

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of
PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

(By Brantano's)
WNU Service

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, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from assassins who had waylaid him. The arrival of the watch puts an end to the affair, and Harry tells his new acquaintance of his former activities as a soldier in the service of the Stuarts and later an official at the "court" of the so-called King James the Third.

CHAPTER I—Continued

I had forgotten my surroundings, forgotten the dingy cobbles of Mincing lane, forgotten the strange circumstances under which I had met this strange person who seemed so intimately versed in my family history. I lived over again the brave days at Foxcroft when Charles had been master and I his lieutenant. But the moment passed, the memories faded, and my eyes saw again the drab buildings of the alley and the odd figure of my deliverer—whom I had first delivered.

"And you, sir," I said. "May I ask how it happens you know so much concerning the fortunes of a plain Dorset family?"

He seemed not to hear me, standing there in a brown study, and I spoke to him again sharply.

"Yes, yes, I heard," he answered, almost impatiently. "I was— But this is no place for discussion. Come with me to my house."

Some trace of my feelings must have been revealed in my attitude—my face he could not have seen in the darkness—for he continued:

"You need not fear me, Master Ormerod. I mean you no harm. I could not do harm to your father's son."

"But you?" I asked. "Who are you, sir?"

He chuckled dryly. "You know my name," he answered, "and you heard the watch acknowledge my civic dignity. For the rest—if you have spent much time in Dorset you should know a Dorset voice."

"I do that," I assented heartily, "and 'tis grateful to my ears."

"Then be content with that, sir, for a few minutes. Come, let us be on our way. I have reasons for not wishing to invite a second attack upon us."

He set off at a great pace, his head buried in his cloak collar, and I walked beside him, puzzled exceedingly.

Ten minutes later we stopped before a tall, gabled house of brick and timber on the near side of Holborn. My companion produced a key from his person and unlocked a heavy door which opened upon a staircase leading to the second story. The first floor was occupied by a shop.

"Enter, Master Ormerod," said Juggins. "You are right welcome. I hope you have none of the country gentleman's scorn for the home of an honest merchant."

"A beggar must not be a chooser," I answered. "But if I were not indebted to you for my liberty I should still be glad to visit a Dorset man who knows how to fight and who remembers the woods of Foxcroft."

"Well spoken," applauded Juggins as he fastened the door behind us. "So I might have expected your father's son to speak."

"That is the second time you have called me 'my father's son,'" I said. "Prithce, Master Juggins, had you acquaintance with my father?"

"Bide, bide," he replied enigmatically. "We shall settle all that anon. After you, sir."

And he ushered me up the stairs, which were hung with the skins of many kinds of animals, some of which I did not even know. The stairs gave upon a large hall, similarly decorated, and through this we passed into a comfortable chamber which stretched across the front of the house.

Master Juggins relieved me of my cloak and hat and motioned to a deep chair in front of the fire.

"Rest yourself, Master Ormerod. Presently we shall have provender for the inner man as well. Ho, Goody! Art abed, after all?"

"Abed? Abed?" answered a thin, old voice that was inexpressibly sweet, with a Dorset burr that made Master Robert's sound like the twang of a Londoner. "Abed? says he. When did I ever feel the sheets, and not knowing he was warm and safe and his posset-cup where it belongs—which is in his stomach? Abed! Didst ever find—"

She stepped into the room, a quaint little figure in hoden-gray, a dainty cap perched on her wispy white hair, her brown eyes gleaming in the candlelight, the criss-crossed wrinkles of her cheeks shining like a network of fine lace. In her hands she held a tray supporting a steaming fagon and divers covered dishes of pewterware.

Juggins favored me with a humorous glance.

"Sure, I grow more troublesome year by year, granny," he said as she paused at sight of me. "Here I am come home later than ever, bringing a guest with me. Who think you he is?"

"She looked at us inquiringly. " 'Tis Master Ormerod."

"Ormerod? Not—"

"Aye; Master Harry."

"But he is in France!"

"Nay; he is here."

She drew closer, and studied my fea-

tures under the candles that shone from the mantel shelf.

"Is he in danger?" she asked breathlessly.

"The watch were after him when he came to my rescue," replied Juggins. "Yet he came."

She patted my cheek with her hand. "That was a deed which you need never be ashamed of, Master Ormerod, and you shall win free to safety, whatever it may be or wherever, if Robert and I have any wits between us. Sit yourself down, Master Ormerod, and you shall have a draft of mulled ale and a dish of deviled bones and thereafter a bed with sheets that have lain in Dorset lavender. Hath it a welcome sound to you?"

