

## COLDS COST MONEY

It is estimated that a sufferer from colds loses three days' time from work in a year.

**FORTIFY YOURSELF AGAINST COLDS, GRIPPE**

Take up your body with

**DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY**  
All Dealers, Liquid or Tablets.

## 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.

## PISO'S for Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup. Use and see size. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c

ADD TO YOUR INCOME. Men to service articles for distribution in your territory during spare time. Write UNITED INDUSTRIAL, Bishop Street, Toledo, Ohio.

## Passing of Community Singing Loss to World

"What has happened to community singing, which did its part in winning the war and afterward made life merrier for age as well as youth?" asks the Independent, Boston. There is a dearth of it now, and even when one finds it the old gusto is gone and the listless choruses drag through to a drooping end. This ought not to be. There is much more than a social heart warming in popular song, important as that may be in our conglomerate country. The individual's own stimulus is most important of all, for he ought to "go forth to life" with spirit and power.

One cannot listen in church, which ought to be the greatest place for community song, without wondering why the gift has fallen into disuse. People mechanically go through the form of opening their hymn books and rising, and then seem abashed into silence by the sound of their own voices.

## DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

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 20 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

## Too Bad

Flora—I don't believe that scandal about Mrs. Gayleigh.  
Fanny—Then why did you tell me about it?  
Flora—I was in hope that you could confirm it.

Good health depends upon good digestion. Befogged your digestion with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and you safeguard your health. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Criticize yourself today and others tomorrow.

## Sure Relief

**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief  
**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

**DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR FOR COLDS**

**PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE**  
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness.  
PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE  
Write for free Booklet  
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.  
1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.



## The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH  
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.

WNU SERVICE COPYRIGHT BY BRENTANO'S

### CHAPTER VI

#### Into the Wilderness

"No, we will go to Murray's tavern," I said. "I will ask him if he thinks he can commit assassination here in the town as he does in the forest."

"Good," rejoined Ta-wan-ne-ars impassively. "I will accompany my brother there."

I remembered that De Veulle lodged at Cawston's, and hesitated.

"Let my brother Ormerod be at ease," added the Indian. "Ta-wan-ne-ars has mastered his hatred."

"I, too, hate your enemy," I said. He was silent for as much as ten paces.

"My brother means De Veulle?" he asked.

"Yes; I once crossed swords with him."

"And he lives! Did he wound my brother?"

I recounted briefly the circumstances of the duel at the Tolson Or. He made no comment until I had finished.

"I am glad my brother spared him," he said then. "For Ta-wan-ne-ars has often prayed to Ha-wen-neyu, the Great Spirit, to give him the life of this man who lives as though he were one of the fiends of the Ga-gosa (False Faces)."

At Cawston's we looked in vain for Murray or any of his party in the taproom and ordinary, so without a word to the servants we ascended the stairs to the upper floor. In the hall I halted momentarily, considering which door to knock upon, when the puzzle was solved by the opening of the one by which we stood.

My Lady appeared, and she started back in amazement, tinged with fear, at sight of me and the stalwart, half-naked figure of the Seneca.

I bowed to her.

"Good evening, Mistress Murray," I said. "I am come with my friend for a word with your father."

"He is engaged," she answered quickly.

"That may be, but I must speak with him on a matter of much importance. I am obliged to ask your father for the second time if he condones assassination in the dark."

Her eyes widened with horror, then darkened with stony anger.

"Sir, you are monstrous impudent!" she exclaimed. "How dare you suggest such a thing?"

"Because it occurred a quarter-hour past."

"And because you are assailed by some footpad in a disreputable part of the town, is that a reason for you to charge Master Murray with assassination?" she demanded with high contempt.

"Oh, I have proof," I said.

My anger grew with hers. It maddened me that this girl, who I knew was honest, should be arrayed against me, should hold for me the contempt of a clean woman for a man she deemed a traitor.

The door behind her opened, and Murray himself came out.

"I thought I heard voices— Ah, Master Juggins—"

"Ormerod," I interrupted suavely. His eyebrows expressed polite astonishment.

"To be sure. Forgive my stupidity. It hath gone so far as that already, hath it?"

"It hath gone so far as attempted assassination—for the second time," I retorted.

"Assassination? Tut, tut," he rebuked me. "Master Ormerod, you use strong language. And who in this little town of ours would seek to murder a gentleman new-landed like yourself?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars stepped to the front. "Does Murray know this scalp?"

He permitted an end of the lock of Bolting's hair to show through his clinched fingers.

Marjory shrank back in terror. Murray's face became convulsed with passion.

"Death!" he swore. "If Bolting is dead by this savage's hand I shall know the wherefore of it! What? Do the Iroquois take scalps within the city?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars laughed, and slowly opened his fist to reveal the single lock of hair.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars only takes the scalps of honorable warriors," he said in his smooth, low-pitched voice. "But the Red Death escaped tonight by the width of these hairs. Does Murray think Ga-en-gwa-ra-ga would have been angry with Ta-wan-ne-ars if the tomahawk had struck true?"

