The DOOM TRAIL

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued

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And, standing with legs spread apart in the middle of the paved sidewalk, he read:

"And seeing that the resentment of the Six Nations is so deeply stirred by reason of the tabling of the law, we are resolved that the provincial government shall have authority to impose the duties upon trade goods for Canada as before. And his excellency the governor shall be required to file a complete report of the situation with such addenda, facts and statistics relative to amounts and totals of trade and fluctuations therein in the recent past as may be helpful to their lordships in reaching a final decision in this matter.

"There is more of the same tone as that I read. But I am selfishly occupied with my own interests, Ormerod. Here is a matter which more nearly concerneth yourself."

He produced a large rolled sheet of parchment, imposingly enscrolled, across the top of which ran the legend:

"A FREE PARDON."

"'Twas bound to come," he rambled on. "Do you go within and show it to Mistress Ormerod."

But Marjory had been listening at the window, and as I opened the door she fell into my arms and clung there, sobbing for the relief that came to

both of us with the lifting of the menace which had overhung my life so long.

"I am so happy I know not what to do," protested Marjory, wiping her eyes. "But, oh, see who comes!"

We followed her pointing finger; and there, striding between the ordered house-fronts of Pearl street, exactly as I had seen him the first time we met, came Ta-wan-ne-ars, the eagle's feather slanting from his scalplock, the wolf's head of his clan insignia painted on his naked chest. His grave face was smiling. His right arm was raised in salute.

"Qua, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go! Qua, friends! Ta-wan-ne-ars greets you."

"Have you any further news?" questioned the governor, alert as always for tidings of his distant dominions.

"Only news of peace. The frontier is quiet. The Doom Trail is closed. The far tribes are traveling to Albany to offer their allegiance and friendship. The fur trade is once more under control of the English and the Long House."

"We have waited long for you to visit us, brother," I said. "Now that you have come we shall make you stay many moons."

His smile became sad.

"It cannot be. Ta-wan-ne-ars comes to say good-by."

"Good-by?"

"Yes, brother. Have you forgotten the search for my Lost Soul?"

"But she is dead!"

"She is with Ata-ent-sic. Ta-wan-ne-ars seeks his Lost Soul. He has no fear. He will go through Da-ye-da-do-go-war, the Great Home of the Winds, where Ga-oh, the Wind Spirit, dwells. He will go through Ha-nis-ka-o-no-geh, the Dwelling Place of the Evil-Minded. He will go to the world's end if the Great Spirit will but guide his footsteps."

He would not step indoors for food, but insisted on walking back toward the Broad-Way with Master Burnet and me. At the Bowling Green we encountered Peter Corlaer.

"Ha, Peter," the governor hailed him. "Well met, indeed. What hath earned us this honor?"

"I heardt Ta-wan-ne-ars was here," he panted. "I followedt him down rifer from Fort Orange."

"What does Corlaer wish?" asked Ta-wan-ne-ars.

The big Dutchman stammered and gurgled with embarrassment.

"I go with you," he gasped after much effort.

"I go to the Land of Lost Souls."

"Ja, that's all rightdt," returned Corlaer. "I go with you."

The hard lines of the Seneca's stern face were softened by a rare glow of feeling.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars never doubted Corlaer, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go," he answered, squeezing Peter's hand in his. "He would not ask any to go with him because the peril is great. But he will be glad to have Peter by his side. We will take the first boat which leaves."

"One is sailing from der Whale's Headt wharf," suggested Peter.

"Good. Then we will say good-by here."

"No, no, we will accompany you to the wharf," said the governor. "Where are you from, Peter?"

"I was in der Shawnees' country when I heardt Ta-wan-ne-ars was going upon a long journey alone. So I go to De-o-nun-da-ga-a, andt from there to Fort Orange andt here."

"Have you heard aught of Murray?"

"Nien, Murray is nefer spoken of. Der French would hafe none of him. They saidt he sailed from Quebec for der Hafana."

