



The DOOM TRAIL

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CHAPTER X—Continued

Tom and Bolling rolled in barrels of rum, which were opened and consumed as rapidly as the heads were knocked off; and the raw spirits combined with the hellish chant and the suggestive throbbing of the drums to stimulate afresh the passions which Ga-ha-no's dancing had aroused.

At first they paid no attention to us. They were preoccupied with the extraordinary hysteria which had gripped them. They apostrophized the moon. The women flung themselves upon the False Faces, for it was deemed an honor to receive the attentions of these priests of evil. The men worked themselves into an excess of debauchery. Groups formed and dissolved with amazing rapidity. Individuals, wearying of each other, ran hither and thither, seeking partners who were more pleasing or attractive to them.

But at last a portion of the drunken mob turned upon us. An old woman with wispy gray hair and shrunken breasts beat Ta-wan-ne-ars on the flank with a smoldering brand. Boiling, whatever of man there was in him smothered in the brutishness the rum had excited, carefully inserted a pin-splinter in the quick of my finger nail. I gritted my teeth to force back the scream of agony, and managed to laugh—how, I do not know—when he set it alight.

"The brother of Ta-wan-ne-ars is a great warrior," proclaimed my comrade, swift to come to my help. "Red Jack and his friends cannot hurt Ormerod. We laugh at you."

Bolling ripped out his knife and staggered toward the Seneca's stake. "I'll make you laugh," he spat wickedly. "I'll carve your mouth wider so you can laugh plenty when we begin on you in earnest. Think this has been anything? We—"

A yell of mingled fear and laughter interrupted him. False Faces and warriors, women as well as men, were pointing toward the background of the pines.

"Ne-e-a-go-ye, the Bear, is come to play with us," they cried.

And others prostrated themselves and called—

"Qua, Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-in!"

For the second time that night I twisted my neck to peer behind my stake, and sure the sight which met my eyes was weirder even than the white figure of the Moon Maiden. There within the circle of the firelight stood Ga-ha-no again. But 'twas a vastly different Ga-ha-no. On her head she wore a bear's mask, with the fur of the neck and shoulders falling around her body to the ga-ka-ah which draped her loins. In each hand she gripped a knife, and her white limbs staggered under her in pretense of the unsteady gait of a bear walking erect.

The False Faces began their chant, the drums rumbled crazily, and she wavered forward, arms flapping like paws, head poised absurdly upon one side. The savages, keen to appreciate what they knew, applauded uproariously such faithfulness to nature.

They were equally enthusiastic when she advanced her muzzle suspiciously and sniffed of my face. But they could not hear the familiar voice which whispered in my ear—

"Mr. Ormerod, when I have cut your bonds be ready to leap after me as soon as the Iroquois is free."

I started so that my surprise must have been apparent had it not been for the restraining rawhide thongs.

"What?" I gasped. "You?"

"Say nothing. Time is short. And I will—"

She danced, with her ridiculous gait, over to Ta-wan-ne-ars, and I watched curiously his look of affection and detestation change to one of quickly suppressed amazement. With his ready wit he shook his head at her and tried to bite one of the furry ears of her mask.

She backed away from us slowly, and her head balanced from side to side in contemplation. Then she charged upon me, knives flashing before my eyes. She slashed at me here and there, and each time she slashed she severed a thong. I pretended abject fear, and the befuddled savages shouted with glee.

She pranced to Ta-wan-ne-ars and performed the same operation upon him. He, too, gave evidence of fear. He covered against the stake and lowered his head. But when she advanced her mask and nuzzled his shoulder, I saw his powerful muscles knotting themselves in preparation for the dash for freedom.

"Now!" I heard her say very low.

Ta-wan-ne-ars seemed to rise into the air, thongs flying behind him. I tugged and jumped and my own lastings parted—and I found myself running somewhat stiffly beside the Iroquois.

A second figure drew up to my side, and I felt a knifeblat pushed into my head.

to the bank of a small stream, where a trail marked a ford.

"Under those bushes," she said, pointing, "you will find your clothes and weapons. We hid them this evening."

I scurried into the undergrowth and started to don the tattered garments which were fastened in a bundle to the barrel of my musket—the musket that Juggins had given to me, years and years ago. It seemed, in London, and which I had expected never to see again. But she halted me.

"No, no, Mr. Ormerod!" she exclaimed. "There is not time. You must go on alone, the two of you. They will expect you to strike into the Doom Trail. 'Tis the quickest way to the settlements. Ga-ha-no bade me tell you to go west instead, making for Oswego at the mouth of the Onondaga river. So you may shake off the pursuit of the Keepers."

