

CORNS



Ends pain at once!

In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this so easily 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!

Porter's Pain King

Liniment
Quickly Checks Coughs and Colds. Used Since 1871

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 a 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. Ruddle Co., Piquette, Ohio.

There is such a steady, all-the-year-round demand for 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.

Many users have written letters telling how good Porter's Pain King is. How many things they use it for, and often adding, "I would not be without it." Read the directions wrapped around the bottle.

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.

FOR Coughs due to Colds

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP
SUCCESSFUL FOR 40 YEARS
30c & 90c At all Druggists

IRRITATING RASHES

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

Resinol

WHITEN YOUR SKIN

The Wrong Knowledge
Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the famous dermatologist, said on his eightieth birthday at Lake Placid: "The young know too much, and at that it's the wrong kind of knowledge. Even little children nowadays—A school-teacher chalked the Roman numerals XXX on the blackboard. "What does that mean, children?" she asked. "The class of children giggled in a shocked way, and a little girl piped: "Kisses."

Lives Saved by Parrot

A parrot which had never talked probably saved from injury or death members 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.

Sure Relief

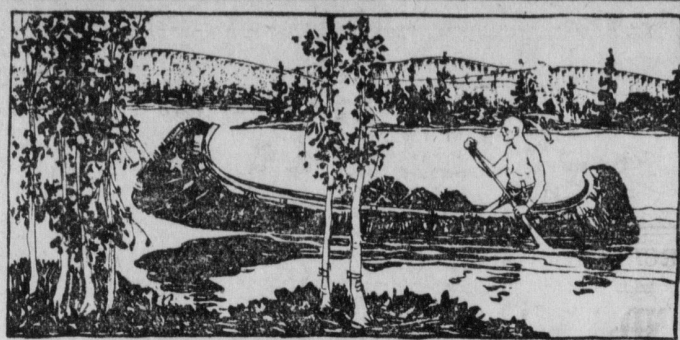
The great value of Bell-Ans is the relief of digestive disorders of the stomach and bowels is proved by its substantial increase in use every year for the past thirty years. Promptly and properly taken we have never known it to fail. Send for free samples to Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLES to Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

We spent two days with these people, recuperating in preparation for the stern task ahead of us. After conferring with them we continued in leisurely 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 named 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-wan-ne-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 tributaries 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 effectment 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 spare or 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 every direction.

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, winding 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 elsewhere, but presently Peter gave a heave with his bull-like shoulders and a whole section of growth, which had been laced together with vines on a backing of boughs, lifted gate-fashion. Beyond stretched a narrow alley, 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 whispered. Peter nodded, and slipped through 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 attack. 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't fire, whatever you do," muttered 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, therefore, 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.

Peter nudged me, and Ta-wan-ne-ars seized the bow and quiver of one of the dead Keepers. We crouched beside the bodies behind the sunac 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 killed.

A third voice was raised—in the Cahnunaga dialect, which was a corruption 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. We have with us the Red One and the Black One."

We remained quiet, but Peter possessed himself of the gun of the second Cahnunaga 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 of the two branches.

The Indian who had shouted before repeated his hail. "Then Keepers done gone away, Red," declared Tom. "Mebbe some Maquas (hostile term for Mohawks) come dis way. The Keepers chase 'em out o' huyh."

"I'm agoin' to find out," returned Bolling. He trotted out of the mouth of the trail into the open space on the bank of the muskrat swamp.

"Nobody here," he called back after a casual look around. "Guess the Keepers got after somebody—or else the lazy dogs have turned in for a sleep. I'll find out later for sure. Now you rustle them packs up, and I'll get the dugout ready."

He dragged a canoe hauled from a tree trunk from its hiding place in a bed of reeds, and produced two paddles from the prostrate trunk of a hollow tree. But we paid scant attention to him. Our eyes were fastened upon the odd procession which emerged from the trail in obedience to his summons.

First walked the negro Tom, a huge pack bowing his enormous shoulders. After the negro, in single file, came eight Cahnunagas, each with a large pack braced on a ga-ne-ko-na-ah, or burden frame. They carried their muskets in their hands.

"We've got to hurry if we're goin' to get everything ferried over to the swamp tonight," grumbled Bolling. "Waal, what's bitin' you?"

This question was addressed to a Cahnunaga who, in unslinging his burden frame, had chanced to see the arrow in the ground which the Keepers had shot in their first attempt to bait us.

The Cahnunaga pointed silently to the green-feathered shaft. "Dye see that, Tom? Something's happened here." Bolling glanced about him uneasily. "The Keepers have gone, that's sure," he announced. "What most likely happened was some party broke in here, and the Keepers chased 'em."

