

The Doom Trail

— By —
Arthur D. Howden Smith
 Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
 (© by Brentano's.) WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV.—The messenger has a note from Marjory beseeching Ormerod to save her from De Veuille, who is to marry her at once. With a war party, Ormerod and Ta-wan-ne-ars set out. They are ambushed by the Cahnugas.

CHAPTER XV.—Those of Ormerod's party not killed are taken prisoners. At La Vierge du Bois Ormerod learns the supposed message from Marjory was a decoy. He voices his suspicion that Marjory is not Murray's daughter. The latter temporizes. Ga-ha-no attempts to kill De Veuille, and in a knife duel the pair slay each other.

The False Faces moved forward reluctantly, but Ga-ha-no acted without hesitation. A knife leaped from a fold of her kilt, and she sprang upon De Veuille like a wildcat. He retreated, and ripped out his own knife.

But she closed with him, and the two knives sank home at the same instant. Hers pierced De Veuille to the heart. His drove to the hilt into her right breast, and she staggered back, coughing blood, against the rigid form of Ta-wan-ne-ars, bound fast to the stake.

"Ga-ha-no—was not—worthy of—Ta-wan-ne-ars," she gasped as her head slipped down his chest. "It—is—better—so."

No torture could have distorted his face into the image of frenzied despair which it displayed as he strove uselessly to bend down to her.

"My Lost Soul!" he muttered. "Oh, Ha-wen-ne-yu, my Lost Soul! Oh, Great Spirit, my Lost Soul!"

Marjory crept nearer to me, the horror in her face turning to pity, the tears streaming from her eyes.

"The poor lass!" she cried softly. "The poor, brave lass!"

CHAPTER XVI

The Might of the Long House

The silence of consternation gripped the hordes of the Keepers of the Trail. The sea of painted, scowling faces exhibited one frozen expression of awe at the suddenness of the tragedy. Only Murray gave no indication of feeling as he knelt by De Veuille's side.

He stood up, wiping a spot of blood off one of his hands with a laced handkerchief.

"He is gone," he remarked impartially. "Give a look to the Indian girl," I urged.

He shrugged his shoulders as if to say it was not worth while; but Marjory stooped over Ga-ha-no, composed the disordered black tresses and closed the wildly staring eyes.

"Tis useless, Harry," she said. "She is dead."

"Ga-ha-no—is—dead!" repeated Ta-wan-ne-ars blankly.

His heaving muscles relaxed, and he hung limp in his bonds against the stake.

"At the least, the woman gave you an avenue of escape from an intricate problem," commented Murray. "You do not seem glad, my dear."

"I am not glad," retorted Marjory scornfully. "And I am right content that you should be unable to understand why I will be mourning for her."

"Ah, well, we have never understood each other, have we?" rejoined Murray, taking snuff absent-mindedly. "Come, we will give orders for the removal of the unfortunate pair, and—"

The horror dawned once more in Marjory's face.

"And what?" she gasped.

"You forget, Marjory, that my savage henchmen have work to do," he answered nonchalantly. "I take it for granted that you do not wish to remain and view their labors?"

"You would leave these—these men—Master Ormerod—to—to—"

"And why not?" he replied. "They are enemies. As I have had occasion

to tell him ere this, Master Ormerod has sought to contrive my ruin. But I am a reasonable man. I am always willing to discuss terms."

"And what might you mean by terms?" I demanded, taking a hand in the conversation.

He deliberated as unconcernedly as if we sat on opposite sides of a table in London, entirely ignoring the huddled corpses at his feet, the line of booties suffening in the bitter cold against the stakes and the attendant cordon of Indians whose faces studied his, as their fingers itched to resume the torture.

"An undertaking to abandon this wholly barren persecution of my enterprises," he decided. "I should require the signature of Governor Burnett to the document."

"And my companions here?" I asked curiously.

"You forget that even my powers are necessarily limited," he said. "I could not possibly snatch from my people's vengeance Iroquois warriors taken red-handed in an attempt to massacre them."

I laughed. "You do not yet know me, Murray." "Possibly you are subject to education," he retorted, buttoning up his greatcoat. "Come, Marjory."

She drew away from him. "I choose to remain," she said coldly. "I choose that you shall not."

He waved his hand in unmistakable signal of release to the watchful False Faces and their followers. A yell of satisfaction swelled from their hungry throats, and they dashed forward.

"Twill be difficult for me to control them in a few moments," observed Murray.

He looked up in amazement, as a mantle of silence enveloped the council place for the second time.

"O my people," boomed a harsh voice in the Cahnuga dialect, "verily Ha-ne-go-ate-geh has claimed you! You are mad! You toy with your enemies here when the warriors of the Long House are as thick along the Doom Trail as the falling leaves of autumn. The Keepers who were on watch are dead or in flight. At any moment the Iroquois will be here. They have burned Ga-o-no-geh. The snow of the Trail is trampled flat by their multitudes. Aye, the Doom Trail is bringing doom upon its Keepers."

His words were drowned in a racket of firing from the heart of the Evil Wood. A number of the False Faces emerged from the shelter of the fir, their awful masks wabbling unsteadily. "The People of the Long House!" they yelled. "The People of the Long House are come!"

"We are attacked back and front," snarled Murray. "Well Master Ormerod, you and your friend the chief are excellent hostages."

He bellowed a series of commands which brought some degree of order out of the confusion, and dispatched one party of Keepers into the wood to resist the attack from that quarter. Another body he sent through the village to hold the approaches of the Doom Trail. Under his directions the remainder of the warriors unbound the surviving prisoners from the stakes and escorted us to the stockaded house in which we dwelt.

