

# The Doom Trail

— By —  
**Arthur D. Howden Smith**  
Author of *PORTO BELLO GOLD*, Etc.  
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## PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Narry Ormerod, long proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from a band of assassins. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuart cause. Juggins informs Ormerod of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. At its head is Andrew Murray, a Scotsman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' early return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod arranges to take passage to America. On the ship he meets a girl, Murray's daughter, ardent Jacobite, who believes him to be loyal to the Stuarts. De Veulle recognizes Ormerod and exposes him. Taken by surprise, Ormerod is thrown overboard by the negro, Tom, but regains the deck safely.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

I looked around me, noting that the watch were all ensconced upon the forecastle or the poop. Then I remembered that ranged around the bottoms of the masts were long handbars of wood, iron-tipped, which were used in making fast the sail-ropes. I ran across to the mainmast and tore one from its slot.

Nobody had yet seen me in the pitch darkness, and I stole across the deck to the door which gave entrance to the poop, my water-soaked shoes quite soundless. The door was ajar, and I opened it very carefully, listening to the murmur of voices in the main cabin. Murray and De Veulle were sitting on the bench which ran across the stern, the table in front of them littered with cards. So much I saw when the entrance into the main cabin was darkened by the body of the negro, Tom.

He saw me descending the stairs, and apparently took me to be one of the officers coming off watch. At any rate, he stepped back into the cabin and stood there, waiting to give me room. The passage was not more than fifteen or sixteen feet long, and as I approached him I smelled again that rancid, musky odor—the body smell, as I afterward discovered, of the savage, black or red—which had overwhelmed my nostrils just before I was pitched over the side.

"Twas that decided me. I took a firm grip on my improvised club and, stepping into the pool of light in the main cabin, swung square around, face to face with Tom. He threw up both hands and staggered back with a wild scream of terror, eyes popping from his ashen-gray face.

I gave him no time for recovery, but brought down the iron-tipped end of the handbar with all my force against his skull. The blow would have killed any save a black man. I meant to kill him. As it was, he dropped like a slaughtered ox, and lay in a crumpled heap of tawdry finery on the floor.

Doors banged in the passage, and I stepped to one side, setting my back to the bulkhead, the while I fastened my eyes upon the startled amendment with which Murray and De Veulle regarded me. 'Twas Murray recovered first.

"Zooks," he remarked, taking snuff with his usual precision. "It seems that Tom is growing in the way of making mistakes."

"Aye, and such mistakes are like to react upon others," I replied fiercely. "If I were a refugee from justice, I should be careful how I threatened law-abiding subjects." He answered calmly. "Well, well, it seems we have more company."

I followed his glance to the passage, where stood the girl, whilst over her shoulder peered the square, puzzled features of my silent cabin mate, Master Ringham.

"What hath happened?" he asked. "Is the negro dead?"

"I think so," I said. "He—"

"Not he," corrected Murray cheerfully. "You know not Tom, good Master Ormerod. He hath a skull on him can be only opened with blasting powder."

"It matters little," I returned. "The rascal attacked me above, Master Ringham. I pursued him down here. There is naught more to be said. I will settle with his master."

The second mate looked questioningly toward Murray. I hated to compromise so, but I had not missed the veiled threat he had addressed to me for his use of the name Ormerod. Remember, I was still known to the crew as Juggins.

I was uncertain what attitude the captain might take if he was told that I refused. There might

be a reward at stake—and sailors were human like other men.

"Why, that is fairly spoken," rejoined Murray, somewhat to my surprise. "I know naught of the circumstances, Master Ringham, but perhaps I may settle with our friend here. As for the negro, I will attend to him."

"There must be no more violence," warned Ringham, his eyes on me, his words addressed to all of us.

"Violence," rejoined Murray jovially. "Let us reject the idea altogether. Why should we disdain sweet reason's rule? Eh? Master Ormerod—Juggins?"

I bowed ironically. Ringham nodded and clumped back to his bunk. But the girl stood her ground, her eyes accusing all of us.

"Well, Marjory," said Murray pleasantly, "and do you plan to join in our debate?"

That was the first time I heard her name, and—why, I cannot say—I heard it without surprise, as if I had always known it to be hers. It suited her, as names sometimes express the character and appearance of their possessors.

"What hath happened?" she asked in the same words the second mate had used.

