

CHAPTER VI-Continued -13-

"Above everything else, I must know what is happening at Jagara," he said. "The Doom Trail may walt. The news which Ta-wan-ne-ars brought of the intent of the French to replace Joncaire's trading post with a stone fort is the most menacing tidings we have had since the pence was signed. It makes manifest what I have atways contended; that there can be no real peace whilist we and the French sit cheek by jowl, each striving for more power than the other. ""Peace on paper there may be; but

the French will be breaking it, as they have done in the case of Joncaire's post and as they now plan to do by building a fort upon English territory. I must know what they do there, Master Ormerod. I must know beyond a doubt. I must have a man 1 can trust who will see for himself on the STOL.

"Surely, Coriner-"

"Cortaer cannot speak French. Moreover, if he could, his face is known along the whole frontier. He and Jon caire are old opponents. "Tis"you who must go. Masquerade as a Frenchman. There are plenty of lads who go out every year to Canada to have a try at the fur trade. You should be able to pass for one of them. At any rate 'tis worth the attempt."

"Tis well worth trying." I agreed. "Also, 'tis possible I may pick up some news of the Trail from Jonchire."

"Possible," he assented; "but keep the Trail in the back of your mind. "Tis this fort which concerns me now For look you, Master Ormerod, if 1 secure proof the French meditate in earnest so grave a breach of the treaty 'twill strengthen by so much my case against Murray. Then might I dare indeed to stir the lroquois to hostilities against him, as Peter suggested." "I will do what I may," I promised.

"Tis well. And be not reluctant to accept advice from Cortaer and the Indians. They are schooled in the forest's craft. Good by, sir, and be vig-Hant.

He gave me a hearty clasp of the hand and bowed me out. In the street Corlaer awaited me.

"Der tide is flooding." he said, and without another word set off at a good round pace.

We came presently to a wharf at the foot of Deve street, where hay the sloop Betsy, her salls unstopped, landlines slack. She cast off as we stepped aboard, and presently I was looking back over her stern at the dwindling skyline of the quaint little city.

On the fourth day the river bore us through a country of low, rolling hills and plains that lifted to mountainous heights in the distance. There were seemed to set the echoes flying. farms by the water's edge, and sometimes the imposing mansion of a patroon with its attendant groups of buildings occupied by servants, staves | behind us. and tenants.

COPYRIGHT OF BRENTANOS "The road stops here," I said to Ta-

wan-ne-ars. "How shall we go on?" "The road of the white man stops res," he answered. "But the road of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee begins."

"What is that?" He made no answer, but kept on his way until we were under the bole of the first of the forest trees.

There at my feet was a deep, narrow slot in the earth, a groove some eighteen inches wide and perhaps twelve inches deep, that disappeared into the gloom which reigned under the interlacing boughs overhead. It did not go straight, but crookedly like a snake, curving and twisting as it chanced to meet a mossy boulder or a tree too big to be readily felled or uprosted. As I stooped over it I saw that its bottom and steeply sloping sides were hard-packed, heaten down by continual pressure, the relentless pressure of countless human feet for cenerations and centuries.

Ta-wan-ne-ars instantly led the way into the groove of the trall, and as if instinctively swung into an easy loping trot. I followed him and the Dutchnan brought up the rear.

It was cool under the trees, for the sun seldom penetrated the follage, dense already although it was only the fag-end of spring. And it was very silent-terribly, oppressively allent.



The crack of a stick underfoot was like a musket shot. The padding of our feet on the resilient leaf-mold was like the low rolling of muffled drums The timorous twittering of birds Yet I was amuzed when Ta-w

said. "And be certain man , on de no bruise a twig." With the utmost caution he parted

the screen of underbrush on our right hand, and revealed a tunnel through the greenery into which he led the way, hesitating at each step until he had gently thrust aside the intervening follage. Once in the tunnel, however, his care was abandoned, and he ran quickly to the trunk of a huge pine which soared upward like a monumental column, high above the sur-rounding trees. He leaned his musket against the pitchy bole.