"Ain't no blood nor nothin' around so it 'pears likely the Keepers got the jump on 'em."

Ta-wan-ne-ars, who had been occupied in extracting arrows from the quiver and setting them in a row before him with points lightly thrust into the ground, now noticed a shaft. "Shall we begin, brothers?" he whispered. "Hold your fire until I run out of arrows."

"Ja," agreed Peter. "Eudt do not shoot Red Jack or der nigger. We will save them if we can." "You can take on the negro," I spoke up. "Leave Bolling to me." Peter looked doubtful. "He is a good knife-fighter," he commenced to argue; but Ta-wan-ne-ars chose that moment to open his bombardment, and the Dutchman's remonstrance went for naught.

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

FUR TOUCHES FOR SATIN COATS; SMALL HAT OF CROCHET VISCA

BLACK satin registers high in the list of favorite mediums for the spring coat. Its style prestige is acclaimed in almost every display of advance fashions. Owing to its adaptability to summer as well as spring wear, the coat of black satin may rightly be considered as the best sort of an investment. The new models are wonderfully attractive, embodying, as they do in their styling, all the latest approved ideas of tucking, compli-

Oh, it's spring time in the realm of millinery, there's no mistaking that fact. There's the dainty little hats of visca straw, for instance, which abound in such plentiful number in the new showings, just to look at their adorable colorings brings the happy conviction of the passing of winter.

These cunning visca hats have a way of topping the spring frock and the spring coat to perfection. Their



TWO MODISH BLACK SATIN COATS

tones and tints seem to just naturally tune in with thoughts of sunshine and flowers, likewise with sprightly silk prints and gay crepes and weaves such as the mode features for smart spring apparel.

Yes, it's well worth while choosing a soft crocheted visca for the new chapeau. Some of them bespeak exquisite simplicity in that their only trimming consists of a band, bow and binding of grosgrain ribbon, such as the center model in this group defines. It is their colorings which differentiate them. There isn't a new spring shade missing in these soft, crushable beguiling visca hats.

Many of the visca straws have ripple brims as shown in the first model in this picture. Notice too, the handsomely designed, crocheted band which trims this pretty hat. That there is a trend to crocheted effects is noticeable not only in the hat itself but in the trimming as well. Flowers and motifs of colorful crocheted straw adorn many of the "last word" French chapeaux.

Ribbon corcades are as much in fashion as ever, if not more so. The



GROUP OF EARLY SPRING HATS

hat at the top to the right boasts an intriguing ribbon motif and band. A felt and straw in combination stands for the ultra chic. In the hat in the lower left corner, the crown is of visca, the brim of felt done in an elaborate cutout patterning.

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

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union)

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.

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Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infant 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 feeding times. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.
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FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a worldwide 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.

IS YOUR COUGH THREE DAYS OLD?

A cough or cold that hangs on after the third day is a threat. Do something. Don't wait until it has run its course—from your head to your throat, chest and bronchial tubes. When you feel a cough or cold spreading down into the bronchial tubes it is in the "danger zone"—for these tubes lead directly into your lungs.

Quickly and unfailingly Ayer's Cherry Pectoral goes straight to the seat of trouble! Real medicine, reaching deep down with its soothing, healing power. Absorbed through and through the irritated throat, chest and bronchial membranes, it quickly stops the cough, breaks up the cold and brings prompt, lasting relief.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is hospital-proved and prescribed by physicians. Pleasant to taste. All druggists—60c and, twice the quantity, \$1.00.

FOR PILES

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If your druggist cannot supply you, order forwarding charges prepaid, from
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.
1045 N. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Just a Starter

Hubby—Here's a little present I bought for you, dear. A new wardrobe trunk!
Wife—Isn't that fine? Now all I need is something to stuff it with!

Special Offer to Victims of Indigestion

Your Druggist Says Pleasant to Take, Elixir Will 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 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 speedily the gas disappears, the pressing on the heart ceases and you can breathe deep and naturally.

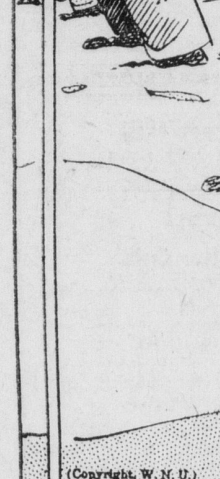
Oh! What blessed relief; but why not get rid of such attacks altogether? Why have them at all? Especially when any druggist anywhere guarantees Dare's Mentha Pepsin, a pleasant elixir, to help you bring money back.

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The Comic Strip



FINNEY O



THE FEATH



The Clans Kids

Oh, No V

By PERCY L. C
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