

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

(© by Brentano's)

WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"It may be so," replied the governor. "But I would suggest to you, my friends, that certain knowledge hath come to me which compels me to wonder whether you would persist in this attitude were you acquainted with it. Briefly, I have lately obtained definite information that the French are beginning the erection of a stone fort at Jagara. The territory this side of the falls of Jagara is secured to us by the Peace of Utrecht. 'Tis not only that the French have no right to construct a fort there. They have no right to maintain a trading post there.

"Yet my agent talked with the officers in charge, Monsieur de Joincure and Monsieur de Lery, and they boasted of their intent to erect such a fort as would be a curb on our Indian allies, the Iroquois, and divert to their posts farther up the Cadaragui take the fur trade which now comes to us at Ironquoit and Oswego, Schenectady and New Albany.

"At the time I received word of the building of the fort at Jagara, I received also this report from an agent in Montreal, announcing the doubling of the price paid for beaver at the French posts, so that now they are on a par with us."

"We can afford to pay more than we do. London will still take it at a profit," rejoined the merchant who had first spoken.

"Trade is trade," cried another. "It goes where the money is."

"Aye, we have no fear," clamored others.

"Let us suppose," resumed the governor, "that the French permit you to draw supplies of furs through them. I can conceive they might do so if it netted them the prices they desire. Does that mean that you will always be safe in expecting to have your wants so filled?"

"To be sure," answered three or four men at once.

"I differ with you," replied Master Burnet. "The fur trade is not only a means to earn profits. 'Tis a most important stake in securing military success. The nation which controls the fur trade, my masters, will have the interest of the larger numbers of savages. The nation which owns the support of the most Indian tribes will be the nation superior in extending its territories in time of peace and superior in battle in time of war."

"It'll become a plain merchant to take issue with your excellency," remarked a hard-featured merchant. "but it seems to me you attach overmuch importance to savage tribes and war. There is enough land in North America for French and English and Indians, too. Trade is everything."

"So long as 'tis rightly conducted," amended Master Burnet. "Bear in mind, my masters, that the whole history of our possessions on this continent disproved the statement that there is land enough for ourselves and the French. The French are the first to dispute this view."

"They plan openly to drive us into the sea. The New France they see in the future will embrace all the settlements of the Atlantic coast together with the inland wilderness."

"If you halt them sufficiently, doubtless they will seek to fight us," asserted a merchant.

"But they know not our English breed if they think to do so," cried a neighbor.

"Or the Dutchman, either," said a third.

"Good! That is the spirit I want to arouse," acknowledged the governor, quick to seize what he thought an advantage. "Gentlemen, what I desire from you especially today is your support in a plan I have been considering for moderating the exit of goods to Canada. The volume reached in recent weeks passes all reason. If permitted to continue 'twill exhaust our supplies. It plays directly into the hands of—"

But he was not suffered to continue. "Free trading!" shouted a group.

"Stick to the law, governor!" warned one.

"The law is the law!" cried a third. The prosperous-looking merchant stood up and made himself heard by jangling his stick on the floor.

"Do I understand your excellency to mean that you would alter the instructions received from the lords of trade?" he asked.

"My plan is rather to amend the carrying out of the law by certain restrictions until I can forward representations on the situation to their lordships," replied Master Burnet steadily.

"But as one of my brethren has just remarked, the law is the law."

"The trouble here, sirs, is that there is no law," declared the governor. "We have the suspension of the law, and in the interim there is no provision for a substitute statute."

"Tush, we want no such law," proclaimed the hard-featured merchant. "Let us not quibble. His excellency might as well know the truth. Since Master Murray won his case we have been able to sell and buy as we chose. And our coffers have swollen thereby."

"The law was an ill-judged law. It restricted trade, reduced profits. Let the French secure furs if they wish. They may do the dirty work. We will

sit back and reap the profits. Better have free trade under France than limited trade under England or any other country."

