



The DOOM TRAIL

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.
WNU SERVICE COPYRIGHT BY BRENTANO'S

Had there been so such things as beaver hats, popular especially in England, the politics of Europe throughout about two centuries would have been less turbulent, several wars might have been prevented and there would have been less occasion for the various intrigues, alliances and sanguinary clashes involving French, English and Indians; but the exciting development of the American continent would have been delayed. Other furs figured in the matter, but it was because the industrious and smart little beaver had a coat that was just the finest thing in the world for men's headgear that most of the trouble occurred.

That rock-ribbed and keen-brained soul, Governor Burnet of New York, saw that control of the fur trade would strengthen immensely the military, as well as economic, position of the nation that won it. To secure the control he set about winning the friendship of the Iroquois and other tribes and commenced that series of vigorous measures that have made his name a resounding one in the early history of America. It was his foresight and forceful actions, so well described in this thrilling story, that made possible the achievements of General Wolfe and, afterward, of George Washington. Unconscious as he may have been of the fact, Burnet was in reality laying one of the corner stones of our republic.

In this story which combines a romance with historical facts are many fascinating things. There is the light and atmosphere of other times. There is young blood eager to pioneer and adventure. There is the love of man and woman, achieved through dangers encountered and obstacles overcome. There are thrilling combats and brave deeds. The mystic lore of the Indian pervades its pages and the reader sits in fancy almost consistently within the flickering gleams of the council fire. Great scenes among those great redmen who disputed the early advance of the white race are produced almost as vividly as though they were in the flesh. There is the charm of the picturesque, the stirring and the romantic.

CHAPTER I

The Fray in Mincing Lane

"Watch! Ho, watch!"

The words rang through the misty darkness of the narrow street. I gathered my cloak around me and skulked closer to the nearest house-wall. Could it be possible the Bow Street runners had picked up my trail again!

And a new worry assailed me. Did the cry come from in front or behind? The fog that mantled London, and which so far had stood my friend, now served to muffle the source of this sudden alarm. Which way should I turn?

"Watch! Curse the sleepy varlets!"

The houses past which I had been feeling my way came to an end. An alley branched off to the right and from its entrance echoed the click of steel—music after my own heart. The blood coursed faster in my veins. No, this could be no trap such as had awaited me ever since I had stepped from the smuggler's small boat. Here was sword-play, a welcome change from the plotting and intrigue which had sickened me.

I cast my cloak back over my shoulder and drew my sword from its sheath, as I ran over the uneven cobbles which paved the alley. Dimly I saw before me a confused huddle of figures that tussled and stamped about in the ghostly mirk of the fog.

"Hold, friend," I shouted.

"Make haste," panted a voice from the middle of the group.

One man against a gang of assassins! So that was the story. It savored more of Paris than of the staid London of merchants and shopkeepers over which the Hanoverian exercised his stolid sway.

But I had scant time for philosophy. They were on me in an instant, one assailant in front, an assassin on either hand, slashing with hangers and cut-lases that knew no tricks of fence, but only downright force. Their former prey was left with one to handle.

"Get to his rear, one of you fools," snarled the ruffian in command whilst he pounded at my guard.

But I backed into a handy doorway and barely managed to fend them off. And all the while the real object of their attack continued his appeals for the watch.

"Twas this which spoiled the fray for me. I could not but wonder, as I dodged and parried and thrust, what would happen if his cries should be heard and the watch appear. Would they know me? Or perchance should I have the opportunity to slip quietly away?

I stole a glance about me. Several windows had gone up along the street and nightcapped heads protruded to add their clamor to that of my friend.

Surely—Aye, they had done it. The ruffian on my left leaped back with ear a-slant toward the alley entrance.

"Quick, bullies," he yelled. "Tis the watch!"

With a celerity that was almost uncanny they disengaged their blades and melted into the fog. Their feet fell back about the corner as I detected the clumping footfalls of the

approaching guardians of London's peace.

This brought me to my senses. I sheathed my sword and ran across the roadway, glancing to right and left for the best route of escape. But I reckoned without the other participant in our brawl.

