

The Doom Trail

— By —
Arthur D. Howden Smith
Author of *PORTO BELLO GOLD*, Etc.
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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to King George, as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from a band of assassins. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuarts.

CHAPTER III.—Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod takes passage to America. He meets a Scottish girl, daughter of Murray, and ardent Jacobite. He veils, recognizes him, and their enmity flames. The Frenchman denounces Ormerod to the King as a traitor to the Stuart cause. Bewailing him, she repulses Ormerod's proffer of friendship. He is thrown into the sea by an unseen assassin.

CHAPTER IV.—Ormerod, regained the deck, has recognized his assassin as Murray's servant, Tom, who near him accuses Murray of employing the negro to assassinate him, but a true lie arranged. At New York Ormerod sees an Indian from Inuit. The Indian who speaks English, is Ta-wan-ne-ars, Seneca chief.

CHAPTER V.—Governor Burnet welcomes Ormerod, a friend of Juggins, and tells him Murray'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 giant Dutchman, Peter Corlaer, Ormerod agrees to go to Niagara, French outpost, and spy out the secrets of the Doom Trail. He of course speaks French. De Veulle has won Gah-no, Ta-wan-ne-ars' advanced 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, Bolling.

CHAPTER VI.—Accusing Murray, without avail, of inciting Bolling, Ormerod learns the orders from Marjory. With his two companions he begins the journey.

CHAPTER VII.—The three men wipe out a party of Cahnuagas trailing them, evidently sent by Murray. At the Seneca village they are welcomed by Do-ne-hag-wah, head chief. Ta-wan-ne-ars' uncle, Leaving Corlaer, Ta-wan-ne-ars and Ormerod take their way to Niagara.

CHAPTER VIII.—At Niagara Ormerod, in the guise of Jean Courbevol, forest runner, learns the French plans from Joncaire, the commandant. De Veulle arrives, recognizes Ormerod and he and Ta-wan-ne-ars are seized.

CHAPTER IX.—Conveyed to La Vierge du Bois, Murray's stronghold, Ormerod again meets the adventures and Marjory. The latter unavailingly seeks to save the Englishman and his friend from death by torture at the hands of the Cahnuagas. Murray's followers, Pere Hyacinthe, French missionary, refuses to help them. Prepared for the torture, Ta-wan-ne-ars and Ormerod, on orders from Gah-no, are respited until the next day the Moon feast.

CHAPTER X.—In the morning the torture is interrupted by Gah-no's dancing. She leaves, but apparently returns wearing a bear's mask. It is Marjory, who, acting on Gah-no's suggestions, succeeds in freeing the prisoners, who escape. At Fort Oswego they are welcomed by Corlaer.

CHAPTER XI.—Corlaer practically destroys a consignment of furs on their way to French trading posts. From his talk with Joncaire Ormerod is enabled to find the Doom Trail and with his two companions he enters it. They meet Bolling and Tom, the negro with a party of Cahnuagas. The Indians are practically wiped out from ambush, Ormerod kills Bolling in knife fight, while Corlaer disposes of the negro, leaving the trail clear.

He attacked me with a peculiar sweeping blow that was aimed at my shoulder, but fell at the level of the waist. Had it passed my guard, 'twould have disemboweled me. I parried his blade with mine, and struck back for the first time with such venom that he leaped away in alarm.

The suspension in his attack gave me opportunity to glance over my shoulder toward the edge of the swamp, where Peter and the negro were circling each other warily, tomahawk poised for throwing.

The sight put an idea in my mind. I remembered my duel with the Cahnuaga in the glade by the Great Trail and the discovery that he was at a disadvantage when I used the knife as I had learned to use the sword. I promptly shifted my grip on the knife-blade and held it straight before me as if it were a rapier. At the same time I inclined my other arm behind me to balance it. Bolling viewed this maneuver with derision.

"Ye pore baby," he sneered. "Think ye can meet a knife-fighter like me with one arm? Or fight me off with the point? I'll show ye."

He charged upon me like a battering-ram, his knife a whirling point of steel, its broad blade slashing in both directions. I retired slowly, anxious to increase his self-confidence.

"Stand up to me now!" he yelled finally. "Be ye feared?"

I laughed at this, and it made him furious. He stamped around me, slashing and stabbing, and it was several minutes before he discovered that however viciously he struck I was always able to parry him with an economy of effort.

He crept forward like a huge cat, feet spread wide, shoulders crouched, knife a menacing flame.

and I put it aside. He struck again and I almost succeeded in twisting his blade from his hand by an old trick of the salle des armes. But my knife was not long enough to get the necessary purchase with it.

He charged with wonderful celerity dropped to his knee and slashed up



ward so effectively that his point cut the skirt of my leather shirt.

"I'll get ye yet," he howled with glee.

But I refused to be intimidated. Indeed, I was no longer doubtful of the issue. I knew that I could outfight him or any fighter of his caliber by my adaptation of sword-play to knife-fighting.

I leaped upon him by way of answer and pressed the fighting. He yielded ground to me, seeking to retreat into the woods by the trail; but I rounded him up and herded him steadily toward the edge of the swamp.

I shortened our fighting-range, and gave him the point, drawing blood occasionally. He kept his head down and parried desperately, trying to escape to one side, but I was on him so swiftly that he was afraid of a blow from the rear, and must needs stand to defend himself. At last he stood on the very brink of the morass, with no avenue of escape open.

"How will you die, my friend?" I asked. "You can smother to death if you prefer it?"

