



The DOOM TRAIL

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

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Here," he said, "you may find my warrant from the king himself to exercise what powers I deem necessary along the frontier. Only the governor-general may overrule me."

Joncaire studied the paper.

"That is so," he admitted. "But I tell you this, De Veulle, you have a bad record on the frontier for a trouble-maker. But for you I should have had the Senecas and Onondagas in our interest before this. I write to Quebec by the first post, demanding a check upon your activities. We have too much at stake to permit you to jeopardize it."

"At De-o-nun-de-ga-a it is known that Ta-wan-ne-ars and his brother Ormerod journeyed to Jagara," interposed the Seneca in his own language. "Does Joncaire think the Senecas will be quiet when one of their chiefs is given up to the Keepers of the Doom Trail for torment?"

"The Senecas will be told that you never reached Jagara," replied De Veulle before Joncaire could speak.

Joncaire turned to me.

"Well, my Jean," he said soberly, "whatever your name may be, you have gotten yourself into a nasty mess. You will be lucky if you die quickly. My advice to you is to pick the first chance to die, no matter how it may be. These Keepers—peste! They are a bad lot. They are artists in torment. 'Tis part of their religion, which I will say still practice, even though 'Pere Hyacinthe' were to excommunicate me."

As he was about to climb the stairs De Lery had ascended, De Veulle called him back.

"One moment! Speaking officially, Monsieur de Joncaire, I desire you to send out belts to all friendly tribes, summoning them to a council-fire which will be held here by the king's command in August."

Joncaire bowed.

"It shall be done," he said.

"Now then"—De Veulle addressed me—"we will consider your case. Are the bands sufficiently tight?"

I had been bound with strips of rawhide which cut into every muscle. The question was superfluous.

"Pick them up," he said to the Cahnugas. "We will get back to the canoes."

Despite the tightness of my bonds and the numbness they induced, I fell asleep, rocked by the easy motion of the canoe as it was driven along by the powerful arms of the Cahnugas.

CHAPTER IX

La Vierge du Bois

A dash of water awakened me. One of the Cahnugas was leaning down, his hideous face close to mine, his fingers wrestling with the knots in the rawhide bonds.

"You cannot lie idle, my distinguished guest," called De Veulle from his place at the stern. "You must keep us dry."

As the rawhide strips were unwound I was able to sit up and look over the frail bark side. We were out of sight of land, and a moderate breeze was raising a slight swell, the crest of which occasionally broke over our bow.

In the other canoe Ta-wan-ne-ars already was at work with a bark scoop. All of that day we were isolated on the restless surface of the huge inland sea. Just before dusk of the second day we sighted a rocky coast, and sheered away from it. On the sixth day we passed out of the lake into the narrow channel of the great river, and landed in the evening at a palisaded post on the southern bank.

So far I had been treated fairly well. My captors had shared with me their meager fare of parched corn and jerked meat; and if I had been compelled to bale out the canoe incessantly, it was equally true that they had labored at the paddles night and day. But now everything was changed. My legs were left unbound, but with uncanny skill the savages lashed back my arms until well-nigh every bit of circulation was stopped in them and each movement I was forced to make became an act of torture. The one recompense for my sufferings was that for the first time since our capture I had the company of Ta-wan-ne-ars, and I was able to profit by his stoical demeanor in resisting the impulse to vent my anger against De Veulle.

"Say nothing, brother," he counseled me when I panted my hate, "for every word you say will afford him satisfaction."

"I wish I had stayed in the canoe in the middle of the lake," I exclaimed bitterly. "What is this place? Where are we?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars looked around the landscape, rapidly dimming in the twilight.

"This place Ta-wan-ne-ars does not know," he replied. "Yet it is on the river St. Lawrence, for there is no other stream of this size. I think,

brother, that De Veulle is taking us to La Vierge du Bois."

"It matters little where he takes us," I returned ill-naturedly. "Our end is like to be the same in any case. Joncaire told me all I sought to know of Jagara—but he told it to a dead man."

