

The Doom Trail

— By —
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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 Stuart cause.

CHAPTER II.—Juggins tells Ormerod of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. Their 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 arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray.

CHAPTER III.—Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod takes passage to America. He meets a Scottish girl, daughter of Murray, and ardent Jacobite. De Veulle recognizes him, and their enmity flares. 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 sea 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 insult. The Indian, who speaks English, is Ta-wan-ne-ars, Seneca chief.

One day followed another and one week ran into the next as the New Venture made her southing and bore toward the new world. We who shared the tiny quarters under the poop contrived to live together without further quarrels. The girl—I called her Marjory in my thoughts—ignored my existence. She spent much of her time with De Veulle, walking the deck with him, reading or playing at cards. I liked to think she did it to provoke me.

With Murray my relations were outwardly friendly. He liked much to talk, and indeed he demonstrated a considerable acquaintance with the great men of his period. But he never dropped a hint concerning the enterprise in which he was now engaged. Nor for that matter did he refer to the emnity between us or the bargain we had made until the day we sailed through the Narrows, the entrance to New York's inner harbor.

"We part for a time, Master Ormerod," he said, coming upon me where I leaned on the railing in the waist of the ship. "Our truce expires when we disembark."

"That is true," I assented.

"There is somewhat I would venture to observe upon, if you will permit me," he continued detachedly. "You are a youth of boldness and courage. You possess intelligence. You may go far in the provinces, always supposing you do not succeed in winning a pardon. I opine that a pardon might be won if you went about it in the right way. There are gentlemen at Whitehall, who—"

His hesitation was eloquent.

"And you would suggest?" I asked him, faintly amused as I perceived the drift of his intention.

"Think well before you commit yourself to this venture. You cannot hope to overcome me. Why, the governor of this province, with all the semi-regal powers at his command, has failed to balk me in my plans. My influence is no less in London. If you continue as you have begun you will end, I fear, in an early grave. I say it not as a threat. 'Tis merely a prediction."

"I fear me I should lose your good opinion did I take your advice," I replied.

He looked me straight in the eyes.

"You would," he said curtly, and he turned on his heel and left me.

Three hours later we lay at anchor in the East river under the lee of Nutten Island, which some called the Governor's because it was a part of his official estate. Small boats landed us at a wharf on a canal which ran up into the town along the middle of Broad street. From here I had my baggage carried by a waterman to the George tavern in Queen street, which he recommended as being favored by the gentry.

Murray's party I overheard giving directions for the conduct of their effects to Cawston's tavern in Hanover square.

After a meal I inquired of Master Kurt van Dam, the proprietor of the George, where I might find Governor Burnet. Van Dam was a broad-bodied, square-headed Dutchman. He sat in the ordinary, smoking a long clay pipe.

"Der gorfner is at Captain van Horne's," he said, and immediately replaced his pipe in his mouth.

"And where is Captain van Horne's house?" I asked.

"In the Broad-Vay not far oop from der fort. You walk across through Hanover square."

I thanked him and walked forth. In Hanover square, which was only a few steps distant, there was a crowd

collected about the entrance to Cawston's tavern. Murray was standing in the doorway. Tom on one side of him, and a huge, red-haired giant in buckskin, with knife and tomahawk at his belt on the other. I stared at the red-haired man, for he was the first woodsman I had seen, observing with curiosity his shaggy locks and fur cap and the brutal ferocity of his face.

I stared so long that I attracted the attention of Murray, who broke off his conversation with the group surrounding him, and with a pale smile pointed me out to his buckskin retainer. The man scowled at me, and one hand went to his knife-hilt.

I spoke to the citizen nearest me.

"Pray, sir, who is the tall fellow in buckskin on the steps?"

The man edged away from me suspiciously.

"I am a stranger in your town," I added.

"'Tis a frontiersman," he replied indignantly; "one called 'Red Jack' Bolling."

"An ugly knave," I commented.

But the citizen only eyed me askance, and I walked on. I was passing through Bridge street, with the leafing tree-boughs overhead and the walls of Fort George before me, when another and smaller crowd rounded the corner from the Broad-Way, a street which formed the principal thoroughfare of the town and took its name from the wide space between the house-walls.

In the lead came an Indian. He was the first of his race I chanced to see, and sure, 'tis strange that we were destined to be friends—aye, more than friends, brethren of the same clan. He was a large man, six feet in his moccasins, and of about the same age as myself. He stalked along, arms swinging easily at his side, wholly impervious to the rabble of small boys who tagged behind, yelling and shrieking at him.

He was naked from the waist up, and on his massive chest was painted in yellow and red pigments the head of a wolf. He wore no other paint, and he was weaponless, except for the tomahawk and knife which hung at his belt.

The children danced around him so many little animals. They never touched him, but some of the more venturesome hurled pebbles from the walk at his brawny shoulders. I cannot repeat the catch-calls and rhymes which they employed, some of them too disgusting for print.

I looked to see some citizen intervene, but several who sat on their doorsteps or lounged in front of shops, smoking the inevitable pipe, viewed the spectacle with indifference or open amusement.

My wrath boiled over, and I charged down upon the tormentors.