"You have heard," said Murray. She shook her head.

"That is not all. This—" she hesitated—"gentleman's clothes are wet. Tom does not attack people without orders."

Murray shrugged his shoulders. De Veulle answered her, leaning across the table, his eyes burning with hatred for me.

"You know what this man hath done, mademoiselle," he cried. "You know his record in the past. You know that he comes with us to spy out our plans, to thwart, it may be, what we undertake to do. Is any fate too hard for him? Why should you concern yourself?"

"Then there has been fighting?" she asked.

"I could stand it no longer."

"Fighting?" I snapped. "And, if you call assassination fighting. An at-

ack is an outlaw, denied benefit of law or clergy."

"Yes," I flared in answer; "and you, sir, what think you might be your fate in New York if I denounce you to Governor Burnet for attempted murder? Would he make use of the opportunity—or no?"

The realization of this trump card I held had come to me in a flash of inspiration. Now it lay face up for all to see, and there could be no doubt it gave my enemies cause for uneasiness.

"I do not think I am so weakly situated as you had supposed," I mocked him. "Aye, you may denounce me to the captain for a Jacobite conspirator, and it may be he will see fit to believe you. You are three to my one. But when we reach New York, and I am brought before the officers of the Crown, I may have a different story to tell. Think you the governor would be loath to implicate a French officer and the man who is leading the fight against his struggle to control the fur trade?"

Murray nodded his head slowly, and sank back in his seat.

"Sure, you are a lad after my own heart," he said. "That was well thought of. 'Tis checkmate—for this present. We must have a truce."

But he reckoned without Marjory. She stood forward in the center of the cabin, passionate indignation shaking her whole figure.

"Oh, why do you talk like this?" she exclaimed. "Are we criminals that we must bargain with a criminal?"

I had not made any headway in regaining her good opinion, 'twas evident, and that must be the excuse for my barbed retort.

"You show unwonted sensibility, my lady," I said. "Sure, no men with good consciences would stoop to bargain with such as I."

"I fear me, Marjory," said Murray gently, "that you have no appreciation of the tangled path which must be trod by those who concern themselves with affairs of state. The good and the bad are strangely intermingled. Sometimes we must consort with those we despise in order to gain a good cause. 'Tis not we who count, who are but pawns; but the cause we serve."

He turned to me.

"It seems, then, Master Ormerod, that we must proclaim a truce for the time being. But the truce holds good only for the period of our voyage together?"

"That is understood," I agreed. His eyes hardened.

"Did you ever hear of the Red Death and the Black Death, Master Ormerod?"

"I shook my head, puzzled.

"You have met the Black Death. You have yet to meet the Red Death. And you may meet the Black Death again," he added as Tom groaned where he lay on the floor.

Marjory shuddered.

"Enough of this!" she exclaimed. "Is it understood there is to be no killing on this ship?"

"It is, my dear," Murray responded. "And now I think you had best withdraw. This has been a trying interview for you, I fear."

She looked from one to the other of us, as if half in doubt; and then gathered her cloak around her. We all three, as with one accord, bowed low as she stepped into the passage.

One day followed another and one week ran into the next as the New Venture made her southing and bore toward the new world. We who shared the tiny quarters under the poop contrived to live together without further quarrels. The girl—I called her Marjory in my thoughts—ignored her existence. She spent much of her time with De Veulle, walking the deck with him, reading or playing at cards. I liked to think she did it to provoke me.

With Murray my relations were outwardly friendly. He liked much to talk, and indeed he demonstrated a considerable acquaintance with the great men of his period. But he never dropped a hint concerning the enterprise in which he was now engaged. Nor for that matter did he refer to the enmity between us or the bargain we had made until the day we sailed through the Narrows, the entrance to New York's inner harbor.

"We part for a time, Master Ormerod," he said, coming upon me where I leaned on the railing in the waist of the ship. "Our truce expires when we disembark."

Of the part played by Chance in arranging meetings that alter the course of lives, Ormerod is to be convinced, as the next installment of this narrative proves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



lack in the dark upon an unarmed man, throwing him overboard to drown as you might a blind puppy, never a chance for his life!"

"Yet you are here, sir?" she said quietly.