"Not yet dead, brother," Ta-wan-ne-ars corrected me gently. "We have still a long way to go—and we have our search."

"Which is like to lead us into the hands of—" I said rudely.

But De Veulle and three strange Frenchmen walked up at that moment, and Ta-wan-ne-ars was spared the necessity of an answer.

"'Tis well," De Veulle was saying. "We will rest the night, then. I'll lodge my prisoners in the stockade."

"And there is naught else?" asked one of the others.

"The letter to Pere Hyacinthe—don't forget that."

Whereat they all laughed with a kind of sinister mystery and cast glances of amusement at us.

The Cahnugas drove us from the bank with kicks and blows of their paddle-blades, and the white men followed leisurely, laughing now and then as we dodged some particularly vicious attack upon our heads and faces. As it was, when we were flung into a bare log-walled room within the palisade we were covered with bruises.

'Twas the real beginning of our torment.

In the morning our arms were untied and we were given a mess of half-cooked Indian meal. Then the rawhides were rebound, and we set

forth upon a trail that led from the river southeastward into the forest. A Cahnuga walked behind each of us, tomahawk in hand. De Veulle himself brought up the rear, his musket always ready. If we hesitated in our pace or staggered, the savage nearest to us used the flat of his tomahawk or his musket-butt.

On the third day, shortly after noon, I was astonished to hear faintly, but very distinctly, a bell ringing in the forest.

"La Vierge du Bois welcomes you," hailed De Veulle from behind us. "The bell rings you in. Ah, there will be bright eyes and flushed cheeks at sight of you!"

He laughed in a pleasant, melodious way.

"White cheeks to flush for you, Ormerod, and red cheeks to grow dusky for our friend the chief here! What a fluttering of hearts there will be!"

Could I have wrenched my hands free I would have snatched a tomahawk from the Cahnuga before me. But I did what Ta-wan-ne-ars did—held my head straight and walked as if I had not heard. Something told me the Seneca suffered as much as I.

We did not hear the bell again; but in mid-afternoon the forest ended upon the banks of a little river, and in the

distance a wooden tower showed through the trees. As we drew nearer other buildings appeared, arranged in irregular fashion about a clearing. One of pretentious size stood by itself inside the palisade.

Cahnugas, including women and children, swarmed along the trail with guttural cries. A big, red-headed man stepped from a building which was evidently a storehouse. 'Twas Boiling, and with a yell of delight he snatched a block of wood from the ground and hurled it at my head.

"Curse me, 'tis the renegade and his red shadow!" he shouted. "We are in great luck! Do but wait until Tom knows you are here, my friend. The stake awaits you!"

He walked beside us, rubbing his hands together in high glee, and discoursing with seemingly expert knowledge on the precise character of the various kinds of torment we should undergo.

His attentions drew a considerable crowd; and so when we entered the single rude street of the settlement 'twas to find the whole population awaiting us. The gate in the stockade around the big house was open, and with a thrill I realized that a swirl of color there meant Marjory. Murray's stately figure I identified at a distance.

I think she did not know me at first. There was no reason why she should. My leather garments were rent and torn, my hair was tangled and matted with briars and thorns from the underbrush, my face was scratched and bleeding. I was thin and gaunt, and I might not walk upright, although I tried, for the rawhide thongs bowed by shoulders.

But Murray knew me instantly, and a flare of exultation lighted his face. De Veulle halted us directly in front of the gate.

"An old acquaintance has consented to visit us," he said.

And with a shock of grief I saw comprehension dawn in Marjory's face. But she did not flush crimson as De Veulle had prophesied. She blanched white. I knew by that she had been long enough at La Vierge du Bois to appreciate the temper of its inhabitants.

"I seem to recollect the tall Indian beside our friend, likewise," observed Murray.

"'Tis his companion of the interview at Cawston's in New York," rejoined De Veulle. "What, Mistress Marjory, you have not forgotten the rash youth who was always threatening or badgering us?"

