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hairlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Odd "Note Book" Used by Famous Preacher

When Jonathan Edwards was a minister at Northampton, Mass., where he was ordained in 1727 and preached until 1749, one of his habits was to carry pen, ink and paper with him while riding horseback. Meditating continuously, he would frequently get down from his horse, sit upon a rock and write for hours. Frequently he set aside special days for fasting and meditation, and at such times might be gone for days. If his ink ran out he would pin pieces of paper to his coat to remind him of particular thoughts. Upon his return he would be seen thatched with these paper reminders. At Stockbridge, where he went upon leaving Northampton, his four-poster bed, with its enclosing curtains, is preserved, as well as the pin-cushion from which, during the night, he removed pins which he stuck into the curtains as reminders.—Philip Nordell, in the Forum.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"
 A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 25 cents.—Adv.

Cornstalk Paper

Experts in the employment of the government have demonstrated that a very fair quality of paper can be manufactured from the common cornstalk. Paper suitable for books, magazines, and for a very fair quality of writing paper has been made and the experts declare that it would be possible in any corn-growing community for a paper mill to secure sufficient material of this character to keep the mill busy throughout the entire year. Corn fodder can be grown purposely for paper pulp. It should be planted thickly and cut before it is old enough to bear grain.

Success never comes to a man who is afraid to face failure.

HOTEL CECIL

A POPULAR PRICE HOTEL OF DISTINCTION
 Main Street, between Sixth and Seventh
 Phone Faber 2840
LOS ANGELES
700 ROOMS
 300 rooms without bath \$1.50
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 200 rooms with private bath \$2.50
 Good Garage Facilities

Handiest thing in the house

EASES SORE THROAT

Take a little "Vaseline" Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. Tasteless and odorless. Soothes and heals. Will not upset you.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
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Vaseline
 PETROLEUM JELLY

CUTS and SCRATCHES
 Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of

Resinol

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.



The DOOM TRAIL
 by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
 AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC
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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 Scotman, 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. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod arranges to take passage to America.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Why, a war for the right to grow and to flourish, a war for trade. At other times, mark you, nations clash over questions of honor or territory. So their statesmen say. Actually there is a question of trade or merchandise at the bottom of every war that has been fought since the world began. Today we are fighting with France for control of the trade of the Atlantic—and control of the Atlantic trade means control of the Western Plantations, America. We are fighting, Master Harry, with laws and tariffs and manufacturing skill and shipping instead of with men and deadly weapons.

"The country which wins the fur trade will win control over the greatest number of savages. And the country which is so placed, especially if it be England, will win the military struggle which some day will have to be fought for dominion in America. So I would have you feel yourself a soldier, a general of trade, sent out upon a venture of great danger and importance. It may be, Master Harry, that you carry on your shoulders the future of England and of nations yet unborn."

"All that I can, I will do!" I exclaimed.
 "Good. I cannot ask more."
 He clasped my hand in a wringing grip. "Good luck to you, lad, and write as occasion serves."

He went over the side with his lips pursed as if to whistle and a look of doleful pleasure on his face. Him, too, as it happened, I was never to see again. In fact, I wonder whether I should not have leaped over the vessel's side at that moment had I realized how complete was to be the severance of my life from all that I had known before.

By the cabin entrance under the poop I found the seaman who had collected my scanty baggage. "Where do you berth?" he asked me, pausing at the foot of the ladder-stairs.
 "With the second mate."

He opened the door on the right-hand, or starboard, side, revealing a space so tiny that I marvelled how two men could force themselves into it at once. Two short, shallow bunks occupied two-thirds of its area.

"Do all the passengers lodge aft here?" I asked him carelessly as he disposed of my trappings.
 "All save the negro; he is to sleep in the galley behind the companionway."

When he had gone I curled up in the lower bunk, which the second mate obviously had surrendered to me. At last I must have dozed, for I was awakened suddenly by the strangest of sounds—a woman's voice singing. It was a song I had never heard before, with a Scots accent to the words and a wonderful lilting melody that was somehow very sad and all the while it was pretending to merriment. I rose from my bunk, and, stealing to the door, set it open, so that I might hear the better. I was so interested in the song and the singer's voice that I forgot even to watch the door of the cabin next to mine where she was singing. And judge to my surprise when the singer's door swung open and she stepped into the passage, almost at my side.

