

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith
Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNY Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Off it!" I repeated.

"Off it," he repeated impatiently. "Since his Most Catholic Majesty hath a just claim to all lands in these parts—on this side of Hudson's river, at any rate."

"To be sure, to be sure," I assented quickly. "But, Monsieur Joncaire, you will be interested to know there is an accursed tribe of savages who do not believe as you do."

"Is that so, Jean? And who may they be?"

"The Messesagues."

"His face lighted up."

"They are in De Tonty's country. And how is the dear Alphonse?"

"Fleeing for his life, no less."

"Those same accursed Messesagues, monsieur, rose up against us, and Monsieur de Tonty must flee to the northward and make the journey through the country of the Hurons."

"A look of grave concern overspread Joncaire's face."

"Are you certain of this, Jean?"

"Beyond doubt, monsieur; for my friend, the Wolf here, smuggled a message from me to Monsieur de Tonty, who had me come at once to you that you might hold up all west-bound canoes."

"Humph!" he growled. "Have you been long in Canada, Jean?"

"But this year, monsieur."

"Humph!" growled Joncaire again. "And where do you come from, Jean?"

"Something in his speech warned me—the liquid slur of the South."

"I, monsieur!" I replied innocently.

"Oh, I am of Picardy. But monsieur is of the south—not of Provence?"

All the suspicion fled from Joncaire's face, and in its stead blossomed a broad smile.

"Peste!" he ejaculated. "Tis a clever lad! And how knew you that, Jean?"

"I was overjoyed—and in no need to simulate my sentiments. This was good fortune."

"Was I not camping beside the Regiment de Provence when we were on the Italian frontier? 'Tis a pleasant way those lads have of talking. And such good companions with the bottle! Ah, for some of that warm southern wine at this moment instead of the accursed rum. Rum is good only for savages."

"You say truth," applauded Joncaire. "Come your ways within, Jean, and you shall taste of the blood of La Belle France—although it be not our Provence vintage. By the way, do you know Provence?"

"I cannot say so with honesty, monsieur," I fenced, "although I have been in Arles."

"In Arles?"

"He flung his arms around my neck. 'Jean, I love you, my lad! I was born in St. Remi, which is but a short distance out in the diocese.'"

"We were now in the entrance of the log house, and Joncaire opened wide the door."

"Jean, you are a lad in a million!" he pronounced. "You shall drink deep. I have some wine which Bigon the indentant fetched out for a few of us—you will understand you must say naught of it hereafter; it never paid duty. Aye, we shall make a fine night of it, and you shall tell me of all that has passed in Arles these many years."

He clasped his hands, and a soldier entered.

"Francis," announced Joncaire, "this is Jean Courbevois, who will be my guest until he departs. He has been in Arles, Francis. Remember that. What he orders you will render to him. Now bring us the flagon of wine which Monsieur Bigon sent out this spring."

The soldier saluted me as if I were a marshal of France and brought in the flagon of the indentant's wine with the exquisite reverence which only a son of France could bestow upon the choicest product of the soil of France.

"Pour it out, Francis," commanded Joncaire.

The soldier hesitated.

"And Monsieur de Lery?" he said.

"A thousand million curses!" exploded Joncaire. "Am I to wait for him? Am I to sacrifice my choicest wine in his gullet?"

"Who is Monsieur de Lery?" I asked as Francis filled a thick mug with the ruby juice.

"What? You do not know him? This pompous whipper-snapper who sets out to teach Louis Thomas de Joncaire, sieur de Chabert, his duty, after thirty-five years on the frontier—pah! He is—"

"Monsieur de Lery enters," interposed Francis with a glance at the doorway.

A slender, wiry little man in a wig several sizes too big for him strode into the room. He favored me with a curious glance, nodded to Joncaire and took a seat across the table from me.

My host made a wry smile and motioned Francis to bring a third mug.

"Holla, Monsieur de Lery," he said.

"This is a gallant young forest-runner, one Jean Courbevois, who has come to tell me that charming idiot Alphonse de Tonty has been chased out of Le de Trol by the Messesagues. Jean, Monsieur de Lery is the king's engineer officer in Canada."

"Another case of a log fortification, I suppose," remarked de Lery sarcas-

ically in a dry, crackling voice. "You gentlemen will never learn."

"You must think we grow lous d'or instead of furs in Canada," growled Joncaire. "Be sure, we of the wilderness posts are the most anxious to have stone walls around us. Well, what headway have you made?"

"I have traced out the lines of the central mass," replied de Lery, taking a gulp of the wine. "Tomorrow I shall mark out a surrounding work of four bastions to encompass it."