"So are the mighty fallen," mused the governor as we strolled along. "A few short months ago he was more powerful than I in the province. Today he is nobody."

We walked out upon the wharf where the sloop River Queene lay with her moorings slack.

"Tumble aboard, my masters," shouted the captain. "There's a fair breeze and the tide is flowing."

"Good-by," said Ta-wan-ne-ars. "Ga-en-gwa-ra-go and O-te-ti-an-i will be always in the thoughts of Ta-wan-ne-ars."

"Goodt-by," mumbled Corlaer.

"Good-by for a while," retorted the governor. "We shall be ready to welcome you with rejoicing when you return with a brave tale to tell us."

"Good-by," I called, and my voice choked.

I raised my right arm in the Iroquois gesture of greeting and farewell. Ta-wan-ne-ars answered in kind, motionless as a bronze statue against the dirty gray expanse of the sail. The sloop dropped her moorings and glided out into the current.

In ten minutes Peter's face was a broad white blotch at the foot of the mast and Ta-wan-ne-ars was a darker blur beside him. They sailed on into the eye of the setting sun.

"'Tis the very spirit of this land, Ormerod," observed Master Burnet as we watched. "Having finished one adventure, they seek a fresh trial of their resource and daring. Ah, well, 'tis for you and me to take their precept and strive to sharpen our wits upon some homely adventures of our own. All of us may not seek the Land of Lost Souls, but each of us may find a worth-while task upon his doorstep."

[THE END.]

Value of Milk Known From Earliest Times

Cows were the first animals domesticated when cavemen forsook their clubs for rude plows to till the soil. In India the cow has been worshiped for centuries. Sacred cows have been maintained in temples and milk has had an important place in Hindu magic. Milk has been the subject of song and poetry since history began. Canaan, the promised land of Israel, was said to flow with milk and honey. Ovid, the Roman poet, gave milk second place only to nectar, the drink of the gods.

Milk for ages has been regarded as a cure for human ills. The ancients discovered it was a tremendous factor in building up and maintaining the body. This is because milk is an almost perfect food, combining nearly all the elements necessary for complete nourishment.

Modern science has produced evaporated milk which, experts say, is an improvement on the original. By removal of 60 per cent of the water, evaporated milk is rendered twice as rich in food value as ordinary market milk. The sterilizing process through which evaporated milk goes makes it easier of digestion than ordinary bottled milk. This is due to the fact that the milk curds are rendered more flocculent by the heat.

In Little Old New York

A Broadway trolley conductor had listened to a loud tirade against his refusal to stop at an odd-numbered street and was silent until the irate lady was well off his car at Fifty-second street, still scolding. Then he turned to the inside of the car, made a bow and called out clearly: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to announce that the next stop will be at Fiftieth street."—The New Yorker.

Community Building

Haphazard Growth of Cities Being Checked

It was only a decade or two ago that haphazard growth was a chief characteristic of the typical American city. Today the order has become, to a large extent, carefully regulated development. When city planning first was talked about in this country it was regarded by the general public and by perhaps most city officials as ideal and impracticable. By many it was connected with the "city beautiful" idea and was not taken seriously by matter-of-fact business men who believed that the expansion of a city was something that would have to be left to take care of itself.

How that condition has been changed is indicated in an annual survey published by the City Planning Quarterly, official organ of the American City Planning Institute and the National Conference on City Planning. In this it is shown that both city planning and zoning have made remarkable progress in the last decade. "At last," it is said at the outset of this survey, "there is no state nor any one of the 80 largest cities in the country to be reported entirely lacking in some form of city planning or zoning work." Reports of activities were received from nearly 500 cities and towns, 140 of which contained populations of less than 5,000. It is not simply the big city, but the smaller center as well, that has become interested in regulated growth in the interest of the comfort, convenience and general welfare of inhabitants.

