



The DOOM TRAIL

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Advices from Paris," continued the governor, "state that the Pretender has been called to the Louvre on two occasions for secret conferences. The duke of Berwick is gone to Spain—his reported to arrange for contingents of troops. Master Ormerod will understand the seriousness of such news.

"I need not acquaint you with the preparations the French are making upon this continent, but it may interest you to know that the duke of Newcastle has been pleased to write me, remonstrating over my inability to get along better with the prominent men of the province. This I deem most significant, for it is no more than the voice of Murray speaking through the medium of his grace's pen.

"I am in an impasse, gentlemen. In London a corrupt ministry is more interested in the spoils of office than in intelligent rule. In New York a powerful coterie of merchants, who have discovered a way by which they are persuaded, they can all grow rich in a few years, have permitted themselves to become the active tools of an ingenious mind which would purchase the return of the Stuarts at the price of handing over to French rule the British domain in North America.

"My sole reliance today is upon a few personal friends like yourselves—and the political keenness and military energy of the Iroquois.

"What I am about to say is of the utmost importance to Ta-wan-ne-ars and his race. You have heard me admit my impotence. You know that the rule of the English is in danger. Will you, Ta-wan-ne-ars, go with my ambassadors, Master Ormerod and Peter Corliser, to the Ho-yar-na-go-war, the council of the roy-an-ehs, and support them in asking for the intervention of the Long House to smash the Doom Trail and Murray's conspiracy to win control of that fur-trade from our hands?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars rose and his right arm went up in the Iroquois salute. "Ta-wan-ne-ars will do as Ga-en-gwa-ra-go asks," his deep voice boomed.

Governor Burnet drew a deep breath of relief.

"I thank you, my brother," he said. "You have relieved the load of sorrows I have carried. I ask you this, you understand, not alone as a favor, an act of friendship, but because, as I think, your people will come to believe when they consider it that the success of Murray's plot will mean the crushing of the Long House by the French. By the way, Colden, where is the Belt of the Covenant Chain?"

The surveyor-general drew from a traveling trunk in a corner a band of wampum about three feet long and eight inches wide. Crudely woven into it in different colored beads were the figures of an Indian and a white man with hands joined. The governor examined it curiously.

"This belt was given to me by To-do-da-ho," he said, turning to me. "He bade me, at any time I required speech with him or desired his friendship and assistance, to send it to him as a reminder of his pledge of alliance. I entrust it in your hands, Master Ormerod."

Several hours later, when the lights of Albany were gleaming through the night, the governor said good-by to us at a Sally-port. He offered no parting advice, indulged in no rounded homilies. That was not his way. He had laid all his cards before us on the table; he had taken us completely into his confidence; he had told us how much depended upon our effort. He was content with that.

We set our feet to the Great Trail and made camp toward morning in the woods beyond Schenectady, deeming it best not to show ourselves in the settlements.

Our journey was uneventful. We rapidly traversed the Mohawk and Onondaga countries, and came presently to Kana-ta-go-wa, the seat of the council-fire of the Great League, where To-do-da-ho dwelt. To-do-da-ho himself was a wrinkled wisp of a man who would have seemed a corpse as he crouched down, burdened with heavy robes, but for the warm brightness of his eyes that glowed from under beetling brows.

He made me welcome in a speech of high-sounding phrases, which Ta-wan-ne-ars translated; and I replied as best I could through the same medium, confining my remarks to expressions of the honor I felt in being so received and the affection in which the roy-an-eh and his people were held by the governor. We smoked the ceremonial pipe as usual, and the council broke up.

The real business was transacted the next day when we three had speech privately with To-do-da-ho, and I gave him the Belt of the Covenant Chain and the message of the governor. He heard me out in silence, and sat for a while smoking, his eyes fixed on vacancy. This was his answer:

"What Ga-en-gwa-ra-go says by your mouth is so. I have watched with unceasing the efforts of the French to control the fur trade. So have many of our wise men, but most of our people are busy with their hunting and other affairs and they do not consider such matters. In this they are much like the white people.