Her surprise, as was but natural, was greater than mine. So we stood there a moment within a long yard of each other, gazing mutely into each other's eyes. Her face, flower-white in the dim light that came down the companionway, had a sweetness of expression that belied the proud carriage of her head and an air of hauteur such as I had seen about the great ladies of King Louis's court. Her hair was black and all blown in little wisps that curled at her forehead and neck. Her eyes were dark, too.
 "I heard you singing," I said.
 She turned and made to re-enter her

cabin. But I raised my hand involuntarily in a gesture of appeal.
 "I am sorry," I went on quickly. "I did not mean to be rude. I—I could not help it."
 She regarded me gravely, evidently puzzled by the incongruousness of my voice and my plowboy garments.
 "You are never Scots, sir?" she answered finally.
 "No, but I know Scotland."
 A light dawned in her eyes with the words.
 "Ah, then you will be knowing the song that I sang! 'Lochaber No More' 'tis called, and a bitter lament of exiles out of their own homeland."
 "No, I never heard it before—but I have a brother buried on a hillside far north of Lochaber, in the Clan Donald country."

The sorrow that came into her face was beautiful to see. None but a person who had Gaelic blood could have sympathized so instantly and so generously with a stranger's grief.
 "That will have been the great sadness upon you," she cried in the odd way that the Highland Scots have of using English. "Oh, sir, your woe will have been deep! So far from his own home!"
 "Yes," I assented, "and he an exile, too."
 "An exile!"
 She leaned toward me, her eyes like stars.
 "You will be one of the Good People?"
 I did not answer her, too confused in my wits to know what to say; and suddenly my confusion spread to her.
 "It is wild I am talking, sir," she exclaimed. "Never heed my words. Sure, who would be trusting his heart's blood to the stranger that stepped in his path?"
 "I think I would trust mine to you," I answered boldly.
 She smiled faintly.
 "From your manner you would be no Englishman, sir, saying such pretty things without consideration."
 "I have been long out of England."
 "Then your sorrow will not be so great for parting with all you have held dear. Lucky is your lot."
 "You have never been to America?" I asked.
 "I had never been out of Scotland until I came south to take ship today. Ah, sir, there is a great sorrow at my heart for the country I love."
 We said nothing while you might have counted ten, and in the silence she looked away from me.
 "And you go with us to New York?" I asked fatuously.
 Her eyes danced with a glint of humor.
 "Pray, sir, will there be any other shipping-place in the ocean?" I laughed.
 "My name," I began—and then I stopped abruptly.
 My name at present was William

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"Well enough, sir, I answered sullenly."
 "That's good!" he exclaimed. "Faith I am vastly relieved. I have a warm regard for honest Robert Juggins. He has spoken of me, perhaps?"
 The question, designed to catch my simple mentality unawares, gave me considerable amusement.
 "Oh, ay," I muttered.
 "We have been rivals in our ventures, as you doubtless know," continued Murray.
 "But he doesn't take it seriously, sir," I assured him gravely.
 "Eh? What's that?"
 "He laughs about it, sir."
 And I giggled at him stupidly. After a moment's inspection of my countenance he seemed constrained to accept the remark as witless innocence, for a grim light of humor appeared in his eyes.
 "Laughs, does he? Zooks, I might have known it. He is a merry soul, Robert Juggins, and I should like to see him footing a morris to a right merry tune. Mayhap we shall see it some day. Who knows?"
 "Who knows, sir?" I repeated vacantly.
 "And you are to cast your fortunes in America, lad? You may count upon my good offices in New York. Faith, I shall be glad to do a favor if I can, for Robert Juggins' nephew—or did you say cousin?"
 "I am—"
 But he saved me from the lie.
 "Ah, here is come one of our fellow passengers," he interrupted.
 I turned to see De Veulle approaching us.
 "Tis a French gentleman," pursued Murray, bent upon winning my confidence with his easy manners and glib tongue, "on his way to Canada. Ha, chevalier, meet a young countryman of mine, Master Juggins—the Chevalier de Veulle."
 All unsuspecting, De Veulle made me a slight bow, a look of indifferent disdain on his face at sight of my plebeian figure. The disguise was good, and I hoped I might cozen him for a time at least. But no man forgets another who has toyed with his life, and his indifference was dissipated the instant his eye met mine.
 "Juggins?" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "Parbleu! 'Tis Harry Ormerod, the Jacobite refugee!"
 Murray snapped his fingers to Tom, the negro, who had been a silent witness to our conversation. In an instant he stood beside us.
 "Is this the man who came with Master Juggins to the hearing before the lords of trade?" snapped Murray.
 "He de man, massa."
 "You are sure?"
 "Yes, massa."