"You talk treason, sir," said the governor coldly. "Moreover, you talk foolishly. There is no freedom of trade in Canada—"

"Well, we have it here; and by —, we'll keep it as long as we can," replied the merchant.

"That is not like to be very long, my masters," announced a new voice.

All eyes were turned to the door. There stood Andrew Murray, laced and cocked hat tucked under his arm. He bowed low to the governor.

"I must beseech your excellency's pardon for my unheralded entrance," he said. "I am but just arrived in town, and I hastened here to present my case to you."

He swept his eyes over the room as he spoke and fastened them upon my face.

"You are welcome, Master Murray," returned the governor. "Had I known where to reach you I should have invited your attendance."

"I am honored, sir. I venture to intrude upon you because of information I possess which I am sure will

acquaint him with what I have laid before this gathering, all the more so because he is more vitally interested perhaps than any other.

"Master Murray, I am concerned over the extent to which the fur trade is passing into French hands, and I am bound to say my information indicates that the French have your assistance in the matter. The quantities of trade-goods going up-river have enormously increased this summer. They are hundreds of tons in excess of what formerly passed through Albany."

"Doubtless our trading posts have profited thereby," suggested Murray blandly.

"On the contrary," returned Master Burnet with decision. "Our trading posts have fared worse, if anything. Aside from the Iroquois, the savages are patronizing more and more the French traders. Briefly Master Murray, I am canvassing the sentiment of our merchants on the advisability of suspending for the time being, to some degree at any rate, the proclamation I issued in response to the action of the lords of trade in withholding the assent of his majesty's government to our law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods with Canada."

Murray took snuff deliberately. "I am not surprised," he commented. "I am free to say, your excellency, that I have noted hitherto a laxness on the part of the provincial authorities in administering the free-trade requirements of their lordships."

"You charge that?" inquired the governor coldly.

"I do, sir. And I give fair warning that, with a view to the best interests of the province and in response to the wishes of the majority of the merchants, I purpose to carry my complaint before the privy council at the earliest opportunity."

Governor Burnet rose from his chair. The cordiality was gone from his manner.

"This meeting is dissolved," he pronounced. "No, not a word, gentlemen"—this as several undertook to object—"I still hold his majesty's commission as governor, and I purpose to secure assent to my authority by one means or another. I have striven to reason with you. I shall now proceed as seems best to me. Master Murray, file your charges in writing and be prepared to bear testimony in their defense. You may go."

The door closed on the last of the turbulent group.

"But, your excellency," I protested, "why do you permit Murray to make such charges without bringing up against him the information we gathered at La Vierge du Bois? Sure, 'tis some measure of offense to apply torture to a fellow-countryman; and for the rest, there is the testimony of Ta-wan-ne-ars to corroborate me."

Governor Burnet shook his head sadly.

"You forget that unfortunately your own past is somewhat clouded in the eyes of the law. Did I charge him with anything on your evidence, he would assail you for a known Jacobite and outlaw, and whatever counter-charges we might make he would dismiss as mere efforts to offset your guilt."

"Why, 'tis incredible, your excellency," I cried with heat. "Here we have, beside myself, Peter Corlier, who is surely known for trustworthy, if I am not. And Ta-wan-ne-ars is a chief as well as a man of education, even according to white men's standards. Must we suffer this self-confessed traitor to escape scot-free?"

The governor shook his head again.

"I dare not, Master Ormerod. Unfortunately, as I have said, and through no fault of your own, you are discredited in advance as a witness. Peter is known for a sturdy hater of the French and devoted to me and to those who think as I do, notably your friend Master Juggins in London."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars is an Indian. He will acquit me of intent to offend if I say openly that my enemies will refuse to accept his word against that of a great merchant like Murray."

He hesitated a moment, deep in thought.

"There is no other way," he decided suddenly. "Draw up your charges. I have much to ask of you, and 'tis no more than fair that I should present for you all the facts in the case."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

be of interest to you and all others who have the prosperity of the province at heart."