"But you?" I cried, standing up, bundle and musket in hand.

"'Tis my part to lead them into the Doom Trail."

Ta-wan-ne-ars joined with me in a violent protest. But she waved us aside.

"There is no other way. I will have learned much since my coming here. Master Ormerod, and amongst other things, to think the less harshly of you."

"For that I am thankful," I replied, "but sure, you must let us take you back to Fort Orange. Governor Burnett will care for you."

"It cannot be," she insisted. "My place is here. Wicked as they be, these men here—and he who is called my father is not the cleanest of them—they work in a good cause. 'Tis for me to stay by and see they do what is expected of them for it. Now be off, sir. The False Faces will be on us any moment—and I am not wishing to be caught by them, even though they would not venture to do me harm."

A burst of ferocious yelling came from the heart of the pine wood.

"They have seen traces of us in the open space by the altar," interrupted Ta-wan-ne-ars.

He swung musket and bundle to his shoulder, and faced the bear mask, a splendid figure in bronze.

"Sister Ne-e-a-go-ye," he said gravely, "did Ga-ha-no give you any message for Ta-wan-ne-ars?"

She hesitated.

"She said that if you asked for her I was to tell you to forget Ga-ha-no, that she was unworthy of your memory. But you were to believe that what she did for you tonight was in reparation for her first great wrong."

He bowed his head.

"And oh, Ta-wan-ne-ars," she went on impulsively, "she says a bitter price. Forgive her."

Ta-wan-ne-ars looked up.

"Say this to Ga-ha-no," he answered. "Say Ta-wan-ne-ars thinks of her as a Lost Soul, tarrying for a while with Ata-ent-ah, and in the end he will come for her and bring her home again to his lodge. Say that Ta-wan-ne-ars never forgets."

He raised his right arm in the gesture of farewell, and stepped into the current of the stream.

"We part once more, Marjory," I said, offering my hand.

She took it.

"For certain words I have spoken to you, I am sorry," she said. "I know more now. You may be my enemy, but I believe you not to be a traitor."

"Thank you. And is that all you have to say to me?"

"That is all," she replied softly, withdrawing her hand.

"I will not leave you," I cried, and made to walk with her along the trail.

But she pushed me back.

"Please go, Master Ormerod," she begged. "If I am not overtaken, this mask will protect me as far as the chapel, where my own clothes are awaiting me. They dare not enter there."

I captured her hand again and carried it to my lips.

"My name is Harry," I answered. "And I have never forgotten the song in the cabin of the New Venture."

"Thank you, Harry," she returned with a trill of elfin laughter. "And I do assure you I know other songs."

With that she was gone. Yet I had a feeling I had never known before that she was still with me, and I stepped into the water with joy in my heart.

A score of paces down the bank I found Ta-wan-ne-ars, and we crouched under the pendant branches of a willow to see what would happen, muskets primed and ready.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

NEWBURGH QUARTERS

"And now for our trip today," shouted Uncle John early the next morning. "We are going up the Hudson river, he added.

"Oh, what fun," exclaimed Douglas. "Are we going to any special place?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes," said Uncle John, "we are going to see Washington's headquarters at Newburgh."

So, on a boat Uncle John took Douglas and Dorothy, and up the Hudson they went. They looked at the beautiful Palisades on one side, and on the other the apartment houses. For they always loved that contrast of beautiful nature and the very apparent fact of human nature and all its homes!

"What quantities of people live in the Wonder City," said Dorothy.

"Of course, laughed Douglas. "Don't we see hundreds every day? There have been crowds wherever we have gone."

"But it seems as if there were so many more, somehow, when we see what lots of homes there have to be for them all," said Dorothy.

At last the boat reached Newburgh. There Uncle John took the children to the house where at one time George Washington made his headquarters. They looked about them at all the things that George Washington used. Some of them looked old and different, but many seemed much the same.



They Wrote Their Names

They just had a different meaning because such a great man owned and used them.

Uncle John showed them letters that George Washington had written, and after they had looked at them a little while, Douglas exclaimed:

"I'm sitting in the chair that he used to sit in!" Of course Dorothy had to try it, too!

And before they left they wrote their names in the big book in which are written the names of visitors who come from all over to visit the headquarters of Washington, which are so beautifully situated.

