

The Doom Trail

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to King George...

CHAPTER II.—Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod takes passage to America...

CHAPTER III.—Ormerod, retaining the deck, has recognized his assassin as Murray's servant...

CHAPTER IV.—Ormerod, retaining the deck, has recognized his assassin as Murray's servant...

CHAPTER V.—Governor Burnett welcomes Ormerod...

CHAPTER VI.—Accusing Murray, without avail, of inciting Joliffe, Ormerod learns the names of Marjory...

CHAPTER VII.—The three men wipe out a party of Cahnugas...

CHAPTER VIII.—At Niagara Ormerod, in the guise of Jean Courbe...

CHAPTER IX.—Conveyed to La Verge du Bois, Murray's stronghold...

CHAPTER X.—In the morning the torture is interrupted by Gah-na-no...

The gate was closed, but as we approached it opened...

"Ja, idt is you," Corlaer hailed us. "What has happened? I have come here to scout der Doom Trail...

"Budt—budt," expostulated Peter. "you have been in La Verge 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.

"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."

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

We launched the canoe from the water-gate, and with Peter and Ta-wan-ne-ars at the paddles, sped out into the lake.

"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 Joncaire," I replied. "We are still alive to plague you."

"Ventre St. Remi, 'tis not sorry I 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."

"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."

"Ho, ho, ho! Mort de ma vie! Tonerr-rre 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. Lawrence.

"Ja," agreed Corlaer slowly. "Budt—I have another scheme we might try first—tonight."

"He surveyed the scores of dwindling canoes, their slender birchen sides gleaming in the sunlight, 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."

"Der distance. Andt my plan." "What plan, man?" "To put der grin or der other side of Joncaire's face, by —! Now you listen."

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

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

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

"And if it does not, then you tell der governor 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 Burnett, describing the situation at Jagara and our experiences at La Verge 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-bye 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 shouldered his clothes and pack.

"By der blasted pine—a goodt mile beyond 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."

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

'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 for ten minutes, and whilst the yelling continued, with intermittent shooting, there was nothing to indicate triumph or satisfaction in the unceasing flames which Peter had kindled, after flourishing grandly, gradually 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 made in rising. It was repeated twice. Ta-wan-ne-ars leaped 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 noiselessly ashore, ignoring our helping hands.

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

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

"Nein, nein. Oof, what a swim! I tell you I have bubbles under my skin! Ja!"

"Did you damage them much?" I asked eagerly.

Peter suspended the operation of struggling into his shirt and chuckled shrilly.

"I would give much to see der face of that Joncaire when he counts his canoes andt der fur packs he has left. Canoe nowt we get der joke on him."

"Wet as he was, with the water dripping from his lan't hair, he insisted upon quitting that dangerous locality at once. We tramped across country until the sun was high, and we stumped upon an isolated family of Onondags, who made us free of their garret."

We spent two days with these people, 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 Onondags, 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-wan-ne-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 warily through the forest, following no particular course, but addressing ourselves rather to the effacement of all evidence of our passage.

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, hearing 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 snag 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 exclaimed 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 Ta-wan-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.

"Don't fire, whatever 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 it 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 evening. The president, Mrs. Jesse Mathews, is sick. We hope for her speedy recovery. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Crump, 2426 Grant street, March 9.

Remit for your paper or your subscription will be discontinued.

LINCOLN NEWS

The dinner given at Quinn chapel A. M. E. church last Thursday evening was a fine success.

The banquet and program given 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 Lebanon lodge men were pleased, and gave the speaker hearty congratulations. Refreshments 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 much to relate to the folks.

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

Sunday services were conducted as usual at Mount Zion Baptist church with sermon by Rev. H. W. Botts.

Next Sunday will be covenant and communion services at Quinn 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 Alphonse 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.

MISS PAULINE CAPPS ORGANIZING CLASSES IN ARTISTIC DANCING

Miss Pauline Capps, the well-known 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 courses will include Russian ballet technique, which trains the muscles along scientific, prescribed lines, thereby eliminating a 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 Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn and created by them.

Many of these dances are being used professionally on the stage at the present time. They include in-

terpretive and nature dances, national and folk dances, baby dances, and music visualization (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 re-appointed district commissioner of the Omaha Council of Boy Scouts. There are only two district commissioners and that Dr. Morris, who has been active in the boy scout movement for years, should be one, he speaks his deservedly high standing in scout circles.

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

The regular monthly meeting of 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 streets. The public is invited.

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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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.