

The Doom Trail

— By —
Arthur D. Howden Smith
Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.
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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Harry Ormerod, prescribed traitor to King George, 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, who 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.

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 Corlier, Ormerod agrees to go to Niagara, French outposts, and spy out the secrets of the Doom Trail. He of course speaks French. De Veulle has won Ta-wan-ne-ars, 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 Marjory. With his two companions he begins the journey.

I was overjoyed—and in no need to simulate my sentiments. This was good fortune.

"Was I not camping beside the Regiment de Provence when we were on the Italian frontier? 'Tis a pleasant way those lads have of talking. And such good companions with the bottle! Ah, for some of that warm southern wine at this moment instead of the accursed rum. Rum is good only for savages."

"You say truth," applauded Joncaire. "Come your ways within, Jean, and you shall taste of the blood of La Belle France—although it be not our Provence vintage. By the way, do you know Provence?"

"I cannot say so with honesty, monsieur," I fenced, "although I have been in Arles."

"In Arles?"

He flung his arms around my neck. "Jean, I love you, my lad! I was born in St. Remi, which is but a short distance out in the diocese."

We were now in the entrance of the log house, and Joncaire opened wide the door.

"Jean, you are a lad in a million!" he pronounced. "You shall drink deep. I have some wine which Bigon the intendant fetched out for a few of us—you will understand you must say naught of it hereafter; it never paid duty. Aye, we shall make a fine night of it, and you shall tell me of all that has passed in Arles these many years. He clapped his hands, and a soldier entered.

"Francois," announced Joncaire, "this is Jean Courbevoir, who will be my guest until he departs. He has been in Arles, Francois. Remember that. What he orders you will render to him. Now bring us the flagon of wine which Monsieur Bigon sent out this spring."

The soldier saluted me as if I were a marshal of France and brought in the flagon of the intendant's wine with the exquisite reverence which only a son of France could bestow upon the choicest product of the soil of France.

"Pour it out, Francois," commanded Joncaire.

The soldier hesitated.

"And Monsieur de Lery?" he said.

"A thousand million curses!" exploded Joncaire. "Am I to wait for him? Am I to sacrifice my choicest wine in his gullet?"

"Who is Monsieur de Lery?" I asked as Francois filled a thick mug with the ruby juice.

My host made a wry smile and motioned Francois to bring a third mug. "Holla, Monsieur de Lery," he said. "This is a gallant young forest-runner, one Jean Courbevoir, who has come to tell me that charming idiot Alphonse de Tonty has been chased out of Le de Troit by the Messesagues. Jean, Monsieur de Lery is the king's engineer officer in Canada."

"Another case of a log fortification, I suppose," remarked de Lery sarcastically in a dry, crackling voice. "You gentlemen will never learn."

"You must think we grow lous d'or instead of furs in Canada," growled Joncaire. "Be sure, we of the wilderness posts are the most anxious to have stone walls around us. Well, what headway have you made?"

"I have traced out the lines of the central mass," replied de Lery, taking a gulp of the wine. "Tomorrow I shall mark out a surrounding work of four bastions to encompass it."

He rose from his seat.

"Speaking for myself, I have had sufficient wine, and I shall retire. If the masons bring in the loads of stone we expect in the morning, we shall be able to lay the first course by noon."

Joncaire twisted his face into a grimace as de Lery ascended a steep flight of ladder-stairs to an upper story.

"What is the difficulty, monsieur?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Why, at last I have persuaded this stupid, timorous government of ours to build me a proper fort. 'Tis the only way we shall hold the sacre English in check. With a fort here we can control in some measure the intercourse betwixt the western tribes and the English. Also, we shall have a constant threat here to keep the Iroquois at peace."

"Well, I worked up Vaudreuil to approve it, obtained the grants from Paris, secured the necessary mechanics—and then they sent this popinjay to supervise the work. I had pitched on this site here. He would have none of it. No, he must overturn all my plans and put the new works several miles down the river where it runs into the lake. He is conceited with himself because he has been charged with all the works of fortification in Canada."

