

THE DOOM TRAIL

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Yo-hay," muttered the warriors in guttural assent. "We will keep our hearts strong, O Ta-wan-ne-ars."

Their faces were more serious than before, but they exhibited no signs of fear. We moved much more cautiously now that we were near our journey's end, with three scouts always in front, one on either flank of the path we trod. But we saw no signs of other men, although many times we came upon bear tracks. Toward evening we struck the waters of the tumbling little river through which Ta-wan-ne-ars and I had waded that night after Marjory had released us.

Scouts returned to report not a footprint in the snow. We ate a little parched corn mixed with maple sugar and some jerked meat we carried in our haversacks.

About midnight we all moved forward, Ta-wan-ne-ars leading the line. The oaks and elms, maples and willows, which had composed the elements of the forest, now gave place to tall funeral firs, whose massive jade-green shadows darted vaguely over the white ground as the trees swayed and groaned. In the distance an owl hooted solemnly. The Otter touched my shoulder.

"Did you hear the owl?" he murmured.

"Yes," I whispered back. "It is cold for an owl to leave his tree hole."

He threw back his head, and I started at the fidelity of the repetition.

"Too-who-oo! Too-who-oo!" We listened, but there was no answer. Instead, after brief interval, the howl of a wolf resounded.

A few yards farther on the owl hooted again. The line halted, and the warrior in front of him whispered that Ta-wan-ne-ars wished to speak with me. I passed by him and several others and came to where the chief stood, peering, or, trying to peer, into the night.

"There was something strange about the owl, brother," he said. "The warriors told me that the Otter answered it, yet it did not reply. And then the wolf—"

A yell as of fiends from hell shattered the mantle of silence. Flames spurted through the firs, and in the gleam of the discharges and of torches thrown into our midst I had a fleeting glimpse of hideous masked figures bounding between the tree trunks.

"Keep your hearts strong, brothers of the Long House," shouted Ta-wan-ne-ars. "They are only Cahnua dogs. Stand to it!"

He fired as he spoke. I imitated him. Our men shot off a scattering volley. Then the False Faces were amongst us, coming from all sides, springing out of the ground, dropping from the very branches overhead and wielding their ga-je-was, or war clubs, with dreadful effect.

CHAPTER XV

Ga-ha-no's Sacrifice

There was no time to reload. We fought with ax and knife as best we could. Ta-wan-ne-ars and I, with half a dozen of our warriors, crowded back to back. The rest of our party were cut off in twos and threes.

Resistance was hopeless. The swarms of False Faces seemed to care nothing for death if only they could bring down an Iroquois.

I was knocked senseless by a blow which I partially warded with my tomahawk. When I came to I was lying in the snow in front of a huge fire. My arms were bound and my head ached so violently that I felt sick.

"Is my brother in pain?" asked the voice of Ta-wan-ne-ars.

I rolled over to find him lying beside me, the blood from three or four trivial cuts freezing on his head and shoulders.

"Yes," I groaned, "but 'tis naught." "There was treachery," he said. "They knew we were coming, and they lost many men so that they might take us alive."

"All our warriors—" I faltered. He turned his head to the left; and, following his gaze, I saw that I was on the right of a line of recumbent figures, which my dizziness would not permit me to count.

"No not all, I think," Ta-wan-ne-ars answered after a moment. "Five are slain and fourteen others lie here. But I do not see the Otter."

"The Otter suspected something wrong," I said. "Twas he who answered the owl's call."

"It may be he escaped," replied Ta-wan-ne-ars. "I must warn our brothers to say naught of him. If the Keepers do not suspect, they may believe they have all of us safe in their net."

He whispered his warning to the man beside him, and it was passed down the line.

"Your head is much swollen, brother," he said, rolling over again so as to face me. "Let Ta-wan-ne-ars make shift to bathe it with snow."

A shadow fell athwart us as we lay and a mocking voice replied for me:

"By all means, most excellent Iroquois. I trust you will nurse our valuable captive back to full strength and health."

I struggled to a sitting position, for I liked not to lie at De Veulle's feet, however much I might be at his mercy.

