

**If Back Hurts
Flush Kidneys**

Drink Plenty of Water and Take
Glass of Salts Before Break-
fast Occasionally

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulate them to their normal activity.

The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

YOUR STOMACH

Is your stomach out of order? Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Bloating, Sick headache, Sour stomach, or similar distress caused by disordered stomach. Then try DYJEST, the most wonderful stomach remedy known. Send us 60c stamps or coin, we will send you DYJEST, post paid anywhere.

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Amusement is to the mind what sunshine is to the flowers.

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Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 26 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

One admires charity that isn't on parade.

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Have our local dealer take your measure for a Satisfaction Guaranteed! ALL-WOOL SUITS
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The Doom Trail

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith
Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
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CHAPTER V—Continued

Ta-wan-ne-ars is your friend, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go. He is not the friend of Onontio (the French governor general of Canada, regardless of identity), who rules at Quebec. Most of the white people are not well-wishers to the Indian. I am come here with Corlaer to prove my friendship. On the frontier 'tis said Joncaire, the Frenchman who governs the trading post by the falls of Jagara (Ningara) is about to begin the building of a stone fort.

"A fort!" protested the governor. "Sure, 'tis impossible! 'Twould be a direct violation of the Peace of Utrecht."

"'Tis true," spoke up Corlaer. "His voice was high and squeaky, and sounded ridiculous coming from such a giant."

"Nath the building begun?" demanded the governor.

"I think not. Ta-wan-ne-ars brought me der wordt at Onondaga. We comedit to you as fast as we couldit."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars came because it was partly the fault of his people that the French are settled by Jagara," said the Indian.

"Yes," replied the governor. "Onontio and Joncaire first made the Onondagas drunk, and then bargained with them to sell the Senecas' land."

"They had no right to do so," asserted Ta-wan-ne-ars somberly. "But now will you believe that Ta-wan-ne-ars is your friend?"

"I believe," said the governor. "But I pray you tell me why you feel for us this friendship? When I came to New York to govern the province my predecessor told me that the experiment of having you educated by the missionaries had failed, that you had returned to the forest, closer wedded than ever to Indian ways."

The Indian's face lighted up again with that grave smile which showed itself with scarcely a contraction of the muscles.

"Yes, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, it failed to win Ta-wan-ne-ars from the ways of his people. Those ways are best for the Indian. But Ta-wan-ne-ars learned that of the two white races the English were the kindest to the Ho-de-sau-nee. (The People of the Long House—Indian name for Iroquois.) The French always have fought with us. The English have aided us. The French pay little for our furs; the English pay much."

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, I think the white man can never be an honest friend to the Indian, for he wants what the Indian has; but Ta-wan-ne-ars prefers the Englishman to the Frenchman, whatever may be the issue."

"Na-ho!" ("I have finished.")

I can give no adequate conception of the impressiveness with which this speech was delivered by a savage speaking in a tongue strange to him. Every word rang in my ears.

"Who is this man?" I whispered to Colden as he finished.

"He is one of the two war-chiefs of the Iroquois league, both of whom are Senecas. His name, which signifies 'Needle-Breaker,' is actually a form of title which goes with the office. Moreover, he is a nephew of the Roy-an-ah-Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, who is Guardian of the Western Door of the Long House. He was taken as a youth and given to the missionaries—with the result that you see."

He broke off, for the governor was addressing me.

"Have you any objection, Master Ormerod, to my acquainting the chief and Corlaer with what we have been discussing?"

I shook my head.

He turned to the Indian.

"The letter which you hold in your hand, Ta-wan-ne-ars, is from Master Robert Juggins of London, who was some time in the province when you were a lad."

"I remember Master Juggins," interrupted Ta-wan-ne-ars. "He sent me my first musket. Is this Englishman his friend?"

"Yes," said the governor. "He comes direct from Master Juggins, recommended to me for use in the plight I find myself in."

"I will help the Englishman," agreed Ta-wan-ne-ars eagerly.

"But you know nothing of the cause I am enlisting you in," protested the governor.

"That matters little," said Ta-wan-ne-ars composedly. "If you and this Englishman and Colden are in it, it is an honest cause. What say you, Corlaer?"

"It will be goodt enough for me," declared the Dutchman solemnly.

"My friends and I do thank you for the compliment you do us, Ta-wan-ne-ars. But I must lay our case before you, for we seek your counsel. Do you know that Andrew Murray hath secured the consent of the lords of trade in London to the suspension of the law against exporting trade-goods to Canada? Murray landed this morning, together with a French officer, the Chevalier de Veulle, who—"

He stopped at sight of the passion in the Seneca's face. But 'twas Corlaer who spoke first.

"That is fery strancha news, gofernor, for on der frontier there is talk that an enoy is coming to deliver a message to der tghes at Jagara from der king of France. Joncaire is calling a grandt council to meett in der summer. All der Indlans from beyond der lakes and der west vill come."

"Strange news!" repeated the governor. "You may well say so! Murray overrides our law! Joncaire sets out to build a stone fort upon our soil at Jagara; the French king sends an officer, experienced on the frontier, with a special message for a grand council of the tribes."

