

# 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 an ardent abolitionist. De Veulle recognizes him, and their enmity flames. The Frenchman denounces Ormerod to the girls 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.

CHAPTER V.—Governor Burnet welcomes Ormerod as 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 gigantic 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 Gha-na-no, Ta-wan-ne-ars' affianced 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 girl's name is Margery. With his two companions he begins the journey.

From the Onondaga castle the Great Trail bore westward past De-o-sa-da-ya-ah (Deep Spring), which lay on the boundaries of the Onondagas, whose

est beyond to the Senecas' chief town, De-o-nun-da-ga-a. It was to find our selves expected guests. Warriors and hunters, women and children, along the trail, hailed Ta-wan-ne-ars and his friends; and at the gate of the palisade which fortified the village—for it was the principal stronghold of the Western Door—stood Do-ne-ho-ga-weh himself, the Guardian of the Door, with his roy-an-ehs and ha-seh-no-wa-weh (literally, "An Elevated Name"), or chiefs, around him.

He was a splendid looking old man, tall as Ta-wan-ne-ars, his massive shoulders unbent by age, his naked chest, with the vivid device of the wolf's head, rounded like a barrel; his pendant scalp-lock shot with gray. He and those with him were in gala dress, and the sun sparkled on elaborate beadwork and silver and gold ornaments and inlay of weapons.

He took one step forward as we halted, and his right arm went up in the graceful Iroquois salute.

"Qua, Ta-wan-ne-ars!" his voice boomed out. "You are welcome home. O my nephew, I can see that you have been brave against our enemies, for you carry a string of scalps at your belt. I can see that you have been honored, for Corlaer walks with you. I can see that you have been fortunate, for a strange white man walks beside you who has friendship in his face.

"Enter, O my nephew, with your white friends. We are eager to hear of your experiences and the deeds you have done. Enter!"

He turned on his heel and walked before us, and those who had accompanied him fell into single file behind us. So we paraded through the village—or rather I should say town, for it contained many thousand people—until we reached a house in the center where burned the tribal Council Fire and where ambassadors and distinguished guests were lodged.

The roy-an-ehs, chiefs and elders filed into it at our heels and arranged themselves around the fire in the center. Then squaws fetched in clay dishes of meats and vegetables of several kinds, as well as fruit, which they set down at intervals around the circle, and at a signal from Do-ne-ho-ga-weh everybody began to eat, each one dipping his fingers into whichever dish was nearest or most to his liking, but all governed by the utmost deference toward the wishes of their neighbors.

At the conclusion of the meal Do-ne-ho-ga-weh lighted a ceremonial pipe, carved of soapstone, with a long wooden mouthpiece decorated with beads and small, bright-colored feathers. He blew one puff toward the ground, one puff toward the sky and one toward each of the four quarters. Then he passed it to Ta-wan-ne-ars of his right hand, and Ta-wan-ne-ars, gravely puffed it for a moment, and handed it to me. I did likewise, and gave it to Corlaer, who handed it on to the next man, and so it went the rounds of the fire.

There was a moment's silence, and then Ta-wan-ne-ars began the account of his travels, speaking slowly and without oratorical effect. Afterward he told me what he and the other had said. He made no references to our mission, but he described his journey to New York, his interview with Ga-en-gwa-ra-go—this impressed his audience mightily, and they applauded by a succession of guttural grunts—his meeting with me; the arrival of Murray and De Veulle and its meaning; our journey homeward and the fight with the Cahnuags.

"We thank you, O my nephew," he said. "You have indeed honored us and yourself, and your white friend have shown themselves to be brave men. Now we will retire so that you may rest."

He walked out, and the others followed.

"What next?" I asked as Ta-wan-ne-ars filled his pipe.

The Seneca smiled.

"Soon we shall have a real talk," he said, and reached for a live coal.

An hour passed, and I began to doubt my friend's wisdom. I was sleepy and tired. But in the event I was rewarded, for a shadow darkened the entrance and the Guardian of the Western Door stood before us.

