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SKIN BLEMISHES

pimples, blackheads, etc., cleared away easily and at little cost by

Resinol

Stringent Blue Laws in Old Connecticut

Under the earliest Connecticut blue laws a young man and young woman who indulged in what would in these days be called "petting," in the presence of the man's sister, were subject to a fine of \$5 each and the sister to a rebuke for tolerating such conduct. These early laws are contained in a small book printed more than 250 years ago. The book contains nothing about kissing one's wife on the Sabbath, but kissing another man's wife or kissing an unmarried woman who chose to complain about it, was a serious offense any day. Under the law no person under twenty-one years old, nor any other too accustomed to the use of tobacco was permitted to use it until he obtained a certificate from a physician and a license from the court. Furthermore, tobacco could not be used in the streets, highways or barnyards, and conviction could be obtained upon the testimony of one witness.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without cramping. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Forgo! the Baby

Three weeks after the birth of her first baby, an H. Dorado girl-mother left the hospital. As she tripped along the hall waving farewell to patients in various rooms, she was a picture of happiness and eagerness to be at home. Just as she stepped into an elevator, a nurse hurried from the room the mother had occupied, calling, "You've forgotten the baby!" And sure enough, she had.—Capper's Weekly.

"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.

Traveling Schoolrooms

Schoolrooms on wheels are now a feature in sparsely settled regions of northern Ontario. They form a part of the educational program introduced by the province, working in conjunction with the railroad. Cars, overhauled to form schoolrooms, are supplied with modern equipment and provide accommodations for a teacher. The rolling schools will be routed to various outlying parts of Ontario.

Sport Quickly Ended

Very fond of hunting, Fred Hermann of Davis, Calif., is in doubt whether he should be regarded as fortunate or unfortunate. Hermann, who was out hunting for the first time this season, bagged two bucks with one shot. As the law allows only two a season, Hermann is through.

So long as war persists the hand that pulls the trigger is the hand that rocks the world.

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The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of
PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
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WNU Service

PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Harry Ormerod, long proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from a band of assassins. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuart cause. Juggins informs Ormerod of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. At its head is Andrew Murray, a Scotsman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' early return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"'Tis Juggins," interposed my master. "The lad is a cousin once removed. He goes to seek employment in the New world. To tell the truth, though strong and willing, he is not overburdened with wits. But he can swing an ax as well as anyone, and his muscles should bring him good hire on some wilderness farm."

"Aye," agreed Master Jenkins tonelessly.

In the street Juggins turned upon me indignantly.

"Would you ruin us, Master Harry?" he demanded. "Zooks, you were like to plunge yourself into trouble by your forward manner! I'll wager Jenkins is wondering now whether you are a criminal or only a half-wit. Why did you flare up over this De Veulle?"

"Because I know him and I hate him," I answered doggedly.

"Why? What hath he done?"

"He is one of the gallants of the court in Paris. He came out of Canada some three years ago, and made a reputation for gambling, recklessness and daredevilry of all kinds, but once in the Tolson d'Or I heard him slur the poor young man I then served."

"James!"

"I called him King James in those days," I answered. "Yes, De Veulle was mocking the petty motley of our exiled court. 'What is this king but a puppet figure for us to dandle in England's face?' he said. 'And what are his courtiers but other puppets to dress the show?'"

"His toadies all laughed."

"'And the most comical thing of all,' ended De Veulle, 'is to think of this puppet king, with a puppet court, ruling over a puppet England while France pulls the strings—as will surely happen some day.'"

"It was then I knocked him out of his chair."

Master Juggins gripped me by the hand with a warmth that surprised me.

"Good lad!" he exclaimed. "I would have done it myself!"

"What? You are no Jacobite!"

"I am no Jacobite," he replied in some confusion, "but no more were you a Jacobite when you struck him. 'Twas for England, Master Harry; and a man's country means more than any king that ever ruled. But what came after?"

"We fought in the upper room of the Tolson d'Or—De Veulle and I and a friend of his and my friend. My friend was badly wounded."

"And you?"

"I disarmed him several times. When we began to fence I found he knew little of the small sword—remember, he had been brought up in Canada—and 'twould not have been pretty to slay a man so at my mercy. Also, to treat him as I did was more humiliating to his pride than death."

"You did well, Master Harry. But granny will be awaiting us. We must hasten."

He walked in silence until we had reached the house in Holborn.

"How comes De Veulle in London?" he asked suddenly as we climbed the stairs.

"He was in some trouble in Paris—what, I know not. The rumor was that he was ordered into exile. But if he sails for Canada, as Master Jenkins says—"

"And on the same ship with Murray," interposed Juggins excitedly. "After appearing in Murray's behalf this afternoon—"

"—then there may be more to his enterprise than the mere punishment of exile from the court," I concluded.

