PAGE FOUR



THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Harry Ormered, pro-scribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Rober' Juggins from a band of assassins. Jug-gins proves to be the grandson ef a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Jurgins he has aban-doned the Stua

CHAPTER III.—Disguised as Jug-gins' servant, Ormered takes passage to America. He meets a Scottish girl daughter of Murray, and ardent Jac-obite De Veulle recognizes him, and their enmity flames The Frenchmau denounces Ormerod to the girl as a traitor to the Stuart cause. Bellevin him, she repulses Ormerod's profier o friendship. He is thrown into the see by an unseen assaliant.

by an unseen assailant. CHAPTER IV.—Ormerod, regainin-the deck, has recognized his assailan as Murray's servant. Tom, giant negr-He accuses Murray of employing th-negro to assassinate him, but a truc is arranged. At New York Ormero-saves an Indian from insuit. The in dian, who speaks English, is Ta-wan ne-ars. Seneca chief CHAPTER V.—Governor Burnet wel

ne-ars. Seneca chief CHAPTER V.—Governor Burnet wel-comes Ormerod as a friend of Juggins-ard tells him Murray's aims. By wha-ls known as the "Doom Trail" Murra-sinuggies furs. which should come to "Sw York, to the French in Canada With Ta-wan-ne-ars and a gigant"-Dutchman, Peter Corlaer, Ormerod agrees to go to Niagara, French ou post, 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 mistrens, and the red man seeks revenge. Ta-wan-ne-ars saves Ormerod's life in an attack on him by Murray's henchman.

CHAPTER VI.-Accusing Murray, without avail, of inciting Bolling, Or-merod learns the girl's name is Mar-jory. With his two companions he be-gins the journey.

CHAPTER VII.—The three men wipe out a party of Cahnuagas trailing them, evidently sen' by Murray. At the Seneca village 'hey are welcomed by Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, head chief, Ta-wan-ne-ars' uncle. Leaving Corlaer Ta-wan-ne-ars and Ormerod take their way to Niagara.

CHAPTER VIII.—At Niagara Or merod, in the guise of Jean Courbe-voir, forest runner, learns the French plans from Joncaire, the commandant De Veulle arrives, recognizes Ormerod and he and Ta-wan-ne-ars are selzed.

CHAPTER IX — Conveyed to La Vierge du Bois, Murray's stronghold Ormerod again meets the adventurer and Marjory. The girl unavailingly weeks to save the Englishman and his friend from death by torture at the hands of the Cahnuagas, Murray's fol-lowers. Pere Hyacinthe, French mis-sionary, refuses to help them. Pre-pared for the torture, Ta-wan-ne-ars and Ormerod, on orders from Gah-na-go, are resplied until the next day the Moon feast.

CHAPTER X.-In the morning the corture is interrupted by Ga-ha-no's dancing She leaves, but apparently returns wearing a bear's mask. It is Marjory, who, acting on Ga-ha-no's suggestions, succeeds in freeing the

"Ha, 'tis my friend from Arles," he shouted, "and his companion, the noble war chief! So the Keepers did not keep you?"

"No, Monsieur de Soncaire," I replied. "We are still alive to plague you.

"Ventre St. Remi, 'tis not sorry 1 am! Try it again, my lad. Only try it again !'

"And what are you doing with these people?"

He roared with laughter.

'No more than shepherding them past the temptations of the English." Ta-wan-ne-ars called again to the Indians in the canoes.

"Come ashore, brothers. We have rich goods to trade with you."

"We do not need to trade with the English," a voice replied. "We are glad we can trade with our fathers. the French. They have plenty of goods to offer us. Onontio has sent word he will pay better than the English now."

"Ha, ha, ha," exploded Joncaire. 'Ho, ho, ho! Mort de ma vie! Tonerr-rr-re de Dieu! 'Tis an odd world! Au revoir-and avoid the Keepers. Avoid the Keepers by all means. I am told they keep a strict watch upon the Doom Trail these days."

His paddlers dipped their blades, and his bellows of laughter were wafted back to us as his canoe followed the fur argosy down the lake toward the French posts on the St. Lawrenceposts whose magazines were already beginning to swell with the life-blood of English trade which was pouring over the Doom Trail.

CHAPTER XI

We Meet Red Death and Black Death

"We must scout the Doom Trail," I uid as we carried the canoe through he water-gate and deposited it with in the stockade. "I will write the governor at once of affairs at Jagara and La Vierge du Bois. But this last business makes it necessary he should inve sure intelligence of what passes to Canada."