The symbol of the Long House," he said tapping the swelling girth of it. "Strength and symmetry and grandeur. We will climb, brother."

He swung himself up into the branches, which formed a perfect ladder, firm under foot, behind the screen of the pine needles. When the other treetops were beneath us, he straddled a bough and cleared a loophole from which we might look out over the forest we had traversed.

We looked for so long, without anything happening that my eyeballs ached. But at last there was a movement like the miniature upheaval which is caused by an ant in breaking ground. Houghs quivered, and a fig are appeared in the open. 'Twas Corlaer. He stanced around him and strode on. In a moment he had passed the clearing and disappeared in the forest.

Ta-wan-ne-ars hitched forward and peered through the loophole with tense muscles. And again there was a wait which seemed endless. My eyelids blinked from the strain of watching.

The desolution and loneliness of the wilderness were so complete that it seemed inconceivable another human being could be within view. And whilst this thought occupied my mind a dark figure crawled on hands and knees from the mouth of the trail. At that distance all we could see of his costume was the clump of feathers that bristled from his scalplock.

He followed Peter into the trall on our side of the clearing, and there was a second and briefer pause. Then as silently as ghosts a string of figures flitted into the clearing. There were six of them, each with musket in the hollow of his arm, each with bristling feather headdress.

Ta-wan-ne-ars emitted a guttural grunt, quite unlike his usual rather musical utterances.

"Down !" he rasped. "Down ! The lime is scant f"

At the foot of the pine he snatched up his musket without a word, and turned into the green tunnel that debouched upon the screep of the trail. As we stepped into the worn slot Peter came into view.

"Well?" he said phlegmatically. "Cahnunga dogs! They dare to in-

territory of the Long House !" nde "We can cross der Mohawk to der south branch of der trail," proposed "They wouldt not dare to Coriner. follow us there.'

"No," snarled Ta-wan-ne-ars; "we shall not step aside for them. We will attend to them ourselves. They will not attack unless they have to for we are still nehr the Mohawk castle, although 'the upon the opposite bank of the river. They will leave us alone until night."

"But why cannot we actack them?" A look of ferocity which was almost temoniac changed his usually pleasant features into an awful mask.

"In an ambuscade one might escape No, my brother Ormerod, we will wait until they attack us. Then-'

He paused significantly. "Not one of the Keepers shall return to tell Murray how his brothers died."

We took up the march. "Twas al-

5



Our climate is a series of sur-prises, and among our many prog-nontics of the weather, the only trustworthy one that I know is that, when it is warm it is a sign it is going to be cold.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FOR BREAKFAST

As 85 per cent of the housekeepers in the land are maidless, it is wise to

prepare as much of it as possible the night before, so that a satisfying breakfast may be quickly prepared.

An alarm clock to insure the

right time of rising will give ample time to arrange the meal unhurriedly. He who goes mornings from a quiet, comfortable and well-ordered home is twice as capable as a business map who leaves with a hasty breakfast, perhaps prepared by himself, often leaving home with the unpleasant memory of a disordered home.

The uniform breakfast is a most convenient one, as it saves brain fag. and you know just what you are to prepare and they know just what they will have; however, the most of us like to avoid monotony and like an occasional break in the daily round. The usual fruit, cereal, bacon, eggs or toast with a cooky or doughnut to fin-Ish off with, with the cup of coffee, is so e-ually served that we all know how to prepare such a breakfast, pro-

A pleasing change is secured by serving a variety of cereals as well a three which need no cooking. By notonnos, and the favorites may be

