

## SYNOPSIS.

-7--Adele la Chesnayne, a belle of New ance, is among conspirators at her un-'s house. Cassion, the commissaire, s enlisted her Uncle Chevet's ald alinst La Salle. D'Artigny, La Salle's end, offers his services as guide to Cas-m's party on the journey to the wilder-s. The uncle informs Adele that he s betrothed her to Cassion and forbids t to see D'Artigny again. In Quebec lele visits her friend. Sister Celeste, he brings D'Artigny to her. She tells m her story and he vows to release her om the bargain with Cassion. D'Artig-' leaves promising to see her at the / leaves promising to see her at the ince. Cassion escorts Adele to the hall, he meets the governor, La Barre, and he meets the governor, La Barre, and ears him warn the commissalre against "Artigny. D'Artigny's ticket to the ball as been recalled, but he gains entrance the window. Adele informs him of the overnor's words to Cassion. For her avesdropping at the ball Adele is ordered the governor to marry Cassion at once and to accompany him to the Illinois puntry. He summons Chevet and directs out he stiend them on the journey. They puntry. He summons Chevet and directs at he attend them on the journey. They are in the boats. Adele's future depend-ig on the decision of D'Artigny whom he now knows she loves. Cassion and 'Artigny have words. Uncle Chevet for he first time hears that his nlece is an elress, and begins to suspect Cassion's notives. Adele refuses to permit her hus-and to share her skeeping quarters, hevet agrees to help her.

captive?"

yet I must answer.

you do not jest?"

he asked.

my enforced marriage.

anger. "No, monsieur, it is true."

I gave a gesture of despair.

Madame Cassion, loathing the husband who got her by fraud and threat, feels certain that she has a true confederate-an ally ready to do her biddingin Rene D'Artigny. But disappointment piles upon her. In a crisis she learns she must fight alone. How she resolves to win against all odds and get revenge is described in stirring manner in this installment.

## CHAPTER IX-Continued.

Leaning far out, grasping a branch o keep from falling, I distinguished he canoe at the upper landing, and the

indians busily preparing camp. At first I saw nothing of any white man, but was gazing still when D'Artigny emerged from some shadow and stepped down beside the boat. I know ot what instinct prompted him to turn and look up intently at the bluff towering above. I scarcely comprehended either what swift impulse led me to undo the neckerchief at my throat and hold it forth in signal. An instant he stared upward, shading his eyes with one hand.

I must have seemed a vision clinging there against the sky, yet all at once the truth burst upon him, and, with a wave of the arm, he sprang up the low bank and joined his Indiscs. I could not hear what he said, but with a single word he left them and disappeared among the trees at the foot of the bluff. Ile must have scrambled straight up the steep face of the bluff, for it could have been scarcely more than a minute when I heard him crunching a passage through the bushes, and then saw him emerge above the edge. Clinging to a tree limb, his eyes sought easterly to locate me, and when I stepped forward, he sprang erect and bowed, jerking his hat from his head. There was about his action the enthusiasm of a boy, and his face glowed with an eagerness and delight which instantly broke down every barrier between us. "You waved to me?" he exclaimed. "You wished me to come?"

"Told me! How? I have scarcely | tioning of my honesty, and swift inheld speech with anyone but the Aldignation brought the answering gonquin chief since we took to the words to my lips.

"And why not pray! Must I not water. Cassion has but given orders, and Chevet is mum as an oyster. I defend myself-and what other weapons are at hand? Do I owe Lim kindendeavored to find you in Montreal, ness; or tender consideration? The but you were safely locked behind gray walls. That something was wrong man married me as he would buy a I felt convinced, yet what it might be slave." "You may be justified," he admitted no one would tell me. I tried ques-

tioning the pere, but he only shook regretfully. "Yet how is this to be his head and left me unanswered. done?"

I arose to my feet and stood before Tell me then, mademoiselle, by what right does this Cassion hold you as a him, my face uplifted, and, with one hand, thrust aside the shade of my My lips trembled, and my eyes fell, hat.

> "Monsieur, deem you that impossible?"

His lips parted in a quick smile, revealing the white teeth, and he bowed low, flinging his hat to the ground and standing bareheaded.

