

Colds

Broken in a day
Hill's act quickly—stop colds in 24 hours. Fever and headache disappear. Grippe is conquered in 3 days. Every winter it saves millions danger and discomfort. Don't take chances, don't delay an hour. Get the best help science knows.

Be Sure It's **HILL'S** Price 30c
CASCARA QUININE
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Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants and children's regulator.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teething time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

At All Druggists

CARBUNCLES
Carboid draws out the core and gives quick relief

CARBOIL
GENEROUS 50¢ BOTTLE
At All Druggists Money-back Guarantee

SKIN BLEACH
Removes the skin blemishes for only 15¢ FREE BROCHURE. Ask your dealer or write Dr. C. H. Barry Co., Dept. W, 203 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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Owners, contract holders send full particulars. Geo. E. Jantzer, 1242 Flatbush Ave., Bklyn., N. Y.

IRRITATING RASHES
For quick, lasting relief from itching and burning, doctors prescribe

Resinol
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.

Express Agent's Troubles
The express agent at Freeport, Pa., sympathizes with his predecessor who had the trouble with the pigs, remarks the Boston Globe. A coon dog was ordered by a Freeport man on a 15-day free trial, and the express clerk was instructed that the money should not be sent to the breeder until the end of the trial period. By mistake the money was sent. The man decided that he didn't want the dog and the breeder decided that he wanted the money, so the agent became the dog's custodian. Then a few more yards of red tape were spun when the dog gave birth to 13 puppies.

PERMANENT RELIEF FOR ECZEMA
Used by noted doctor 40 yrs. Don't order unless you will follow directions. Send \$1 or write **MADSEN COMPANY**, Box 472, El Paso, Texas, for full information.—Adv.

Valuable Faculty
Men have made a fortune out of cultivating the faculty of remembering people's names and mixing them with smiles.

smokers
Ease irritated throats, relieve coughs and sweeten the breath with **Luden's**

LUDEEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH
5c DROPS

Just Dropped In
Just as a peasant of Breslau, Germany, was about to partake of a large bowl of pea soup, he was interrupted by two women landing squarely on top of the table. The women, who had entered the cottage at the foot of a mountain through the open window, had been coasting down the mountain and had lost control of the sled.

If your eyes are sore, get **Roman Eye Balm**. Apply it at night and you are healed by morning. 375 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Not a Matter of Mind
"There's one time when a man's brain don't count."
"When is that?"
"When he's punching the adding machine."—Good Hardware.

Fellow who won't take no for an answer should associate only with yes-men.

FOR **Coughs due to Colds**

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

SUCCESSFUL FOR 60 YEARS
30c & 90c At all Druggists

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith
Author of
PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
(© by Brenlano's.)
WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Parts of his ears were gone, and as he drew nearer I saw that his face was criss-crossed by innumerable tiny scars. When he raised his hand in blessing the Indians I realized that two fingers were missing, and those which were left were twisted and gnarled as by fire.

"Whom have we here?" he called in a loud, harsh voice.

"Two prisoners, reverend sir," replied Murray. "English spies caught at Jagara by the vigilance of Monsieur de Veulle."

"Are they heretics?" demanded the priest.

"I fear I have never conversed with Master Ormerod concerning his religious beliefs," said Murray whimsically. The priest peered closely at me.

"Well, sir," he asked brusquely, "are you a son of the true faith?"

"Not the one you refer to, sir," I said.

"And this savage here?"

"He believes, quite devoutly, I should say, in the gods of his race."

The Jesuit locked and unlocked his fingers nervously.

"I fear, monsieur, that you will suffer torment at the hands of my poor children here," he said. "Will you not repent before it is too late?"

"But will you stand by and see your children torture an Englishman in time of peace?" I asked.

"Peace?" he rasped. "There is no peace—there can be no peace—between England, the harlot nation, and holy France. France follows her destiny, and her destiny is to rule America on behalf of the Church."

"Yet peace there is," I insisted.

"I refuse to admit it. We know no peace here. We are at war, endless war, physically, spiritually, mentally, with England. If you come amongst us, you do so at your bodily peril. But—and the challenge left his voice and was replaced by a note of pleading, soft and compelling—"It may be monstrous, that in your bodily peril you have achieved the salvation of your soul. Repent, I urge you, and though your body perish your soul shall live."