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go says that it is to the interest of the people of the Long House to break down the Doom Trail. I agree with him. But Ga-en-gwa-ra-go is a ruler of men, and he knows it is always difficult to induce a people to take a difficult course of action unless the suggestion comes from their midst. My counsel to you is that you continue on along the Great Trail to the country of the Senecas, and give the message of Ga-en-gwa-ra-go to Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, the Guardian of the Western Door.

"The Frenchman De Veulle has taken away the daughter of Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, and you tell me that he has used her to set up a foul religion amongst the renegade Keepers of the Doom Trail. Murray is equally guilty with De Veulle in this matter. Do-ne-ho-ga-weh has a just cause for vengeance against them."

"Will you support Do-ne-ho-ga-weh in a demand for an expedition against the Doom Trail?" I asked.

"I will," he replied.

There was no more to be said, and we resumed our journey that day. We sent messengers on ahead of us, and traveled leisurely, arriving at De-nun-da-ga on the sixth day after starting from Kana-ta-go-wa.

The splendid old Guardian of the Western Door, attended by his counselors and retainers, met us at the village limits and escorted us to the council-house, where there was high feasting and a rendition of the dance which is used to open councils or welcome ambassadors.

Then Ta-wan-ne-ars translated my message from the governor and the advice of To-do-da-ho. "Two things may be done, O roy-an-eh," I concluded. "Ga-en-gwa-ra-go might take up the hatchet against the French on behalf of Go-weh-go-wa and destroy the new fort at Jagara, or the People of the Long House might descend upon the Keepers of the Trail and destroy La Vierge du Bois and its wickedness. For Ga-en-gwa-ra-go to take up the hatchet would mean a long war, with much bloodshed, even if his people would obey him. For the People of the Long House to smash the Doom Trail would mean the use of one large war party and at most a few weeks on the warpath. If the Doom Trail is smashed you need not worry over the fort at Jagara, for with Murray gone Ga-en-gwa-ra-go can soon control his own people, and we will dispose of Joncaire in due time. 'Tis for you to choose."

"To-hay!" ("I have heard—I have understood") answered Do-ne-ho-ga-weh. "I am much pleased that To-do-da-ho suggested you should come to me. It is true, as he says, that the People of the Long House will be more eager to fight if the appeal is made to them by one of their own leaders. I will make such an appeal.

"We will summon a council of the Senecas to meet tomorrow. I will present what you have told me to them. We will send out belts to the Cayugas, the Onondagas, the Onondas, the Tuscaroras, the Mohawks. You shall come with me to the Ho-yar-na-go-war and hear me make good my promises.

"Na-ho."

CHAPTER XIII

The Council of the Roy-An-Ehs

The statesmen and warriors of the Senecas had come by hundreds to attend the tribal council at De-nun-da-ga. They squatted in serrated ranks around the open place in the middle of the village where stood the ga-on-dote, or war post, where public assemblies were held, where war parties gathered when setting off upon expeditions, where prisoners were tortured and victories were celebrated.

The ceremonies were brief and were divided into two sessions upon different days. The first session was occupied mainly by the speech of Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, explaining why he had summoned the council and pleading for authorization of the sending of belts to the other nations of the League so that the Ho-yar-na-go-war might be convened.

"You have heard my cause, O my people," he framed his peroration. "You know that the French have ravished one of the fairest daughters of the tribe. You know that I have been deeply wronged. You know that at Jagara, on land which is our land as much as that on which you now sit, the French are building a fort, and that they boast it will be a chain by which they will bind us in the future.

"You know that ever since Onontio came to Quebec the French have been our enemies, and the English have been our friends. You know that these men, Murray and De Veulle, who have stolen my daughter, who have debased our ancient religion, who have deluded so many of the white men, who have built the foul nest of fiends who guard the Doom Trail, are the servants of the French.

