# THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

(@ by Brentane's.)

WNE Service

#### \* CHAPTER VIII—Continued -16-

"Off it!" I repeated.

"Off it," he repeated impatiently. "Since his Most Catholic Majesty hath a just claim to all lands in these parts on this side of Hudson's river, at any rate."

"To be sure, to be sure," I assented quickly. "But, Monsieur Joncaire, you will be interested to know there is an accursed tribe of savages who do not believe as you do."

"Is that so, Jean? And who may they be?"

"The Messesagues." His face lighted up.

"They are in De Tonty's country. And how is the dear Alphonse?" "Fleeing for his life, no less,"

"Those same accursed Messesagues, monsieur, rose up against us, and Monsleur de Tonty must flee to the northward and make the journey through the country of the Hurons."

A look of grave concern overspread Joncaire's face. 'Are you certain of this, Jean?"

"Beyond doubt, monsieur; for my friend, the Wolf here, smuggled a message from me to Monsieur de Tonty, who hade me come at once to you that you might hold up all west-bound canoes."

"Humph!" he growled. "Have you been long in Canada, Jean?" "But this year, monsieur."

"Humph!" growled Joncaire again. "And where do you come from, Jean?" Something in his speech warned me

-the liquid slur of the South.
"I, monsieur!" I replied innocently. "Oh, I am of Plcardy. But monsieur is of the south—no? of Provence?" All the suspicion fled from Joncaire's

face, and in its stead blossomed a broad smile. "Peste!" he ejaculated. "'Tis a

clever lad! And how knew you that, Jean?" I was overloyed-and in no need to

simulate my sentiments. This was good fortune.

"Was I not camping beside the Regiment de Provence when we were on the Italian frontier? "Tis a pleasant way those lads have of talking. And such good companions with the bottle! Ah, for some of that warm southern wine at this moment instead of the accursed rum. Rum is good only for savages."

"You say truth," applauded Joncaire. "come your ways within, Jean, and you shall taste of the blood of La Belle France-although it be not our Provence vintage. By the way, do you

"I cannot say so with honesty, monsleur." I fenced, "although I have been in Arles.'

"In Arles!"

He flung his arms around my neck. "Jean, I love you, my lad! Was born in St. Remi, which is but a short distance out in the diocese."

We were now in the entrance of the log house, and Joncaire opened wide the door.

"Jean, you are a lad in a million!" he pronounced, "You shall drink deep. I have some wine which Bigon the intendant fetched out for a few of usyou will understand you must say naught of it hereafter; it never paid duty. Aye, we shall make a fine night of it, and you shall tell me of all that has passed in Arles these many years. He clapped his hands, and a soldier

entered. "Francois," announced Joncaire, "this is Jean Courbevoir, who will be my guest until he departs. He has been in Arles, Francois, Remember that. What he orders you will render to him. Now bring us the flagon of wine which Monsieur Bigon sent out

this spring." The soldier saluted me as if I were a marshal of France and brought in the flagon of the intendant's wine with the exquisite reverence which only a son of France could bestow upon the choicest product of the soil of France.

"Pour it out, Francois," commanded Joncaire. The soldier hesitated.

"And Monsieur de Lery?" he said. "A thousand million curses!" exploded Joncaire. "Am I to wait for him? Am I to sacrifice my choicest wine in his gullet?"

"Who is Monsleur de Lery?" I asked as Francois filled a thick mug with the

ruby juice. "What? You do not know him? This pompous whipper-snapper who sets out to teach Louis Thomas de Joncaire, sieur de Chabert, his duty, after. thirty-five years on the frontier-pah!

"Monsieur de Lery enters," interposed Francois with a glance at the

doorway. A slender, wiry little man in a wig several sizes too big for him strode into the room. He favored me with a curious glance, nodded to Joncaire and took a seat across the table from

My host made a wry smile and motioned Francois to bring a third mug. "Hola, Monsieur de Lery," he said. This is a gallant young forest-runner, one Jean Courbevoir, who has come to tell me that charming idiot Alphonse de Tonty has been chased out of Le de Troit by the Messesagues. Jean, Monsieur de Lery is the king's engineer officer in Canada."

"Another case of a log fortification, I suppose," remarked de Lery sarcas- whenever he pleased, so they declined Luhrs, in Poetry.

tically in a dry, crackling voice. "You | Jean, we may force a war upon them gentlemen will never learn."