"Ja." agreed Corlaer slowly. "But" I hafe another scheme we might try first-tonight."

he surveyed the scores of dwindling canoes, their silvery birchen side agleam in the sualight, their dripping paddle blades shining as the paddlers drove them along.

"They will make camp by sunset at der point of der three rocks. That is eight-ten-miles from here. Ja, we can make it."

"Make what?" I asked impatiently. "Der distance. Andt my plan." "What plan, man?"

"To put der grin or der other side of Joncaire's face, by -! Now you isten."

And he outlined an undertaking which seemed absardly simple until I chanced to look up and see that fleet of canoes clouding the eastern horizon of the lake.

"They are too many for us," I objected.

"Ja, if they know we come," he admitted. "Budt they do not."

"It is well worth trying," said Tawan-ne-ars deliberately. "If it succeeds it will set back the plans of Onontio and Murray."

THE MONITOR

Twas Ta-wan-ne-ars' eagle vision which saw the danger signal. He gripped my arm.

"Look, brother," he hissed.

I looked, and a flame spurted upward between the fires and the water. There was a sharp explosion. A long minute elapsed, and then a chorus of excited yells rose, dropped and was sustained.

We listened 1. ten minutes, and whilst the yeiling continued, with intermittent shooting, there was nothing to indicate triumph or satisfaction In the meantime the flames which Peter had kind. ., after flourishing grandly, graduan, died out as the awakened savages removed those canoes which had not caught fire and threw water on such as were only smoldering.

half an hour passed uneventfully. Then the steady lapping of the water against the beach was disturbed by the splash a fish make in rising. It was repeated twice. 'na-wan-ne-ars leaned over and splashed the water thrice with his hand. A grunt boomed out of the darkness. Ripples spread in a widening circle, and a huge form stepped noisclessly ashore, ignoring our helping hands.

"Oof, that was a goodt joke on Jon caire," muttered Peter. "Some canoe: I smash with der ax andt some I blow up with der powder andt more are burnedt. Where are my clothes? am soaked like der muskrat."

"You were long in coming," said Tawan-ne-ars. "My brother is not hurt?"

"Nein, nein. Ooof, what a swim! 1 tell you I hafe bubbles under my skin! Ja!" "Did you damage them much?"

asked eagerly. Peter suspended the operation of

struggling into his shirt and chuckled shrilly.

"I would gife much to see der face of that Joncaire when he counts his canoes andt der fur packs he has left. Twice now we get der joke on him." Wet as he was, with the water drip ping from his lan't hair, he insisted upon quitting that dangerous locality at once. We tramped across country incil the sun was high, and we stum oled upon an isolated family of Onon

damas, who made us free of their gano-.ote.

We spent two days with these peo ple, recuperating in preparation for the stern task ahead of us. After parting with them we continued in leisurely fashion eastward, keeping well to the north of the Great Trail of the Long House and avoiding as much as possible contact with the Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks whose countries we traversed. Some ten days after leaving Oswego we found ourselves on the verge of that untracked domain which was roamed by the Keepers of the Doom Trail.

In order to assure that our departure would be free from the observation of spies we left our last camp after dark and in two parties, Ta-wanne-ars and myself going in one direction and Peter in another.

Our meeting place was a grove on the bank of a creek, one of the tributaries of the Mohawk. We reached it without observation, and lay in concealment most of the day, starting again in the late afternoon and moving warlly through the forest, following o narticular course but addressing ourselves rather to the effacement of all evidence of our passage.

Don'dt fire, whatefar you do," muttered Peter as he threw himself behind the nearest trunk.

Ta-wan-ne-ars and I copied his example. I found myself on the right of the three. The others had selected standing trunks. I had chosen, per force, a fallen giant which some forest wind had overthrown. I crawled along the trunk into the tangle of roots, and from there gained a clump of bushes growing about the hole from which is had been torn.

(Continued Next Week.)

HEART-TO-HEART CLUB

The Heart-to-Heart club met at the home of Mrs. E. D. Fletcher, 3115 Franklin street, Wednesday, March 2nd, and spent an enjoyable Mathews, is sick. We hope for her speedy recovery. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. ment for years, should be one, be-Crump, 2426 Grant street, March 9. speaks his deservedly high standing

Remit for your paper or your sub scription will be discontinued.

LINCOLN NEWS

A. M. E. church last Thursday evening was a fine success.

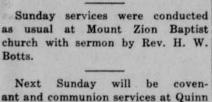
The banquet and program given streets. The public is invited. by the Blue Ribbon club at Masonic hall last Wednesday night was fairly attended by Master Masons and their friends. The event was an enjoyable one.

