

# BABIES CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Prepared Especially for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrup. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The genuine bears signature of

*Wm. D. Fletcher*

# Soft Corns

Money Back Says Your Druggist if Moore's Emerald Oil Doesn't Do Away With All Soreness and Pain in 24 Hours.

Get a bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil with the understanding that if it does not put an end to the pain and soreness and do away with the corn itself your money will be promptly returned.

Don't worry about how long you've had it or how many other preparations you have tried. This powerful penetrating oil is one preparation that will help to make your painful aching feet so healthy and free from corn and bunton troubles that you'll be able to go anywhere and do anything in absolute feet comfort.

So marvelously powerful is Moore's Emerald Oil that thousands have found it gives wonderful results in the treatment of dangerous swollen or varicose veins. Your druggist is selling lots of it.

# CARBUNCLES

Carbol draws out the core and gives quick relief. **CARBOIL** GENUINE SOFT BOX AT ALL DRUGGISTS. Money Back Guarantee.

Deafness—Head Noises RELIEVED BY **LEONARD EAR OIL** "Rub Back of Ears" INSERT IN NOSTRILS AT ALL DRUGGISTS. Price \$1. Folder about "DEAFNESS" on request. A. O. LEONARD, INC., 10 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

For a New Wonderful Skin Laxative, Cleanse your pimples, blackheads, blemishes, ingrown hairs, freckles, oily skin, etc. **QUARANT**. Trial size 25c. Box 12, Arcade Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

ITCHING RASHES quickly relieved and often cleared away by a few applications of

# Resinol

Substitute for Sun

Dwellers in smoke-shrouded cities and such as sleep by day and work by night can make up what they suffer from lack of sufficient sunshine by the use of electric sun baths, according to an eminent British health authority. Prolonged periods of wet weather tend noticeably to increase the spread of sickness in large cities, and pulmonary diseases are prevalent where sunlight is lacking, as are many ailments peculiar to children. Electric sun baths, the British physician referred to declares, offer a satisfactory substitute for nature's own.

# DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear if You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

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

# Lake Michigan's Distinction

Lake Michigan is the only one of the Great Lakes lying wholly within the boundary of the United States, says the Dearborn Independent.

If Worms or Tapeworms persist in your system, use the real vermifuge, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot." Only 40 cents at your druggist or 212 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

The longest term of office of any government official is that of the comptroller general and assistant, who each hold office for 15 years.

# If You Need a Tonic, Get the Best!

Fresno, Calif.—"It is not long since I was all rundown in health and finally decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as I knew of other people in my neighborhood who had constantly relied upon Dr. Pierce's remedies and always received satisfactory results. I took only a few bottles and by that time I had regained my normal health.

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are good, too."—Manual X. White, 639 Calhoun St.

All dealers sell Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 30 cents for 50 Pellets.

When run-down you can quickly pick up and regain vim, vigor, vitality by obtaining this Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce at the drug store, in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. tablets.

# The DOOM TRAIL

—By—

Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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## CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Ta-wan-ne-ars has only one regret that he is to die," he said. "That is because he cannot live to find your lost soul and return it to you."

She laughed harshly. "Ta-wan-ne-ars is a child," she said. "His heart is turned to water. He talks of things which are not. My soul is here." She tapped her left breast. "It does not matter, however, for the Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-in does not need a soul as other mortals do."

She turned on her heel abruptly, and followed the priests into the long bark house from which they had emerged. The great mob of Indians melted away as soon as she left us. They all but fled in order to reach their lodges before sundown, and so hurried were our guards that in removing us from the stakes to the Council-House in the center of the village they forebore to eat or maltreat us.

In the Council-House they supplied us with a liberal meal of meat and vegetables. Then our bonds were replaced and we were covered with robes, whilst our guards covered close to the fire in abject fear. They started at the slightest movement. Had we been able to stir hand or foot I think we might have won our freedom. But they used care in binding us, and we lay inert as corpses.

"What do they fear?" I whispered to Ta-wan-ne-ars at length, desirous of hearing a friendly voice.

"I do not know exactly, brother," he said. "These Cahnuaqs are renegades from the Great League."

"But the Moon feast they talk about," I persisted. "What is that?" "It is some invention of their own," he replied. "Perhaps Murray or De Veulle helped them with it. My people know nothing of such things."