"Be at ease, my master," he said in a voice which had a good thick Dorset burr in it—I liked him from that moment. I sounded so homelike; I could fairly see the rolling fields, the meadows, the copses, all the scenes that had meant so much to me in boyhood, even the sprawling roofs and chimney stacks of Foxcroft house itself. "Tis only the watch you hear. Hark to the jingling of their staves."

"I know that full well, my friend," I answered him, gooseflesh rising on my neck as the jingling staves and clumping feet drew nearer. "But I happen to have pressing reasons for avoiding the watch."

My friend pursed his lips in a low whistle.

"So, sets the wind in that quarter! Yet you came fast enough to my help against those cut-purses a moment back."

I laughed. The watch were all but in the alley's mouth. 'Twas idle to think of running now.

"Oh, I am no highwayman," I said.

"Well, whatever you may be, you aided Robert Juggins in his peril, and 'twill be a sore pity if a worshipful alderman of the city may not see you through the scrutiny of a band of lazy bench-lopers."

"That is good hearing," I answered.

"Will they have your description?"

"I think not, but if they ask me to account for myself I shall be at fault. I am but lately landed from France, and I have no passport."

He pursed his lips once more in the quaint form of a low whistle.

"I begin to see. There is a foreign cut to your wig that I do not like," he



commented. "However, we will brazen it out. Here they come."

The watchmen rounded the corner into the alley, lanterns swinging high, staves poised.

"Ho, knaves," proclaimed a pompous voice, "stand and deliver yourselves to us."

"And who may you be?" demanded my friend.

"No friends to brawlers and disturbers of the peace, sirrah," replied the stoutest of the watchmen, stepping to the front of his fellows. "We are the duly constituted and appointed constables and watchmen of his honor the worshipful lord mayor."

"It would be nearer the truth to say that you are the properly constituted and habitual sleepers and time-servers of the city," snapped my companion.

"Draw near, and examine me."

"Nay, sir," adjured the captain of the watch portentously, "do you approach and render yourselves to us. 'Tis not for lawbreakers to order the city's watchmen how they shall be apprehended."

"You fool," said my friend very pleasantly, "if you would only trust your eyes you would see a face you have many times seen before this—aye, and shall see again in the morning before the bench of sheriffs when you plead forgiveness for your dilatory performance of the duties intrusted to you."

My friend left my side and strode toward the captain of the watch, who gave back a pace or two until he felt the stomachs of his followers at his back.

"How, now," said he who had called himself Robert Juggins, "hold up that lantern, you, sirrah, with the shaking arm. Look into my face, lazy dog, that you are. Dost know me?" He poked his finger into the fat figure of the captain.

"Sure, you are Master Juggins," a-

mented that official with sullen reluctance.

"And is an alderman of the city and a cupmate of the lord mayor and sheriffs and the warden of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Traders to the Western Plantations, on his way home from a meeting of his guild, within the city precincts—aye, in Mincing Lane under the shadow of Paul's—I say an I to be held up by cut-purses, stabbed in the arm, forced to defend my very life—and then denounced and threatened with arrest by the watchmen paid by the city to protect its citizens?"

"You stand here trying to prove 'tis I, and not they, who have sought to rob myself. Go for! Ye are worthless, and I shall see that the sheriffs and the magistrates at Bow Street know of it."

"But we will be after the scoundrels, worshipful Master Alderman," pleaded the captain. "Can you but give us a description of the knaves?"

"Shall I do your work for you?" replied Master Juggins in his delightful Dorset burr. Zounds! How I liked the man with his broad humor, his ready courage and prompt good sense!

"Nay, but—"

"But me no puts. Be about your rounds. And if you see any hang-dog rogues or homeless knaves or masterless men, do you apprehend them for the night and lodge them in the Fleet. In the morning you may let me know what you have done. I will then consider whether your belated efforts may overset your cowardice and laziness in the beginning."

"It shall be as you say, good Master Juggins," assented the captain meekly. "Which way went your assailants?"