The tears came into my eyes.

"I am happier this night than I have been any time since Charles and I left Foxcroft," I said. "But pray tell me why you two, who are strangers to me, should be so interested in an out-cast?"

"He does not know?" exclaimed the little old lady.

"I have told him nothing," said Juggins, smiling.

"Well, 'tis time he knew he was amongst the right sort of friends," the little lady said. "You are too young, Master Ormerod, to remember old Peter Juggins—"

A light burst upon my addled wits. "Why, of course!" I cried. "He was steward under my father, and in his father's time before him! But you?"

"Peter was my husband," she said simply. "Robert here is our grandson. When Peter died your father offered his place to Robert. Robert would have none of it. He had the



wandering bee in his bonnet. He was young, and he must see the world. He would make his fortune, too. No life as an estate steward for him."

"And wise I was, too, granny," interjected Master Juggins. "Even you will grant that now."

"Be not too elevated by your good fortune," she retorted. "Had you followed your grandfather at Foxcroft your counsel might have restrained Master Harry and his brother from their madness—"

"I wish it might have," I said bitterly, thinking of Charles' lonely grave on a mist-draped hillside in the Scotch highlands.

"Many a gentleman would have taken in bad part such an answer to an offer made in kindness, Master Ormerod. But not your father. No, after trying all he could by fair means to dissuade Robert from his course, he asked where his fancies drifted, and then supplied him with money for the voyage to the Western Plantations and to enable him to secure a start."

"Twas that permitted Robert to go overseas and to set himself up as a fur-trader there and afterward to return and establish his business downstairs, which hath grown so that it is more than he can handle. All of it, I say, we owe to you."

"All of it, granny," reaffirmed Master Juggins himself. "Y'have not made it one whit too strong for me. But I would find out before we sleep how I may be of aid to Master Ormerod."

"Aid?" quoth she. "All that we have in the world is his, if he wants it; aye, the clothes off our backs. Good night to you, Master Ormerod. And remember, this house, poor though it be for your father's son, is to be your home until you have a better."

I rose and bowed my acknowledgments, but I could not speak. My heart was too full. Here in this bleak, unfriendly London, which had greeted me with suspicion and persecution, I had found friendship and assistance. It was almost too good to believe.

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Juggins," I exclaimed as the door closed behind his grandmother. "Remember that. And let me not imperil for one moment two friends of my father, who revere his memory as I had not supposed any did, save myself."

He pushed me down into my chair by the fire.

"There is no question of claim, sir. 'Tis a privilege. Do you tell me now of your present plight. Fear not to be frank with me, Master Ormerod. I do not mix in politics. I am none of your red-hot loyalists who would hang a man because he remarks that our worthy king is a Hanoverian by birth. But on the other hand I'll have naught to do with these plotters who fume over the exiled Stuarts."

"The Stuarts went, sir, because they overtaxed the forbearance of a long-suffering people. They might have returned ere this, as you know, had they possessed the good sense to appreciate what their whilom people required. But they lacked that good sense, Master Ormerod, and with all deference I say to you they will never return unless they learn that lesson very soon."

I leaned forward in my chair and interrupted him, the words bubbling from my lips.

"I could not have put neater my own feelings, Master Juggins. When I was a lad not yet of age I risked all I had for the Stuart cause. What came of it? A life of exile that might have ruined me, as it has many a better man. My family's estate was sequestered; my outlawry was proclaimed. I have no place to lay my head, save it be by the bounty of a foreigner."

"Have I secured any moral satisfaction by these sacrifices? At first I thought I had. But when I looked closer I found that I had done nothing for my country. For the Stuarts, yes. But for my country, nothing."

"This made me think the harder, Master Juggins. At the beginning I had taken zest in the plots and plans which were aimed to bring about his restoration to power."

"But the longer I studied them the more insincere they became. I found my leader a catspaw of foreigners, used to undermine England's prestige. His aims were not the good of England, but his own aggrandizement, the furthering of France's ambitions."

"Hast learned that, lad? Why, then, there's no more loyal Englishman in London!"

"So you think," I answered. "So I think. But hear me out. I told my feelings to a certain great gentleman who handles affairs at St. Germain. He cursed me for a turncoat, would have ordered his lackeys to flog me from the palace. I left him—in disgrace. The doors of my friends were closed to me. I thought I would make my way to England and begin a new life."

