



**The DOOM TRAIL**  
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WNU SERVICE

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**PRECEDING CHAPTERS**

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from 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 him 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 Vaulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to friend Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod takes 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 Vaulle recognizes Ormerod and exposes him. Taken by surprise, Ormerod is thrown overboard by the negro, Tom, but regains the deck in safety. He accuses Murray of inciting Tom to murder him, but of course can prove nothing. A trowice is declared until the vessel reaches New York.

**CHAPTER IV—Continued**

"That is true," I assented.

"There is somewhat I would venture to observe upon, if you will permit me," he continued detachedly. "You are a youth of boldness and courage. You possess intelligence. You may go far in the provinces, always supposing you do not succeed in winning a pardon. I opine that a pardon might be won if you went about it in the right way. There are gentlemen at Whitehall, who—"

His hesitation was eloquent.

"And you would suggest?" I asked him, faintly amused as I perceived the drift of his intention.

"Think well before you commit yourself to this venture. You cannot hope to overcome me. Why, the governor of this province, with all the semiregal powers at his command, has failed to walk me in my plans. My influence is no less in London. If you continue as you have begun you will end, I fear, in an early grave. I say it not as a threat. 'Tis merely a prediction."

"I fear me I take your advice your good opinion did I should love you," I replied.

He looked me straight in the eyes.

"You would," he said curtly, and he turned on his heel and left me.

Three hours later we lay at anchor in the East river under the lee of Nutton Island, which some called the Governor's because it was a part of his official estate. Small boats landed us at a wharf on an canal which ran up into the town along the middle of Broad street. From here I had my baggage carried by a waterman to the George tavern in Queen street, which he recommended as being favored by the gentry.

Murray's party I overheard giving directions for the conduct of their effects to Cawston's tavern in Hanover square.

After a meal I inquired of Master Kurt van Dam, the proprietor of the George, where I might find Governor Burnet. Van Dam was a broad-bodied, square-headed Dutchman. He sat in the ordinary, smoking a long clay pipe.

"Der governor is at Captain van Horne's," he said, and immediately replaced his pipe in his mouth.

"And where is Captain van Horne's house?" I asked.

"In the Broad-Vay not far oop from der fort. You walk across through Hanover square."

I thanked him and walked forth.

In Hanover square, which was only a few steps distant, there was a crowd collected about the entrance to Cawston's tavern. Murray was standing in the doorway, Tom on one side of him, and a huge, red-haired giant in buckskin, with knife and tomahawk at his belt on the other. I stared at the red-haired man, for he was the first woodsman I had seen, observing with curiosity his shaggy locks and fur cap and the brutal ferocity of his face.

I stared so long that I attracted the attention of Murray, who broke off his conversation with the group surrounding him, and with a pale smile pointed me out to his buckskin retainer. The man scowled at me, and one hand went to his knife-hilt.

I spoke to the citizen nearest me.

"Pray, sir, who is the tall fellow in buckskin on the steps?"

The man edged away from me suspiciously.

"I am a stranger in your town," I added.

"'Tis a frontiersman," he replied reluctantly; "one called 'Red Jack' Bolt."

"An ugly knave," I commented. But the citizen only eyed me askance, and I walked on. I was passing through Bridge street, with the leading tree-boughs overhead and the walls of Fort George before me, when another and smaller crowd rounded the corner from the Broad-Way, a street which formed the principal thoroughfare of the town and took its name from the wide space between the house-walls.

In the lead came an Indian. He was the first of his race I chanced to see, and sure, 'tis strange that we were destined to be friends—aye, more than friends, brethren of the same clan. He was a large man, six feet in his moccasins, and of about the same age as myself. He stalked along, arms swinging easily at his side, wholly impervious to the rabble of small boys who tagged behind, yelling and shrieking at him.

He was naked from the waist up, and on his massive chest was painted in yellow and red pigments the head

**CHAPTER V**

**The Governor in Council**

Where Garden street crosses the Broad-Way I met the town bellringer brandishing his bell. I approached him with a request for the location of Captain van Horne's house.

"Do you but follow your nose straight before you," he directed me, "until you come to the red-brick mansion with the yellow-brick walk this side of the Green lane. That is his."

The negro servant who answered my knock admitted that the governor was within.

But Massa Burnet could he do him de ben' moba de council wud him jus' now, sah," he added doubtfully.

"I am this minute landed with letters for the governor from London," I said.

"Oh, bery well, sah. Dat be a different matter. Massa Burnet be plumb glad to see yo' Dis way, please."

He ushered me into the wide hallway and knocked on the door of the first room on the right.

"Enter," roared a jovial bass voice. The negro threw open a leaf of the door and stood aside.

"Dis gen'lemun done jus' lan' fom London wif letters fo' yo' excellency," he announced.

I saw before me a group of eight men gathered around a dinner-table, which was spread with maps and papers in place of eatables. At the head sat the man of the bass voice, ruddy-faced, comfortable in girth, with the high forehead of the thinker and the square jaw of the man of action.

"I am Governor Burnet, sir," he said. "Who are you?"

"These letters will explain, your excellency," I replied.

I tendered them to him.

"Hah, from Master Juggins!" he exclaimed with heightened interest. "You sailed on the New Venture?"