Murray wiped beads of perspiration from his face.

"So 'twas Bolting!" he muttered. "Curse the knave! What hath he done?"

"No more than attempted to murder me, sir—as I have attempted to tell you," I answered ironically.

Marjory came forward, hands clasped in expostulation.

"It isn't so! It can't be so! Tell him he lies, sir!" she pleaded with Murray.

He put her gently to one side. "Peace, peace, my dear," he said. "You do not understand."

"But Bolting was one of your people, sir. You told me—"

"Tut, tut, my dear Marjory. You are new to this new world of ours. The frontier is not like Scotland. We must work with what tools we find. I say it to my sorrow—and he said it furthermore without even the twitch of an eyelid—"I am compelled occasionally to consort with men I might prefer to do without."

He gave his attention once more to me.

"In a word, Master Ormerod, what hath happened that you approach me in so hostile a spirit?"

"In a word, Master Murray," I replied, "your man Bolting, or 'The Red Death,' as he seems to be known in these parts, tried to kill me with knife and hatchet this evening."

"I am constrained to believe you," he said with an appearance of much sorrow, "but I cannot hold myself responsible, sir. As it happens, Bolting

quarreled with me this afternoon in the presence of half a dozen well known citizens of the town, and I dismissed him from my service."

"Pardon me," I said with a laugh. "If I express some—"

"Do you step within," he responded with celerity. "I shall be glad if you will satisfy yourself by questioning witnesses of the dispute. Marjory, will you—"

"I will stay," she said positively.

He shrugged his shoulders and stood aside. I motioned to Marjory, and she re-entered first. I walked next, and the Seneca followed me, one hand resting on his knife hilt.

Murray shut the door behind us, and I found myself in a large room, sufficiently lighted by candles. Five or six men, who had been talking at a table, looked up with interest as we came in. One of them was De Veulle, and I felt rather than saw the massive frame of Ta-wan-ne-ars gather itself together exactly as does the wildcat when he sights his quarry.

The others I did not know. Later Ta-wan-ne-ars told me they were respectable merchants identified with the faction in the province who were hostile to Governor Burnet, and all were for the closest trade relations with Canada.

Murray turned to me, after recounting my errand, and said:

"Your companion is evidently a chief, Master Ormerod. Will you identify him?"

Library's Great Value Not Fully Realized

Our libraries can be made one of the most potent instruments of a creative citizenship, which aims at humanizing that grim industrialism, the grip of which tightens every day. Our policy must be to teach the community to find in the library a central laboratory of sweetness and light—a radiating power house of the spiritual and intellectual antidotes to the mechanistic materialism with which life today is saturated and by which it is degraded. We must insist that the library represents the literature of power, as distinct from the literature of knowledge and of information. Just as most men and women cannot understand maps without careful instruction, so most readers do not know really how to read. We have taught our people to decipher print;

we have not yet taught them how to read. The universities tried to do that—but even if our ideals are realized the percentage of our congested democracy that will pass through a university must always be comparatively small. The library can do what the university cannot. Let us convince the public that it pays to read the literature of power, and it will pay to have that literature in abundance.—Principal Grant Robertson in a recent address.

**Manila Harbor**

Before the American occupation large ships were forced to lie two or three miles off shore at Manila. An enclosed harbor has been built by constructing a long breakwater and dredging

Before I could say anything Ta-wan-ne-ars responded for himself.

"I am Ta-wan-ne-ars, of the Clan of the Wolf, war chief of the Senecas and nephew to De-ne-ho-ga-weh, the Guardian of the Western Door of the Long House."

He spoke directly to De Veulle, and the Frenchman's eyes shifted from his level glance.

"Must we have an Indian present?" he muttered. "This is a white man's affair."

"As it happens, this Indian saved my life from a white man's knife," I replied quickly. "He is my brother. I would rather have him here than a woman-stealer."

But I had reckoned without Marjory. She took the situation out of my hands.

"Sir," she said, "you seem to delight in slandering gentlemen who are not disloyal to their friends. I beseech you, have done. 'Tis a sorry business, and gains naught for you. Get forward with what brought you here."

I marked the relief that shone in De Veulle's eyes. I marked, too, the penetrating glance which Ta-wan-ne-ars bent upon her face. For myself, although I felt sick at heart, I said nothing. There was nothing which I could say.

I turned to Murray again.

"This conversation must be painful to us," I said. "Let us make an end to it. Bolting attacked me, as you know. My friend and brother here saved me and drove him away. We have a lock of Bolting's hair in proof of the attempt. 'Tis in your interest to do what you can to clear yourself of responsibility for so unstarly a crime."

One of the merchants at the table, a very decent appearing man, soberly dressed and with much good sense in his face, caught me up.

"'Tis not strange that you should have come to Master Murray after such an attempt as you mention, sir," he began in conciliatory fashion. "But fortunately we were present this afternoon when Master Murray dismissed the man from his employ, in consequence of his dishonesty and misdealing during Master Murray's absence."

"Aye," spoke up a second merchant, "and sure, the knave must have attacked you hoping 'twould be brought against Master Murray."