Murray and De Veulle stirred restlessly during this harangue, but the savages were so silent you could hear the birds in the trees. I was interested in this man, in his fanatic sincerity, his queer conception of life.

"But if I repented, as you say," I suggested, "would not you save my body?"

His eyes burned with contempt.

"Would you drive a bargain with God?" he cried. "For shame! Some may tolerate that, but I never will! What matters your miserable body! It has transgressed the rights of France. Let it die! But your soul is immortal; save that, I conjure you! Death? What is death? And what matters the manner of death? Look at me, monsieur."

He fixed my gaze on each of his infirmities.

"I am but the wreck of a man. These poor, ignorant children of the wilderness have worked their will with me, and because it was best for me God permitted it. Torture never hurt any man. It is excellent for the spirit. It will benefit you. If you must die—"

His voice trailed into nothingness. De Veulle interposed.

"Reverend father," he said, "I have a letter for you from Jacques Pourier. The rivermen would like you to give them a mass Sunday. 'Tis a long—"

"Give me the letter," he cried eagerly. "Ah, that is good reading! Sometimes I despair for my sons—aye, more than for the miserable children of the wilderness. But now I know that a seed grows in the hearts of some that I have doubted. I shall go gladly."

De Veulle winked at Murray as the priest lapsed away.

"I must send Jacques a barrel of brandy for this," he remarked; "but our Cahungas would be in the sulks if they could not celebrate the Moon feast, and they stand in such fear of the worthy Hyacinthe that they would never risk his wrath."

"The Moon feast!" exclaimed Murray. "True, I had forgotten. Well, 'twill be an excellent introduction to the customs of the savages for our friend the intruder."

"'Twill make a great impression upon him," laughed De Veulle. "In fact, upon both of them. I have a surprise for our Iroquois captive as well. The Mistress of the False Faces awaits them."

He murmured some orders to our guards, kicked me out of his path and sauntered through the gateway beside Murray.

With Bolting in active supervision and Tom hanging greedily on the flanks of the crowd, we were hustled through the clearing, past the chapel and an intervening belt of woodland, into a natural amphitheater on the far side of the village, where a background of dark pines walled in a wide surface of hard-beaten, grassless ground. Two stakes stood ready, side by side, in the center, and our captors tore off our tattered clothes and lashed us to these with whips of joy.

So we stood, naked and bound, ankle, knee, thigh, chest and armpit, whilst the sun, setting behind the village, flooded the inferno with mellow light and an army of fiends, men, women and children, pranced around us. For myself, I was dazed and fearful, but Ta-wan-ne-ars again showed me the better road.

"The Keepers scream like women,"

he shouted, in order to make himself heard. "Have you never taken captives before? You are women. We scorn you. Do you know what has become of the seven warriors Murray sent to pursue us on the Great Trail? Silence prevailed.

"Yes, there were seven of them," gibed Ta-wan-ne-ars. "And there were three of us. And where are they? I will tell you. Cahungas dogs, Shwendadie dogs, Huron dogs. Crawl closer on your bellies while I tell you.

"Their scalps hang in the lodge of Ta-wan-ne-ars—seven scalps of the Keepers who could not fight against real men. The scalps of seven who called themselves warriors and who were so rash that they tried to fight three."

A howl of anger answered him. "Begin the torment," yelled Bolting. Tom drew a wicked knife and ran toward us, his yellow eyes aflame. But a squat Cahungas chief pushed him back.

"They are to be held for the Moon feast," he proclaimed. "See, the Mistress comes. Stand back, brothers."

The sound of a monotonous wailing filled the air, joining itself with the evening breeze that sighed in the

branches of the pines behind us. The crowd of savages drew away from us in sudden awe.

"Ga-gosa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta," they muttered to each other.

"What do they say?" I asked Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"The Mistress of the False Faces is coming," he replied curtly.

"And who is she?"

"The priestess of their devilish brotherhood."