"What? More questions?" exploded Master Juggins. "Nay, this is too much."

The watchmen turned in their tracks and herded out of the alley like bewildered cattle, all clumping boots, jingling staves, waving lanterns and jumbled wits. My savior removed his hat and mopped his brow with a white kerchief.

"So much for that," he remarked cheerfully. "Now—"

But he was interrupted from an unexpected quarter. The captain of the watch returned alone.

"I crave your pardon, Master Juggins," he began. "But we have been warned to keep a watch for a dangerous malefactor, an enemy of the state one Ormerod, an emissary of the Pretender who is here on an errand against the crown."

Juggins favored me with a cursory glance of a somewhat peculiar nature. It was not exactly hostile, and yet much of the friendliness which had characterized his manner was gone.

"I felt cold chills running down my back. Would he give me up? What right after all had I to expect better treatment from a total stranger, a man who had nothing to gain from shielding me?"

"Go on," said Juggins coldly to the watchman, withdrawing his attention from me.

"Why, worshipful sir, there is no more to say. It is just that I thought the attack being made upon you, a well-known citizen, it might have been—"

"And how should I know this person of whom you speak?"

"Why, sir, that I cannot—"

"Be about your duties, sirrah," interrupted Master Juggins, "and pester me no longer."

The captain stumped off to where his faithful band awaited him, the several curious-minded citizens who had listened to the altercation from the vantage-point of their bedroom windows retired to resume their slumber and Master Juggins strode back to my side.

"Is your name Ormerod?" he asked.

"I am Harry Ormerod, once a captain of foot under the duke of Berwick; and I formerly had the honor to be chamberlain to the man whose name people call King James the Third."

"You are a rebel, a conspirator against the crown?"

"I do not expect you to believe me of course," I answered as lightly as could. "But I am not a rebel—in spirit or intent, at any rate—and I am no conspiring against the Crown at the moment—although I have done so in the past—and I am at this moment a fugitive from justice."

"Humph," said Master Juggins thoughtfully.

He stood there in the middle of the alley, crossing his shaven chin.

"Ormerod," he murmured, "Harry Ormerod. But surely—of course—who you are Ormerod of Foxcroft in Dorset."

"I shook my head sadly.

"No, my friend; if you know that story you must know that I was Ormerod of Foxcroft house."

Master Juggins was suddenly all animation.

"I know it well," he returned. "You and Charles, your elder brother, were both out in the '19. Charles died in Scotland, and you escaped with the remnants of the expedition to France."

"And Foxcroft house was squatted to the Crown," I appended bitterly.

"The Hampshire branch have now," went on Master Juggins, "toed it through the Pelhams."

"Yes, — them?"

I had forgotten my surroundings, forgotten the dusty cobbles of Mincing Lane, forgotten the strange circumstances under which I had met this strange person who seemed so intimately versed in my family history.

"I lived over again the brave days at Foxcroft when Charles had been master and I his lieutenant. But the moment passed, the memories faded, and my eyes saw as in the dim haze of the alley and the old flame of my deliverer—whom I had first delivered—"

"And you, sir," I said. "May I ask

how it happens you know so much concerning the fortunes of a plain Dorset family?"

He seemed not to hear me, standing there in a brown study, and I spoke to him again sharply.

"Yes, yes, I heard," he answered, at most impatiently. "I was— But this is no place for discussion. Come with me to my house."

Some trace of my feelings must have been revealed in my attitude—my face he could not have seen in the darkness—for he continued:

"You need not fear me, Master Ormerod. I mean you no harm. I could not do harm to your father's son."

"But you?" I asked. "Who are you, sir?"

He chuckled dryly.

"You know my name," he answered, "and you heard the watch acknowledge my civic dignity. For the rest—if you have spent much time in Dorset you should know a Dorset voice."

"I do that," I assented heartily, "and 'tis grateful to my ears."

"Then be content with that, sir, for a few minutes. Come, let us be on our way. I have reasons for not wishing to invite a second attack upon us."

