## Beyond the Frontier By RANDALL PARRISH

A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

SYNOPSIS. -10-

Adele la Chesnayne, a belle of New France, is forced into marriage with Commissaire Cassion, henchman of Governor La Barre, who is plotting to oust La Salle and his garrison from the frontier Fort St. Louis, on the lilinois river. Adele had overheard the plotters say she had inherited a great fortune say she had inherited a great fortune from her father and they had kept it from her. La Barre and Cassion learned of the gui's knowledge—thus the marriage and the hurried departure of Cassion and a company for Fort St. Louis. The bride refuses to share sleeping quarters with her husband. She has but one friend your Fers Distriction. but one friend, young Rene D'Artigny, a guide. He is chary of helping her. Chevet, the girl's uncle, one of the party, is found murdered. A fierce storm scatters and wrecks the boats. Adele is rescued.

There comes to Adele an opportunity to escape a long life worse to her than the death which she has just escaped. Yet the spell of her marriage vowforced though it was-has a strong influence. The pendulum of misfortune has reached the end of its swing and seems to be returning to center. You will find much of interest and the unfolding of a new mystery in this installment.

## CHAPTER XIII-Continued.

"Lie still a moment," said a voice gently. "You will breathe easier shortly and regain strength."

I knew my fingers closed on the man's hand convulsively, but the water yet blinded my eyes. He must have perceived this for he wiped my face with a cloth, and it was then I perceived his face clearly, and remem-

"The Sieur d'Artigny!" I exclaimed. "Of course," he answered, "Who else should it be, madame? Please do not regret my privilege."

"Your privilege; 'tis a strange word you choose, monsieur," I faltered, not yet having control of myself. "Surely I have granted none."

"Perchance not, as there was small chance," he answered, evidently attempting to speak lightly. "Nor could I wait to ask your leave; yet surely I may esteem it a privilege to bring you ashore alive."

"It was you then who saved me? I scarcely understood, monsieur; I lost consciousness, and am dazed in mind. You leaped into the water from the

"Yes; there was no other course left My hoat was beyond vours few yards farther out in the lake, when the storm struck. We were partially prepared, for I felt assured there would be trouble. Never did I feel more deadly blast; no craft such as ours could face it. We were to your left and rear when your canoe capsized, and I bore down toward where you struggled in the water. An hadian got grip upon you as we swept by, but the craft dipped so that he let go, and then I jumped, for we could never come back, and that was the only chance. This is the whole story, madame, except that by God's help, I got you ashore."

I looked into his face, impressed by the seriousness with which he spoke. "I-I thank you, monsieur," I said, and held out my hand. "It was most gallant. Are we alone here? Where are the others?"

"I do not know, madame," he answered, his tone now that of formal courtesy. "'Tis but a short time since we reached this spot, and the storm yet rages. May I help you to stand, so you may perceive better our situation."

He lifted me to my feet, and I and my limbs trembling so that I grasped his arm for support, and vigor, and I stood erect, requiring no glanced anxiously about. We were assistance, With this knowledge a on a narrow sand beach, at the edge of a small cove, so protected the wa- slon of me, and I looked about and ters were comparatively calm, al- smiled. though the trees above bowed to the foam, and perceive the clouds of spray flung up by the rocks. It was a wild scene, the roar of the breakers loud surprise. "Being shipwrecked, of and continuous, and the black clouds flying above with dizzy rapidity. All but I am surely not ungrateful to the horror which I had just passed you for saving my life." through seemed typified in the scene, and I covered my face with my hands.

"Oh, no," he answered eagerly, and here." his hand touched me. "Do not give way to that thought. I doubt if any in your canoe made shore, but the If I recall aright I gave you my conothers need not be in great danger. They could run before the storm until and you refused my request of assistthey found some opening in the coast line to yield protection. The sergeant was no voyageur, and when one of the paddles broke he steered wrong. With an Indian there you would have thought. I could not forget what you floated."

- "Then what can we do?"

wait. Monsieur Cassion will be blown south, but will return when the storm subsides to seek you. No doubt he will think you dead, yet will scarcely leave without search. See, the sky grows lighter already, and the wind is less flerce. It would be my thought a fire to dry our clothes; the air chills." your safety." I koked where he pointed, up a nar-

to attain the woods yonder, and build aid to you, and to assure myself of

row rift in the rocks, yet scarcely felt | my face, and seen my form shiver as of a friend." the wind struck my wet garments, for he made instant decision.

that, for you are too weak to attempt the climb. Here, lie down, madame, and I will cover you with the sand. It is warm and dry. Then I will he asked." clamber up yonder and fling wood down; 'twill be but a short time until we have a cheerful blaze here."

