

OUR COMIC SECTION

Along the Concrete



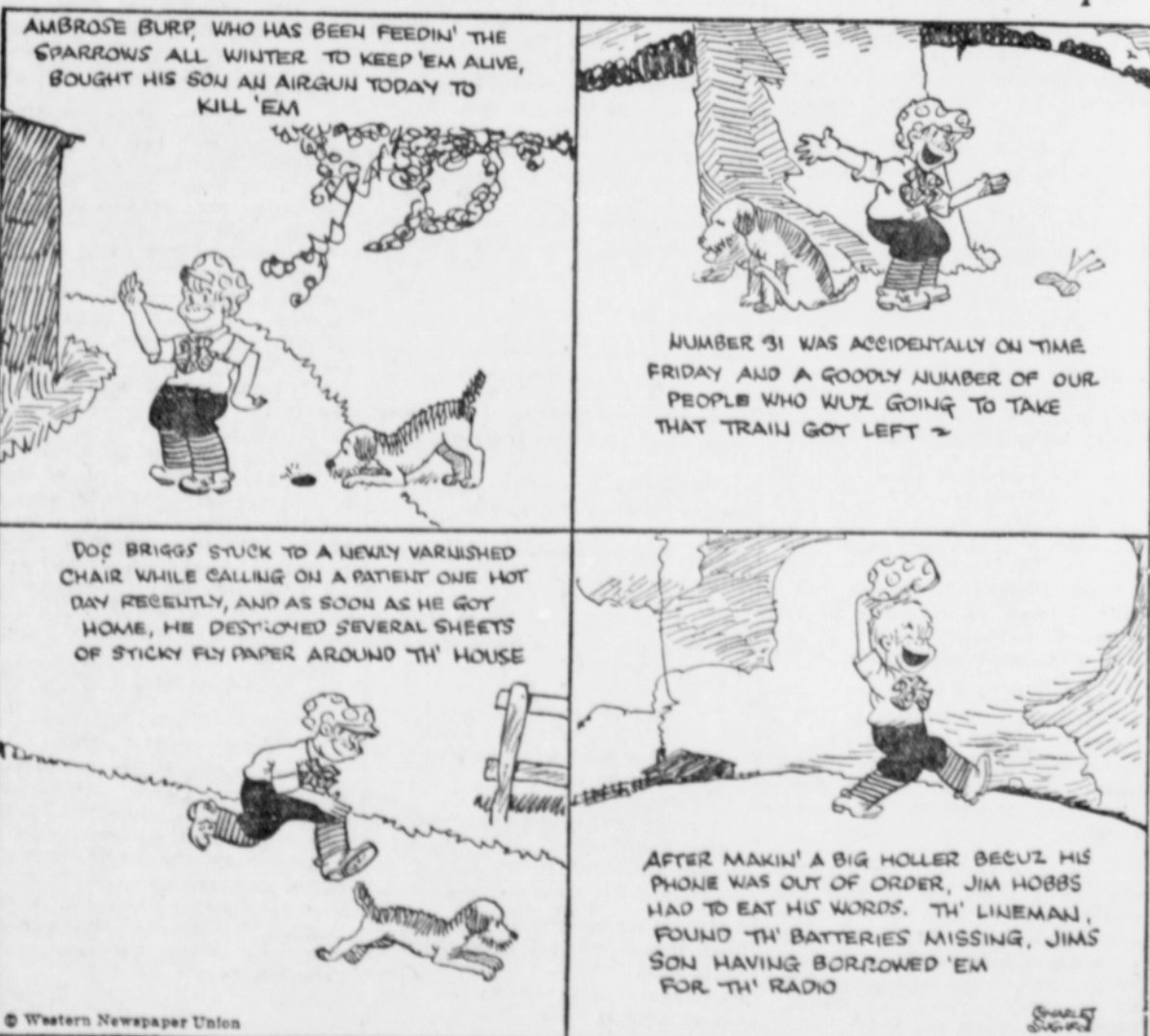
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THE FEATHERHEADS



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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



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THE DOOM TRAIL

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

I sought for a word with Marjory as we entered the door, but Murray deliberately strode between us. As I gained a glance from her eyes that bade me be strong and confident. Ta-wan-ne-ars sat with his back to a wall, his eyes fixed on vacancy, his lips murmuring at intervals Gah-no's name. I tried to interest him in what went on without success. He looked at me, and turned his eyes away.

We slept little that night, for we were very cold and we had no food. But in the morning the Keepers thrust a pan of corn mush within the door and we ate it to the last kernel. I forced a portion upon Ta-wan-ne-ars, feeding him with a stick we found on the floor.

After that we slept for several hours, and then a lantern gleamed on the stairs and Murray stepped into our midst, an immaculate periwig on his head, his linen spotless, his brown cloth suit as fresh as if direct from the tailor's hands.

He set the lantern on the dirt floor and stood beside it.

"A good mornin' to you, Master Ormerod," he began. "I have come to hold counsel with you. Look you, my friend, we each of us have that which the other wants. In such a case sensible men come to terms."

"I would not trust you now on any terms," I said flatly.

