

The Doom Trail

— By —
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 Author of *PORTO BELLO GOLD*, Etc.
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CHAPTER XIV.—The messenger has a note from Marjory beseeching Ormerod to save her from De Veulle, who is to marry her at once. With a war party, Ormerod and Ta-wan-nears set out. They are ambushed by the Cahnuags.

CHAPTER XV.—Those of Ormerod's party not killed are taken prisoners at La Vierge du Bois Ormerod learns the supposed message from Marjory was a decoy. He voices his suspicion that Marjory is not Murray's daughter. The latter temporizes. Ga-ha-no attempts to kill De Veulle, and in a knife duel the pair slay each other.

CHAPTER XVI.—Murray orders the torture to begin. It is interrupted by an overwhelming attack from the Iroquois. The prisoners are unbound and taken to the stockade. Murray admits to Ormerod that Marjory is really his niece. He induces Ormerod to negotiate terms of surrender.

CHAPTER XVII.—It is arranged that Murray and the remnant of his Indians shall be turned over to the French. Ormerod secures a promise from Marjory, whom he has loved from their first meeting, and the girl sets out to Albany.

CHAPTER XVIII.—With Marjory, his wife Ormerod's happiness is increased by a letter from Juggins congratulating him on his success in foiling Murray's plots. By this same ship Governor Burnet receives a pardon for Ormerod. Ta-wan-nears and Corlaer, inseparable as always, leave together on a journey into the interior. The Indian insisting he has a mission to find his lost loved one, Ga-ha-no, in the Land of Lost Souls.

"Yes, we are free, Marjory. Will you come with me?"

She caught my meaning, and made to pull away from me.

"But we will have had no wooing," she exclaimed, half between laughter and tears. "Sure, sir, you will not be expecting a maid to yield without suit?"

I would not let her go.

"Every minute that hath passed since I stepped into the main cabin of the New Venture to see the face of the mysterious songbird hath been a persistent suit," I declared.

The warriors of the Long House came pouring through the gates of the stockade, and their war-whoops echoed over the forest as they commenced the work of looting Murray's establishment and securing their prisoners. As Marjory and I passed out of that sinister enclosure, which had seen so much of wickedness and human suffering, we had our last joint glimpse of Andrew Murray.

"Farewell, my children," he called. "Bear in mind 'twas Andrew Murray brought you together. So good cometh out of evil."

Marjory shrank closer against my side.

"Yes," she said; "take me away from here. Let us go away, Harry—and forget."

But 'twas Corlaer, and not I, who escorted my lady to Albany and the tender care of Mistress Schuyler, into whose charge Governor Burnet most kindly commended her. For duty commanded me to discharge by obligation of removing Murray and his Cahnuags—not many survived the castigation of the Iroquois—in safety to Jagara; and I must accompany Do-ne-ho-ga-weh and Ta-wan-nears and the warriors of the Eight Clans in the triumphal procession which traversed the Long House from the Upper Mohawk castle to the shores of the Thunder Waters as an illustration of the wrath of the Great League.

And I was not sorry that I did so, for it enabled me to sit beside Do-ne-ho-ga-weh and his brother chiefs in the half-finished stone fort at Jagara and hear him lay down the law of the Long House to Joncaire, as representative of the French.

"Qua, O Joncaire, mouthpiece of Onontio who rules at Quebec," he said. "We people of the Long House come to you in peace. And we give into your hands the white man Murray and those who are still alive of the Keepers of the Doom Trail. We promised that they should come here, and we have fulfilled our promise. But we have set a bar across the Doom Trail, O mouthpiece of Onontio, and we desire you to tell the French of that."

"It is our wish that you should acquaint Onontio with our decision. We ask him to assist us in wiping out this source of trouble between us."

"I have heard your message, O roy-an-ehs and chiefs of the Long House," replied Joncaire. "I will repeat it to Onontio, but I do not think it will be welcome in his ears."

CHAPTER XVIII

From Pearl Street to Hudson's River

The sun bathed the dust of Pearl street wherever it could steal between the layers of the thick-leaved boughs overhead. I lounged on the doorstep of our cozy, red-brick house by the corner of Garden street, and reread the letter from Master Juggins which the supercargo of the Bristol packet had delivered a half-hour earlier.

My Hart is reejoyced, dear Lad, at y' Excellent report of you which is come From Governour Burnet. Murray's discomfitur hath had Exceeding Advantageous effects in ye Citty and ye Marchaunts who Earley did clamor for ye freedom of Trade with ye French are now Perceiving; how ye Planne of Governour Burnet did Sette to their Profit in ye Longe Runne. Use your Own Judgmente. I praye you, in developing ye Provincial Trade and draw Upon mee at will for what Funds you Maye need.

