

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Yo-hay," muttered the warriors in guttural assent. "We will keep our hearts strong, O Ta-wan-ne-ars."

Their faces were more serious than before, but they exhibited no signs of fear.

We moved much more cautiously now that we were near our journey's end, with three scouts always in front, one on either flank of the path we trod. But we saw no signs of other men, although many times we came upon bear tracks. Toward evening we struck the waters of the tumbling little river through which Ta-wan-ne-ars and I had waded that night after Marjory had released us.

Scouts returned to report not a footprint in the snow. We ate a little parched corn mixed with maple sugar and some jerked meat we carried in our haversacks.

About midnight we all moved forward, Ta-wan-ne-ars leading the line. The oaks and elms, maples and willows, which had composed the elements of the forest, now gave place to tall funeral firs, whose massive jade-green foliage remained untouched by the icy breath of winter. Grotesque shadows darted vaguely over the white ground as the trees swayed and groaned. In the distance an owl hooted solemnly. The Otter touched my shoulder.

"Did you hear the owl?" he murmured.

"Yes," I whispered back.

"It is cold for an owl to leave his tree hole."

He threw back his head, and I started at the fidelity of the repetition.

"Too-who-oo! Too-who-oo!"

We listened, but there was no answer. Instead, after brief interval, the howl of a wolf resounded.

A few yards farther on the owl hooted again. The line halted, and the warrior in front of him whispered that Ta-wan-ne-ars wished to speak with me. I passed by him and several others and came to where the chief stood, peering, or, trying to peer, into the night.

"There was something strange about the owl, brother," he said. "The warriors told me that the Otter answered it, yet it did not reply. And then the wolf—"

A yell as of fends from hell shattered the mantle of silence. Flames spurted through the firs, and in the gleam of the discharges and of torches thrown into our midst I had a fleeting glimpse of hideous masked figures bounding between the tree trunks.

"Keep your hearts strong, brothers of the Long House," shouted Ta-wan-ne-ars. "They are only Cahnusa dogs. Stand to it!"

He fired as he spoke. I imitated him. Our men shot off a scattering volley. Then the False Faces were amongst us, coming from all sides, springing out of the ground, dropping from the very branches overhead and wielding their ga-jaw, or war clubs, with dreadful effect.

CHAPTER XV

Ga-ha-no's Sacrifice

There was no time to reload. We fought with ax and knife as best we could. Ta-wan-ne-ars and I, with half a dozen of our warriors, crowded back to back. The rest of our party were cut off in twos and threes.

Resistance was hopeless. The swarms of False Faces seemed to care nothing for death if only they could bring down an Iroquois.

I was knocked senseless by a blow which I partially warded with my tomahawk. When I came to I was lying in the snow in front of a huge fire. My arms were bound and my head ached so violently that I felt sick.

"Is my brother in pain?" asked the voice of Ta-wan-ne-ars.

I rolled over to find him lying beside me, the blood from three or four trivial cuts freezing on his head and shoulders.

"Yes," I groaned, "but 'tis naught."

"There was treachery," he said. "They knew we were coming, and they lost many men so that they might take us alive."

"All our warriors—" I faltered.

He turned his head to the left; and, following his gaze, I saw that I was on the right of a line of recumbent figures, which my dizziness would not permit me to count.

"No not all, I think," Ta-wan-ne-ars answered after a moment. "Five are slain and fourteen others lie here. But I do not see the Otter."

"The Otter suspected something wrong," I said. "Twas he who answered the owl's call."

"It may be he escaped," replied Ta-wan-ne-ars. "I must warn our brothers to say naught of him. If the Keepers do not suspect, they may believe they have all of us safe in their net."

He whispered his warning to the man beside him, and it was passed down the line.

"Your head is much swollen, brother," he said, rolling over again so as to face me. "Let Ta-wan-ne-ars make shift to bathe it with snow."

A shadow fell athwart us as we lay and a mocking voice replied for me:

"By all means, most excellent Iroquois. I trust you will nurse our valuable captive back to full strength and health."

I struggled to a sitting position, for I liked not to lie at De Veulle's feet, however much I might be at his mercy.