"Be off," I shouted. "Have you no proper play to occupy your time?"

They fled hilariously, pleased rather than outraged by the attack, after the perverse habit of children who prefer always to be noticed instead of ignored, and I was proceeding on my way when I was dumfounded by hearing the Indian address me.

"Hold, brother," he said in perfect English, but with a certain thick guttural accent. "Ta-wan-ne-ars would thank you."

"You speak English?" I exclaimed.

A light of amusement gleamed in his

eyes, although his face remained expressionless as a mask.

"You do not think of the Indian as these ignorant little ones do?" he asked curiously.

"I—I know nothing of your people," I stammered. "I am but this day landed here."

"My brother is an Englishman?" he questioned, not idly but with the courteous interest of a gentleman.

"I am."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars thanks you, Englishman." He extended his hand.

"Your kindness was the greater because you obeyed it by instinct."

I regarded him with increasing amazement. Who was this savage who talked like a London courtier?

"I helped you," I said, "because you were a stranger in a strange city, and by the laws of hospitality your comfort should be assured."

"That is the law of the Indian, Englishman," he answered pleasantly; "but it is not the law of the white man."

"It is the law our religion teaches," I remonstrated. "I go now to Governor Burnet. I shall ask him to make a law that Indians shall be as safe from mockery as from violence in New York."

"Governor Burnet is a good man. My brother will speak to friendly ears."

"You call me brother," I said. "I have no friends in this land. May I call you brother?"

That wonderful expression of burning intelligence lighted his face again.

"My brother has befriended Ta-wan-ne-ars. Ta-wan-ne-ars is his friend and brother. Ta-wan-ne-ars will not forget."

He raised his right hand arm high in the gesture of greeting or farewell, and we separated.

CHAPTER V

The Governor in Council

Where Garden street crosses the Broad-Way I met the town bellringer brandishing his bell. I approached him with a request for the location of Captain van Horne's house.

"Do you but follow your nose straight before you," he directed me "until you come to the red-brick mansion with the yellow-brick walk th side of the Green lane. That is his."

The negro servant who answered my knock admitted that the governor was within.

"Den Masses Burnet done hab de gentlemen ob de council wid him jus now, sah," he added doubtfully.

"I am this minute landed with letters for the governor from London," I said.

"Oh, bery well, sah. Dat be a diffeent matter. Masses Burnet be plum glad to see yo'. Dis way, please."

He ushered me into the wide hall way and knocked on the door of the first room on the right.

"Enter," roared a jovial bass voice.

The negro threw open a leaf of the door and stood aside.

"Dis gentleman done jus' lan' from London wid letters fo' yo' excellency," he announced.

I saw before me a group of eight men gathered around a dinner-table, which was spread with maps and papers in place of eatables. At the head sat the man of the bass voice, ruddy faced, comfortable in girth, with the high forehead of the thinker and the square jaw of the man of action.

"I am Governor Burnet, sir," he said. "Who are you?"

"These letters will explain, your excellency," I replied.

I tendered them to him.

"Hah, from Master Juggins!" he exclaimed with heightened interest. "You sailed on the New Venture?"

"Yes, your excellency—with Master Murray."

"That is well. Be seated, sir; be seated," ordered the governor as he slit the packet.

I found a chair by the fireplace, and watched in silence whilst he read through the close-writ pages, with an occasional word or interjection to the others, who had risen from their places and were clustered about him. They were, as I afterward learned, the most prominent men of the governor's faction in the province, who strove to clinch the control of the fur trade in English hands.

"So! Humph!"

The governor laid down the covering letter which accompanied the detailed report of the operations of Murray in London.

"You are Master—"

He examined the letter again.

"Humph! Yes!"

He turned from me to his conclaves.

"It is apparent from what Master Juggins has writ that Murray has triumphed, gentlemen, even if not so absolutely as he would have our citizens believe. However, we know the worst, and we may prepare for it. If I may have your indulgence, I would crave an adjournment of our meeting to enable me to discuss some aspects of the situation more intimately with Master Juggins' messenger."

There was a murmur of assent as the meeting broke up.

"One moment, your excellency," I interposed. "I have also a letter from Master Juggins for the Honorable Cadwallader Colden of your council—if he is here."

"Indeed, he is," assented the governor. "A moment, if you please, Colden."

A thin, bustling man, with very bright black eyes and a dark complexion detached himself from the exodus and resumed his chair. His nervous fingers quickly tore loose the envelope of the letter I handed him, and he began devouring its contents, regardless of the confusion around him.

"Until tomorrow, gentlemen!"

(Continued Next Week.)

CONTINUE BOMBING IN NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans, La.—Police claim they are baffled at the bomb outrages aimed at Negro residents, the fifth within three weeks occurring when a second attempt was made to blow up the residence of H. E. Branden, wealthy colored man on Louisiana Avenue, a white neighborhood.

The local unit of the Ku Klux Klan is growing at an amazing rate and overflow meetings are held twice a month in Maccabee Hall on South Rampart street. The better element of the city, once members, have resigned and in their place the vicious Negro and Catholic hater now reign supreme. In New Orleans the Klan is an organization of youths guided by fanatics of an older age.

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