

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

I sought for a word with Marjory as we entered the door, but Murray deliberately strode between us. As I gained a glance from her eyes that bade me be strong and confident. Ta-wan-ne-ars sat with his back to a wall, his eyes fixed on vacancy, his lips murmuring at intervals Ga-ha-no's name. I tried to interest him in what went on without success. He looked at me, and turned his eyes away.

We slept little that night, for we were very cold and we had no food. But in the morning the Keepers thrust a pan of corn mush within the door and we ate it to the last kernel. I forced a portion upon Ta-wan-ne-ars, feeding him with a stick we found on the floor.

After that we slept for several hours, and then a lantern gleamed on the stairs and Murray stepped into our midst, an immaculate periwig on his head, his linen spotless, his brown cloth suit as fresh as if direct from the tailor's hands.

He set the lantern on the dirt floor and stood beside it. "A good morning to you, Master Ormerod," he began. "I have come to hold counsel with you. Look you, my friend, we each of us have that which the other wants. In such a case sensible men come to terms."

"I would not trust you now on any terms," I said flatly.

"Tut, tut, sir. Is that language for one gentleman to employ to another?"

"You are not a gentleman, sir; you are a—"

He glowered.

"Have a care, sir," he warned.

"You are a scoundrel," I finished.

"Look you, Master Ormerod, I have you fast here. I have also the chief, your friend. I have in addition one you love."

"Before you proceed further," I interrupted, "I wish you to answer me one question: Whose child is she?"

He hesitated, and regarded me sideways.

"Oh, well," he said after a moment, "it might as well out now as later. The maid is the child of my sister."

"And her name?"

"She is a Kerr of Fernleade," he answered pompously. "I should add, sir, that I have been at particular pains with the girl, having an especial affection for her."

"Well, of that we will say no more," I said. "I find it unpleasant to hear you talk of her. You are helpless, but you attempt to impose terms. What are your terms?"

"A safe-conduct for me and my people to Canada."

"So that you may restore your trade again?"

A look of sorrow flitted over his face. "I cannot restore it, Master Ormerod. That fact is indisputable. My one hold upon public opinion was my success and the power it gave me. Let me fall and lose my power, and my influence is dead."

"Yes, I agreed; that is true."

"Moreover," he went on, "my savages are killed or scattered. My organization is gone. My most valuable servants are slain. Let us end this interview. Are you prepared to go outside the stockade and secure consent to the terms we have discussed, giving your word of honor to return here afterward?"

I bowed.

"I will do so."

CHAPTER XVII

The Barring of the Doom Trail

"Qua, O-te-ti-an-1!"

Do-ne-ho-ga-weh's right arm was lifted in the salute. Corlier, his broad face with its insignificant, haphazard features shining with emotion, grasped my hand and wrung it heartily.

The Guardian of the Western Door drew himself up proudly.

"Ga-ha-no did wrong," he said, "but she died as became the daughter of a roy-an-eh of the Long House."

"She died like a warrior," I replied.

"You make the heart of Do-ne-ho-ga-weh very glad," acknowledged the roy-an-eh. "Can he still my fears for my nephew?"

"Ta-wan-ne-ars fought like a chief," I answered. "But his heart was made very sad by the death of Ga-ha-no and his mind has wandered from him for a space."

"It will return," affirmed Do-ne-ho-ga-weh. "Now tell us, do you come hither as a captive or a conqueror?"

"I come to offer the terms of Murray; but first tell me how successful you have been, so that I may know whether I should advise acceptance of what he offers."

Do-ne-ho-ga-weh swept his arm around the horizon.

"Everywhere you see ashes and destruction," he replied. "The Keepers of the Trail are dead or imprisoned in Murray's stockade. Their women and children are our prisoners. Our belts can scarcely support the loads of scalps we have taken. We have swept the Doom Trail."