"So you walked into the spider's web," he continued, standing betwixt me and the firelight which ruddied his sinful face. "A woman's plea—and you threw caution to the winds! You fool!"

"The letter was a bait?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"For you—yes. I say again—you fool! Baptiste took the letter to Murray, and Murray read it to me. It could not have been contrived more skillfully to suit our plans."

"Twas ridiculous, no doubt, but I was easier in my heart for assurance that Marjory had not known her appeal

ne-ars, of scouts who wore bears' pads for moccasins?"

For the first and only time during our acquaintance Ta-wan-ne-ars was surprised into a look of chagrin.

"We thought it was late for bears to be out," he admitted.

Murray chuckled with amusement.

"Quite so, quite so! And so you visit us once more, Master Ormerod. I confess 'tis an unexpected pleasure which we shall strive to make the most of."

"Sir," I said earnestly, "it makes little difference to me what is my fate, but I conjure you by whatever pretensions to gentility you possess to give over your plan of selling your daughter."

"The words you choose for your appeal do not commend it to me," he returned. "Nor do I perceive what business of yours it may be to question my daughter's marriage."

Now, what put it in my head I know not, unless it was the fact that in her letter to me Marjory had spoken of him as "Mr. Murray"; but I leaped to the instant conclusion that she was not his daughter. Sure, no man could have disposed of his own daughter so cold-bloodedly!

"She is not your daughter in the first place," I retorted boldly. "And in the second place, she has expressed to me her abhorrence of her marriage, as you know."

"Zooks," he remarked mildly after an interval of silence, "'tis strong language that you use. You are a headstrong young man, Master Ormerod. Can it be that you have some personal interest in the matter?"

Again some instant prompted me.

"I have," I asserted. "Your daughter prefers me to the man you would force upon her. And as a suitor, according to your estimates of the world's opinion, I am far more eligible than this Frenchman."

"You are scarcely wise to say so to his face, and I beg leave to differ with you. I find the Chevalier de Veulle a very eligible young man, of rank in the world, of achievement, of distinct promise for the future."

"If you can call a man eligible who was not even eligible for continued residence at the most profligate court in Europe, I agree with you."

"Tut, tut," remonstrated Murray. "Your words are not those of a gentleman, sir. We will abandon the subject. Where do you propose to incarcerate the prisoners, chevalier?"

"I would not risk them a second time in the keeping of the savages," said De Veulle. "Let us try your strong room. There you and I can have an eye to their security."

"That is well conceived. Is there any news of Pere Hyacinth?"

"I have stationed a man at the river crossing to bring word the instant he arrives."

"I applaud your thoughtfulness. This continued delay in the ceremony is annoying. Master Ormerod, your sufferings are upon your own head."

I looked eagerly for Marjory's face as we marched across the yard inside the stockade and through the heavy timber doors of the house. But she was not visible. Our guards examined our bonds carefully, fastened our legs and then left us.

We remained there three days, without intercourse with anyone except our Indian jailers, who brought us messes of food twice daily.

On the fourth day we were eating our meager fare of boiled corn when the door was flung open violently and the gaunt figure of Black Robe entered unannounced. Behind him, obviously unwillingly, walked Murray.

"Which is the Englishman Ormerod?" demanded the priest in French.

"Here I am, father," I answered, standing up as well as I could.

"Mistress Murray tells me that you have won her affections?" he asked coldly.

My heart leaped with sudden joy. "That is true, father," I said.

"And you love her?"

"As much as a man may, father."

He turned upon Murray with a gesture of decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Acadians Returned to Get Hidden Treasure

When the Acadians were driven from their homes in what is now Nova Scotia in 1755, by the British and Colonial troops from New England, their expulsion came so suddenly that they made haste to bury their valuables, hoping that at some time they might return for them.

Some of them did return but others, it would appear, were not so fortunate, for at various times, pots and chests containing money and other valuables have been uncovered. There is a story well known in the region about a family living on the north shore of Cumberland basin in 1834. One evening members of the family saw a boat anchored about a mile from land and speculated as to its mission. Next morning it had gone and a little later it was discovered that a block of stone that served as a doorstep in front of the house had been moved. Beneath where

It had lain was the imprint of a three-legged pot, doubtless having contained valuables left by the Acadians nearly a century before.—Montreal Family Herald.

