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### Death on Fakes

Anthony A. Jordan dean of the appraisers' staff of the United States customs service in Philadelphia, is an authority on antique furniture. can tell If a piece is genuine or not merely by the "feet" of it.

### A Benefactor

A physician who reaches out to benefit humanity leaves a record behind him that is worth while. Such a man was Dr. R. V. Pierce.

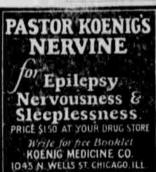


R. V. Pierce.
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# THE DOOM TRAIL

\*

By Arthur D. Howden Smith Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

### CHAPTER VIII-Continued

-16-

"Off it," he repeated impatiently. Since his Most Catholic Majesty hath a just claim to all lands in these parts on this side of Hudson's river, at

"To be sure, to be sure," I assented quickly. "But, Monsieur Joncaire, you will be interested to know there is an accursed tribe of savages who do not believe as you do.

"Is that so, Jean? And who may they be?"

"The Messesngues."

His face lighted up. "They are in De Tonty's country. And how is the dear Alphonse?"

"Fleeing for his life, no less." "Those same accursed Messesagues, monsieur, rose up against us, and Monsleur de Tonty must flee to the northward and make the journey through the country of the Hurons,"

A look of grave concern overspread Jonesire's face.

"Are you certain of this, Jean?" "Beyond doubt, monsieur; for my friend, the Wolf here, smuggled a message from me to Monsieur de Tonty, who hade me come at once to you that you might held up all west-bound ca-

"Humph!" he growled. "Have you been long in Canada, Jean?" "But this year, monsieur."

"Humph!" growled Joncaire again. And where do you come from, Jean?" Something in his speech warned me the liquid siur of the South,
"I, monsieur!" I replied innocently.

"Oh, I am of Picardy. But monsieur is of the south—no? of Provence?" All the suspicion fled from Jonesire's

face, and in its stead blossomed a broad smile, "Peste!" he ejuculated. ""Tis s

clever lad! And how knew you that, Jean?" I was overjoyed-and in no need to simulate my sentiments. This was

good fortune "Was I not camping beside the Regiment de Provence when we were on the Italian frontier? "Tis a pleasant way those lads have of talking. And such good companions with the bottle Ah, for some of that warm southern wine at this moment instead of the secursed rum. Rum is good only for

"You say truth," applanded Joncaire. "come your ways within, Jean, and you shall taste of the blood of La Belle France-although it be not our Provence vintage. By the way, do you know Provence?

"I cannot say so with honesty, monsteur." I fenced, "nithough I have been in Artes."

'In Arlen

He flung his arms around my neck. "Jean, I love you, my lad! I was been in St. Remi. which is but a short distance out in the diocese."

We were now in the entrance of the log house, and Joncaire opened wide the door.

"Jean, you are a lad in a million!" he pronounced. "You shall drink deep. I have some wine which Bigon the intendant fetched out for a few of usyou will understand you must say naught of it bereafter; it never paid duty. Aye, we shall make a fine night of it, and you shall tell me of all that has passed in Arles these many years. He clapped his hands, and a soldier

entered. "Prancols," announced Joncaire, "this is Jean Courb voir, who will be my guest until he departs. He has been in Arles, Francols. Remember that. What he orders you will render to him. Now bring us the fingen of wine which Monsieur Rigon sent out

this moring." The soldier soluted me as if I were a marshal of France and brought in. the flagon of the intendant's wine with the exquisite reverence which only a choicest product of the soil of France. "Pour It out, Francols," commanded

Joncaire. The soldier hesitated.

"And Monsieur de Lery?" he said.
"A thousand million curses!" exploded Joncaire. "Am I to wait for him? Am I to sacrifice my choicest wine in

his gullet?" "Who is Monsieur de Lery?" I asked se Francois filled a thick mug with the

"What? You do not know him? This pompous whipper-snapper who sets out to teach Louis Thomas de Joncaire, sieur de Chabert, his duty, after thirty-five years on the frontier-pah!

"Monsieur de Lery enters," Interposed Francois with a glance at the

A slender, wiry little man in a wig several sizes too big for him strode into the room. He favored me with a rurious giance, nedded to Jonenire and took a sent across the table from

My host made a wry smile and mo-Honed Francols to bring a third mug. "Hola, Monsteur de Lery," he said, This is a gallant young forest-runner, one Jean Courbevoir, who has come to tell me that charming idiot Al-phonse de Tonty has been chased out of Le de Troit by the Messesagues. Jean, Monsteur de Lery is the king's engineer officer in Canada."

"Another case of a log fortification, t suppose," remarked de Lery sarcas-

tically in a dry, crackling voice. "You | Jean, we may force a war upon them gentlemen will never learn."

"You must think we grow louis d'or instead of furs in Canada," growled Joncaire. "Be sure, we of the wilderness posts are the most anxious to have stone walls around us. Well, what headway have you made?"

"I have traced out the lines of the central mass," replied De Lery, tak-ing a gulp of the wine. "Tomorrow I shall mary out a surrounding work of four bastless to encompass it."

He rose from his sent. Speaking for myself, I have bud

sufficient wine, and I shall retire. If the masons bring in the loads of stone we expect in the morning, we chall be able to lay the first course by noon." Joncaire twisted his face into a gri-

mace as De Lery ascended a steep flight of ladder-stairs to an upper story "What is the difficulty, monsieur?"

I inquired sympathetically. "Why, at last I have persuaded this stupid timorous government of ours

to build me a proper fort. "Tis the



only way we shall hold the sacre English in check. With a fort here we can control in some measure the intercourse betwixt the western tribes and the English. Also, we shall have a constant threat here to keep the Iroquois at peace.