He sat between Ta-wan-ne-ars and me, and crammed tobacco into his pipe bowl.

"You are not sleeping, O my nephew," he commented.

"We have that upon our minds which will not let us sleep," answered Ta-wan-ne-ars. (This conversation was translated for me later by Ta-wan-ne-ars.)

"Would it ease the weight on your minds to confide your troubles in me?" "That is my thought, O my uncle."

Do-ne-ho-ga-weh bowed gravely to all of us.

"My ears are open," he said.

There was a pause, and Ta-wan-ne-ars put down his pipe upon the floor.

"As you know, O my uncle," he began, "I went with Corlaer to Ga-en-gwa-ra-go to tell him of Joncaire's plans to build a stone fort at Jagara on the same day came this white warrior, Ormerod, whom I call my brother, with word that Murray had defeated Ga-en-gwa-ra-go before Go-weh-go-wa on the same day came the Frenchman De Veulle, who once lived for a while amongst us. Him you will remember.

The bronze mask of the roy-an-eh's face was contorted for one brief instant by a flare of passion.

ra-go has sent my brother Ormerod who has lived amongst the French and speaks their tongue, to spy out the ground at Jagara. I go with him. After that, if we may, we shall seek the Doom Trail and clean out the Cahnuaga dogs."

For five minutes Do-ne-ho-ga-weh smoked in silence. Then he emptied his pipe.

"I am glad that Ga-en-gwa-ra-go keeps his eyes open, O my nephew," he said. "Do you wish my counsel?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars inclined his head.

"The Messesagues you met on the Mohawk told you that De Tonty was in trouble. I do not think word of this can yet have reached Joncaire. My advice is that you dress yourself as a Messesague warrior, O my nephew, and that your white brother call himself by a French name. Then the two of you may go to Joncaire and say that you have just come from Le de Troit and give him the news and he will make you welcome. So you may spy out his plans at Jagara."

"Ja," assented Corlaer in English; "that is a good plan. You need a good plan for a fox like Joncaire. By—, I hope, you fool him and bring home his scalp."

"The news which Ga-en-gwa-ra-go asks for will be sufficient," replied Ta-wan-ne-ars. "O my uncle, we thank you. Now we may sleep with ease."

"That is well," said the roy-an-eh, rising.

He lifted his arm in salute.

"May Ha-wen-ne-ye, the Great Spirit, and the Ho-no-che-no-keh, his Invisible Aids, have you in their keeping."

## CHAPTER VIII

### Trapped

It was a week before we left De-o-nun-da-ga-a, and although the delay irked me it could not be avoided, for the prolonged absence of Ta-wan-ne-ars from his post as Warden of the Western Door of the Long House had permitted an accumulation of questions of political and military importance which required his attention. He spent the days either in consultation with the roy-an-ehs and chiefs and delegations from neighboring tribes or in inspecting the marches. Corlaer departed with a small band of braves upon a hunting trip, but I availed myself of the opportunity to gain an insight into the workings of the remarkable military confederacy which held the balance of power in America.

One of Ta-wan-ne-ars' first acts was to organize a war party to harry the Miami in retaliation for an attack upon a village of the Andastes in the Susquehanna valley who were subject to the jurisdiction of the League.

"It was the intent of the Founders to prevent quarrels amongst the five nations who formed the Ho-de-no-saunee," explained Ta-wan-ne-ars. "Before we built the Long House we fought constantly amongst ourselves. Afterward we fought only against others, and because we were united we always won, although sometimes our wars lasted for many years.

"And now that we are strong, and only white men can venture to oppose our war parties, we fight for nothing more than the right to impose peace upon others. If a nation makes trouble for us too frequently we subjugate it, as we did the Delawares. If a nation is in difficulties, as were the Tuscaroras in the south, and they appeal to us for aid, we give it. We took the Tuscaroras into the League because that was the best way we could protect them."

