



The DOOM TRAIL

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Here," he said, "you may find my warrant from the king himself to exercise what powers I deem necessary along the frontier. Only the governor-general may overrule me."
Joncaire studied the paper.

"That is so," he admitted. "But I tell you this, De Veulle, you have a bad record on the frontier for a trouble-maker. But for you I should have had the Senecas and Ojodagas in our interest before this. I write to Quebec by the first post, demanding a check upon your activities. We have too much at stake to permit you to jeopardize it."

"At De-o-nun-de-ga-a it is known that Ta-wan-ne-ars and his brother Ormerod journeyed to Jagara," interposed the Seneca in his own language. "Does Joncaire think the Senecas will be quiet when one of their chiefs is given up to the Keepers of the Doom Trail for torment?"

"The Senecas will be told that you never reached Jagara," replied De Veulle before Joncaire could speak. Joncaire turned to me.

"Well, my Jean," he said soberly, "whatever your name may be, you have gotten yourself into a nasty mess. You will be lucky if you die quickly. My advice to you is to pick the first chance to die, no matter how it may be. These Keepers—peste! They are a bad lot. They are artists in torment. 'Tis part of their religion, which I will say they still practice, even though Pere Hyacinthe were to excommunicate me."

As he was about to climb the stairs De Lery had ascended, De Veulle called him back.

"One moment! Speaking officially, Monsieur de Joncaire, I desire you to send out belts to all friendly tribes, summoning them to a council-fire which will be held here by the king's command in August."

Joncaire bowed.

"It shall be done," he said. "Now then"—De Veulle addressed me—"we will consider your case. Are the bands sufficiently tight?"

I had been bound with strips of rawhide which cut into every muscle. The question was superfluous.

"Pick them up," he said to the Cahnuagas. "We will get back to the canoes."

Despite the tightness of my bonds and the numbness they induced, I fell asleep, rocked by the easy motion of the canoe as it was driven along by the powerful arms of the Cahnuagas.

CHAPTER IX

La Vierge du Bois

A dash of water awakened me. One of the Cahnuagas was leaning down, his hideous face close to mine, his fingers wrestling with the knots in the rawhide bonds.

"You cannot lie idle, my distinguished guest," called De Veulle from his place at the stern. "You must keep us dry."

As the rawhide strips were unwound I was able to sit up and look over the trail bank side. We were out of sight of land, and a moderate breeze was raising a slight swell, the crest of which occasionally broke over our bow.

In the other canoe Ta-wan-ne-ars already was at work with a bark scoop.

All of that day we were isolated on the restless surface of the huge inland sea. Just before dusk of the second day we sighted a rocky coast, and sheered away from it. On the sixth day we passed out of the lake into the narrow channel of the great river, and landed in the evening at a palisaded post on the southern bank.

So far I had been treated fairly well. My captors had shared with me their milder fare of parched corn and jerked meat; and if I had been compelled to bale out the canoe incessantly, it was equally true that they had labored at the paddles night and day. But now everything was changed. My legs were left unbound, but with uncanny skill, the savages lashed back my arms until well-nigh every bit of circulation was stopped in them and each movement I was forced to make became an act of torture. The one recompense for my sufferings was that for the first time since our capture I had the company of Ta-wan-ne-ars, and I was able to profit by his stoical demeanor in resisting the impulse to vent my anger against De Veulle.

"Say nothing, brother," he counseled me when I panted my hate, "for every word you say will afford him satisfaction."

"I wish I had stayed in the canoe in the middle of the lake," I exclaimed bitterly. "What is this place? Where are we?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars looked around the landscape, rapidly dimming in the twilight.

"This place Ta-wan-ne-ars does not know," he replied. "Yet it is on the river St. Lawrence, for there is no other stream of this size. I think,

brother, that De Veulle is taking us to La Vierge du Bois."

"It matters little where he takes us," I returned ill-naturedly. "Our end is like to be the same in any case. Joncaire told me all I sought to know of Jagara—but he told it to a dead man."

"Not yet dead, brother. Ta-wan-ne-ars corrected me gently. "We have still a long way to go—and we have our search."

"Which is like to lead us into the hands of—" I said rudely.

But De Veulle and three strange Frenchmen walked up at that moment, and Ta-wan-ne-ars was spared the necessity of an answer.

"Tis well," De Veulle was saying. "We will rest the night, then. I'll lodge my prisoners in the stockade."

"And there is naught else?" asked one of the others.

"The letter to Pere Hyacinthe—don't forget that."

Whereat they all laughed with a kind of sinister mystery and cast glances of amusement at us.

The Cahnuagas drove us from the bank with kicks and blows of their paddle-blades, and the white men followed leisurely, laughing now and then as we dodged some particularly vicious attack upon our heads and faces. As it was, when we were flung into a bare log-walled room within the palisade we were covered with bruises.