"Well, I worked up Vaudreuil to approve it, obtained the grants from Paris, secured the necessary mechan--and then they sent this popinjay to supervise the work. I had pitched on this site here. He would have none of it. No, he must overturn all my plans and put the new works several miles down the river where it runs into the lake. He is conceiled with himself because he has been charged with all the works of fortification in

"Are there others then, monsieur?" casually, busying my nose in the wine-mug.

"Aye, to be sure. He is to build a wall around Montreal, and to strength-

en the enceinte of Quebec."

"But we are at peace with these sacre English," I objected. Joncaire, now thoroughly convivial,

winked at me over the rim of his mug. "For the present, yes. But how long. Jenn? Every year that passes the English grow in strength, and we become weaker; I speak now in matters of trade; for after all, lad, the country which obtains the mastery in trade must be the military master of any

contending nation. I may be only a simple soldier, but so much I have "We are a colony of soldiers and traders, well armed and disciplined. They are an infinitely larger group of colonies with only a few soldiers and traders, but many husbandmen. Give them time, and they will obtain such a grip on the soil of the wilderness that they cannot be pried loose. But if we

from a drawer in the table a heavy book such as accounts are kept in. "Jean," he said, "I am about to dis close to you a secret—which is not a

"Surely we have that supremacy

He winked at me again, and drew

at an early day, and we shall win."

He sat back triumphantly.

secret, because every trader who works for himself is acquainted with it. "Here is the account for this post for the year just ended. We handled s total of 204 'green' deerskins and 22 packets of various kinds of furs. these we cleared a profit of 2,382 livres, 3 sols, 9 deniers (about \$476). which would not come anywhere near covering the operating expenses of the post. You will find the same story at every post from here to the Missis-

sippl Why, monsieur?"

"These sacre English! First they turn the Iroquois against us; then they build the post of Fort Oswego, at the foot of the Onondaga's river on Irondequoit bay (now Oswego, N. Y.); then they send out a swarm of young men to trap and shoot in the Indian country; then they pass this accursed law that forbids us obtaining Indian goods from the New York merchants! Peste, what a people! They have us

I shook my head delefully.

"Ah. mousieur, you make me very sorrowful." I said. "I came out to Canada thinking to make my fortune, but if what you say be true, I am more likely to be killed by the English."

"No. no. it's not so bad as that," he answered quickly. The governor-general has waked up. It seems that in France they are not quite ready for another war, but we are charged to make preparations as rapidly as pos-There is an emissary coming soon from Paris, who will have in-structions for the frontier posts and the friendly Indians. It may be we can persuade the English to be stupid enough to revoke this law of theirs. In any case, my Jean, you will have heard of the Doom Trail?"

I crossed myself devoutly "I have heard nothing good of the

monsieur." I said fearfully. "Humph; I don't doubt it. And mind you, Jean, for myself, I do not like that kind of business. But after all trade over the Doom Tratt which keeps you and me in our jobs, Without it-well, this post would shut And they do say at Quebec that if we can start a revolution in England for this Pretender of theirs and war at the same time, we shall be able to take the whole continent from them."

There was a commetion at the door, "Bind the Indian," shouted a voice in French. "Hab, I thought so! We

meet again, Ormerod!" De Venile stood on the threshold,

his rifle leveled at my breast. "Bring the Indian inside here," he called behind bim. A group of Cahnungas, frightfully

painted, with their grotesque bristling ather headdresses, hustled Ta-wanne are into the room.

But now Joncaire asserted himself. "What do you mean by this, Monsleur de Veulie?" he demanded. "This man is a forest-runner, Jean Courbevoir, a messenger from De Tonty. The Indian is a Messesague—as you should see by his paint and beadwork,"
"Bah!" sneered De Veulle, "They

fooled you. The Indian is Ta-wan-nears, of the Seneca Woives, war chief of the Iroquois. The white man is Harry Ormerod, an English spy and a deserter from the Jacobites. He was stationed in Paris for some years, and recently was sent to New York. Burnet, the governor of New York, dispatched him here to spy out what you are doing."

"That may be so," assented Joncaire; "but it happens that I command here. These men are my prisoners. You will order your Indians from the room. Francois, get your musket and stand guard."

De Veulle drew a paper from a pocket inside his leather shirt and preuse our temporary advantage, and keep them from winning supremacy in sented it to Joncaire with irritating deliberation.
(TO BE CONTINUED.) the trade with the savages, then, my

### 

Small Fortune Paid for Gutenberg Bible Recently at Vienna, an American

dealer paid \$220,585 for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible. It belonged to an abbey in Austria, and the owners had to get official leave from the Austrian government before they could sell their treasure. They obtained by far the biggest price ever paid for a book.

Yet a still higher price is on record as having been once offered. In the Seventeenth century the monks of St. Emeran possessed a notable manuscript of the Gospels, which had been presented to their abbey by the Emperor Henry IV.

The elector of Bavaria admired it so much that he proposed to give these monks the town of Straubingen in exchange. But they were prudent men. They

knew the elector could, and they sus-

pected that he would, retake the town

his offer and kept their precious manuscript.

The Bible which the dealer bought is a magnificent copy on veilum of the first book ever printed in Europe from metal types.

### The Vital Spark

Are not the poets themselves to blame that poetry is not more widely read? Beautiful wandering aimless lines soon fade without an idea. Is satire-impudent, personal, biting-a genuine poetic mood? Are beautifully trimmed and hedged gardens the best inspiration for poetizing human nature? Are the literary teas of social climbers the best laboratories for poetizing human nature? And yet au inconsequential leaf in the air may seem vital and important if to the poet it is vital and important.-Marie whenever he pleased, so they declined | Luhrs, in Peetry.

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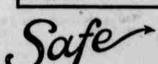
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