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The Doom Trail - By -Arthur D. Howden Smith Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc (by Brentano's.) WNU Service

THE STORY

CHAPTER 1.—Harry Ormerod, pro-scribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from a band of assassins. Jug-gins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted Ormerod tells Juggins he has aban-doned the Stuart cause.

CHAPTER II.—Juggins tells Or-merod of a Jacobite piot in the Ameri-can colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. Thei-aim is the return of King James to the English throne. At its head is one Andrew Murray, a Scotsman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Ormerod sees them. Anticipating the plotters early return to America, Juggins ar ranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray.

CHAPTER III.—Disguised as Jug-gins' servant, Ormerod takes passage to America. He meets a Scottish girl daughter of Murray, and ardent Jac-obite De Veulle recognizes him, and their enmity flames. The Frenchman denounces Ormerod to the girl as a traitor to the Stuart cause. Believing him, she repulses Ormerod's proffer of friendship. He is thrown into the ses by an unseen assaliant.

by an unseen assailant. CHAPTER IV.—Ormerod, regaining the deck, has recognized his assailant as Murray's servant, Tom, giant negro He accuses Murray of employing the negro to assassinate him, but a truce is arranged. At New York Ormerod saves an Indian from insuit. The In-dian, who speaks English, is Ta-wan-ne-ars. Seneca chief CHAPTER V.—Governor Burnet wel-comes Ormerod as a friend of Juggins,

CHAPTER V.—Governor Burnet wei-comes Ormerod as a friend of Juggins, and tells him Murrsy's aims. By what is known as the 'Doom Trail' Murray smuggles furs, which should come to New York, to the French in Canada. With Ta-wan-ne-ars and a gigantic Dutchman, Peter Corlser, Ormerod agrees to go to Niagara, French out-post, and spy out the secrets of the Doom Trail. He of course speaks French. De Veulle has won Ga-ha-no, Ta-wan-ne-ars' affanced wife, now the Frenchman's mistress, and the red man seeks revenge. Ta-wan-ne-ars saves Ormerod's life in an attack on him by Murray's henchman, Boling.

CHAPTER VI.—Accusing Murray, without avail, of inciting Bolling, Or-merod learns the girl's name is Mar-jory. With his two companions he be-gins the journey.

"The road stops here," I said to Ta wan-ne-ars. "How shall we go on?" "The road of the white man stops-

yes," he answered. "But the road of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee begins." "What is that?"

He made no answer, but kept on his way until we were under the bole of the first of the forest trees.

There at my feet was a deep, narrow slot in the earth, a groove some eighteen inches wide and perhaps said. "And be certain that you do no bruise a twig." With the utmost caution he parted the screen of underbrush on our right hand, and revealed a tunnel through the greenery into which he led the way, hesitating at each step until he had gently thrust aside the intervening



follage. Once in the tunnel, however his care was abandoned, and he ray quickly to the trunk of a huge pin

which soared upward like a monu mantal column, high above the sur rounding trees. He leaned his mus ket against the pitchy bole. "The yn bol of the Long House," he

said tapping the swelling girth of it. "Strength and symmetry and grandeur. We will climb, brother."

He swung himself up into the branches, which formed a perfect ladder, firm under foot, behind the screen of the pine needles. When the other treetops were beneath us, he straddled a bough and cleared a loophole from which we might look out over the forest we had traversed.

We looked for so long, without any thing happening that my eyeballs ached. But at last there was a movement like the miniature upheaval which is caused by an ant in breaking ground. Boughs quivered, and a figure appeared in the open. 'Twas Cor-He glanced around him and laer. strode on. In a moment he had passed the clearing and disappeared in the forest.

Ta-wan-ne-ars hitched forward and peered through the loophole with tense muscles. And again there was a wait which seemed endless. My eyelids blinked from the strnin of watching. The desolation and loneliness of the wilderness were so complete that it seemed inconceivable another human being could be within view. And whilst this thought occupied my mind a dark figure crawled on hands and knees from the mouth of the trail. At that distance all we could see of his cos tume was the clump of feathers that bristled from his scalplock.

He followed Peter into the trail on our side of the clearing, and there was a second and briefer pause. Then as sliently as ghosts a string of figures flitted into the clearing. There were six of them, each with musket in the hollow of his arm, each with bristling feather headdress.