"I ask you for vengeance. I ask you for the right to go before the Ho-yar-na-go-war. I speak with a straight tongue. I have witnesses by me. One is my nephew, Ta-wan-ne-ars. You know him. The other is a brother of the Wolf clan. They have found the secret of the Doom Trail, and they will lead our warriors to it.

"If you will follow them, O my people, you will gain rich spoils and take many scalps. The cries of your captives will delight your ears. Your families will be proud of you.

"Na-ho!"

The council broke up into separate councils of the five clans of the tribe. After the clan councils had come to agreement, the roy-an-ehs of the several clans, as spokesmen, met and reached a joint agreement. Their response was made at the second session of the tribal council on the following day by Ga-ne-o-di-yo of the Turtle clan, the senior roy-an-eh of the tribe.

"It is the judgment of the council that belts be sent to the brother nations for the meeting of the Ho-yar-na-go-war. Let the counselors of the people decide what course is best."

That night the messengers were dispatched, and as they passed from nation to nation, the People of the Long House stirred with expectancy.

On the heels of the messengers flowed a steadily swelling stream of men, women and children.

The delegates of the Senecas found the Great Trail already choked with humanity when they set out from Nunda-wa-o a week behind the messengers. Senecas and Cayugas met and mingled with Onondas, Tuscaroras and Mohawks, and Onondagas viewed the extraordinary confluence of people with grave interest.

It must have been a week after our arrival that To-do-da-ho proclaimed the meeting of the Ho-yar-na-go-war for the next day. In the morning the delegations of the Six Nations left their headquarters, and marched with slow dignity to the council ground, a broad meadow on the edge of the forest above the river valley.

The deliberations of the council were begun, the direction of affairs passing from the Keeper of the Wampum to To-do-da-ho.

"We are met, O my brethren," began the venerable Onondaga, "to decide whether or no we shall lift the hatchet. Do-ne-ho-ga-weh speaks for the Keepers of the Door who ask for war."

There would be no point in repeating Do-ne-ho-ga-weh's oration. It was masterly, superior even to the address by which he carried his own people with him.

He explained succinctly the situation which existed in New York. A Cayuga responded, expressing amazement that the English, who were usually so sensible, should act in such a childish manner. He concluded by asking if the league might expect the help of the English in an attack upon the Doom Trail.

This was the most difficult point we had to overcome, and Do-ne-ho-ga-weh replied with circumspection.

"It is true, as my brother has said," he answered, "that we might expect the English to move with us in this matter. But my friends among the English send me word that their people are blinded for the moment by the facilities of Murray and the French. Their councils are divided.

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go would welcome our action, and would support it and protect us from the vengeance of France. But he would find it difficult to act himself."

"If Ga-en-gwa-ra-go will not act, why should the League act?" demanded the Cayuga.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gold Varies in Color; Is Not Really Yellow

Strictly speaking, gold is not yellow in color. It merely appears so, but, being a metal and generally with a bright surface, it acts as a reflector and throws back quite a lot of the white light that falls on it, according to the Philadelphia Record.

This reflected white light, which is not part of the color of gold, dilutes the metal's real color, making it appear yellow. The real color of the gold, metallurgists say, is a deep orange, entirely different from the familiar yellow.

But this precious metal has other colors as well as yellow and orange. Ground into a fine powder pure gold becomes ruby red.

Everybody has seen this ruby color at one time or another, though they

may not have been aware that it was the color of gold they were looking at.

It is seen in the ruby glass used for photographic dark-room lamps, the minute particles of gold added to the glass imparting their deep color.

Wrong Way

Little Tommy had a sore toe, so his mother thought this a good opportunity to make him eat his cereal.

"Tommy," she said, "if you eat your oatmeal, it will cure your toe."

Shortly afterward Tommy came to his mother with a very disgusted air.

"I ate my cereal," he said, "but my toe isn't any better. I guess the dame stuff went down the wrong leg."

Fall River Globe.

Pretty Things that are Made at Home

CROCHET crepe paper hats! Are you rubbing your eyes and looking again to see if you have read aright? Yes, of paper! What is more, they are not only as handsome as one would wish, but practical and wearable as well. To make them is a fascinating pastime. Of course this crepe twist has been processed to make it durable and as usable as raffia.