"Tut, tut, sir. Is that language for one gentleman to employ to another?" "You are not a gentleman, sir; you are—"

He glowered.

"Have a care, sir," he warned. "You are a scoundrel," I finished. "Look you, Master Ormerod, I have you fast here. I have also the chief, your friend. I have in addition one you love."

"Before you proceed further," I interrupted, "I wish you to answer me one question: Whose child is she?" He hesitated, and regarded me sidewise.

"Oh, well," he said after a moment, "it might as well out now as later. The maid is the child of my sister."

"And her name?" "She is a Kerr of Fernside," he answered pompously. "I should add, sir, that I have been at particular pains with the girl, having an especial affection for her."

"Well, of that we will say no more," I said. "I find it unpleasant to hear you talk of her. You are helpless, but you attempt to impose terms. What are your terms?"

"A safe-conduct for me and my people to Canada."

"So that you may restore your trade again?"

A look of sorrow flitted over his face. "I cannot restore it, Master Ormerod. That fact is indisputable. My one hold upon public opinion was my success and the power it gave me. Let me fall and lose my power, and my influence is dead."

"Yes," I agreed; "that is true."

"Moreover," he went on, "my savages are killed or scattered. My organization is gone. My most valuable servants are slain. Let us end this interview. Are you prepared to go outside the stockade and secure consent to the terms we have discussed, giving your word of honor to return here afterward?"

I bowed.

"I will do so."

CHAPTER XVII

The Barring of the Doom Trail

"Qua, O-te-tan-1!" Do-ne-ho-ga-web's right arm was lifted in the salute. Corlaer, his broad face with its insignificant, haphazard features shining with emotion, grasped my hand and wrung it heartily.

The Guardian of the Western Door drew himself up proudly.

"Gah-no did wrong," he said, "but she died as became the daughter of a roy-an-eh of the Long House."

"She died like a warrior," I replied. "You make the heart of Do-ne-ho-ga-web very glad," acknowledged the roy-an-eh. "Can he still my fears for my nephew?"

"Ta-wan-ne-ars fought like a chief," I answered. "But his heart was made very sad by the death of Gah-no and his mind has wandered from him for a space."

"It will return," affirmed Do-ne-ho-ga-web. "Now tell us, do you come hither as a captive or a conqueror?"

"I come to offer the terms of Murray; but first tell me how successful you have been, so that I may know whether I should advise acceptance of what he offers."

Do-ne-ho-ga-web swept his arm around the horizon.

"Everywhere you see ashes and destruction," he replied. "The Keepers of the Trail are dead or imprisoned in Murray's stockade. Their women and children are our prisoners. Our belts can scarcely support the loads of scalps we have taken. We have swept the Doom Trail."

"Take back this message to Murray. Tell him that he is to surrender his house as it stands, with all its con-

talas. Tell him that he is to give up to us the maiden he calls his daughter, whom you desire to wed. Tell him that he is to send forth the prisoners he has taken. Tell him that he is to render up all the arms he has in his possession.

"And then he and those of the Keepers of the Trail who are left to him shall march out, and the people of the Long House will escort them to Jagara, where they shall be handed over to Joncaire to dispose of as pleases Ontonito and the French."

Murray heard my report in silence, and cast his eye over the surrounding scene before replying.

"It shall be done," he said at last. "Was ever a man so sorely tried by fate? Does our treaty go into effect at once?"

"Yes."

"So be it. I will give orders to have your friends conducted here."

The battered remnants of our war party appeared with Ta-wan-ne-ars walking in the lead, his face once more a study in impassive rigor.

"Murray says we are free, brother," he said, stepping to my side.

"It is true."

The sadness shone momentarily in his eyes.

"I have had a bad dream, brother," he went on. "My Lost Soul is redeemed by Ha-wen-ne-yu and is gone on before me for a visit to Atan-estic. But in a little time, when I am rested, I shall go after her and fetch her back to dwell happily with me in my lodge."

"But how can you, a mortal, journey into the hereafter?" I protested. "It cannot be!"

"How shall we know it cannot be until we have tried? Ta-wan-ne-ars will try."

I could say no more. Such simple faith was unanswerable. I wondered how much of it was the unconscious working of a sensitive mind of the very Christianity he had rejected.

Marjory's voice recalled me to the present.

"Master Murray tells me he hath surrendered," she said.

I turned eagerly to find her at my side. My hands leaped out for hers, and she yielded them without hesitation, her brave eyes beaming love and comradeship unshamed.

"Yes, we are free, Marjory. Will you come with me?"

She caught my meaning, and made to pull away from me.

"But we will have had no wooing," she exclaimed, half between laughter and tears. "Sure, sir, you will not be expecting a maid to yield without suit?"

I would not let her go.

"Every minute that hath passed since I stepped into the main cabin of the New Venture to see the face of the mysterious songbird hath been a persistent suit," I declared.

The warriors of the Long House came pouring through the gates of the stockade, and their war-whoops echoed over the forest as they commenced the work of looting Murray's establishment and securing their prisoners. As Marjory and I passed out of that sinister enclosure, which had seen so much of wickedness and human suffering, we had our last joint glimpse of Andrew Murray.