Good Taste in Design Point of Importance

The bungalow has come in for a great deal of discussion of late years, being assailed by many authoritative sources, and defended by others. The principal influence clearly defined in the bungalow is oriental, being traced in the United States to California, and thence to China, Japan and India. The oriental pagoda is the father of the bungalow. It permits a great freedom of action, and the confining of the operations of the household to one floor or to one floor and only a few rooms above. Because of its foundation size, the one-floor bungalow is more costly than the semi-bungalow which has two stories.

With the possibility of following practically any type of architecture in home building, there is no reason for ugly architectural design, and it should be borne in mind that even the most modest and economical dwelling can be correct in line and color and that no matter how limited the purse good taste can be developed and entered into the humblest of homes.

As Ruskin says: "We require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness: first, the doing their practical duty well; then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it; which last is itself another form of duty."

Spare the Tree

Destroying trees that ornament the roadside, even when they are removed in order to widen the thoroughfare never fails to bring a pang to those with a love for the beautiful in nature. When the trees have been planted by individuals and have attained their normal growth the blow has additional force and clashes between property holders and county officials are of frequent occurrence, especially when the latter go about their work with an inexcusable ruthlessness. Sometimes it is a community that is affected and concerted action either modifies the destruction or averts them entirely.—New York Herald-Tribune.

Be Sure Plans Are Right

In the building of your house, first "be sure you are right and then go ahead." Know as much as you possibly can before you design your house or buy your materials or start in to build! Then you will be sure your floor plan is what you want, your materials the sort you desire and can afford to pay for. In every way all this will increase your joy in your home.

Good Materials Pay

It pays in the long run to buy the best materials. Your home is too important an investment to endanger its future value and incur risk of expensive repairs by stinting on materials. Considering the chances you take, the difference in cost between good materials and cheap ones isn't worth considering. Better to postpone building the garage or sun porch, or some other part that can be added later.

Use Restraint in Planting

With the exception of the shrub border, which may be used along the street and the property lines, the planting of the public portion of the property should be very restrained.

Small Town's Opportunity

If all the people in a little town who have the time to seek culture, would seek it, the little towns would be cultured far beyond the cities.

Small Town's Advantage

In a small town, if there is anyone you want to get acquainted with, you can.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Wear a smile on your face,
Keep a laugh in your heart,
Let your lips bubble over with song;
'Twill lighten your load
As you travel life's road
And help other sinners along.

"COME OVER TO TEA"

It is not necessary that we have large means or great wealth to enjoy the comfort of entertaining our friends. To entertain simply is just as enjoyable and within the means of ordinary folks. The joy of giving, as well as receiving hospitality, should not die out. There are always those away from home who appreciate a home meal and the comfort that goes with it. On Sunday, when the dinner is served during the middle of the day, tea is such a happy time to have one's friends drop in. The meal need not be a substantial one and it may be served in any manner suited to one's taste. If chilly or rainy, a lunch before the grate, serving everything from the tea wagon, is a most delightful way. A chafing dish with a hot dish, or any food, may be quickly prepared and brought from the kitchen. There are few who do not enjoy helping to prepare the meal, either from the chafing dish or kitchen range. It breaks up any feeling of formality and aids the hostess at the same time.

If the night is damp and chilly, a good hot soup is always relished. Hot sandwiches with coffee will be enjoyed.

With the variety of canned soups of all kinds, including vegetables and meats, one will always find something agreeable.

Here are a few suggestions:

Milk or cream toast prepared from hot, freshly made toast, dipped around the edges in hot milk and spread generously with butter, then covered with a rich white sauce thickened, using two tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter to a pint of milk. When wishing to make the dish more nourishing, add some grated cheese with a dash of red pepper.

Fresh ginger bread with apple sauce and cottage cheese or as a dessert; serve the ginger bread with whipped cream.

Cottage cheese used to stuff dates, or cottage cheese with a bit of salad dressing on lettuce makes a fine dish of salad.