"Take back this message to Murray. Tell him that he is to surrender his house as it stands, with all its con-

talas. Tell him that he is to give up to us the maiden he calls his daughter, whom you desire to wed. Tell him that he is to send forth the prisoners he has taken. Tell him that he is to render up all the arms he has in his possession.

"And then he and those of the Keepers of the Trail who are left to him shall march out, and the people of the Long House will escort them to Jagara, where they shall be handed over to Joncaire to dispose of as pleases Ontario and the French."

Murray heard my report in silence, and cast his eye over the surrounding scene before replying.

"It shall be done," he said at last. "Was ever a man so sorely tried by fate? Does our treaty go into effect at once?"

"Yes."

"So be it. I will give orders to have your friends conducted here."

The battered remnants of our war party appeared with Ta-wan-ne-ars walking in the lead, his face once more a study in impassive rigor.

"Murray says we are free, brother," he said, stepping to my side.

"It is true."

The sadness shone momentarily in his eyes.

"I have had a bad dream, brother," he went on. "My Lost Soul is redeemed by Ha-wen-ne-yu and is gone on before me for a visit to Ata-ent-ah. But in a little time, when I am rested, I shall go after her and fetch her back to dwell happily with me in my lodge."

"But how can you, a mortal, journey into the hereafter?" I protested. "It cannot be!"

"How shall we know it cannot be until we have tried? Ta-wan-ne-ars will try."

I could say no more. Such simple faith was unanswerable. I wondered how much of it was the unconscious working of a sensitive mind of the very Christianity he had rejected.

Marjory's voice recalled me to the present.

"Master Murray tells me he hath surrendered," she said.

I turned eagerly to find her at my side. My hands leaped out for hers, and she yielded them without hesitation, her brave eyes beaming love and comradeship unashamed.

"Yes, we are free, Marjory. Will you come with me?"

She caught my meaning, and made to pull away from me.

"But we will have had no wooing," she exclaimed, half between laughter and tears. "Sure, sir, you will not be expecting a maid to yield without suit!"

I would not let her go.

"Every minute that hath passed since I stepped into the main cabin of the New Venture to see the face of the mysterious songbird hath been a persistent suit," I declared.

The warriors of the Long House came pouring through the gates of the stockade, and their war-whoops echoed over the forest as they commenced the work of looting Murray's establishment and securing their prisoners. As Marjory and I passed out of that sinister enclosure, which had seen so much of wickedness and human suffering, we had our last joint glimpse of Andrew Murray.

"Farewell, my children," he called.

"Bear in mind 'twas Andrew Murray brought you together. So good cometh out of evil."

Marjory shrank closer against my side.

"Yes," she said; "take me away from here. Let us go away, Harry—and forget."

But 'twas Corlier, and not I, who escorted my lady to Albany and the tender care of Mistress Schuyler. Into whose charge Governor Burnet most

kindly commended her. For duty commanded me to discharge by obligation of removing Murray and his Cahnua-gas—not many survived the castigation of the Iroquois—in safety to Jagara; and I must accompany Do-ne-ho-ga-weh and Ta-wan-ne-ars and the warriors of the Eight Clans in the triumphal procession which traversed the Long House from the Upper Mohawk castle to the shores of the Thunder Waters as an illustration of the wrath of the Great League.

And I was not sorry that I did so, for it enabled me to sit beside Do-ne-ho-ga-weh and his brother chiefs in the half-finished stone fort at Jagara and hear him lay down the law of the Long House to Joncaire, as representative of the French.

"Qua, O Joncaire, mouthpiece of Ontario who rules at Quebec," he said. "We people of the Long House come to you in peace. And we give into your hands the white man Murray and those who are still alive of the Keepers of the Doom Trail. We promised that they should come here, and we have fulfilled our promise. But we have set a bar across the Doom Trail, O mouthpiece of Ontario, and we desire you to tell the French of that."

"It is our wish that you should acquaint Ontario with our decision. We ask him to assist us in wiping out this source of trouble between us."

