

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
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PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
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 WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

The yelling in the wood increased in volume as the False Faces followed the course we had taken by broken branches and footprints in the pine-mold. A misshapen figure with the head of some fabled beast squatted into the trail and galloped around, nose to ground like a hound seeking a lost scent. In a moment the ugly head was lifted, and a howl of satisfaction greeted the other monstrous shapes which joined it. The whole pack gave tongue and vanished up the trail after Marjory.

Ta-wan-ne-ars waited to give the stragglers time to appear, then rose and led the way along the bed of the stream westward.

We walked in the water for more than a mile, when the stream turned to the north and we stepped out upon a rock and dressed. Afterward we caught the overhanging bough of a tree and swung ourselves onto dry ground above the bank, never leaving a trace of our course up to that time. From this point we traveled on through the forest, pursuing no settled path, but holding to the westward in the direction of Oswego on the shore of the Cadarakul lake.

We did not stop until after midday. Ta-wan-ne-ars knocked over a wild turkey with his tomahawk, kindled a fire of dry sticks and broiled the juicy bird before the coals. He insisted that I should sleep first, promising to arouse me at the end of two hours—he reckoned time, I should explain, by the declension of the sun. But when he finally did arouse me the sun was close to setting, and I saw by the sunken look of his eyes that he had not slept during his watch.

"Why did you not wake me?" I asked angrily.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars had no wish for sleep," he returned.

"Nonsense," I retorted. "You cannot go indefinitely without rest."

"I had my thoughts for company," he said simply. "They are not happy thoughts, brother. They would not let me sleep. Your search is ended, brother—er, he added.

"What do you mean?"

"The soul you sought has been found. It is no longer sick."

"Mayhap," I agreed, "but none the less 'tis out of reach and in great danger."

"We shall save it," he encouraged me. "Ta-wan-ne-ars knows. We must wait. The time will come."

He refused again to sleep, and we ate the remainder of the turkey—our hunger was prodigious—and pushed on, traveling most of the night. Not once did we see a trace of the Keepers, and when we halted Ta-wan-ne-ars said that we were on the marches of the hunting grounds of the Mohawks.

In the late morning we killed a rabbit, broiled and ate it and tramped the virgin forest until long past sunset. The following afternoon we caught our first view of the inland sea from a height of land, and the next morning we sighted the stockade of Oswego, the fort which Governor Burnet had established on the shores of the lake in his effort to divert the far-western fur trade from the French posts.

The gate was closed, but as we approached it opened, and an enormous, pot-bellied figure in buckskin and fur cap sauntered out to meet us.

"Ja, ild is you," Corlaer hailed us. "What has happened? I hafe come here to scout der Doom Trail and learn how you diied—and you are alive."

So we told him, whilst the lieutenant in command of the post and his garrison of twenty lusty frontiersmen gathered in a knot to listen over each other's shoulders.

"Budt—budt," expostulated Peter, "you hafe been in La Vierge du Bois!"

"True."

"Budt nobody has efer been in La Vierge du Bois—"

"And come out alive," I amended. "I fear many poor souls have been sacrificed by these fendish priests."

Peter insisted upon our repeating the tale with all details, and I believe he would have required a third account had it not been for the interruption which came during the afternoon.

We were sitting in the commandant's quarters on the upper floor of the blockhouse when the sentries on the stockade announced a large fleet of canoes approaching from the west. The lieutenant promptly issued orders to get out the trade goods, and prepared for an impressive reception of the savages, deeming them emissaries of some tribe come to exchange their fur catch of the winter.

But the leading canoes held on past the fort, and none of those which followed gave indication of intent to steer inshore.

"Hafe you a canoe?" asked Corlaer of the bewildered lieutenant. "Ja? Well, my friends and I will go and ask what this means."

We launched the canoe from the water-gate, and with Peter and Ta-wan-ne-ars at the paddles, sped out into the lake. Some distance from shore we overhauled the rear squadron of the fleet, every canoe loaded deep with packages of furs.