THE MONITOR

voice.

vou-"

axiously.

time."

Corlaer," he said quite simply.

The Cahnuaga smiled.

wan-ne-ars bending over me.

"You were choked, brother."

"And the Cohnuaga?"

must be upon our way.'

bacon and maize cakes.

That afternoon we forded the Mo

hawk to the southern side some dis

tance above Ga-ne-ga-ha-ga (near

Danube, N. Y.), the Upper Mohawk

castle. And now for the first time we

began to meet other travelers. Sev

eral Mohawk families shifting their

abodes on account of poor crop condi-

tions in their old villages; a party of

Oneidas of the Turtle clan journeying

on a visit of condolence to the Mo

hawk Turtles, one of whose roy-an-ehe

had just died; a band of Mohawk

hunt. By these latter Ta-wan-ne-ars

sent word to So-a-wa-ah, the senfor

roy-an-eh of the Mohawk Wolf clan

charged with the warding of the East

ern Door, of our encounter with the

The evening of the third day we

camped in the Oneida country at the

base of a hill, which the trail encir-

cles and which for that reason was

called Nun-da-da-sis ("Around the

Hill;" present site of Utica, N. Y.).

ont afterward to be rare good luck

Cahnuagas and its result.

I helped him, whilst Contaer crouched by the opening of the trail on watch We soon had a respectable pile of wood, but before kindling it the Seneca bade us strip off our leathern shirts and stuffed them with underbrush into a semblance of human shapes. A third figure to represent himself he contrived out of the packs and several branches.

The three dummies were then disposed to the satisfaction of Ta-wanne-ars and, striking flint and steel to some rotten wood, a bright blaze sent the shadows chasing each other around the confines of the glade.

"Peter," he said, "you had best take post by that boulder on the other side of the fire, O merod and Ta-wanne-ars will lie together upon this side."

"You need not think it necessary to keep me by your side," I said indignantly. " "Tis not the first time I shall have heard musketry."

A gleam of humorous intelligence chased the gloomy ferocity from the Seneca's face.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars does not doubt the valor of his brother," he said, "but Ormerod has never fought with Cahnuagas. They are dogs, but they are skilled in forest war."

He sank down behind a boulder next to the one by which I stood. Corlaer had been swallowed by the dancing shadows beyond the fire.

I dropped beside Ta-wan-ne-ars, and like him dusted fresh powder into the oun of my musket, drew tomahawk and knife from their sheaths and labi them on the ground within reach.

It must have been at least two hours after we had taken cover that Ta-win-Lears touched my arm, and the ligh from the glowing hed of coals re cented a feathered head crouching forword where the trail entered the glade. It hovered around the edge of the firelight like a monstrous reptillin fiend, body bent nearly double, a glint of steel showing whenever the hands moved. Presently he withdrew into

the trall, and it scemed that two more hours dragged by on leaden feet, although it was probably less than half that time. The fire was lower, but Ta-wan-ne-

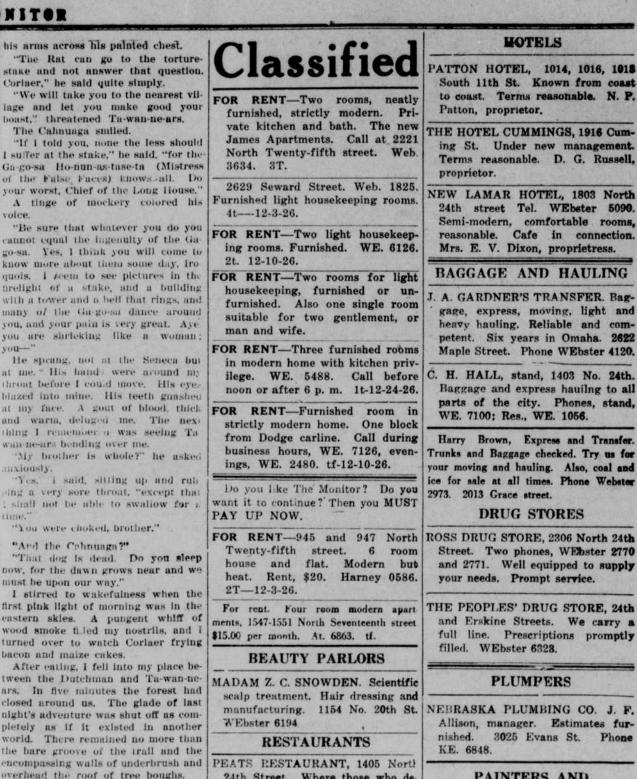
ars did not need to warn me when the keepers reappeared. It was as if a mist of evil preceded them. My senses were alert, and I saw the first feathered head emerge from the trail and each one of the six who followed their leader. I counted every step of their approach until the yellow paint which streaked the ribs of the one nearest to me glimmered in the light of the embers.

