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by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!



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How many years has the "Pain King Man" been calling at your home?

More than 50 years ago, in 1871, Dr. Porter originated the idea of leaving medicine on a year's trial. Hundreds of thousands of bottles of Porter's Pain King are distributed every year on this fair plan by The Geo. H. Rundle Co., Piqua, Ohio.

There is such a steady, all-the-year-round demand for Porter's Pain King, the original liniment, and Porter's Pain King, the original liniment, and Porter's Pain King. Salve, that dealers everywhere now carry these standard home remedies in stock, and you need never be without them.

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For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derange-

ments of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Coughs due to Colds BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

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

IRRITATING RASHES For quick, lasting relief from

WHITEN YOUR SKIN

with KREMOLA, the wonderful bleach cream. Use one box and see the real skin beauty that can be yours. Price \$1.25 prepaid. BOOKLET FREE. Agents wanted. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2075 Michigan Ave., Chicago. The Wrong Knowledge

mous clergyman, said on his eighty- heave with his bull-like shoulders and fourth birthday at Lake Placid: "The young know too much, and at that it's the wrong kind of knowledge.

Even little children nowadays—

a whole section of growths, which had been laced together with vines on a backing of boughs, lifted gate-fashion.

Beyond stretched a navrow ellev.

man numerals XXX on the blackboard. "'What does that mean, children?'

she asked. "The class of children giggled in a

'Kisses.'

Lives Saved by Parrot A parrot which had never talked probably saved from injury or death nembers of the family of B. M. Corn, of Oakland City, Ind., when awakened to find his home on fire, with the flames making such headway that they

threatened to prevent escape of persons in bedrooms.-Indianapolis News. Geniuses take no thought of the morrow, but they suffer from lack of

Sure Relief

The great value of Bell-Ans is the relief of digestive disorders of the stomach and bowels is proved by its substantial increase in use every year for the past thirty years. Promptly and properly taken we have never known it to fail. Sead for free samples to Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.

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ngg's BREMEDY



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encouragement.

TA-WAN-NE-ARS AND I

COPIED HIS EXAMPLE

mate. The Seneca brained this man

with the butt of his gun, and Peter

methodically tripped my adversary

of his victim, then crossed to us and

"Is it to be torture or a quick death.

strove to gnaw at the hands which

"Then speak truly. Who travels

Ta-wan-ne-ars pricked him slightly. "You watch always," assented the

A shout echoed through the forest

aisles. The red eyes of the Cahnuaga

flared exultantly. His mouth opened.

and the scream ended in an awful

Ta-wan-ne-ars drove his point home,

The crashing of branches sounded

"Did you hear that screech?"

"Yaas, Red, me hear him. He bery

"Nobody. We watch always."

Seneca. "Yes. And who comes?"

Cahnuaga dog!" he demanded.

held him.

Doom Trail today?"

"Yaaa-aaaa-aaa-ah---"

The shout was repeated.

shouted a rough voice.

bubbling gasp.

Doom Trail.

like."

Ta-wan-ne-ars paused long enough

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When I was parallel with the sumac

of wild blackberry bushes. Cautiously

they held were employed for the pur-

I worked myself a little more in the

l abandon the gun in order to insure

that my progress should be silent.

W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER XI—Continued

We spent two days with these peo-, recuperating in preparation for the stern task ahead of us. After parting with them we continued in eisurely fashion eastward, keeping well to the north of the Great Trail of the Long House and avoiding as much as possible contact with the Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks whose countries we traversed. Some ten days after leaving Oswego we found ourselves on the verge of that untracked domain which was roamed by

the Keepers of the Doom Trail. In order to assure that our departure would be free from the observation of spies we left our last camp after dark and in two parties, Ta-wanne-ars and myself going in one direction and Peter in another.

Our meeting place was a grove on the bank of a creek, one of the tribu- to the war-whoop. taries of the Mohawk. We reached it without observation, and lay in concealment most of the day, starting again in the late afternoon and moving warily through the forest, following no particular course, but addressing ourselves rather to the effacement of all evidence of our passage.