His answer was a bellow of insensate rage and his knife, thrown point first at my chest. By sheer luck I caught its point on my hill, turned it aside and met his rush. He wrapped his arms around me, intent on carrying me with him into the ooze and slime. But I stabbed him to the heart before his bear's hug was completed, and he fell away from me, arms spread wide, and lay in a noisome heap by the tussocks of marsh grass.

I stood over him, panting from my exertions, when a shout from Ta-wan-ne-ars attracted my attention. The Seneca was returning from his pursuit of the two Cahnuagas. He shouted again and pointed behind me. I turned to see Peter and the negro locked in each other's arms, and as I looked, Tom heaved Peter into the air and tried to throw him. But Peter locked his legs around the negro's waist, and they rolled over and over across the ground.

I reached them just as they struggled to their feet, grips unrelaxed. Peter warned me off.

"Standt clear," he croaked. "I finish this myself."

Certes, nobody but Peter could have finished it. The negro's strength was colossal. He fought like a wildcat, with teeth and nails and legs. But Peter met him phlegmatically, refusing to be angered by the vilest attempt. They had torn the clothing from each other's shoulders and flanks. They dripped blood. Their skins shone with sweat. Their chests heaved with the effort for breath.

Tom stooped and flung his arms around Peter's waist, driving his head for the Dutchman's loins. Peter retaliated by bringing up his knee against the negro's chin. Tom reeled back, and Peter swooped upon him. One arm hooked Tom's waist, the other caught him by the neck.

Dazed and with a mouthful of shattered teeth, Tom struggled feebly, but without avail. Peter twisted him, bore him to the ground, shifted grip rapidly, drove his knee into the quivering belly and throttled the life out of the black throat.

"So I make an endt of him," panted the Dutchman as he staggered to his feet.

"Aye, we have made an endt to Red Death and Black Death," I answered. "And I slew the two who ran," added Ta-wan-ne-ars, touching two scalps whose clustered feathers protruded from his belt.

"A clean sweep," I said. "There will be none to carry the tale to La Vierge du Bois."

CHAPTER XII

Governor Burnet Is Defied

"Twas early autumn when we returned to Albany. The flag over the battlements of Fort Orange stood out straight from its staff. The citizens who thronged the street leading up to the fort gate must needs hold on to their hat-brims.

"Are the streets usually so crowded?" I asked Peter.

He shook his head, and I accosted a tavern keeper who stood in his doorway, regarding the passers-by with anticipation of the harvest he would reap later.

"'Tis his excellency the governor," he explained. "The governor and Master Colden of his council have summoned certain gentry and merchants

and the officers of the troops to meet them in the great hall of the fort this afternoon."

We came to the fort gate and gave our names to the sentry who stopped all save the few the governor had summoned to attend upon him. A messenger he dispatched brought back word that we were to enter, and we were escorted across the parade and into the quarters of the commandant adjoining the great hall.

Master Colden met us in the doorway.

"Zoo's, but I am right glad to see you," he cried. "And his excellency is overjoyed."

He opened an inner door and ushered us into the presence of the governor. Master Burnet rose and came forward with hand outstretched.

(Continued Next Week.)

ORGANIZE SOLOMON FOR CITY COMMISSIONER CLUB

Sixty people met in Mount Moriah Baptist church, North Twenty-fourth and Ohio streets at 8 p. m., Tuesday, and organized a "Solomon for City Commissioner" club, with Milton L. Hunter as president and S. Walker as its secretary. The newly organized club met in Unity Club room, 1421 1/2 North Twenty-fourth streets, and formulated plans for the campaign. Active club members are J. I. Hines, P. M. Harris, representing "The Voice of Three Thousand"; Harry Leland, representing the Unity Club; Dr. W. W. Peebles, Rev. Mr. Oville, pastor of Grove M. E. church, and many prominent men and women, including Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kaplan, of 2215 Lake street. The meeting was called under the auspices of The Workers Community Association.

BISHOP A. J. CAREY MAKES OFFICIAL VISIT

Bishop A. J. Carey of the Fifth Episcopal District of the A. M. E. Church, made his official visit here on Sunday. He preached at St. John's A. M. E. church Sunday morning and evening and at Bethel A. M. E. church in the afternoon. A banquet was given in his honor at St. John's A. M. E. church Monday evening by St. John's and Bethel A. M. E. churches combined.

Benjamin Harmon, a Negro who sought to convert a house into a two-apartment flat, with the intention of renting a part of it to Negroes, was enjoined and the state supreme court sustained the laws. Harmon contended that the restrictions were invalid and unconstitutional.

The federal supreme court reversed the lower courts recently.

ENTERTAIN DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB

Mrs. Hayward Vawter entertained the Monday Morning Domestic Science and Bridge club at her beautiful home last Monday, at a special party which was not the regular club meeting. Bridge was played, Mrs. Jessica Wright winning the first prize and Mrs. Fred Trusty the boobie prize. A delicious luncheon was served by the hostess whom all members are delighted to have as the president of the club.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness during our recent bereavement, by the death of our son and husband, Walter Turner, and for the beautiful floral offerings.

MRS. W. DAVIS, Mother.
MRS. CARRIE BELL TURNER, Wife.

COLORED COMMERCIAL CLUB HOLDS REGULAR MEETING

The Colored Commercial club held a well-attended meeting at its rooms, 1514 1/2 North Twenty-fourth street, Wednesday night, with Dr. D. W. Gooden, president, in the chair. Plans for energetically carrying on the club's program were discussed among these being the active pushing of its membership drive now under way. The next meeting will be held Thursday, March 31.

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