"Hah-yah-yah-eeee-eeeee!"

Ta-wan-ne-ars sounded the war whoop as he fired, and instinctively I aimed my piece at those ocher-tinted ribs and pressed the trigger. The report of my musket carried on the echoes which had been roused by the Seneca's. Corlaer's discharged as I bounded to my feet.

The Cahnuagas yelled in surprise; three of them were thrashing out their lives on the rocks. But the four survivors did not hesitate. They fought like the devils they really were.

One of them was on me immediately, bounding over the boulders with screeches that split the night. His knife and hatchet cut circles around my head-then chopped at my bowels. His activity was extraordinary, and he fought better than I, for he knew his weapons and they were strange



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twelve inches deep, that disappeared into the gloom which reigned under the interlacing boughs overhead. It did not go straight, but crookedly like a snake, curving and twisting as it chanced to meet a mossy boulder or a tree too big to be readily felled or uprooted. As I stooped over it I saw that its bottom and steeply sloping sides were hard-packed, beaten down by continual pressure, the relentless pressure of countless human feet for generations and centuries.

Ta-wan-ne-ars instantly led the way into the groove of the trail, and as if instinctively swung into an easy loping trot. I followed him and the Dutchman brought up the rear.

It was cool under the trees, for the sun seldom penetrated the foliage, dense already although it was only the fag-end of spring. And it was very silent-terribly, oppressively silent. The crack of a stick underfoot was like a musket shot. The padding of our feet on the resilient leaf-mold was like the low rolling of muffled drums. The timorous twittering of birds seemed to set the echoes flying.

Yet I was amazed when Ta-wan-nears halted abruptly in mid-afternoon, and inclined his ear toward the trail behind us.

"What is it?" I asked, and so completely had the spirit of the forest taken possession of me that I whispered the words.

"Something is following us," he answered.

Corlaer put his ear to the bottom of the trail, and a curious expression crossed his face.

"Ya," was all he said.

CHAPTER VII

Along the Great Trail "Shall we return and face them?" I asked eagerly.

Ta-wan-ne-ars permitted himself a smile of friendly sarcasm.

"If we can hear them, surely they can hear us," he said. "No, we will keep on: There is a place farther along the trail from which we can look

back upon them. Come, Ormerod, you and I will run ahead. Peter will follow us."

Ta-wan-ne-ars shifted his musket to is shoulders, and broke into a long, loping stride. I followed him.

Half a mile up the trail he stopped. Walk in my tracks, brother,

Ta-wap-ne-ars emitted a guttural grunt, quite unlike his usual rather musical utterances.

"Down !" he rasped. "Down ! The time is scant !"

At the foot of the pine he snatched up his musket without a word, and turned into the green tunnel that debouched upon the screen of the trail. As we stepped into the worn slot Peter came into view.

"Well?" he said phlegmatically. "Cahnuaga dogs! They dare to invade territory of the Long House !"

"We can cross der Mohawk to der south branch of der trail," proposed Corlaer. "They wouldt not dare to follow us there.

"No." snarled Ta-wan-ne-ars: "we shall not step aside for them. We will attend to them ourselves. They will not attack unless they have to for we are still near the Mohawk castle, although 'tis upon the opposite bank of the river. They will leave us alone until night."

"But why cannot we attack them?" A look of ferocity which was almost demoniac changed his usually pleasant features into an awful mask

"In an ambuscade one might escape No, my brother Ormerod, we will wait until they attack us. Then-" He paused significantly.

"Not one of the Keepers shall return to tell Murray how his brothers died."