He rose from his seat.

"Speaking for myself, I have had sufficient wine, and I shall retire. If the masons bring in the loads of stone we expect in the morning, we shall be able to lay the first course by noon."

Joncaire twisted his face into a grimace as de Lery ascended a steep flight of ladder-stairs to an upper story.

"What is the difficulty, monsieur?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Why, at last I have persuaded this stupid, timorous government of ours to build me a proper fort. 'Tis the

only way we shall hold the sacre English in check. With a fort here we can control in some measure the intercourse betwixt the western tribes and the English. Also, we shall have a constant threat here to keep the Iroquois at peace."

"Well, I worked up Vaudreuil to approve it, obtained the grants from Paris, secured the necessary mechanics—and then they sent this popinjay to supervise the work. I had pitched on this site here. He would have none of it. No, he must overturn all my plans and put the new works several miles down the river where it runs into the lake. He is conceited with himself because he has been charged with all the works of fortification in Canada."

"Are there others then, monsieur?" I asked casually, busying my nose in the wine-mug.

"Aye, to be sure. He is to build a wall around Montreal, and to strengthen the enceinte of Quebec."

"But we are at peace with these sacre English," I objected.

Joncaire, now thoroughly convivial, winked at me over the rim of his mug.

"For the present, yes. But how long, Jean? Every year that passes the English grow in strength, and we become weaker; I speak now in matters of trade; for after all, lad, the country which obtains the mastery in trade must be the military master of any contending nation. I may be only a simple soldier, but so much I have learned."

"We are a colony of soldiers and traders, well armed and disciplined. They are an infinitely larger group of colonies with only a few soldiers and traders, but many husbandmen. Give them time, and they will obtain such a grip on the soil of the wilderness that they cannot be pried loose. But if we use our temporary advantage, and keep them from winning supremacy in the trade with the savages, then, my



HAVE YOU BEEN LONG IN CANADA, JEAN?

Jeau, we may force a war upon them at an early day, and we shall win."

He sat back triumphantly.

"Surely we have that supremacy now!"

He winked at me again, and drew from a drawer in the table a heavy book such as accounts are kept in.

"Jean," he said, "I am about to disclose to you a secret—which is not a secret, because every trader who works for himself is acquainted with it. 'Here is the account for this post for the year just ended. We handled a total of 204 'green' deerskins and 23 packets of various kinds of furs. On these we cleared a profit of 2,382 livres, 3 sols, 9 deniers, (about \$470), which would not come anywhere near covering the operating expenses of the post. You will find the same story at every post from here to the Mississippi."

"Why, monsieur?"

"These sacre English! First they turn the Iroquois against us; then they build the post of Fort Oswego, at the foot of the Onondaga river on Irondequoit bay (now Oswego, N. Y.); then they send out a swarm of young men to trap and shoot in the Indian country; then they pass this accursed law that forbids us obtaining Indian goods from the New York merchants! Peste, what a people! They have us in a noose."

I shook my head dolefully.

"Ah, monsieur, you make me very sorrowful," I said. "I came out to Canada thinking to make my fortune, but if what you say be true, I am more likely to be killed by the English."

"No, no, it's not so bad as that," he answered quickly. The governor-general has waked up. It seems that in France they are not quite ready for another war, but we are charged to make preparations as rapidly as possible. There is an emissary coming soon from Paris, who will have instructions for the frontier posts and the friendly Indians. It may be we can persuade the English to be stupid enough to revoke this law of theirs. In any case, my Jean, you will have heard of the Doom Trail?"

I crossed myself devoutly.

"I have heard nothing good of it, monsieur," I said fearfully.

"Humph; I don't doubt it. And mind you, Jean, for myself, I do not like that kind of business. But after all 'tis trade over the Doom Trail which keeps you and me in our jobs. Without it—well, this post would shut down. And they do say that Quebec that if we can start a revolution in England for this Pretender of theirs and war at the same time, we shall be able to take the whole continent from them."

There was a commotion at the door. "Bind the Indian," shouted a voice in French. "Hah, I thought so! We meet again, Ormerod!"

De Veulle stood on the threshold, his rifle leveled at my breast.

"Bring the Indian inside here," he called behind him.

A group of Cahnagnas, frightfully painted, with their grotesque bristling feather headdresses, hustled Ta-wan-nears into the room.

But now Joncaire asserted himself. "What do you mean by this, Monsieur de Veulle?" he demanded. "This man is a forest-runner, Jean Courbevois, a messenger from De Tonty. The Indian is a Messesague—as you should see by his paint and beadwork."