"I have heard your message, O roy-an-ehs and chiefs of the Long House," replied Joncaire. "I will repeat it to Ontario, but I do not think it will be welcome in his ears."

CHAPTER XVIII

From Pearl Street to Hudson's River

The sun bathed the dust of Pearl street wherever it could steal between the layers of the thick-leaved boughs overhead. I lounged on the doorstep of our cozy, red-brick house by the corner of Garden street, and reread the letter from Master Juggins which the supercargo of the Bristol packet had delivered a half-hour earlier.

My heart is rejoiced, dear Lad, at ye Excellent report of you which is come From Governor Burnet. Murray's discomfiture hath had Exceeding Advantageous effects in ye City and ye Marchants who Early did clamor for ye freedom of Trade with ye French are now Perceiving how ye Planne of Governor Burnet did Settle to their Profit in ye Longe Runnes. Use your Own Judgment, I praye you, in developing ye Provincial Trade, and draw Upon mee at will for what Funds you Maye need.

Grannie and I do send you our Love and Respect and She biddes me say she Considers 'Twas ye Acte of Godde I was Settle Upon in ye Mining Lane what time you Came to my Rescue. We desire that you and Mistress Marjory may Deem ye house in Holbourne your home and 'twould delight our Eyes might we See you Here. Butte of that you will bee ye Judges. Ye New World is ye world for Youth, of that There can be no Dispute.

I recalled the damp, wintry day in Paris I had made up my mind to quit the Jacobite cause and try my fortune at all risks in England; the pang with which I had abandoned the last link remaining with my dead parents; the rough trip in the smuggler's lugger; the wet landing at night on the dreary channel coast; the fruitless attempts to enlist the aid of former friends; the hue and cry upstart cousins had raised; the flight to London; and—

"Ha, there, Ormerod!"

I looked up to see the burly figure of Governor Burnet rounding the corner. He waved a handful of papers at me.

"The packet hath brought great news!" he cried. "The lords of trade have seen the light,—'em! Do but hark to this!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wouldn't Be Bluffed by "Reserve" Officer

During the early part of the World war there was considerable hard feeling between some of the regular navy men at the submarine base and those of the naval reserves at San Pedro. Many of the salty recruits of the regulars had—and showed—a feeling of superiority over the reserves, whose camp adjoined the base.

One morning a salty recruit who had about two weeks' service in the regular navy was doing sentry duty at the submarine base gate when the commanding officer of the reserve camp passed by. The sentry failed to salute him. The commander was a retired regular navy officer and a stickler for naval etiquette.

"Why did you not salute me?" asked the commander.

Memorials

They have set up in the market place the ymages of notable men, and of such as have been great and bountiful benefactors to the common wealth, for perpetual memorie of their good actes, and also that the glory and renowne of the ancestors may styrre and provoke their posterity to virtue.—More, Utopia.

"I did salute you when you passed about an hour ago, sir," answered the recruit sentry, who had read somewhere in the naval regulations that he was supposed to salute an officer the first time he met him, but had not read on to where on sentry duty he was to salute an officer whenever he passed.

"You are supposed to salute me every time I pass," thundered the reserve commander.

"Who do you think you are, and how do you get that way? You're only a reserve," answered the sentry.—The Periscope.

Moses Called an Inventor

Jens Juergens, a German engineer, has written a book in which he produces biblical references to prove his assertion that Moses was a "powder, nitroglycerin and dynamite merchant." He maintains that Moses held back the Egyptians by laying land mines, which he exploded by well-timed fuses. The writer says the tabernacle was a well-equipped laboratory.

We give advice but we cannot give the wisdom to profit by it.—La Rouchefoucauld.