We discovered nothing, and the next day and many others went by with no better luck. Our provisions were exhausted, and we were compelled to live from hand to mouth upon such game as Ta-wan-ne-ars could snare or hawk was on his feet, ready to shoot kill with his tomahawk-and certes he was wondrous proficient in both arts. But we kept on, bearing always eastward and quartering the country in

In the very midst of this deserted wilderness we came upon what we sought. We had abandoned the headwaters of the Mohawk and were following one of its middle branches, a shallow stream with pebbly, shelving banks, wading close inshore so as not to disturb the close-growing shrubbery. We all saw it simultaneously-a tattered, weather-stained fragment of canvas, caught on a snag in the current. I fished it out with my musket

barrel. "A pack-cofer," declared Peter immediately.

"And safely identified," I added, putting my finger on an unmistakable thistle in green paint with three-quarters of a letter "M" above it.

A mile farther on Ta-wan-ne-ars exclaimed and pointed upward to the trunk of a tall elm. Partly shaded by the foliage of the lower boughs a deep blaze was revealed in the bark.

We waded ashore and investigated The underbrush was as thick as else-Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the fa- where, but presently Peter gave a a whole section of growths, which had Beyond stretched a narrow "A school-teacher chalked the Ro- whose carpet of grass showed it to

be seldom traveled. "If this be not the Doom Trail 'tis worth a look none the less," I whis

pered. Peter nodded, and slipped through shocked way, and a little girl piped: | the opening. I followed him, and Ta-

wan-ne-ars brought up the rear. Here in this hidden path the forest noises became remote. Even the birds ceased to twitter overhead, and the slightest stirring of the treetops made us drop to earth in expectancy of at

tack. Yet when the attack came we were taken completely by surprise. We were all of us alert, but the first warning that we were under observation was a green-feathered arrow which sang between Peter and me and buried its head in the ground. "Don'dt fire, whatefer you do," mut-

tered Peter as he threw himself behind the nearest trunk.

Ta-wan-ne-ars and I copied his example. I found myself on the right of the three. The others had selected standing trunks. I had chosen, perforce, a fallen giant which some forest wind had overthrown. I crawled along the trunk into the tangle of roots, and from there gained a clump of bushes growing about the hole from which it had been torn.

The green-feathered arrow had ceased quivering and I idly followed the angle of its inclination. My eyes traveled forward-and focused upon a hideous painted face which peered

from a screen of sumac. The watcher motioned behind him, and a second painted visage glided to is side. Ta-wan-ne-ars, seeking to draw their fire, thrust out the end of his scalp-lock, and the first watcher instantly drew bow and sent an arrow

that grazed the trunk. Nothing happened for a while. The Keepers waited, and Ta-wan-ne-ars

eized the bow and quiver of one of the dead Keepers. We crouched be side the bodies behind the sumac creen. My gun was still where I had man the Seneca had just knifed.

A third voice was raised—in the Cahnuaga dialect, which was a corrup tion of the Iroquois speech and perfectly understandable to my comrades. "Qua, O Keepers who watch," shouted the third speaker. "We acquaint you that we approach. have with us the Red One and the Black One."

We remained quiet, but Peter possessed himself of the gun of the second Cahnuaga and placed it where he could reach it as soon as his own piece was discharged.

They were approaching over the trail which forked into the one we had followed from the stream with the pebbly banks. And at this point apparently they came to the junction clump I sought shelter under a patch of the two branches.

The Indian who had shouted before repeated his hail.

parting my screen—which was exceedingly thorny and painful—I was "Them Keepers done gone away, able to view the Keepers from the Red," declared Tom. "Mebbe some rear. They were ensconced in what Maquas (hostile term for Mohawks) was evidently a permanent sentry come dis way. The Keepers chase 'em post. Beyond the sumacs was a low out o' hyuh.' bark but masked with boughs. At

I'm agoin' to find out," retheir feet were muskets. The bows turned Bolling. He trotted out of the mouth of the pose of adding mystery to their attrail into the open space on the brank

of the muskrat swamp. "Nobody here." he called back after rear of their position, then rose quietly and drew knife and tomahawk. I a casual look around. "Guess the Keepers got after somebody-or else was an amateur at casting the ax, but the lazy dogs have turned in for a this was no time for hesitation. I sleep. I'll find out later for sure. flung it with all my might, and yelled Now you rustle them packs up, and the nearest approach I could compass | I'll get the dugout ready."

