

# The DOOM TRAIL

—By—  
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Author of  
**PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.**  
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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 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 fog-reek 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 '19. 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?"

"That in Andrew Murray he is to find a foeman 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.

"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.

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

Improved Uniform International

## Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### Lesson for October 10

#### THE REPORT OF THE SPIES

LESSON TEXT—Numbers 13:17-14:45. GOLDEN TEXT—We are well able to overcome it.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Two Brave Spies. JUNIOR TOPIC—Two Against Ten. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Brave and the Cowardly Scouts.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Courage of Faith.

I. The Spies Sent Out (13:17-20). Less than two years have passed since the Israelites were delivered from Egyptian bondage. They are now at Kadesh-Barnea within sight of the promised land. Moses urged them to go in and take immediate possession (Deut. 1:21).

The record in Deuteronomy 1:19-25 shows that God did not take the initiative in sending out the spies, but that the people because of lack of faith made the request. There was a threefold purpose in sending out the spies.

1. To see whether the land was as God had told them (v. 18).

2. To see whether the people who dwelt there were strong or weak, few or many (v. 18).

3. And to see whether the cities were made up of strongholds or of tents (v. 19).

II. The Commission Executed (13:21-25). They entered the land from the south and traversed it to its northern limits. On their return from the north they gathered some specimens of the fruit of the land.

III. The Spies Rendered a Report (13:26-33).

1. The majority report (vv. 26-29). (1) The land floweth with milk and honey (v. 27).

As a proof of it they displayed the fruit.

(2) The people who live there are strong (v. 28).

(3) The people lived in walled cities (v. 28).

(4) The land is inhabited by giants (v. 28, cf. 33).

In comparison with the inhabitants of the land they saw themselves as grasshoppers. Furthermore, they saw the people so distributed—the Amalekites in the south country, the Hittites, Jebusites and Amorites in the mountains, and the Canaanites along the seacoast—that it was impossible to conquer them.

2. The minority report (vv. 30-33). In part this report agreed with the first. It did not ignore the difficulties, nor dispute the facts, but it did deny the conclusion of the majority. They did not minimize the task before them, but asserted with God's help that they were well able to get possession of the land, and urged immediate action.

IV. The Rebellion of the People (14:1-45). This rebellion began by crying (vv. 1-3). They lifted up their voices and cried, and the people wept that night. They even wished that they had died in the wilderness or in Egypt. God took them back to wander in the wilderness for thirty-eight years.

2. Proposition to return to Egypt. (vv. 4-10).

Their crying was followed by a proposal to organize for the return to Egypt. They purposed to select a captain as their leader. Joshua and Caleb protested against this, which so exasperated the people that they were about to stone them. At this point God interposed in their behalf.

3. God's wrath upon the people (vv. 11-12).

Because of their unbelief He proposed to smite them with pestilence and to disinherit them, supplanting them with a nation mightier than they.

4. Moses' intercession in behalf of the people (vv. 13-19).

Moses pleaded with God against this judgment because the Egyptians would hear of it and blaspheme and this would pass on to the other nations, saying that God was not able to bring them into the land.

5. The Lord's response to Moses' plea (v. 20-33).

He assured Moses that He had granted pardon according to his intercession, but told him that although He would bring them into the land according to His promise, yet with the exception of Joshua and Caleb the men of that generation should be debarred.

6. The presumption of the people (vv. 40-45).

Having in unbelief refused to go up at the command of Moses, now in presumption they go. Moses advised them against such presumption, saying, "The Lord will not be with you."

**Reverence for God**  
Your reverence for God increases as you meditate upon His matchless worth and His wonderful works to the children of men.—Gospel Herald.

**Elect and Non-Elect**  
The "elect" are the "whosoever wills"; the "non-elect" are the "whosoever won'ts."—Echoes.

**Sin and Profit**  
He who sins for profit shall not profit by his sins.—Echoes.

## Covered Wagon Pioneer Quickly Restored to Health

Was So Weak Could Scarcely Use Arms or Legs. Sacramento Resident a Victim of "Flu," Loses Weight and Vitality. Finds Long-Sought Relief. Strength Restored. Praises Tanlac.

Pioneer blood flows in the veins of Frank Rikert, Box 1035, R. R. 10, Sacramento, Calif., a prominent stockman who trekked over the rough, hazardous trails from Illinois in the early sixties. But even his brawn, muscle and splendid health broke under the strain of modern living. "Flu" left its mark and threatened his life.



"I didn't care whether I lived or died, I felt so badly," said Mr. Rikert, "when I began taking Tanlac. My strength had vanished, sapped by the 'Flu.' My arms and legs were so weak that they were almost useless. I couldn't even turn over in bed without help, so completely undermined was my strength and vitality."

"One night my wife saw the Tanlac advertisement in the paper and urged me to try it. I bought a bottle and started taking it, and I felt better right off. In a few weeks I was able to do all my work. Not only did my weakness disappear, but I actually gained twenty pounds, and I have felt fine ever since."

"Yes, sir, I firmly believe that Tanlac saved my life. Naturally, I'm so enthusiastic about Tanlac I am telling all my friends it's a great medicine."

and I'll praise it as long as I live." Tanlac helps conquer ailments and builds up strength in famished bodies. It banishes pain and frees the system of poison caused by constipation and sluggish liver. It is Nature's own remedy made from roots, bark and herbs according to the famous Tanlac formula. Begin taking Tanlac and enjoy the benefits of strength and golden health. The first bottle usually brings results that will surprise you. Ask your druggist for Tanlac—today! Over 40 million bottles sold.

**Salt Water in Fire Mains**  
Seaside cities such as Lynn, Mass., may soon be fighting their downtown fires with salt water driven through high-pressure mains by electric pumps that are started by the fire alarm system. This type of fire protection is considered to be cheaper and more dependable than the ordinary method of using fresh city water for the purpose.

**Seeing Herself**  
"Why do you go with Helen?"  
"I use her as a foil."  
"She says the same about you."  
"She does? The deceitful thing!"—Boston Transcript.

The firm that exported the celebrated chests of tea that figured in the "Boston tea party" is still doing business in London.

## CHILDREN CRY FOR



**Fletcher's CASTORIA**  
MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**Lost His False Teeth**  
When Burlington passenger train No. 43 arrived at Alliance, Neb., several minutes late recently, William Zollinger, conductor, handed in the following report of the delay at divisional headquarters: "Ten minutes delay looking for false teeth." Zollinger's teeth fell out of a window when he sneezed. Stopping the train by a sudden jerk of the air cord, he searched ten minutes in vain for them.

**Women Smokers Barred**  
Women may be seen smoking in almost all public places in New York, but that liberty is sometimes curtailed as soon as the city limits are passed. On one of the principal railroads women who invade the masculine precincts of the smoking car are politely but firmly requested by the trainmen to leave.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—Hall.

A laugh is a good thing—if it is on the other fellow.

A man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, but his whole life is already a treason.—Carlyle.



**ASPIRIN**

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