

# DON'T Trifle WITH COLDS

Sluggish intestinal systems lower resistance to colds. Cleanse them with Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative. Gentle, safe, non-habit-forming. More effective because you chew it.

## Feen-a-mint



FOR CONSTIPATION

### The Scotch Puritan

Sir Harry Lauder said at a Calcedonian society banquet in Los Angeles: "This superb baggis we've been eating, friends, is characteristic of Scotland but not as characteristic, I'm proud to say, as our Puritanism. Let me tell you a true story that does our Scotch Puritanism credit. "One of the most beautiful women in the world—a movie star, in fact—I see her here before me—well, this beautiful woman visited Scotland last summer, and in honor of our country she wore the kilt. "A Glasgow couple passed her in the lobby of her hotel one day. "What a dear she is!" the Glasgow wife said. "Those bare knees of hers! They're as dimpled as a baby's. I could kiss them, I could." "Hoos, I said the Glasgow husband. "They don't look as if she prayed much."

### Bothered with Backache?

It May Warn of Disordered Kidneys.

If troubled with backache, bladder irritations, and getting up at night, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold by dealers everywhere.



**Tough!**  
"How's business?" asked an old friend meeting Smithers.  
"Rotten," he growled. "The only fellow doing as much loafing now as I am is a piano tuner."  
**Rainbow Rooms**  
"In your opinion what is the most colorful profession?"  
"Bathroom designing."  
A patrol wagon brings some inmates to a full stop.  
Repentance is second innocence.—De Bonald.



### Lucky Day

Three candles! And each one represents a year of joyous living. This is Carolyn Babush, of 800 Downer Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her mother says: "My mother used California Fig Syrup, and when Carolyn became constipated we got some. It relieved her constipation, sweetened her breath, made her well and happy. I have since used it for all her upsets and colics. It has kept her strong and energetic." For fifty years, mothers have used California Fig Syrup to overcome a child's bilious, headachy, feverish or fretful spells. Doctors recommend its soothing aid to keep bowels clear in colds or children's ailments; or whenever bad breath, coated tongue or listlessness warn of constipation. It assists in building up weak children. The genuine always bears the name California. All drugstores.



# The Plains of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood

© by Doubleday Doran Co., Inc. WNU Service.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

"They see the place is deserted, and unless they find some sign of us, they won't come nearer," he said. "Look, Toinette! There is a white man among them with a prisoner's collar around his neck."

His words were cut short by a sudden movement among the watchers, as if a command had stirred them to life again. The man in the lead, with three eagle feathers in his tuft, stalked alone into the clearing, a tall and slender figure burdened only with his weapons and a warrior's diminutive traveling pack—a giant who was red and black and ochrish yellow in his war paint, and at whose belt hung a bundle of scalp in which the sun played and danced with changing lights as he moved. Toinette closed her eyes that she might shut from her vision the grisly trophies of a warrior's success. When she opened them again, two score warriors in single file were following in the footsteps of the leader and passed within a hundred feet of what once had been Lussan's home, casting furtive sidewise glances as they went. In more than one belt, fresh scalps shone in the sunshine, and two white men and a boy with their hands tied and prisoner things about their throats walked in the line.

Not until the trees on the other side of the clearing had swallowed the last of the Mohawks did Toinette's straining eyes turn to Jeems. There had been no sound in the passing of the red scourge, no cautious voice, no clatter of wood on steel, no crackle of brittle grass or weeds under four-score moccasined feet. Where their tracks lay in the grass, one might have thought that three men had traveled instead of forty. And the world was dead behind them. Crows did not return to the meadow, and the blue jays had flown into safer distance. The woodpecker had gone to a farther stub. Even in the old house there was no longer the scurrying and squeaking of mice—no sound but the tumultuous throbbing of three hearts, two of them human and one a beast's.

It was then Jeems spoke. "I swear there was a white man—a free white man—in that painted crowd, and long hair was hanging from his belt," he said. "I saw his blond head and lighter skin, but thought my eyes were lying to me," replied Toinette. "An Englishman," said Jeems. "A murderer for money such as my Uncle Hepsibah told me about." "And yet—he might be French." They stood looking into each other's eyes, she of the aristocracy of Old France and he of the New world's freedom, and her hands rose slowly to his face as his bow and arrow fell to the floor. For the first time she raised her mouth to his.

