

Tanlac Relieves Many Ills

Health Ravaged by Bad Heart, Nervousness and Sour Stomach, Mrs. McLean Manages to Avert Disaster, Health and Strength Are Restored, Gains 38 Pounds.

"Take Tanlac—that is my advice to everybody, and it is from one who has tried it," says Mrs. Elizabeth McLean, 4171 Lincoln Ave., Oakland, Cal.

"Four or five years ago I first used it, and ever since then I have depended on it. Then I was afflicted generally—had to build up or give up entirely. My stomach was in an awful state, my heart bothered me and I could not eat. I was so weak and nervous, I kept losing weight and strength, my health seemed wrecked, nothing helped me.

"But six or eight bottles of Tanlac put me back in splendid condition. My stomach troubles gave way; I gained perfect digestion and with it an appetite hard to satisfy. I increased in weight from 120 to 158 pounds. Tanlac is my formula for good health. It is and always will be the best."

Tanlac made of roots, barks and herbs, helps build up scrawny, weak bodies, drive out causes of suffering and give the body good health.

Don't suffer pain needlessly. Learn from others. Take wonderful Tanlac. At your druggist's.

PISO'S
for Coughs
Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup.
35c and 60c sizes
And externally, use PISO'S
Throat and Chest
Salve, 35c

BLACKHEADS
cannot be hidden. Get rid of them
now by regular treatments with
Resinol

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff, Itches, Itch, Failing
Nervous Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Sole and 25c at Druggists,
Blond, Brown, Black, and Gray, N. Y.

HIND CORNERS Remove Corns, Cal-
luses, etc., stop all pain, soothe comfort to the
feet, soothe itching, cure by mail or at drug-
gists. Illinois Chemical Works, Patheville, N. Y.

Whoever works only for himself
and not his community has a poor
boon.

"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.

The world has more respect for a
man who cries than for one who
whines.

Why Suffer Pain?
from a cut or burn? Cold or Carbolic
stops pain instantly and heals quickly
without a scar. Keep it handy. All
druggists, 50c and 60c, or J. W. Cole Co.,
127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Adv.

Efforts to forget something disagree-
able generally result in remembering
it forever.

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 It's **HILL'S** Price 30c
CASCARA QUININE
Get Red Box with portrait

Dramatically Opposed
Usher (to cold, dignified lady)—Are
you a friend of the groat?
The Lady—Indeed, no! I am the
bride's mother.

A simple, old-fashioned medicine, as good
today as in 1817, is compounded in Wright's
Indian Vegetable Pills. They regulate the
stomach, liver and bowels. Adv.

Strongest illusions of all are the
illusions of youth; but happily youth
knows it least.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS
6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

PASTOR KOENIG'S
NERVINE
for Epilepsy
Nervousness &
Sleeplessness.
PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE
Write for free Booklet
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.
1048 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—

Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of

PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

(By Brentano's)
WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—14—

The three dummies were then dis-
posed to the satisfaction of Ta-wan-
nears and, striking flint and steel to
some rotten wood, a bright blaze sent
the shadows chasing each other around
the confines of the glade.

"Peter," he said, "you had best
take post by that boulder on the other
side of the fire, Ormerod and Ta-wan-
nears will lie together upon this side."

"You need not think it necessary to
keep me by your side," I said indignantly.
"Tis not the first time I shall
have heard musketry."

A gleam of humorous intelligence
chased the gloomy ferocity from the
Seneca's face.

"Ta-wan-nears does not doubt the
valor of his brother," he said, "but
Ormerod has never fought with Can-
nagags. They are dogs, but they are
skilled in forest war."

He sank down behind a boulder
next to the one by which I stood. Cor-
laer had been swallowed by the dan-
cing shadows beyond the fire.

I dropped beside Ta-wan-nears, and
like him dusted fresh powder into the
pan of my musket, drew tomahawk
and knife from their sheaths and laid
them on the ground within reach.

It must have been at least two hours
after we had taken cover that Ta-wan-
nears touched my arm, and the light
from the glowing bed of coals re-
vealed a feathered head crouching for-
ward where the trail entered the glade.

It hovered around the edge of the
firelight like a monstrous reptilian
fiend, body bent nearly double, a glint
of steel showing whenever the hands
moved. Presently he withdrew into
the trail, and it seemed that two more
hours dragged by on leaden feet, al-
though it was probably less than half
that time.