"I am interested," said the governor impartially. "Pray state your case, Master Murray."

"I shall do so all the more readily, your excellency, because I am persuaded you can have no knowledge of the crimes recently committed by persons who represent themselves to be your agents."

"I see in this room three men whom I charge with the wanton destruction of a large quantity of furs and the murder of two of my servants and a number of friendly Indians."

And that there might be no mistaking the objects of his accusation Murray pointed his forefinger at my comrade and me. Murmurs arose and hostile glances were bent upon us.

"Be explicit, if you please," said the governor.

"I will, sir," replied Murray boldly. "The young man known as Harry Ormerod, with Peter Corlier and a Seneca chief called Ta-wan-ne-ars, raided a fleet of canoes on the shore of the Cadaragui lake near Oswego and burned hundreds of packs of valuable furs which the far-western savages were bringing in for trade."

"I have heard something of this matter," admitted Master Burnet. "But I understood the savages were in charge of Monsieur de Joincure, the French commandant at Jagara, and bound for Montreal."

"Monsieur de Joincure was accompanying them, 'tis true," admitted Murray. "But the savages were bound for my own trading stations. The loss, which will run into thousands of pounds, will fall upon our New York merchants."

The murmurs grew into an outburst of indignation which the governor quelled with difficulty.

"I shall look into Master Murray's charges," he said. "So much, at least, he is entitled to. But first I wish to

Two bachelors, Smith and Brown, were seated in the flat of the latter. "Smith—Would you like to know the name of your future wife?"

"Brown—I certainly would."

"Well, I'll guarantee to tell you her name by arithmetic."

"That's impossible."

"Well, you take a piece of paper and work out this sum: Write down the year in which you were born, subtract the last two figures from the first two. Now multiply what remains by the date of the month in which you were born. Divide your answer by two, and tell me the result."

Brown, after a lengthy struggle and much thought, at last works out the problem and hands his friend the result.

acquaint him with what I have laid before this gathering, all the more so because he is more vitally interested perhaps than any other.

"Master Murray, I am concerned over the extent to which the fur trade is passing into French hands, and I am bound to say my information indicates that the French have your assistance in the matter. The quantities of trade-goods going up-river have enormously increased this summer. They are hundreds of tons in excess of what formerly passed through Albany."

"Doubtless our trading posts have profited thereby," suggested Murray blandly.

"On the contrary," returned Master Burnet with decision. "Our trading posts have fared worse, if anything. Aside from the Iroquois, the savages are patronizing more and more the French traders. Briefly Master Murray, I am canvassing the sentiment of our merchants on the advisability of suspending for the time being, to some degree at any rate, the proclamation I issued in response to the action of the lords of trade in withholding the assent of his majesty's government to our law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods with Canada."

Murray took snuff deliberately.

"I am not surprised," he commented. "I am free to say, your excellency, that I have noted hitherto a laxness on the part of the provincial authorities in administering the free-trade requirements of their lordships."

"You charge that?" inquired the governor coldly.

"I do, sir. And I give fair warning that, with a view to the best interests of the province and in response to the wishes of the majority of the merchants, I purpose to carry my complaint before the privy council at the earliest opportunity."

Governor Burnet rose from his chair. The cordiality was gone from his manner.

"This meeting is dissolved," he pronounced. "No, not a word, gentlemen"—this as several undertook to object—"I still hold his majesty's commission as governor, and I purpose to secure assent to my authority by one means or another. I have striven to reason with you. I shall now proceed as seems best to me. Master Murray, file your charges in writing and be prepared to bear testimony in their defense. You may go."

The door closed on the last of the turbulent group.

"But, your excellency," I protested, "why do you permit Murray to make such charges without bringing up against him the information we gathered at La Vierge du Bois? Sure, 'tis some measure of offense to apply torture to a fellow-countryman; and for the rest, there is the testimony of Ta-wan-ne-ars to corroborate me."