"So you walked into the spider's web," he continued, standing betwixt me and the firelight which ruddled his sinful face. "A woman's plea—and you threw caution to the winds! You fool!"

"The letter was a bait?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"For you—yes. I say again—you fool! Baptiste took the letter to Murray, and Murray read it to me. It could not have been contrived more skillfully to suit our plans."

"Twas ridiculous, no doubt, but I was easier in my heart for assurance that Marjory had not known her appeal



was used as a lure. It enabled me to maintain a stoicism of demeanor I did not feel.

"Well, 'twas kind of you to make such haste," he went on, sneering down at me. "You will be in time for the wedding after all. Oh, never fear; you shall be permitted to live that long. We have plenty of meat in this bag to supply diversion for our savages in the meantime."

He switched suddenly into the Seneca vernacular.

"Are you all here, Iroquois dogs?" he demanded curtly.

"All are here, French mongrel," returned Ta-wan-ne-ars pleasantly.

De Veulle kicked him.

"Keep that for the torture stake," he advised. "We have five corpses and fourteen warriors and yourself. That is all?"

"All," reiterated Ta-wan-ne-ars.

De Veulle passed along the line, cross-questioning each prisoner to an accompaniment of kicks and threats. All told the same story. De Veulle seemed satisfied. He returned to my side, and summoned a host of masked figures from the surrounding shadows. They jerked us to our feet, stamped out the fire and escorted us over the trampled, bloody snow where we had fought, through the gloomy aisles of the Evil Wood and into the irregular streets of La Vierge du Bois.

Two men stood by the gate of the stockade to greet us. One was Murray, the other was Baptiste Meurier.

The unsavory face of the courier de bois grinned appreciation of my astonishment.

"Peste, monsieur!" he exclaimed. "It seems you are a slow traveler. I feared I might be behind you, but I arrived twenty-four hours in advance. I have to thank you for the beaver pelts. They were a sufficient bribe for my immediate release."

"That will do, Baptiste," interjected Murray. "Heard you ever, Ta-wan-

ne-ars, of scouts who wore bears' pads for moccasins?"

"For the first and only time during our acquaintance Ta-wan-ne-ars was surprised into a look of chagrin.

"We thought it was late for bears to be out," he admitted.

Murray chuckled with amusement. "Quite so, quite so! And so you visit us once more, Master Ormerod. I confess 'tis an unexpected pleasure which we shall strive to make the most of."

"Sir," I said earnestly, "it makes little difference to me what is my fate, but I conjure you by whatever pretensions to gentility you possess to give over your plan of selling your daughter."

"The words you choose for your appeal do not commend it to me," he returned. "Nor do I perceive what business of yours it may be to question my daughter's marriage."

Now, what put it in my head I know not, unless it was the fact that in her letter to me Marjory had spoken of him as "Mr. Murray"; but I leaped to the instant conclusion that she was not his daughter. Sure, no man could have disposed of his own daughter so cold-bloodedly!

"She is not your daughter in the first place," I retorted boldly. "And in the second place, she has expressed to me her abhorrence of her marriage, as you know."

"Zooks," he remarked mildly after an interval of silence, "tis strong language that you use. You are a headstrong young man, Master Ormerod. Can it be that you have some personal interest in the matter?"

Again some instinct prompted me. "I have," I asserted. "Your daughter prefers me to the man you would force upon her. And as a suitor, according to your estimates of the world's opinion, I am far more eligible than this Frenchman."

"You are scarcely wise to say so to his face, and I beg leave to differ with you. I find the Chevalier de Veulle a very eligible young man, of rank in the world, of achievement, of distinct promise for the future."

"If you can call a man eligible who was not even eligible for continued residence at the most profligate court in Europe, I agree with you."

"Tut, tut," remonstrated Murray. "Your words are not those of a gentleman, sir. We will abandon the subject. Where do you propose to incarcerate the prisoners, chevalier?"

"I would not risk them a second time in the keeping of the savages," said De Veulle. "Let us try your strong room. There you and I can have an eye to their security."

"That is well conceived. Is there any news of Pere Hyacinthe?"

"I have stationed a man at the river crossing to bring word the instant he arrives."

"I applaud your thoughtfulness. This continued delay in the ceremony is annoying. Master Ormerod, your sufferings are upon your own head."