"You must think we grow louis d'or instead of furs in Canada," growled Joncaire. "Be sure, we of the wilderness posts are the most anxious to have stone walls around us. Well, what headway have you made?"

"I have traced out the lines of the central mass," replied De Lery, taking a gulp of the wine. "Tomorrow I shall muck out a surrounding work of four bastishs to encompass it."

He rose from Ms seat. "Speaking for myself, I have had sufficient wine, and I shall retire. If the masons bring in the loads of stone we expect in the morning, we chall be

able to lay the first course by noon." Joncaire twisted his face into a grimace as De Lery ascended a steep flight of ladder-stairs to an upper

"What is the difficulty, monsieur?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Why, at last I have persuaded this stupid, timorous government of ours to build me a proper fort. 'Tis the



only way we shall hold the sacre English in check. With a fort here we can control in some measure the intercourse betwixt the western tribes and the English. Also, we shall have a constant threat here to keep the Iroquois at peace.

"Well, I worked up Vaudreuil to approve it, obtained the grants from Paris, secured the necessary mechanics-and then they sent this popinjay to supervise the work. I had pitched on this site here. He would have none of it. No, he must overturn all my plans and put the new works several | meet again, Ormerod!" miles down the river where it runs into the lake. He is conceited with his rifle leveled at my breast. himself because he has been charged with all the works of fortification in Canada."

"Are there others then, monsieur?" I asked casually, busying my nose in the wine-mug.

"Aye, to be sure. He is to build a wall around Montreal, and to strengthen the enceinte of Quebec."

"But we are at peace with these sacre English," I objected.

Joncaire, now thoroughly convivial, winked at me over the rim of his mug. "For the present, yes. But how long, Jean? Every year that passes the English grow in strength, and we become weaker: I speak now in matters of trade; for after all, lad, the country which obtains the mastery in trade must be the military master of any contending nation. I may be only a simple soldier, but so much I have

learned. "We are a colony of soldlers and traders, well armed and disciplined. They are an infinitely larger group of colonies with only a few soldiers and traders, but many husbandmen. Give them time, and they will obtain such a stand guard." grip on the soil of the wilderness that they cannot be pried loose. But if we use our temporary advantage, and sented it to Joncaire with irritating keep them from winning supremacy in deliberation. the trade with the savages, then, my

at an early day, and we shall win."

He sat back triumphantly. "Surely we have that supremacy

He winked at me again, and drew from a drawer in the table a heavy

book such as accounts are kept in. "Jean," he said, "I am about to disclose to you a secret-which is not a secret, because every trader who

works for himself is acquainted with it. "Here is the account for this post for the year just ended. We handled a total of 204 'green' deerskins and 23 packets of various kinds of furs. On these we cleared a profit of 2,382 livres, 3 sols, 9 deniers (about \$476), which would not come anywhere near covering the operating expenses of the post. You will find the same story at every post from here to the Mississippi.

"Why, monsieur?"

"These sacre English! First they turn the Iroquois against us; then they build the post of Fort Oswego, at the foot of the Onondaga's river on Irondequoit bay (now Oswego, N. Y.); then they send out a swarm of young men to trap and shoot in the Indian country; then they pass this accursed law that forbids us obtaining Indian goods from the New York merchants! Peste, what a people! They have us in a noose.

I shook my head dolefully.

"Ah, monsieur, you make me very sorrowful." I said. "I came out to Canada thinking to make my fortune, likely to be killed by the English."

"No, no, it's not so bad as that," he answered quickly. The governor-general has waked up. It seems that in France they are not quite ready for another war, but we are charged to make preparations as rapidly as possible. There is an emissary coming soon from Paris, who will have instructions for the frontier posts and the friendly Indians. It may be we can persuade the English to be stupid enough to revoke this law of theirs. In any case, my Jean, you will have heard of the Doom Trail?"

I crossed myself devoutly. "I have heard nothing good of it, monsieur," I said fearfully.