In front of the house Douglas and Dorothy saw a large cannon which they were told was fired off every year on the Fourth of July, when some one made a patriotic speech, and when fireworks followed in the evening's celebration.

Back once more they went in the boat along the Hudson to the Wonder City. And, as the tall buildings came in view again, and Douglas and Dorothy were thinking of all the marvelous things that existed in the city, Douglas said:

"There would never have been a Wonder City if it hadn't been for George Washington. I'm so glad I've taken that trip."

"And I'm glad," said Dorothy, "that we've written our names in the book of visitors."

They talked of this and they talked too of the wonder of the weather bureau which they had seen the day before, and which by means of instruments and the condition of the atmosphere could tell whether it was going to rain, snow, freeze or broil.

That was how the weather bureau could send out reports to the newspapers on what the weather was going to be.

Really, Douglas and Dorothy agreed, it was very wonderful to see so much that was so amazing, but because people were used to it they did not stop to appreciate.

Other Fellow's Fault

Bobby, aged three, had a cousin the same age who came to visit him. They spent the major part of the time quarreling. Finally Bobby's mother said, sternly, "What is the matter with you and Jimmy, Bobby? You don't agree at all?"

"Oh," said Bobby, "I agree. It's Jimmy that doesn't."

Runs Without Legs

Little Girl—What do you think, auntie! There's something running across the bathroom floor without legs!

Auntie—Good gracious, child, what is it?

Little Girl—Water, auntie.—The Outlook.

Couldn't Be Genuine

Little Edith—My mother bought me two goldfish for Christmas. She paid a dollar for them.

Little Edna—Huh! If that's all she paid, I'll bet they're only plated.—Boston Transcript.

Improving Artillery

A vacuum tube and a high-speed camera are being utilized by the United States bureau of standards experts to measure the vibrations of a gun muzzle during its discharge. In experiments still continuing it was found that a light coating of oil in the gun barrel caused the gun to shoot high and that other things being equal, muzzle vibrations increase as the powder charge is made lighter. It is hoped to evolve a formula for bullets and barrels which will cut inaccuracy to the minimum.

Gives Himself Away

"De habitual kicker only perclains his own inefficiency," remarked Uncle Ezra. "He simply keeps advertin' de fac' dat he ain't smart enough ter hab his own way."—Boston Transcript.

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Some Hams! Hams weighing ninety pounds each were obtained from the world's largest hog, slaughtered recently near Hagerstown, Md. The animal weighed 1,400 pounds alive.—Capper's Weekly.

Class in Law "What is a negotiable instrument?" "The saxophone." "Why do you say that?" "You can always pawn it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Same Stuff Mrs. Blake—I've hunted everywhere, dear. Have you any sandpaper? Blake—No, but I'll lend you a suit of my wool underwear.

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Claims Everyone Can Now Have Good Health

Los Angeles Business Man Suffering Months From Constipation, Indigestion and Run-Down Condition Regains Health with Tanlac

Mr. Harry Franklin, a well-known Los Angeles manufacturer with offices at 915 Broadway, says: "My experience proves that nearly everyone can now have good health. After many months of indigestion and constipation, months that ended by my being in a badly run-down condition, I regained good health, new strength and calm nerves. . . . Thanks to Tanlac.

"Imagine not being able to eat without suffering from tormenting pains and the burning sensation of indigestion. The poisons caused by sluggish liver and constipation ravaging my system, left me tired and draggy all the time, with no energy for my work.

"Then I turned to Tanlac, determined to give it a fair trial. From the first bottle it helped me. Within a few weeks I found myself with more energy than I had known in months. A fine appetite, good digestion—I feel that I could eat nails without harm—I am so built up in every way.

"I now enjoy robust health and work all day at top speed without tiring. But I have not stopped taking Tanlac, for it is the one way to continued good health, to top strength and energy. My wife, too, highly praises Tanlac. She is inclined to be delicate and has found that Tanlac



has preserved her health and strength for many years. Everyone should take this wonderful tonic."

Tanlac has helped thousands of Californians. It is Nature's own remedy made from roots, barks and herbs according to the famous Tanlac formula. The first bottle usually brings wonderful relief from pain. Keep up the treatment and you grow stronger, healthier, more robust.

Don't neglect your health, don't suffer from pain needlessly, begin taking this wonder tonic now. Ask your druggist for Tanlac—today!

Prudent Ted—How did you cure yourself of walking in your sleep? Dave—I took carfare to bed.

The most profound joy has more of gravity than gaiety in it.—Montaigne.



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