For the drink, if cool, there is tea; add sugar, cloves or sliced bits of preserved pineapple and the cream. Then there is cocoa, coffee, malted milk. If the day is warm, the variety of iced drinks are legion and one may stock one's ice chest with endless variety of bottled waters, all most cooling and gratifying.

Extending Meat Flavors.

When one has a small amount of meat to serve for a family the flavor will season vegetables added to it while cooking, which will satisfy the appetite fully as well as a meal of more meat.

Mutton With Vegetables.—Take a coarse cut of mutton, cut into serving-sized pieces and brown in a little fat, add a few carrots cut into small pieces and an onion or two. Cook in water to cover until all is tender and well cooked. The gravy may be slightly thickened or the meat may be dredged with flour before browning.

Lamb Cutlets.—Remove the lean meat from two pounds of the forequarter of lamb and put through the meat grinder. Mix the meat with one cupful of dried crumbs, one egg slightly beaten, one cupful of canned tomatoes or milk, three chopped pimentoes, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt. Form into cutlets and put into a very hot well greased frying pan. Turn the meat frequently until well seared on both sides, cook six to eight minutes and remove to a hot platter. Serve with:

Pimento Sauce.—Brown two tablespoonfuls of fat and two slices of onion in the pan in which the cutlets were cooked. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of stock from the bones, salt and pepper to taste. Stir and cook until smooth and thick; strain and add half a pimento cut into bits.

Rice With Fried Ham.—Take a cupful of fried ham which has been put through the meat grinder, add one-half cupful of rice cooked until tender, salt to season, half a small minced onion and a tomato or two for moisture. Bake until well blended and piping hot. Serve from the baking dish.

Luncheon Macaroni.—Cook two cupfuls of macaroni in plenty of boiling water, well salted. Drain, pour cold water through it and place in a buttered baking dish. Put one cupful of boiled ham through the meat grinder, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and two cupfuls of buttermilk, a little at a time; cook until boiling. Pour this over the macaroni with one-half cupful of cheese and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

Nellie Maxwell

Many Londons in One

One of London's Chief Bus Centers.

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

THERE are many Londons in the one London. The London of Roman and Saxon, of Norman and Plantagenet; the London of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Lamb and Dickens and Thackeray; the London of clubs and hotels; the London of factories and sweat-shops; the London that administers the affairs of empire, and the London that dances and plays cricket. There is the summer London of the tourist; there is social London reveling in May; there is the November London of smoke and fog, busy and inhospitable. They are each London, and all London—one of the greatest cities in the world.

Older capital cities than London there are a few in Europe, greater there are none. Putting aside all unproven tradition, its history begins with the coming of the Roman legions. Rome, seven centuries old, was in her pagan prime, but Paris, then Lutetia, was an island hamlet in the Seine; Vienna was a small Roman camp; Berlin did not come into existence for many a century thereafter; Madrid first appears a thousand years later; Brussels was founded in the Sixth century, Amsterdam about the thirteenth of our era. These count not at all in London's age.

And while we are busy with figures, let us give a few more, and have done. The city of London, the commercial heart of the metropolis on the site of British hamlet and Roman town, measures about a mile square. In the daytime its inhabitants number more than 300,000; at night not a twelfth that number sleep there—land is too valuable for residence. During one day a million and a half of people pass through its gates. Beyond it, on both sides of the river spreads another London, of five million people, over 130 square miles (approximately 14 by 10 miles), and beyond that "Greater London," the district covered by the Metropolitan and city police, with 700 square miles and more than 7,000,000 inhabitants.

The Real London.

The East end, beyond the "city" and the Tower, is a manufacturing district, tenanted largely by Jewish tailors. There are other industries, but the race predominates. The West end is the home of fashion and of power. Between these ends lies real London—all the year, every day, native London—with all its wealth of long and tremendous history, of literary and legal repute, of commercial prestige, of architectural fame. The district across the river concerns the American visitor only in a few definite interests; all of London for him lies in a mile-wide band along the Thames, from the Tower to Westminster; but so rich is it that when he would summarize his impressions, he finds neither beginning nor end.