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Juggins, and I had a feeling of reluctance at practicing deceit upon the girl at our first meeting. But she saved me from my quandary.
 "You will not be what you seem sir," she said gravely. "That I can see, and perhaps you will not think me indiscreet if I say so much."
 "Tis true," I assented eagerly. "In deed—"
 "But you will be meeting my—" she hesitated ever so little—"my father presently, no doubt, and he will make us known to one another. Now I must go on deck."
 And she walked by me with a faint blush of skirts that sounded like an echo of far-off fairy music.
 Her father! Who could he be? And then realization smote me.
 Plainly, she could not be De Veulle's daughter—nor Captain Abbot's. She was Murray's.
 Murray's daughter! I rebelled against the idea. It could not be. It ought not to be. What right had he to a daughter—and such a maid as this? 'Twas absurd! Manifestly absurd!

When I came on deck the next morning we were driving down-channel before a smart northwest wind. Murray stood by the weather rail with the negro, who I learned afterward was called Tom, at his elbow. As I emerged from the companionway Tom leaned forward and whispered something to his master. Murray walked straight across the deck to my side, his eyes fastened upon my face.
 "How, now, Master Juggins," he said heartily, his hand outstretched, "and did you leave your good uncle—or is it cousin?—well?"
 I perceived that he took me for the lout I was dressed to represent, and strove to play up to the disguise.
 "Well enough, sir," I answered sullenly, shifting clownishly from foot to foot.
 "Tis good!" he exclaimed. "Faith I am vastly relieved. I have a warm regard for honest Robert Juggins. He has spoken of me, perhaps?"

The question, designed to catch my simple mentality unawares, gave me considerable amusement.
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DAIRY

BIG ADVANTAGES OF FALL CALVES

There are a number of advantages in having dairy calves dropped in the fall. Cows which freshen in the fall usually produce more milk than cows which freshen at other seasons of the year. Heifers are usually bred so that they will come in milk at two years of age. If they are fall calves they will mature at the proper season. Calves which are to be raised on skim milk can be kept growing nicely during the winter and turned out on pasture without checking their growth. The disadvantages of feeding and care in winter are more than offset by the annoyance from flies and hot weather which are experienced by the spring calves. In addition there is usually more time available for giving the calves proper attention in the winter.

Clean pails for feeding and clean barns for housing are two important essentials in raising the calves. The calves will need to have a stall or lot where they can get plenty of sunshine. If the calves are confined to a dirty, dark stall they are apt to become unthrifty.

Calves should have their mothers' milk when they are started on feed. Whole milk should be continued for the first month and gradually shifted to skim milk. The calves should be given grain as soon as they will eat it. If a little cracked corn is placed in the bottom of the milk pails the calves will soon acquire a taste for it. The amount of milk and grain should always be limited. Better results are obtained if the calves are kept hungry.

An abundance of clean water should be accessible at all times or available at frequent intervals. Good hay should be provided. Many people favor mixed hay for calves as it is less apt to cause scours than alfalfa hay. However, good results can be had in feeding alfalfa hay if it is fed in limited quantities so that the calves will not gorge themselves. If any scours appear, the hay should be changed and special attention paid to cleanliness of both the stalls and milk pails. Sanitation, feeding and housing are the important details in raising fall calves successfully.

Dairyman Gains Much by Better Feeding Methods

That ground corn and ground oats make a dairy cow ration that is far superior to broken ear corn has been strikingly demonstrated in the case of one Knox county (Ill.) dairy herd, says C. S. Rhode, dairy extension specialist of the college of agriculture, University of Illinois, who has charge of the county dairy herd improvement associations in the state. The owner of this Knox county herd increased his profits \$27.74 during one month by changing from a feed of broken ear corn to one of ground corn and ground oats, Fred Shipley, tester in the county herd improvement association, reported. With the change in the ration came an increase in the average production of each cow for the month of 100 pounds of milk and 6.7 pounds of butterfat.