"Bah!" sneered de Veulle. "They fooled you. The Indian is Ta-wan-nears, of the Seneca Wolves, war chief of the Iroquois. The white man is Harry Ormerod, an English spy and a deserter from the Jacobites. He was stationed in Paris for some years, and recently was sent to New York. Burnet, the governor of New York, dispatched him here to spy out what you are doing."

"That may be so," assented Joncaire; "but it happens that I command here. These men are my prisoners. You will order your Indians from the room, Francois, get your musket and stand guard."

De Veulle drew a paper from a pocket inside his leather shirt and presented it to Joncaire with irritating deliberation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Small Fortune Paid for Gutenberg Bible

Recently at Vienna, an American dealer paid \$220,585 for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible. It belonged to an abbey in Austria, and the owners had to get official leave from the Austrian government before they could sell their treasure. They obtained by far the biggest price ever paid for a book.

Yet a still higher price is on record as having been once offered. In the Seventeenth century the monks of St. Emmeran possessed a notable manuscript of the Gospels, which had been presented to their abbey by the Emperor Henry IV.

The elector of Bavaria admired it so much that he proposed to give these monks the town of Straubingen in exchange.

But they were prudent men. They knew the elector could, and they suspected that he would, retake the town whenever he pleased, so they declined

his offer and kept their precious manuscript.

The Bible which the dealer bought is a magnificent copy on vellum of the first book ever printed in Europe from metal types.

The Vital Spark

Are not the poets themselves to blame that poetry is not more widely read? Beautiful wandering aimless lines soon fade without an idea. Is satire—impudent, personal, biting—a genuine poetic mood? Are beautifully trimmed and hedged gardens the best inspiration for poetizing human nature? Are the literary teas of social climbers the best laboratories for poetizing human nature? And yet an inconsequential leaf in the air may seem vital and important if to the poet it is vital and important.—Marie Luhrs, in Poetry.

Newspaper Advertising Must Have Background of Public Confidence

By L. M. BARTON, Advertising Manager.

THE background of newspaper advertising is public confidence. At the very outset your newspapers sell you the right to share in the confidence of their readers that they have built up by conscientious editorial effort. These readers respect their newspapers. They have a great degree of faith in anything that appears in the newspaper's columns. So, you see, all advertisers begin with everything in their favor. Their success depends upon how they regard this reader confidence that the newspaper turns over to them.

The practice of certain merchants in allowing favored customers to pick over articles for a sale before they are made available to the general public, which has been attracted to it, by newspaper advertising, is an abuse of the principle of advertising.

In commenting upon the part played by newspaper advertising in the general economic problem of the country, Mr. Barton proved that advertising, by effecting a more rapid turnover, made for lower prices.

Advertising is the sure way of increasing sales and production without lowering quality. It reduces selling costs. It shortens the time in which merchandise passes from the manufacturer or merchant to the consumer. It creates markets for merchandise that otherwise would not exist.

The policies of large city newspapers in censoring advertising submitted to their columns, is to be commended. The more a newspaper respects its readers the more its readers will respect it.

Economic Organization Must Allow for the Development of Higher Life

By WILLIAM T. MANNING, Episcopal Bishop of New York.

Our economic life ought to be so organized, and in time will be so organized, that every man, whatever his task or calling, will have time for the development of his higher life. No human being ought to be debarred from such opportunity. Every man and woman in every line of work should have time for this.

When we become wise enough to see this, labor will take on its true dignity and our labor men will do finer work and more work than ever before. I am glad, therefore that William Green, the present wise and able president of the American Federation of Labor, is emphasizing this as a matter to be kept in view and brought about in due time.

Wholesome recreation and amateur sport may have its proper place on Sunday, provided it does not take the place of prayer and worship. Our sports and recreations are in their own proper place as truly acceptable and pleasing to God as our prayers and our worship, but it is not right for us to give to recreation the hours that belong to worship. The instinct for play is as divinely implanted in human nature as the instinct for work and the instinct for worship. The church must not merely tolerate clean sports and recreation but give them its glad and open blessing.

Spirit of Militarism Has No Place in Hearts of American People

By DWIGHT F. DAVIS, Secretary of War.

The Soldiers' memorial at Kansas City, Mo., recently dedicated by President Coolidge, is a visible memorial of the glorious deeds of the American soldier-citizens and citizen-soldiers, of our admiration for their achievements, of our respect for their ideals and of our pledge that we will fulfill the heritage of their trust. They fought and died, not for wealth or power or increase of lands—not even for self-defense, but rather that their ideals of civilization might live. Their lives were short, but their ideals are eternal. Their comrades in arms share their love of peace. Those who have suffered the indescribable horrors of war are foremost in the desire for peace, so long as peace can be honorably maintained.

