

BEYOND THE FRONTIER

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS

By RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

Adele la Chesnayne, a belle of New France, is forced into marriage with Commissary Cassion, lieutenant of Governor La Barre, who is plotting to oust La Salle and his garrison from the frontier Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois river. Adele had overheard the plotters say she had inherited a great fortune from her father and they had kept it from her. La Barre and Cassion learned of the girl'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, 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 by D'Artigny. They learn they had thought one another guilty of Chevet's murder. Adele loves her rescuer.

When a woman falls in love with a man, does it mean that she is willing to give herself body and soul to him if he asks the sacrifice? Is it love when a woman discovers in her heart the willingness to surrender herself wholly to her lover? Perhaps these questions can best be answered by our lady readers—for no man knows the psychology of femininity. You will be deeply interested in Adele's dilemma—her moral struggle—as told in this installment.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

In a way I must have known this before, yet, not until that moment did the fact dawn upon me in full acknowledgment. I sank my head on my hands, my breath quickened by surprise, by shame, and felt my cheeks burn. I loved him, and believed he loved me. I knew then that all the happiness of life centered in this one fact; while between us arose the shadow of Cassion, my husband. True I loved him not; true I was to him wife only in name, true our marriage was a thing of shame, yet no less a fact, no less a barrier. I was a La Chesnayne to whom honor was a religion; a Catholic bowing humbly to the vow of Holy church; a French woman taught that marriage was a sacred rite.

The knowledge of my love for D'Artigny brought me more fear than pleasure. I dare not dream, or hope; I must escape his presence while I retained moral strength to resist temptation. I got to my feet, not knowing what I could do, yet with a wild conception of returning to the beach, and seeking to find a passage southward. I would go now along the shore, before D'Artigny came back, and meet those returning canoes. In such action lay my only safety—he would find me gone, would trace me along the sand, yet before I could be caught, I would have met the others, and thus escape the peril of being alone with him again.

Even as I reached this decision, something arose in my throat and choked me, for my eyes saw just outside the curve of the shore line a canoe emerge from the shadows of the bluff. I cannot picture the reaction, the sudden shrinking fear which, in that instant, mastered me. They were coming, seeking me; coming to drag me back into slavery; coming to denounce D'Artigny of crime and demand his life.

I sank down out of sight, yet my decision was made in an instant. It did not seem to me then as though another course could be taken. That D'Artigny was innocent I had no doubt. I loved him, this I no longer denied to myself; and I could not possibly betray the man to the mad vengeance of Cassion. I peered forth, across the ridge of earth concealing me from observation, at the distant canoe. It was too far away for me to be certain of its occupants, yet I assured myself that Indians were at the paddles, while three others, whose dress designated them as whites, occupied places in the boat. I turned and ran down the bank to where the fire yet glowed dully in the hollow, emitting a faint spiral of blue smoke, dug dirt up with my hands and covered the coals, until they were completely extinguished. Then I crept back to the bluff summit and lay down to watch.

The canoe rounded the curve in the shore and headed straight across toward where I rested in concealment. Their course would keep them too far away from the little strip of sand on which we had landed to observe the imprint of our feet or the pile of wood D'Artigny had flung down. I observed this with an intense feeling of relief as I peered cautiously out from my covert.

I could see now clearly the faces of those in the canoe—the dark, expressionless countenances of the Indians, and the three white men, all gazing intently at the shore line, as they swept past, a soldier in the bow, and Pere Allouez and Cassion at the stern, the latter standing, gripping the steering paddle. The sound of his rasping, disagreeable voice reached me first.

"This is the spot," he exclaimed, pointing. "I saw that headland just

before the storm struck. But there is no wreck here, no sign of any landing. What is your judgment, pere?"

"That further search is useless, monsieur," answered the priest. "We have covered the entire coast, and found no sign of any survivor; no doubt they were all lost."

"Tis likely true, for there was small hope for any swimmer in such a sea. Go on, round the long point yonder, and if there is no sign there we will return. 'Tis my thought they were all drowned, and there is no need of our seeking longer. Pull on boys, and let us finish the job."

They rounded the point, the pere talking earnestly, but the canoe so far away I could not overhear his words. Cassion paid small heed to what he urged, but, at last, angrily bade him be still, and, after a glance into the narrow basin beyond, swung the bow of the canoe about and headed it southward, the return course further off shore. The Indians paddled with renewed energy and in a few moments they were so far away their faces were indistinguishable, and I ventured to sit on the bank, my gaze still on the vanishing canoe.