"Ho, brothers," called Ta-wan-ne-ars. "The chief of the English fort, who commands here in the name of

Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, invites you to come ashore and trade with him."

Up stood a large, stout man with lanky black hair, dressed in the uniform of the French marine troops, who had been ensconced behind a bale of furs.

"Ha, 'tis my friend from Arles," he shouted, "and his companion, the noble war chief! So the Keepers did not keep you?"

"No, Monsieur de Joncaire," I replied. "We are still alive to plague you."

"Ventre St. Remi, 'tis not sorry I am! Try it again, my lad. Only try it again!"

"And what are you doing with these people?"

He roared with laughter. "No more than shepherding them past the temptations of the English."

Ta-wan-ne-ars called again to the Indians in the canoes.

"Come ashore, brothers. We have rich goods to trade with you."

"We do not need to trade with the English," a voice replied. "We are glad we can trade with our fathers,



the French. They have plenty of goods to offer us. Onontio has sent word he will pay better than the English now."

"Ha, ha, ha," exploded Joncaire. "Ho, ho, ho! Mort de ma vie! Tonerr-r-re de Dieu! 'Tis an odd world! Au revoir—and avoid the Keepers. Avoid the Keepers by all means. I am told they keep a strict watch upon the Doom Trail these days."

His paddlers dipped their blades, and his bellows of laughter were wafted back to us as his canoe followed the fur argosy down the lake toward the French posts on the St. Lawrence—posts whose magazines were already beginning to swell with the life-blood of English trade which was pouring over the Doom Trail.

CHAPTER XI

We Meet Red Death and Black Death

"We must scout the Doom Trail," I said as we carried the canoe through the water-gate and deposited it within the stockade. "I will write the governor at once of affairs at Jagara and La Vierge du Bois. But this last business makes it necessary he should have sure intelligence of what passes to Canada."

"Ja," agreed Corlaer slowly. "Budt I hafe another scheme we might try first—tonight."

He surveyed the scores of dwindling canoes, their silvery birchen sides agleam in the sunlight, their dripping paddle blades shining as the paddlers drove them along.

"They will make camp by sunset at der point of der three rocks. That is eight—ten—miles from here. Ja, we can make it."

"Make what?" I asked impatiently. "Der distance. And my plan."

"What plan, man?"

"To put der grin or der other side of Joncaire's face, by—! Now you listen."

And he outlined an undertaking which seemed absurdly simple until I chanced to look up and see that fleet of canoes clouding the eastern horizon of the lake.

"They are too many for us," I objected.

"Ja, if they know we come," he admitted. "Budt they do not."

"It is well worth trying," said Ta-

wan-ne-ars deliberately. "If it succeeds it will set back the plans of Onontio and Murray."

"And if it does not, then you tell der governor Peter Corlaer tried once too often to get der joke back on Joncaire."

With which sage comment, Peter took himself off to arrange with the post commandant for drawing certain supplies we should require for this new expedition.

Two hours later an express left Oswego with dispatches for Governor Burnet, describing the situation at Jagara and our experiences at La Vierge du Bois, as well as the passage of Joncaire's argosy of furs, the greatest haul which had so far been made by either country that year on the frontier. Before the gate was slammed shut again we three slipped out and waved good-by to the garrison on the walls.

Our advance was cautious, and we parted company with Corlaer in some bushes, whence we could distinguish figures dancing around the flames and hear the distant yells of the guests of Joncaire as they caroused on his brandy. The Dutchman stripped to his belt. Ta-wan-ne-ars relieved him of his musket, powder horn and bullet pouch, and I shouldered his clothes and pack.

"By der blasted pine—a goodt mille beyond der other side," whispered Peter as he waded into the water.

"You are sure you can stay afloat so long?" I asked with some misgiving.

"Ja," he said scornfully. "When you hear a noise like a fish rising three times, that is Peter."

He settled knife and tomahawk against either thigh, slung a spare flask of powder beside them, sank forward to his chin and began to cleave the water with powerful, overhead strokes.

