

W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER VII—Continued

-15-He took one step forward as we halted, and his right arm went up in the graceful Iroquois salute.

"Qua, Ta-wan-ne-ars!" his voice boomed out. "You are welcome home, O my nephew. I can see that you have been brave against our enemles. for you carry a string of scalps at your belt. I can see that you have been honored, for Corlaer walks with you. I can see that you have been fortunate. for a strange white man walks beside you who has friendship in his face.

"Enter, O my nephew, with your white friends. We are eager to hear of your experiences and the deeds you have done, Enter !"

He turned on his heel and walked before us, and those who had accompanied him fell into single file behind us. So we paraded through the village-or rather I should say town, for it contained many thousand peopleuntil we reached a house in the center where burned the tribal Council Fire and where ambassadors and distinguished guests were lodged.

The roy-an-ehs, chiefs and elders filed into it at our heels and arranged themselves around the fire in the center. Then squaws fetched in clay dishes of meats and vegetables of several kinds, as well as fruit, which they set down at intervals around the circle, and at a signal from Do-ne-ho-gaweh everybody began to eat, each one dipping his fingers into whichever dish was nearest or most to his liking, but all governed by the utmost deference toward the wishes of their neighbors.

At the conclusion of the meal Done-ho-ga-weh lighted a ceremonial pipe, carved of soapstone, with a long wooden mouthpiece decorated with beads and small, bright-colored feathers. He blew one puff toward the ground, one puff toward the sky and one toward each of the four quarters. Then he passed it to Ta-wan-ne-ars on his right hand, and Ta-wan-ne-ars gravely puffed it for a moment, and handed it to me. I did likewise, and gave it to Corlaer, who handed it on to the next man, and so it went the rounds of the fire.

There was a moment's silence, and then Ta-wan-ne-ars began the account of his travels, speaking slowly and without oratorical effect. Afterward he told me what he and the others had said. He made no references to our mission, but he described his jourthe English from the land. Ga-en-gwara-go has sent my brother Ormerod, who has lived amongst the French and speaks their tongue, to spy out the ground at Jagara. I go with him. After that, if we may, we shall seek the Doom Trail and clean out the Cahnuaga dogs."

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For five minutes Do-ne-ho-ga-weh smoked in silence. Then he emptied his pfpe.

"I am glad that Ga-en-gwa-ra-go keeps his eyes open, O my nephew," he said. "Do you wish my counsel?" Ta-wan-ne-ars inclined his head.

"The Messesagues you met on the Mohawk told you that De Tonty was in trouble. I do not think word of this can yet have reached Joncaire. My advice is that you dress yourself as a Messesague warrior, O my nephew, and that your white brother call himself by a French name. Then the two of you may go to Joncaire and say that you have just come from Le de Troit and give him the news and he will make you welcome. So you may spy out his plans at Jagara."

"Ja," assented Corlaer in English; "that is a goodt plan. You needt a goodt plan for a fox like Joncaire. By-, I hope, you fool him andt bring home his scalp."

"The news which Ga-en-gwa-ra-go asks for will be sufficient," replied Tawan-ne-ars. "O my uncle, we thank you. Now we may sleep with ease." "That is well," said the roy-an-eh, rising

He lifted his arm in salute.

ing."

"May Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Great Spirit, and the Ho-no-che-no-keh, his. Invisible Aids, have you in their keep-

CHAPTER VIII

Trapped

It was a week before we left De-oin-da-ga-a, and although the delay irked me it could not be avoided, for the prolonged absence of Ta-wan-nears from his post as Warden of the Western Door of the Long House had permitted an accumulation of questions of political and military importance which required his attention. He spent the days either in consultation with the roy-an-ehs and chiefs and delegations from neighboring tribes or in inspecting the marches. Corlaer departed with a small band of braves upon a hunting trip, but I availed myself of the opportunity to gain an ino-no (Cherokees) or ourselves, it can resist-for a time." He fell silent and his eyes gazed

moodily into the smoke of the council fire. "Why do you say 'for a time'?" I

asked. "Because I mean it," he retorted fiercely. "Today the Indian is still strong. He has the protection of the forest. The white man foolishly has given him guns to fight with, and steel axes and knives. But the Indian

stronger. In the end the Indian must go.' He leaned forward until his face

grows weaker; the white man grows

was close to mine. "When all else fails the white man

will use fire-water, what you call rum and the French call brandy. The red man cannot resist it-and it ruins him. He becomes a red animal."