"Farewell, my children," he called. "Bear in mind 'twas Andrew Murray brought you together. So good cometh out of evil."

Marjory shrank closer against my side.

"Yes," she said; "take me away from here. Let us go away, Harry—and forget."

But 'twas Corlaer, and not I, who escorted my lady to Albany and the tender care of Mistress Schuyler, into whose charge Governor Burnet most

Wouldn't Be Bluffed by "Reserve" Officer

During the early part of the World war there was considerable hard feeling between some of the regular navy men at the submarine base and those of the naval reserves at San Pedro. Many of the salty recruits of the regulars had—and showed—a feeling of superiority over the reserves, whose camp adjoined the base.

One morning a salty recruit who had about two weeks' service in the regular navy was doing sentry duty at the submarine base gate when the commanding officer of the reserve camp passed by. The sentry failed to salute him. The commander was a retired regular navy officer and a stickler for naval etiquette.

"Why did you not salute me?" asked the commander.

Memorials

They have set up in the market place the images of notable men, and of such as have been great and bountiful benefactors to the commonwealth, for perpetual memorials of their good acts, and also that the glory and renown of the ancestors may stirre and provoke their posterity to virtue.—More, Utopia.

kindly commended her. For duty commanded me to discharge by obligation of removing Murray and his Calumagag—not many survived the castigation of the Iroquois—in safety to Jagara; and I must accompany Do-ne-ho-ga-web and Ta-wan-ne-ars and the warriors of the Eight Clans in the triumphal procession which traversed the Long House from the Upper Mohawk castle to the shores of the Thunder Waters as an illustration of the wrath of the Great League.

And I was not sorry that I did so, for it enabled me to sit beside Do-ne-ho-ga-web and his brother chiefs in the half-finished stone fort at Jagara and hear him lay down the law of the Long House to Joncaire, as representative of the French.

"Qua, O Joncaire, mouthpiece of Ontonito who rules at Quebec," he said. "We people of the Long House come to you in peace. And we give into your hands the white man Murray and those who are still alive of the Keepers of the Doom Trail. We promised that they should come here, and we have fulfilled our promise. But we have set a bar across the Doom Trail, O mouthpiece of Ontonito, and we desire you to tell the French of that."

"It is our wish that you should acquaint Ontonito with our decision. We ask him to assist us in wiping out this source of trouble between us."

"I have heard your message, O roy-an-ehs and chiefs of the Long House," replied Joncaire. "I will repeat it to Ontonito, but I do not think it will be welcome in his ears."

CHAPTER XVIII

From Pearl Street to Hudson's River

The sun bathed the dust of Pearl street wherever it could steal between the layers of the thick-leaved boughs overhead. I lounged on the doorstep of our cozy, red-brick house by the corner of Garden street, and reread the letter from Master Juggins which the supercargo of the Bristol packet had delivered a half-hour earlier.

My heart is rejoyced, dear Lad, at ye Excellent report of you which is come From Governour Burnet. Murray's discomfitur hath had Exceeding Advantageous effects in ye Cille and ye Marchants who Earley did clamor for ye freedom of Trade with ye French are now Perceiving how ye Planes of Governour Burnet did Settle to their Profit in ye Longe Runne. Use your own Judgment, I pray you, in developing ye Provincial Trade and draw Upon mee at will for what Funds you Maye need.

Grannie and I do send you our Love and Respect and She biddes me say she Considers 'Twas ye Acte of Godde I was sette Upon in ye Minding Lanes what time you Came to my Rescue. We desire that you and Mistress Marjory may Deem ye house of Holbourne your home and 'twould delight our Eyes might we See you Here. Butte of that you will bee ye Judge. Ye New World is ye world for Youth, of that There can bee no Dispute.

I recalled the damp, wintry day in Paris I had made up my mind to quit the Jacobite cause and try my fortune at all risks in England; the pang with which I had abandoned the last link remaining with my dead parents; the rough trip in the smuggler's lugger; the wet landing at night on the dreary channel coast; the fruitless attempts to enlist the aid of former friends; the hue and cry upstart consins had raised; the flight to London; the—

"Ha, there, Ormerod!" I looked up to see the burly figure of Governor Burnet rounding the corner. He waved a handful of papers at me.

"The packet hath brought great news!" he cried. "The lords of trade have seen the light. — 'em! Do but hark to this!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I did salute you when you passed about an hour ago, sir," answered the recruit sentry, who had read somewhere in the naval regulations that he was supposed to salute an officer the first time he met him, but had not read on to where a sentry duty he was to salute an officer whenever he passed.

"You are supposed to salute me every time I pass," thundered the reserve commander.

"Who do you think you are, and how do you get that way? You're only a reserve," answered the sentry. —The Periscope.

Moses Called an Inventor

Jens Juergens, a German engineer, has written a book in which he produces biblical references to prove his assertion that Moses was a "powder, nitro-glycerin and dynamite merchant." He maintains that Moses held back the Egyptians by laying land mines, which he exploded by well-timed fuses. The writer says the tabernacle was a well-equipped laboratory.

We give advice but we cannot give the wisdom to profit by it.—La Rochefoucauld.