In the doorway they paused to await the coming of Murray. He arrived presently, with Marjory hanging unwillingly on his arm.

"The prisoners?" he rasped in answer to the question of our guards. "Take them to the cellar. Look to their security if you value your lives."

An echo of distant shouts reached our ears as we stood there, and across the posts of the stockade we saw the Keepers streaming from the Evil Wood and at their heels certain darting, quick-moving figures that we knew must be the warriors of the Eight Clans.

"It is time to bring our women and children inside the stockade," proposed one of the Cahnugas.

Murray shook his head. "We have not room nor food to spare. See," he said, as the sound of firing came from the southward, "we are surrounded. We are ignorant of the strength of the Iroquois. It may be all we can do to defend ourselves. Women and children would be so many inconveniences to us."

And whilst a squad of savages conducted us to our prison the rest manned the firing platforms around the stockade and prepared to cover the retreat of the Keepers, who were falling back rapidly before the hard-driving attacks of the Iroquois.

I sought for a word with Marjory as we entered the door, but Murray deliberately strode between us. All I gained was 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 morrow 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—"

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 sidewise. "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 Fernieside," 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. Corlaer, 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 contents. 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-sic. 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."

Classified

FOR RENT—Two rooms, neatly furnished, strictly modern. Private kitchen and bath. The new James Apartments. Call at 2221 No. Twenty-fifth St. Web. 3634.

FOR RENT—Furnished room in strictly modern home. One block from Dodge carline. Call during business hours, WE. 7126, evenings, WE. 2480. tf-12-10-26.

FOR RENT—Neatly furnished room. Modern home. With kitchen privilege. Call Web. 6498. —tf.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. Webster 2180. 2516 Patrick avenue.

WANTED—Working girl to take a room in my cosy apartment. Web. 1185.

FOR RENT—Six rooms, 1148 North 20th street; five rooms, 1152½ North 20th. Modern except heat. Webster 5299.

FOR RENT—Furnished room in modern home, with kitchen privileges. Man and wife preferred. Call WE. 0919 mornings.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. 2516 Patrick avenue. Tel. WE. 2180.

ROOMS FOR RENT—1812 No. 23rd St. WE. 2089. 2-T.

NICELY furnished rooms. All modern. WE. 3960.

FOR RENT—Nearly furnished room in modern home, kitchen privileges. WE. 3308. 4-T.

BEAUTY PARLORS

MADAM Z. C. SNOWDEN. Scientific scalp treatment. Hair dressing and manufacturing. 1154 No. 20th St. Webster 6194.

UNDERTAKERS

JONES & COMPANY, Undertakers 24th and Grant Sts. Webster 1100 Satisfactory service always.

PAINTERS AND PAPER HANGERS

A. F. PEOPLES. Painting and decorating, wall paper and glass. Plastering, cement and general work. Sherwin-Williams paints. 2419 Lake St. Phone Webster 6366.

LAWYERS

W. B. BRYANT, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law. Practices in all courts. Suite 19, Patterson Block, 17th and Farnam Sts. AT. 9344 or Ken. 4072.

W. G. MORGAN—Phones Atlantic 9344 and Jackson 0210.

H. J. PINKETT, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law. Twenty years' experience. Practices in all courts. Suite 19, Patterson Block, 17th and Farnam Sts. AT. 9344 or WE. 3180.

HOTELS

PATTON HOTEL, 1014, 1016, 1018 South 11th St. Known from coast to coast. Terms reasonable. N. P. Patton, proprietor.

THE HOTEL CUMMINGS, 1916 Cuming St. Under new management. Terms reasonable. D. G. Russell, proprietor.

BAGGAGE AND HAULING

J. A. GARDNER'S TRANSFER. Baggage, express, moving, light and heavy hauling. Reliable and competent. Six years in Omaha. 2622 Maple Street. Phone Webster 4120.

C. H. HALL, stand, 1408 No. 24th. Baggage and express hauling to all parts of the city. Phones, stand, WE. 7100; Res., WE. 1068.

Harry Brown, Express and Transfer. Trunks and Baggage checked. Try us for your moving and hauling. Also, coal and ice for sale at all times. Phone Webster 2973. 2013 Grace street.

DRUG STORES

ROSS DRUG STORE, 2306 North 24th Street. Two phones, Webster 2770 and 2771. Well equipped to supply your needs. Prompt service.

THE PEOPLES' DRUG STORE, 24th and Erskine Streets. We carry a full line. Prescriptions promptly filled. Webster 6323.

PLUMBERS

NEBRASKA PLUMBING CO., J. F. Allison, manager. Estimates furnished. 3025 Evans Street. Phone KE. 6848.

EMERSON'S LAUNDRY
 The Laundry That Suits All
 1301 No. 24th St. Web. 6620

SHOE REPAIRING
BENJAMIN & THOMAS always give satisfaction. Best material, reasonable prices. All work guaranteed. 1415 North 24th St., Webster 5084

Tel. JA. 1248
We Solicit
 the patronage of the readers of the MONITOR and assure them prompt and courteous service and treatment.

C. P. WESIN GROCERY CO.
 2001 Cuming Street

HENRY STEHR'S
 New Meat Market
 Wants a share of your business and will do its utmost to please you.
 LOCATED AT
2003 CUMING

N. W. WARE
 ATTORNEY AT LAW
 1208 Dodge Street, Omaha, Nebraska
 Phones Webster 6613-Atlantic 8192.

Subscribe for
THE MONITOR
 Omaha's Old Reliable
 Race Weekly
\$2.00 a Year



"AND WHY NOT?" HE REPLIED "THEY ARE ENEMIES"