"'Tis only by the intervention of Providence that I was saved—or the untidiness of our captain, who left a rope trailing over the side. God hath protected me against your father's—"

"My father?" she repeated questioningly.

"Well, what is he?" I returned cuttingly. "Mayhap you have some pet name for a parent who practices assassination. Did not you yourself say Tom never acted without orders?"

"But—"

"And, furthermore, if this case is not enough, let me tell you that this man here—I pointed to Murray; for for some reason I disliked to call him her father, even in wrath—"set a gang of ruffians to murder a friend of mine in London."

Murray rose from his seat behind the table.

"Your proof, sir?" he asked coldly.

"Proof?" I answered weakly. "Why, I was there!"

"Aye, sir," he rejoined with dignity. "But your proof that I hired assassins? Could you prove before the captain or any court of law?"

I saw the twinkle in his eyes and knew that he was playing with me.

"No," I said shortly; "I could not prove it. I have no witnesses."

"And you could not even go into a court of law," he pursued, "for you

are an outlaw, denied benefit of law or clergy."

"Yes," I flared in answer; "and you, sir, what think you might be your fate in New York if I denounce you to Governor Burnet for attempted murder? Would he make use of the opportunity—or no?"

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A clock that showed the motions of the sun, marked the years and some historical events was completed by Felix Meyer of New York in 1880 after 10 years' work and experimenting. It showed local time, the hours, minutes, seconds, the days of the weeks and months, the seasons, the signs of the zodiac, the revolution of the earth around the sun and on its own axis, the movements of the planets around the sun and the phases of the moon. It showed the difference in time at Washington, San Francisco, Chicago, Cairo, Melbourne, Constantinople, Peking, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg (Leningrad). A child struck the quarter-hour, a youth the half-hour, and a man the three-quarters and each the hour; while Washington rose from his seat and, extending his right hand, presented the Declaration of Independence, a servant entered the door and all the Presidents of the United States entered and saluted Washington and passed out through another door.

## Sport With Dragon Flies

One of the most popular amusements among Japanese boys is the sport of catching dragon flies on long poles smeared with lime. When the insects are captured, they are tied with fine string and flown from the sticks. The dragon fly is known to almost every part of the world except the polar regions, more than twenty-one hundred species being classified. A peculiarity of some kinds is that they choose a favorite twig on which to roost and always return to it even after long excursions after food.—Popular Mechanics Magazine

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)  
Take home a smile—it is not much to do, but much it means to them who wait for you; You can be brave for such a little while; The day of doubt is done—take home a smile.  
—Edgar Guest.

## A CHAPTER ON COOKIES

This is the time of the year more than any other when we look to see that the cookie jar is well replenished.

**Ice Box Cookies.**—Take one cupful each of white and brown sugar, two cupfuls of butter, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of almonds blanched and halved. Mix at night and form into two long rolls and let stand in the ice chest. Slice very thin with a sharp knife and bake five minutes in a moderate oven. Place half an almond on each before baking. This makes twelve dozen cookies.

**White Cookies.**—Take one cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter, cream well and add two beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, nutmeg to flavor and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder well mixed with the flour to roll. Chill and roll very thin, cut with a large cutter, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a hot oven.

**Molasses Drop Cookies.**—Take one-half cupful each of butter, sugar, molasses, and sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and cloves to taste. Add two cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of raisins. Let stand until the next day in a cold place then drop and bake.

**Jumbles.**—Take one cupful of molasses and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, beat well to mix, add three eggs, one cupful each of brown sugar and shortening, one-half tablespoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, four cupfuls of flour, scant. Drop with a teaspoon on baking sheets.

**Almond Macaroons.**—Take one cupful each of coconut, corn flakes and sugar. Beat two egg whites until stiff, add the sugar, a little salt and vanilla to flavor, then stir in carefully the coconut and flakes. Drop with a teaspoon on baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Makes two dozen.

**Ginger Cookies.**—This is the time of the year when the cookie jar should be full to the top. Take one cupful each of molasses, lard and sugar, one egg, one cupful of sour cream, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda (in the cream), one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ginger and soda, mix all together and add flour to roll. Some of these cookies may be iced with powdered sugar mixed with a little butter and cold coffee to make of the consistency to spread. Sprinkle with nuts and they will be most festive in appearance.