"Not to speak of the fact he was in great need of funds, Master Murray having refused to grant certain demands he made," suggested a third.

I bowed.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am satisfied—that Master Murray hath a stout case. There is no more need be said."

"Ah, but there is more to be said," flared Marjory. "Think shame of yourself, sir, to be forever believing against others motives which you know yourself to be laden with. You were once an honorable man. Why do you not mend your ways and regain the self-respect of your kind?"

"God send there be an honorable man to hand when you need comes, mistress," I said. "Good evening, gentlemen."

Murray escorted us to the door. Ta-wan-ne-ars walked beside me without speaking until we had left the tavern.

"I understand your thoughts, my brother," he said suddenly. "We go upon the same quest."

"Quest?" I repeated. "What quest?"

"We each seek a soul which is lost, a sick soul."

I remembered his rage against De Veulle, and caught his meaning.

"Yes, that is true of you, Ta-wan-ne-ars. But there is no soul which I have the right to seek."

"Nevertheless, my brother would find the soul of the man and guard it," he insisted. "I have seen."

I saw the grave smile, with a hint of pleading, on his face; and I reached out and caught his hand.

"Whatever be the end of my search, brother," I said, "I will go to the setting sun, and beyond if need be, to aid you to find the soul which you seek."

"The same words are in my heart, brother," he replied simply.

"Bolting hath disappeared," said Governor Burnet. "I have given orders to all officers and troops and town officials that he is to be detained if he ventures to appear, but the knave—or, I should say his master—is too wise. By the way, an express arrived from Fort Orange (Albany) last night and reported having spoken Murray's party in the Tappan see. He will be a good three days ahead of you. 'twould seem."

"I am not sorry," I answered. "Have you any further instructions for me, sir?"

The governor unfolded the map of the wilderness country which he had exhibited to me during my first visit. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Popular San Diego Woman Recovers From Long Illness

Amazing Improvement in Mrs. Jester's Health Surprises Friends. Serious Ailments Caused by Nervous Breakdown Relieved and Strength Restored by Tanlac. Looks and Feels Better Than Ever

"Tanlac has certainly done wonders for me; I cannot praise it enough," declares Mrs. T. D. Jester, 1208 Pennsylvania Avenue, San Diego, Calif. "I had suffered a nervous breakdown, and for many months afterward I continued to get worse and worse, despite all the different nerve medicines I tried. Nothing seemed to help until I tried Tanlac."

"I was as near to being a complete nervous and physical wreck as I could be, without entirely collapsing. The slightest noise would make me want to scream, and after retiring it would be hours before I could sleep. I would awaken with terrible nervous headaches and the slightest exertion would tire me out so that I would be trembling. I lost weight and appetite. I tried Tanlac with little expectation of improvement."

"Before I had taken all of the first bottle, I developed a ravenous appetite, and was sleeping better. I continued to improve rapidly and felt like a different person entirely. In less than three weeks I had gained seven pounds! Later, my weight went up from 105 to 125 pounds. If your troubles are similar to those



from which Mrs. Jester suffered so keenly, get relief before it is too late! Tanlac will doubtless help you just as it helped Mrs. Jester—and as it has helped thousands of other sufferers. Tanlac is a pure and wholesome compound, made from herbs, roots and barks, according to the famous Tonic formula. It is a wonderful tonic medicine, for run-down and nervous conditions and for digestive disorders. All good druggists sell Tanlac—get your first bottle today! Over 40 million bottles sold.



## Cuticura Loveliness A Priceless Heritage

For generations mothers have been using Cuticura Preparations for all toilet purposes, and have been teaching their daughters that daily use of them produces clear, smooth skin and healthy hair. They find the Soap pure and cleansing, the Ointment soothing and healing, should any irritations arise, and the Talcum an ideal toilet powder.

Keep the Ointment 25c and the Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample sent free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 35, Malden, Mass." **50c Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.**

## Holds Hope for Lepers

Dr. Paul A. McIlhenny has reported to the American Medical association on preventive methods that may head off many of the frightful deformities long associated with leprosy. At the national leprosum at Carville, La., corrective treatments consisting of massage, baths, exercises and ultraviolet irradiation have been used with success in treating the misshapen hands and feet even of cases of long standing, says the specialist. Since little preventive work of this character has ever been attempted in leper colonies, physicians are watching the progress of these corrective methods with great interest. So many deformities have been improved that in time cures of the less severe deformities are not regarded as impossible.

## Burning Skin Diseases

quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolicaine. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 25c and 50c at druggists, or J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Adv.

## Wool Fifty Years Old

Mrs. E. L. Cooper of Madill, Okla., owns a comforter containing wool that is nearly fifty years old. The wool was shorn from a black sheep. When her father gave her the comforter eighteen years ago, the wool was then thirty years old.

## "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.

## Family Affairs

Teacher—Willie, did your father write this essay?  
"No, ma'am. He started it but mother had to do it all over again."—Life.



**ASPIRIN**  
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**

**Safe** Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.  
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid