

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Yo-hay," muttered the warriors in guttural assent. "We will keep our hearts strong, O Ta-wan-ne-ars."

Their faces were more serious than before, but they exhibited no signs of fear.

We moved much more cautiously now that we were near our journey's end, with three scouts always in front, one on either flank of the path we trod. But we saw no signs of other men, although many times we came upon bear tracks. Toward evening we struck the waters of the tumbling little river through which Ta-wan-ne-ars and I had waded that night after Marjory had released us.

Scouts returned to report not a footprint in the snow. We ate a little parched corn mixed with maple sugar and some jerked meat we carried in our haversacks.

About midnight we all moved forward, Ta-wan-ne-ars leading the line. The oaks and elms, maples and willows, which had composed the elements of the forest, now gave place to tall funeral firs, whose massive jade-green foliage remained untouched by the icy breath of winter. Grotesque shadows darted vaguely over the white ground as the trees swayed and groaned. In the distance an owl hooted solemnly. The Otter touched my shoulder.

"Did you hear the owl?" he murmured.

"Yes," I whispered back.

"It is cold for an owl to leave his tree hole."

He threw back his head, and I started at the fidelity of the repetition.

"Too-whoo-oo! Too-hoo!"

We listened, but there was no answer. Instead, after brief interval, the howl of a wolf resounded.

A few yards farther on the owl hooted again. The line halted, and the warrior in front of him whispered that Ta-wan-ne-ars wished to speak with me. I passed by him and several others and came to where the chief stood, peering, or, trying to peer, into the night.

"There was something strange about the owl, brother," he said. "The warriors told me that the Otter answered it, yet it did not reply. And then the wolf—"

A yell as of fiends from hell shattered the mantle of silence. Flames spurted through the firs, and in the gleam of the discharges and of torches thrown into our midst I had a fleeting glimpse of hideous masked figures bounding between the tree trunks.

"Keep your hearts strong, brothers of the Long House," shouted Ta-wan-ne-ars. "They are only Cahuuaga dogs. Stand to it."

He fired as he spoke. I imitated him. Our men shot off a scattering volley. Then the False Faces were amongst us, coming from all sides, springing out of the ground, dropping from the very branches overhead and wielding their ga-jewas, or war clubs, with dreadful effect.

CHAPTER XV

Ga-ha-no's Sacrifice

There was no time to reload. We fought with ax and knife as best we could. Ta-wan-ne-ars and I, with half a dozen of our warriors, crowded back to back. The rest of our party were cut off in twos and threes.

Resistance was hopeless. The swarms of False Faces seemed to care nothing for death if only they could bring down an Iroquois.

I was knocked senseless by a blow which I partially warded with my tomahawk. When I came to I was lying in the snow in front of a huge fire. My arms were bound and my head ached so violently that I felt sick.

"Is my brother in pain?" asked the voice of Ta-wan-ne-ars.

I rolled over to find him lying beside me, the blood from three or four trivial cuts freezing on his head and shoulders.

"Yes," I groaned, "but 'tis naught." "There was treachery," he said. "They knew we were coming, and they lost many men so that they might take us alive."

"All our warriors—" I faltered.

He turned his head to the left; and, following his gaze, I saw that I was on the right of a line of recumbent figures, which my dizziness would not permit me to count.

"No not all, I think," Ta-wan-ne-ars answered after a moment. "Five are slain and fourteen others lie here. But I do not see the Otter."

"The Otter suspected something wrong," I said. "Twas he who answered the owl's call."

"It may be he escaped," replied Ta-wan-ne-ars. "I must warn our brothers to say naught of him. If the Keepers do not suspect, they may believe they have all of us safe in their net."

He whispered his warning to the man beside him, and it was passed down the line.

"Your head is much swollen, brother," he said, rolling over again so as to face me. "Let Ta-wan-ne-ars make shift to bathe it with snow."

A shadow fell athwart us as we lay and a mocking voice replied for me:

"By all means, most excellent Iroquois, I trust you will nurse our valuable captive back to full strength and health."

I struggled to a sitting position, for I liked not to lie at De Veulle's feet, however much I might be at his mercy.

"So you walked into the spider's web," he continued, standing betwixt me and the firelight which ruddled his sinful face. "A woman's plea—and you threw caution to the winds! You fool!"

"The letter was a bait!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"For you—yes, I say again—you fool! Baptiste took the letter to Murray, and Murray read it to me. It could not have been contrived more skillfully to suit our plans."

"Twas ridiculous, no doubt, but I was easier in my heart for assurance that Marjory had not known her appeal

ne-ars, of scouts who wore bears' pads for moccasins?"