"Against whom?" I asked innocently.

"Against the white man," he answered. "Aye, brother, down in the southern colonies the white men hunger for land just as they do here in New York. When an Indian tribe is weak, as were the Tuscaroras, the white men drive it before them. When a tribe is strong, like the O-ya-da-ga-o-no (Cherokees) or ourselves, it can resist—for a time."

He fell silent and his eyes gazed moodily into the smoke of the council fire.

"Why do you say 'for a time'?" I asked.

"Because I mean it," he retorted fiercely. "Today the Indian is still strong. He has the protection of the forest. The white man foolishly has given him guns to fight with, and steel axes and knives. But the Indian grows weaker; the white man grows stronger. In the end the Indian must go."

He leaned forward until his face was close to mine.

"When all else fails the white man will use fire-water, what you call rum and the French call brandy. The red man cannot resist it—and it ruins him. He becomes a red animal."

"But—"

He would not let me speak.

"And your missionaries told me I must believe in their God!" he went on scornfully. "A God who permits white men to do things the God of the Indians forbids! I said to them: 'No. I am an Indian. A good Indian is better than a good white man; he is a better Christian, as you call it. And between bad Indians and bad white men there is only a difference in kinds of evil.'"

The next day we started upon the march to Jagara. We had not gone very far on the morning of the second day of our journey when I began to hear what sounded like a muffled roar, not thunder, but the bellowing of some gigantic monster, whose breath could rattle the trees of the forest. Ta-wan-ne-ars smiled at my obvious bewilderment.

"'Tis the voice of the Great Falls, brother," he said. "The Thunder Waters."

"Does water make that noise?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing but water."

"'Tis impossible."

"So many have said; and, indeed, the missionaries told me 'twas one of the greatest wonders of the world."

In the early afternoon a mist appeared, overhanging the treetops on the horizon and shot with gorgeous rainbows. The volume of noise increased. When we stepped from the trees and the panorama of the cataract lay before us a vast, seething wall of water that swirled and smoked and tossed and fumed in an endless fight for freedom. I was amazed, staggered by the magnitude of the spectacle.

I stumbled behind Ta-wan-ne-ars into the trail of the portage which led around the falls. Canoes and goods were transported by this route from the Cadarakul lake to the Lake of the Eries whence poured this endless stream; it was a main-traveled road between the French posts in Canada and their outlying establishments in the farther wilderness.

We followed it northeastward until twilight, the roar of the falls gradually diminishing behind us, and came at length into an open space upon the banks of the swift-running river which carried the shattered waters into the Cadarakul lake. Close to the bank stood a flagstaff, and from its summit floated the white ensign of France.

At the foot of this staff, as if resting secure under the folds of the flag, rose the walls of a substantial log house. Behind it was a collection of smaller huts and lodges of bark.

A large, stout man, with very greasy, lanky black hair, hailed us from the log house as we approached.

"Hola!" he shouted in French. "Who comes so free from the westward without canoe or fur-packs?"

"A poor, miserable rascal of a forest-runner," I called back gayly.

"And who might this 'poor, miserable rascal of a forest-runner' be?" he demanded. "These are the king's grounds, and we must know who comes and goes."

"Mon Dieu!" I appealed in mock consternation to the stars. "But it is a hard man to deal with! Will you have an objection, monsieur, to the name of Jean Courbevois?"

"None in the world, Jean," he returned promptly, "if you have your trading permit with you. But who is the good savage with you?"

Nobody had told me anything of a trading permit, and I fought for time.

"You call him good with justice, monsieur—By the way, what is your name?"

"They call me Joncaire," he said with a trace of grimace.

"Joncaire! Mort de ma vie! The very man I have been searching for!" "What? How is that?" he asked.

"Ah, but that is a tale! I cannot believe it now! Am I in very truth on French soil once more?"

"This is the Magasin Royal," he returned. "As for French soil, mon brave, I do not see how you could have been off it."

"Off it!" I repeated.