"So I applied to the English ambassador for a passport. He laughed at me. Did I think he was so innocent as to be blinded by such transparent trickery? Nay, the Stuarts must seek elsewhere for means to plant a fresh spy in England. In desperation then I bought passage from a smuggler of Dieppe, who landed me three weeks since in Sussex. I made my way to Dorset, hoping to find old friends who would help me to gain a pardon; but I was recognized by one of my cousins who now hold Foxcroft house, and he raised a hue and cry after me, fearing no doubt that I sought to regain the estate."

"Since then I have been hunted like a beast. My last shilling was spent this morning. Tomorrow, had I escaped so long, I planned to sell my sword, and if all else failed to seek a press-gang."

"Let us thank God you heard my cries," said Juggins earnestly.

"I do," I said, "and with no lack of reverence, my friend, I also thank you."

He gave me a keen look.

"You call me friend. Do you mean the word?"

"Why not?"

"I was your father's servant," he said, and he said it so that the words were at once proud and humble.

I caught his hand in mine.

"You were his friend, too; and who am I, an outlaw without name or fortune, to set myself above a man who has prospered like you through the diligence of his own hands and brains?"

Master Juggins drew a deep breath and wrung my hand hard.

"You'll do, lad," he said. "My help would have been yours on any terms. But you have made it a glad privilege for me to help you. Doubt not we shall find a way."

"Now get you to bed. I shall have somewhat to say to you on the morrow."

"The part played by the inextinguishable riches of the American colonies in the machinations of European politics comes as a revelation to Ormerod."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Timber, Sound, Though Buried for Centuries

Furniture made from oak used by the Romans more than 1,800 years ago in the construction of an embankment for the Thames is shortly to be added to the historic treasures of the Mausson house, says the London Mail.

The timber, discovered during excavations behind King William street, E. C., is in good condition, although it has been buried for centuries.

It is in the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Edwards, a member of the London and Middlesex archeological society, who, with other experts, is satisfied that the find is part of the

first embankment built by the Romans.

A member of the society said the timbered embankment is 83 feet south of the Roman wall, probably built 200 years later.

Whole trunks of trees, piled one above the others, six deep and locked by cross-timbers, were found in such good condition that they can still be used for almost any purpose.

Natural Question
"There are two sides to every story."

"Are you still single?"

Improved Uniform International

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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Lesson for October 3

ISRAEL JOURNEYING TOWARD CANAAN

LESSON TEXT—Numbers 10:11-36.
GOLDEN TEXT—Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

PRIMARY TOPIC—A Journey of Love Ago.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Journeying in the Wilderness.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Israel Learned in the Wilderness.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How God Guides His People.

Israel remained almost one year at Sinai. It was a veritable schooling for them. Their stay was necessary.

1. To allow them to recuperate from the effects of many years of slavery.

2. To train them morally and spiritually for the great work before them. The wonderful transactions at Sinai served to inspire them with courage and hope, for through them they came to know God as their king and themselves as His covenant people.

3. To have them thoroughly organized.

This was not only necessary for the march, but for the warfare in gaining possession of the land of Canaan.

I. Marching From Sinai at the Head of Moses (vv. 11-28).

The nation had now grown to a great host—the army itself of 603,550 strong. Allowing three persons to every soldier, there would be 1,810,650. The army was organized into four great sections or divisions with three tribes to each division. The Levites were organized on the basis of the three sons of Aaron—Gershon, Kohath and Merari. The Kohathites had the principal place about the tabernacles—charge of the most precious things. The Gershonites had the next place of honor, while the drudgery fell upon the Merarites.

1. The signal given (v. 11).
The lifting of the cloud from off the sanctuary was the signal for the camp to be broken and the march to begin.

2. The signal given to rest (v. 12).
Just as the sign to march must be recognized, so the sign to rest must be obeyed.

3. The Commander (v. 13).
God was the Commander through His servant, Moses.

4. The order of the march (vv. 14-18).

As they marched the division led by Judah went forward, followed by Gershon and Merari bearing the corner part of the tabernacle. Then marched Reuben's division, followed by the Kohathites bearing the sacred utensils of the tabernacle. These were followed by the division of Ephraim and Dan. The ark occupied a central position with the moving caravan.

