

The Doom Trail

— By —
Arthur D. Howden Smith
 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 Stuarts.

CHAPTER II.—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 animosity 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 III.—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 IV.—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 Corlaier, 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 Ga-ha-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 V.—Accusing Murray, without avail, of inciting Bolling, Ormerod learns the girl's name is Marjory. With his two companions he begins the journey.

CHAPTER VI.—The three men wipe out a party of Cahnugas trailing them, evidence sent by Murray. At the Seneca village they are welcomed by Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, head chief, Ta-wan-ne-ars' uncle. Leaving Corlaier, Ta-wan-ne-ars and Ormerod take their way to Niagara.

CHAPTER VII.—At Niagara Ormerod, in the guise of Jean Courbevois, forest runner, learns the French plans from Joncaire, the commandant. De Veulle arrives, recognizes Ormerod and he and Ta-wan-ne-ars are seized.

CHAPTER VIII.—Conveyed to La Vierge du Bois, Murray's stronghold, Ormerod again meets the adventurer and Marjory. The girl unavailingly seeks to save the Englishman and his friend from death by torture at the hands of the Cahnugas, Murray's followers. Pere Hyacinthe, French missionary refuses to help them. Prepared for the torture, Ta-wan-ne-ars and Ormerod, on orders from Ga-ha-no, are respited until the next day, the Moon feast.

CHAPTER X

The Moon Feast

We were yanked to our feet and pushed outside. Thousands of Indians lined the narrow, dirty streets between the bark houses and lodges. They greeted us with a silence so intent that it was as arresting as a shout. Not a finger was laid upon us, not a voice was raised. Yet the fierce anticipation which gleamed in every face was more threatening than definite gestures.

Ahead of us opened the flat expanse of the dancing-place, with the two lonely stakes, flanked by piles of freshly gathered firewood, standing like portents of evil against the dark-green background of the pines which walled the rear of the amphitheater.

Ta-wan-ne-ars looked eagerly in every direction, but she whom he sought was not present nor were there visible any of the carrion crew of priests. Only the sinister faces of the negro, Tom, and Bolling, with his tangle of red hair, stirred recollections in that alien, hostile mass.

Our guards bound us to the stakes as they had the day before, and Ta-wan-ne-ars, with a significant glance at me, rallied them with the searching wit of his race.

"The Cahnuga dogs are not used to taking captives," he commented. "They are women. They should be tilling the field. They do not know how to torment real warriors."

When they were passing the thongs under his arm-pits, the Seneca bent forward and fastened his teeth in the forearm of the incautious guard. The blood spurted and the man yelped with pain. Ta-wan-ne-ars laughed.

"Unarmed and bound, yet I can hurt you," he cried. "Truly, you are women. The warriors of the Great League scorn you."

Strangely enough, they made no retaliation upon him; but, having securely fastened us to the stakes, withdrew and stood somewhat apart from the encompassing crowds.

The silence continued for more than an hour, when a lane was opened opposite to us and Murray and De Veulle sauntered forward.

"I trust you have fared well, Master Juggins—I beg pardon, Master Ormerod," remarked Murray urbanely. "No discomforts? Enough to eat and sufficient attention?"

I profited by Ta-wan-ne-ars' example, and thrust for the one weak spot in the man's armor of egotism.

"You do proclaim yourself for what you are," I answered him steadily. "Sure, no man of breeding would de-

scend to the depths you reach. I do assure you, fellow, if you ever return to civilization and attempt to mix with the gently bred, your plowboy origin will out."

His face was suffused to a purple hue.

"Sdeath!" he rasped. "Sir, know you not I am of the Murrays of Cobbielaw? I quarter my arms with the Kiehlis! I have a right to carry the Bleeding Heart on my shield! I—"

"No, no," I interrupted. "'Tis easy for you to claim here in the wilderness, but the humblest cadet of the house of Douglas would disprove you. I dislike to speak ill of any woman and certes I could weep for the grief of her who conceived you, whatever she was. But I make no doubt she was some Huron squaw."

His face went dead white. "I was pleased with overlong to spare you," he said in accents so cold that the words fell like icicles breaking from the rocks. "I am glad I resisted. I shall give orders now that your torments be the most ingenious our savages can devise.

"I doubt it not," I said. "You will die in much agony," he continued placidly. "Nobody will ever know of your taunts. And I"—his vanity flared up again—"I shall die a marquis and a duke."

"And a convicted criminal," I added. He murmured to De Veulle and

retired away, the savages moving from his path as if he were death in person for indeed they feared him, more even than they feared Black Robe and their own accursed priests. He was the master of all.

"So you are to be chief torturer, monsieur le chevalier?" I remarked to De Veulle.

"Even so," he agreed. "There could not be a fitter," I said sympathetically.