"Off it," he repeated impatiently. "Since his Most Catholic Majesty hath a just claim to all lands in these parts—on this side of Hudson's river, at any rate."

"To be sure, to be sure," I assented quickly. "But, Monsieur Joncaire, you will be interested to know there is an



accursed tribe of savages who do not believe as you do."

"Is that so, Jean? And who may they be?"

"The Messesagues."

His face lighted up.

"They are in De Tonty's country and how is the dear Alphonse?" "Feeling for his life, no less."

"Those same accursed Messesagues, monsieur, rose up against us, and Monsieur de Tonty must flee to the northward and make the journey through the country of the Hurons."

A look of grave concern overspread Joncaire's face.

"Are you certain of this, Jean?" "Beyond doubt, monsieur; for my friend, the Wolf here, smuggled a message from me to Monsieur de Tonty who bade me come at once to you that you might hold up all west-bound canoes."

"Humph!" he growled. "Have you been long in Canada, Jean?" "But this year, monsieur."

"Humph!" growled Joncaire again. "And where do you come from, Jean?" "Something in his speech warned me—the liquid slur of the South."

"I, monsieur!" I replied innocently. "Oh, I am of Picardy. But monsieur is of the south—no? of Provence?" All the suspicion fled from Joncaire's face, and in its stead blossomed a broad smile.

"Peste!" he ejaculated. "'Tis a clever lad! And how knew you that Jean?"

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beautiful valley, with its morror lake, was the fairest country I have ever seen unless it be the matchless home of the Senecas. The trail led us through the three villages of the tribe, which were scattered along the banks of the Onondaga river northward of the lake

It was a rich country which we traversed, a country fit to be the home of a race of warriors. The people we met, in the villages where we sometimes slept and ate or along the shaded slot of the trail, were pleasant and courteous. They eyed me curiously, but there was never any unseemly disregard of manners. Even the children were polite and hospitable.

We slept that night in the Cayuga village, and in the morning forded the foot of the lake and pursued the trail westward again until it emerged upon the north bank of the Seneca river, which we followed to the village of Ga-nun-da-gwa (site of Canandaigua, N. Y.), on the lake of that name.

"Now we are in the country of the Senecas, brother," said Ta-wan-ne-ars, when we started the next morning. "You have seen the homes of all the other tribes, save only the Tuscaroras, who live to the south of the Onedagas; but none of them is so fair as the valley of Gen-nis-he-yo (literally, "The Beautiful Valley"), where my brethren dwell."

From a little village that was huddled on the near bank of the river Ta-wan-ne-ars sent off that night a messenger to carry on word of our coming. So two days later, when we had passed the Gen-nis-he-yo and the belt of for-

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"NITE LIFE IN PARIS"  
The title of "Nite Life in Paris" suggests a wide range of activity, but no wider range than the diversity of incidents infused in the entertainment furnished by the performers selected for the specific purpose of fun-making with this extremely unique show, which is booked to play at the Gayety Theater, commencing Sunday, January 16.

Lou Reals, who stars Charles (Tramp) McNally in "Nite Life in Paris," knows as much about the construction of a burlesque show as any man in the business, therefore it is perfectly safe in asserting that his offering will be speedy, snappy, adorned with attractive costumes and effective scenery and interpreted by a really first-class company. Charles McNally, and his tramp impersonation, has been one of the high-spots in vaudeville and burlesque for several seasons, in fact, it is said that McNally has done more to legitimize the visualizing of the Tramp than any other actor since the days of Hoey. Harry Leff is an eccentric comedian of capability, and Al Baker is said to be a clever singer and dancer, and Billy Pitzer another. The feminine contingent is well represented by Ruby Wallace as the ingenue prima donna Dolly (Dale) Morrissey, as the ingenue soubrette; and Gladys Lockwood, as the dashing song and dance soubrette. The chorus is said to be youthful, attractive, graceful and tuneful.

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(Continued Next Week.)