Brolled or baked mackerel, codfish bells, finnan haddle, smoked fish are all admissible for the first meal of the day;

on, ham, chops, sausage, corn beef Eggs are usually a favorite breakfast dish for the majority and are served in such a variety of ways that Omelets form an especially desirable dish and they, too, are of an endless variety, Scrambled, fried, poached and cooked in the shell, cooked in ramekins with cream, and eggs in combination with rice and other foods

sirable breakfast dishes

The use of leftovers is a daily prob-lem in most homes. How to serve

Baked Codfish Puffs. -Put a cupful or two of shredded codfish into a bowl, add boiling water to cover and let stand to cool, then drain and add to a pint of mushed potato, then add a cup-

bolled rice and two cupfuls of cold ready mid-afternoon, and shortly the boiled ham through a meat chopper, add one-half cupful of white sauce, one-half cupful of brend, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, one tablespoonful of onlon fulce, sait, pepper to taste, one tenspoonful of cestershire sauce, and a well-beaten erg. Mix all together and press into a brick-shaped pan. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with



In Later Years of Life

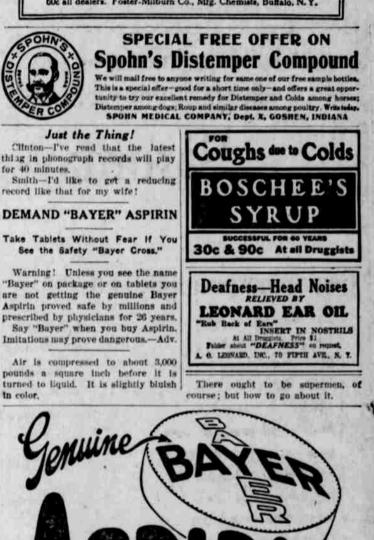
Good Flimination is More Than Ever Important.

 A^{S} 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 unc 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!

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too numerous to mention, are all de-

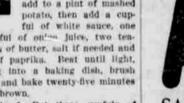
Good Everyday Foods.

them without appearing to be leftovers is not al-

reaspoonful of outen juice, two teaspoonfuls of butter, sult if needed and plenty of paprika. Beat until light, then put into a baking dish, brush with fat and bake twenty-five minutes or until brown.

Ham Loaf .- Put three cupfuls of

tn color, ways casy.



On the fifth day we sighted in the distance the stockades of Fort Orange. which the English were beginning to call Albany, nestling close to the river bank under the shelter of a steep billock. We mude the tottery pler, and hastened up into the town, delegating to the master of the sloop and his boy the task of conveying our baggage to the tavern. We learned that Murray had spent but twenty-four hours in the town and was gone two days since.

We spent the forenoon in purchasing for me the regular trappings of the frontiersumn-moornains of ankle height and leather beggings and shirt. all Indian in manufacture. The weapons Juggins had supplied me were warmly praised by my comrades.

For the rest there were slim stores of salt, sugar, powder, flints and bail to be packed upon our backs. My garments of civilization 1 made into a package which I consigned to the innkeeper's care.

We look the road to Schenectady. It was the last white man's road I was to see, and I long remembered its broad surface and the sunlight coming down between the trees on either hand and the farms with their log houses and stockades.

But I knew I was on the frontier at last, for the stockades were over high for mere berding of cattle and the house walls were loop-holed. In several of the villages there were square, log-built forts, two stories tall, with the top story projecting out beyond the lower, so that the garrison could fire down along the line of the walls.

"Twas stateen miles to Schenectady, and night had fallen when we halled the gate for admission.

We were afoot again early the next morning. Beyond Schenectady a few farms rimmed the road, but presently we came to a clearing, and on the west side a green barrier stretched across our way From end to end of the clearing it reached, and as far on either hand as I could see, a high, tangled, apparently impervious green wall of vegetation.

ars halted abruptly in mid-afternoon. and inclined his car toward the trail

"What is it?" I asked, and so completely had the spirit of the forest taken possession of me that I whispered the words.

"Something is following us," he answered.

Corlaer put his car to the bottom of the trail, and a curious expression crossed his face.

"Ya," was all he said.

CHAPTER VII

Along the Great Trail

"Shall we return and face them?" I asked engerly.

Ta-wan-ne-ars permitted himself a smile of friendly sarcasm.