The ration was improved both by grinding the corn and by adding the ground oats, Rhode explained. The benefits of grinding in this case are in line with the results of experimental work and the experiences of practical dairymen, according to Rhode. Dairy cows are hard-working animals and they will give better results if such feeds as corn, oats and barley are given to them in the ground form, he added.

Twin Bulls Declared to Be Potent as Breeders

Will twin calves breed? This subject is often misunderstood. Twin bulls are as sure breeders as bulls of single birth and there is no reason to suspect failure to breed when a bull is twinned with another bull, says W. W. Sweet of the Missouri College of Agriculture.
 The same thing can be said of heifers that are twinned together. They are as sure to be breeders as any other heifers.
 When a heifer and a bull are born together, the heifer is known as a free-martin. The bull, twinned with a heifer is as certain to be a breeder as a bull of single birth, but the free-martin heifer is almost sure to be sterile.
 Only a very few free-martins have been known to breed, and the chances are very small that they will ever reproduce. As a rule it is not advisable to raise free-martin heifers as they usually result in failures and are worth no more than their beef value.

Effect of Big Storm

Dairymen who have kept milk records for a series of years well know the effect of a big storm on the producing herd. Invariably there is a severe shrink resulting from a cold, stormy winter period. To prevent this shrink requires some additional work on the part of the cow keeper. A herdsman who is able to prevent a shrink during a blizzard understands his business and deserves commendation, for he has proven that he is efficient in his work.

Write Your Own Telegrams

The telegraph service is now being added to the state telegraph system of France and one can now transmit a telegram in his own handwriting to all the leading French towns. The service is not only useful for sentimental but practical purposes, as the courts will probably accept a signature sent by wire as legal.

Help Kidneys By Drinking More Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys and Help Neutralize Irritating Acids

Kidney and bladder irritations often result from acidity, says a noted authority. The kidneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it may remain to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which may quickly relieve your bladder irritation.

King George a Preacher

While the ex-emperor, who is unable to find a publisher for his sermons, is a mere layman, our own king—though very few people may be aware of the fact—holds a clerical appointment entitling him to preach. His majesty is a prebendary of St. David's cathedral, receives one pound per annum in respect of that office, and is entitled thereby to preach in the cathedral—but only once a year.—London Tit-Bits.

Tube Under the Tyme

Europe, too, is going in for river tunnels. It is now proposed to construct a tube under the River Tyme, which, it is said, would be used by from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 passengers a year. Engineers urge that a tunnel of this sort would be much more practicable than a bridge.

No Cold Fever headache or grippe

Colds break in a day for the millions who use Hill's. Headache and fever stop. La Grippe is checked. All in a way so reliable that druggists guarantee results. Colds are too important to treat in lesser ways.

Be Sure to HILL'S Price 50c
CASCARA QUININE
 Get Red Box with portrait

HY-POWER TIMER
 Puts Pop Into Your Ford
 If you want to be free from those troubles, install a HY-POWER TIMER. It will save you money. We positively guarantee you full year of perfect timer service or refund your money. Write for circular, or if you order from this ad, we pay postage. Hy-Power Timer Corp., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Garfield Tea
 Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. 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.

Cuticura Soap
 Pure and Wholesome Keeps The Skin Clear

Soap, Ointment, Tablets sold everywhere.

Free Auto Spring Information. Springs are life of car. Broken or squeaky Springs should be unknown. Write today. Something worth while. J. B. Pettit, Pomona, Calif.

ONE FRESH PACIFIC SALMON, ABOUT 10 lbs., shipped to nearest express office for \$2.50. Freight prepaid. PACIFIC SALMON CO., Seattle, Wash.

WANT TO HEAR FROM OWNER of good farm or ranch for sale. F. Kerst, 445 Goodwell, Creta, Neb.

Dried Fruits, Peas, Peaches, Figs, Raisins, Walnuts, Almonds. 5 lbs. assorted sample postpaid 50c. Homer Wright, California.

AGENTS MAKING BIG MONEY selling wonderful new back saw blades. Send for sample and explanation. PYRAMID HACK SAW CO., 4424 Woodstock Ave., Portland, Oregon.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
 Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. It is the only hair dressing that does not contain any of the dangerous poisons.

HINDERGONS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, soothes out for so the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at drug stores. Illinois Chemical Works, Pateburg, N. Y.