"Mon dieu! No! Monsieur Cassion is to be congratulated. Yet it was my thought you said yonder that you despised the man."

otherwise? Yet there lies my strength And I told him swiftly the story of in this battle. He laughs at women, "And Hugo Chevet, your uncle? Did plays with them, breaks their hearts, It is his pride and wast, and his suche remain silent? make no protest?" cess in the past has ministered to his self-conceit. He thought me of the same kind, but has already had his "He! Never did he even conceive lesson. Do you not know what that means to a man like him? More than ever he will desire my favor. A week back he cared nothing; I was but a plaything, awaiting his pleasure; his wife to be treated as he pleased. He knows better now, and already his eyes follow me as though he were my dog."

"And that then is why you send for me-that I may play my part in the game?"

I shrugged my shoulders, yet there was doubt in my eyes as I faced him. "Is there harm in such play, monseur," I asked innocently, "with so crush with his hands. He hates Cas- important an end in view? 'Tis not that I seek amusement, but I must find out where this king's pardon is for my position he cares nothing. To hidden, who concealed it, and obtain proof of the fraud which compelled my marriage. My only hope of release lies in compelling Francois Cassion to confess all he knows of this foul conspiracy. I must possess the facts before we return to Quebec."

> "You will still remain his wife, and your property will be in his control. The church will hold you to the mar-

"Not if I can establish the truth

riage contract."

look upon the face of another white woman in all those leagues. Are there any French of my sex at Fort St. Louis?"

"No." "Nor at St. Ignace, Pere Allouez assures me. I shall have no rival then in all this wilderness; you think me harmless, monsieur? Look at me, and say!"

"I do not need to look; you will have your game. I have no doubt, although the final result may not prove what you desire."

"You fear the end?"

"It may be so; you play with fire, and although I know little of women, yet I have felt the wild passions of men in lands where there is no restraint of law. The wilderness sees many tragedies-fierce, bitter, revengeful deeds-and 'tis best you use care, 'Tis my belief this Francois Cassion might prove a devil, once his heart was tricked. Have you thought of this?"

I had thought of it, but with no mercy in my heart, yet as D'Artigny spoke I felt the ugliness of my threat more acutely, and, for an instant, stood before him white-lipped and ashamed. Then before me arose Cassion's face, sarcastic, supercilious, hateful, and I laughed in scorn of the warning.

"Thought of it!" I exclaimed, "yes, but for that I care nothing. Why should I, monsieur? Has the man shown mercy to me, that I should feel regret because he suffers? As to his revenge, death is not more to be dreaded than a lifetime passed in his presence. But why do you make plea on his behalf-the man is surely no friend of yours?"

"I make no plea for him," he answered, strangely sober, "and claim no friendship. Any enemy to La Salle is an enemy to Rene d'Artigny; but I would front him as a man should. It is not my nature to do a deed of treachery."

"You hold this treachery?"

"What else? You propose luring him to love you, that you may gain confession from his lips. To attain this end you barter your honesty, your womanhood; you take advantage of your beauty to enslave him; you count as ally the loneliness of the wilderness; ay! and, if I understand aright, you hope through me to awaken the man's jealousy. Is this not true?"

I drew a quick breath, my eyes staring into his face, and my limbs trembling. His words cut me like a knife, yet I would not yield, would not even acknowledge their truth.

"You are unjust, unfair," I burst forth impetuously. "You will see but the one side-that of the man. I cannot fight this battle with my hands, nor will I submit to such wrong without struggle. He has never thought to spare me, and there is no reason why I should show him mercy. I wish your good will, monsieur, your respect, but I cannot hold this plan which I propose as evil. Do you?"

He hesitated, looking at me with uch perplexity in his eyes as to prove his doubt. "I cannot judge you," he admitted at last, "only that is not the way in married by force. Once I have the which I have been trained. Neither proofs in my hands I will appeal to will I stand between you and your Louis-to the pope for relief. These revenge nor have part in it. I am your friend-now, always. In every

loneliness before us, and he will not ture of farewell. I do not think I moved or made response, and an instant later he was gone.

I know not how long I stood there staring into vacancy, haunted by regret, tortured by fear and humiliation,

Slowly all else crystallized into indignation, with a fierce resolve to fight on alone. The sun sank, and all about me clung the purple twilight, yet I did not move. He had been unjust, unfair; his simple code of the woods could not be made to apply to such a situation as this of mine.