I looked eagerly for Marjory's face as we marched across the yard inside the stockade and through the heavy timber doors of the house. But she was not visible. Our guards examined our bonds carefully, fastened our legs and then left us.

We remained there three days, without intercourse with anyone except our Indian jailers, who brought us messes of food twice daily.

On the fourth day we were eating our meager fare of boiled corn when the door was flung open violently and the gaunt figure of Black Robe entered unannounced. Behind him, obviously unwilling, walked Murray.

"Which is the Englishman Ormerod?" demanded the priest in French.

"Here I am, father," I answered, standing up as well as I could.

"Mistress Murray tells me that you have won her affections?" he asked coldly.

My heart leaped with sudden joy. "That is true, father," I said.

"And you love her?"

"As much as a man may, father." He turned upon Murray with a gesture of decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Acadians Returned to Get Hidden Treasure

When the Acadians were driven from their homes in what is now Nova Scotia in 1755, by the British and Colonial troops from New England, their expulsion came so suddenly that they made haste to bury their valuables, hoping that at some time they might return for them.

Some of them did return but others, it would appear, were not so fortunate, for at various times, pots and chests containing money and other valuables have been uncovered. There is a story well known in the region about a family living on the north shore of Cumberland basin in 1834. One evening members of the family saw a boat anchored about a mile from land and speculated as to its mission. Next morning it had gone and a little later it was discovered that a block of stone that served as a doorstep in front of the house had been moved. Beneath where

it had lain was the imprint of a three-legged pot, doubtless having contained valuables left by the Acadians nearly a century before.—Montreal Family Herald.

Nature's Perfection

With all our knowledge we cannot keep clean a piece of glass, if ever so precious, such as the lens of a microscope, without scratching it in the cleaning. The window and lens of the human body, the eye, is kept automatically clean for the time of one's life by means of a wonderful slightly disinfectant fluid, the tears, and the winking of our eyelids, and the water sent down the nose.

Oysters Like Yeast

Oysters enjoy feeding on yeast and make rapid growth on this food, says a recent report of the British ministry of fisheries.

Current Wit and Humor



AGREEMENT

Mr. Murphy was taking his first flight in an airplane. The pilot was taking him over San Francisco and when they were about 3,000 feet up the plane went into a nose dive.

"I'll bet 50 per cent of the people down there thought we were falling," the pilot remarked.

"Sure," answered Mr. Murphy, "and I know damned well 50 per cent of the people up here thought so, too."—Success.

DIDN'T DRESS SWELL



Mary—Does he dress well?
Alice—Dress swell? I should say not! His wife does all the swell dressing in that house.

Landing a Passenger

Ruth rode in my new cycle car. In the seat in back of me; I took a bump at fifty-five, and rode on ruthlessly.

What's in a Name?

"My niece is quite theatrical," remarked old Mrs. Blunderby. "Next week she is taking part in a Shakespeare play at college."

"Which of his plays is it?" her caller asked.

"Edith mentioned the name of it, but I'm not sure whether it's 'If You Like It That Way' or 'Nothing Much Doing.'"

Mental Control

"The next thing, I suppose," growled Mr. Grump, who thought his liberties were being tampered with, "they'll be controlling a man's thoughts by government edict."

"They're doing that now indirectly," answered his companion. "I spend most of my time thinking about how I'm going to pay my taxes."

A New Brand

Customer—Give me a gossiping sheep's head.
Butcher—What kind is that?
Customer—Just take out the brains and leave in the tongue.

Riddle

"Barbers must be bigger than bakers."
"Why?"
"They're strapping fellows, all of them."

MIGHT GET STUCK



"She has sharp ears."
"Avoid whispering in them then—you might get stuck."

One Male Job They Shy At

"Mong wonders that you'll find are missing? Are women who will gladly listen."

Cheer Up

Aunt Susanah—Such a dress! why, the idea! I'd be mortified to death in a dress like that!

Phyllis—Yes, I expect you would, but don't feel badly about it, Aunt Susanah. A person's figure can't be helped.

Saving It

Oliver—Why don't you brush all that stuff off your coat sleeve?
Ted—No, I'm going to keep that school-girl complexion!