Community Building

American Cities Need Color, Expert Thinks

A freer use of color in modern buildings is advocated by the chairman of Architectural and Allied Arts exposition. He hopes to see American cities take on color to such an extent that it will make life more interesting and more cheerful. He suggests that the shade used in a building should suit the needs and general atmosphere of its locality, mentioning green as a soothing antidote for the high tension of the Wall street neighborhood. Conversely, suburban regions of peace and quiet might run to reds, yellows and oranges to counteract a too constant calm. Broadway and the atrial district call for rose color, or perhaps primrose. The vicinity of the Tombs suggests purple for the proper motif. Tropical cities have long used brilliant pinks and blues in their make-up. Even southern California boasts of brightly colored buildings which would seem startling if set down in the gray and tan and buff of Northern and Eastern cities. Anglo-Saxons are shy of color, and if American men are anything like as self-conscious about color in buildings as they are in clothes we shall not soon see Wall street in green or Lower Broadway in bright blue.—New York Times.

Roof Makes or Mars Appearance of House

The day of the drab roof is gone. The roof that simply shuts out rain and weather. True, the roof of your house must give protection against the elements. It must last. But, as one of the most prominent architectural features of your home, the roof should also add much to its beauty.

Color is becoming recognized more and more as an important feature of home decoration, outside as well as in. It relieves monotony, adds individuality, creates the very "atmosphere" of home.

On the roof especially color plays an important part. Most often the largest unbroken expanse of a house, the roof frequently sets its whole color key note. Thus restful coolness is achieved with a roof of fresh blue-green tones while one in which soft browns and reds predominate creates an atmosphere of genial warmth.

Pleasing lines can be strengthened by tones contrasting with the body color or trim of your house or its setting; severe ones may be softened by the use of blending shades. It is important, of course, that the roof color be in harmony with the rest of the house, for only then can it contribute its full share of beauty to your home.

Town vs. Country

It is a matter of common observation that country-bred people are not more dull-witted than town-folk. Rather have they stores of wisdom which the feverish distractions of town-life do not breed. For the purposes of education the country provides for more favorable material in some ways than the town. One does not need to be a Wordsworth or a Jefferies to find inexhaustible subjects of interest and inquiry in the earth and every common sight. The boy who lives amid meadows, mountains, woods and streams is at an advantage as compared with his fellow whose horizon is bounded by bricks and mortar, the endless monotony of the streets and the endless bustle of the factory and workshop.—London Morning Post.

Extend City-Cleaning Idea

From a health point of view, says Hygiene Magazine, spring housecleaning is not sufficient. This authority points out that the alleys, back yards and vacant lots need to have the winter's accumulation of trash moved. The garbage pile and the manure heap should be taken away before the disease germs in them are spread about. Stagnant pools and ditches breed mosquitoes and should be drained and cleaned. Weeds on vacant lots should be cut down, the water supply should be looked after, and all outdoor toilets should be inspected, cleaned or rebuilt.

Personality in Garden

In the creation of your garden which should bear the stamp of your individual fancy, let the first step be the free play of your imagination. Vague day-dreaming, however, will not do it. Your dream-garden must be definite, practical. Plan the garden with a fair degree of definiteness before going to a seed store, or sitting down with the catalogues to actually make out the order for your seeds.

Build for Permanence

The intending home builder should realize that permanent construction is the only sensible type of construction for him. This is doubly true in the case of the man of moderate means and that takes in most of us, where the investment in a home is a big thing, probably the biggest single investment he ever makes.

Justify the Kind Words

Do the best you can when called upon to aid your city, your church or your friends, then some one can tell the truth about you when you pass on to another world.—Decatur (Ala.) Daily.

FARMER WOMAN IN OKLAHOMA

Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Because It Gave Her Health and Strength

In a sunny pasture in Oklahoma, a herd of sleek cows was grazing. They made a pretty picture. But the thin woman in the blue checked apron sighed as she looked at them. She was tired of cows, tired of her tedious work in the dairy. She was tired of cooking for a household of boarders, besides caring for her own family. The burdens of life seemed too heavy for her failing health. She had lost confidence in herself.