I heard no sound of warning, yet as I turned to retrace my way to the camp below I became suddenly aware of the presence of Cassion.

# CHAPTER XI.

We Reach the Lake. He was between me and the deer trail, and enough of daylight yet remained to enable me to perceive the



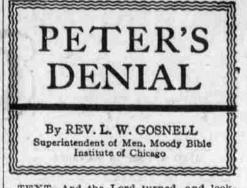
I Became Suddenly Aware of the Presence of Cassion.

man clearly. How long he may have been there observing me I could not sins. An old writer has pointed out know, but when I first saw him he was bent forward, apparently deeply interested in some sudden discovery tion, their cupidity, or their appetite, upon the ground at his feet.

"You thought me long in Teturning, monsieur?" I asked carelessly, and ward." There is a melancholy comfort taking a step toward him. "It was in the fact that Peter seemed to feel cooler up here, and the view from the they would not suspect him of being bluff yonder beautiful. You may gain a disciple if they should hear him some conception of it still, if you use profane language; the world excare."

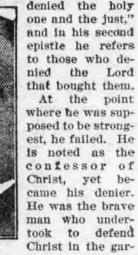
He lifted his head with a jerk and stared into my face.

"Ay! no doubt," he said harshly, "yet I hardly think it was the view which held you here so long. Whose boot print is this, madame? not yours, revealed to him his weakness, and surely."



TEXT-And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him: Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.-Luke 2:61, 62.

Peter never forgot his denial. Speaking to the Jews he says, "Ye



den, yet he cowered before the servants in the high priest's palace. He was not in danger of being killed if he had confessed Christ, but denied him to save himself from being taunted. And all this occurred on the same night in which he had received the bread and wine from the hands of his master, and had submitted to having his feet washed by him! We are only kept from chiding him because we are reminded of our own failures and our denials of Christ.

### The Sin of Profanity.

Added to the sin of denial was that of profanity, for we are told that he began to curse and to swear, saying he knew not the man. The sin of profanity clings to a man, and the tendency sometimes appears even after conversion. Many have falled at this point, although delivered from other the folly of it in these words: "The devil tempts men through their ambiuntil he comes to the profane swearer, whom he clutches without any repects things of Christians.

Several elements enter into the story of Peter's denial. First of all, we notice his self-confidence. "If all shall be offended in thee, I will never be offended." His failure doubtless was used of God in bringing him to a better mind. By such testings we learn our own helplessness and are driven to the strong one for strength. in his epistle, Peter emphasizes the value of meekness and godly fear. "No Business With the Flunkies." Another secret of Peter's failure is found in the society he kept. He had followed his Lord afar off, and when he came into the palace, sat down with the high priest's servants. As an old Scotch woman said, "he had no business with the flunkies." It is difficult to maintain a Christian profession even when we must be among the ungodly, but there is great danger when we choose them for our companions. Again, the element of surprise has to be reckoned with. Peter would have been brave in the garden in open con-"Mon dieu! I will not!" and he flict with Christ's enemies, but he did pent. The writer recalls the occasion His rage rather amused me, and I when he first saw a "sensitive plant," Yet this man was restored even after such a failure. There were four Steps Back to Christ. First, there was the look of Christ. After the crowing of the cock, we are told the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. What a look of wounded love that must have been! Yet we should "Of course not; you treat me with not forget that the same sad, piercing gaze is terned upon us when we grieve Christ. Secondly, the Lord sent a special message to Peter on the morning of the resurrection (Mark 16:7). Thirdly, he had a private interview with this apostle on the day he arose (Luke 24:34; I Cor. 15:5). Finally, when he appeared to the seven on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, he reinstated Peter most fully. The story is told in John 21, and is worthy of careful perusal. Three times the Lord asked him if he loved him, and the apostle had thrice denied, so he was allowed to confess him three times. Poor Peter might have thought he would never again be intrusted with responsibility, but three times the Lord bade him feed his flock. As a climax, this man who had said he would follow Christ to death, but had failed so shamefully, was told he would, after all, have the privilege of dying for his Lord. What comfort here for the backslider! With what new meaning may we sing, "He restoreth my soul."

in thus ridding himself of the care of a poor niece who had been a sorry

effort. Giant as he is physically, his intellect is that of a big boy. All he can conceive of is revenge-a desire to sion, because the man has robbed him of the use of my father's money; but his mind the wrong has all been done to him, and I fear he will brood over it until he seeks revenge. If he does D'Artigny stood silent, evidently in

threads of my tale. "How did you attain the summit of

this bluff?" he questioned at last. "Yonder; there is a deer trail lead-

ceive nothing else except his good luck

burden."