Our President has earnestly urged the limitation of competitive armaments by agreements among the nations and this nation stands ready to join in any practical measure to bring about this end. There is no danger of militarism in America. Our army today is, proportionately, as small as it has ever been. Always it has been a constructive force.

Danger of Losing Sight of American Tradition of Political Liberty

By CLIFTON D. GRAY, President Bates College, Maine.

Despite constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech and press and of a free church in a free state, our freedom is constantly imperilled. Whatever binds the human mind, be it dogma of the past or a statute of the present is treason to the truth. Certain facts in our revolutionary history become unpalatable to some of our citizens and straightway new text books are demanded with revised slants to please this or that group.

If we are to escape bondage of the mind, we must hold fast to the great American tradition of political liberty. This means freedom of opinion and unhindered public discussion. Have we a bolshevist among us? Let us provide a Hyde Park or Boston common for him in every city. It is only pent-up propaganda that possesses explosive possibilities.

Because of the ordinary nature of its task—to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about science, philosophy, history and what not—the college serves no secondary interest. It knows no parties, no sects, no schools of thought. Our colleges are the organized embodiment of the intellectual curiosity of the race.

World Has Increased Its Knowledge at the Expense of Character

By DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, Chicago.

We have grown faster in knowledge than we have in character, and modern science has released powers today which only moral giants could handle safely. This new world has everything but St. Francis' dream. Love we have forgotten, there is racial hate and religious superstition and prejudice in place of the peace of gentle understanding. There is nothing that St. Francis had in old Italy that we cannot have in Chicago today if only you have such a vision as he had.

He was not goody-goody, solemn or sour. He sang as gayly for God as he did for pleasure, and, above all, he had love. Men may resist argument and logic, but they cannot resist love and song and many a man in high position today would leave all of his wealth, power, all the tinsel of his gilded existence, and all that the world can give if he honestly and truly felt that he could go straight into the heart of God.

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Cavalry "Made Good" in Many Operations

Cavalry in many instances, when decisively employed, was the determining factor in a campaign or operation during the World war. It may fairly be said that in the Palestine campaign, the British cavalry, and in the Bolshevik-Polish campaign the Bolshevik cavalry, were the determining factors. The Ramadi, Khan Baghdad and Shargat operations in Mesopotamia, causing the surrender of practically all the enemy engaged, are good examples of cavalry decisive action. The September, 1918, offensive by the British in Palestine is another excellent example and in the following minor actions a decisive or contributory influence either alone or in combination with other arms: The French Second cavalry corps in the Ourq, May, 1918; the British Third cavalry division, southeast of Amiens, August 8, 1918; the British Second cavalry brigade, August 24, 1914.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Shakespeare Revised

Colonel Picot, head of the Guelles Cassees and the French War Cripples' association, was asked by a girl reporter in New York if he liked his country's fashions.

"Yes," he answered, "they are beautiful. At the same time—" and Colonel Picot chuckled—"at the same time, while you're admiring our French fashions you can't help murmuring to yourself: 'Clothes make the man and lack of them the lady.'"

Few Poisonous Species

Do not believe all the stories you hear of deaths caused by insects, writes William J. Maddox in Hygeia Magazine. The chances are most of them are not true for there are no deadly insects in the United States, according to Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the United States bureau of entomology. Some insects are carriers of disease, but this is outside the insect's own ability to inflict harm.

Scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes have reputations worse than their bites or stings.

Boon to Musicians

A German inventor claims to have solved the problem of turning the pages of a musical selection, an operation which has always bothered members of bands and orchestras. The invention consists of a lever operated with the foot. The lever is attached to the music stand in such a manner that by stepping on it the page is turned.

Growth in Farm Lighting

Between 5 and 10 per cent of the 6,371,017 farms of America have electric light and power service available either from a power company or from their own independent generating outfits, according to Dr. E. A. White, of Chicago, director of the committee on the relation of electricity to agriculture.

Novel Color Effect

Colored electric light played upon steam jetting from the top of Kansas City's Liberty Memorial shaft simulated flame exactly. Long experiment finally produced the proper effect early this fall.

Cuticura Talcum
Is Soothing
For Baby's Skin
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and
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Itches. Sold Everywhere.

HINDERCORNS Remove Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at drug stores. Hilecox Chemical Works, Patonque, N. Y.