He dragged a canoe hollowed from The tomahawk struck one of the a tree trunk from its hiding place in a Keepers with the flat of its blade, fell- bed of reeds, and produced two pading him. The other savage turned dles from the prostrate trunk of a quickly and loosed his arrow at me, hollow tree. But we paid scant ataiming wide in his confusion. He tention to him. Our eyes were faststooped for his musket, but I was on ened upon the odd procession which him with my knife and he was forced emerged from the trail in obedience to to leap back and meet me on even his summons

terms. Ta-wan-ne-ars and Peter came First walked the negro Tom, a huge running between the trees, whooping pack bowing his enormous shoulders. After the negro, in single file, came They arrived in the nick of time, for eight Cahnuagas, each with a large the Cahnuaga I had tried to toma- pack braced on a ga-ne-ko-na-ah, or burden frame. They carried their

me as I dodged the knifeblade of his muskets in their hands. "We've got to hurry if we're goin" to get everything ferried over the swamp tonight," grumbled Bolling. Waall, what's bitin' you?"

This question was addressed to den frame, had chanced to see the arrow in the ground which the Keepers other trickeries which so add to their flowers, likewise with sprightly silk had shot in their first attempt to chie

happened here."

jump on 'em." Ta-wan-ne-ars, who had been of "Shall we begin, brothers?" he whis-

of arrows." shoot Red Jack or der nigger. We will point of interest is embroidery on the

"You can take on the negro," I to remove what was left of the scalp spoke up. "Leave Bolling to me." Peter looked doubtful.

set his bloody knife to the throat of "He is a goodt kn!fe-fighter," he mmenced to argue; but Ta-wan-ne ars chose that moment to open his bombardment, and the Dutchman's re-The red eyes of the Keeper glared at him. "Death," the man spat, and monstrance went for naught.

A green arrow streaked across the grove and buried its barbed bone head in the chest of one of the Cahnuagas. The man shrieked and tore at the shaft with his hands. His companions scattered right and left. But Ta-wanne-ars gave them no respite. His shafts filled the air. The green arrows drove into the packs, quivered in tree trunks, pierced another unfortunate.

The Cahnuagas let off a ragged volley which whistled over our heads. Ta-wan-ne-ars discharged the last of his arrows and reached for his musket. We saw two of the Indians collapse. Peter caught up his second musket and he and Ta-wan-ne-ars shot again.
"Twas impossible to miss. Besides as some heavy body ran along the Bolling and Tom, only two of the enemy were left.

"Knife and hatchet for the rest," said Ta-wan-ne-ars grimly. "Are my much like feller feel someting he not brothers ready?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Fat, Fair and Forty" Not Much in Demand

An American woman, visiting Tur- mentioned a price that was equivalent key with her three daughters, en- to \$1.50 in American money. The gaged an old Turk in conversation. mother was furious. Never, she said, It developed that the Turk was a bad she been so insulted. After be-broker in wives, and the woman, wish-rating the Turk, she walked haughtily ing to have some fun with him, asked, away, leaving the marriage broser "At what value would you place my eldest daughter, supposing that she were for sale?" The Turk mentioned her. a sum that was flatteringly high. "And and Peter remained under cover. I my second daughter?" the mother next surveyed the situation. From the hole inquired. A still higher price was in which I lay a depression of the was fixed, age of course, being the ground ran eastward past the lair standard. The highest price of all of the Cahnuagas in the sumac clump. was set for the youngest daughter, a the world. They think they know ev-I started to crawl up it, dragging my little flapper. "And now," said the musket after me, but before I had mother, "what price for me?" The trances to the subways.—Atchisos black and white spotted calfskin and some a dozen feet I was obliged to Turk was no diplomat. He promptly Globe

Blast From Kansas New York city people are the most conceited and most ignorant people in

Peter nudged me, and Thewan-ne-act | FUR TOUCHES FOR SATIN COATS; SMALL HAT OF CROHET VISCA

of an investment. The new models winter.

are wonderfully attractive, embodying, as they do in their styling, all the lat
way of topping the spring frock and way of topping the spring frock and way of topping the spring frock and

screen. My gun was still where I had left it in the gully by which I had approached the lair of the watchers. In its stead I selected the musket of the man the Seneca had just knifed.

