

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.

"I remember," interposed Colden. "Twas some four years ago. I remember having seen the maid at a council at Albany. She was called Ga-ha-no (Hanging Flower), a pretty child and wondrous dainty for an Indian."

"Tis a sad story," commented the governor. "Is it certain De Veulle took her?"

"He did not take her. She ran away with him."

"I wonder what became of her," I said. "Tis only some three years since De Veulle appeared in Paris."

Corlaer shrugged his shoulders. "Suppose you find der Doom Trail andt come to La Vierge du Bois. Maybe then you know."

"That is exactly what we wish to do, Corlaer!" exclaimed the governor. "Do you think it can be done?"

Corlaer reflected, ponderous as a sleepy moose.

"It will take much time andt money andt then all depends upon der Indians."

"What Indians?"

"Der Six Nations. If we find der Trail, governor, what then. We haf der Keepers. They are a strong bandt. We must fight them. You cannot send soldiers. That would be war. We must fight them with Indians. Andt what Indians couldt you get but der Iroquois?"

"Can we get the Iroquois?"

"I do not know," confessed Corlaer. "But if you get them, you smash der Trail."

"I see," said the governor. "Yes, there is every reason why the Iroquois should join us. Look you, Corlaer, this is the obvious plan of the French. With Murray's aid they will cram their magazines with trade goods this summer. They will push ahead the building of the fort at Jagara. Once that is finished, they will have a curb on the necks of the Iroquois. They will be able to hold up the fleets of fur canoes from the upper lakes that now pass down to our post at Oswego on the Onondaga's river. In two seasons they will have wrested the trade entirely from our hands, and then if they are ready they can strike with musket and scalping knife."

"And who, think you, will bear the brunt of the first blow? Who but the Iroquois, whom the French have dreaded since Champlain's day?"

"True," murmured Colden.

"Yes," assented Corlaer; "you haf der right of it, governor. What is your plan?"

"I shall send this young man"—he laid his hand on my arm—"with you and Ta-wan-ne-ars to spy out the ground at Jagara, to search the wilderness for signs of the Trail, to work upon the Iroquois in our interest. Master Ormerod hath had experience with the French and he knows De Veulle of old."

"When do we start?" replied Corlaer simply.

"Within the week you must leave for Albany. You need spare no expense, Peter. My own funds are pledged to this, and Master Juggins, too, is offering his aid."

"No, der young man is all right. Ta-wan-ne-ars has chugged him."

With that he was gone, and a sense of bewilderment stole over me. It seemed incredible that either of the two odd characters of the wilderness with whom I had talked could really have existed.

But Governor Burnet lost no time in doubts. He paced the room, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction.

"We have done well, Colden. We could not have done better. Master Ormerod, you were indeed fortunate in going to the help of the Seneca. You earned, not only his friendship, but that of Peter as well. You are to be congratulated. But I must ask you to excuse me. I have much work to do. Pray grant me the pleasure of your company for dinner tomorrow. Colden, will you show Master Ormerod out?"

It was dusk in the streets, a soft purple dusk that became velvet darkness under the trees; and I felt in no humor to return to the drab company which the tavern offered. So I wandered at hazard until I found myself in an alley leading down to the waterfront—and heard of a sudden the thud of flying feet. I spun around in time to see a monstrous bulk come sailing through the air, knife and tomahawk whirling in either hand.

"I'll kill yer, varmint," howled an ugly voice. "I'll cut yer heart out and skin yer and take yer scalp!"

I dodged the knife and grappled the wrist which swung the tomahawk, twisting myself behind him so as to hinder his attack. But he was far stronger than I and slung me back in front of him as if I were a sack of chaffed wheat. I still clung to his tomahawk hand and contrived to knock up another blow of his knife, but he must have disemboweled me in the next vicious sweep of the blade.

"Hah-yah-ee-ee-ee-ee!"

The ferocious yell made my blood run cold. It startled my assailant even more. His muscles slackened just long enough for me to leap clear of him.

"—!" he snarled.

He drew one arm back to hurl his knife at me, but something whirred past my shoulder and his head jerked violently to one side. There was a sharp clang, and he fled precipitately shouting curses.

Against the nearby house wall a small, bright object glimmered through the shadows, and I stooped to snatch it up—only to leap instantly erect as a voice spoke at my elbow.

"My brother was in danger," said the voice quietly. "Ta-wan-ne-ars saw the Red Death follow Ormerod from the Governor's house, so Ta-wan-ne-ars followed him."

The tall figure of the Seneca was scarcely discernible in the gloom.

"Was it Bolting?" I asked.

He raised the shining object from the ground. It was his tomahawk and curled about the blade was a lock of curly red hair. He pointed to it.

"That time Ta-wan-ne-ars missed he said grimly. "Some day the lig will be better—and Ta-wan-ne-ars will not miss."

"Although you missed, you saved my life," I answered warmly. "Tis a obligation I shall not forget."

He laid his fingers to his lips.

"Hark," he said.

I listened, and from the water front came the thunderous voice of the bellman.

"Half-after-eight-o'clock, and a fine night with a southwest breeze. An his excellency the governor is please to proclaim that whereas divers persons have mocked, assailed or sought to humiliate visitors to the city, the governor has made a rule that such persons, upon apprehension, shall be set in the stocks for twelve hours the first time and upon the second offense shall be publicly whipped at the cart's tail along the Broad-Way."

Ta-wan-ne-ars replaced his tomahawk in its sheath.

"There is no talk of obligations between brothers," he said. "Come, we will walk together to your tavern."

(Continued Next Week.)