"But-"

He would not let me speak. "And your missionaries told me I must believe in their God!" he went on scornfully. "A God who permits white men to do things the God of the Indians forbids! I said to them:

"'No. I am an Indian. A good Indian is better than a good white man; he is a better Christian, as you call it. And between bad Indians and bad white men there is only a difference in kinds of evil."

The next day we started upon the march to Jagara. We had not gone very far on the morning of the second day of our journey when I began to hear what sounded like a muffled roar, not thunder, but the bellowing of some gigantic monster, whose breath could ruffle the trees of the forest. Ta-wanne-ars smiled at my obvious bewilderment.

"Tis the voice of the Great Falls, brother," he said. "The Thunder Waters.'

"Does water make that noise?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing but water."

"'Tis impossible."

"So many have said; and, indeed, the missionaries told me 'twas one of the greatest wonders of the world." In the early afternoon a mist appeared, overhanging the treetops on the horizon and shot with gorgeous rainbows. The volume of noise increased. When we stepped from the trees and the panorama of the cataract lay before us, a vast, seething wall of water that swirled and smoked and tossed and fumed in an endless fight for freedom, I was amazed, staggered by the magnitude of the spectacle.

I stumbled behind Ta-wan-ne-ars into the trail of the portage which led around the falls. Canoes and goods were transported by this route from the Cadarakui lake to the Lake of the Erles whence poured this endless stream; it was a main-traveled road between the French posts in Canada and their outflung establishments in the farther wilderness.

We followed it northeastward until twilight, the roar of the falls gradually diminishing behind us, and came at length into an open space upon the banks of the swift-running river which carried the shattered waters into the Cadarakul lake. Close to the bank stood a flagstaff, and from its summit floated the white ensign of France.

At the foot of this staff, as if resting tecure under the folds of the flag, rose that he found himself engaged at fifthe walls of a substantial log house. Behind it was a collection of smaller huts and lodges of bark. A large, stout man, with very greasy,



GUESS we'll let the boy see ((T what poverty's like," said close-fisted old Simon Granger to his wife.

Maria Granger agreed. She was a typical product of Newburgh, a manufacturing town of two hundred thousand souls, as one might say. The Grangers, by virtue of Simon's four million dollars, acquired in the packing business, stood at the head of the aristocracy, although the Barry-Smiths ran them close, old Jim Smith,

or Jim Barry-Smith, as his wife came to be known, owning some three millions acquired in the paper game. When Tom Granger announced his

decision to become an author there was consternation. In the end his father gave him the choice between entering the packing business and earning his own living.

"He'll soon come to his senses, ma,' he told his wife.

There was consternation also in the Barry-Smith household. Maud Barry-Smith was considered as good as engaged to Tom. The union would establish the two families at the top of the Newburgh social register. Maud, a heartless, shallow society girl upbraided Tom sternly.

"Don't be a fool, Tom !" she said. "Are you going to throw away all those millions? If you must write, do it at home, in your spare time."

Tom felt cut to the quick at the girl's defection. He, too, had grown up in the idea that some day he was to do what had been drilled into him ever since he could remember-marry Maud. However, he could not give up the plan, the great plan for the great novel.

So he left the parental household with about twenty dollars in his pocket, ostensibly bound for New York. However, he knew that he could live unknown in a less secluded part of Newburgh, and he had no intention of seeking his fortune in the metropolis. He went to a cheap boarding house not two miles from his home, and disappeared from the ken of his old associates.

"When you're ready to enter the packing business my home's open to you," his father had said.

The first three weeks Tom spent writing ceaselessly. Then he awakened to the fact that his money was gone. His landlady, a kind-hearted woman named Elkins, took him to task.