"We must hurry, brother," admonished Ta-wan-ne-ars.

He started off at right angles with the path we had been following, and we fetched a circle around the group of fires, coming ultimately to a high point above the shore half a mile beyond them. Here we rested, both because our weariness was very great and because we desired to witness Peter's exploit, and, if need be, be prepared to aid him.

It was past midnight, and the fires had burned low and the brandy drinkers soaked themselves stupid. Not a sound came to us, except for the calling of a wolf from the heavy timber inshore and the croaking of water-birds.

"Twas Ta-wan-ne-ars' eagle vision which saw the danger signal. He gripped my arm."

"Look, brother," he hissed.

I looked, and a flame spurted upward between the fires and the water. There was a sharp explosion. A long minute elapsed, and then a chorus of excited yells rose, dropped and was sustained.

We listened for ten minutes, and whilst the yelling continued, with intermittent shooting, there was nothing to indicate triumph or satisfaction. In the meantime, the flames which Peter had kindled, after flourishing grandly, gradually died out as the awakened savages removed those canoes which had not caught fire and threw water on such as were only smoldering.

Half an hour passed uneventfully. Then the steady lapping of the water against the beach was disturbed by the splash a fish makes in rising. It was repeated twice. Ta-wan-ne-ars leaned over and splashed the water thrice with his hand. A grunt boomed out of the darkness. Ripples spread in a widening circle, and a huge form stepped noiselessly ashore, ignoring our helping hands.

"Oof, that was a goodt joke on Joncaire," muttered Peter. "Some canoes I smash with der ax andt some I blow up with der powder andt more are burned. Where are my clothes? I am soaked like der muskrat."

"You were long in coming," said Ta-wan-ne-ars. "My brother is not hurt?"

"Nein, nein. Oof, what a swim! I tell you I hafe bubbles under my skin! Ja!"

"Did you damage them much?" I asked eagerly.

Peter suspended the operation of struggling into his shirt and chuckled shrilly.

"I would gife much to see der face of that Joncaire when he counts his canoes andt der fur packs he has left. Twice now we get der joke on him."

Wet as he was, with the water dripping from his lank hair, he insisted upon quitting that dangerous locality at once. We tramped across country until the sun was high, and we stumbled upon an isolated family of Onondagas, who made us free of their gano-sote.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plants Grow Rapidly in Continuous Light

Experiments in the use of intensive illumination as an aid to horticulture were made recently with 1,000-watt gas-filled lamps equipped with large reflectors. In every case the progress of the plants was remarkable, says a writer.

The plants were placed under the light when buds were just beginning to form. Daffodils and Lent lilies, when placed under the light for six hours a night, flowered in four days, growing about an inch a day.

The rapid progress of vegetation in the Arctic regions, once the sun has reached a fair altitude, has already been noticed by travelers. This is most likely due to the fact that daylight is continuous, although the presence of an unusually high ultra violet

content is probably an influential factor.

The same explanation may account for the rapid growth of wheat in regions such as Alberta, in Canada, where the whole process of sowing to harvesting has to be completed in five months.

Boy's Idea of Parsons

A youngster's essay on clergymen runs: "There are three kinds of clergymen, bishops, rectors and curats, the bishops tell the rectors to work and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man, but when he is rector he gets fuller and can preach longer sermons and becoma a good man."—Boston Transcript.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

To everything there is a reason, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance.—Ecclesiastes.

FOOD IN SEASON

A very nice dish that the German cooks prepare, which is very appetizing is:



Red Cabbage.—Shred very fine and put on to cook in a little water, let cook slowly, adding salt, butter and the sirup from pickled peaches to season. Cook for three hours to have the cabbage well seasoned.

Baked Dried Peaches.—Soak one pound of dried peaches overnight. Place in a deep dish, sprinkle with cinnamon and pour over them one-fourth of a cupful of sirup or honey. Cover with cold water and bake until nearly tender, add one tablespoonful of butter and finish baking.