Out from the long bark building wound a curious serpentine procession of men in fantastic head-masks, who danced along with a halting step. As they danced they sang in the weird monotone we had first heard. And behind them all walked slowly one without a mask, a young girl of upright figure, her long black hair cascading about her bare shoulders. Her arms were folded across her breast. She wore only the short ga-ka-ah, or kilt, with moccasins on her feet.

The breath whistled in Ta-wan-ne-ars' nostrils as his chest heaved against its bonds, and I turned my head in amazement. The expression on his face was compounded of such demonic ferocity as I had seen there once before—that, and incredulous affection.

"What is it?" I cried.

He did not heed me. He did not even hear me. His whole being was focused upon the girl whose ruddy bronze skin gleamed through the masses of her hair, whose shapely limbs ignored the beat of the music which governed the motions of her attendants.

The procession threaded its way at leisurely pace through the throngs of Indians, the girl walking as unconcernedly as if she were alone, her head held high, her eyes staring unseeingly before her.

"Ga-gosa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta," murmured the savages, bowing low.

The False Faces drew clear of the crowd, and danced solemnly around us. They paid us no attention, but when they had strung a complete circle around the stakes they faced inward and stopped, each one where he stood. For the first time the priestess, or Mistress as they called her, showed appreciation of her surroundings. She walked into the ring of masks and took up her position in front of us and

between our stakes she had no looked at us.

"Bow down, O my people," she chanted in a soft voice that was hauntingly sweet. "The False Faces are come amongst you, for it is again the period of our rule, and I, their Mistress, am to give you the word.

"Behold, the old moon is dying, and a new moon will be born again to us. The Powers of Evil, the Powers of Good and the Powers of Life are come together for the creation.

"Thrice fortunate are you that you recognize the rule of So-ka-ga-gwa (the moon—the light of the night)," for it brings you well-being, now and hereafter in the Land of Souls. Moreover, it brings you captives, and your feast will be graced by their sufferings."

She turned to face us, arms flung wide in a graceful gesture. I thought that Ta-wan-ne-ars would burst the thongs that bound him. His powerful chest expanded until they stretched.

"Ga-ha-no!" he sobbed.

She faltered, and her hands locked together involuntarily between her breasts. A light of apprehension dawned in her eyes, and for a moment I thought there was a trace of something more.

"Ga-ha-no!" pleaded Ta-wan-ne-ars. But she regained the mastery of herself, and a mocking smile was his answer.

"They are no ordinary captives who will consecrate our feast," she continued her recitative.

"For one is a chief of the Iroquois and a warrior whose valor will resist the torment with pride. And the other is a white chief whose tender flesh will yield great delight and whose screams will give pleasure in our ears.

"O my people, this is the Night of Preparation. When An-da-ka-ga-gwa (the sun—the Light of the Days), the husband of So-ka-ga-gwa, retires to rest to mourn his dead wife and make ready for the new one he will take tomorrow, you must retire to your lodges, and put out your fires, and let down your hair.

"For in the night the spirits of Hani-ka-no-geh (hell—the dwelling place of evil) will come to hold communion with their servants, the False Faces, and they will be hungry for your souls.

"And this is my warning to you, O my people. Heed the warning of Ga-gosa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta.

"And on the next night we will celebrate the Moon feast, and I will dance the torture dance. And we will tear the hearts out of our enemies' breasts and grow strong from their sufferings."

She tossed her arms above her head, and the ring of False Faces burst into their high-pitched, nasal chant, and resumed the hesitant dancing step, their horrible masks wobbling from side to side, their painted bodies, naked save for the breech-clout, posturing in rhythm.

Their Mistress summoned the squat Cahungas chief, who seemed to be especially charged with our safe-keeping.

"You will unbind the captives from the stakes and place them in the Council-House," she said coldly. "If they are left out in the night, my brothers and sisters, the aids of Hani-go-ate-geh will devour them. Feed them well, so that they will be strong to resist their torment, and tie them securely, and place a guard of crafty warriors over them. If they escape, you shall be the sacrifice at the Moon feast."

The chief groveled before her.

"The commands of the Ga-gosa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta shall be obeyed," he promised. "And I pray you will hold off the Spirits of Evil tonight, for sometimes they have been overbold and have snatched our people from their lodges."