Through the bark walls of the house came the weird, minor melody which had attended the appearance of the Mistress of the False Faces, mingled with shrieks, groans, screams and yells. Our guards huddled closer together. They abandoned their weapons and covered their heads with blankets. A drum throbbed near by, and at intervals sounded the wailing chant of the masked priests and the thudding of dancing feet.

The uproar increased in violence. Women's voices, some in dreadful protestation, some in eager ecstasy, joined in it. It was near, then at a distance, then returning. And occasionally that one shrill, sweet voice quelled the saturnalia and was lifted on a note of pagan exultation—only to be drowned in the thrumming of drums.

Our fire dwindled and was rekindled. The night crept on toward the dawn. The monotony of the noises, the endless repetition, deadened the senses, and we slept. When I awakened, 'twas to see the daylight trickling through the smoke-hole in the roof.

Somewhere in the sunshine a bird began to sing, and my captors yawned and sat up. The squat chief, his fears of the night gone, kicked Ta-wan-ne-ars awake.

"This is the day of the Moon feast," he said. "You will soon clamor to die."

## CHAPTER X

### The Moon Feast

We were yanked to our feet and pushed outside. Thousands of Indians lined the narrow, dirty streets between the bark houses and lodges. They greeted us with a silence so intent that it was as arresting as a shout. Not a finger was laid upon us, not a voice was raised. Yet the fierce anticipation which gleamed in every face was more threatening than definite gestures.

Ahead of us opened the flat expanse of the dancing-place, with the two lonely stakes, flanked by piles of freshly gathered firewood, standing like portents of evil against the dark-green background of the pines which walled the rear of the amphitheater.

Ta-wan-ne-ars looked eagerly in every direction, but she whom he sought was not present nor were there visible any of the carrion crew of priests. Only the sinister faces of the negro, Tom, and Bolling, with his tangle of red hair, stirred recollections in that alien, hostile mass.

Our guards bound us to the stakes as they had the day before, and Ta-wan-ne-ars, with a significant glance at me, rallied them with the searching wit of his race.

"The Cahnuaqs dogs are not used to taking captives," he commented. "They are women. They should be tilling the field. They do not know how to torment real warriors."

When they were passing the things under his arm-pits, the Seneca bent forward and fastened his teeth in the forearm of the incautious guard. The blood spurted and the man yelped with pain. Ta-wan-ne-ars laughed.

"Unarmed and bound, yet I can hurt you," he cried. "Truly, you are women. The warriors of the Great League scorn you."

Strangely enough, they made no retaliation upon him; but, having securely fastened us to the stakes, withdrew and stood somewhat apart from the encompassing crowds.

The silence continued for more than an hour, when a lane was opened opposite to us and Murray and De Veulle snatched forward.

"I trust you have fared well, Master Juggins—I beg pardon, Master Ormerod?" remarked Murray urbanely. "No discomforts? Enough to eat and sufficient attention?"

I profited by Ta-wan-ne-ars' example,



and thrust for the one weak spot in the man's armor of egotism.

"You do proclaim yourself for what you are," I answered him steadily. "Sure, no man of breeding would descend to the depths you reach. I do assure you, fellow, if you ever return to civilization and attempt to mix with the gently bred, your plowboy origin will out."

His face was suffused to a purple hue.

"Sdeath!" he rasped. "Sir, know you not I am of the Murrays of Cobblelaw? I quarter my arms with the Kletths! I have a right to carry the Bleeding Heart on my shield! I—"

"No, no," I interrupted. "Tis easy for you to claim here in the wilderness, but the humblest cadet of the house of Douglas would disprove you. I dislike to speak ill of any woman, and certes I could weep for the grief of her who conceived you, whatever she was. But I make no doubt she was some Huron squaw."

His face went dead white.

"I was pleased with overlong to spare you," he said in accents so cold that the words fell like icicles breaking from the rocks. "I am glad I resisted. I shall give orders now that your torments be the most ingenious our savages can devise."

"I doubt it not," I said. "You will die in much agony," he continued placidly. "Nobody will ever know of your taunts. And I—his vanity flared up again—"I shall die a martyr and a duke."

"And a convicted criminal," I added. He murmured to De Veulle and walked away, the savages moving from his path as if he were death in person, for indeed they feared him, more even than they feared Black Robe and their own accursed priests. He was the master of all.

"So you are to be chief torturer, monsieur le chevalier?" I remarked to De Veulle.