II. Moses Seeking the Help of Hobab (vv. 29-32).

Hobab was a shrewd child of the desert. Moses thought therefore that his knowledge thereof would be helpful. The children of Israel were going forth under the guiding care of the Almighty. Surely He could be trusted. Certainly He knew that dreadful wilderness.

1. "We will do thee good."
Moses had faith in God's promises to Israel and could well assure Hobab that good would come to him by identifying himself with God's covenant people.

2. "Thou mayest be to us instead of eyes."
Moses still insisted that Hobab should go along, not only for the good he could get but for the good he might do.

III. Marching to Canaan With the Lord as Leader (vv. 33-36).

Even though Hobab did go with Israel, we never hear of his leading the people. The Lord will not have it so. Observe:

1. "The ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them" (v. 33).

The ark, the symbol of the divine presence, moved out of its place in the midst of the camp and took its place at the head.

2. The cloud of the Lord rested upon them (v. 34).

This was an indication that God was not only leading, but governing His people and protecting them.

3. The Lord's vindication (vv. 35, 36).

Moses' unbelief caused a reproach unto the Lord. This action on the part of God vindicated His leadership. Moses gave recognition to this act of God in identifying himself with His people. When the ark rested and set forward, he exclaimed, "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee," and when it rested—"Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel."

God's Love
We are taught to think that God's love is the biggest thing in the universe. Let us think of some of the biggest things we know, and then we will lift our eyes upon one that is bigger than all.—J. H. Jowett.

Happiness Counts Most
The will of God respecting us is that we shall live by each other's happiness and life, not by each other's misery. . . . men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow.

HOW I IMPROVED MY HEALTH

Did It in Less Than One Month

As Mrs. Weaver herself says, "I was never very strong." This is a mild statement describing her condition, for, according to her letters, she was subjected to no small amount of ill health.

Fortunately, her sister was familiar with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged Mrs. Weaver to try it. "After three or four weeks," writes Mrs. Weaver, "I felt a great difference in myself. I would go to bed and sleep sound, and although I could not do very much work, I seemed stronger. I kept on taking it and now I am well and strong, do my work and take care of three children. I sure do tell my friends about your wonderful medicine, and I will answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. LAWRENCE WEAVER, East Smithfield St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

If you knew that thousands of women suffering from troubles similar to those you are enduring had improved their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, wouldn't you think it was worth a trial?

In some families, the fourth generation is learning the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Remarkable Engraving
The Lord's Prayer, 69 words, 397 letters, counting punctuation marks, was engraved in 12 lines on the head of an ordinary pin by Charles Howard Baker of Spokane, Wash. Baker is now an inmate of an institution for blind and insane. The engraving cannot be read without the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Baker was at one time an employee of the United States government in the bureau of engraving and printing. He spent three years and eleven days completing this work.

Most Valuable Mineral
Coal is Canada's most valuable mineral, says Finance Times. The 1925 output was worth \$49,000,000. It reached 13,000,000 tons.

Set aside three minutes each day to worry. Let that suffice for the day.

When a woman is unhappily married she would gladly recall her mis-spent life.

For Sale—Country Store, including building fixtures, merchandise. Disagreement of stockholders. Big sac. Details from H. M. Webster, Trustee, Equitable Building, Denver, Colo.

LADIES—WE PAY \$25 GROSS OR \$17 per hundred gilding cards; no selling; particulars for addressed envelope. GREYLOCK ART COMPANY, 42 Broadway, New York.

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Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and 40c at Drugists. H. H. Parker, Chem. Wks., Patuxent, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Drugists. Hilscox Chemical Works, Patuxent, N. Y.

Mitchell Eye Salve
For SORE EYES
AVOID dropping strong drops in eyes sore from alkali or other irritation. The old simple remedy that brings comforting relief is best. 25c, all druggists. Halls Market, New York City.

Don't Suffer
With Itching Rashes
Use Cuticura
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Sample free of Outlines Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

The Beginning
Judge—How did your family troubles start?
Lulu—Well, judge, yo' honah, we done got married.—Life.

The Modern Maiden
"Good-night, mother."
"Daughter, are you coming in or going out?"

No Trouble
"Tommy gets along with his wife very well." "Why shouldn't he? His dad owns a millinery house."
Many a man is abused because of his wealth—but he doesn't seem to mind it.

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THE General Motors Research Laboratories cooperated with E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., in the development of Duco—an achievement ranking in importance with the invention of the self-starter.

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