TWILIGHT AND DAWN—A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

By Daniel W. Chase

Chaos, cosmos, chaos, and so it has been through all the ages. Throughout all Palestine, Judea, the region around about the Jordan, men had bargained, had bought and sold; yes, there had even been traffic in souls. Man had fallen from the path of right, and he had been driven from Eden. There had occurred dreaded family feuds, tribal disturbances; nations and races had clashes, and migration had become necessary, for men were traveling toward a land of peace.

A number of Israelites had been forced into "alien countries". There had been pestilence; everything possible that could happen and now as an acid test, there had gone forth an edict that "all male children should be put to death."

Racial distinctions, color bars, systems of caste play an important part in the affairs of the world. They played their part in the first century.

Every play whether tragic or comic has its stars, and in the Divine Drama of the Birth, there were three—all stellar players in strong roles. The stage is set, it is the largest in the world's history, and although the three players occupy the center of the stage, and one of them must occupy the center of the stage for

all ages, the cast includes "multitudes of the heavenly host".

And Mary and Joseph ere the twilight hour be passed are seen treading their weary way. There is little to note about this pair that would seem to be different. They perhaps did not represent "the four hundred", nor were they "clothed in purple and fine linen", riding in "a coach and six". Mere travelers they were on life's highway, seeking shelter ere the shadows fall. And other travelers pay Mary and Joseph no mind. They are going—on a journey—to a land of promise.

AND IT IS NIGHT. Yes, it is night o'er Bethlehem's plains, and even during the yuletide season nineteen centuries after it is night with many. But the stars shine on this memorable night, and the poets say "the stars shone never more brightly".

Ancient custom required that six months elapse between the time of the engagement and the wedding; picture what would happen in times like these if engaged couples could not see each other for six months after betrothal! But Joseph knew Mary. They journey on.

The night has a thousand eyes, and these eyes are an aid to this holy pair destined to play so great a part in the affairs of men. Mary, fairest of fair women, and a virgin both in thought and deed, must indeed have grown weary! No! one never grows weary, and knowing as she must what was to take place, her love was stronger than human pain. Divine love always is. And Joseph looking with tender pity on his espoused wife, hastens to seek shelter from the night.

The night is still—majestic stillness in which there is beauty. But they find no room.

The journey continues. There must come someone in the world to redeem the world; to free men of race and religious hatred and prejudice; to wipe away for all time all forms of proscription, and to give to this growing number of black men of the East and to this uncounted multitude of black men of the then unknown Western World, a real man's chance in a real world. The world then as now was waiting for the coming of the Prince of Peace. AND SO THE DAWN APPEARS!

The dramatic effect is made the more appealing by the final setting given the act. In a lowly manger—a humble place for a kingly birth—Mary and Joseph find themselves at dawn. And while shepherds watched their flocks, and wise men journeyed far, the bright stars shine all the more brightly because of the dawn of a new day, Jesus the Saviour is born. Heaven's angelic choir, with an augmented orchestra, yes, multitudes in the heavenly host praised God, saying: "Glory to God in the Highest." AND IT WAS DAWN.

NASHVILLE GLOBE PUBLISHES BIG CHRISTMAS EDITION

Nashville, Tenn.—The Nashville Globe issued a holiday number December 17. It was a 52-page newspaper containing six sections, eight pages to the section, and one section of four pages. It was the largest special edition ever published by a newspaper in the National Negro Press Association. The paper was printed for the purpose of showing Nashville's progress and as a compliment to the enterprising citizens of the capital city of Tennessee.

SEEKING SUITABLE AWARD FOR BLACK HERO OF POLAR TRIP

Matthew Henson, Who Accompanied Admiral Peary on His North Pole Expedition, Is Remembered.

Washington, D. C.—Matthew A. Henson, one of the few surviving heroes of the historic polar trip of Admiral Robert E. Peary, who is said to have planted the American flag at the North Pole, marking the first time that any civilized beings had ever set foot within the region, is at last about to receive recognition, although the incident occurred sixteen years ago (1909).

Bill Favors Hero
In a bill introduced in the house Saturday, by Representative Celler, democrat, of New York, it was requested that a suitable medal be given to Henson in recognition of the noble and valuable service rendered his country.

Has Been Overlooked
The Hon. Mr. Celler in his appeal stated Henson, who at the peril of his own life, saved Peary from death and made the polar discovery possible, received neither honor nor award. Today, he declared, that same Henson is old and ill from exposure, he is an obscure menial servant in the customs house of New York.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY APPROPRIATION STRUCK FROM BILL BY CONGRESS

Action Follows Argument by Lowrey of Mississippi, Opponent of Federal Educational Aid For Many Years.

Washington, D. C.—On a point of order made by Representative B. G. Lowrey of Mississippi, and successfully argued, the house Wednesday struck from the interior department appropriation bill the provision authorizing the appropriation of \$368,000 for Howard University. Congress has appropriated various sums to the institution for many years.

Lowrey a Bitter Opponent
For several years, or ever since he came to the house, Representative Lowrey has opposed government aid to Howard University, the basis of his opposition being that Congress did not make appropriations for institutions of a similar character maintained for white or Indian students, and also because the Negro race at present was not "prepared" for university education. Discussing his opposition to the proposed appropriation, Lowrey in part said:

A Southerner's Idea
"I do not believe that in the present condition of the Negro race a university education is the best way of helping him. He is most in need of a practical and industrial education to make him a thrifty, self-sustaining citizen. In this I am not opposing the advancement of the race."

No doubt right will prevail, but it takes so long in getting here that a fellow's meal ticket gets punched full of holes in the meantime.

If a fellow takes a girl to the seashore in daytime and to a ball or opera at night, the expose is about complete.

Don't agitate the air with talk on morality if your own record smells intensely enough to call out the board of health.

Fig Leaves



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