The hat to the left in the picture is crocheted in single plain stitch, such as are the visca hats which are at this



EASY TO MAKE AND WORTH MAKING

moment among the smartest of millinery items. To make this model one must begin by crocheting a circle which measures four and one-half inches from center to edge. Anyone accustomed to crocheting understands how to do this. First step is to chain two, then join. Make four stitches in this ring and join. In order to widen, every so often two stitches must be made in one. After the twenty-ninth row, no more widening is necessary, so continue by making one stitch in every stitch (this is for the side crown) until this hood or cap measures eight inches from the top center to the edge. Bring this to proper headsize by skipping a stitch now and then. Add one inch to front of crown, by starting three inches from center back, crocheting around hat crown to three inches from center back on opposite sides. Then break thread and start second row one-fourth inch shorter at each end and each succeeding row one-half inch shorter for six rows. Then make one row all around. This com-

pletes the crown. The cuff or brim is widened and designed according to the ingenuity of the one making it.

When finished, brush the crown (inside) with liquid paste to stiffen it. The creases that help shape the crown are put in while the hat is still damp with paste. A transparent coat of varnish will give a glossy straw effect and will help make the hat shower proof.

The star-stitch is used for the other hat in the picture. This is a loose fanciful stitch requiring several loops thrown over the needle, then brought together with a slip stitch.

For the bags shown one can get them stamped as pictured to the left or one can buy canvas by the yard and cut to fancy. They are embroidered



THREE COATS FROM PARIS

with crepe twist the same as if using raffia.

All fashionable Paris acknowledges the debut of the silk coat among swagger wraps for the coming months. The term silk coat, as interpreted by the haute couture of the French capital, is all-inclusive, meaning anything from crepe satin, moire, bengaline and fulle to taffeta. Nor does it limit as to color, running the gamut from biscuit, beige and pastel shades to white, to black. So here it is, straight from fashion's headquar-

ters—the silk coat in any weave, in any color.

Fulle-backed satin is, perhaps, of first importance, especially as a popular item, however it is the distinctive silk coat of unique features which makes appeal to an exclusive clientele. There is the matter of taffeta ruching, or rose plaiting if you please. It speaks the sought-for "something different." It is that novelty trimming which is so effectively employed to enrich the model in this picture, applied as it is about the hemline, on the collar and as a medium for the picturesque cavalier cuffs which are so stylish.

Bather an elaborate styling is given to the crepe-satin coat to the right in this trio of typical wrap fashions. It highlights the idea of a full skirt, also an elaborate hand braiding.

Moire coats, such as is centered in this group, are a pride and joy among women of fashion. The lighter shades are most lovely for wear over the sheer summer frock and the younger girls will look their prettiest thus colorfully adorned. For a coat for every occasion, black moire is an ideal medium. Some unusually attractive models are "just out," flaunting big bows of wide velvet ribbon, also velvet-faced revers.

Moire is also pleasingly introduced as a collar facing and big bow-trim for the satin coat.

The white fur collar on the silk or



Slowing Up?

OVERWORK, worry and lack of rest, all put extra burdens on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, waste poisons remain in the blood and are apt to make one languid, tired and aching, with dull headaches, dizziness and often a nagging back-ache.

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Warming the Ocean

The German Inland watering place Westerland has now been connected with the mainland by railroad. The cars cross the marshes on a newly-erected dam. Westerland is very ambitious and expects to have a winter as well as a summer season. When cold weather comes the bathing cabins are to be heated; also the covered ways leading to the water. And the water itself? That is the most remarkable part of the project. Hugo artificial electric "suns" are to be installed, making a winter dip in the sea practicable.

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If the Trend Goes On

T. W. writes: "Women who think about nothing but clothes are going to have a lot of time on their hands in about 1940, judging from the present trend of things."—Boston Transcript.

Too many people think opportunity means a chance to get money without earning it.



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