics comes as a revelation to Ormerod.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE  
(© by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

## The Borgias

THREE people sat in an upper room of a gorgeous Roman palace one night in 1492. The eldest of the trio was a singularly beautiful woman of perhaps forty. She was Rosa Yanozzi, the fairest Italian of her day. The room's two other occupants were her son and daughter, Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia. They were awaiting the signal that should announce the election of Rodrigo Borgia, father of Cesare and Lucrezia, as pope.

Italy, in the Fifteenth century, was split up into numerous petty kingdoms, principalities and duchies, more or less independent of one another, yet all subject to the spiritual authority of Rome. The pope, too, held vast possessions, territories and armed forces. There was little coalition throughout central and eastern Europe. Italy and Germany were full of minor states; Russia was slowly taking shape as an independent and united nation; the former Western empire was but a name, and the Eastern empire was a thing of the past. Spain's great powers, Castile and Aragon, were just uniting under Ferdinand and Isabella; France was recovering from the successive beatings England had given her, though much of her territory was still in British hands; Great Britain was not, as now, one nation, for wars with Scotland still recurred at intervals. Thus it may be seen that nearly all Europe was torn by dissensions and lack of coalition.

Yet a brighter day was dawning. In 1453 the Turks crushed the Eastern empire by capturing Constantinople, thus also ending the vague dream of re-establishing the old Western empire. This dream had impeded Italy's progress and obstructed Germany's consolidation. Now that it was a thing of the past, these and other nations were enabled to settle down and turn their thoughts to progress.

Hence, during the latter half of the Fifteenth century, dawned the era known as the Renaissance (or re-birth).

It was the transition period between the Middle Ages and modern times. And in this transition Rodrigo Borgia unconsciously played a strong part.

Borgia was elected pope, taking the title Alexander VI, in 1492 (the year Columbus discovered America). Like Richard III and many another scoundrel, he made a just and wise temporal ruler.

He was a man of most abandoned personal character. Through the favor of his uncle, Pope Calixtus III, he had in early life risen high in the church. Now, on mounting the papal chair, one of his first acts was to make his eighteen-year-old son, Cesare, a cardinal. He also married his daughter, Lucrezia, to the son of a neighboring prince. Soon after she saw a chance to make a better marriage, so poisoned her husband, as she is also credited with poisoning one or more of his successors. Giovanni, the new pope's eldest son, was created a duke. Cesare Borgia, preferring that rank to a cardinalship, murdered Giovanni and left the church for a military career. Within a very few years, by battle, diplomacy and cold-blooded murder, Cesare had conquered for himself a large part of Italy, and undoubtedly planned to make himself temporal ruler (as his father was the spiritual lord) of the entire nation. His cruelties, crimes and excesses set Italy agast, but his father, who was completely under the young man's influence, refused to punish or in any way check him.

Charles VIII, king of France, cast envious eyes on the rich little kingdom of Naples and led an army across the Alps to annex it to his own dominions. Pope Alexander barred his way, and at last, by bribes, diplomacy and open force (combined with a fatal contagion that ravaged the French army), drove him back.

By 1503 the plans of Pope Alexander and Cesare Borgia were so far complete that the latter was about to be crowned king of Romagna, as an important step in his plan of ruling Italy, when fate intervened in a most dramatic fashion. Several cardinals who had offended the pope were invited by him to supper. Poisoned wine flasks were prepared for them by Alexander. Through a servant's mistake one of the poisoned flasks was set before the pope and Cesare. The former was killed and the latter made dangerously ill by the poisons draught. Cesare Borgia afterwards told Nicolo Machiavelli, the wily Florentine diplomat and writer:

"I had prepared to meet every emergency except the simultaneous disabling of my father and myself."

As it was, Cesare's enemies gained instant control of the situation. The ambitious youth was overthrown and his golden plans crumbled to dust. A few years later he died, fighting, in exile. The Borgia dream of spiritual and temporal empire was forever at an end.

Through Alexander's degradation of the holy papal office a revulsion of feeling set in. Temporal power, abused, reacted in the throwing off of the fetters that had for centuries helped to hold back the nations from progress. The way was paved for a return to the original sacred purpose of the papacy. The political wrongs of the system, reaching their acme under Borgia, died down, leaving room for betterment of both church and state.

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