"Writing may earn money," she said doubtfully." But a young man wants to get a job. A steady job. Now, why don't you speak to Mr. Rogers on the fourth floor. He was saying only yesterday that there's going to be a vacancy in his insurance office for a couple of men."

Tom obeyed, because he had obeyed most of his life, and the upshot was teen dollars a week on the clerical staff.

issue. He was interviewed. More satisfactory, he received a check, in first payment, for seven thousand dollars.

Very soon his mother descended in triumph upon him and haled him forth with kisses and reproaches. Tom, who lived in a vague world (as always), in which the central figure was Elsa, had a misty vision of a tear-stained face, and a memory of his promises to return.

"He'll never return," said practical Mrs. Elkins. "He's the best ever, but -what's the use? I know human nature, Elsa. So dry your eyes and don't be a little goose !'

At home Tom's father condescended to invite him to resume his life with the family. The neighbors, who thought a good deal of a man who could make good in the writing business, resolved to forget the scandal of his departure. Maud Barry-Smith released a tentative millionaire from her clutches.

"I knew you'd make good, Tommy," she said, and looked meaningly at him.

Tom was too much absorbed in the plans for his second novel to read that light in her eyes. But everybody took the engagement for granted. They began to discuss the date of the wedding.

Tom had a constant vision of Elsa's tear-stained face. ' But, unpractical as ever, he only meant to return as soon as he had done his duty toward his family. Meanwhile his book absorbed him. Then one day the storm burst. "When are you going to ask Maud to be your wife?" his mother asked fondly. "You see, we don't want to hurry you, Tom, but people are beginning to talk, and-"

Tom felt a devil of craft enter his heart. All at once he saw the baited trap that awaited him.

"Oh, yes, mother," he answered vaguely.

When she had gone he stole downstairs. Like a thief he left the house, gained the street, and took a street car. Half an hour later he stood. with desperate intent, before the overjoyed Mrs. Elkins. And Elsa, entering, saw them there.

Tom heard her step, he turned and grasped her in his arms.

"Tom !" she protested. "I came to ask you to marry me at once !" cried Tom. "At once, Elsa, dear."

"But you two aren't engaged !" exclaimed Mrs. Elkins, scandalized.

"Now see here !" Tom burst out. "I guess we all got on together pretty well when I lived here, didn't we? Well-I want Elsa, And I'm determined to have her. And those people the other side of Newburgh have got a plan for me to marry somebody else. I didn't see it, because I never see things. But it seems that it's all fixed, cut and dried, and-and it's up to you two to help me out."

"Mr. Granger, you're perfectly absurd !" exclaimed the mother. Tom turned to Elsa, who, oddly enough, was still half in and half out of his embrace.

"I know I'm a fool. I can't understand life. I can only write about it." said Tom. "I wish I knew how to ask you properly, but-Elsa, dear, won't you overlook my stupidity and tell me that you'll marry me? Yes, and take care of me. I want to marry you beore they find I'm here and yank me

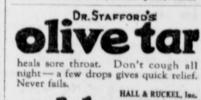


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Servant Problem

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In a novelist's hands a scandal becomes à "romance."

ney to New York, his interview with Ga-en-gwa-ra-go-this impressed his audience mightily, and they applauded by a succession of guttural gruntshis meeting with me; the arrival of Murray and De Veulle and its meaning; our journey homeward and the fight with the Cahnuagas.

There was a pause. Then Do-ne-hoga-weh rose.

"We thank you, O my nephew," he said. "You have indeed honored us and yourself, and your white friends have shown themselves to be brave men. Now we will retire so that you may rest."

He walked out, and the others followed.

"What next?" I asked as Ta-wanne-ars filled his pipe.

The Seneca smiled. "Soon we shall have a real talk." he

said, and reached for a live coal.

An hour passed, and I began to doubt my friend's wisdom. I was sleepy and tired. But in the event I was rewarded, for a shadow darkened the entrance and the Guardian of the Western Door stood before us.

He sat between Ta-wan-ne-ars and me, and crammed tobacco into his pipe bowl.

"You are not sleeping, O my nephew," he commented.