M. W. G. M. Charles W. Dickerson, of Omaha, made his annual visit to Lebanon lodge No. 39, A. F. A. M., last Saturday night, at which time a fairly good crowd of Master Masons was present and listened to a most instructive address on the work of Masonry. All Lehanon lodge men were pleased, and gave the speaker hearty congratulations. Re-

freshments were enjoyed later. Sunday was quarterly meeting at Quinn chapel and Rev. John Adams, presiding elder, was present and conducted services. He delivered two remarkable sermons during the day. Rev. Mr. Adams had just returned from a trip to the south, and had

Mrs. Adams, wife of Elder Adams was a Lincoln visitor this week.

much to relate to the folks.



chapel. Remit for The Monitor and be

happy. The Salon club entertained at a dinner party Friday night, February 25, at the home of Lester Edwards, vice president. The honorary guest was Alphonso Pierson and Lester Edwards acted as toastmaster. The object of the club was discussed by the president, T. T. McWilliams, jr. The guest list included the Misses Evelyn Johnson, Winifred Conrad, Elizabeth Scott, Piccola Saunders, Decolla Mae Harold, Catherine Molton and Alberta Saunders. The members of the Salon club appreciate the undivided attention and assistance given them by Mrs. R. Eugene Edwards and Mrs. Malisia McCoun.

terpretive and nature dances, national and folk dances, baby dances, and music vizualization (translating mathematically the notes of the music into corresponding movement).

The Oriental dances will include Egyptian, East Indian, Moorish, Burmese, North African, Turkish, Syrian, Arabian, Chinese, and Japanese. For arrangements please phone Miss Capps at her studio, Atlantic 4914, or residence, Harney 5413 or Mrs. Florentine F. Pinkston, Webster 6204.-Adv.

REAPPOINTED DISTRICT COMMISSIONER OF SCOUTS

Dr. Craig Morris has just been reappointed district commissioner of the Omaha Council of Boy Scouts. evening. The president, Mrs. Jesse There are only two district commissioners and that Dr. Morris, who has been active in the boy scout move-

in scout circles.

OMAHA BRANCH OF N. A. A. C. P. MEETS SUNDAY

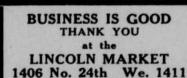
The regular monthly meeting of The dinner given at Quinn chapel the Omaha branch of the N. A. A. C. P. will be held Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the North Side Y. W. C. A., at Twenty-second and Grant

OLD FOLKS HOME

Sunday services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Stell. Father Henderson, an inmate of the home, who has

been quite ill, is improving slowly. We wish to thank all those who gave donations to the home during the month of February.

Donations to the home during the month of March will be published weekly in The Monitor.



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prisoners, who escape At Fort Os wego they are welcomed by Corlaer.

The gate was closed, but as we ap proached it opened, and an enormous pot-bellied figure in buckskin and fu: cap sauntered out to meet us.

"Ja, idt is you," Corlaer hailed us. "What has happened? I hafe come here to scout der Doom Trail and learn how you diedt-andt you are alife."

So we told him, whilst the lieutenant in command of the post and his garrison of twenty lusty frontiersmen gothered in a knot to listen over each other's shoulders.

"Budt-budt," expostulated Peter. "you hafe been in La Vierge du Bois!" "True."

"Budt nobody has efer been in La Vierge du Bois-"

"And come out alive," I amended. "I fear many poor souls have been sacrificed by these fiendish priests."

Peter insisted upon our repeating the tale with all details, and I believe he would have required a third account had it not been for the interruption which came during the afternoon. We were sitting in the commandant's quarters on the upper floor of the blockhouse when the sentries on the stockade announced a large fleet of canoes approaching from the west. The lieutenant promptly issued orders to get out the trade goods, and prepared for an impressive reception of the savages, deeming them emissaries of some tribe come to exchange their for catch of the winter.

But the leading canoes held on past the fort, and none of those which followed gave indication of intent to steer inshore.

"Hafe you a canoe?" asked Corlaer of the bewildered lieutenant. "Ja? Well, my friendts andt I will go andt ask what this means."

We launched the canoe from the water gate, and with Peter and Tawan-ne-ars at the paddles, sped out into the lake. Some distance from shore we overhauled the rear squad ron of the fleet, every canoe loaded deep with packages of furs.

"Ho, brothers," called Ta-wan-ne ars. "The chief of the English fort, who commands here in the name of Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, invites you to come ashore and trade with him."

Up stood a large, stout man with lanky black hair, dressed in the uniform of the French marine troops, who had been ensconced behind a bale of

"Andt if it does not, then you tell der gofernor Peter Corlaer tried once too often to get der joke back on Joncaire."

With which sage comment, Peter took himself off to arrange with the post commandant for drawing certain supplies we should require for this new expedition.