So intent was I that I heard no sound of approaching footsteps, and knew nothing of D'Artigny's presence until he spoke.

"What is that yonder—a canoe?"

I started, shrinking back, suddenly realizing what I had done, and the construction he might place upon my action.

"Yes," I answered faintly, "it—it is a canoe."

"But it is headed south; it is going away," he paused, gazing into my face. "Did it not come this far?"

"Yes, monsieur; but listen. No, do not touch me. Perhaps it was all wrong, yet I thought it right. I lay here hidden from view and watched them; I extinguished the fire so they could not see the smoke. They came so near I could hear their voices, and distinguish their words, yet I let them pass."

"Who were in the canoe?"

"Besides the Indians, Cassion, Pere Allouez and the soldier Descartes. Do you realize, monsieur, why I chose to remain unseen? Why I have done what must seem an unwomanly act?"

"No, madame, yet I cannot deem your reason an unworthy one—yet wait; could it be fear for my life?"

"It was that, and that only, monsieur. The truth came to me in a flash when I first perceived the canoe approaching yonder. I felt that hate rather than love urged Cassion to make search for us. I feel I have chosen right, monsieur, and yet I must trust you to never cause me to regret that I am the wife of Monsieur Cassion."

To my surprise his face brightened, his eyes smiling, as he bowed low before me.

"Your confidence shall not be betrayed, madame," he said gallantly. "I pledge you my discretion whatever circumstances may arise. There is no cur in the D'Artigny strain, and I fight my own battles. Some day I shall be face to face with Francois



I Crept Back to the Bluff Summit and Lay Down to Watch.

Cassion, and if then I fall to strike home it will be memory of your faith which restrains my hand. And now I rejoice that I can make your sacrifice less grievous."

"In what way, monsieur?"

"In that we are no longer entirely alone in our wilderness adventure. I have fortunately brought back with me a comrade, whose presence will rob Cassion of some sharpness of tongue—a soldier under Monsieur de la Durantaye, who has camp below at the portage of the Des Plaines. Out yonder I ran on to him, bearing some message from Green Bay—an odd fellow, but with a gun at his shoulder, and a tongue that would tell the truth on

occasion. Come, madame, there is naught now you need to fear."

CHAPTER XV.

We Decide Our Course.

I accepted D'Artigny's outstretched hand, and permitted him to assist me down the bank. The new arrival was just within the edge of the forest, bending over a freshly kindled fire, barely commencing to blaze, and beside him on the grass lay a wild fowl, already plucked of its feathers. So intent was the fellow at his task, he did not even lift his head until my companion hailed him.

"Barbeau, here is the lady of whom I spoke—the wife of Monsieur Cassion."

He stood up and made me a salute as though I were an officer, as odd a looking little man as ever I had seen, with a small, peaked face, a mop of black hair, and a pair of shrewd, humorous eyes. His dress was that of a courier du bois, with no trace of uniform save the blue forage cap gripped in one hand, yet he stood stiff as if on parade. In spite of his strange, uncouth appearance there was that in his face which won my favor, and I held out my hand.

"You are a soldier of France, Monsieur d'Artigny tells me."

"Yes, madame, of the Regiment Carignan-Salliers," he answered.

"I wonder how you served long? My father was an officer in that command—Captain la Chesnayne."

The expression on the man's face changed magically.

"You the daughter of Captain la Chesnayne," he exclaimed, the words bursting forth uncontrolled, "and married to Cassion! how can this be?"

"You knew him then—my father?"

"Ay, madame; I was with him at the Richelieu, at the village of the Mohawks; and at Bois le Blanc, where he died. I am Jacques Barbeau, a soldier for 20 years; did he not speak to you of me?"

"I was but a girl when he was killed, and he seldom met, for he was usually on campaign. Yet what do you mean by thus expressing surprise at my marriage to Monsieur Cassion?"

He hesitated, evidently regretting his impulsive speech, and glancing from my face into the stern eyes of D'Artigny.

"Monsieur, madame, I spoke hastily; it was not my place."

"That may be true, Barbeau," replied the Sieur grimly, "yet the words have been said, and the lady has a right to have them explained. Was there quarrel between her father and this Francois Cassion?"

"Ay, there was, and bitter, although I know nothing as to the cause. Cassion and La Barre—he whom I now hear is governor of New France—were alike opposed to Captain la Chesnayne, and but for reports they made he would have been the colonel. He struck Cassion in the mess tent, and they were to fight the very morning the Iroquois met us at Bois le Blanc. 'Twas the folk of the men that the captain was shot from behind."