"If we can bear them, surely they can hear us," he said. "No, we will keep on. There is a place farther along the trail from which we can look back upon them. Come, Ormerod, you and I will run ahead. Peter will follow us."

Ta-wan-ne-ars shifted his musket to his shoulders, and broke into a long, loping stride. I followed him. Half a mile up the trail he stopped. "Walk in my tracks, brother, " he

dimness of twilight descended upon the trail, as the level rays of the setting sun were turned aside by the intorincing masses of vegetation.

Twilight faded into dusk and still we kept on. Ta-wan-ne-ars had eyes like a cat's, and I, too, accustomed myself to perception of hanging branches and the unexpected turns and twists in the groove of the path. The stars were out in the sky overhead when we stepped from the shelter of the forest into a rocky deli divided by a tiny brook.

"We will camp here," said Ta-wanne-ars

He rested his musket on a boulder and began to collect firewood. "Why a fire?" I asked.

"The trailers must not think we suspect them," he replied curtly. "If we lit no fire they would know for certain that we were suspicious."

I helped him, whilst Coriner crouched by the opening of the trail on watch. We soon had a respectable pile of wood, but before kindling it the Seneca bade us strip off our leathern shirts and stuffed them with underbrush into a semblance of human shapes. A third figure to represent himself he contrived out of the packs and several branches.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Message Sticks" Open Books to Aborigines

riginal of Australia is the ease with which he reads "message-sticks" regardless of whether they have been written by one of his own tribesmen or a member of a distant tribe with which he has never come into contact.

The signs and symbols apparently are the same among the aboriginal tribes, according to a writer in the Sydney Bulletin, who asserts that he has "seen an old aboriginal, to whom a stick from another tribe many miles distant had been shown, translate the strange markings with fluency, and when some time afterward the same stick was shown again to another na-

One of the mysteries of the abo- | tive, the second one's translation agreed with that of the first."

A few white men have learned to decipher the conventional markings and symbols on the "message-sticks."

Eat Lots of Apples

The American people lead the world as apple eaters. Although we fall considerably short of the proverbial "apple a day," we average about three apples a week per capita. The British come second as eaters of apples. They consume an average of two apples a week per capita. The consumption of this fruit is comparatively light in Europa

a sauce or sliced cold. Scalloped Onions With Peanuts .-Peel and cook six onlons, chop twothirds of a cupful of ronsted peanuts. Cook two tablespoonfuls each of fat and flour, add seasonings and a cupful of milk. Put the onions, and peanuts in layers, in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, Bake until brown.

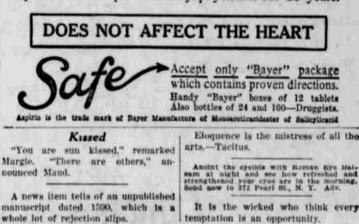
Raisin and Apple Salad .-- Wash one cupful of raisins, add one-fourth of a cupful of apples and one cupful of mayonnaise. Line a bowl with lettuce, pile in the diced apples and raisins, cover with the mayonnaise. Serve with neufchatel cheese balls and gar nish with cubes of tart red jelly.

Eggs a la Suisse .-- Hent an omelet pan, put in a tablespoonful of butter and when melted add one-half cupful of cream. Slip in four eggs one at a time and sprinkle with salt and pepper, with a few grains of cayenne. When the whites are nearly firm sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Serve on buttered toast.

Cauliflower With Cheese Sauce .-Cook the cauliflower broken into flow erets in boiling salted water until tender. Prepare a white sauce with one cupful of milk added to two tablespoonful each of flour and butter cooked together, add salt and pepper and a cupful of grated cheese. Cover the cauliflower with the sauce and bake in a hot oven until well heated. Grapenuts Pudding .- Dissolve one package of lemon jello, add one cup-ful of steamed raisins, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of grapenuts, six walnut ments cut fine. Mix all together and mold. Serve with whipped

nerie Maxwell

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