This is the city built on the site of Briton hamlet, Roman camp, Saxon stronghold; the city which has been ravaged by plague and by fire, repopulated and rebuilt almost overnight. Of the Roman city which ended with the recall of the legions, there remain large fragments of wall, the names of gates, sundry relics of edifices. The Saxons and the Danes were not builders, but of Norman London there is yet that stately tower, historically the most interesting spot in England, and at the other end of the city, Temple church. The "great fire" of 1666 took what stood between; for what is there today Sir Christopher Wren is largely responsible.

Surely, to no architect ever came greater opportunity. This fire, of which our voluble friend Pepys gives such graphic account—"the churches, houses, and all on fire and a horrid noise the flames made; . . . it made me weep to see it"—licked up 13,000 houses and 80 churches, among them the ancient Cathedral of St. Paul. Wren drew the plans for their reconstruction; he and his pupils carried them to completion. In the general scheme none could have wrought better. The grouping of the city's parish churches about St. Paul's, the contrast of their delicate, graceful spires with the huge brooding dome, is perfect.

The Tower of London—the whole fortress is called that, never "castle," for some reason unexplained—is today vastly different from that of the Normans. Then it was a royal residence as well as a stronghold; now it is a government arsenal and barracks.

Old Norman Church Remains.

Of the ancient buildings only the round Norman church of 1185 remains, one of the few in England. In it peaceful marble knights have slept these seven centuries with other revered dust that once bore well-known names.

Trafalgar Square is the official center and the tourist heart of London. From it one strolls into Whitehall, the broad street named for an ancient palace where the business of the British empire is administered. The Admiralty, the Horse Guards, the Treasury, Downing street, the foreign and colonial offices, are upon one side; great Scotland Yard, the war offices, the "Banqueting Hall," sole relic of the Palace of Whitehall, on the other, and beyond, reached by Derby street, new Scotland Yard, headquarters of the Metropolitan police.

Let us pass on to Westminster, which beckons in the mist. And having come there, what shall one say? There is too much of beauty, of memory, of life and love and pain, too much of suggestion for one calmly to bear.

Let us go across the river and look upon it all safely. The great Abbey church is hidden now, so we can look the more critically: for the houses of parliament (the palace of Westminster) are new—very new—for England, and do not oppress us with our own youthfulness. No one will question that they are beautiful.

Within they are as rich as without, but interest centers in that great Norman hall, one of the finest rooms in the world. As early as the days of Canute there was a palace here, but it was William Rufus who, in 1097, began this hall, and a palace that was the residence of kings to the time of Henry VIII.

Notables Condemned There.

Coronation banquets were held here; captive kings were entertained here; knights bearing the king's challenge rode full armored into the hall; Charles I was here condemned to death, as were also William Wallace, champion of Scotch liberty, Sir Thomas More, Guy Fawkes, and many another; here Warren Hastings suffered his long and famous trial of seven years.

It is a superb place, 290 feet long, 68 feet wide, 92 feet to the oaken roof, which is quite unsupported by columns, a great clear, free space, mounting by some fine steps at the south end to the great window of St. Stephen's porch.

The Victoria tower rises above the king's entrance to the House of Lords. St. Stephen's tower, at the other end of the long building (from St. Stephen's chapel), is the clock tower, the home of "Big Ben," the largest bell (13½ tons) in London except "Great Paul" (16 tons), which is the largest in England, in the cathedral tower. We come to the abbey, which is, not geographically, but sentimentally, the core of London, the heart of her heart. One thinks of it less, in spite of its many and regular services, as a church than as a nation's walhalla, the shrine of her noblest and best, as the stage for stately ceremonial, as the reliquary which preserves history and poetry and art. Yet it is as a church that she endures through the centuries.