"All these three events come simultaneously. 'Tis impossible that accident so disposed them. Here we have the first indication of the culmination of the plot. Aye, 'tis graver than I had supposed."

Ta-wan-ne-ars laid down the unopened letter from Juggins upon the table.

"Let some other read this," he said. "But it serves no purpose. This Englishman and Ta-wan-ne-ars are brothers. Corlaer, too, will take the Englishman into his friendship—not because he carried this writing across the sea, but because he is a man to be trusted. So much is to be read in his face. And now Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, I would ask that Ta-wan-ne-ars may retire. What you have told me has clouded my heart with hatred, and I may not think straight."

His right arm swept up in the gesture of farewell, and the door closed upon his bronzed back.

"What hath happened to tek him so?" inquired the governor in surprise.

"'Tis was this De Veulle who ran away with der dotter of his uncle, Do-ne-ho-ga-weh," replied Corlaer, stirred again from his habitual silence.

"I remember," interposed Colden. "'Twas some four years ago. I remember having seen the maid at a council at Albany. She was called Ga-ha-no (Hanging Flower), a pretty child and wondrous dainty for an Indian."

"'Tis a sad story," commented the governor. "Is it certain De Veulle took her?"

"He did not take her. She ran away with him."

"I wonder what became of her," I said. "'Tis only some three years since De Veulle appeared in Paris."

Corlaer shrugged his shoulders.

"Suppose you find der Doom Trail andt come to La Vierge du Bois. Maybe then you know."

"That is exactly what we wish to do, Corlaer!" exclaimed the governor. "Do you think it can be done?"

Corlaer reflected, ponderous as a sleepy moose.

"It will take much time andt money andt then all depends upon der Indlans."

"What Indlans?"

"Der Six Nations. If we find der Trail, gofernor, what then. We haf der Keepers. They are a strong band. We must fight them. You cannot send soldiers. That would be war. We must fight them with Indlans. Andt what Indlans couldt you get but der Iroquois?"

"Can we get the Iroquois?"

"I do not know," confessed Corlaer. "But if you get them, you snash der Trail."

"I see," said the governor. "Yes, there is every reason why the Iroquois should join us. Look you, Corlaer, this is the obvious plan of the French. With Murray's aid they will cram their magazines with trade goods this summer. They will push ahead the building of the fort at Jagara. Once that is finished, they will have a curb on the necks of the Iroquois. They will be able to hold up the fleets of fur canoes from the upper lakes that now pass down to our post at Oswego on the Onondaga's river. In two seasons they will have wreasted the trade entirely from our hands, and then if they are ready they can strike with musket and scalping knife."

"And who, think you, will bear the brunt of the first blow? Who but the Iroquois, whom the French have dreading since Champlain's day?"

"True," murmured Colden.

"Yes," assented Corlaer; "you haf der right of it, gofernor. What is your plan?"

"I shall send this young man"—he laid his hand on my arm—"with you and Ta-wan-ne-ars to spy out the ground at Jagara, to search the wilderness for signs of the Trail, to work upon the Iroquois in our interest. Master Ormerod hath had experience with the French and he knows De Veulle of old."

"When do we start?" replied Corlaer simply.

"Within the week you must leave

for Albany. You need spare no expense, Peter. My own funds are pledged to this, and Master Juggins too, is offering his aid."

Corlaer deliberately doaned his cap of fur.

"It will not be money, but friendship andt hate will serve your turn, gofernor," he said.

"You have not yet read the letter from Juggins," I reminded him as he walked toward the door.

"So I haf not," he admitted, and took the letter from me and slipped it inside his leather shirt.

"Will you have it read?" asked Colden.

"No, der young man is all right. Ta-wan-ne-ars has chudged him."

With that he was gone, and a sense of bewilderment stole over me. It seemed incredible that either of the two odd characters of the wilderness with whom I had talked could really have existed.

But Governor Burnet lost no time in doubt. He paced the room, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction.

"We have done well, Colden. We could not have done better. Master Ormerod, you were indeed fortunate in going to the help of the Seneca. You earned, not only his friendship, but that of Peter as well. You are to be congratulated. But I must ask you to excuse me. I have much work to do. Pray grant me the pleasure of your company for dinner tomorrow. Colden, will you show Master Ormerod out?"

It was dusk in the streets, a soft purple dusk that became velvet darkness under the trees; and I felt in no humor to return to the drab company which the tavern offered. So I wandered at hazard until I found myself in an alley leading down to the waterfront—and heard of a sudden the thud of flying feet. I spun around in time to see a monstrous bulk come sailing through the air, knife and tomahawk whirling in either hand.

"I'll kill yer, varmint!" howled an ugly voice. "I'll cut yer heart out and skin yer and take yer scalp!"

I dodged the knife and grappled the wrist which swung the tomahawk, twisting myself behind him so as to hinder his attack. But he was far stronger than I and slung me back in front of him as if I were a sack of chaffed wheat. I still clung to his tomahawk hand and contrived to knock up another blow of his knife, but he must have disemboweled me in the next vicious sweep of the blade.

"Hah-yah-eee-eee-eee!"