"Kiss me, Jeems—and pray a little with me in gratitude for the mercy God has shown us!" The thrill of her lips lay for a moment against his. "I am sorry for everything in the world," she said. Some of the softness and beauty of boyhood returned into his face as she drew herself from his arms and he descended the creaking stair ahead of her. They did not go out at once, but stood near the lower door, listening for sound and watching for something to move.

"They are gone," Jeems finally said. "But there may be stragglers behind, and it is safer not to show ourselves too soon." It was easier for them to talk after this. Quite calmly, as if looking back on a distant thing, Toinette told Jeems of the tragedy of Tonteur manor. Her mother, he learned, had left for Quebec two days preceding the coming of the Indians. Toinette expressed her thankfulness because of this, but no great gladness was in her voice. She could not remember in vivid details all that had happened. It had been so sudden and overwhelming, like a stream of fire engulfing a black night. Peter Lubek was with Dieskau, and Heloise, his young wife, had come to stay with her. Both were asleep when the savages attacked in the early morning, and she was of the opinion that most of the killing was over before they were fairly awake—and before any guns were fired. Then came shots and her father's voice roaring through the big house. They were out of their bed when the seigneur came in and told them to dress and keep to their room. She did not know what had happened until she looked out of her window, and then she saw what seemed to be hundreds of naked savages running about. She rushed after her father, but he was gone. When she returned to her room, Heloise had disappeared and she did not see her again. She could hear screaming and terrible cries, and dressing hurriedly as her

father had commanded, she disobeyed him by going downstairs, calling for him and for Heloise. The front part of the house was filled with flame and smoke, and when she turned to the servants' quarters she was cut off by fire and there was no response to her cries. It was then she thought of the mill which she had often heard her father say was impregnable against both fire and guns. She descended into the cellar and went from it through a short underground passage to an outdoor caveau made of sod and stones, in which they kept fruit and vegetables during the winter. She hid herself in this earthy place, and then dared to raise the surface door a little. The worst must have been over, for she could see only a few Indians about, and everything was on fire. There was yelling in the distance where the savages were attacking the farmers' homes. When she ascended from the caveau, she stumbled over the body of old Bablin, the miller, who had fallen with a musket in his hands. She took the musket and went to the mill, and after that she did not see an Indian about the seigneurie. Sickness overcame her, and she was half unconscious in the tower room. Later, looking through one of the narrow windows, she saw four men come from the south. She was sure they were white men, but was afraid to reveal herself because their appearance was so terrible. They were like monsters,



Jeems Struck at His Enemy and Clutched His Slippery Throat.

remaining only a little while to look at the dead. Now, since she had seen the white warrior among the Mohawks, she was even more positive that they belonged to the war band and that she was fortunate to have kept herself concealed. When she found that Bablin's musket was loaded, she regretted that she had not used it to kill one of the murderers. That was why, mistaking him for another straggler, she had fired at Jeems. One might have expected excitement in her narrative, but it was told quietly as she looked from Jeems across the clearing. It was a recital of fact without the embellishment of pathos or drama, and Jeems remained silent for a time when it was ended. Then he told of his visit to Lussan's and of his race home and what he found there. He spoke of Hepsibah. "He must have discovered the Mohawks on the far side of the valley and started the fire which he had always told me to expect. After that, he tried to reach us and they killed him." "He may have escaped," suggested Toinette hopefully. Jeems shook his head. "He would have come to us. He is dead."

His voice possessed the unemotional certainty with which she had referred to her father and Heloise. There was no possibility of his uncle being alive. He repeated that belief, and added that their salvation was little short of a miracle. But now, he thought, their way would be clear to friends further down the river. The Indians could not have gone many miles in that direction, for evidently they were hurrying back before Baron Dieskau learned of their presence in the French country and set out forces to cut them off. It did not occur to Jeems that the baron and his men might have been defeated, as was true in that very hour.

He produced apples and a pair of purple-topped turnips from the provision pouch which he wore at his belt, and they ate these as they waited. Meanwhile, he told her what they must do. They would be forced to spend a night in the woods, but he

was sure he could make a comfortable place for her.

He walked ahead instead of at her side when they began their journey. Jeems carried an arrow fixed to the string of his bow, and suddenly a twig caught it and it slipped from his fingers and fell to the ground. He was stooping to recover it when a terrified scream from Toinette brought him erect.