"By Cassion?"

"That I cannot say; yet the bullet entered behind the ear, for I was first to reach him, and he had no other enemy in the Regiment Carignan-Salliers. The feeling against M. Cassion was so strong that he resigned in a few months. You never heard this?"

I could not answer, but stood silent with bowed head. I felt D'Artigny place his hand on my shoulder.

"The lady did not know," he said gravely, as though he felt the necessity of an explanation. "She was at school in a convent at Quebec, and no rumor reached her. She is thankful to you for what you have said, Barbeau, and can trust you as her father's friend and comrade. May I tell him the truth, madame? The man may have other information of value."

I looked at the soldier, and his eyes were grave and honest.

"Yes," I answered, "it can do no harm."

D'Artigny's hand was still on my shoulder, but his glance did not seek my face.

"There is some low trick here, Barbeau," he began soberly, "but the details are not clear. Madame has trusted me as a friend, and confided all she knows, and I will tell the facts to you as I understand them. False reports were made to France regarding Captain la Chesnayne. We have not learned what they were, or who made them, but they were so serious that Louis, by royal decree, issued order that his estates revert to the crown. Later La Chesnayne's friends got the ear of the king, no doubt through Frontenac, ever loyal to him, and by royal order the estates were restored to his ownership. This order of restoration reached Quebec soon after La Barre was appointed governor, and was never made public. It was suppressed by someone, and La Chesnayne was killed three months later, without knowing that he had won the favor of the king."

"But Cassion knew; he was ever hand in glove with La Barre." "We have cause to suspect so, and

now, after listening to your tale, to believe that Captain la Chesnayne's death was part of a carefully formed plot. By accident the lady here learned of the conspiracy, through overhearing a conversation, but was discovered by La Barre hiding behind the curtains of his office. To keep her quiet she was forced into marriage with Francois Cassion, and bidden to accompany him on this journey to Fort St. Louis."

"I see," commented Barbeau shrewdly. "Such marriage would place the property in their control by law. Had Cassion sought marriage previously?"

His eyes were upon me as he asked the question, and I answered him frankly.

"He visited often at the home of my uncle, Hugo Chevet, and, while he never spoke to me directly of marriage, I was told he desired me for his wife, and at the palace he so presented me to Monsieur la Barre."

"On pledge of Chevet, no doubt. Your uncle knew of your fortune?"

"No; he supposed me penniless; he thought it a great honor done me by the favorite of the governor's. 'Twas my belief he expected some reward for persuading me to accept the offer."

"And this Chevet—what became of him?"

"He accompanied us on the journey, also upon order of Monsieur la Barre, who, no doubt, thought he would be safer in the wilderness than in Quebec. He was murdered at St. Ignace."

"Murdered?"

"Ay, struck down from behind with a knife. No one knows who did it, but Cassion has charged the crime against Sieur d'Artigny, and circumstances are such he will find it difficult to prove his innocence."

The soldier stood silent, evidently reviewing in his mind all that had been told him, his eyes narrowed into slits as he gazed thoughtfully at us both.

"Bah!" he exclaimed at last, "the riddle is not so hard to read, although, no doubt, the trick has been well played. I know Governor la Barre, and this Francois Cassion, for I have served under both, while Monsieur la Chesnayne was my captain and friend. May I tell you what, in my judgment, seems best for you to do?"

I glanced at D'Artigny, and his eyes gave me courage.

"Monsieur, you are a French soldier," I answered, "an educated man, also, and my father's friend. I will listen gladly."

His eyes smiled, and he swept the earth with his cap.

"Then my plan is this—leave Monsieur Cassion to go his way, and let me be your guide southward. I know the trails, and the journey is not difficult. M. de la Durantaye is camped at the portage of the Des Plaines, having but a handful of men, to be sure, yet he is a gallant officer, and no enemy to La Salle, although he serves the governor. He will see justice done, and give you both safe convoy to Fort St. Louis, where De Tonty knows how to protect his officers. Faith! I would like to see Francois Cassion try to browbeat that one-armed Italian—'twould be one time he would meet his match."

D'Artigny laughed.

"Ay, you are right there, my friend. I have felt the iron hook, and witnessed how he wins his way with white and red. Yet he is no longer in command at Fort St. Louis; I bring him orders now from Sieur de la Salle bidding him not to interfere with the governor's lieutenants. 'Tis the Chevalier de Baugis with whom we must reckon."