The ferocious yell made my blood run cold. It startled my assailant even more. His muscles slackened just long enough for me to leap clear of him.

"—!" he snarled.

He drew one arm back to hurl his knife at me, but something whirred past my shoulder and his head jerked violently to one side. There was a sharp clang, and he fled precipitately, shouting curses.

Against the nearby house wall a small, bright object glimmered through the shadows, and I stooped to snatch it up—only to leap instantly erect as a voice spoke at my elbow.

"My brother was in danger," said the voice quietly. "Ta-wan-ne-ars saw the Red Death follow Ormerod from the Governor's house, so Ta-wan-ne-ars followed him."

The tall figure of the Seneca was scarcely discernible in the gloom.

"Was it Bolting?" I asked.

He raised the shining object from the ground. It was his tomahawk, and curled about the blade was a lock of greasy red hair. He pointed to it.

"That time Ta-wan-ne-ars missed," he said grimly. "Some day the light will be better—and Ta-wan-ne-ars will not miss."

"Although you missed, you saved my life," I answered warmly. "'Tis an obligation I shall not forget."

He laid his fingers to his lips.

"Hark," he said.

I listened, and from the water-front came the thunderous voice of the man.

"Half-after-eight-o'clock, and a fine night with a southwest breeze. And his excellency the governor is pleased to proclaim that whereas divers persons have mocked, assailed or sought to humiliate visitors to the city, the governor has made a rule that such persons, upon apprehension, shall be set in the stocks for twelve hours the first time and upon the second offense shall be publicly whipped at the cart's tail along the Broad-Way."

Ta-wan-ne-ars replaced his tomahawk in its sheath.

"There is no talk of obligations between brothers," he said. "Come, we will walk together to your tavern."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Albert Rooke Makes His Comeback

Wins six-year fight for health. Now well and strong at 60. Husky as ever, he praises Tanlac

At 1830 West 39th Place, Los Angeles, lives Albert A. Rooke, a respected citizen with 28 years of active railroad experience. He tells of a very interesting experience.

"About seven years ago," says Mr. Rooke, "my stomach and liver went back on me. It was a most distressing experience. Nothing seemed to agree with me; I lost all desire for food. A sound night's sleep was out of the question, so I rose each morning tired and helpless. Then constipation developed and made life a continuous misery. I lost weight and could hardly drag myself around a good deal of the time. After six years of that I was all in. Along came the 'Bu' when I had no resistance left. That was about the last straw. Nothing seemed to help me. On a friend's advice I tried Tanlac, and that certainly did help. I soon began to get refreshing sleep again, to eat with old-time zest. The distressing stomach and liver troubles disappeared. Briefly, Tanlac put me on my feet, with all my old-time vigor and enjoyment of life. I put on weight and after five bottles was as well as



ever in my life. That was a year ago. I'm still in fine shape, as you see. Few men of 60 are as well as I am, thanks to Tanlac. Tanlac is nature's own tonic and body builder, made from roots, herbs and bark by the famous Tanlac formula. Try a bottle—it may do for you what it did for Mr. Rooke. Your druggist has it. Over 52 million bottles sold.

Figure of Speech

"He gives his orders with an iron hand." "Do you mean he uses the sign language?"

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Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Lesson in Lasso

"What's the baby crying for?" "We're playing rodeo an' he doesn't know why we rope him."

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Cole's Carbolic Salve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 20c and 60c. Ask your druggist, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill., for a package.—Adv.

The dinner gong and the dinner ring are not always synonymous.

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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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Mr. Slow Foot—If this floor paint works, I'll owe it all to you. Clerk—Pardon me, sir, but our terms are cash.—Good Hardware.

It is merit alone that counts most in every man's worth today.

Firmness, makes to seed, is obstinacy and obstinacy unakes deadlocks. Acid stomach, heartburn and nausea are corrected with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Life without love would be as useless as a lamp without oil.



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Many Firmly Believe in Influence of Moon

A supposed influence of the moon on plants and animals is found mixed with the religious ideas of nearly all primitive peoples. The moon, too, is blamed for interfering in the affairs of men, and such beliefs persist today in folklore and superstitions.

If we get into touch with primitive peoples, or even nearer home, if we take country folk aside and ask them in confidence what they think of the personality of the moon and of its influence, many will give this sort of answer. They will tell us that the moon, wife or sister of the sun, shares with the latter the duty of lighting the world. Perhaps we shall hear further that for misconduct it has been banished to the night. One is said to see in the full moon the face of a man in penitence or others say, the image of a hare. And we shall be told that the moon affects innumerable activities of man from the

most important, such as agriculture, to the most trivial, as cutting the nails or hair.—H. Munro Fox in the Forum.

Modern Mother and Child

A woman who is so fashionable that she is almost a stranger to her little son decided that it was about time she became acquainted with him.

She read old books about the things mothers used to do, such as singing lullabies and rocking to sleep.

And then, one night, she sent her nurse out and stayed at home, just for a new sensation.

She crept into her little son's bedroom, and began to crouch, as she pushed the bed about. "Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top."

The child turned a wondering eye on her, and then said, sleepily: "I say, cut that stuff out, mother. A fellow wants to get some sleep."