The DOOM TRAIL

—By—

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Author of

PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from assassins. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuart cause. Juggins informs him of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. At its head is Andrew Murray, a Scotsman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod takes passage to America. On the ship he meets a girl, Murray's daughter, ardent Jacobite, who believes him to be loyal to the Stuarts. De Veulle recognizes Ormerod and exposes him. Taken by surprise, Ormerod is thrown overboard by the negro, Tom, but regains the deck in safety. He accuses Murray of complicity in the attempt on his life, but of course has no proof. All parties agree on a truce until they reach New York. There Ormerod saves an Indian chief, Ta-wan-ne-ars, from insult, and introduces himself to Governor Burnet, in council.

CHAPTER V—Continued

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There was a murmur of assent as the meeting broke up.

"One moment, your excellency," I interposed. "I have also a letter from Master Juggins for the Honorable Cadwallader Colden of your council—if he is here."

"Indeed, he is," assented the governor. "A moment, if you please, Colden."

A thin, bustling man, with very bright black eyes and a dark complexion detached himself from the exodus and resumed his chair. His nervous fingers quickly tore loose the envelope of the letter I handed him, and he began devouring its contents, regardless of the confusion around him.

"Until tomorrow, gentlemen!"

The governor bowed the council out, and shut the door upon the last of them. He beckoned me forward.

"Sit here beside us, Master Ormerod—for so I see you are rightly named, although you traveled under Master Juggins' name. Master Juggins vouches for you. That is sufficient for me. What say you, Colden?"

"Quite sufficient," agreed the surveyor general. "Do you wish me to remain, sir?"

"Certainly. Glad to have you. Now, Master Ormerod, do you tell us as fully as you may what you know of Murray. Master Juggins hath slated you for a prominent part. I respect his judgment, but more than our immediate fortune hinges upon the issue of what we do, and I must know all."

I recounted the circumstances of my meeting with Juggins, the hearing before the lords of trade and the incidents of the voyage, not forgetting Tom's assault upon me and the strange bargain I had made with Murray.

"Then are you safe from denunciation," broke in the governor. "We think little of Hanoverian or Jacobite in New York. Here, Master Ormerod, you will find only Englishmen laboring to wrest a living from the wilderness and to extend their country's power and richness. What you were matters little. 'Tis what you are we judge you by.

"The bargain was typical of Murray. He is no ordinary villain. Already he hath persuaded the discontented elements in the province that I would take the bread from their mouths by stopping his trade. But he knows well that I would leap upon the excuse to lay him by the heels, and he will see to it that no suspicion of your past escapes."

"He threatened me with the Red Death this morning," I said. "Can you tell me what he meant by it?"

"'Tis a saying of the frontier," explained the governor. "They call redheaded Bolling and Murray's negro, Tom, the Red and the Black Deaths, for Murray is charged with having used them to remove from his path those persons he considers dangerous or whom he honors with his dislike."

"In the crowd I also heard talk of the Doom Trail," I continued.

Governor Burnet smiled grimly.

"That is the popular name for the route by which Murray smuggles his trade goods to Canada. 'Tis said to be the sealing of a man's doom if he seeks the trail or any information concerning it."

"Has the traffic been suspended during Murray's absence?" I asked.

"No," replied the governor. "Bolling and Black Robe have kept it in motion."

"And who is Black Robe?"

The governor laughed outright.

"You are red-hot for dangerous information, Master Ormerod. Black Robe is the Indian's name for one Pere Hyacinthe, a Jesuit missionary, who, according to some of the tales our agents bring, shares with Murray the credit for conception of the conspiracy we are debating.

"But where Murray plots for the overthrow of English rule in America in order to bring back the Jacobites and enrich himself, Black Robe's ambition is to establish France as the supreme temporal power in the world and to extend the influence of the pope by making his religion universal on this continent as it is in South America."

"Where do Black Robe and Murray make their headquarters?" I inquired.

"Murray spends part of his time in New York or in Albany, but most of the year he is absent. He says he is on trading expeditions—and we may not disprove it. But we think he stays at a station which is said to form a depot for the stores smuggled over the Doom Trail. Black Robe is reported to have a chapel there."

"'Tis called La Vierge du Bois," added Colden.

"And where is it?"

"If I knew, I should order a levy of the militia and burn it down at risk of my head," retorted the governor.

"But you must have some idea where it is?" I pressed incredulously.

Governor Burnet put down his pipe and unrolled a large scroll map which lay amongst the papers on the table.

"This is New York, Master Ormerod. Our settlements are confined to the coast districts, the island of Nassau (Long Island)"—he motioned toward

the window—"and the valley of Hudson's river. We have barely begun the task of colonization. There is room here for every soul in England—and to spare."

With his pipe-stem he pointed to the upper left corner.