"Twas the real beginning of our torment."

In the morning our arms were untied and we were given a mess of half-cooked Indian meal. Then the rawhides were rebound, and we set



forth upon a trail that led from the river southeastward into the forest. A Cahnuaga walked behind each of us, tomahawk in hand. De Veulle himself brought up the rear, his musket always ready. If we hesitated in our pace or staggered, the savage nearest to us used the flat of his tomahawk or his musket-butt.

On the third day, shortly after noon, I was astonished to hear faintly, but very distinctly, a bell ringing in the forest.

"La Vierge du Bois welcomes you," hailed De Veulle from behind us. "The bell rings you in. Ah, there will be bright eyes and flushed cheeks at sight of you!"

He laughed in a pleasant, melodious way.

"White cheeks to flush for you, Ormerod, and red cheeks to grow dusky for our friend the chief here! What a fluttering of hearts there will be!"

"Could I have wrenched my hands free I would have snatched a tomahawk from the Cahnuaga before me. But I did what Ta-wan-ne-ars did—held my head straight and walked as if I had not heard. Something told me the Seneca suffered as much as I. We did not hear the bell again; but in mid-afternoon the forest ended upon the banks of a little river, and in the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Humorous Episode the Result of Tardiness

Absentmindedness, that classic affliction of college professors, is an impartial ailment which does not restrict itself to any class of individuals, as was proven at a recent meeting held in one of the city's hotels.

A young lady, arriving shortly after the meeting was called to order, became embarrassed at her tardiness and, when called upon for her ticket of admission at the door, handed the required pasteboard to the ticket-taker and hurried to her seat.

Shortly afterward the chairman of the meeting called for order and explained that he had a short announcement to make. "If Miss Smith will call at the door, on her way out," said the chairman, "we will be glad to return her automobile license in ex-

change for her ticket of admission."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pianists' Hand-Stretches
The difficulty of some of Liszt's compositions for the piano is perhaps explained in part by the fact that his own hand-stretch was unusually big. He could easily stretch an octave with his thumb and first finger. Rubinstein also had a phenomenal reach. On the other hand, there are well-known pianists today whose natural stretch between thumb and little finger is barely an octave; yet by constant and careful practice, and by a wise choice of music for performances, they have established themselves in the estimation of audiences, who are rarely aware of the handicap.

Quart of Water Cleans Kidneys

Take a Little Salts If Your Back Hurts, or Bladder is Troubling You

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Eating too much rich food creates acids, which excite the kidneys. They become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood. Then we get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys, or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin drinking a quart of water each day, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys may act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush and stimulate the kidneys; also to help neutralize the acids in the system, so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby often avoiding serious kidney complications.

It's only when we do our best that we get any joy out of work.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Never judge a woman's smile by her teeth; both may be artificial.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin
When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

A well-bred person is one who does not boast about it.

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Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

No one can exist in society without some speciality.—Taine.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is powerful, but safe. One dose will expel Worms or Tape-worm; no castor oil needed. Adv.

There is a foundationless notion that "liar" is a humorous word. It certainly is a gross one.

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocyclic Acid Ester of Salicylic Acid

Mere Male's Criticism

"One thing about raw oysters."

"Yes?"

"Any woman can serve them."

Probably Did

"Where did you spend the summer?"

"At Cape Flattery."

"That ought to suit any girl."

Children Cry for



MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

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EYES HURT?

For burning or sandy lids, and to relieve inflammation and soreness use Mitchell's Eye Salve, according to directions. Soothing, healing. HALL & BUCKLE, 147 Waverly Place, New York

Women and Careers

"Your wife seems contented. Now mine wants a career."
"Mine was having one at the ribbon counter when I married her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nothing of That Left

"You can warm up a good many leftovers." "How about the ice cream?" "Fortunately, the children never leave any of that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



When Winter Comes Good Elimination Is Essential

HABITS of life change with the changing seasons. Winter brings us more indoors; we are apt to get less fresh air and exercise, to eat heavier food and to be less active generally. These winter-time habits impose heavier burdens upon our hard-working kidneys.

unpleasant ways. One is apt to feel tired, achy and listless—to have drowsy headaches, dizziness and perhaps a dull, "toxic" backache. That the kidneys are not functioning as they should is often shown by scanty or burning secretions.

Sluggish kidney function permits retention of poisonous waste in the blood and makes one an easier victim of winter's colds and chills. Presence of these unfiltered toxins makes itself felt in many

At such times the use of a stimulant diuretic* to the kidneys is indicated. Doan's Pills act on the kidneys only. Grateful users the country over recommend them. Ask your neighbor!

*Diuretics are agents which increase the secretion of the kidneys.—Encyclopaedia definition.

Doan's Pills

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.