For the first and only time during our acquaintance Ta-wan-ne-ars was surprised into a look of chagrin.

"We thought it was late for bears to be out," he admitted.

Murray chuckled with amusement.

"Quite so, quite so! And so you visit us once more, Master Ormerod. I confess 'tis an unexpected pleasure which we shall strive to make the most of."

"Sir," I said earnestly, "It makes little difference to me what is my fate, but I conjure you by whatever pretensions to gentility you possess to give over your plan of selling your daughter."

"The words you choose for your appeal do not commend it to me," he returned. "Nor do I perceive what business of yours it may be to question my daughter's marriage."

Now, what put it in my head I know not, unless it was the fact that in her letter to me Marjory had spoken of him as "Mr. Murray"; but I leaped to the instant conclusion that she was not his daughter. Sure, no man could have disposed of his own daughter so cold-bloodedly!

"She is not your daughter in the first place," I retorted boldly. "And in the second place, she has expressed to me her abhorrence of her marriage as you know."

"Zooks," he remarked mildly after an interval of silence, "tis strong language that you use. You are a headstrong young man, Master Ormerod. Can it be that you have some personal interest in the matter?"

Again some instinct prompted me.

"I have," I asserted. "Your daughter prefers me to the man you would force upon her. And as a sutor, according to your estimates of the world's opinion, I am far more eligible than this Frenchman."

"You are scarcely wise to say so to his face, and I beg leave to differ with you. I find the Chevalier de Veulle a very eligible young man, of rank in the world, of achievement, of distinct promise for the future."

"If you can call a man eligible who was not even eligible for continued residence at the most profligate court in Europe, I agree with you."

"Tut, tut," remonstrated Murray. "Your words are not those of a gentleman, sir. We will abandon the subject. Where do you propose to incarcerate the prisoners, chevalier?"

"I would not risk them a second time in the keeping of the savages," said De Veulle. "Let us try your strong room. There you and I can have an eye to their security."

"That is well conceived. Is there any news of Pere Hyacinthe?"

"I have stationed a man at the river crossing to bring word the instant he arrives."

"I applaud your thoughtfulness. This continued delay in the ceremony is annoying. Master Ormerod, your sufferings are upon your own head."

I looked eagerly for Marjory's face as we marched across the yard inside the stockade and through the heavy timber doors of the house. But she was not visible. Our guards examined our bonds carefully, fastened our legs and then left us.

We remained there three days, without intercourse with anyone except our Indian jailers, who brought us messes of food twice daily.

On the fourth day we were eating our meager fare of boiled corn when the door was flung open violently and the gaunt figure of Black Robe entered unannounced. Behind him, obviously unwillingly, walked Murray.

"Which is the Englishman Ormerod?" demanded the priest in French.

"Here I am, father," I answered, standing up as well as I could.

"Miss Murray tells me that you have won her affections?" he asked coldly.

My heart leaped with sudden joy.

"That is true, father," I said.

"And you love her?"

"As much as a man may, father."

He turned upon Murray with a gesture of decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Acadians Returned to Get Hidden Treasure

When the Acadians were driven from their homes in what is now Nova Scotia in 1755, by the British and Colonial troops from New England, their expulsion came so suddenly that they made haste to bury their valuables, hoping that at some time they might return for them. Some of them did return but others, it would appear, were not so fortunate, for at various times, pots and chests containing money and other valuables have been uncovered. There is a story well known in the region about a family living on the north shore of Cumberland basin in 1834. One evening members of the family saw a boat anchored about a mile from land and speculated as to its mission. Next morning it had gone and a little later it was discovered that a block of stone that served as a doorstep in front of the house had been moved. Beneath where

it had lain was the imprint of a three-legged pot, doubtless having contained valuables left by the Acadians nearly a century before.—Montreal Family Herald.

Nature's Perfection

With all our knowledge we cannot keep clean a piece of glass, if ever so precious, such as the lens of a microscope, without scratching it in the cleaning. The window and lens of the human body, the eye, is kept automatically clean for the time of one's life by means of a wonderful slightly disinfected fluid, the tears, and the winking of our eyelids, and the water sent down the nose.

Oysters Like Yeast

Oysters enjoy feeding on yeast and make rapid growth on this food, says a recent report of the British ministry of fisheries.

Wrong Economic Principles Brought About Great Britain's General Strike

By JULIUS H. BARNES, Ex-President U. S. C. of C.

GREAT BRITAIN'S general strike was due to that country's failure to observe fundamental economic principles.