From where I lay my head on a nummock of sand, my body completely buried, I could watch him scale the rocks, making use of the rift in the face of the cliff, and finding no great difficulty. At the top he looked back, waved his hand, and then disappeared among the trees. All was silent about me, except for the dash of distant waves, and the rustle of branches far overhead. I gazed up at the sky, where the clouds were thinning, giving glimpses of faintest blue, and began to collect my own thoughts, and realize my situation,

D'Artigny appeared at the edge of the cliff, and called to reassure me of his presence. He had his arms filled with broken bits of wood which were tossed to the sand, and a moment, later be descended the rift in the wall and paused beside me.

"No sign of anyone up there," he said, and, I felt, not regretfully, "The canges must have been blown some distance down the coast." "Were you able to see far."

"Ay, several leagues, for we are upon a headland, and there is a wide sweep of bay below. The shore line



He Lifted Me to My Feet.

is abrupt and the waves still high. Indeed I saw no spot in all that distance where a boat might make safe landing. Are you becoming dry?"

"I am at least warm, and already feel much stronger. Would it not be best, monsieur, for us to scale the cliff and wait our rescuers there, where we can keep lookout?"

"If you feel able to climb the rocks, although the passage is not difficult. A boat might pass us by here and never be seen or know of our presence, unless we keep up a fire."

I held out my hand to him and he helped me to my feet. The warmth stood erect, my clothes dripping wet, of the sand while it had not entirely dried my clothing had given me fresh new assurance seemed to take posses-

"I am glad to know you can laugh," blast, and out beyond the headland I be said eagerly. "I have felt that our could see huge waves, whitened with | being thus shipwrecked together was not altogether to your liking."

"And why?" I asked, pretending course, could scarcely appeal to me,

"As to that, I did no more than any man might be expected to do," he pro-"You-you think they-they are all tested. "But you have avoided me gone?" I asked, forcing the words for weeks past, and it can scarcely be pleasant now to be alone with me

"Avoided you! Rather should I affirm it was your own choice, monsieur. fidence once, long ago on the Ottawa, ance. Since then you have scarcely been of our party."

"Ah," he burst forth, " I have been oftentimes nearer you than you said to me at that last meeting, or the appeal you made for my assistance. I "There is naught that I see, but realize the position you are in, madame, married by force to a man you despise, a wife only in name, and endeavoring to protect yourself by wit alone. I could not forget all this, nor be indifferent. I have been in your camp at night-ay, more than once-dreaming I might be of some

"You have guarded me?"

strength or courage to attempt the the wrath of Monsieur Cassion. You my hands, no longer able to restrain ascent. He must have read this in are not angry? it was but the duty

"No, I am not angry, monsieur, yet it was not needed. I do not fear "Ah, I have a better thought than Cassion, so long as I can protect myself, for if he attempts evil it will find some form of treachery. But, monsieur, later I gave him the pledge

"The pledge! What pledge?"

"That I would neither meet, nor communicate with you until our arrival at Fort St. Louis."

My eyes fell before his earnest gaze, and I felt my limbs tremble. "Mon dieu! Why? There was some special cause?"

"Yes, monsieur-listen. Do not believe this is my thought, yet I must tell you the truth. Hugo Chevet was found dead, murdered, at St. Ignace. 'Twas the morning of our departure, and your boat had already gone. Cassion accused you of the crime, as some of the men saw you coming from the direction where the body was found late at night, and others reported that you two had quarreled the evening before. Cassion would have tried you offhand, using his authority as commander of the expedition, but promised not to file charges until we reached St. Louis, if I made pledge-

'twas then that I gave him my word." D'Artigny straightened up, the expression on his face one of profound

astonishment. "He-he accused me," he asked, "of murder to win your promise?"

"No, monsieur; he believed the charge true, and I pledged myself to assure you a fair trial."

"Then you believed also that I was guilty of the foul crime?"

I caught my breath, yet there was nothing for me to do but give him a frank answer.

"I-I have given no testimony, monsieur," I faltered, "but I-I saw you in the moonlight bending over Chevet's dead body."