Governor Burnet shook his head sadly.

"You forget that unfortunately your own past is somewhat clouded in the eyes of the law. Did I charge him with anything on your evidence, he would assail you for a known Jacobite and outlaw, and whatever counter-charges we might make he would dismiss as mere efforts to offset your guilt."

"Why, 'tis incredible, your excellency," I cried with heat. "Here we have, beside myself, Peter Corlier, who is surely known for trustworthy, if I am not. And Ta-wan-ne-ars is a chief as well as a man of education, even according to white men's standards. Must we suffer this self-confessed traitor to escape scot-free?"

The governor shook his head again.

"I dare not, Master Ormerod. Unfortunately, as I have said, and through no fault of your own, you are discredited in advance as a witness. Peter is known for a sturdy hater of the French and devoted to me and to those who think as I do, notably your friend Master Juggins in London."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars is an Indian. He will acquit me of intent to offend if I say openly that my enemies will refuse to accept his word against that of a great merchant like Murray."

He hesitated a moment, deep in thought.

"There is no other way," he decided suddenly. "Draw up your charges. I have much to ask of you, and 'tis no more than fair that I should present for you all the facts in the case."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Brown Proved Quite Unable to See Joke

Two bachelors, Smith and Brown, were seated in the flat of the latter.

"Smith—Would you like to know the name of your future wife?"

"Brown—I certainly would."

"Well, I'll guarantee to tell you her name by arithmetic."

"That's impossible."

"Well, you take a piece of paper and work out this sum: Write down the year in which you were born, subtract the last two figures from the first two. Now multiply what remains by the date of the month in which you were born. Divide your answer by two, and tell me the result."

Brown, after a lengthy struggle and much thought, at last works out the problem and hands his friend the result.

Smith—Now these figures obviously indicate that the name of your future wife will be Mrs. Brown.

Brown and Smith are no longer friends.

Breeds Butterflies

Butterfly farming is a career new to most people. But at least one man has made a success of it. He labels himself a lepidopterist and he has a farm at Bexley, Kent, England, devoted to nothing else but breeding of butterflies and moths—millions of them.

They are reared on trees and bushes covered with muslin bags, and are exported to museums, schools, and colleges in all parts of the world.

Warsaw Since the War



Polish Peasant Woman at Market.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE Poland of today still shows the effects of the World War which freed the country of political dependence on Russia.

This is especially marked in Warsaw, the capital. The porter who meets one at the train was but yesterday a millionaire. Fantastic figures gave birth to fantastic habits. Until recently no one asked for change. With a mass of brain-cluttering zeros, it was easier to deal in round numbers. Then came the zloty, worth a gold franc, twenty cents, or 1,800,000 Polish marks.

There were no zeros to toss around and many travelers, likewise reduced from the ranks of millionaires, prefer to carry their own bags; hence there are three porters for every job. Each must live from the proceeds of a day, two-thirds of which is taken up in having his services refused.

As a droszky rolls up the blue-coated driver in a leather cap hands his number to a policeman, who slips it onto one end of a broken ring. A duplicate number hangs between the shoulder blades of the caddy. When an arriving passenger wants a carriage a number is slipped off the other end and the driver of that number wins the fare, according to the first-come-first-to-serve principle.

Occasionally, when demand for droszkies exceeds supply, a number never gets onto the ring, and instead of a lot of tags representing idle carriages there is a queue of potential patrons.

At the hotel a long succession of military heels, relief committee boots and suit case salesman's shoes has reduced to paper thinness the carpets in which one once waded through luxury. Exasperated guests have killed flies against the wall paper. Careless buccantes cooling their brows have broken the bottoms out of the wash-basins. After years of war and depreciation, funds must be found to restore the hotel to its former state. On top of the necessarily high price the municipality imposes an 80 per cent surtax, plus a dollar for a passport inspection each time one returns to town.