"All this country is virgin forest. On the north and northwest 'tis bounded by the inland sea which we call Lake Cadaraqui (Lake Ontario); to the southeast stretch the Adirondack mountains. Somewhere between those boundaries runs the Doom Trail. There are thousands of square miles of wilderness to search for it."

"And the Keepers of the Trail to guard its mystery," put in Colden.

"Who are they?" I questioned, as anxious as a small boy for further details.

"The Ho-nun-ne-gwen-ne-yuh," he repeated. "The Indians are a superstitious people, and they have come to believe that there is some supernatural agency behind the Keepers of the Trail. In plain English, they fear the Trail is haunted, they tell us, by the False Faces, a race of demons from the underworld, to whom Murray has sold his soul, and that the demons have rallied to his aid."

"At every turn we run against the shrewdness and wit of this fellow Murray," exploded the governor. "'Tis at once a tribute to his ability, and perhaps an index to our inferiority, that we have never been able to secure certain information of his operations."

"'Tis evident, your excellency," I ventured, "that the lords of trade will accept only positive evidence that he hath evaded the law."

"That means legal proof of smuggling," reflected the governor.

"And now that the lords of trade have suspended our law, his operations are no longer illegal, strictly speaking," said Colden. "But I make no doubt he will continue to handle the bulk of his goods over the Doom Trail, for he will not care to have his dupes in the province realize the enormous tribute they pay France through him."

Governor Burnet brought his fist down upon the table with a thud.

"Gadslife!" he swore. "There is naught for it but war! We must be after the dog! We must run him down! But we must move unofficially. What say you, Colden?"

"We can do nothing with official support," rejoined the surveyor general, "and 'tis probable we shall receive the instructions of the lords of trade to suspend the law by the next Bristol packet."

"There can be no question of that," agreed the governor. "Well, the law shall be suspended. I will have the suspension publicly proclaimed. Then under cover we must concert the measures to be taken. That will be for Master Ormerod. Do you still crave the opportunity, knowing now the full measure of its perils, sir?"

"I am more anxious, if possible, sir," I answered. "I speak French sufficiently well to pass on the frontier for a Frenchman. As for danger—why, your excellency, the man who has ruined his life can have no fear for it. He has all to gain and nothing to lose."

"True," assented the governor. "But you know nothing of woodcraft or the life amongst the savages."

"Master Juggins gave me a letter to one Peter Corlaer, a—"

Colden sat suddenly erect.

"Peter came this morning with the Seneca chief, if your excellency will remember."

"So he did. We will have him in."

Colden went out, and returned at once with two companions. One I recognized, to my amazement, as the Indian I had befriended an hour or two earlier. He greeted me with a faint smile. To the governor he rendered the splendid arm-high salute, and his deep voice boomed out—

"Qua, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go!" ("Hail, Great Swift Arrow"—the Indians' name for the governor of New York, whoever he might be.)

The other man was more like a tavern keeper than a woodsman. At first glance he seemed all paunch, but when you studied him closely you saw that his fat was firm and hard and formed a sheathing for the most powerful set of muscles any man ever had. His face was tremendous, with little, insignificant features; but his eyes, behind the rolls of fat which almost masked them, twinkled with constant interest and animation, belying the air of stolid stupidity he affected.

"This is Corlaer, Master Ormerod," said the governor. "And with him is come a friend of ours, one of the two war-chiefs of the Six Nations. Peter, Master Ormerod hath a letter for you from Master Juggins in London."

"Ja," he said vacantly.

I handed him the letter. He turned it over and over in his hand and picked at the seal. Then he handed it to the Indian.

"You read it," he said.

I looked from one to the other with astonishment; but 'twas the governor who intervened.

"Your pardon, Peter," he said good-naturedly enough, "but that letter happens to deal with a most confidential subject."

"Oh, ja," said Corlaer indifferently. "But I do not readt."

"Take the letter, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go," said the Indian. "Ta-wan-ne-ars does not seek your secrets. But you need have no fears. This young Englishman is Ta-wan-ne-ars' friend."

And in his sonorous English, with a slightly guttural intonation, he recounted how I had rescued him from his childish persecutors.

The incident recalled my promise, and I broke in impetuously upon his closing words.

"Aye, your excellency, but he hath forgotten to add that I pledged myself to beseech you to make it illegal to mock at Indians in the city streets."

"An excellent thought," approved Colden. "We have trouble enough winning the friendship of the tribes without subjecting the visiting chiefs to humiliation in our midst."

"It shall be done at once," declared the governor.

He drew forward a fresh sheet of paper and hurriedly scrawled upon it the necessary instructions, then returned his attention to the Indian.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars," he continued, "I need your friendship. I need the friendship of every one of your people for our king."

The Seneca drew himself erect.