Not more than eight or ten paces from them stood a painted and half-naked savage whose intention had been to make his way toward the abandoned house. He was an appalling figure, and during the few seconds in which they faced each other Jeems recognized in him the merciless scalp hunter he and Toinette had seen with the Mohawks. At this discovery there shot through him a flash of relief, but a second glance showed him a fiend more dangerous than an Indian, one of the merciless butchers who hunted human hair for the price his own people had set upon it. A blue-eyed Indian! How often had he heard his uncle curse their breed! Beasts more cruel than tigers, demons set loose and paid by English money until their sport as well as their livelihood became an orgy of ambush, murder, rape, and fire! Here was one of them. The man was greased and painted, but he was white. His warlock was light and his eyes were small and blue. He carried a gun, a knife, and a hatchet, and at his belt was a woman's hair, and with it another scalp that must have been taken from the head of a child.

So quickly did Jeems see these things that the echoes of Toinette's scream had scarcely died away before their meaning pressed itself upon him. The savage possessed a moment of advantage, and as Jeems made a movement to whip an arrow from his quiver, the scalp hunter swung his gun to fire. Seeing the hopelessness of his position, Jeems sprang forward and buried his useless bow at his enemy. This and the impact of his body came at an instant when the other let the hammer of his flintlock fall, and with the explosion of the gun the lead from his barrel flew wild. The scalp hunter had seen only a boy and a girl, and a vision of easy victims had leapt to his mind. Now he found upon him an antagonist of unexpected strength and ferocity. In the first few seconds of the fray, neither had a chance to draw knife or tomahawk, and with all the pent-up madness of his body and brain Jeems struck at his enemy and clutched his slippery throat as they crashed to earth together. For a space Toinette's horrified eyes could scarcely tell which was one and which the other; and Odd, snarling white-fanged at their heels, was unable to become a partner in the conflict. Then, with a powerful effort, the scalp hunter freed himself and sprang to his feet, drawing his tomahawk in the act. As he prepared to use his weapon, Odd vaulted for his throat, and the blunt head of the hatchet met him in midair, striking with such force upon his head that he fell a limp and inert mass to the ground.

A cry of triumph came from the bleeding lips of the Frankenstein, who saw victory within his reach, for he now regarded the youth, who was on his feet with a hatchet in his hand, as an insignificant obstacle between himself and the pallid-faced loveliness of the girl whom chance had so fortunately placed in his way. This cry, disguised by guile and habit, betrayed only a trace of the white man. It was guttural exultation of one lost to all the obligations of blood and race, a cry loosed not so much by heat and passion as by the promise of what he saw as his eyes appraised Toinette.

Toinette had possessed herself of the empty gun and stood at Jeems' side, prepared to fight.

Jeems was so near that his arm pressed against her and he gave a sidewise thrust which sent her headlong among the bushes. In this same movement he hurled his hatchet at the scalp hunter, who was slowly advancing. As the other dodged to avoid the hurtling missile Jeems snatched one of his scattered arrows from the ground and ran to his bow. Toinette saw what happened then. She saw the slim, beautiful figure of Jeems drawn as tensely as his weapon in the pathway. She saw the painted monster descending upon him. She heard the musical twang of the bowstring and saw a silvery flash—a flash which passed in at one side of the blue-eyed Indian and went out at the other, a flash which fell to earth a score of paces beyond, a bloody and broken arrow that had done its righteous work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### "Plagues" of Past Ages Practically Wiped Out

Leprosy became prevalent in the Dark Ages. The scourge of the "black death" inaugurated the quarantine; but civilization had discarded all the other disfigurements of the Dark Ages before it relieved itself from the recurrent visitations of epidemics which made their appearance throughout Europe in those centuries. As late as 1798 smallpox was as common as measles, and little more than a century ago cholera claimed one in every hundred of New York's population. In 1873 yellow fever was epidemic in 19 states, which was half of them. It has been only since Louis Pasteur's experiments between 1857 and 1885 laid the foundation for the isolation of germs and the development of antitoxins that specific treatment has been possible. Patient investigation has followed research in tracing the causes of epidemics to their

sources. In this brief span of a few generations many historic plagues have become words of vague meaning; and yet, they unquestionably would be more rampant in this age of travel and commerce than they ever were before but for the vigilant and effective public health agencies on guard everywhere.

### Hula Costume

To make a real hula costume it requires from 40 to 80 ft plant leaves, depending on the size of the dancer. It takes approximately three hours to weave a skirt, the life of which is three days.

**Buttermilk's Food Value**  
Buttermilk has about the same food value as skimmed milk, nutritionists find.

# Adrift With Humor

NO GENTLEMAN'S JOB

A farmer passing through the village of Meigs, shortly after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had been appointed prime minister, stopped his gig to have a chat with the old stone-breaker by the roadside. "Well, John," said the farmer, "what do you think of the laird now they have made him prime minister?" "I think he is too much a gentleman for that job," replied the old man.—Toronto Globe.