Grannie and I do send you our Love and Respect and She bidde me say she Considerd 'Twas ye Actte of Godde I was sette Upon in ye Mincing Lane what time you Came to my Rescue. We desire that you and Mistress Marjory may Deem ye house in Holbourne your home and 'twould delight our Eyes might we See you Here. Butte of that you will bee ye Judges. Ye New World is ye world for Youth, of that There can be no Dispute.

I recalled the damp, wintry day in Paris I had made up my mind to quit the Jacobite cause and try my fortune at all risks in England; the pang with which I had abandoned the last link remaining with my dead parents; the rough trip in the smuggler's lugger; the wet landing at night on the dreary channel coast; the fruitless attempts to enlist the aid of former friends; the hue and cry upstart cousins had raised; the flight to London; the—

"Ha, there, Ormerod!"

I looked up to see the burly figure of Governor Burnet rounding the corner. He waved a handful of papers at me.

"The packet hath brought great news!" he cried. "The lords of trade have seen the light, — 'em! Do but bark to this!"

And, standing with legs spread apart in the middle of the paved sidewalk, he read:

"And seeing that the resentment of the Six Nations is so deeply stirred by reason of the tabling of the law, we are resolved that the provincial government shall have authority to impose the duties upon trade goods for Canada as before. And his excellency the governor shall be required to file a complete report of the situation with such addenda, facts and statistics relative to amounts and totals of trade and fluctuations therein in the recent past as may be helpful to their lordships in reaching a final decision in this matter."

"There is more of the same tone as that I read. But I am selfishly occupied with my own interests, Ormerod. Here is a matter which more nearly concerneth yourself."

He produced a large rolled sheet of parchment, imposingly encroiled, across the top of which ran the legend:

"A FREE PARDON."

"'Twas bound to come," he rambled on. "Do you go within and show it to Mistress Ormerod."

But Marjory had been leaning at the window, and as I opened the door she fell into my arms and clung there, sobbing for the relief that came to both of us with the lifting of the menace which had overhung my life so long.

"I am so happy I know not what to do," protested Marjory, wiping her eyes. "But, oh, see who comes!"

We followed her pointing finger; and there, striding between the ordered house-fronts of Pearl street, exactly as I had seen him the first time we met, came Ta-wan-nears, the eagle's feather slanting from his scalp lock, the wolf's head of his clan insignia painted on his naked chest. His grave face was smiling. His right arm was raised in salute.

"Qua, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go! Qua, friends! Ta-wan-nears greets you."

"Have you any further news?" questioned the governor, alert as always for tidings of his distant dominions.

"Only news of peace. The frontier is quiet. The Doom Trail is closed. The far tribes are traveling to Albany to offer their allegiance and friendship. The fur trade is once more under control of the English and the Long House."

"We have waited long for you to visit us, brother," I said. "Now that you have come we shall make you stay many moons."

His smile became sad.

"It cannot be. Ta-wan-nears comes to say good-by."

"Good-by?"

"Yes, brother. Have you forgotten the search for my Lost Soul?"

"But she is dead!"

"She is with Ata-ent-sic. Ta-wan-nears seeks his Lost Soul. He has



so fear. He will go through Da-ye-da-do-go-war, the Great Home of the Winds, where Ga-oh, the Wind Spirit, dwells. He will go through Ha-nis-ka-o-no-geh, the Dwelling Place

Evil-Minded. He will go to th end if the Great Spirit will b his footsteps."

He would not step indoors for food. He insisted on walking back toward the Broad-Way with Master Burnet and me. At the Bowling Green we encountered Peter Corlaer.

"Ha, Peter," the governor hailed him. "Well met, indeed. What hath earned us this honor?"

"I heardt Ta-wan-nears was here," he panted. "I followedt him down rifer from Fort Orange."

"What does Corlaer wish?" asked Ta-wan-nears.

The big Dutchman stammered and gurgled with embarrassment.

"I go with you," he gasped after much effort.

"I go to the Land of Lost Souls," he panted. "Ja, that's all right," returned Corlaer. "I go with you."

The hard lines of the Seneca's stern face were softened by a rare glow of feeling.

"Ta-wan-nears never doubted Corlaer, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go," he answered squeezing Peter's hand in his. "H. would not ask any to go with him because the peril is great. But he will be glad to have Peter by his side. We will take the first boat which leaves."