"But you explained to him?" "I tried to, but only to regret the

he will ruin everything."

thought, endeavoring to grasp the

"He is my husband, monsieur," I caught glimpse of his face, picturing surprise, incredulity. He drew a sharp breath and I noted his hand close tightly on the hilt of his knife. "Your husband! that cur! Surely

"Would that I did," I exclaimed, losing all control in sudden wave of

"I do; what reason have I to feel

what occurred, until I told him later on the river. Even now I doubt if his sluggish brain has grasped the truth. To him the alliance was an honor, an opening to possible wealth in the fur trade through Cassion's influence with La Barre. He could per-

"But of what use?" he insisted.

"Yes," I confessed, swept from my guard by his enthusiasm. "I have seen anxious to confer with you, and his is my first opportunity."

"Why I thought you avoided me," he burst forth. "It is because I /elt so that I have kept away."

"There was nothing else I could do but pretend," I exclaimed, gaining control over my voice as I spoke. "My every movement has been watched since we left Quebec; this is the first moment I have been left alone-if, indeed, I am now." And I glanced about doubtfully into the shadows of the forest.

"You imagine you may have been followed here? By whom? Cassion?" "By himself or some emissary, Pere Allouez has been my jaller, but lower camp. chances to be disabled at present, "The commissaire permitted me to climb I asked doubtfully. "It was for that here alone, believing you to be safely camped above the rapids, yet his susphilons may easily revive."

"His suspicions!" the sieur laughed the trail. softly. "So that then is the trouble? waste, if It is to keep us apart that he bids me gently. J make separate camp each night; and the sun assigns me to every post of peril. I sion mi feel the honor, mademoiselle, yet why way. an I especially singled out for so ance. great a distinction?"

"He suspects us of being friends. | the He knew I conferred with you at the a convent, and even believes that you were with me hidden behind the curtota in the governor's office."

"Yet if all that he true," he que rioned, his voice evidencing his su "Why should our friendall DT100 arouse his antagonism to such as e tent? I cannot understand what cris I have committed, mademoiselle. is all mystery, even why you show be here with us on this long journe surely you had no such thought w rted hust?

> do not know what has I asked, in astonishmen? " tald you?"

ing down."

"And you fear Cassion may follow?" "He will likely become suspicious that I was deceived, defrauded and if I am long absent, and either seek me himself or send one of his men, This is the first moment of freedom I have experienced since we left Quebec. I hardly know how to behave myself."

"And we must guard it from being the last," he exclaimed, a note of determination and leadership in his voice, "There are questions I must ask, so that we may work together in harmony, but Cassion can never be allowed to suspect that we have communication. Let us go forward to the end of the trail where you came up; from there we can keep watch below."

He still grasped my hand, and I had no thought of withdrawing it. To me he was a friend, loyal, trustworthy, the one alone to whom I could confide, Together we clambered over the rough rocks to where the narrow cleft led downward.

# CHAPTER X.

On the Summit of the Bluff. Securely screened from observation by the low growing bushes clinging to the edge of the bluff, and yet with a clear view of the cleft in the rocks half way to the river, D'Artigny found me a seat on a hummock of grass, but remained standing himself. The suu was sinking low, warning us that our time was short, for with the first coming of twilight I would certainly be sought, if I failed to return to the

"You would question me, monsieur,"

led me litre aroused by my Yes," instant. s still scanning voice, but with

me."

ny eyes.

"Yet You Would Make Him Love You?"

men thought me a helpless girl, friendless and alone, ignorant of law, a mere waif of the frontier. Perhaps I was,

but this experience has made of me a woman. In Montreal I talked with is no time to the mother superior and she told me of a marriage in France where the ert intellibefore pere officiated under threat, and the pope dissolved the ties. If it can be he for others it shall be done for will not remain the wife of

> ssion." ould make him love

dis sins; n. payhas ruined. Ay! nall not shrink from,

en dared war against him with his own weams. But there- pons, and my cause is just. And I whose real motives I could not fathom. weagness; I would me your aid. How can I fail, monnow, and looked search- sleur? I am young and not ill to look mixture of respect and anger. He y face, no glimpse of a not understand," he the only woman. He holds me his the open space between the trees. At seek his love?" wife by law, and yet knows he must the edge of the bluff he paused and

honorable way I will serve you and your cause. If Cassion dares violence or insult he must reckon with me, though I faced his whole company. I pledge you this, but I will not play a part or act a lie even at your request."