"We have that upon our minds which will not let us sleep," answered Ta-wan-ne-ars. (This conversation was translated for me later by Ta-wan-nears.)

Would it case the weight on your minds to confide your troubles in me?" "That is my thought, O my uncle." Do-ne-ho-go-weh bowed gravely to Al of us.

"My ears are open," he said. There was a pause, and Ta-wan-nears put down his pipe upon the floor.

"As you know, O my uncle," he began, "I went with Corlaer to Ga-engwa-ra-go te tell him of Joncaire's plans to build a stone fort at Jagara. On the same day came this white warrior, Ormerod. whom I call my brother, with word that Murray had defeated Ga-en-gwa-ra go before Go-weh-go-wa. On the same day came the Frenchman De Veulle, who once lived for a while amongst us. Him you will remember." The bronze mask of the roy-an-eh's face was contorted for one brief instant by a flare of passion.

"I remember him," he said simply. "De Veulle comes from Onontio's king with a message for the Canadian tribes, O my uncle. He and Murray and Joncairs work together to defeat our friend Ga-en-gwa-ra-go and drive spray from the wood, or a crystal but these are now closed.

2 La Calling and

sight into the workings of the remark able military confederacy which held the balance of power in America.

One of Ta-wan-ne-ars' first acts was to organize a war party to harry the Miamis in retaliation for an attack upon a village of the Andastes in the Susquehanna valley who were subject to the jurisdiction of the League.

"It was the intent of the Founders to prevent quarrels amongst the five nations who formed the Ho-de-no-saunee," explained Ta-wan-ne-ars. "Be fore we built the Long House we fought constantly amongst ourselves. Afterward we fought only against others, and because we were united we always won, although sometimes our wars lasted for many years.

"And now that we are strong, and only white man can venture to oppose our war parties, we fight for nothing more than the right to impose peace upon others. If a nation makes trouble for us too frequently we subjugate it, as we did the Delawares. If a nation is in difficulties, as were the Tuscaroras in the south, and they ap- name? peal to us for aid, we give it. We took the Tuscaroras into the League because that was the best way we could protect them."

"Against whom?" I asked innocently. "Against the white man," he an-

swered. "Aye, brother, down in the southern colonies the white men hunger for land just as they do here in white men drive it before them. When been off it." a tribe is strong, like the O-ya-da-ga-

Thoreau's Tribute to Wonders of Nature

Nature has taken more care than | from the brook, and place it on your the fondest parent for the education and refinement of her children. Consider the silent influence which flowers exert, no less upon the ditcher in the meadow than the lady in the bower.

When I walk in the woods I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there. I am struck with the pleasing friendships and unanimities of nature, as when the lichen on the trees takes the form of their leaves. In the most stupendous scenes you will see delicate and fragrant features, as slight wreaths of vapor, dewilnes, feathery sprays, where, at other times. There were which suggest a high refinement, a formerly mints in New Orleans, Car-

> . .

lanky black hair, hailed us from the og house as we approached. "Hola !" he shouted in French. "Who comes so free from the westward without canoe or fur-packs?"

"A poor, miserable rascal of a forest-' I called back gayly. runner.'

"And who might this 'poor, miserable rascal of a forest-runner' be?" he demanded. "These are the king's grounds, and we must know who comes and goes.'

"Mon Dieu!" I appealed in mock consternation to the stars. "But it is a hard man to deal with! Will you have an objection, monsieur, to the Barry-Smith made up her mind that name of Jean Courbevoir?"