Potatoes With Cheese Sauce.—Boil potatoes in their jackets, peel and cool and then cut into slices or with a French cutter into balls. Scald one pint of milk. Cook together two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, add salt and pepper and a little minced parsley. When the flour is well cooked with the butter add the milk, and when well cooked together add a cupful of finely flavored cheese.

Pimento Bisque.—This is such a pretty soup that it will do for state occasions. Put through a ricer one can of pimentos, add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of tabasco sauce, one-half cupful of cream and three pints of chicken stock. Boil up before adding the cream. Serve in cups.

Cream of Chestnuts.—Peel and blanch three cupfuls of large chestnuts. Cook for half an hour in boiling water to cover, add two cupfuls of chicken stock and cook until the nuts are tender, then rub through a sieve and reheat, adding salt, pepper and butter to season. Serve with hot, split and buttered toasted crackers. Just before serving add two cupfuls of boiling cream.

Benares Salad.—Grate fresh coconut, add twice the measure of finely diced apple, a tablespoonful each of chopped red pepper and onion, salt, cayenne to season and serve on lettuce with French dressing. Use the coconut milk with the oil and vinegar in making the dressing.

Mock Terrapin.—Take a pound and a half of veal cut into small pieces after cooking until tender. Add a small bunch of sliced celery, two hard-cooked eggs sliced, salt, pepper and grated onion to taste. Prepare a white sauce, using a pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter cooked together before the milk is added. Season well with salt and pepper and pour over the prepared meat. Serve with toasted bread.

Helpful Hints.

Vegetables because of their bulk, form a large part of our necessary food.

Vegetables are rich in mineral salts and acids as well as the growth determinants called vitamins, which are invaluable in the diet of the child at any time.

Fried cornmeal mush is a food "which will stay by" until another meal. Bits of chopped meat, chicken or dried fruits added to the mush will make it more tasty and nourishing. Cut into slices and fry for breakfast.

Less butter is used on griddle cakes if a little is added to the sirup used on the cakes.

Gun camphor in the silver chest will keep it from tarnishing.

Clean the painted walls of the kitchen on a damp day or with the room steaming with hot water; this lessens the work by half.

A little paraffin rubbed over the kitchen range will keep it from getting rusty.

Always save all the paraffin from the tops of jelly glasses, wash it carefully and it is ready to melt and use again.

Muriatic acid will clean sinks and all bathroom porcelains. Rinse thoroughly after using or it is apt to remove the glaze if left on too long. This acid is very poisonous and should be used with care.

A cupful of any kind of good flavored cheese finely chopped or grated, added to a white sauce is good over toast or as a sauce for scalloped onions, cabbage or potatoes.

Sour milk when used in cakes makes a more moist, tender and better flavored product, and it keeps longer. Use one-half teaspoonful of soda to a cupful of thick sour milk.

To keep a juicy pie from boiling over, add a small paper funnel in the opening. The juice will boil up in this and go back into the pie.

Make over worn tablecloths and put away for emergency cases.

When roasting chicken place it in the roasting pan breast side down and baste frequently. The juices will season the breast and make it better flavored.

Cup tops are easily ruined by using a knife to cut round the edges when opening the can.

Neenie Maxwell



In Later Years of Life

Good Elimination is More Than Ever Important.

As we grow older, there is apt to be a gradual slowing up of bodily functions. The kidneys are the blood filters. Proper function cleanses the blood stream thoroughly. Sluggish function is apt to permit some retention of uric acid and other poisons. This tends to make one tired, listless and achy—to have drowsy headaches and dizziness and perhaps a toxic backache. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by scanty or burning passages. Elderly people recommend Doan's Pills in this condition. This tested diuretic is endorsed the country over. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

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Kissed

"You are sun kissed," remarked Margie. "There are others," announced Maud.

Eloquence is the mistress of all the arts.—Tacitus!

A news item tells of an unpublished manuscript dated 1506, which is a whole lot of reflection blips!

It is the wicked who think every temptation is an opportunity.

Children Cry for



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.

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