## CHAPTER XIV.

We Exchange Confidences.

My eyes fell before his; I could not ook into his face, yet I had a sense that he was actually glad to hear my words. There was no anger, rather happiness and relief in the gray eyes. "And you actually believed I struck the blow? You thought me capable of driving a knife into the man's back o gain revenge?

"Monsleur, what could I think?" I urged eagerly. "It did not seem possible, yet I saw you with my own eyes. You knew of the murder, but you made no report, raised no alarm, and in the morning your boat was gone before the body was found by others."

"True, yet there was a reason which I can confess to you. You also discovered the body that night, yet aroused no alarm. I saw you. Why did you remain silent? Was it to protect me from suspicion?"

I bent my head, but failed to find words with which to answer. D'Artigny scarcely permitted me time.

"That is the truth; your silence tells me it was for my sake you remained still. Is it not possible, Adele, that my purpose was the same? Listen to me, my girl, and have faith in my words-I am not guilty of Hugo Chevet's death. I did not like the man, it is true, and we exchanged words in anger while loading the boats, but I never gave the matter second thought, That was not the first night of this journey that I sought to assure my-

self of your safety." "I know Monsieur Cassion and of what he is capable, and felt that some time there would occur between you a struggle-so at every camping place, where it was possible, I have watched. It was for that purpose I approached the Mission house. I gained glimpse within, and saw Cassion asleep on a bench, and knew you had retired to the chamber above. I was satisfied, and started to return to the camp. On my way back I found Chevet's body at the edge of the wood. I discovered how he had been killed - a knife thrust in the

"But you made no report; raised no

alarm." "I was confused, unable to decide what was best for me to do. I had no business being there. My first impulse was to arouse the Mission house; my second to return to camp and tell the men there. With this last purpose in view I entered the wood to descend the hill, but had hardly done so when I caught sight of you in the moonlight, and remained there hidden, watching your movements with horror. I saw you go straight to the body, assure yourself the man was dead; then return to the Mission house and enter your room by way of the kitchen roof. Do you realize what your actions naturally meant to me?"

I stared at him, scarcely able to speak, yet in some way my lips formed words.

"You-you thought I did it?" "What else could I think? You were hiding there; you examined the body; you crept secretly in through

the window and gave no alarm." The horror of it all struck me like

"As best I could, without arousing | a blow, and I covered my eyes with | my sobs. D'Artigny caught my hands and uncovered my face.

"Do not break down, little girl," he entreated. "It is better so, for now to shield me, and I endeavored to protect you. 'Twas a strange misunderstanding, and, but for the accident to rant suspicion?" the canoe, might have had a tragic ending."

"You would never have told?"

"Of seeing you there? of suspecting you? Could you think that possible?" "But you would have been condemned; the evidence was all against

"Let us not talk of that now," he insisted. "We have come back to a faith in each other. You believe my word?"

"Yes."

"And I yours." His handclasp tightened, and there

was that in his eyes which frightened

"No, no, monsieur," I exclaimed and drew back quickly. "Do not say more, for I am here with you alone, and there will be trouble enough when Cassion returns."

"Do I not know that?" he said, yet releasing my hands. "Still it can surely do no harm for us to understand each other. You care nothing for Cassion; you dislike, despise the man, and there is naught sacred in your marriage. We are in the wilderness, not Quebec, and La Barre has little authority here. You have protected me with your silence-was it not because you cared for me?"

"Yes, monsieur; you have been my friend."

"Your friend! Is that all?" "Is that not enough, monsieur? I like you well; I would save you from injustice. You could not respect me if I said more, for I am Monsieur Cassion's wife by rite of Holy church. I do not fear him-he is a coward: but I fear dishonor, monsieur, for I am Adele la Chesnayne. I would respect myself and you."

The light of conquest vanished from the gray eyes. For a moment he stood silent and motionless; then he drew a step backward and bowed.

"Your rebuke is just, madame," he said soberly. "We of the frontier grow careless in a land where might is right, and I have had small training save in camp and field. I crave your pardon for my offense."