B LACK satin registers high in the list of favorite mediums for the spring coat. Its style prestige is acclaimed in almost every display of adhats of visca straw, for instance, vance fashions. Owing to its adapt- which abound in such plentiful num ability to summer as well as spring ber in the new showings, just to look wear, the coat of black satin may | at their adorable colorings brings the rightly be considered as the best sort happy conviction of the passing of

est approved ideas of tucking, compli- the spring coat to perfection. Their



TWO MODISH BLACK SATIN COATS

Cahnuaga who, in unslinging his bur- cated seamwork, tier treatments, nov- tones and tints seem to just naturally

The Cahnuaga pointed silently to some exponents of the black satin spring apparel. the green-feathered shaft.

"By -!" swore Bolling with a start.

class, as here pictured. The model to the left not only stresses the popular a soft crocheted visca for the new "Ain't no blood nor nothin' around | that there should be "two sides to the | able beguiling visca hats." so it 'pears likely the Keepers got the story" of the coat—the one satin, the Many of the visca straws have rip-

other kasha cloth in gray or beige.

"Ja," agreed Peter. "Budt do not achieve very clever effects. Another chapeaux.

prints and gay crepes and weaves Typical of the mode are two hand- such as the mode features for smart

Yes, it's well worth while choosing 'D'ye see that, Tom? Something's tier arrangements of wide folds on the chapeau. Some of them bespeak exskirt, but it exploits a fashionable quisite simplicity in that their only Bolling glanced about him uneasily.

Bolling glanced about him uneasily. ure," he announced. "What most ing virtue is that it is made reversible. the center model in this group defines. ikely happened was some party broke | Quite a little attention is being direct- | It is their colorings which differentin here, and the Keepers chased 'em." ed toward the reversible coat this seal ate them. There isn't a new spring son, designers playing up to the adage shade missing in these soft, crush-

ple brims as shown in the first model A trimming of black monkey fur dis- in this picture. Notice too, the handupied in extracting arrows from t tinguishes the companion coat in the somely designed crochet band which quiver and setting them in a row be picture, which also is of black satin. trims this pretty hat. That there is fore him with points lightly thrust into the ground, now notched a shaft. binding of white fur. The use of the crepe side of the fab- the trimming as well. Flowers and pered. "Hold your fire until I run out ric in reverse is often advocated by motifs of colorful crochet straw adorn designers. This gives opportunity to many of the "last word" French

> Ribbon cocardes are as much ir leeves, where black and white stitch- I fashion as ever, if not more so. The



GROUP OF EARLY SPRING HATS

ery is worked in complement to the | hat at the top to the right boasts an white fur on the collar. Quite unique intriguing ribbon motif and band, is a touch of embroidery on the satin which backs up the white fur at the stands for the ultra chic. In the hat neck. It is so positioned on some of in the lower left corner, the crown is rolls up at the back even ever so elaborate cutout patterning. slightly it reveals the embroidery de-

Many of the satin coats also boast ombre lapin fur.

Felt and straw in combination he new models that when the collar of visca, the brim of felt done in an

A compose of faille silk and visca answer the style call in the model which concludes this group.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY. (©. 1927. Western Newspaper Union.)

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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

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Hubby-Here's a little present 1 bought for you, dear. A new wardrobe trunk!

Wifey-Isn't that fine? Now all I

need is something to stuff it with! What some men say should not be charged against them, but credited to

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Your Druggist Says Pleasant to Take, Elixir Must Help Poor Distressed Stomachs or Money Gladly Refunded.

You can be so distressed with gas and fullness from poor digestion or dyspepsia that you think your heart is going to stop beating.

Your stomach may be so distended that you have been so distended.

that your breathing is short and gaspy.
You are dizzy and pray for quick relief—what's to be done.
Just one tablespoonful of Dare's Mentha Pepsin and speedly the gas disappears, the pressing on the heart ceases and you can breathe deep and naturally.
Oh! What blessed relief; but why

not get rid of such attacks altogether? Why have them at all? Especially when any druggist anywhere guarantees Dare's Mentha Pepsin, a pleasant elixir, to help you br money back.









THE FEAT



Kids

Oh. No \

By

PERCY L.