"Even so," he agreed. "There could not be a fitter," I said sympathetically.

"I thank you for your appreciation," he replied. "I have instructed the savages to give you the long torment. You will be still alive this time tomorrow. Think of it! Your Iroquois friend knows what that means—an eyeless, bloody wreck of a man, begging to be slain!"

He beckoned to the Cahnuaq chief. "Let loose your people," he ordered, and stepped back.

The Cahnuaq put his hand to his mouth, and the high-pitched, screeching notes of the war-whoop resounded through the air. And as if one directing center animated them all the thousands of savages closed in on us, yelling and shrieking, weapons menacing, feet pounding the measures of some clumsy dance.

They swirled round and round us, those who could get nearest dashing up to the stakes to mock at us or threaten us with words and weapons. Nobody touched us, but the strain of constantly expecting physical assault was nerve-racking. Ta-wan-ne-ars smiled serenely at them all, and when he could make himself heard, returned their threats.

## Not Much Doubt as to Where She Stood

Attorney W. B. Ward tells of the utterance of a client he once had in Kansas City that he regarded as a classic in finality. The client was of ebon hue and was asking to be divorced from what she termed the "most nocentest, triflingest man that breathed."

Judge Birney figured such exhortation indicated another suitor somewhere in the background. By clever questioning he attempted to wring from the trait witness that there was another man in the case, but she stoutly denied such inference and continued with the denunciation of the hapless spouse. After an hour the court decided the plaintiff had earned her decree and so indicated, but in passing judgment he observed verbally that the plaintiff would in all probability be married again within a month. Disregarding formality and

This continued for a long time. Twilight was at hand before they dropped back, and a select band of young warriors began to exhibit their skill with bow and arrow, knife and tomahawk. Arrows were shot between our arms and bodies; tomahawks hurtled into the posts beside our ears; knives were hurled from the far side of the open space, so closely aimed that their points shaved our naked ribs. Once in a while we were scratched; the handle of a tomahawk, poorly thrown, raised a bump on my forehead. And De Veulle, squatting on the ground with a knot of chiefs, applauded the show.

It went on and on. New forms of mental torture were constantly devised. Darkness closed down, and the fires beside the stakes were lighted. I was in a daze. I had ceased to feel fear or misgiving. I was conscious only of a great weariness and thirst.

Of a sudden I realized that the shouting had died down. The prancing figures were at rest. But into the circle of frelight awaited the hideous column of False Faces, their masks of monstrous birds and beasts and reptiles seeming alive with horrid purpose in the shifting gloom, their feet moving harmoniously in the hesitant step of the dance, their voices united in the monotonous music of their chant.

They strung a circle, as they had done the day before, and halted, heads wabbling this way and that. There was a brief pause, and I noticed De Veulle, risen to his feet and staring intently behind me, where the wall of pines made a perfect background for the spectacle. A sigh burst from the half-seen throngs of savages.

"Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-in!"

I craned my neck, and as well as the things permitted me peered around the stake to which I was lashed. A white figure flitted from the protection of the trees and glided toward us. The False Faces started a queer, rhythmic air, accompanied by gently throbbing drums. The figure commenced to dance, arms wide, hair floating free. Beside me Ta-wan-ne-ars choked back a groan of hate and love and fought fruitlessly against the rawhide thong.

'Twas Ga-ha-no. She wore again her ceremonial uniform, the kilt and moccasins; but this time they were white, fashioned of skins taken from the bellies of young does. Her limbs and body, too, were coated with some white substance that made her gleam like a delicate marble statue when she postured in the flickering radiance of the fires.

She tossed up her arms in a curving gesture toward the moon, riding low above the treetops. The music of the attendant priests swung into a faster measure, the pulsing of the drums became subtly disturbing, commanding.

"O So-a-ka-ga-gwa," she cried, "I, your servant, the Mistress of the False Faces, begin now the Moon feast we make in your honor!"

She resumed her dance, but 'twas very different from the graceful, pleasing steps she had first used. I know not how to describe it, save perhaps that 'twas like the music, provocative, appealing to the basest instincts in man, indecent with a peculiarly attractive indecency. It was, I think, the dance of creation, of the impulse of life, one of the oldest and in its perverted way one of the truest dances which man ever devised. It could only be danced by a savage people, primitive and unshamed.