**Good Things to Eat.**  
For a pie that is dainty and somewhat out of the ordinary try:

**Pineapple Pie.**—Take one cupful of powdered sugar, one-half cupful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of shredded pineapple. Mix the sugar and butter to a cream.

add the beaten yolks of the eggs and the pineapple, a pinch of salt, then the stiffly beaten whites are folded in. Bake until firm and serve with whipped cream.

**White Cake.**—Take one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, the whites of four eggs and two cupfuls of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar and the flour alternately with the milk, using one and three-fourths cupfuls; to the one-fourth left add the baking powder and sift it well, add last, then beat well to thoroughly mix the baking powder through the cake mixture. Now fold in lightly the egg whites beaten stiff and bake in layers or loaf.

**Good Salad Dressing.**—To one teaspoonful of salt add one-half teaspoonful of mustard and one teaspoonful of flour. Melt two and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter and add the dry ingredients; when bubbling add three-fourths of a cupful of milk and cook until smooth, then add one-fourth of a cupful of vinegar which has been beaten with the yolks of four eggs or two whole eggs. Cook over hot water until the egg is cooked, stirring constantly. Lemon juice may be used instead of vinegar if preferred, especially when using fruit.

**Breaded Pork Chops.**—Fry pork chops until brown, after breading them, then place in a roaster with water underneath and steam until thoroughly cooked.

**Roquefort Cheese Sandwiches.**—Cream one-half cupful of butter, add one-fourth cupful of Roquefort cheese and stir until the mixture is well-blended, season with paprika and finely minced chives, to flavor delicately. Season with salt and moisten with a bit of orange juice. Spread on thinly sliced rye or graham bread. Serve with green salad.

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## ENCOURAGING

Herbert was confiding his troubles to a friend.

"Yes, she refused me," he said, with a curious smile, "but she did it in a most encouraging way."

"How was that?" asked the friend.

"It doesn't seem to worry you much."

"As I went away she pointed to my footprints on the linoleum in the hall and said: 'Next time you come to propose to me I hope you'll remember to wipe your boots on the mat!'"

## DICTION



She—You'll not dictate to any flapper stenographer.

He—Zat so? I'll take no dictation from my wife as to whom I'll dictate.

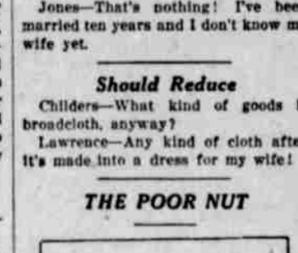
**Relativity in Finance**  
Prosperity is something fine. We often pause to boast of it; Yet each complains, all down the line. That some one has the most of it.

**In the Picture Theater**  
"I say, who was Mme. Pompadour?"  
"I don't know. Ask the gentleman next to you."  
"Excuse me, sir, but who was Mme. Pompadour?"  
"Oh, a kind of Rococo-Coquette!"  
"What does he say?"  
"I don't know. He only stuttered!"

**A Lifelong Study**  
Brown—I had known my wife only a month when I married her.  
Jones—That's nothing! I've been married ten years and I don't know my wife yet.

**Should Reduce**  
Childers—What kind of goods is broadcloth, anyway?  
Lawrence—Any kind of cloth after it's made into a dress for my wife!

## THE POOR NUT



"He's hard-shelled, talks with a burr, got almond eyes—"

"Oh, quit talking about the poor nut!"

**Improvements**  
Said Gabriel, "My trumpet's tone No longer I'll employ. I'll get myself a saxophone And make 'em dance for joy."

**No Ambition**  
Grace—What gives you the impression, dear, that Jack has no ambition?  
Gwen (blushing)—Why—er—one kiss usually satisfies him!

**Cowardly**  
First Motorist—This railroad engineer is a yellow coward!  
Second Motorist—What makes you think that?  
First Motorist—Didn't you see him slow his train when he saw I was racing with him?

**Strenuous**  
"What makes you so tired?"  
"I dreamed all night that I was waiting in line to get tickets for a football game."

**Getting Expert Advice**  
Miss Green—I hear, professor, that you are an authority on sun spots.  
Professor—Well, I have made a study of them.  
Miss Green—I'm so glad I met you. Which would you advise—lemon juice or cold cream?

**Ominous Growls**  
"What is your husband barking about now?"  
"Seems he got hold of a rake of dog soup for his bath."

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