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Sure To

James Ford Rhodes, the famous historian, said at a dinner in Boston:

"In studying great men's lives you are amazed at the abuse their contemporaries heap on their best work. Wagner is an example. The finer the masterpiece Wagner turned out, the viler the ridicule that would be visited on him. Jealousy? No, stupidity."

Doctor Rhodes smiled and ended in his epigrammatic way:

"When you put your best foot foremost people are sure to step on it."

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The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of
PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
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STORY FROM THE START

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to the British crown as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London without friends or prospects and in danger of apprehension and execution as a traitor, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from a band of 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, believing it to be unworthy and its real aim the aggrandizement of France at the expense of England.

CHAPTER II

Before the Lords of Trade

How long I might have slept I know not, but the pallid sun that strove to pierce the fogreek proclaimed high noon when Master Juggins waked me. He would not listen to my protestations of regret, but directed my attention to the pile of clothes he carried over his arm.

"See, we shall make a 'prentice lad of you," he said. "I have a youth downstairs of about your build, and these are his Sunday clothes."

"And must I in truth wear these?"

"I demanded with some disgust as I felt their coarseness of texture."

"Aye, indeed, Master Harry."

His tone sobered.

"I have been abroad since rising,"

he continued, "and forgive me if I say 'twas well for you we met last night. Your cousin is come up to London, frantic with fear lest you should succeed in replacing him, and he hath pulled wires right and left, so that all are convinced you are here for no less a purpose than the murder of the king."

I cursed with a fluency conferred by two languages.

"There is no hope of a pardon now,"

proceeded Juggins. "I am not altogether without influence, and I had hoped— But 'tis doubly hopeless. If you were Scots or Irish, it might be done. But few of the English gentry besides you and Master Charles rose in the '10. You are a marked man, and with your cousin's interest against you 'twill be impossible even to gain a hearing for you."

"There is naught to do, then, save go back to France and the friends who now distrust me," I said bitterly.

"Never say so," remonstrated Master Juggins with energy. "I have an idea of another course which may commend itself to you. Come, don these poor garments, which will none the less cloak you with safety, and join me in granny's morning room."

The coffee which the old lady poured us in blue-bordered china bowls put new life and hope in me. I settled back in my chair and puffed at the long clay pipe which Juggins had filled for me.

Granny Juggins gave me an approving pat on the shoulder.

"That is well, Master Harry. Worry never solved any difficulty. And now I must be going about my duties; but remember that what Robert tells you hath my indorsement."

"And what is that?" I inquired in some curiosity as the door closed behind her.

He smoked in silence for several moments.

"I am resolved to take you fully into my confidence, Master Harry," he began at last, "and I should not do so if I doubted your discretion."

He fell silent again.

"Did it not seem strange to you that such an assault as you saw last night should have been made upon an ordinary merchant?" he asked suddenly.

"I thought they meant robbery."

"Robbery? They never made a demand upon me. They meant murder. The truth is, lad, I am at grips with a deadly enemy. 'Tis a curious story, concerned with high politics, great spoils of trade, intrigues of church and state—mayhap the future of a continent. And as it happens Robert Juggins is at the hub of it."

"Do you think you would like to play a hand—on England's behalf and to checkmate the very foreign influences which sickened you of the Jacobite cause? I need a strong arm combined with an agile mind, a mind used to French ways and the French tongue."

I would have answered, but he checked me.

"If you accept you must be prepared to fight your old friends, for the enemy I have spoken of is Jacobite at heart and works under cover for the return of the Pretender through the weakening of England and the paramount influence of France. Remember that before you commit yourself."

"Even as I told you last night, Master Juggins, I am for England now," I answered. "If such a plot as you speak of is under way, then surely 'tis for loyal Englishmen to thwart it. Count me with you, I pray."

"I will," he said quietly. "Now hark to these facts. At the instance of myself and my associates in the Company of Merchant Traders to the Western Plantations, the provincial government of New York several years ago secured the royal assent to a law prohibiting the sale of Indian trading goods to the French in Canada."

"Our object was twofold. The best and cheapest trading goods are manufactured in England. If we can keep them to ourselves and compel the French to use more costly and less durable goods made on the Continent we shall be able to underbid them with

the Indians. So the fur trade will come more and more into our hands." Juggins leaned forward and tapped me on the knee.

"North America," he went on, "is the richest land in all the world—how rich it is or how vast no man knows. 'Twill require centuries to exploit it. Since first we colonized there we have contended with France, not only for further power, but for the actual right to breathe. Our two countries cannot agree to divide this domain, limitless though it be. Sooner or later one must oust the other."

"The fur trade is the key to it all. It is so, because neither the French nor we are yet sufficiently powerful to ignore the strength of the Indian tribes. The fur trade is the source of the savages for securing trade goods. They will be bound closest to the country which gives them the best terms. If we can deprive the French of the



ability to buy their goods as cheaply as we do, then we shall be able to trade to better advantage with the Indians and so increase their friendship for us. At the same time the volume of the provincial trade will be increased."

"I see," I answered. "But you spoke before of a twofold object in depriving the French of the right to obtain trade goods through New York?"

"So I did, and that brings me to the enemy whom I mentioned. Heard you ever in Paris of one Murray—Andrew Murray?"

I shook my head.

"He hath connections with the French, and, too, with the Jacobites; but they would be well covered, no doubt. Murray owns the Provincial Fur company of New York, which is the largest of all the trading agencies. He hath set himself deliberately to drive out of existence all the independent traders and secure the entire trade for himself. The trade with the French in Canada likewise is in his hands."

"Before the provincial government passed the prohibitive law of which I spoke, he carried on this trade openly, and the French traders, helped by a government subsidy, more often than not underbid our traders—using English goods, mind you, for the purpose. And then the French traders would sell their skins in the London market at a lower price than our own traders could afford to charge."