Faster went the measure of the dance. Faster whirled the glistening white figure. Now she danced before us, her eyes burning with mockery—I know not what—of Ta-wan-ne-ars. Now she spun around the open space in a series of intricate steps and posturings.

The music worked up to a crescendo, the drums thudding with furious speed. Ga-ha-no leaped high in air and raised her arms toward the moon, whose sickle shape was no whiter or fairer than she.

The chant stopped in the middle of a note, and as her feet touched the ground again she ran lightly across the amphitheater and threw herself into De Veulle's arms. He tossed her upon his shoulder.

"The Moon feast is open, O my people," she called back as he disappeared with her into the shadows.

All those thousands of people went mad. The dancing-place became a wild tumult of naked savages, men and women, leaping in groups and couples to the renewed music of the False Faces. Decency and restraint were cast aside.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

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 Manufacturers of Monocetateester of Salicylicacid

## One More Chance

Dick had been listening thoughtfully to the story of Adam and Eve and when his mother was done he asked:

"Mother, doesn't God forgive sinners?"

"Yes, Dick, why?"

"Then why didn't He give Adam just one more chance?"—Indianapolis News.

## Bell-Ans Really Sure Relief

Thousands of Testimonials From Doctors, Nurses and Dentists Say So.

For correcting over-acidity and quickly relieving belching, gas, sick headache, heartburn, nausea, biliousness and other digestive disorders. BELL-ANS has been proved of great value for the past thirty years. Not a laxative but a tested Sure Relief for Indigestion. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. Send for free samples to: Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.—Adv.

## Snuff Again in Favor

Snuff is once more coming into favor in some circles in England as an elegant social accomplishment. The fine gentleman of 1927 points his witty phrases by tapping the lid of his snuff-box, and, as he takes a pinch, makes an arabesque flourish in the air with all the conscious grace of an Eighteenth century beau.

Cole's Carbollaxive Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 25c and 50c. Ask your druggist, or send 50c to The J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill. for a package.—Adv.

## At Training Camp

Lady Visitor (watching puglist shadow-boxing)—And is he really trying to hit his own shadow?  
Trainer—That's right, miss.  
Lady Visitor—Good heavens. Poor darling. How long has he been like that?—Passing Show.

Sore and inflamed eyes, sties and granulations healed promptly by nightly use of Roman Eye Balsam, 25 cents. Adv.

## Similar

Allice—Why don't you tell Rod frankly that you don't like him as well as Ted?  
Jean—I can't. I'm not sure that Ted will propose.

PERMANENT RELIEF FOR ECZEMA Used by noted doctor 40 yrs. Don't order unless you will follow directions. Send \$1 or write MADDEN COMPANY, Box 572, El Paso, Texas, for full information.—Adv.

When the engine of an automobile equipped with a new thermostat device overheats the car's horn is sounded.

All family trees have more or less shade.

# 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, 1268 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

## Healthy, Happy Babies

The best way to keep baby in crowing, contented health is Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. This safe, pleasant, effective remedy regulates the bowels and quickly overcomes diarrhoea, colic, flatulency, constipation, and teething troubles.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The infants' and children's Regulator is best for baby. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Open formula on every label. At all Druggists. Write for free booklet of letters from grateful mothers.

Anglo-American Drug Co. 215-217 Fulton St. New York



INFLAMED EYES DISFIGURE YOUR LOOKS! Don't experiment on them, use MITCHELL EYE SALVE for speedy relief. Absolutely safe. 25¢ at all druggists. HALL & BUCKLE, New York City

## CALIFORNIA STATE APPROVED LANDS

Small improved farms in well established settlement. Fruit, alfalfa, dairy, hogs, poultry. Churches, high school, grammar schools. Also unimproved lands with first water rights. Easy terms. Write Fresno Farm, Fresno, Calif.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 14-1927.

## Phlox as National Flower

The phlox was suggested as a national flower by Dr. Edward Wherry, of the Agricultural department, in addressing the Wildflower Preservation society at Washington, says the Pathfinder Magazine. At various times the columbine, goldenrod, dogwood, mountain laurel and trailing arbutus have been proposed, but congress has not given any flower such distinction. Some states, however, have adopted state flowers.

## A Stiff Job

"Ah, my friend, you seem to have a very stiff neck."  
"Yes, I got it while sketching in Italy."

"In an accident?"  
"No, I painted the Leaning Tower of Pisa."—Sondagsnisse-Strix.

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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 Tanlac 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.