"You mean you will not pretend to care for me?" I asked, my heart leaden at his words.

"There would be no pretense," he answered frankly. "I do care for you, but I will not dishonor my thought of you by thus deliberately scheming to outwit your husband. I am a man of the woods, the wilderness; not since I was a boy have I dwelt in civilization, but in all that time I have been companion of men to whom honor was everything. I have been comrade with Sieur de la Salle, with Henri de Tonty, and cannot be guilty of an act of treachery, even for your sake. Perchance my code is not the same as the perfumed gallants' of Quebec-yet it is mine, and learned in a hard school,"

He went on quietly, "There are two things I cannot ignore-one is, that I am an employee of this Francois Cassion, pledged to his service by my own free will; the other is, that you are his wife, joined to him by Holy church, and although you may have assumed those vows under coercion,

your promise is binding. I can but choose my path of duty and abide therein."

His words hurt, angered me; I lacked power of expression, ability to grasp his full meaning and purpose. "You-you desert me then? Youyou leave me to this fate?"

"I leave you to reconsider your choice of action." he returned gravely, his hat still in hand, his lips unsmiling. "I do belleve your womanhood will find a better way to achieve its lib-

erty, but what that way is I must trust you to discover. I am your "find. Adele, always-you will be-

Heve that?" I did not answer: I could not, be-Artigny, even although you | cause of the choking in my throat, yet i it unwomanly. I do not I let him grasp my hand. Once I in it so, nor hold myself immodest raised my eyes to his, but lowered man?" all, for the effort. Why should I? I but them instantly in strange confusion. Here was a man I did not understand, shall win, whether or not you give His protest had not yet penetrated my soul, and I felt toward him an odd upon; this you have already confessed; released my hand and turned away, here in this wilderness I am alone, and I stood motionless as he crossed a ques- still win me. There are months of glanced about, lifting his hat in ges. young to die."

I glanced where he pointed, my heart leaping, yet not altogether with regret. The young sleur had left his trail behind, and it would serve me whether by his will or no.

"Certainly not mine," and I laughed. "I trust, monsieur, your powers of observation are better than that-'tis hardly a compliment."

"Nor is this time for any lightness of speech, my lady," he retorted, his anger fanned by my indifference. "Whose is it then, I ask you? What man has been your companion here?" "You jump at conclusions, monsieur," I returned coldly. "The stray imprint of a man's boot on the turf is scarcely evidence that I have had a companion. Kindly stand aside and permit me to descend."

blocked my passage. "I have stood not expect to be assailed as he sat enough of your tantrums already in by the fire that night. Earnest Christhe boat. Now we are alone and I tians learn to dread temptations which will have my say. You shall remain approach with the stealth of a serhere until I learn the truth."

felt not the slightest emotion of fear, and remembers his surprise when its although there was threat in his leaves withered at the approach of words and in the gesture accompany- his hand. If we are to escape better ing them. I do not think the smile than Peter did, our souls must be so even deserted my lips, as I sought a tender that the very approach of tempcomfortable seat on a fallen tree tation will cause them to shrink in trunk, fully conscious that nothing dread and hide themselves in Christ. would so infuriate the man as studied indifference.

"Very well, monsieur, I await your steps in his restoration. investigation with pleasure," I said sweetly. "No doubt it will prove interesting. You honor me with the suspicion that I had an appointment here with one of your men?"

"No matter what I suspicion."

marked consideration. Perchance others have camped here, and explored these bluffs."

Now that he has his young wife entirely alone on this hill, do you believe that Commissionaire Cassion will break her will and assert his power as husband? Can the girl thwart him?

(TO PF/CONTINUED.)

### Liberal.

"Is your husband a very generous

"Indeed he is! You know those cigars I gave him for his birthday1 Well, he smoked only one of them himself and gave all the rest to his friends."

## Diplomatic.

"Why is Doctor Emdee so popular with his lady patients?"

"He tells them all that they are too