"Are there others then, monsieur?" I asked casually, busying my nose in the wine-mug.

"Aye, to be shure. He is to build a wall around Montreal, and to strengthen the enceinte of Quebec."

"But we are at peace with these sacre English," I objected.

Joncaire, now thoroughly convivial winked at me over the rim of his mug. "For the present, yes. But how long Jean? Every year that passes the English grow in strength, and we become weaker; I speak now in matters of trade; for after all, lad, the country which obtains the mastery in trade must be the military master of any contending nation. I may be only a simple soldier, but so much I have learned."

"We are a colony of soldiers and traders, well armed and disciplined. They are an infinitely larger group of colonies with only a few soldiers and traders, but many husbandmen. Give them time, and they will obtain such a grip on the soil of the wilderness that they cannot be pried loose. But if we use our temporary advantage, and keep them from winning supremacy in the trade with the savages, then, my Jean, we may force a war upon them at an early day, and we shall win."

He sat back triumphantly.

"Surely we have that supremacy now!"

He winked at me again, and drew from a drawer in the table a heavy book such as accounts are kept in.

"Jean," he said, "I am about to disclose to you a secret—which is not a secret, because every trader who works for himself is acquainted with it. Here is the account for this post for the year just ended. We handled a total of 204 'green' deerskins and 23 packets of various kinds of furs. On these we cleared a profit of 2,382 livres, 3 sols, 9 deniers (about \$476), which would not come anywhere near covering the operating expenses of the post. You will find the same story at every post from here to the Mississippi."

"Why, monsieur?"

"These sacre English! First they turn the Iroquois against us; then they build the post of Fort Oswego, at the foot of the Onondaga's river on Irondequoit bay (now Oswego, N. Y.); then they send out a swarm of young men to trap and shoot in the Indian country; then they pass this accursed law that forbids us obtaining Indian goods from the New York merchants! Peste, what a people! They have us in a noose."

I shook my head dolefully.

"Ah, monsieur, you make me very sorrowful," I said. "I came out to Canada thinking to make my fortune, but if what you say be true, I am more likely to be killed by the English."

"No, no, it's not so bad as that," he answered quickly. The governor-general has waked up. It seems that in France they are not quite ready for another war, but we are charged to make preparations as rapidly as possible. There is an emissary coming soon from Paris, who will have instructions for the frontier posts and the friendly Indians. It may be we can persuade the English to be stupid enough to revoke this law of theirs. In any case, my Jean, you will have heard of the Doom Trail?"

I crossed myself devoutly.

"I have heard nothing good of it, monsieur," I said feebly.

"Humph; I don't doubt it. And mind you, Jean, for myself, I do not like that kind of business. But after all 'tis trade over the Doom Trail which keeps you and me in our jobs. Without it—well, this post would shut down. And they do say at Quebec

that if we can start a revolution in England for this Pretender of theirs and war at the same time, we shall be able to take the whole continent from them."

There was a commotion at the door. "Bind the Indian," shouted a voice in French. "Hah, I thought so! We meet again, Ormerod!"

De Veulle stood on the threshold, his rifle leveled at my breast.

"Bring the Indian inside here," he called behind him.

A group of Cahnugas, frightfully painted, with their grotesque bristling feather headdresses, hustled Ta-wan-ne-ars into the room.

But now Joncaire asserted himself. "What do you mean by this, Monsieur de Veulle?" he demanded. "This man is a forest-runner, Jean Courbevoir, a messenger from De Tonty. The Indian is a Messesague—as you should see by his paint and headwork."

"Bah!" sneered de Veulle. "They fooled you. The Indian is Ta-wan-ne-ars, of the Seneca Wolves, war chief of the Iroquois. The white man is Harry Ormerod, an English spy and a deserter from the Jacobites. He was stationed in Paris for some years, and recently was sent to New York. Burnet, the governor of New York, dispatched him here to spy out what you are doing."