At the Rome convention of the International chamber of commerce three years ago an American declaration as well as the principles for increasing production, especially as to industrial relations, was unanimously adopted. That declaration is coming into play. Missions of British organized industries and trade unionists, coming here to find the secret of the extraordinary prosperity and high living standards of America, are beginning to realize the economic truth on which the American declaration was based.

The declaration has especial point today in view of the general strike in Great Britain, which may rest on the traditional violation of the principles laid down in this Rome declaration, namely, the adoption of every invention and mechanical device that enlarges production; the elimination of restrictions on individual output; the stimulation of individual effort by relative wages based on performance; the advantages of private ownership and operation over state ownership and operation.

At present America is intensely interested in two major aspects of the foreign situation—government interference with the flow of commodities in response to the attraction of supply and demand, and the attempts of other countries, eager for entry into the great markets of America, to raise the question of national protective tariff as a trade barrier.

Christ the Earthly Pledge of God's Everlasting Love and Understanding

By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, Veteran Statesman.

I am more firmly anchored to the Bible than ever before and believe implicitly in its teachings and the God it portrays. I believe that there is a supreme intelligence pervading the universe and at times I believe that when a man dies the swarms of billions of highly organized entities which live in the cells desert the body, go out into space, keep on and enter another and last cycle.

Ninety-five per cent of the people are generally on terms with the Lord, and that percentage of any body of people can always be relied upon as being in the right.

I have always felt a real dependence in God. My idea of God is personal rather than one of force. Not a personality, such as we are, of course, but a glorified, divine and infinite heart, brain and spirit—all-comprehending, all-powerful, never failing.

I think of God as being interested in mortals and mortal affairs. Christ was his earthly manifestation, Christ who understood, lived and toiled and suffered upon earth as men and women do, Christ who died as we must do before we live again. Christ is God's pledge of love and understanding.

I don't believe much in chance. You have to make things come your way and they will come your way if you will follow the rules of moderation, not worrying or diversifying your interests, of trusting God and loving your fellow beings.

United States Must Be Ever on Guard Against Propaganda of "Reds"

By CURTIS D. WILBUR, Secretary of the Navy.

America now is enjoying peace and prosperity, but abroad there is a new peril declaring spiritual warfare and ready to declare material warfare upon the people of this nation.

Where our children are willing to listen they are taught the ways of the Third Internationale. We find its hand clutching at the heart of our sister republic on the south. We find it stirring up trouble in Asia, in China, in Nicaragua. This government by the people, it is said, has become imperialistic.

Knowing ourselves as we do, knowing our form of government as we do, and the purpose of its people, we are inclined to take lightly this new form of attack which seeks to destroy the foundations of this government, namely, the home and sense of religious obligations. It would destroy home and government and God.

In the face of this insidious propaganda within our own territory and in other nations, it behooves us to be vigilant, in the training of the young and in answering the misstatements and the misrepresentations put forth to destroy this government.

We owe it to ourselves to be strong, to maintain an adequate army and navy. Yes, we owe it to others to be strong in order that if there is to be a world revolution, we may, by our example, if not by our army and navy, assist weaker nations to maintain free government.

Elders No Longer Able to Impose Their Dogmas on Modern Youth

By MRS. ROBERT E. SPEER, President National Board Y. W. C. A.

The question: "What is the matter with the old people?" is a very important one in the universal study of youth of today. Youth, above all, dislikes our attitude that our opinions must become theirs. As their elders of an older generation, we have a way of being too tense and dogmatic. Instead of inviting willing co-operation from young people, we too easily assume the right to enforce our opinions. Understanding between the two generations can only come when we, as their elders, become open minded and easy and pleasant to deal with.

Boys and girls are released so early from economic suppression that it behooves parents to begin team work and fair play early in the game. The boy or girl who doesn't have to say "by your leave" about money is not apt to say "by your leave" about anything.

World Must Prepare for the Inevitable Coming of the Five-Day Week

By DR. GEORGE B. CUTTING, President Colgate University.

Henry Ford may be a little ahead of his time with a five-day week, but it is coming, and coming soon. If we can afford it, we should welcome it, but first we should prepare for it. No greater danger threatens us than leisure for which we have no plans and with which we know not what to do. The youth of today has been set down in the midst of this condition and Satan is finding some mischief still for idle hands to do, as well as giving a spirit of unrest which we call revolt.

Modern machinery has enabled every man to accomplish 20 times as much as his ancestor of two centuries ago; this has decreased man's work-day from 16 hours to 8, with further decrease in sight.

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