"True, he has control, and men enough, with Cassion's party, to enforce his order. And he is a hot-head, conceited, and holding himself a bit better than others, because he bears commission in the King's Dragoons. 'Tis said that he and De Tonty have had many a stiff quarrel since he came; but he dare not go too far. There are good men there ready to draw sword if it ever come to blows—De Tonty, Boisronnet, L'Esperance, De Marie, and the Algonquins camped on the plain below. They would be tigers if the Italian spoke the word; while I doubt not M. de la Durantaye would throw his influence on the side of mercy; he has small love for the captain of dragoons."

I spoke quickly, and before D'Artigny could voice decision.

"We will accept your guidance, monsieur. It is the best choice, and now the only one, for the time is past when we can expect the return of the canoes. Can we not at once begin the journey?"

It was an hour later, after we had eaten, that we left the bluff, and turned westward into the great woods. Barbeau led the way, moving along the bank of a small stream, and I followed, with D'Artigny close behind. As we had nothing to carry, except the soldier's rifle and blanket, we made rapid progress, and in less than half an hour we came to the Indian trail, which led southward from Green Bay to the headwaters of the Des Plaines.

It was late in the afternoon of the second day when we arrived at the forks of the Chicago river. There was a drizzle of rain in the air, and never saw I a more desolate spot; a bare, dreary plain, and away to the eastward a glimpse of the lake.

A hut of logs, a mere shack scarcely fit for shelter, stood on a slight eminence, giving wide view in every direction, but it was unoccupied, the door ajar. Barbeau, in advance, stared at it in surprise, gave utterance to an oath, and ran forward to peer within. Close behind him, I caught a glimpse of the interior, my

own heart heavy with disappointment.

If this miserable place had been the headquarters of M. de la Durantaye, evidently it was so no longer. Not a vestige of occupancy remained, save a rotten blanket on the floor, and a broken bench in one corner. Rude bunks lined two walls, and a table hewed from a log stood in the center of the dirt floor. On this was a paper pinned to the wood by a broken knife-blade. Barbeau grasped it, and read the writing, handing it back to me. It was a scrawl of a few words, yet told the whole story.

"Francois Cassion, under commission of Governor la Barre, arrived with party of soldiers and Indians. At his orders we accompany the force to Fort St. Louis."

"DE LA DURANTAYE."

"Perhaps it is as well," commented D'Artigny lightly. "At least as far as my good health goes; but 'tis like to make a hard journey for you, madame."

"Is it far yet until we attain the fort?"

"A matter of twenty-five leagues; of no moment had we a boat in which to float downstream, but the trail, as I remember, is rough."

"Perchance there may be a boat," interjected Barbeau. "There was the wreck of an Indian canoe a mile below here on the Des Plaines, 'not so



He Stood Up and Made Me a Salute.

damaged as to be beyond repair, and here is a hatchet which we will find useful." He stooped and picked it up from under the bench. "One thing is certain—'tis useless to remain here; they have left the place as bare as a desert. 'Tis my choice that we make the Des Plaines before dark."

The Des Plaines was a narrow stream, flowing quietly through prairie land, although bordered along its shores by a thin fringe of trees. We moved down along its eastern bank for perhaps a half league, when we came to the edge of a swamp and made camp. D'Artigny built a fire, and prepared my tent of boughs, while Barbeau waded out around a point in search of the wrecked canoe. He came back just at dusk towing it behind him through the shallow water, and the two men managed to drag it far enough up the bank to enable the water to drain out. Later, aided by a flaming torch, we looked it over, and decided the canoe could be made to float again. It required two days' work, however, before we ventured to trust ourselves to its safety.

But the dawn of the third day saw us afloat on the sluggish current, the two men plying improvised paddles to increase our speed, while I busied myself in keeping the frail craft free from water by constant use of a tin cup.

Both men believed there was peace in the valley, except for the jealousy between the white factions at Fort St. Louis, and that the various Algonquin tribes were living quietly in their villages under protection of the Rock. D'Artigny described what a wonderful sight it was, looking down from the high palisades to the broad meadows below, covered with teepees, and alive with peaceful Indians. He named the tribes which had gathered there for protection, trusting in La Salle, and believing De Tonty their friend—Illini, Shawnees, Abenakis, Miami, Mobegans—at one time reaching a total of twenty thousand souls.

Owing to the leaking of our canoe, and many difficulties experienced, we were three days in reaching the spot where the Illinois and the Fox rivers joined their waters, and swept forward in one broad stream. The time of our arrival at this spot was early in the afternoon, and, as D'Artigny said, Fort St. Louis was situated scarce ten miles below, our long journey seemed nearly ended. We anticipated reaching there before night, and, in spite of my fear of the reception awaiting us, my heart was light with hope and expectation.