"One is sailing from der Whale's Head wharf," suggested Peter.

"Good. Then we will say good-by here."

"No, no, we will accompany you to the wharf," said the governor. "Where are you from, Peter?"

"I was in der Shawnees' country when I heardt Ta-wan-nears was going upon a long journey alone. So go to De-o-nun-da-ga-a, andt from there to Fort Orange andt here."

"Have you heard aught of Murray?"

"Nien, Murray is nifer spoken of der French would hafe none of him. They saidt he sallied from Quebec for der Hafana."

"So are the mighty fallen," mused the governor as we strolled along. "A few short months ago he was more powerful than I in the province. To day he is nobody."

We walked out upon the wharf where the sloop River Queeney lay with her moorings slack.

"Tumble aboard, my masters, shouted the captain. "There's a fall breeze and the tide is flowing."

"Good-by," said Ta-wan-nears. "Ga-en-gwa-ra-go and O-t-e-ti-an-i will be always in the thoughts of Ta-wan-nears."

"Goodt-by," mumbled Corlaer.

"Good-by for a while," retorted the governor. "We shall be ready to welcome you with rejoicing when you return with a brave tale to tell us."

"Good-by," I called, and my voice choked.

I raised my right arm in the Iroquois gesture of greeting and farewell. Ta-wan-nears answered in kind, motionless as a bronze statue against the dirty gray expanse of the sail. The sloop dropped her moorings and glided out into the current.

In ten minutes Peter's face was a broad white blotch at the foot of the mast and Ta-wan-nears was a dark blur beside him. They sailed on into the eye of the setting sun.

"'Tis the very spirit of this land Ormerod," observed Master Burnet as we watched. "Having finished one adventure, they seek a fresh trial of their resource and daring. Ah, well 'tis for you and me to take their precept and strive to sharpen our wit upon some homely adventures of our own. All of us may not seek the Land of Lost Souls, but each of us may find a worth-while task upon his doorstep."

[THE END.]

BOOK CHAT

By Mary White Ovington

"Negro Labor in the United States." By Charles H. Wesley. Published by the Vanguard Press, Inc., 80 Fifth avenue, New York City. Price, 50 cents.

Professor Wesley's monograph is a scientific and historical survey of the progress of Negro labor in the United States since 1850. Beginning with the plantation system of the South and its attendant necessary condition of slave labor, the book follows the Negro through the Civil War and the reconstruction period to his place in modern industry.

The idea of the Southern agricultural system was to keep the Negro a farm-laborer; but long before the Civil War certain black freedmen of the South had sought and found employment in the industries. These had proved themselves capable workmen, and had refuted the old argument that the Negro could not be successful at skilled labor. When, following the war, the big plantations were broken up, and thousands of slaves found themselves, theoretically speaking at least, free, numbers of them turned toward the factories. White laborers resented the encroachment of black; the two races could not work together; and there were few capitalists who would hire black laborers. Riots ensued; but the Negro continued to establish himself in positions requiring skilled labor in spite of race-prejudice and the difficulties rising out of his own lack of early training.

"Between 1870 and 1890 the economic life of the South was transformed. This section was changed in various places from agricultural communities to industrial communities." The period of transition was not an easy one for the Negro. Im-

migration over-stocked the industries with foreign labor; French, Italian, and Irish were preferred to colored workers. Early attempts at organization were frustrated by "politics, racial barriers, and misguided leadership." The least difficult things to do were to go back to farming or to create another problem by accepting unemployment. Progress toward skilled labor, however, went on. The industrial schools of Hampton and Tuskegee had begun the work of training Negroes, those in sympathy with the movement being convinced that the chief need of the colored population lay in "industrial training and lessons in thrift and industry." The fight went forward into the new century.

Opportunity did not come until the World War shut out immigration and lack of workers forced the new war manufacturers to open their doors to Negro labor. This gave impetus to the movement; following the war, literally thousands of the colored people of both rural and urban districts of the South migrated North to the manufacturing centers and found employment there. Report is that one-seventh of the labor of the United States is today performed by Negroes.

The work of complete labor organization has not yet been completed; nor have the attendant crises growing out of so much transfer of population been settled; but the progress of the last twenty years holds a prophecy for the future.

Professor Wesley's book is comprehensive, and his facts, supported by bibliographies, appendices, and statistics, should be of great value as sources to anyone approaching the subject of Negro labor. The work is unbiased, and its scientific viewpoint does not make less absorbing the story of the struggle of "persons of color" to free themselves from circumstances thrust upon them by a tragic and lamentable state of society.

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