The Queen

"Why do they always give a shower to a girl who is going to be married?"

"Merely a quaint old custom to symbolize the beginning of a reign."—Exchange.

Small-Talker

"Would you call Mrs. Chatters a good talker?"
"No. Good talkers get their tongues and their brains to collaborate."

POULTRY

THAWING FROZEN COMBS IS EASY

"Thaw frozen combs on poultry by applying snow or ice water," say poultrymen at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca. "Carbolated grease, which may be purchased at most drug stores, will do the trick. A New Jersey agricultural bulletin suggests the following ointment: Five parts of refined petroleum, three parts of glycerin, and one part of turpentine by volume. This should be applied gently and rubbed in fairly well. Remove the black dead tissue from badly frozen combs, so that they will heal more quickly.

"At this time of year many flocks suffer from frozen combs. This trouble is particularly bad with roosters of the single-comb White Leghorn breed because their combs are so big. If a rooster's comb is badly frozen, it seriously affects his vigor and impairs his usefulness in the flock."

Poultrymen at the state college say that the best farmers in the state put their roosters in the breeding pens early in the winter and watch them carefully during the coldest weather so as to minimize the danger of freezing. The college recommends curtains in front of the roost in very cold nights in narrow houses. This is not recommended in houses that are wider than 15 feet. Another suggestion is the use of wooden floats with 1-inch holes in them to be placed in the drinking vessels. This reduces the danger of freezing, as it keeps the birds from dipping their wattles in the water when they drink.

In exceptional cases, it may be well to grease the combs and wattles of especially valuable birds during cold weather. The pens should be kept well ventilated at all times.

Sprouted Oats for Hens

Is Most Excellent Plan

There is nothing in the world that will make the old hens feel as much like spring is here as a box of sprouted oats every day, experienced poultrymen say. Sprouting oats is not necessarily expensive or a lot of bother. Equipment may be homemade. A tub or keg will do to soak the oats in. Five or six boxes about 4 inches deep will do for the trays. A room which ranges from 50 to 80 degrees in temperature all the time is satisfactory. Soak the oats 12 hours in the tub or keg. Drain them and put them in a box where they should be kept moist until the sprouts are about 1/2 inch long. Feed them at that time, which is usually about five days after they are put to soak. Five or six boxes will make it possible to start a box each day and weed one regularly.

Green Feed Is Perfect

for Poultry in Winter

Many poultry raisers are now feeding mash to their hens, but a lack of palatable, succulent feed is too often the limiting factor in winter poultry rations. Sprouted oats are one of the finest forms of succulence. The Nebraska Agricultural college poultrymen offer the following suggestions: Good heavy oats with strong germinating power produce best results. Soak the oats for about 24 hours. Drain off excess moisture. Turn into lard tub or candy pail which has holes in bottom to allow excess moisture to drain off. Add moisture later if necessary. Keep in fairly even moderate temperature. Feed when the sprouts are one-half to one inch long ("greening" is unnecessary).

Ration for Goslings

A ration recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture for goslings up to eight weeks of age is equal parts by measure of bran, middlings and steamed cut clover or cooked vegetables. Feed morning, noon and night. If it is desirable to fatten them at this age or at ten weeks of age, they should be placed in the pen where they will not exercise too much, and fed corn meal mixed to a dry crumbly state, and beef scrap amounting to 20 per cent of the bulk of the corn meal.

Culling in the Spring

A little more culling in the spring may take out a few hens that do not look as good as breeders and layers as they did last fall. Sometimes a few hens become too fat. Maybe one or two will be heavy and listless and fall to scratch for grain or come from the roost promptly in the morning. A little about the condition of a flock can be told by opening the house suddenly on a sunny day. Watch the good hens flock out and begin to enjoy the range.

Better Hatching Eggs

A new requirement which must be met before eggs will hatch well, even under the best care, is called to the attention of poultry raisers by the investigators at the Missouri College of Agriculture. This new requirement is that the eggs must be from hens that have been fed a ration containing certain vitamins. Though not fully understood, the vitamins are substances that have a very important effect on the animal that eats these feeds.

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