Nature's Perfection

With all our knowledge we cannot keep clean a piece of glass, if ever so precious, such as the lens of a microscope, without scratching it in the cleaning. The window and lens of the human body, the eye, is kept automatically clean for the time of one's life by means of a wonderful slightly disinfectant fluid, the tears, and the winking of our eyelids, and the water sent down the nose.

Oysters Like Yeast

Oysters enjoy feeding on yeast and make rapid growth on this food, says a recent report of the British ministry of fisheries.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The Balkan Puzzle

IF YOU will look over a map of Europe you will see three great peninsulas jutting into the seas that wash the south shores of the continent. The southernmost and farthest east of the three is known as the Balkan peninsula. It comprises Turkey in Europe, Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, eastern Roumelia, Rumania and other lesser divisions. Incidentally, that same peninsula has for a thousand years been the hotbed of revolt, intrigue and violence.

No other district of the same size contains so many races, nor so many people who are so widely different in religion, politics, customs and characteristics. This jumble of nationalities dwells side by side, yet never blending. Turk, Greek, Bulgar, Albanian and a half score of other peoples live shoulder to shoulder, yet each sharply divided from all the others. The Turk is the bully of the peninsula. The other races spent centuries fighting and intriguing against each other, but have merged their various difficulties in a common hatred against Turkey. The Turks, strongest of all Mahomet's followers, became masters of the peninsula in the Thirteenth century, being at that time the foremost military power of the world.

Most of the Balkan states are Christian. For this reason, as well as because of the frequent plots and revolts against the sultan's government, Turkey has, from time to time, punished her rebellious subjects by wholesale slaughter and outrage. The Armenian and Macedonian massacres have, at one period and another, aroused the horror of all civilized countries.

In May, 1876, Bulgaria and Herzegovina (then Turkish provinces) started one of the periodical insurrections. The peasants of the Batak district of Bulgaria were preparing to rise when suddenly a large Turkish force under Achmet Agha appeared surrounded the town of Batak and commander the natives to yield, promising that not one of them should be harmed. With a credulity unusual in people having experience with the "Unspendable Turk," the patriots obeyed. Then the massacre began. The prisoners—men, women and children alike—were slaughtered like sheep. Some took refuge in a church. It was burned over their heads.

Achmet Agha received a decoration from the sultan for this great killing.

At news of the outrage the six great European powers sent a formal protest to the sultan. He had, earlier promised reforms, but had disregarded his pledges. Now he gave the envoys no satisfaction whatever. This was the chance for which Russia had waited. Twenty years earlier Turkey (backed by England, France and Sardinia) had beaten Russia in the Crimea. The wound still rankled. Russia, moreover, had for a long time yearned to absorb her eastern rival or to annex as much of the latter's territory as possible. The other nations, however, had no idea of allowing the "balance of power" to be thus shifted, and Russia had been able to find no occasion to promote her schemes. Now, under pretext of avenging the injuries inflicted on Balkan Christians, the czar declared war (1877) against Turkey.

A Russian army crossed the Danube June 27. On July 13 General Gourko made the difficult passage of the Balkan mountains and advanced on Adrianople, but was driven back. In December he recrossed the Balkan range, vanquishing a Turkish army of 32,000 at Shipka pass (January 9, 1878). Osman Pasha, the sultan's best general, meantime had held his own against the invaders and had at length occupied the city of Plevna. Here he endured for twenty weeks a memorable siege against superior numbers, but was in the end forced to surrender. With the fall of Plevna the Turkish cause weakened. Philippopolis and Adrianople were taken, and the Russian armies marched unchecked on to Constantinople.

Here, however, with the fruits of victory within their very grasp, the conquerors were halted by the powers. The old menace of "destroying the balance of power" seemed about to be fulfilled, and the Russians were forbidden to enter the Turkish capital.