### TERRIBLE PLOT



Percy—I believe there is a plot against me.  
Miss Frank—Somebody trying to make a man of you?

**Terrors of Crime**  
I keep my conscience clear indeed, and yet I yield to fright. The murder mysteries that I read keep me awake all night!

**Now, Let's Be Friends**  
Immigration Inspector—And what do you expect to do now you are in this country?  
Immigrant—Anything to earn an honest living.  
Immigration Inspector—Well, there isn't much competition in that line of business.

**Not Like a Government Job**  
Peedecue—Who is the mysterious stranger?  
Beeveegee—Some kind of investigator.  
Peedecue—Working for the government?  
Beeveegee—I doubt it. He keeps pretty busy.—The Pathfinder.

**Real Daredevil**  
Blinks—I wish I had his nerve.  
Jinks—Yes, he impresses one as a fellow who could even use a guest towel in his own home without trembling.

### JUST A FLIRT



"She loves to flirt."  
"Yes; seems to be a regular business with her."  
"Only trouble is she doesn't keep her business engagements."

**Those Flu Blues**  
If sniffles were two cents a pair, then I would be a millionaire.

**Paid Well**  
Inquisitive—Do you think you've boosted your circulation by giving a year's subscription for the biggest potato raised in the county?  
Editor—Maybe not, but I get four barrels of samples.

**Gr-r-r!**  
"I had to discharge my nurse for being cruel."  
"What did she do?"  
"She kicked poor Fido for biting the baby."

**The Man for the Job**  
Cracksman—I cut through the outer door with an oxyacetylene torch and then used dynamite.  
Judge—Two years! Wait a minute—could you get a clinker out of my furnace for me?

**A la Chicken Croquettes**  
Diner—I'd like a nice chicken croquette.  
Waiter—Yes, sir. Do you prefer those made out of pork or the ones made from hash?



# DON'T let a Cold Settle in your Bowels!

Keep your bowels open during a cold. Only a doctor knows the importance of this. Trust a doctor to know best how it can be done.

That's why Syrup Pepsin is such a marvelous help during colds. It is the prescription of a family doctor who specialized in bowel troubles. The discomfort of colds is always lessened when it is used; your system is kept free from phlegm, mucus and acid wastes. The cold is "broken-up" more easily. Whenever the bowels need help, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sure to do the work. It does not gripe or sicken; but its action is thorough. It carries off all the souring waste and poison; helps your bowels to help themselves. Take a spoonful of this family doctor's laxative as soon as a cold starts, or the next time coated tongue, bad breath, or a bilious, headachy, gassy condition warns of constipation. Give it to the children during colds or whenever they're feverish, cross or upset. Nothing in it to hurt anyone; it contains only laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other mild ingredients. The way it tastes and the way it acts have made it the fastest selling laxative the drugstore carries!

**Dr. W. E. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative**

**Cheap Transportation**  
The cost of a trip from Alexandria, Va., to Washington by boat, seven miles, in 1844 was 12½ cents according to a letter written by James Jackson, a student in the theological seminary in Fairfax county, to Edmund F. Staftan at Andover, Mass. His letter is now in the library of William and Mary college, the gift of Charles H. Taylor of the Boston Globe.

# Coughing STOPS with Boschee's SYRUP

Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly, ends irritation quickly! GUARANTEED. Never be without Boschee's For young and old.

**The Way Today**  
"He seems to talk nothing but golf in his office."  
"Business is transacted on the links."  
Bright children shouldn't know it too well.  
You can flatter any man by telling him he is flattery-proof.

### Are You "Hitting On All Six?"

Liver—Stomach—Bowels—Nerves—Heart—Are They All 100%? Folks, the human body is just like a good car, everything must be in working order if you want real performance. You can't expect to feel 100% if your liver and stomach are out of order, nerves jumpy or bowels tied up. You weak, despondent people who have been trying to get back the vim and endurance of earlier years will be delighted to see how quickly strength and energy return thru the use of Tanlac. Go to your druggist now and get a bottle of Tanlac. Tanlac has helped millions so there is no reason why you, too, can't begin today to revitalize your entire system. Money back guarantee.

### SAN FRANCISCO



hospitality finds its highest expression in this exquisitely appointed hotel. Famed for its excellent Dining Room and Coffee Shop. \$3 to \$6

### HOTEL CALIFORNIAN TAYLOR AT O'FARRELL