"After the passage of the law, in spite of efforts to enforce it, Murray contrived to build up a clandestine means of shipping goods to Canada, and while the French are more pressed for cheap trade goods than they were, nevertheless they are better off than they should be, and our traders are put at a disadvantage. Now the time for which the law was passed is expired, and the provincial government hath enacted it again. It comes up this afternoon before the lords commissioners for trade and plantations, when Murray will petition for its rejection."

"But surely he will lose."

Juggins shook his head.

"I fear not. The best we can hope for is a compromise."

"Yet you say he is in alliance with the French and the Jacobites?"

"I say that, Master Harry, but I cannot prove it. Remember, even you who have recently come from St. Germain, had never heard of him. Moreover, he is hand in glove with the Pelhams and all the corrupt officials in Whitehall. He hath buttered many a grasping hand, and if he can secure his operations a few years longer he will have laid the groundwork for England's overthrow in the New world."

"I leave to your imagination the effect upon our people at home of a disastrous war with France at this juncture. King George is scarce settled on his throne, and so good an excuse would pave the way for the Stuarts' return."

"Yes, that is true," I assented. "Tis a dangerous plot."

Juggins looked at me keenly.

"You are still desirous to join in thwarting it?"

"More so than ever. But I see not how I can be of service to you."

"If the lords of trade have received the orders I expect, then you can be of great service to me and to your country. Come, you shall have your first lesson. You may attend me to the hearing before the lords of trade. I wish you to observe what passes at the hearing, and to study Murray. For if he wins his stay, as I fear he will, then it is my purpose to send you to New York for such evidence as will wreck his conspiracy."

"And I will go gladly," I said, a thrill of exultation in my heart at the bare thought of a man's part to play.

He collected some documents and maps, placed them in a green string-bag and gave it to me to carry.

"And remember," he cautioned me at the door, "do you keep at least two paces behind me. Speak only when I speak to you and hold your head low and your shoulders stooped. Slouch, if you can. If any address you look stupidly at them and mumble an answer. I will explain that you are slow-witted."

But none of the men who stopped Master Juggins during our walk deigned to notice the humble 'prentice lad who followed him. I avoided all scrutiny and reached Whitehall with considerable more self-confidence than I had started with.

The lords of trade sat in a lofty chamber of a dirty gray stone building over against the river. At one end was a dais with a long, closed-in desk across it. Behind this nodded my lords in periwigged majesty, five of them, two fat and pompous, one small and birdlike, one tall and cadaverous and one who looked like nothing at all.

"That is Tom Pelham," whispered Master Juggins, pointing at the last as we took our seats.

But I had already transferred my gaze to an extraordinary creature who stood by a window on the opposite side of the room. It was a black man, squat and enormously broad, whose long, powerful arms reached almost to the floor.

As I watched him, fascinated, his eyes found my face and he surveyed me, apparently without any human interest whatsoever, but as a wild beast might consider a fat stag when too full to care about a kill. He was dressed in a bright-red livery coat with gold lace, and the cocked hat which he held was covered with silver embroidery.

I felt Juggins tugging at my arm.

"Do you see him?" he whispered.

"I never saw anything so hideous in my life," I answered.

Juggins laughed, as his eyes followed mine.

"No, I meant not the negro. 'Twas Murray I spoke of. He sits several seats farther on."

I looked as directed and picked out a man who lounged back comfortably in a chair, talking with a group of merchants who seemed to hang on his words. He was elegantly clad, yet very quietly, rather in the fashion of a fine gentleman than a rich trader.

Though sitting, he showed himself to be a large man of massive frame. He wore an immense perwig in the prevailing mode, and there was about him an air of pride and self-confidence. Though he must have been middle-aged, he carried himself like a young man or a soldier.

That in Andrew Murray he is to find a foe man worthy of his steel is brought home to Ormerod in a convincing manner. But he has set his hand to the task and has no thought of drawing back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sanity and Insanity Matter of Emotions

Where mental disorder becomes insanity it is difficult to say. Physicians today do not like to use the word insanity, on account of the difficulty of defining it. Sanity is a social concept. A sane person is willing to co-operate with other people in the affairs of life, and has confidence in others in varying degrees, as his judgment guides him. He has a direction of movement and purpose which he is able to control.

Insanity is the reverse of this. Yet it is easily seen from this definition that a perfectly sane person can be violently insane for a minute, five minutes, or half an hour. By the excess of his emotions he can be cut off for the time being from rational judgment

of anything or co-operation with anybody, and from any sense of ordered direction of his actions. But sooner or later his reason reasserts itself, and in repeated circumstances of the same sort is likely to be on its guard. Insane people have periodic or permanent inability to overcome their emotions.

Future Thrill

Who will be the first to go under the North pole in a submarine? That's the big polar thrill left,—Syracuse Herald.

What we really envy is a man's circumstances, not his personality.



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Rolls Down

Cecil de Mille is quite a boatman, his "Volga Boatman" notwithstanding, but even he was nonplussed when some one sprang on him the ancient question: "Why do they call a boat a she?"

Finally, after due deliberation De Mille replied: "I expect it's because they make a better showing in the wind."

Education is not to teach you to know so much. It is to teach you to use what you do know.

Panama has raised by a national lottery sufficient funds to complete the National insane asylum.

Millions in Watermelons

While the watermelon is a seasonal delicacy and is not considered in any way as a food necessity, it is estimated that the watermelon crop for this year in the United States will be worth \$12,000,000. With one exception, the crop of 1926 has been the greatest in history.

The Battle Won

"You say you married him for his money?"

"Yes."

"And why did you divorce him?"

"I got it."

Wit is wisdom—sharply pointed.

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