Two hours later an express left Oswego with dispatches for Governor Burnet, describing the situation at Jagara and our experiences at La Vierge du Bois, as well as the passage of Joncaire's argosy of furs, the greatest haul which had so far been made by either country that year on the frontier. Before the gate was slammed shut again we three slipped out and waved good-by to the garrison on the walls.

Our advance was cautious, and we parted company with Corlaer in some bushes, whence we could distinguish figures dancing around the flames and hear the distant yells of the guests of Joncaire as they caroused on his brandy. The Dutchman stripped to his belt. Ta-wan-ne-ars relieved him of his musket, powder horn and bullet pouch, and I she didered his clothes and pack.

"By der blasted pine-a goodt mile beyondt der other side." whispered Peter as he waded into the water.

"You are sure you can stay afloat so long?" I asked with some misgiving. "Ja," he said scornfully. "When

you hear a noise like a fish rising three times, that is Peter." He settled knife and tomahawk against either thigh, slung a spare flask of powder beside them, sank forward to his chin and began to cleave the water with powerful, overhand strokes.

"We must hurry, brother," admonished Ta-wan-ne-ars.

He started off at right angles with the path we had been following, and we fetched a circle around the group of fires, coming ultimately to a high point above the shore half a mile beyond them. Here we rested, both because our weariness was very great and because we desired to witness Peter's exploit, and, if need be, be prepared to aid him.

It was past midnight, and the fires had burned low and the brandy drink ers soaked themselves stupid. Not a sound came to us, except for the calling of a wolf from the heavy timber inshore and the croaking of waterbirds.

We discovered nothing, and the next day and many others went by with no better luck. Our provisions were exhausted, and we were compelled to live from hand to mouth upon such game as Ta-wan-ne-ars could snare or kill with his tomahawk-and certes he was wondrous proficient in both arts. But we kept on, bearing always eastward and quartering the country in every direction.

In the very midst of this deserted wilderness we came upon what we sought. We had abandoned the headwaters of the Mohawk and were following one of its middle branches, a shallow stream with pebbly, shelving banks, wading close inshore so as not to disturb the close-growing shrubbery. We all saw it simultaneously-a tattered, weather-stained fragment of canvas, caught on a spag in the current. I fished it out with my musket barrel.

"A pack-cofer," declared Peter immediately.

"And safely identified," I added, putting my finger on an unmistakable thistle in green paint with three-quarters of a letter "M" above it.

A mile farther on Ta-wan-ne-ars ex claimed and pointed upward to the trunk of a tall elm. Partly shaded by the foliage of the lower boughs a deep blaze was revealed in the bark.

We waded ashore and investigated. The underbrush was as thick as elsewhere, but presently Peter gave a heave with his bull-like shoulders and a whole section of growths, which had been laced together with vines on a backing of boughs, lifted gate-fashion. Beyond stretched a narrow alley, whose carpet of grass showed it to be seldom traveled.

"If this be not the Doom Trail 'tis worth a look none the less," I whispered.

Peter nodded, and slipped through the opening. I followed him, and Tawan-ne-ars brought up the rear.

Here in this hidden path the forest noises became remote. Even the birds ceased to twitter overhead, and the slightest stirring of the treetops made us drop to earth in expectancy of attack. Yet when the attack came we were taken completely by surprise. We were all of us alert, but the first warning that we were under observation was a green-feathered arrow which sang between Peter and me and buried its head in the ground,

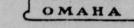


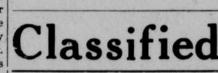
Miss Pauline Capps, the wellknown dancing teacher who trained the children in the "Snow Queen," announces that she will, in response to many requests, form a class in dancing as soon as twenty pupils are secured. She will give a course of twelve lessons for \$6.00. She will also give private lessons to those desiring them; her prices for private lessons being \$2.50 a lesson. . The various caurses will include

Russian ballet technique, which trains the muscles along scientific, prescribed lines, thereby eliminating knotted and gnarled condition, developing a complete co-ordination and balance, and giving the power to express, in perfect dance form, higher thoughts and beautiful emotions. Dances of a wide variety will be given with the technique, though the pupil must bear in mind that it is more important to learn to dance than to learn a dance. The dances will consist of creations of Pavley-Oukrainsky, Mirian and Irene Marmein, Vestoff, Serova, Adolph Bohm, Chalif, Kosloff, Ernest Belcher, Ben Blue, Albeteri, Porta Povitch, and many of the dances made famous by

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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 e'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. Ed. F. Morearty, Attorney NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT

DEFENDANT

To Marian Ward, non-resident de-

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

JAMES A. WARD. 4t-1-21-27.