Her lips moved mechanically, but 'twas a minute before she could force her voice to obey.

"I remember," she said.

Murray took snuff precisely and addressed himself to me.

"You are a dangerous youth, Master Ormerod. You had opportunity to win free of your past misdeeds, you will allow, yet you would hear none of my advice. No, you must mix in affairs which did not concern you. And as I warned you, it hath been to your sore prejudice. Much as I—"

Marjory flung out her arms in a gesture of appeal.

"Why do you talk so much, sir?" she cried. "What have you in mind? This man is an Englishman! Is he to be given up to the savages?"

Murray surveyed her gravely.

"Tut, tut, my dear! Is this the way to conduct in public? 'Given up to the savages,' forsooth! The young man is a traitor, a renegade—and a sorry fool into the bargain. He hath meddled in matters beyond his comprehension or ability. We must reckon up the harm he hath done, and assess his punishment in proportion."

"Just what do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded coldly.

"Frankly, my dear lass, I cannot tell you as yet."

"I think you mock me," she asserted. "And I may tell you, sir, I will be party to no such crime to humanity. You talk of traitors. I am wondering if there is more than one meaning to the word."

She turned with a flutter of garments and sped into the house. De Veulle eyed Murray rather quizzically, but the arch-conspirator gave no evidence of uneasiness.

"You shall tell me about it," he said, as if nothing had happened. "Meantime I suppose they may be lodged with the Keepers."

"Yes," agreed De Veulle; "but I desire to give some particular instructions for their entertainment."

"Do so; do so, by all means," answered Murray equably. "But wait; here comes Pere Hyacinthe."

The Indians surrounding us huddled back, cringing against the stockade, their eyes glued upon a tall, thin figure in a threadbare black cassock of the Jesuit order. He walked with a peculiar halting gait. His face was emaciated, the skin stretched taut over prominent bones. His eyes blazed out of twin caverns.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Humorous Episode the Result of Tardiness

Absentmindedness, that classic affliction of college professors, is an impartial ailment which does not restrict itself to any class of individuals, as was proven at a recent meeting held in one of the city's hotels.

A young lady, arriving shortly after the meeting was called to order, became embarrassed at her tardiness and, when called upon for her ticket of admission at the door, handed the required pasteboard to the ticket-taker and hurried to her seat.

Shortly afterward the chairman of the meeting called for order and explained that he had a short announcement to make. "If Miss Smith will call at the door, on her way out," said the chairman, "we will be glad to return her automobile license in ex-

change for her ticket of admission."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pianists' Hand-Stretches

The difficulty of some of Liszt's compositions for the piano is perhaps explained in part by the fact that his own hand-stretch was unusually big. He could easily stretch an octave with his thumb and first finger. Rubinstein also had a phenomenal reach. On the other hand, there are well-known pianists today whose natural stretch between thumb and little finger is barely an octave; yet by constant and careful practice, and by a wise choice of music for performances, they have established themselves in the estimation of audiences, who are rarely aware of the handicap.

Wave of Crime in the United States Distinctly on the Wane

By BANFORD BATES, President American Prison Association.

THE general volume of crime is on the downward trend in the United States, though the crime-dealing machinery of today should be reorganized to meet the changed conditions of modern life.

The so-called crime wave has not increased in the last ten years. There are certain spectacular crimes, such as bank holdups, but the general volume is decreasing. There has been a diminution of vagrancy and drunkenness.

During the last fifteen years, the number of automobiles has increased many times and the revolver has been circulated widely. This is no reason for the American public to become terrorized, because there are a great number of law-abiding citizens.

The freedom granted the youth of today and the liberties allowed by new inventions are blamed for crime conditions.

New inventions are breeders of crime. Intelligence and discretion, with the American public keeping its feet on the ground, will aid in combating lawlessness.

Comparing the criminal of the past and present, there are bold criminals in the United States today, but none come up with Jesse James. The characters are different and methods today are dissimilar to those employed by old notorious criminals.