Warsaw Now Dark and Dull. Beautiful parks and gardens surrounded by dull, gray, depressing streets are the first impressions which Warsaw, the capital city, makes upon the visitor.

The buildings are huge, impressive because of their size but not picturesque. Coupled with heaviness of construction there is a somberness whose psychological effect is disheartening. There is nothing depressing about a country scene, even on a night without a moon; but in a city, with the sky shut out, darkness weighs upon the heart.

From six to eight every evening young Warsaw parades the thoroughfares between Theater square and the Saxon garden. Polish men are supposedly vivacious. Polish women are reputedly beautiful. For want of adequate lighting, what might be a brilliant concourse is a funeral gathering wading through such darkness as would ruin Times square in a single month.

The Poles are said to be the greatest dancers in the world, but the traveler seeking something peculiarly Polish in a public place finds an oily-haired banjoist pursuing a couple about the polished floor and a negro trap drummer tossing his sticks in the air or coaxing a peculiar rattle from his drums with a wire fly-swatter.

Many Ornate Churches. The Polish capital has many churches, massive and ornate, baroque outside and rococo within, full of memorials to those Polish exiles who did their work on foreign soil and to whom, under Russian rule, no public monuments could be raised.

In the Church of the Holy Ghost, in accordance with the great composer's wish, the heart of Frederic Chopin is buried. Business men enter with brief

cases under their arms and sit or kneel beside peasant women with milk cans or vegetables protruding from their shawls.

Chic Polish women slide out past some stooping peasant in top boots. On the broad front steps old men and women in rags, a mother with a baby at her breast, await the alms inspired by brief communion with oneself or God.

The streets of the capital are humiliated by news stands with papers in several languages, excellent illustrated journals, some innocent gayety and much tawdry in silk stockings. With the recent deaths of Joseph Conrad and Henryk Sienkiewicz and the Nobel award to Ladislav Reymont's "The Peasants," one might expect a considerable demand for the works of these Polish literary lions, but recently translations of Henry Ford's "My Life and Work," Morand's "Lewis and Irene" and a Claude Farrere novel were among the best sellers.

The Warsaw cigarette stand consists of a box which can be suspended from the shoulders and carried to a location chosen for the number of potential buyers who pass at any given hour. Brighter still are the soft-drink or refreshment booths with pink and yellow shirps, red and russet apples, shiny rolls of chocolate and various types of breadstuffs.

Scenes in the Markets. There is a certain informality about the markets of Warsaw. The traffic in vegetables and flowers, chaplets of dried mushrooms, milk and eggs, live and dressed poultry, July pears and enormous English walnuts overflows from the two market halls into the streets and courtyards on all sides.

The practice of selling live poultry in a county where cold storage consists of a long winter makes for a more even market. If, after having twenty city women finger over her pet gander, the country woman finds no sale for him, a twist of the wrist ties him up in her shawl and back home she goes.

Near the food markets the fronts of several buildings are draped with piece goods, and across the road is a dimly lighted shambles, where the shoddiest of woven goods, comfortless underwear, cardboard suit cases and ugly finery are sold to those too poor to profit from buying honest goods.

North of these markets, watched over by bulbous-bodded country women with cheery, honest faces, one comes to the Nalewki, where Yiddish is the native jargon.

The Nalewki differs from Polish Warsaw in that its buildings have no fine facades, but two sively backs. Between it and the Vistula there remains the Old Town square, once the haunt of fashion. Some of the fine carved doorways still hint of ancient glories. The row of medieval houses is, in its general aspect, as fine as anything Warsaw can offer. Hidden away from casual gaze are narrow entrance halls and staircases that once gleamed with the beauty of ivory shoulders, and where natty officers, emerging from their heavy overcoats, disclosed such a lancer's uniform as made a callow youth look like a man of iron and a breaker of hearts.

There is nothing distinctive about the Warsaw skyline. Until recently the dominating features of the silhouette were the five gilt domes and 240-foot campanile of the Russian church. Within the last three years this has been torn down, carefully and expensively.