By the peace treaty of San Stefano, however, Rumanian Bessarabia and part of Armenia were ceded to Russia. Bulgaria was made a principality with home rule; Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro were declared free countries, and Bosnia and Herzegovina came under Austro-Hungarian sway. So ended the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878. Turkey, far from profiting by her lesson, continued to oppress her Christian provinces. In 1895 massacres of Christians in Armenia, and even in Constantinople, horrified civilization. Christians in Crete revolted, by way of showing their disapproval, and asked Greece to annex their island. A Greek military force was sent to Crete. Turkey at once declared war, thrashed Greece in one brief campaign and wrung from the beaten country a heavy war indemnity.

The Balkan peninsula still teems with plot, counterplot, intrigue, misrule and discontent. The Balkan problem will, perhaps, never be solved.

Old Medical School

First medical school in America was established at Perkasie, Pa., on May 3, 1793. In 1779 the rights and property of the school were transferred to the University of Pennsylvania by the state legislature.

Immense Masonry Work

The great wall of China easily is the greatest masonry structure in the world. It is said to contain more bricks and stone than there are in all the buildings in Great Britain.

That Youthful Touch

Of course the modern woman dresses to look young. There is no "old" and "young" in clothes today. The same silhouette is used for grandmothers and debutantes. Two generations ago, the woman of forty was frankly middle-aged. She wore blacks and browns, and upon the appearance of her first gray hair she discarded hats for bonnets, which definitely classed her as an elderly lady. Today the woman of forty is a very youthful person—and she looks it!—American Magazine.

For an Emergency

Take a piece of cardboard and copy on it the telephone number of the fire department, family physician, your husband's office or other numbers that you might find necessary to use in an emergency. So often in an emergency, such as sudden illness, a neighbor or some one else to whom the numbers are not familiar may do the telephoning. Hang this above your telephone and see what a convenience it is.

Roman Appellation

Leptis Magna is the old Roman name of the modern Lebda, in Tripolitania, an Italian possession on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. It was so called to distinguish it from a smaller Semitic settlement near the Carthaginian frontier—Leptis Parva. Leptis Magna was the chief city of the ancient Tripolitania, the other two being Caea (the present Tripoli) and Sabrata (the modern Zaogha).

Primitive Fountain Pen

Egypt claims the first inventor of a fountain pen. In a 4,000-year-old tomb there was recently found a section of reed no thicker than an ordinary lead pencil and of about the length of a fountain pen and mounted on a piece of copper. The nib of the pen is cut on the lines of a quill pen. The hollow in the reed is supposed to have held the ink.

Old London Monument

A monument at London was erected to commemorate the great fire of 1666. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect, whose masterpiece is St. Paul's cathedral and whose other beautiful but smaller churches are to be found in many parts of older London. The monument stands near the north end of London bridge.

Secret Governing Board

Cabal means a secret cabinet or governing clique whose members are unpopular. Such a clique existed in the reign of Charles II of England, composed of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington and Lauderdale. The initial letters of their names form the word Cabal.

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Comment Left Singer Something to Think Of

It was Helen Highnote's great chance. In fact, the crisis of her life had arrived, for at last she had obtained that long-looked-for engagement in vaudeville.

Now she and the great moment had arrived together on the stage. The next few minutes were full of sound. She gave of her best to the audience. But the effect was not exactly what she had desired. From her point of view it was not what it ought to have been.

At last came the end. Helen could not make it out—no encore! Where was the deafening applause she had heard in her dreams every night since the engagement was booked?

After the show she interrogated the conductor.

"Don't you think you could have done something with your orchestra to improve my song? That drum nearly drowned my voice!"

"Well, madam, we might have had two or three more drums."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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India's Population

The present population of India is 247,000,000 and of these only 7,000,000 possess the right of franchise. There are 40,000 miles of railways, of which 27,000 miles are the property of the state, and which employ 400,000 men. The irrigation works are on an equally tremendous scale. No less than 20,500,000 acres of land are served by 60,000 miles of canals and channels.

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Gangs

A Chicago survey has discovered that for every ten boys who adhere to a gang, one girl joins a similar organization of her own. Among adults, if bridge clubs are included, the proportion would just about be reversed.

Vocal Shorthand

"Use the word dimension in a sentence."
"Dimension me in his last letter?"

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