So contrite was his expression I had to smile, realizing for the first time the depth of his interest in my good will, yet the feeling which swayed me was not altogether that of pleasure. He was not one to yield so quietly, or to long restrain the words burning his tongue, yet I surrendered to my first impulse and extended my hand

"There is nothing to pardon, Sieur d'Artigny," I said frankly. "There is no one to whom I owe more of courtesy than you. I trust you fully, and believe your word, and in return I ask the same faith. Under the conditions confronting us we must aid each other. We have both made mistakes in thus endeavoring to shield one another from suspicion, and, as a result. are both equally in peril. Our being alone together here will enrage Mon-



His Handelasp Tightened, and There Was That in His Eyes Which Frightened Me.

sieur Cassion, and he will use all his power for revenge. My testimony will only make your case more desperate should I confess what I know, and you might cast suspicion upon me-"You do not believe I would."

"No, I do not, and yet, perchance, it might be better for us both if I made full confession. I hesitate merely because Cassion would doubt my word; would conclude that I merely sought to protect you. Before othersfair-minded judges at St. Louis-I should have no hesitancy in telling the whole story, for there is nothing I did of which I am ashamed, but here, where Cassion has full authority, such a confession would mean your death."

"He believes that you feel interest in me?"

"I have never denied it; the fact which rankles, however, is his knowledge that I feel no interest whatever in him. But we waste time, monsieur, we understand each other. You sought in fruitless discussion. Our only course is a discovery of Hugo Chevet's real murderer. Know you anything to war-

> D'Artigny did not answer at once, his eyes looking out on the white crested waters of the lake.

> "No, madame," he said at length gravely. "The last time Chevet was seen alive, so far as I now know, was when he left the boats in company with Monsieur Cassion to return to the Mission house. Could there be any reason why Cassion should desire the death of Chevet?"

"I know of none. My uncle felt bitter over the concealment of my fortune, and no doubt the two had exchanged words, but there was no open quarrel. Chevet was rough and headstrong, yet he was not killed in fight, for the knife thrust was from behind,"

"Ay, a coward's blow. Chevet possessed no papers of value?"

I shook my head.

"If so, no mention was ever made to me. But, monsieur, you are still wet, and must be cold in this wind. Why do you not build the fire, and dry your clothing?"

"The wind does have an icy feel," he admitted, "but this is a poor spot. Up yonder in the wood shadow there is more warmth, and besides it affords better outlook for the canoes. Have you strength now to climb the bluff?

"The path did not appear difficult, and it is dreary enough here. I will

try." I did not even require his aid, and was at the top nearly as soon as he. It was a pleasant spot, a heavy forest growing almost to the edge, but with green carpet of grass on which one could rest, and gaze off across the wide waste of waters. When I finally turned away I found that D'Artfgny had aiready lighted a fire with flint and steel in a little hollow within the forest. He called to me to join

"There is nothing to see," he said, and the warmth is welcome. You

had no glimpse of the boats?" "No," I admitted. "Do you really

believe they survived?" have controlled canoes in far worse ashore beyond the point yonder. You are not afraid to be left alone?"

"No," in surprise. "Where are you going?"

"To learn more of our surroundings and arrange some traps for wild game. I will not be away long, but someone should remain here to signal any

canoe returning in search." the trees without regret or slightest of Ephesus. Demetrius, their leader, sense of fear at thus being left alone. The fire burned brightly and I rested | mendation of Paul (v. 26), although where the grateful warmth put new it was entirely unintentional. (See life into my body. The silence was I Thess, 1:9-10). Demetrius does not profound, depressing, and a sense of seem to seek to controvert the preachintense loneliness stole over me. I ing of Paul, or that it did not square felt a desire to get away from the with the word of God, but rather that gloom of the woods, and climbed the it would interfere with financial conbank to where I could look out once | siderations. The modern world is full more across the waters.

The view outspread before me rerealed nothing new; the same dread waste of water extended to the horizon, while down the shore no movement was visible. As I rested there, oppressed by the loneliness, I felt little hope that the others of our party had escaped without disaster.

D'Artigny did not believe his own words; I even suspected that he had gone now alone to explore the shore line; seeking to discover the truth and the real fate of our companions. At first this conception of our situation startled me, and yet, strange as it may seem, my realization brought no deep regret. I was conscious of a feeling of freedom, of liberty, such as had not been mine since we departed from Quebec. I was no longer watched, spled upon, my every movement ordered, my speech criticized. More, I was delivered from the hated presence of Cassion, ever reminding me that I was his wife, and continually threatening to exercise his authority. Ay, and I was with D'Artigny, alone with him, and the joy of this was so deep that I came to a sudden realization of the truth-I loved him.