"'Tis so!" exclaimed Juggins. "Beyond doubt 'tis so. And mayhap De Veulle will recognize you."

"Do you think 'my father's son' will draw back on such excuse at this hour?" I said.

He laughed ruefully, and raised his hat for granny.

"Ho, Goody! Here are two hungry forest-runners will eat your kitchen bare."

Granny tripped into the hall, a mug of bitter ale in either hand.

"I heard what you said, and Master Harry's answer," she rebuked him. "Think shames on yourself, Robert, to hint that he would hesitate before perill—and you sending him into it, too!" she added somewhat illogically, thought. "Now do both of you drain these. 'Twill wash the taste of the streets and taverns from your mouths."

We obeyed her.

"And what tuck did you have?" she demanded next.

"'He leaves as Saturday,'" said Juggins simply.



She cried out.

"So soon! Must it be, Robert? Sure, the lad should have some respite from toll and fear!"

"If he is to go, he must go then," rejoined Juggins. "'Twas because I felt as you did that I said what you heard, granny."

"And 'twas because he had a sound heart in him that he answered as he did," she snapped. "If he is to go, he should go, I dare say; and the greater the peril, the greater the reward. Have you done aught toward securing Master Harry's equipment?"

He went to the cupboard, from which he procured a bundle of rolled cloths. Layer after layer was unwound, and finally he drew from the wrappings a gun such as I had never seen before. It was long in the barrel, well-stocked, yet very light and handy.

"You may exclaim over it, Master Harry," remarked Juggins as he surrendered it into my admiring hands; "but you can have no idea of its value until you have seen it tested in the great forests, where a man's life depends upon the swiftness and accuracy with which he can shoot. I learned that in my own youth, and so when I returned to London I had this gun made for me by the king's own gunsmith, after plans I drew for him. There is none other like it."

"And it is for me?" I asked, delighted as a child with a new toy.

"What better use could it have?" he replied. "Oh, yes; and these go with it."

He brought from the same cupboard a shot-pouch of beaded deerskin and a powder-horn, ornamented with dull silver that would not catch the light. Also a belt of hide from which there hung in sheaths a delicately balanced hatchet and a long, broad-bladed knife.

"These you will discover no less useful than the gun," he explained, drawing the weapons from their coverings. "This which you call a hatchet is the tomahawk of the Indians, used for fighting at close quarters and for throwing. This other is the scalping knife, and a deadly blade it is, too. You will feel them strange at first, but among my friends in New York there is a Dutchman named Corlaer who will instruct you in the ways of the wilderness."

"You shall have letters to Governor Burnet himself, whom I met before he went overseas, and to Master Cadwalader Colden, the governor's surveyor general and a member of his council, a fine, loyal gentleman with whom I have had some correspondence."

CHAPTER III

The Fifth Passenger

Granny Juggins drew my face down to a level with her puckered old lips.

"God preserve you, Master Harry. No, I am not weeping. 'Tis—no matter. Remember always that so long as my heart beats there is room in it for you—and forget not that your mother would be hungry for pride in you if she were but with us."

She kissed me tenderly.

"I am an old woman, Master Harry," she said, "and I may not live to see it; but the day will come when you

States' Lines Marked by Mason and Dixon

Mason and Dixon's line is the boundary between the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland, from the Delaware border to that of West Virginia. After years of dispute between the proprietors of the Pennsylvania and Maryland colonies, a boundary compromise was arrived at in 1790 and two English surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, were appointed to run the line. This they began in 1763, working westward for four years, by which time they carried their survey over the mountains to a point 244 miles from the Delaware river. Indian hostility made further work impossible at the time, and the line was completed later by

will be no longer a fugitive from justice. So be not disheartened."

"And how could I be disheartened," I demanded, as I set her down, "with two friends such as I may boast of?"

"There was a mist before my eyes, and I was not sorry when Juggins broke in upon our farewell."

"Aye, John Waterman will be waiting us at the Temple stairs, and we have little time to spare if we are to get aboard before the other passengers. This De Veulle would recognize you, I fear, even in this disguise."

I could not forbear a grimace at the reference to my get-up, a linsey-woolsey shirt, with homespun jacket and breeches and a bobbed scratch-wig, the whole designed to give me a rustic appearance, which there can be no doubt that it did.

"Never mind, Master Harry," admonished Juggins as he clapped an ugly beaver of ancient style upon my head. "In New York you will rig yourself in forest-runner's garb, and forget that you ever played the bumpkin. Give granny a last kiss, and—"

She flew at me, light as a bird; her arms clasped momentarily about my neck; I felt her kiss on my cheek; and then she was gone from the room. I may as well say here that I never saw her again, although many a night as I lay under the stars I was to remember her quaint ways, her sweet, shrill voice and loving smile.