The fire was lower, but Ta-wan-
nears did not need to warn me when the
keepers reappeared. It was as if a
mist of evil preceded them. My senses
were alert, and I saw the first feath-
ered head emerge from the trail and
each one of the six who followed their
leader. I counted every step of their
approach until the yellow paint which
streaked the ribs of the one nearest to
me glimmered in the light of the em-
bers.

"Hah-yah-yah-ee-ee-ee-ee!"

Ta-wan-nears sounded the war-
whoop as he fired, and instinctively I
aimed my piece at those ochre-tinted
ribs and pressed the trigger. The re-
port of my musket carried on the
echoes which had been roused by the
Seneca's. Corlaer's discharged as I
bounded to my feet.

The Cannagags yelled in surprise;
three of them were thrashing out their
lives on the rocks. But the four sur-
vivors did not hesitate. They fought
like the devils they really were.

One of them was on me immedi-
ately, bounding over the boulders with
screeches that split the night. His
knife and hatchet cut circles around
my head—then chopped at my bowels.
His activity was extraordinary, and he
fought better than I, for he knew
his weapons and they were strange to
me.

It was the realization of this which
saved me. Fending awkwardly with
knife or hatchet against a foe whose
handling of them was the result of
lifelong training, I was at a disad-
vantage.

So I changed the tomahawk to my
left hand, and grasped the knife by
the hilt as if it were a sword, thrust-
ing with it point first instead of slash-
ing as the Indian did. And now my
skill at fence was in my favor.

The Cannagag's knife was no longer
than mine. We were on equal terms
—or rather the advantage inclined
toward me. Bewilderment showed in
the Indian's face. He did not under-
stand this fighting with passes and
parries and swift, stabbing assaults.

My chance came the next time he
charged me, goaded into desperation
by these strange tactics. I aimed a
smashing blow at his head with the
tomahawk, and, as he lifted his own
hatchet to guard, I thrust for his belly,
parried his knife and ripped him open.

His death yell was in my ears as I
leaped over his body and looked to see
how my comrades were doing. Ta-
wan-nears had just killed his man and
was running to the help of Peter, who
had two assailants on his hands. As
Ta-wan-nears came up, the Dutchman
closed with one, dashed the defending
weapons aside and grasped the strug-
gling savage in his powerful arms.

The last Cannagag turned to flee, but
Ta-wan-nears did not even attempt to
pursue him. Without any appearance
of haste the Seneca balanced his tom-
ahawk, drew back his arm and hurled
it after the fugitive. The keen blade
crushed the man's skull before he had
passed from the circle of firelight, and
Ta-wan-nears sauntered across and
scalped him.

"That time Ta-wan-nears did not
mish, brother," he observed to me as
I watched with fascinated horror the
bloody neatness with which he dis-
patched his task.

Peter brought up his captive and
tossed the man down in front of us.

"Oof, that was a good fight!" he
commented placidly.

"Why a prisoner, Peter?" asked Ta-
wan-nears.

"We will ask him of der Doom
Trail," returned Corlaer.

He jerked the man to his feet.

"Where is der Doom Trail?" he de-
manded.

The Cannagag, badly shaken though
he was, drew himself erect and folded
his arms across his painted chest.



"The boat can go to the torture-
stake and not answer that question,
Corlaer," he said quite simply.

"We will take you to the nearest vil-
lage and let you make good your
boast," threatened Ta-wan-nears.

The Cannagag smiled.

"If I told you, none the less should
I suffer at the stake," he said, "for the
Gag-ga Ho-nun-as-ta-ta (Mistress
of the False Faces) knows all. Do
your worst, Chief of the Long House."

A tinge of mockery colored his
voice.

"Be sure that whatever you do you
cannot equal the ingenuity of the Ga-
gag. Yes, I think you will come to
know more about them some day, Iro-
quois. I seem to see pictures in the
freight of a stake, and a building
with a tower and a bell that rings, and
many of the Gag-ga dance around
you, and your pain is very great. Aye,
you are shrieking like a woman; you—"

He sprang, not at the Seneca but
at me. His hands were around my
throat before I could move. His eyes
blazed into mine. His teeth gnashed
at my face. A gout of blood, thick
and warm, deluged me. The next
thing I remembered was seeing Ta-
wan-nears bending over me.

"My brother is whole!" he asked
anxiously.

"Yes," I said, sitting up and rub-
bing a very sore throat, "except that
I shall not be able to swallow for a
time."

"You were choked, brother."

"And the Cannagag?"