"Yes, your excellency—with Master Murray."

"That is well. Be seated, sir; he seated," ordered the governor as he left the packet.

I found a chair by the fireplace, and watched in silence whilst he read through the close-writ papers, with an occasional word or interjection to the others, who had risen from their places and were clustered about him. They were, as I afterward learned, the most prominent men of the governor's faction in the province, who strove to clinch the control of the fur trade in English hands.

"So? Humph?"

The governor laid down the covering letter which accompanied the detailed report of the operations of Murray in London.

"You are Master—"

He examined the letter again.

"Humph! Yes."

He turned from me to his councilors.

"It is apparent from what Master Juggins has writ that Murray has triumphed, gentlemen, even if not absolutely as he would have our citizens believe. However, we know the worst, and we may prepare for it. If I may have your indulgence, I would crave an adjournment of our meeting to enable me to discuss some aspects of the situation more intimately with Master Juggins' messenger."



of a wolf. He wore no other paint, and he was weaponless, except for the tomahawk and knife which hung at his belt.

The children danced around him so many little animals. They never touched him, but some of the more venturesome hurled pebbles from the walk at his brawny shoulders. I cannot repeat the catch-calls and rhymes which they employed, some of them too disgusting for print.

I looked to see some citizen intervene, but several who sat on their doorsteps or lounged in front of shops, smoking the inevitable pipe, viewed the spectacle with indifference or open amusement.

My wrath boiled over, and I charged down upon the tormentors.

"Be off," I shouted. "Have you no proper play to occupy your time?"

They fled hilariously, pleased rather than outraged by the attack, after the perverse habit of children who prefer always to be noticed instead of ignored, and I was proceeding on my way when I was dumfounded by hearing the Indian address me.

"Hoid, brother," he said in perfect English, but with a certain thick guttural accent. "Ta-wan-ne-ars would thank you."

"You speak English!" I exclaimed.

A light of amusement gleamed in his eyes, although his face remained expressionless as a mask.

"You do not think of the Indian as these ignorant little ones do?" he asked curiously.

"I—I know nothing of your people," I stammered. "I am but this day landed here."

"My brother is an Englishman?" he questioned, not idly but with the courteous interest of a gentleman.

"I am."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars thanks you, Englishman." He extended his hand.

Ormerod is to get an inkling of the power an unscrupulous man can wield by the employment of superstition to influence an ignorant people and attain leadership.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Excess of Gratitude Not a Common Fault**

Gratitude, in many people, is only a strong and secret desire for further favors. I believe it was Goethe who wrote: "He who is not grateful for a favor may be likened to one who muddies the spring from which his thirst was quenched."

When gratitude, I heard another say, has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways of escaping its bonds. This is only another manner of saying that he who expects gratitude is a merchant, not a benefactor. Gratitude, which the ancients always painted in the brightest colors, is one's duty, but it is not an inalienable right one is at liberty to exact. Honore de Balzac, in probably one of his less lucid moments, wrote that

"Your kindness was the greater because you obeyed it by instinct." I regarded him with increasing amazement. Who was this savage who talked like a London courtier?

"I helped you," I said, "because you were a stranger in a strange city, and by the laws of hospitality your comfort should be assured."

"That is the law of the Indian, Englishman," he answered pleasantly; "but it is not the law of the white man."

"It is the law our religion teaches," I remonstrated. "I go now to Governor Burnet. I shall ask him to make a law that Indians shall be as safe from mockery as from violence in New York."

"Governor Burnet is a good man. My brother will speak to friendly ears."

"You call me brother," I said. "I have no friends in this land. May I call you brother?"

"That wonderful expression of burning intelligence lighted his face again."

"My brother has befriended Ta-wan-ne-ars. Ta-wan-ne-ars is his friend and brother. Ta-wan-ne-ars will not forget."

He raised his right hand arm high in the gesture of greeting or farewell, and we separated.

gratitude was a foolish word; that, though appearing in the dictionary, it could never be found in the hearts.—Frank Hanson, in Los Angeles Times.

**New Use for Masks**

Gas masks of the type that protected soldiers during the World war were pressed into service by a crew of workers in London while hunting leaks in the city gas mains. The hazard of the job was increased by the necessity of working in deep trenches where vapors had insufficient chance to escape in case flows of considerable pressure were encountered. With the masks, the workers were able to make a thorough search.

**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 salt 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.

**DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN**

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 26 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

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

Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" is powerful but safe. One dose will expel Worms or Tapeworm; no castor oil needed. Adv.

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

**FOR Colds**

**ASPIRIN**

TAKE "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuralgia	<b>DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART</b>
Neuritis	Toothache	Lumbago	
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Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.			

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100.—Druggists.

Asterix is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monheim-on-the-Rhine

**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 Fletcher's CASTORIA**

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.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. C. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**CALIFORNIA STATE APPROVED LANDS**

Small improved farms in well established settlement. Fruit, alfalfa, dairy, hops, poultry. Churches, high school, grammar schools. Also unimproved lands with first water rights. Easy terms. Write Fresno Farm, Kernan, Calif.

**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.

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 unpleasant ways. One is apt to feel tired, aching 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.

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

**Doan's Pills**

**Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys**

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

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