But I had no opportunity for such thoughts as Juggins and I hurried through the streets toward the river, where a wherry was awaiting us. All the way he kept up a running fire of last-minute advice and instructions.

"Guard well the letters I have given you, the one to Corlaer no less than those to Governor Burnet and Master Colden. Corlaer, though he be only a rude, unlettered woodsman, is none the less of importance in the wilderness country. He hath the confidence of the Indians of the Six Nations, a mighty tribe, or rather confederacy of tribes, Master Harry. I have writ as strongly as a man may to Governor Burnet, but I would have you say to him all that you can think of to urge him to a vigorous course. 'Tis no hour for half-way measures. We must crush Murray once and for all."

We came presently to Greenwich reach, and steered a passage through the river traffic to the side of the New Venture. Master Abbot, her captain, met us at the rail.

"The young man is not sure of himself afloat, and would seek his berth," said Master Juggins, after the preliminaries had been passed.

"As he pleases," agreed Captain Abbot indifferently. "Yare the first aboard, lad, and may choose your quarters. You may bunk with the second mate or one of the other passengers. But no," he corrected himself; "I should have said with one of two of the other passengers. The lady hath a cabin to herself."

"The lady?" I exclaimed.

Master Juggins pursed his lips in a soundless whistle.

"So you carry a lady," he commented.

"Aye," replied Abbot.

"Who is she?"

"I know not."

He turned to me.

"And now, young sir, what do you say? Will it be the second mate or a passenger for companion?"

"The second mate," I said.

He nodded his head, called a seaman to carry my luggage below and pointed the way, and walked off.

Master Juggins drew me back to the rail.

"'Tis best I should not wait," he said. "Stay below till you be safe out of Thames mouth, Master Harry. You should be safe enough now, but care is a sure precaution."

"I will not forget," I promised.

"And one thing more, lad. Do not stint your wants for money. Governor Burnet will aid you to draw whatever you may desire through the bankers in New York. Remember, you spend on my behalf. I would willingly use all I have to thwart Murray. When all is said and done, we are at war with France. 'Tis no war of generals and armies and admirals and fleets, I grant you. But war it is."

He smote the rail with his hand by way of emphasis.

"What kind of war?" I asked.

Fate has arranged a meeting for Ormerod which, though he does not at once recognize it, is to be of momentous importance in his life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Comstock No Master of Art of Spelling

Anthony Comstock volunteered to assist in educating soldiers while in service in the Civil war and was assigned to teach a class in spelling. After the first session he recorded in his diary the conviction that "they can be taught." This was not the only instance in which he exhibited lack of proficiency in spelling. A year of service in the war left him still with the impression that the men to whose preaching he listened so eagerly on Sundays were "chaplains." Army biscuits he knew as "hard tact," and throughout the long years with the Society for the Suppression of Vice he left the blotter of that organization dotted with "Prodestant" in the space in which the arresting officer was supposed to enter the religious affiliations of his prisoner.—Heywood Brown, in the New York World.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin, keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

Burglar's Luck

Breaking into an office in Bishopsgate, London, England, a burglar had an unexpected piece of luck. His search of the office revealed nothing of value except a key which he discovered in a corner of a desk. He tried the key on the safe, and found that the safe opened easily. He then helped himself to \$750 in money and a deposit note for \$23,000, and made his escape. The key was a spare one which had lain in the desk undisturbed for twenty years.

Usual Thing

Harry Thaw at a supper party in New York philosophized about a show girl whose extravagance had ruined a young man.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Thaw. "The young fellow had money to burn and of course—it always happens so—he met his match."

Measurements

"Any gold-bearing quartz in that mine you grubstaked?"

"Quartz," repeated Cactus Joe. "There aren't even pints!"

Many Visit Monument

Such steady streams of sightseers sought the top of Washington monument during August that all records for any one month were broken. A total of 77,929 reached the top by elevator or stairway during that month, exceeding by some 30,000 the best previous record. Most visitors take the elevator in preference to toiling up the 898 steps which lead to the summit. On Sundays and holidays the traffic is the heaviest. On one Sunday 3,220 persons made the ascent during four hours.

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Fan Protects Miners

The largest coal mine fan in the world with a capacity for pumping 25 tons of air per minute, or 1,500 tons per hour, has been built for use in South Africa. It has a blowing capacity of 70,000 cubic feet of air every minute and requires 650 horsepower of electricity. Powerful air control of this type prevents dust and other explosions in mines, besides protecting the health of workmen.

An old man often finds that when the serene years come they are also the empty years.

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Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

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