"Humph; I don't doubt it. And mind you, Jean, for myself, I do not like that kind of business. But after all 'tis trade over the Doom Trail which keeps you and me in our jobs." Without it-well, this post would shut down. And they do say at Quebec that if we can start a revolution in England for this Pretender of theirs and war at the same time, we shall be able to take the whole continent from tion.

them." There was a commotion at the door. in French. "Hah, I thought so! We the friendly village of the Eskimos,

De Veulle stood on the threshold,

"Bring the Indian inside here," he

called behind him. A group of Cahnuagas, frightfully painted, with their grotesque bristling feather headdresses, hustled Ta-wan-

ne-ars into the room. But now Joncaire asserted himself. "What do you mean by this, Monsieur de Veulle?" he demanded. man is a forest-runner, Jean Courbevoir, a messenger from De Tonty. The

Indian is a Messesague-as you should see by his paint and beadwork." "Bah!" sneered De Veulle. "They fooled you. The Indian is Ta-wan-nears, of the Seneca Wolves, war chief of the Iroquois. The white man is Harry Ormerod, an English spy and a deserter from the Jacobites. He was stationed in Paris for some years, and recently was sent to New York. Burnet, the governor of New York, dispatched him here to spy out what you

are doing." "That may be so," assented Joncaire; "but it happens that I command These men are my prisoners. here. You will order your Indians from the room. Francois, get your musket and

De Veulle drew a paper from a pocket inside his leather shirt and pre-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Small Fortune Paid for Gutenberg Bible

dealer paid \$220,585 for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible. It belonged to an abbey in Austria, and the owners had to get official leave from the Austrian government before they could sell their treasure. They obtained by far the biggest price ever paid for a book.

Yet a still higher price is on record as having been once offered. In the Seventeenth century the monks of St. Emeran possessed a notable manuscript of the Gospels, which had been presented to their abbey by the Emperor Henry IV.

The elector of Bavaria admired it so much that he proposed to give these monks the town of Straubingen

in exchange. But they were prudent men. They knew the elector could, and they suspected that he would, retake the town

Recently, at Vienna, an American | his offer and kept their precious man-

The Bible which the dealer bought is a magnificent copy on vellum of the first book ever printed in Europe from metal types.

### The Vital Spark

Are not the poets themselves to blame that poetry is not more widely read? Beautiful wandering aimless lines soon fade without an idea. Is satire--impudent, personal, biting-a genuine poetic mood? Are beautifully trimmed and hedged gardens the best inspiration for poetizing human nature? Are the literary teas of social climbers the best laboratories for poetizing human nature? And yet an inconsequential leaf in the air may seem vital and important if to the poet it is vital and important .-- Marie

#### THE LEAD IN THE ICE

By CLARENCE TRIPP

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

TWENTY-FIVE Captain Truefitt had been in love and been unsuccessful. He thought his heart was broken. But at forty he knew that this had been a fullacy. He loved Mabel Renton, and her heart was another's. But this time It was an optimistic hope, a love that is stronger than its recognition of its im-

James Fawn had introduced him to Mabel, his fiancee, before he started north for the discovery of Baldwin land. If he did not return two summers later Truefitt was to command the relief ship that would come after

The summer had come, and it was middle July. The relief ship would have to start at once to reach the Arctic before the pack ice formed in Sep-

Truefitt had called on Mabel to encourage her a few days before he salled.

said cheerily. "Listen, Captain Truefit," said Miss Renton. "I have been thinking and planning. I feel it is my duty to be with James, especially since there will be another long winter of suspense before me. I want you to take me with you."

"I'll bring him back, never fear," he

Captain Truefitt was appalled. "Miss Renton, you don't understand the conditions," he said. "It isn't any picule up in the North. The temperature drops below zero even in Septem-

ber. How can you go?" "My place is with Mr. Fawn," answered Mabel gravely. "I have calcubut if what you say be true, I am more | lated what I shall have to face. I am | prepared to go. And if he is dead"tears came into her eyes-"I shall at least be spared the long agony of walt-

> Truefitt was thinking. He knew that the long agony would be his, in the continual presence of the woman he loved, whom he could never tell of his love. However, since she continued to beseech him, he would not refuse her.

A week later Mabel Renton sailed aboard his ship for the Arctic.