We took up the march. "Twas already mid-afternoon, and shortly the dimness of twilight descended upon the trail, as the level rays of the setting sun were turned aside by the interlacing masses of vegetation.

Twilight faded into dusk and still we kept on. Ta-wan-ne-ars had eyes like a cat's, and I, too, accustomed myself to perception of hanging branches and the unexpected turns and twists in the groove of the path. The stars were out in the sky overhead when we stepped from the shelter of the forest into a rocky dell divided by a tiny brook.

"We will camp here," said Ta-wanne-ars.

He rested his musket on a boulder and began to collect firewood.

"Why a fire?" I asked. "The trailers must not think we suspect them," he replied curtly. "If

we lit no fire they would know for certain that we were suspicious."

to me.

It was the realization of this which saved me. Fending awkwardly with knife or hatchet against a foe whose handling of them was the result of lifelong training, I was at a disadvantage.

So I changed the tomahawk to my left hand, and grasped the knife by the hilt as if it were a sword, thrusting with it point first instead of slashing as the Indian did. And now my skill at fence was in my favor.

The Cahnuaga's knife was no longer than mine. We were on equal terms -or rather the advantage inclined toward me. Bewilderment showed in the Indian's face. He did not understand this fighting with passes and parries and swift, stabbing assaults.

My chance came the next time he charged me, goaded into desperation by these strange tactics. I aimed a smashing blow at his head with the tomahawk, and, as he lifted his own hatchet to guard, I thrust for his belly, parried his knife and ripped him open. His death yell was in my ears as I leaped over his body and looked to see how my comrades were doing. Tawan-ne-ars had just killed his man and was running to the help of Peter, who had two assailants on his hands. As Ta-wan-ne-ars came up, the Dutchman closed with one, dashed the defending weapons aside and grasped the struggling savage in his powerful arms. The last Cahnuaga turned to flee, but Ta-wan-ne-ars did not even attempt to pursue him. Without any appearance of haste the Seneca balanced his tomahawk, drew back his arm and hurled it after the fugitive. The keen blade crushed the man's skull before he had passed from the circle of firelight, and Ta-wan-ne-ars sauntered across and scalped him.

"That time Ta-wan-ne-ars did not miss, brother," he observed to me as I watched with fascinated horror the bloody neatness with which he dispatched his task.

Peter brought up his captive and tossed the man down in front of us. "Oof, that was a goodt fight!" he commented placidly.

"Why a prisoner, Peter?" asked Tawan-ne-ars

"We will ask him of der Doom Trail," returned Corlaer.

He jerked the man to his feet. "Where is der Doom Trail?" he demanded

The Cahnuaga, badly shaken though he was, drew himself erect and folded highway near Plum bayou.

Whilst we were making camp a group is used by other nations than the Iroquois approached from upstream, and

their occupants camped beside us. These Indians were Messezagues. whose country lay between the two great inland seas, the Erie and Huron lakes. They were on their way to Fort Orange or Albany to trade their winter catch of furs, which lay baled in the canoes.

They told Ta-wan-ne-ars they had had trouble with the Sleur de Tonty, commander of the French trading post of Le De Troit (Detroit, Mich.), which had been established in their country; and that in consequence De Tonty had been obliged to flee and they had decided to shift their trade to the English. Ta-wan-ne-ars encouraged then in this design and described to them the high quality and quantity of the goods they might expect to get in exchange for their furs at Albany.

On the fourth day the trail abandoned the headwaters of the Mohawk, fast shallowing in depth, and headed westward across the mile-wide divide of land which separates the waters flowing into the Mohawk and Hudson river from those flowing into Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river of Canada.

I had my first view of the long houses of the Iroquois at the Onelda Castle, Ga-no-a-lo-hale ("A head on a Oneida lake. They were impressive buildings, sixty, eighty, one hundred and sometimes one bundred and twenty feet in length and from twelve to fifteen or twenty feet wide. We went as a matter of course to the lodgings of the Onelda Wolves, of whom Tawan-ne-ars, according to the Iroquois code, was a blood-brother; and they placed at our disposal a guest chamber, the first next to the entrance of the Ga-no-sote (Bark house), together with all the firewood and food which we required and an aged squaw to cook and wait upon us.

(Continued Next Week.)

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