"I thank you for your appreciation," he replied. "I have instructed the savages to give you the long torment. You will be still alive this time tomorrow. Think of it! Your Iroquois friend knows what that means—an eyeless, bloody wreck of a man, begging to be slain!"

He beckoned to the Cahnuga chief. "Let loose your people," he ordered, and stepped back.

The Cahnuga put his hand to his mouth, and the high-pitched, soaring notes of the war-whoop resounded through the air. And as if one directing center animated them all the thousands of savages closed in on us, yelling and shrieking, weapons menacing, feet pounding the measures of some clumsy dance.

They swirled round and round us, those who could get nearest dashing up to the stakes to mock at us or threaten us with words and weapons. Nobody touched us, but the strain of constantly expecting physical assault was nerve-racking. Ta-wan-ne-ars

smiled serenely at them all, and when he could make himself heard, returned their threats.

This continued for a long time. Twilight was at hand before they dropped back, and a select band of young warriors began to exhibit their skill with bow and arrow, knife and tomahawk. Arrows were shot between our arms and bodies; tomahawks hurtled into the posts beside our ears; knives were hurled from the far side of the open space, so closely aimed that their points shaved our naked ribs. Once in a while we were scratched; the handle of a tomahawk, poorly thrown, raised a bump on my forehead. And De Veulle, squatting on the ground with a knot of chiefs, applauded the show.

It went on and on. New forms of mental torture were constantly devised. Darkness closed down, and the fires beside the stakes were lighted. I was in a daze. I had ceased to feel fear or misgiving. I was conscious only of a great weariness and thirst.

Of a sudden I realized that the shouting had died down. The prancing figures were at rest. But into the circle of firelight swayed the hideous column of False Faces, their masks of monstrous birds and beasts and reptiles seeming alive with horrid purpose in the shifting gloom, their feet moving harmoniously in the hesitant step of the dance, their voices united in the monotonous music of their chant.

(Continued Next Week.)

Roseland Gardens, one of Omaha's most popular white dance halls, has discovered that Negro orchestras can really deliver the goods when it comes to playing music. Some months ago an effort was made to induce the manager to give a famous Kansas City orchestra, engaged to play at Dreamland Hall, a night's engagement. The manager declined, giving it as his opinion that his patrons would not stand for a Negro orchestra. Frank J. Rock, white, manager of Jesse Stone's Blue Serenaders, induced Frank White, manager of the Roseland to give his orchestra a trial. A contest was arranged between Tracy-Brown's Oklahomans, a superior 12-piece orchestra, playing at the Roseland and Stone's Serenaders. The colored boys won out. The patrons were so delighted with the Negro musicians that they are clamoring for more. Jesse Stone is to play a return engagement and White's skepticism about Negro orchestras is gone.

Tuesday night the Dixie Ramblers, a local orchestra, under the management of Tommy Roulette, filled an engagement at Roseland and was given an ovation.

LINCOLN, NEBR.

The Salon club met in their usual place last week, when they discussed the subject of "Re-Creation" as announced, bringing out many fine thoughts on man as they understood him. Such discussions will enable the young man to develop his mind in order to be prepared to meet many things that may confront him in this busy world. "A Personal Topic," will be their next subject for discussion.

The Mount Zion Baptist Church choir rendered a concert at a white church at Emerald last Friday night, and was accorded quite an ovation.

The Utopian Art club was entertained by Mrs. Evelyn Johnson last Thursday night at her home, 2400 South Ninth street.

Sunday was rally day at Quinn chapel. The pastor delivered two sermons during the day and after reports from all aid societies, which had been gathering finance for a time, the amount of \$1,013 was announced to the members and public.

The Negro Improvement and Civic league and the N. A. A. C. P. will hold a joint mass meeting in Mount Zion Baptist Church, Sunday, February 13th, at 3 p. m.

Preparations are being made to remove Mr. George Hollinger to the Old Folks' Home at Omaha.

PORO CLUB MEETS

Members of the Poro club held their regular meeting Wednesday evening, February 2nd, at Poro sub-station, 2041 North Twenty-fourth street. A very interesting meeting was held. Mrs. Ocie Cooper of Council Bluffs gave a demonstration in long hair dressing. The president urges each member to be present at the next meeting, March 2nd, when the election of officers will be held. Mrs. E. Baker and Miss Ocie Cooper were hostesses to the club.

The regular monthly meeting of the Omaha branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was held last Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the North Side "Y." M. L. Hunter presiding. An interesting address was delivered by Attorney A. P. Scruggs. Next Sunday afternoon the forum meeting of the local branch will be held at the Colored Cultural Center, 2915 R street, South Side.

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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.

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LAWYERS

W. B. BRYANT, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law. Practices in all courts. Suite 19, Patterson Block, 17th and Farnam Sts. AT. 9344 or Ken. 4072.

W. G. MORGAN—Phones ATlantic 9844 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. 9844 or WE. 3180.

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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.

4t-1-21-27.

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