11 They had reports of Fawn at last. He had lost his ship in the pack tee and was living with a tribe of Esklmos twenty miles distant from where Truefitt's ship lay, already bemmed in by the thin ice of early September. The wreck of Fawn's vessel lay alongshore. It had been looted and the report spoke of a subsequent mutiny, of a break-up of discipline and of sailors who had started southward in a wild attempt to fight their way to civiliza-

Truefitt left Miss Renton aboard and started out on his twenty-mile "Bind the Indian," shouted a voice tramp along the coast until he reached

Two women and a dog came out to l meet him. Their speech, so far as Truefitt could understand it, told of horrors such as had never come upon the village before.

Outside the encampment was-a mound of empty bottles! Eskime graves were scattered everywhere. It was a village of the dead.

A white man staggered toward True fitt. Gaunt and emaciated, his eyes blazing with delirium, Truefitt recognized in him James Fawn.

Fawn knew him, but only as a de lirious man half recognizes a compan ion of old time. From his disjointed utterances Truefitt learned what had happened. Fawn had taken a cargo to the north to exchange for wairus ivory, in the hope of making a quick fortune. He had seen the destruction of the settlement and had nearly killed himself during the long months after he had abandoned hope of rescue. And round about his hut was heaped the ivory that had been gathered for him by the native hunters,

For two days Truefitt attended Fawn, until the light of reason came back into his eyes. On the third morning Truefitt told him of Mabel's pres-

ence on board. "Pull yourself together, man," he said, "and she shall never know what has happened. Be a man. Make your-

self worthy of her.' "You speak as if you were interested in her yourself," sneered Fawn. Truefitt, without replying, began to pack the sleigh. But before he had completed this task he saw another sleigh coming toward them over the ice. Presently Mabel and a sallor de-

scended. "I couldn't wait; I was so alarmed when you did not return," she cried. "Where is he?"

Truefitt pointed silently into the but. Mabel went in. When she emerged half an hour later there was a grave look on her face.

"We must take him aboard at once," she said.

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Fawn would not leave until his ivory was all packed. That meant that Mabel and Truefitt had to walk the entire distance. Mabel continued to look in strange surmise upon Truefitt. It was plain that Fawn had not attempted to conceal the moral degeneration that

had overtaken him. Hours passed. The sleigh had left the land and was proceeding slowly across the ice. In front of them went the sailors with the sleigh loaded with the use of so big a hole.-The Outlook,

ory tusks, the dogs straining at their difficult burden.

They were forced to encamp for the night by a violent snowstorm. An icebut was constructed, and they shivered all the night through in their

sleeping bags. At midnight Fawn began an altercation with Truedtt in a low voice. The lack of his accustomed stimulant had

made him querulous, almost insane, "You love her," he mumbled flercely. "Hush!" said Truefitt, looking cross toward the girl. "Miss Ren-

ton will hear you." "You love her," repeated Fawn, raising his voice. "You have tricked me,

curse you!" By the light of the oil lamp Truefitt could see that Mabel's eyes were open. She was watching them. And all through the night Truefitt struggled to calm Fawn, listening to his buse and urging him to be calm.

Toward dawn Fawn subsided and watched the others craftily. There was something in his mind which Truefitt could not divine. They harnessed in the dogs and proceeded across the pack ice.

Fawn left Mabel and proceeded with the leading sleigh that contained the lvory. He seemed unwilling to leave his treasure. He sent the sailor back to the others and walked alone, guiding the dogs. This was the sleigh that found the course among the hummocks. The second sleigh had nothing to do but follow in its tracks.

Presently it seemed to Truefitt that Fawn was going a little out of the way. The ship was visible now, lying offshore, and Fawn was steering a course directly out to sea. Suddenly he swerved, as if he had made a wrong course, and started immediately toward the vessel, after a little delay. Truefitt, even from the distance, thought he had encountered an unusually rough place in the ice.

Fawn changed again. He was doubling upon his track. The second sleigh was quite near him now. Fawa shouted something. Suddenly Truefit saw a wide lead open in the ice and the dark water beneath the sleigh.