He set off at a great pace, his head buried in his cloak collar, and I walked beside him, puzzled exceedingly.

Ten minutes later we stopped before a tall, gabled house of brick and timber on the near side of Holborn. My companion produced a key from his person and unlocked a heavy door which opened upon a staircase leading to the second story. The first floor was occupied by a shop.

"Enter, Master Ormerod," said Juggins. "You are right welcome. I hope you have none of the country gentleman's scorn for the home of an honest merchant."

"A beggar must not be a chooser," I answered. "But if I were not indebted to you for my liberty I should still be glad to visit a Dorset man who knows how to fight and who remembers the woods of Foxcroft."

"Well spoken," applauded Juggins as he fastened the door behind us. "So I might have expected your father's son to speak."

"That is the second time you have called me 'my father's son,'" I said. "Prithce, Master Juggins, had you acquaintance with my father?"

"Bide, bide," he replied enigmatically. "We shall settle all that anon. After you, sir."

And he ushered me up the stairs, which were hung with the skins of many kinds of animals, some of which I did not even know. The stairs gave upon a large hall, similarly decorated, and through this we passed into a comfortable chamber which stretched across the front of the house.

Master Juggins relieved me of my cloak and hat and motioned to a deep chair in front of the fire.

"Rest yourself, Master Ormerod. Presently we shall have provender for the inner man as well. Ho, Goody! Art abed, after all?"

"Abed? Abed?" answered a thin, old voice that was inexpressibly sweet, with a Dorset burr that made Master Robert's sound like the twang of a Londoner. "Abed? says he. When did I ever feel the sheets, and not knowing he was warm and safe and his posset-cup where it belongs—which is in his stomach? Abed! Didst ever find—"

She stepped into the room, a quaint little figure in hoddie-gray, a dainty cap perched on her wispy white hair, her brown eyes gleaming in the candle-light, the criss-cross wrinkles of her cheeks shining like a network of fine lace. In her hands she held a tray supporting a steaming flagon and divers covered dishes of pewterware.

Juggins favored me with a humorous glance.

"Sure, I grow more troublesome year by year, granny," he said as she paused at sight of me. "Here I am come home later than ever, bringing a guest with me. Who think you he is?"

She looked at us inquiringly.

"Tis Master Ormerod."

"Ormerod? Not—"

"Aye; Master Harry."

"But he is in France!"

"Nay; he is here."

She drew closer, and studied my features under the candles that shone from the mantel shelf.

"Is he in danger?" she asked breathlessly.

"The watch were after him when he came to my rescue," replied Juggins. "Yet he came."

She patted my cheek with her hand.

"That was a deed which you need never be ashamed of, Master Ormerod, and you shall win free to safety, whatever it may be or wherever, if Robert and I have any wits between us. Sit yourself down, Master Ormerod, and you shall have a draft of mullied ale and a dish of devilled bones and thereafter a bed with sheets that have lain in Dorset lavender. Hath it a welcome sound to you?"

The tears came into my eyes.

"I am happier this night than I have been any time since Charles and I left Foxcroft," I said. "But pray tell me why you two, who are strangers to me, should be so interested in an outcast?"

"He does not know?" exclaimed the little old lady.

"I have told him nothing," said Juggins, smiling.

"Well, 'tis time he knew he was amongst the right sort of friends," the little lady said. "You are too young, Master Ormerod, to remember old Peter Juggins—"