"That may be so," assented Joncaire; "but it happens that I command here. These men are my prisoners. You will order your Indians from the room. Francois, get your musket and stand guard."

De Veulle drew a paper from a pocket inside his leather shirt and presented it to Joncaire with irritating deliberation.

"Here," he said, "you may find my warrant from the king himself to exercise what powers I deem necessary along the frontier. Only the governor-general may overrule me."

Joncaire studied the paper.

"That is so," he admitted. "But I tell you this, De Veulle, you have a bad record on the frontier for a trouble-maker. But for you I should have had the Senecas and Onondagas in our interest before this. I write to Quebec by the first post, demanding a check upon your activities. We have too much at stake to permit you to jeopardize it."

"At De-o-nun-daga-it is known that Ta-wan-ne-ars and his brother Ormerod journeyed to Jagara," interposed the Seneca in his own language.

"Does Joncaire think the Senecas will be quiet when one of their chiefs is given up to the Keepers of the Doom Trail for torment?"

"The Senecas will be told that you never reached Jagara," replied de Veulle before Joncaire could speak.

Joncaire turned to me.

"Well, my Jean," he said soberly, "whatever your name may be, you have gotten yourself into a nasty mess. You will be lucky if you die quickly. My advice to you is to pick the first chance to die, no matter how it may be. These Keepers—peste! They are a bad lot. They are artists in torment. 'Tis part of their religion, which I will say they still practice, even though Pere Hyacinthe were to excommunicate me."

As he was about to climb the stairs de Lery had ascended. De Veulle called him back.

"One moment! Speaking officially, Monsieur de Joncaire, I desire you to send out belts to all friendly tribes, summoning them to a council-fire which will be held here by the king's command in August."

Joncaire bowed.

"It shall be done," he said.

"Now then"—de Veulle addressed me—"we will consider your case. Are the bands sufficiently tight?"

I had been bound with strips of rawhide which cut into every muscle. The question was superfluous.

"Pick them up," he said to the Cahnugas. "We will get back to the canoes."

Despite the tightness of my bonds and the numbness they induced, I fell asleep, rocked by the easy motion of the canoe as it was driven along by the powerful arms of the Cahnugas.

(Continued Next Week.)

OMAHA BOY MAKING GOOD ON THE STAGE

Worthington Williams, who is appearing with the Famous Capitoliens and being featured as a stro-violinist, is receiving most favorable comment for his work in the Canadian newspapers. He recently made his professional debut at the Capitol Theatre in Winnipeg and was awarded first prize in a contest. After his engagement in Winnipeg he will leave on a tour of western Canada on the western division of the Capitol circuit. His name appears on the bills as "Worthy Williams."

ST. PHILIP'S ELECTS VESTRY AND DELEGATES

At an adjourned parish meeting held in the Guild Rooms Monday night the parish of the Church of St. Philip the Deacon, completed the election of its vestry and chose delegates to the annual diocesan council which meets in Trinity cathedral next month.

The wardens and vestry chosen consist of the following: J. Francis Smith, senior warden; Dr. Herbert Wiggins, junior warden; Henry W. Black, Charles W. Dickerson, William G. Haynes, Dr. W. W. Peebles, Malcolm Scott, Charles T. Smith and Calvin H. Spriggs.

Messrs. J. F. Smith, W. G. Haynes and Dr. Wiggins were elected as delegates to the diocesan council and Messrs. Henry W. Black, Charles T. Smith and Dr. W. W. Peebles as alternates.

At a meeting held Wednesday night at the residence of Charles T. Smith, 2916 North Twenty-eighth avenue, the Men's Club of St. Philip's elected the following officers: Dr. W. W. Peebles, president; Malcolm Scott, secretary and Dr. Craig Morris, treasurer. The club which is organized for social as well as religious and intellectual work, decided to have as its first social event of the year a pre-Lenten ball at Dreamland hall, Monday night, February 21.

BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON

A birthday luncheon was given in honor of Miss Alice Crum of Pittsburgh, Pa., by Miss Lillian Westbrook at the residence of Mrs. Sallie Matthews, 2410 North Twenty-first street, Sunday, January 16. The following guests were present: Sam Cooksey, C. B. Hollins, Charles Burton, James Jones, Claud Burdette, Daisey Shanks, Lucille Whitley, Addie George, Francis Pate and Carrie Goodlette.

OMAHA WAITERS' ASSOCIATION

Mr. A. C. Oglesby addressed the Omaha Waiters' Association at its forum held at its headquarters, 2704 1/2 Lake street, last Thursday night on "Mob Psychology," which was well received by his audience and elicited an animated discussion.

The meeting then elected officers for the ensuing year with the following results: A. C. Oglesby, president; R. B. Hill, vice president; C. T. Smith, secretary; C. M. Anderson, assistant secretary; C. H. Spriggs, treasurer; Morris Green, chairman house committee; H. A. Annis, manager; W. H. Owens, custodian; Fred Trusty, R. C. Cole, A. T. Jordan, executive committee. A buffet luncheon with the Bachelor-Benedict club as guests, concluded a delightful evening.

N. A. A. C. P.

Installation and Inaugural An enthusiastic group gathered at the St. John A. M. E. Church to witness and participate in the installation and inaugural program of the Omaha branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

This was a new departure and proved quite interesting and inspiring.

M. H. W. Black, chairman of the executive committee, presided effectively and pleasingly. Rev. Jno. A. Williams, retiring president, very cogently and concisely set forth the purpose, work and rightful demands of the N. A. A. C. P., citing the cases now pending. He especially stressed the latest case, that against the Atlantic Coast Line railway and the Pullman company for ruthlessly ejecting one of our women en route through the state of Florida. In all these legal battles is the individual fight of every Negro of America. Why then does he not rally zealously to the support of this one organization that thus fights his battles?

The secretary's report showed that both the branch and executive committee had been very active in spite of the sorrowful lack of interest shown.

President-elect Hunter in a well thought out address urged loyalty and new zeal towards the carrying out of the unsurpassed platform of the N. A. A. C. P.

Dr. Peebles with evident feeling told the newly installed officers that he felt out of place to attempt to deliver a charge to men who had toiled so faithfully under such adverse and untoward circumstances. He bade them God-speed and pledged undivided support to the cause. In a brief appeal for members, eleven names were handed in with \$10.50 in cash.

In every way the meeting augured much good for the ensuing year.

TO ORGANIZE WELFARE CLUB

Employees of Armour south side packing plant under the direction of Mr. George Payne of the hog-killing department, will meet at 3 p. m., Sunday, January 23rd, in the cultural center, 2915 R street, for the purpose of organizing a welfare club among the employees of that company. Robert A. Falls, president of the Workers Community association, and Milton L. Hunter, president of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P., will address the meeting.

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H. J. Pinkett, Attorney
PROBATE NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of Frances E. Mortimer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given: That the creditors of said deceased will meet the administrator of said estate, before me, County Judge of Douglas County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 23rd day of March, 1927, and on the 23rd day of May, 1927, at 9 o'clock A. M., each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Three months are allowed for the creditors to present their claims, from the 19th day of February, 1927.

BRYCE CRAWFORD
County Judge.

Ed. F. Morearty, Attorney
NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT

To Marian Ward, non-resident defendant:

You are hereby notified that James A. Ward, your husband, the plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, on the 16th day of October, 1926, to obtain an absolute divorce from you on the grounds of cruelty and desertion. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 21st day of February, 1927.

JAMES A. WARD.
4t—1-21-27.