Hold Firmly to Beliefs and Doubt Doubts, for Constructive Character

By REV. DR. WILLIAM CARTER, Presbyterian, Brooklyn.

Young people cannot help but have their doubts, but, thank God, they cannot help but have their beliefs also. The perfectly natural thing to do is to believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts. Do not doubt your beliefs and believe your doubts.

The proper thing to do with a doubt is to starve it. The proper thing to do with a belief is to feed it.

Doubt never comforted a man, helped a man, saved a man; but belief will. Doubt is destructive, belief constructive, and it is the constructive we need in our religion or it will not amount to much.

Many foolish people believe doubt is the sign and imprimatur of highest intellectualism, but it cannot stand the test of logic or experience. Doubt is suspended animation of the mind. Belief is the active and motivating process.

Economic Truth That Europe Must Learn From the United States

By REV. WINNINGTON-INGRAM, Lord Bishop of London.

Europe must learn from America that high wages, besides being an index of prosperity, are an actual economic stimulant.

We in England have had the wrong idea all the time. While you people have been "digging in" to produce, we have been wasting time in petty bickerings over the exact division of factory profits. Here everybody works hard and there is plenty for all. In Europe each class views the other with suspicion, and, consequently, all are impoverished.

The one thing I shall carry away from my visit to the United States is the American conception of prosperity as being induced by high wages and short hours of labor. Whatever efforts are made to secure larger wages seem to be based on the intention also to produce prodigiously, that there will be a larger share for all.

Increased Development of Self-Control One of Modern Generation's Needs

By DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Ex-Princeton Professor.

The modern generation has advanced much in justice and human kindness, but has dropped behind in the third essential of goodness, self control.

I certainly do not fear that humanity is stricken with a mortal disease.

If we look to science for explanation of the method of development of life, and to religion for the origin, there should be no clash between church and laboratory.

When I go on a vacation I always take a Bible and a rod. I used to hunt, but not now. You know, I don't like the accusing look in the eyes of the dying animal whereas the eyes of fishes don't say anything.

I'm getting old, but that has nothing to do with fishing.

Hygiene Powerful Agent in the Promotion of Peace in the World

By DR. ANDREW BALFOUR, London, England.

Hygiene is one of the most potent powers to promote world peace. The word "health," has proved a talisman that has unlocked many foreign doors to the international health board of the Rockefeller foundation in their efforts to eradicate yellow fever and hookworm.

Hygiene is a world force comparable with the pursuit of wealth and the quest for knowledge. The epidemiology service of the health section of the League of Nations that keeps a watchful eye by wireless on the plague spots of the world, the worldwide consideration of quarantine measures, the tremendous sanitary feats accomplished by Great Britain in her overseas possessions, the similar labors of the Dutch in the East Indies and France in her colonies, are illustrative high lights.

Proper Vocational Education the Birthright of Every American Child

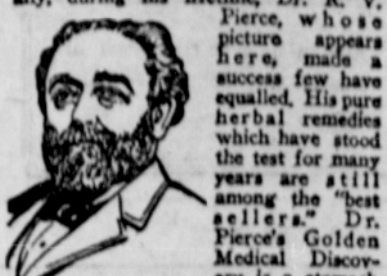
By DR. JOHN T. TIGERT, Commissioner of Education.

Vocational education in America must develop an adaptable worker and not a automaton.

We must see to it that every child acquires to the limit of his ability, facility in the use of those tools which are fundamental to human social intercourse. Facility in the use of the fundamental tools of language and number are the chief means of occupational freedom. We are to help children to find themselves vocationally and to give them the means of climbing the occupational ladder as universally creative qualities are evidences and recognized by those who need workers.

Why He Succeeded

Honored politically and professionally, during his lifetime, Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose picture appears here, made a success few have equaled. His pure herbal remedies which have stood the test for many years are still among the "best sellers."



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Chinese Language

The Chinese writing is not reckoned, as is ours, from an alphabet. There are approximately 5,000 characters in the Chinese language.

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