One day she began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her general health began to improve. She took it faithfully. Now she can do her work without any trouble, sleeps well and is no longer blue and timid.

This woman, Mrs. Cora Short, R. R. 9, Box 357, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes: "Everybody now says: 'Mrs. Short, what are you doing to yourself?' I weigh 135 and my weight before I took it was 115. I have taken seven bottles of the Vegetable Compound."

Other women who have to work hard and keep things going may find the road to better health as Mrs. Short did, through the faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ask your neighbor.



Some men are so mean that they even refuse to let their wives have the last word.



The Truck Driver

No matter how heavy the load or how hard the going—I can count on my truck pulling through because I use dependable Champions—They're the better spark plug.



Champion is the better spark plug because of its double-ribbed silimanite core—its two-piece construction and its special analysis electrodes.



BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. The infants' and children's favorite. Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label. At All Druggists.



Betty Buzz stars in screen comedy

FLIT spray clears your home of flies and mosquitoes. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get Flit today.



DESTROYS Flies Mosquitoes Moths Ants Bed Bugs Roaches "The yellow can with the black band"

Has Society No Place for Repentant Sinners?

An inmate of a prison at Alcatraz, Calif., writes to us as follows: "There is no one to whom I can speak and none would understand if I did. I am soon to be released from Alcatraz prison and I have nothing to look forward to. What have I to live for? Those who pretend friendship are cold. My faults are all they see. There is no one to say 'I will help.' It is hard. Yet I am used to it. I am now thirty-three years of age. Twelve years have I spent behind bars. What have I learned? The answer is, nothing. I have degraded myself so low through the association with other inmates that it seems hopeless to be a success in the future. But regardless of what others may think or say I will endure until my aim in life is accomplished and I clear myself of this black stigma that rests upon me. It is true I have done wrong in the past, but I have paid dearly, as only those who know confinement understand."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Acid stomach, heartburn and nausea are corrected with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, 112 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Female Bird Chooses Mate at Nesting Time

Prevalence of monogamy among Hungarian partridges and polygamy among Chinese pheasants has been demonstrated on the state game farms, says the Portland Oregonian. Interesting? Yes, but read on: Bernard Shaw's theory that the female is the aggressor in mating arrangements has been demonstrated.

"It is interesting to note," says the game farms section of State Game Warden Averill's report, "that at least a part of the Hungarian partridges have selected the same mates they had last year and that this selection was made in each instance by the female birds."

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This Widely Used Sure Relief Can Be Depended On Every Time.

How disagreeable, how exasperating, how embarrassing to be a sufferer from gas, belching, heartburn, sick headache, nausea and other digestive disorders. BELL-ANS for Indigestion is a harmless, pleasant Sure Relief. Tested by over 30 years' use. 25c and 75c Pkgs. at all drug stores, or send for free samples to Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.—Adv.

"Shut Your Eyes and Look"

Dr. Alexander Cairns, contributing to the editorial page of the San Francisco Examiner, is moved to rhapsody on the subject of education. With great eloquence he declaims: "No Roman triumph staged by American Cæsars returning from foreign conquests ever thrilled with such passionate significance as that endless procession of American youth marching away to the seats of higher learning." He adds: "Just shut your eyes and look at them." He follows his own advice and declares: "Note the epaulets and culture and the music of synthesized talents, and the proud and stately bearing of innate ambition." That is exactly what one might expect a man with his eyes shut to see.—The Argonaut.

Eye infection and inflammation are healed overnight by using Roman Eye Balsam. Ask your druggist for 25-cent jar or send to 112 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Personal Reason

She—How is it you were not at Westend's reception?

He—I stayed away on account of a personal matter.

She—May I ask what it was?

He—Well, they failed to send me an invitation.

Sometimes a woman spends a great deal of time looking for a husband after she has secured him.

The easiest road to wealth is to have a rich relative die and leave you a fortune.

SKIN BLEMISHES Resinol

pimples, blackheads, etc. cleared away easily and at little cost by