



The DOOM TRAIL by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU SERVICE

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CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Above everything else, I must know what is happening at Jagara," he said.

"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."

"Surely, Corlaer—" "Corlaer could speak French. More over, if he could, his face is known along the whole frontier."

"Also, 'tis possible I may pick up some news of the Trail from Joncaire."

"I will do what I may," I promised.

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

"We came presently to a wharf at the foot of Deye street, where lay the sloop Betsy, her sails unstopped, land-lines 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 farms by the water's edge, and sometimes the imposing mansion of a patron with its attendant groups of buildings occupied by servants, slaves and tenants."

"On the fifth day we sighted in the distance the stockades of Fort Orange, which the English were beginning to call Albany, nesting close to the river bank under the shelter of a steep hillock. We made the toitory pier, 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 frontiersman—moccasins of ankle height and leather leggings and shirt, all Indian in manufacture. The weapons Juggins had supplied me were warmly praised by my comrades."

"We took 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 herding 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 sixteen miles to Schenectady, and night had fallen when we halted 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."

"The road stops here," I said to Ta-wan-nears. "How shall we go on?"

"The road of the white man stops—yes," 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 uprooted. As I stooped over it I saw that its bottom and steeply sloping sides were hard-packed, beaten down by continual pressure, the relentless pressure of countless human feet for generations and centuries."

"Ta-wan-nears instantly led the way into the groove of the trail, and as if instinctively swung into an easy loping trot. I followed him and the Dutchman brought up the rear."

"It was cool under the trees, for the sun seldom penetrated the foliage, dense already although it was only the fog-end of spring. And it was very silent—terribly, oppressively silent."

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

"Down! he rasped. 'Down! The time is scant!'"

"At the foot of the pine he snatched up his musket without a word, and turned into the green tunnel that debouched upon the screen of the trail."

"As we stepped into the worn slot Peter came into view."

"Well?" he said phlegmatically.

"Cahunga dogs! They dare to invade territory of the Long House!"

"We can cross der Mohawk to der south branch of der trail," proposed Corlaer. "They would not dare to follow us there."

"No," snarled Ta-wan-nears; "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 near the Mohawk castle, although 'tis upon the opposite bank of the river. They will leave us alone until night."

"But why cannot we attack them?"

"A look of ferocity which was almost demonic changed his usually pleasant features into an awful mask."

"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 already mid-afternoon, and shortly the dimness of twilight descended upon the trail, as the level rays of the setting sun were turned aside by the interlacing masses of vegetation."

"Twilight faded into dusk and still we kept on. Ta-wan-nears 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 dell divided by a tiny brook."

"We will camp here," said Ta-wan-nears. 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 Corlaer 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 leather 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."

said. "And be certain that you do 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 foliage. 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 surrounding 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 tree-tops 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. Boughs quivered, and a figure appeared in the open. 'Twas Corlaer. He glanced around him and strode on. In a moment he had passed the clearing and disappeared in the forest."

Ta-wan-nears hunched 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 desolation 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 trail 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."

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"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1227, Western Newspaper Union.)

Our climate is a series of surprises, and among our many prognostics 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 unburiedly. He who goes mornings from a quiet, comfortable and well-ordered home is twice as capable as a business man 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 routine. The usual fruit, cereal, bacon, eggs or toast with a cookie or doughnut to finish off with, with the cup of coffee, is so usually served that we all know how to prepare the food, providing we have the fresh."

A pleasing change is secured by serving a variety of cereals as well as those which need no cooking. By serving a variety of the food is never monotonous, and the favorites may be served more often."

Broiled or baked mackerel, codfish balls, flannel huddle, smoked fish are all admissible for the first meal of the day."

Of the meats, the favorites are bacon, ham, chops, sausage, corn beef hash, frizzed beef and calf's brains."

Eggs are usually a majority and are served in such a variety of ways that they need never become monotonous."

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 too numerous to mention, are all desirable breakfast dishes."

Good Everyday Foods. The use of leftovers is a daily problem in most homes. How to serve them without appearing to be leftovers is not always easy."

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 mashed potato, then add a cupful of white sauce, one teaspoonful of onion juice, two teaspoonfuls of butter, salt 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 boiled rice and two cupfuls of cold boiled ham through a meat chopper, add one-half cupful of white sauce, one-half cupful of bread, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, one tablespoonful of onion juice, salt, pepper to taste, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a well-beaten egg. Mix all together and press into a brick-shaped pan. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with a sauce or sliced cold."

Scalloped Onions With Peanuts.—Peel and cook six onions, chop two-thirds of a cupful of roasted 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 apple and one cupful of mayonnaise. Line a bowl with lettuce, pile in the diced apples and raisins, cover with the mayonnaise. Serve with neutral cheese balls and garnish with cubes of tart red jelly."

Eggs a la Suisse.—Heat 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 flowerets 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 heated."

Grapenuts Pudding.—Dissolve one package of lemon jello, add one cupful of steamed raisins, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of grapenuts, six walnut meats cut fine. Mix all together and mold. Serve with whipped cream."

Message Sticks. One of the mysteries of the aboriginal 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 native, 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 Europe."



In Later Years of Life Good Elimination is More Than Ever Important.

As 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 uric acid and other poisons. This tends to make one tired, listless and aching—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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There ought to be supermen, of course; but how to go about it.



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It is the wicked who think every temptation is an opportunity.

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