"That dog is dead. Do you sleep
now, for the dawn grows near and we
must be upon our way."

I stirred to wakefulness when the
first pink light of morning was in the
eastern skies. A pungent whiff of
wood smoke filled my nostrils, and I
turned over to watch Corlaer frying
bacon and maize cakes.

After eating, I fell into my place be-
tween the Dutchman and Ta-wan-
nears. In five minutes the forest had
closed around us. The glade of last
night's adventure was shut off as com-
pletely as if it existed in another
world. There remained no more than
the bare grove of the trail and the
encompassing walls of underbrush and
overhead the roof of tree boughs.

That afternoon we forded the Mo-
hawk to the southern side some dis-
tance above Gan-ga-ha-ga (near
Danube, N. Y.), the Upper Mohawk
castle. And now for the first time we
began to meet other travelers. Several
Mohawk families shifting their
abodes on account of poor crop con-
ditions in their old villages; a party of
Onondagas of the Turtle clan journeying
on a visit of condolence to the Mo-
hawk Turtles, one of whose roy-an-ehs
had just died; a band of Mohawk
hunters returning from the spring
hunt. By these latter Ta-wan-nears
sent word to So-a-wah, the senior
roy-an-eh of the Mohawk Wolf clan,
charged with the warding of the East-
ern Door, of our encounter with the
Cannagags and its result.

The evening of the third day we
camped in the Onondaga country at
the base of a hill, which the trail en-
circles and which for that reason was
called Nun-da-da-lis ("Around the
Hill," present site of Utica, N. Y.).

Here we had a stroke of what turned
out afterward to be rare good luck.
While we were making camp a group
of five canoes of the birch-bark which
is used by other nations than the Iro-
quois approached from upstream, and
their occupants camped beside us.

These Indians were Messagages,
whose country lay between the two
great inland seas, the Erie and Huron
lakes. They were on their way to Fort
Orange or Albany to trade their win-
ter catch of furs, which lay baled in
the canoes.

They told Ta-wan-nears they had had
trouble with the Sleur de Tonny, com-
mander of the French trading post of
Le De Troit (Detroit, Mich.), which
had been established in their country;
and that in consequence De Tonny had
been obliged to flee and they had de-
cided to shift their trade to the Eng-
lish. Ta-wan-nears encouraged them
in this design and described to them
the high quality and quantity of the
goods they might expect to get in ex-
change for their furs at Albany.

On the fourth day the trail aban-
doned the headwaters of the Mohawk,
fast shallowing in depth, and headed
westward across the mile-wide divide
of land which separates the waters
flowing into the Mohawk and Hudson
river from those flowing into Lake
Ontario and the St. Lawrence river of
Canada.

I had my first view of the long
houses of the Iroquois at the Onondaga
Castle, Gan-a-to-hale ("A head on a
pole"), which was situated on the
Onondaga lake. They were impressive
buildings, sixty, eighty, one hundred
and sometimes one hundred and twen-
ty feet in length and from twelve to
fifteen or twenty feet wide. We went
as a matter of course to the lodgings
of the Onondaga Wolves, of whom Ta-
wan-nears, according to the Iroquois
code, was a blood-brother; and they
placed at our disposal a guest cham-
ber, the first next to the entrance of
the Gan-a-to-hale (Bark house), to-
gether with all the firewood and food which
we required and an aged squaw to
cook and wait upon us.

From the Onondaga castle the Great
Trail bore westward past De-o-sa-da-
yah (Deep Spring), which lay on the
boundaries of the Onondagas, whose
beautiful valley, with its morrow lake,
was the fairest country I have ever
seen unless it be the matchless home
of the Senecas. The trail led us
through the three villages of the tribe,
which were scattered along the banks
of the Onondaga river northward of
the lake.

It was a rich country which we
traversed, a country fit to be the home
of a race of warriors. The people we
met, in the villages where we some-
times slept and ate or along the shaded
slot of the trail, were pleasant and
courteous. They eyed me curiously,
but there was never any unseemly
disregard of manners. Even the chil-
dren were polite and hospitable.

We slept that night in the Cayuga
village, and in the morning forded the
foot of the lake and pursued the trail
westward again until it emerged upon
the north bank of the Seneca river,
which we followed to the village of
Gan-nun-da-gwa (site of Canandaigua,
N. Y.), on the lake of that name.