"You are safe this time if you heed my words," she answered, "for you have secured a sacrifice which will be very pleasing to So-ka-ga-gwa and her friends." (For this and other conversations I am indebted to Ta-wan-ne-ars, who translated them for me afterward.—H. O.)

Then she came up quite close to us. She looked at me with frank curiosity, and particularly my hair, which was brown. But most of her attention was bestowed upon Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"So you remember me?" she said in a hard voice and speaking in the Seneca dialect.

"I remember you, Ga-ha-no," he answered. "But I see you do not remember me."

"Oh, well enough," she returned. "But I am no longer an ordinary woman. I am the Mistress of the False Faces."

"And of a French snake," he added bitterly.

Her eyes flashed.

"I am not a snake, which is what I should have been had you and my stupid father had your way with me!"

Ta-wan-ne-ars shook his head sadly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Curious Old Church in Heart of London

Porters and clerks at Denmark Hill railway station, South London, often work to the accompaniment of hymns sung lustily by a congregation in a disused waiting room next to the booking office. The Mystical Church of the Comforter is one of London's most curious churches. Babies are baptized in a room that was once only used by impatient travelers waiting for their trains; funeral services are read in it and a marriage has been solemnized. This church has been in existence for about six years. One end of the former waiting room has been transformed by an altar painted white and surrounded by the seven colors of the rainbow. Seven steps lead up to the altar, and at the side are two pillars representing

beauty and strength. Everything is done by symbols in this remarkable church, and the badge worn by members is a dove, standing in a circle with a seven-leaved branch in its beak. The leader and founder of the church is a woman with the official title of "messenger."

Dolls Now Live Longer
With the cessation of manufacture of the kinds of dolls that had fragile heads the life of the average doll has been increased from a few days to a period that may run into years. Inquiry by the manufacturers' among children developed the fact that they prefer soft-bodied dolls because they cuddle easier. Yaakee Ingenuity was applied

Mrs. Furtado Makes Rapid Recovery

Sacramento Woman Suffering From After-Effects of "Flu," Nervous Exhaustion and Run-Down Condition, Recovers Perfect Health. Thanks Tanlac

The experience of Mrs. Mary Furtado, living at 2915 24th St., Sacramento, Cal., should be of interest to everyone suffering similar ailments.

When Mrs. Furtado was only 22, "flu" left her in a badly run-down condition.

"I was in such a weak condition," says Mrs. Furtado, "that I couldn't do a thing. I was awfully thin, had no appetite whatever, and was so weak that I couldn't do my housework. My nerves were in a terrible state, everything worried me and I felt some days as if I would go to pieces.

"Tanlac certainly proved to be just what I needed. I not only gained 15 pounds in weight, but that tired, run-down feeling left me completely, my appetite improved wonderfully and the nervousness all disappeared.

"I never felt better in my life than I did after taking Tanlac. I could do my housework and I felt just perfect.

"Whenever I feel the least bit run-down or tired I always go back to Tanlac, for it never fails to build me right up."



Benefit by Mrs. Furtado's experience. Let this marvelous tonic made from roots, barks and herbs according to the famous Tanlac formula, rebuild your run-down body, drive out pain and poison, give you robust health.

Results from first bottle amazing. Ask your druggist for Tanlac—today! Over 40 million bottles sold.

Love has made a fool of many a man who was considered wise. Virtue when concealed is a worthless thing.—Cicero.

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Music revives the recollections it would appease.—Mme. de Staël. All married men are heroes, but they can't always prove it.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHERS:—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.

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

Says Dangerous Varicose Veins Can Be Reduced at Home

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart as Blood in Veins Flows That Way.

If you or any relative or friends are worried because of varicose veins, or bunions, the best advice that anyone in this world can give you is to ask your druggist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and apply night and morning to the swollen, enlarged veins. Soon you will notice that they are growing smaller and the treatment should be continued until the veins are of normal size. So penetrating and powerful is Emerald Oil that even Piles are quickly absorbed. Your druggist sells lots of it.

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Bathe the feet for several minutes with Cuticura Soap and warm water, then follow with a light application of Cuticura Ointment, gently rubbed in. This treatment is most successful in relieving and comforting tired, hot, aching, burning feet.

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