"None in the world, Jean," he returned promptly, "if you have your trading permit with you. But who is the good savage with you?" Nobody had told me anything of a trading permit, and I fought for time, "You call him good with justice, monsieur- By the way, what is your

"They call me Joncaire," he said

with a trace of grimness. "Joncaire! Mort de ma vie! The very man I have been searching for!" "What? How is that?" he asked. "Ah, but that is a tale ! I cannot believe it now! Am I in very truth on

French soil once more?" "This is the Magazin Royal," he re-New York. When an Indian tribe is turned. "As for French soll, mon weak, as were the Tuscaroras, the brave, I do not see how you could have

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

mantel, and your household ornaments

will seem plebelan beside its nobler

fashion and bearing. It will wave su-

perior there, as if used to a more re-

fined and polished circle. It has a

salute and a response to all your en-

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Paper money is printed at the plant

thuslasm and herolsin .- Thoreau,

And there his life began. To come home on Saturday nights,

with fifteen dollars of actual earnings, with seven over when his board was the face. paid gave him a sense of strange and delightful independence. He had a good stock of clothes; he had no worries. And night after night he worked steadily at his book. He was depict-

ing Newburgh, because it was all he had known, except for his years at college, which had left only a hazy Impression. And because it was so simple the book was really great.

At home his worldly mother worried a little about him, and his father dismissed him from his mind, and Maud she must get married that year,

whether Tom returned or not. Tom's eyes were opened to the meaning of American life. He lived and worked in an old-fashioned part of the city, not far from the roaring arteries of traffic, yet secluded as if it were a century ago. And the people whom he met, honest young working fellows and quiet families, were as different as possible from those of the old life, which seemed so far away. And if ever he had felt a tenderness

for Maud Barry-Smith It was forgotten as soon as he set eyes on his landlady's daughter, Elsa, Elsa was a girl of twenty, and study ing stenography to help support her mother. Tom was amazed at the lim itations of her knowledge. After a while it dawned on him that her lim itations were precisely in those things of which he had never taken any ac-

count. She was quite ignorant of flashy restaurant life and hotels, of New York gayeties and automobiles. But how happy they were when they went to gether to the theater, on Saturday nights, occupying seats at the though of which Mand or any other of her set would have turned up their aristocratic noses! And the occasional Sunday afternoon together, upon the meadows after church !

The young man was drifting into a very serious love affair when an amazing thing happened. He had finished the book and sent it to a publisher, who had accepted it, much to ing and printing, Washington, while his surprise, though he knew nothing most of the coins are turned out at the of the difficulties of first books. But, mint in Philadelphia. There are two months later, he found himself fasmaller mints in San Francisco and mous.

Denver. Coins have been minted else-All the papers were full of the young author who had been satisfied to stay at home and write of the local town. noble breeding, as it were. Bring a son City, Nev., and Dablonega, Ga., His photograph was in every Sunday away."

"Tom, do you love me?" the girl demanded, looking him very straight in

"I never loved anyone if I don't," said Tom.

"Then-yes, dear," said Elsa. "Because I love you with all my heart." "Then I'll take charge," said Mrs. Elkins. "I believe you two were just made for each other, and you want somebody to look after you, Tom, you dear, foolish boy, because-

And she burst into tears at the thought of the happiness in store for the young pair, and their love, which was to carry them through the uncharted seas of marriage.

When, three hours later, Tom and Elsa found themselves husband and wife, and emerged into the late summer sunshine from the little church, photographers came hurrying up with cameras. Their path was blockedthat magic path to the station and the honeymoon land.

"Look !" gasped Mrs. Elkins, staring at a newspaper which somebody held before her.

Under the caption "Author's Runaway Marriage" she saw the photographs of the bride and groom.

Then, through the crowd, scattering it, came an automobile, and Tom's parents hurled themselves to the ground "Stop the marriage if it isn't too

ate!" exclaimed the father. "It is too late," said Mrs. Elkins, planting herself squarely in front of him.

"Hurrah!" yelled a street urchin, apering before them,

"You hear that, Simon?" asked Tom's mother, with cold rage. "Our son has disgraced our name again, and irreparably. I wash my hands of him orever more."

"Madam," asked Mrs. Elkins, "pray may I ask, have you ever done anything else?"

But neither the anger nor the silence reached Tom's ears. For already, with Elsa, he was traveling the flowery meads of honeymoon land, which reaches, if one can find the way, to the lopes of paradise.

Banish Worry!

Worry is evidence of an ill-conrolled brain; it is merely a stupid waste of time in unpleasantness. If ien and women practiced mental calisthenics as they do physical calisthenics, they would purge their brains of this foolishness .- Arnold Bennett.

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