"Now we are in the country of the
Senecas, brother," said Ta-wan-nears,
when we started the next morning.
"You have seen the homes of all the
other tribes, save only the Tuscaro-
ras, who live to the south of the Onon-
daga; but none of them is so fair as
the valley of Gan-nis-he-yo (literally,
"The Beautiful Valley"), where my
brethren dwell."

From a little village that was bud-
died on the near bank of the river Ta-
wan-nears sent off that night a mes-
senger to carry on word of our coming.
So two days later, when we had passed
the Gan-nis-he-yo and the belt of for-
est beyond to the Seneca's chief town,
De-o-nun-da-ga-a, it was to find our-
selves expected guests. Warriors and
hunters, women and children, along
the trail, hailed Ta-wan-nears and his
friends; and at the gate of the pal-
isade which fortified the village—for
it was the principal stronghold of the
Western Door—stood Do-ne-ho-ga-weh
himself, the Guardian of the Door,
with his roy-an-ehs and ha-sha-no-wa-
weh (literally, "An Elevated Name"),
or chiefs, around him.

He was a splendid looking old man,
tall as Ta-wan-nears, his massive
shoulders unbent by age, his naked
chest, with the vivid device of the
wolf's head, rounded like a barrel; his
pendant scalp-lock shot with gray. He
and those with him were in gala dress,
and the sun sparkled on elaborate
beadwork and silver and gold orna-
ments and linings of weapons.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

British Public Balked at Sanitary Methods

The meeting of the congress of the
Royal Sanitary Institute recalls the
strong opposition which sanitary re-
formers once encountered. The Times
in 1854 rejoiced that Chadwick had re-
ceived a pension which would enable
him to leave dirt and disease alone:
"Aesculapius and Chiron, in the form
of Mr. Chadwick and Doctor South-
wood Smith, have been deposed, and
we prefer to take our chance of chol-
era and the rest than to be bullied
into health."

Another complaint was that their
activities had established "a perpetual
Saturday night, and Master John Bull
was scrubbed and rubbed and small-
tooth-combed till the tears ran into his

eyes, and his teeth chattered, and his
fists clenched themselves with worry
and pain."

What would the writer of this pro-
test say if he could see the public
health service today? According to
his standard by this time Master John
Bull ought to have been washed alto-
gether out of existence and poured
away with the soap-suds—Manchester
Guardian Weekly.

First Lithographer
Aloys Senefelder, a poor Bohemian
dramatist, resident in Munich, ac-
cidentally invented the art of lithog-
raphy

CHILDREN CRY FOR



Fletcher's CASTORIA
MOTHER:—Fletcher's Cas-
toria is a pleasant, harmless
Substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared
for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Cuticura Promotes Permanent Hair Health
Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, with light ap-
plications of Cuticura Ointment when necessary,
tend to free the scalp of dandruff and minor
blemishes, and to establish a permanent con-
dition of hair health.
Keep the Cuticura Soap and the Cuticura Ointment. Sold everywhere.
Sample cards free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 10,
Maine, Me." Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Everything O. K.
Elsie—"Gee, what a tough-lookin' walter." Jack—"Don't worry, kid. I can foot the bill."

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water
Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may pro-
duce kidney trouble in some form,
says a well-known authority, because
the acids created excite the kidneys.
Then they become overworked, get
sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts
of distress, particularly backache and
miserly in the kidney region, rheu-
matic twinges, severe headaches, acid
stomach, constipation, torpid liver,
sleeplessness, bladder and urinary ir-
ritation.

The moment your back hurts or kid-
neys aren't acting right, or if bladder
bothers you, begin drinking lots of
good water and also get about four
ounces of Jad Salts from any good
pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a
glass of water before breakfast for a
few days and your kidneys may 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 flush clogged
kidneys and stimulate them to activ-
ity; also to neutralize the acids in
the system so that they no longer
irritate, thus often relieving bladder
disorders.

Jad Salts can not injure anyone;
makes a delightful effervescent lithia-
water drink which millions of men
and women take now and then to help
keep the kidneys and urinary organs
clean, thus often avoiding serious kid-
ney disorders.

A farmer seldom looks at the ther-
mometer. What's the use? The work
has to be done.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS
haarlem oil has been a world-
wide remedy for kidney, liver and
bladder disorders, rheumatism,
lumbago and uric acid conditions.

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

Genius is mainly an affair of en-
ergy.—M. Arnold.

One application of Roman Eye Balsam
will prove how good it is for sore eyes. Costs
only 25 cents. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

The deed is everything; the frame
is nothing.—Goethe.

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ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets.
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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