A second later he went slipping down, and the lev water numbed his hands as he strugled to regain his footing. Mabel screamed out, At the same instant Fawn ran up

with a sleigh-hook and began deliberately hammering at Truefitt's fin-He was shouting like a maniac. and Truefitt perceived that he was, In fact, insane. Mabel cried out and tried to catch

on her and sent her spinning across the ice. Then he drove the sleighhook into Truefitt's body. As he did so he lost his balance on the slippery ice and fell. And Truefitt who was fast growing numbed and helpless, roused himself for a su-

at him, but Fawn, with an oath, turned

preme effort. He grabbed the hook that lay across the ice and hoisted himself out of the water. Then he attempted to raise

Fawn. Fawn whirled round and round in the center of the open place. shricked in terror and clutched at Truefitt's fingers. But the lead was widening; the sleigh went toppling down. Truefitt had just time to cut the harness and free the straining dogs before it sank like a stone, with

all the ivory. With a last cry Fawn threw up his hands and sank beneath the water. There was no chance of rescue now. Truefitt stared into Mabel's frightened

Presently she looked up at him. "Let us go on," she said in a low voice.

IV The return voyage was a quick one. Truefitt got his ship out of the ice and got back to the United States by the middle of October. No word about Fawn's death passed between him and Mabel. He did not know whether she knew of Fawn's treachery or whether

she held him guilty for his death. It was not until their final parting. at her home, that she spoke of the subject. "Tell me everything, now," she said.

Truefitt hesitated; then, as kindly as he could, he told her. He felt that it would be unfair to her to let her live in the belief that Fawn was what she had believed him.

She was silent when he had ended. "I have thought it all out and come to that conclusion," she said. "I am going to be frank now. Do you know

why I asked you to take me North?" "Because you loved him," said Truefitt miserably. "No," she replied. "Because I wanted to know-just why-I had ceased

to care for him." Then Truefitt knew that his first love had been a worse fallacy than he had ever suspected.

Too Candid

Ar elderly beau had been delivering himself of certain forcible homely truths when lecturing his nephews. "Wonderful chap, your uncle," observed a friend when the old gentle-

"I don't know much about his being well preserved," growled the offended nephew, "but he is unpleasantly candid."-Youth's Companion.

man had disappeared. "So well pre-

### Stickler for Economy

An antiquarian has discovered why that farmer of an early day cut two coles through his barn door to accomnodate the cats, a large hole for the big cat and a smaller for the little cat. In an old diary found in the attic was the explanation: this thrifty old settler gave his reason, that it was poor economy to allow so small a cat

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Cavalry "Made Good" in Many Operations

Cavalry in many instances, when decisively employed, was the determining factor in a campaign or operation during the World war. It may fairly be said that in the Palestine campaign, the British cavalry, and in the Bolshevik-Polish campaign the Bolshevik cavalry, were the determining factor., The Ramadi, Khan Baghdadie and Shargat operations in Mesopotamia, causing the surrender of practically all the enemy engaged, are good examples of cavalry decisive action. The September, 1918, offensive by the British in Palestine is another excellent example and in the following minor actions a decisive or contributory influence either alone or !n combination with other arms: The French Second cavalry corps in the Ourq. May, 1918; the British Third cavalry division, southeast of Amiena, August 8, 1918; the British Second cavalry brigade, August 24, 1914.

#### "DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

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Shakespeare Revised

Colonel Picot, hend of the Gueules Cassees and the French War Cripples' association, was asked by girl reporter in New York if he liked

his country's fashlons, "Yes," he answered, "they are beautiful. At the same time-" and Colonel Picot chuckled- "at the same time, while you're admiring our French fashions you can't help mur-

muring to yourself: 'Clothes make the man and lack

of them the lady."

Few Poisonous Species

Do not believe all the stories you ear of deaths caused by inwrites William J. Maddox in Hygela Magazine. The chances are most of them are not true for there are no deadly insects in the United States, according to Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the United States bureau of entomology. Some insects are carriers of disease, but this is outside the

insect's own ability to inflict harm. Scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes have reputations worse than their bites or stings.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills remove symptoms and restore digestios. 373 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Boon to Musicians

A German inventor claims to have solved the problem of turning the pages of a musical selection, an operation which has always bothered members of bands and orchestras. The invention consists of a lever operated with the foot. The lever is attached to the music stand in such a manner that by stepping on it the page is turned.

Growth in Farm Lighting Between 5 and 10 per cent of the 6,371,617 farms of America have electric light and power service available either from a power company or from their own independent generating outfits, according to Dr. E. A. White, of Chlengo, director of the committee on the relation of electricity to agricul-

Novel Color Effect

Colored electric light played upon steam Jetting from the top of Kansas City's Liberty Memorial shaft simulates flame exactly. Long experiment finally produced the proper effect





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