Do you believe that Madame Cassion's new friend will be instrumental in proving her right to her dead father's fortune and in denouncing and silencing forever Cassion and La Barre?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Up to Her.

Wife—"Do you object to my having two hundred dollars a month spending money?" Husband—"Certainly not, if you can find it anywhere."—Judge.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.
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LESSON FOR AUGUST 27

JOURNEYING TO JERUSALEM.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 20:16-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—I commend you to God and to the word of his grace.—Acts 20:32.

After his experience in Ephesus Paul went to Corinth, where, amidst much sickness and affliction, he cared for the churches, corrected their wrong conduct and probably wrote several of his letters and epistles (II Cor. 4:7-11; 11:28; 12:20). From Corinth he journeyed by way of Philippi to Troas where he preached his famous long sermon (v. 5-12), that sermon which had such a tragic result. It is recorded as a witness to the power of the prayer of faith and Paul's readiness to serve in time of need. In his haste to reach Jerusalem before the Day of Pentecost (A. D. 58) Paul did not return to Ephesus, but, in order to save time, he had the elders of that church meet him at Miletus (See a good map).

1. A Great Review (vv. 17-28). Paul's statesmanship and genius for organization is nowhere more clearly set forth than here. He had plans for a great evangelistic campaign of Latin lands, (Ch. 19:21). Before pursuing his plan he decided to visit Jerusalem, carrying with him the collections which had been systematically taken up in the various churches on this tour (Rom. 15:26; I Cor. 16:1-5; Acts 24:17) and he was accompanied by a considerable number of pilgrims. (See v. 4.) It is a good thing to pause occasionally and to take stock, to review our lives and to see what progress we have made. This Paul did, and to this Ephesian delegation he enumerates (1) his character among them (vv. 18-19). They knew his manner of life, how that, as a bond servant, and "with all lowliness of mind," he had served their church. They also knew that with tears he had wept over their hard and impenitent hearts (v. 31) and all of this amidst many testings; (2) his method of work (v. 20). Paul not only worked at his trade of tentmaking, but found time for the public proclamation of the gospel and also house to house visitation. He was after men, not notoriety. He was always and ever at it, amidst trials, self-denial and the "lying in wait," (Am. R. V.) of men; (3) his methods (v. 21). He had the same message for Jew and Gentile, "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Repentance is not for Jews alone. Paul shrank not from declaring all that was profitable for their encouragement, reproof, warning, help, training in service and hard study. He had taught them publicly in classes, and had visited them from house to house and had invited them to his own home. Paul's aim, as is the teacher's aim, was to make all people patriotic citizens of the kingdom of heaven while on earth, that they might fight the good fight of faith against all evils, even the principalities and powers of evil.

It was a great undertaking, and he knew not what might befall him, but he did know that bonds and affliction awaited him; however, none of these things could move him from his purpose.

He "counted not his life as dear unto himself" if so be he might hold out until the end and accomplish his course and ministry. This epoch-making journey, one of the greatest in history, suggests in many points our Savior's last journey towards that same city (Luke 9:51). Like his master, Paul knew that ahead of him were trials, but he also knew that God was leading him in obedience to the Spirit's guidance, though it was over the protests of his friends.

II. A Great Charge (vv. 29-38). It is a great experience when one can declare himself pure from the blood of all men (v. 26), and that he has not shrunk from declaring the whole counsel of God. Such conduct always brings an obligation upon those who know and hear such men, viz., that it should be emulated. These elders were to return to the church at Ephesus, not to be servants of themselves but to feed the church of God (v. 28). Paul knew, as a prophet, what would be in store for them (vv. 29-30). Therefore he exhorts them to watch, warns them how by his own hand he had supported himself and had lived a righteous life among them (v. 34).

We have here rescued from oblivion a new saying of our Lord Jesus Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," one not found in the gospels.

It is this giving which produces a higher quality of happiness and a more noble character.

It is the blessedness of Christ, of heaven, and of the Christian religion. It is also the blessedness that endures.

Paul then poured forth his prayer on their behalf (vv. 36-39).

Blessed is the Sunday-school class and the church which has such a teacher and such a leader.

These friends sensed the significance of this final separation from Paul (v. 38), and their greater sorrow seemed to be to miss his personality than to lose the help of his teaching. No teacher's influence ex-character