Warsaw's citadel, with its over-worked execution grounds and infamous Pavillon X, was built to punish the Poles for the November insurrection of 1830. Pavillon X has been torn down. In it was the cell where Pilsudski was imprisoned.

From the citadel walls one looks down upon the Vistula, whose basin embraces most of Poland and on whose banks are more than half of the nation's cities. Sadly neglected until now, it may become as important a waterway as the Rhine or the Seine.

Engineer Cressy Praises Tanlac

Fermentation, Bloating, Nervousness and Constipation Relieved, Health Restored. Gains 26 Pounds

"Tanlac did me so much good that I have been boosting it whenever I could," says B. Cressy, 950 Ellis St., San Francisco, a well-known electrical engineer. "Stomach trouble was the seat of my trouble. Whatever I ate did not digest. It would lie in the pit of my stomach and ferment, cause gas that bloated my stomach and pained me. Often this trouble was so bad I could hardly breathe. I was always constipated and lost weight fast. Of course I was nervous and at night I never slept soundly. Then a lady advised me to take Tanlac. I did, with wonderful result. It relieved all stomach trouble, gave me an appetite, cleansed my system of constipation and I built up my strength. I have gained 26 pounds since taking Tanlac. And never felt better."

Take Tanlac for better health, for strength. First bottle shows amazing results. At your druggist's. Over 40 million bottles sold.



Green's August Flower

For Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc. Relieves Distress after Hurried Meals or Overeating. Being a gentle laxative, it keeps the digestive tract working normally. 30c & 90c. At all Druggists. G. G. GREEN, Inc. WOODBURY, N. J.

Kill All Flies!

THEY SPREAD DISGRACE. Kill all flies, mosquitos, house flies, etc. with this powerful, germicidal, and odorless fly killer. It kills all flies, mosquitos, etc. in a few minutes. It is safe for all persons, animals, and plants. It is sold in 10c and 25c packages. Write for free literature. HAROLD SOMERS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mitchell Eye Salve for SORE EYES

Have System of Levels to Reveal Altitude

Altitudes are obtained by a system of levels for the taking of which one requires considerable engineering knowledge and a set of instruments. There is also a method of estimating altitudes by means of tables worked out on the basis of the reading of the barometer. Differences of temperature affect the density of the air, and consequently exert a certain influence upon an aneroid barometer. This influence has to be taken into account when differences of altitude are being determined by the aid of this instrument. The table, showing allowances that must be made for temperature, most generally used is that prepared by Professor Airy, late astronomer royal of Great Britain, in which 31 inches of pressure represent the zero of altitude, assuming that the temperature is 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Women's Employment

Among the many trades women have taken up for a livelihood in Great Britain is that of breeding goldfish. An Irish girl gets a living by breeding goats; Lady Rachel Byng breeds Angora rabbits. There are several women "masters of fox-hounds," a woman has chosen "tea tasting" for a living, another is a cattle judge and one young lady puts in her whole time as a master of harriers. A college girl has become "a scribe and heraldic illuminator," two others jointly earn a living by jam making on a large scale, two sisters run a small upholstery business, another is a builders' merchant.

Getting Sleepy

Mrs. Downing—Why are you bathing your head in cold water? Her Husband—To keep awake. I've called the doctor for my insomnia and I'll feel like a fool if I'm asleep when he gets here.

The busy have no time for tears.

"A God-sent Blessing" is what one mother writes of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Thousands of other mothers have found this safe, pleasant, effective remedy a boon when baby's little stomach is upset. For constipation, flatulency, colic and diarrhoea, there is nothing like

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator. It is especially good at teething time. Complete formula on every label. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients.

At all Druggists. Write for free booklet of letters from grateful mothers. ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 215-217 Fulton St. New York

Write for free booklet of letters from grateful mothers. ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 215-217 Fulton St. New York