Hatred in the heart of the Indian, caused by the knowledge of an unavenged wrong, is to furnish Ormerod a valuable ally in the work he has come to America to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Species Not Popular on Railroad Trains

Fond fathers who carry pictures of their offspring sitting in their bathtubs.

People who borrow your magazine to hold over Toto's basket every time the conductor comes along.

Charming young men who insist on talking to you.

Nice old ladies who asked you, three minutes after the train has started and then every 20 minutes thereafter, whether you are positive this is the right train, why you are positive, whether you haven't ever made a mistake in a similar situation, and what you think Joe will think if they should arrive as expected.

Children who get all smeared up with chocolate and then identify you as dad-da.

Three-hundred-pound male bipeds with handkerchiefs in their collar bands who go for water between every station, always arriving at your chair just as the train lurches round the sharpest bend in the vicinity.

Young married couples who rest their heads on each other's shoulders when the nearest shoulder you dare rest your head on is 280 miles away.—Boston Herald.

Shaved With Fire

The Indian method of shaving was to burn off the hair by means of a greased stick, lighted in a fire.

The more faith a woman has in her husband the fewer lies he tells.

Beret and Earlap Type Smart; Paris Features Fabric Contrast

VERY considerate is it of our milliners this winter to make way for our fur collars by creating hats which have little or no brim. Of course with brims conspicuous by their absence, responsibility for the conveying of the style message devolves to a great extent upon the crowns of our hats.

There is the little hat shown first in this group; modishness is written all over it, yet it is mostly all crown save just a suggestion of a cunning little brim, forming an earlap effect at the back. This clever model is styled of arctic blue antelope felt, edged with grosgrain ribbon of self tone. There is an ombre lacquered quill half encircling it.

By the way, the latest millinery sensation is the earlap hat. A fetching version of this new type is portrayed in the center of this picture. For this the designer draped and slashed and folded into place a cameo-brown felt hood, binding it with grosgrain ribbon of self shade, adding a gold buckle fastening.

In the stylish beret shown to the right at the top again is demonstrated the idea of hats trending mostly to crown these days. The beret, of which this is an arresting exponent, is proving immensely popular. This one is of totem-orange felt with band effect of flat lizardite in tones of black and red. Further banding is accomplished with black grosgrain ribbon.

A band of felt arranged as a sash about the crown line of a soft draped felt hood describes the stunning shape to the left below.

Again the beret attains distinction in the model shown last in this group. The broad band of black belting ribbon together with two brushes of black burnt peacock impart the finishing touch to this charming model.

Paris has become interested in suits of the youthful short-jacket type. Many are the fascinating interpretations which this newest mode promises. The fact that the short-jacketed costumes feature fabric contrasts adds to their novelty. Velvet or velveteen for the jacket, with kasha cloth, crepella or some other wool material for the skirt outlines one of the various developments of this recent style innovation.

Very swagger types are of fine wool repp or mixtures for the entire suit, collared, cuffed and pocketed with spotted calfskin or some other equally fashionable smooth fur. Sometimes the entire coatee is made of the smooth pelt, the cloth of the skirt being inset in the collar and cuffs.

Of tuxedo inspiration is the modish short-jacket suit in this picture. Beige kasha is employed for the skirt with grackle blue velvet for the nifty coat.

A pleasing costume emanating from a leading Parisian atelier consists of a short Norfolk jacket of beige velveteen worn over a like-colored crepe frock printed in tiny plaidings. Topping this outfit is a hat of stitched beige velveteen.

Very striking is an ensemble the skirt of which is black velvet. Over this is posed a short jacket of black-and-white-spotted calfskin. Ultra-smartness is the word for this combination.

And then there is the sleeveless jacket! French women are wearing them over dresses of matching crepe or suede cloth. Beige is a favorite color. It is said that the sleeveless jacket will play a very important part in spring styling.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Samples of Smart Headwear.

Short Jacket Suit.

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People Are Learning the Value of Occasional Use.

EVERYONE knows that a laxative stimulates the bowels. A diuretic performs a similar function to the kidneys. Under the strain of our modern life, our organs are apt to become sluggish and require assistance. More and more people are learning to use *Doan's Pills*, occasionally, to insure good elimination which is so essential to good health. More than 50,000 grateful users have given *Doan's* signed recommendations. Scarcely a community but has its representation. *Ask your neighbor!*

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Spicy Story

George Plympton, the scenario writer, loves to tell how he broke into the literary game. He was in New York at the time, and personally submitted his first offense to the editor. The editor took one look at the main title and said:

"I can tell by the name of your story that it won't do for us. Our magazine prints only spicy stories."

"Then this ought to be just the thing," insisted George. "It's a story about a cinnamon bear."

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One 35-cent bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will save money, time, anxiety and health. One dose expels Worms or Tapeworm. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Of Course

"He believes in turning the other cheek."

"Preacher?"

"No, barber."

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