Continued Next Week

Business Directory

- ART**
- HIGH-CLASS PICTURES FOR SALE**
Picture Framing a Specialty.
Race Records, Colored Dolls.
STUART ART SHOP
1803 North 24th Street.
- 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, 1403 No. 24th. Baggage and express hauling to all parts of the city. Phones, stand, WE. 7100; Res., WE. 1056.
- 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.
- BEAUTY PARLORS**
- MRS. J. H. RUSSELL, 2914 Erskine street. Poro hair dresser. For appointments phone WE. 2311.
- KILLINGSWORTH & PRICE**, 2416 North 24th Street
Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor.
We Use All Systems
Marcelling and Manicuring.
- MADAM Z. C. SNOWDEN. Scientific scalp treatment. Hair dressing and manufacturing. 1154 No. 20th St. Webster 6194.
- 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.
- HOTELS**
- PATTON HOTEL, 1014, 1016, 1018 South 11th St. Known from coast to coast. Terms reasonable. N. P. Patton, proprietor.
- THE HOTEL CUMMINGS, 1916 Cumming St. Under new management. Terms reasonable. D. G. Russell, proprietor.
- NEW LAMAR HOTEL, 1803 North 24th street Tel. Webster 5090. Semi-modern, comfortable rooms, reasonable. Cafe in connection. Mrs. E. V. Dixon, proprietress.
- LAWYERS**
- W. B. BRYANT, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law. Practices in all courts. Suite 19, Patterson Block, 17th and Farnam Sts. AT. 9344 or WE. 2502.
- 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.
- 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.
- PRINTERS**
- FORD PRINTING COMPANY, Jewell building, 24th and Grant Sts. For good printing see us. We. 1750.
- No Advertisement Accepted for This Classified Directory for Less Than Six Months
- WATERS' BARNHART PRINTING CO.**
- OMAHA
- PLUMBERS**
- NEBRASKA PLUMBING CO. J. F. Allison, manager. Estimates furnished. 3025 Evans St. Phone KE. 6848.
- RESTAURANTS**
- PEATS RESTAURANT, 1405 North 24th Street. Where those who desire good home cooking at reasonable prices go. Webster 0530.
- SHOE REPAIRING**
- BENJAMIN & THOMAS always give satisfaction. Best material, reasonable prices. All work guaranteed. 1415 North 24th St. Webster 5084.
- UNDERTAKERS**
- JONES & COMPANY, Undertakers. 24th and Grant Sts. Webster 1100. Satisfactory service always.
- H. A. CHILES & CO., funeral directors and licensed embalmers. Courteous, efficient service in the last sad hour. 1839 North Twenty-fourth street. Phones, office Webster 7133; residence Webster 6349.

Classified

- WANTED—School boys and girls to act as agents. Apply at Stuart's Art Shop, 1803 North Twenty-fourth street.
- FOR RENT—Two cool and airy rooms for gentlemen; in modern home. Prices reasonable. WE. 2769.
- FOR RENT. Nice desirable home for man and wife. Reasonable rent. Call WE. 4910. If 6-18-26.
- FOR RENT—Modern furnished rooms. 2204 N. 19th St. WE. 3308.
- Do you like The Monitor? Do you want it to continue? Then you MUST PAY UP NOW.
- For rent. Four room modern apartments, 1547-1551 North Seventeenth street, \$15.00 per month. At. 6863. If.
- FOR RENT—Modern furnished rooms. Steam heat. Close in. On two car lines. Mrs. Anna Banks, 924 North Twentieth street. Jackson 4379
- FOR RENT—Light house keeping rooms. Modern home. 2514 Caldwell. WE. 2180.
- FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. One block from car line. Web. 4064. 1405 No. 25th street
- FOR RENT — Neatly furnished rooms. Heat and kitchen privileges. Prices reasonable. 2433 Franklin. Webster 2089.
- FOR RENT—Four furnished rooms for light housekeeping. \$20 per month. 2814 Hamilton street. Web. 5663. If. 2-26-26.
- FOR RENT—One, two or three rooms for light housekeeping. Furnished. Webster 2769. If. 7, 30-26.
- FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. Out prices. 2024 Burt St. At. 6126. 4-7-30

PLEASE REMIT FOR YOUR PAPER

Have You Insurance?

IF NOT, SEE

HICKS

535-37-39 Keeline Bldg.
AT lantic 3623
Res., 3012 Miami Street
Webster 6426

EMERSON'S LAUNDRY
The Laundry That Suits All
1301 No. 24th St. Web. 0820

PATRONIZE THE STATE FURNITURE CO.
Corner 14th and Dodge Streets Tel. JACKSON 1317

Agents for **BRUNSWICK** Phonographs and Records