Do you believe that the love is mutual; and it is too good to be true that Cassion has drowned?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Family Tree.

Bacon-I see in Jamaica there are trees called "whip trees," and from these the natives make strong whips with the lash and handle all in one. Egbert-Gee, what a family tree for some people I could mention!

Very Much of One. "That boy will never make a noise

in the world." "Don't you believe it. He has just joined an amateur brass band."

[By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.) (Copyright, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

## LESSON FOR AUGUST 20

RIOT AT EPHESUS.

LESSON TEXT-Acts 19:23-41.
GOLDEN TEXT-The love of money is

the root of all kinds of evil.-I Tim. 6:10. Teachers ought to have good maps and keep before the minds of their classes both the ancient and modern names of the places Paul visited. Paul resided at Ephesus nearly three years, A. D. 53 to 56. The events of this lesson occurred about three years after

our last lesson in Acts. I. The Missionary Work of Paul (vv. 1-10). How long Paul remained at Antioch after his second journey we do not know, but having passed through the "upper coast" he came to this city of Ephesus, which was an important city and a great mission field. In Revelations 2 and 3 is a list of the churches which he evangelized from this center. It was a great and effectual door for him (I Cor. 6:9; read also Acts 20:17; 2:35). In this city Paul found a religious guild of 12 members (see vv. 2-7), whose religlous experience needed the enrichment of the Holy Spirit; a like need is ever before the Christian church.

II. The Miracles Wrought by Paul (vv. 11-20). Ephesus was a center of magic and witchcraft, and special power was given Paul to work miracles which confounded the magicians in this, their stronghold. The Gospel proves its power most and best by transforming the characters of men. Deeds of love and service are the best proofs of Christianity, and these are the things which awaken heathen nations to seek after the Christian religion. But such deeds are often imitated as in this case. (See v. 13.) However, only the real spirit of Christ can work the true workings of the Gospel, and thus the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified in Ephesus, Imitation is often the sincerest form of

III. The Mob's Attack Upon Paul's Work (vv. 21-41). The first result of Paul's work was the burning of the books of magic (vv. 18-20). Many who had been dupes of the magicians ceased their secret practices and declared their wrongdoings in this public manner. Literally, book after book was thrown into the fire, much the same as in Florence Savonarola had "There was no reason why they his "bonfire of vanities." Paul's wonshould not, if properly handled. I derful success had to have its testing before he left. The Gospel "way," storms. They are doubtless safely way of salvation, of true living, is sure to create a stir sooner or later. Preach the Gospel faithfully and fully, and it will stir up any community. It is not necessarily a bad sign when things begin to be disturbed. It may simply indicate that the fire is getting hot. The good results of revivals do not hurt business, but they do hurt the devil. So that "big business" I watched him disappear among was intensely stirred up in the city uttered a striking and truthful comof descendants of the Ephesian silversmiths,-politicians and business interests which defend the saloon, and fairly respectable citizens who receive rents from such business, or from immoral or unsanitary properties, and who cry out against any reform which interferes with trade and money making. There are many today who are very enthusiastic religionists if they can coin money out of it of get into

> At this theater meeting (Paul was not present, vv. 29, 31) Demetrius appealed (1) to wealth, (2) to religion, (3) to the honor and fame of the city, and (4) he also made an esthetic appeal, (vv. 25, 26, 27). The Jews put forward one of their number, Alexander, to make a defense unto the people, and to show that they were not in sympathy with Paul and his companions in their preaching against the worship of Diana or that as Jewish Christians they did not maliciously hope to destroy the worship of Diana and the business interests of that city. Their effort, however, only stirred the mob to a larger shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," which lasted for two hours.

an office.

Those who yell the loudest think they are sure to prove their point. though in such a way the point does not stay proved. Paul combines fearless courage and humble common sense, and, while he fain would appeal to the mob (v. 30), he refrained. The mob must soon awaken to the manliness and spirit of Paul's soul. It was the town clerk who interfered (v. 35-41) and by skillful management quelled the excited mob. He was the temple keeper and showed that the worship of Diana was so settled in Ephesus that no company of Jews could overthrow it, and that they flid not have any real cause for violence.

He also emphasizes the fact that the image of Diana, their chief god, had been miraculously sent to them by Jupiter. He called attention to the fact that Paul had not committed the wrong of which he was charged.