

# BEYOND the FRONTIER

## A STORY OF EARLY DAYS

by RANDALL PARRISH

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### SYNOPSIS.

Madame Cassion owes her life to D'Artigny. She is now in his hands. She loves him. She has a high sense of honor and obligation. Will her conscience force her to go on to the fort, where her husband is, and tell him she thinks her real lover may be a murderer—giving her reason for the belief? In this installment the author gives a vivid portrayal of her dilemma at the very time her life is in grave danger.

### CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Madame Cassion, D'Artigny and Barbeau are making their way in canoe and on foot to Fort St. Louis.

I was but a girl in years, excitement still to me a delight, and I had listened to so many tales, romantic, wonderful, of this wilderness fortress, perched upon a rock, that my vivid imagination had weaved about it an atmosphere of marvel. The beauty of its view from its palisades, the vast encampment of Indians encamped on the hills below, and those men guarding safety—the faithful comrades of Salle in explorations of the unknown. De Tonty, Boissard, and all the others, had long since become to my mind the incarnation of romantic adventure. Wilderness born, I could comprehend and appreciate their toils of dangers, and my dreams centered about this great, lonely rock, on which they had established a home. But the day was not yet. Just below the confluence of the rivers there was a village of the Tamaroas, and the prow of our canoe touched the bank, while D'Artigny stepped ashore amid a thicket of low-growing bushes, that he might have speech with some of the warriors, and thus learn conditions at the fort. With his foot on the bank, he turned laughing, and held out his hand to me.

"Come, madame," he said, pleasantly, "you have never seen a village of western tribes; it will interest you."

I joined him gladly, my limbs feeling awkward under me, from long sitting in the boat, yet the climb was not difficult, and he held back the bushes to give me easy passage. Behind the fringe of brush there was an open space, but as we reached this, I paused, stricken dumb by horror at the sight which met our view. The ground before us was strewn with dead and mutilated bodies, and was black with ashes where the tepees had been burned, and their contents scattered broadcast.

Never before had I seen such a view of devastation, of relentless, savage cruelty, and I gave utterance to a sudden sob, and shrank back against D'Artigny's arm, hiding my eyes with my hand. He stood and stared, motionless, breathing heavily, unconsciously gripping my arm.

"Mon Dieu!" he burst forth, at last. "What meaneth this? Are the wolves again loose in the valley?"

He drew me back, until we were both concealed behind a fringe of bushes, his whole manner alert, every sense strict of the woodsman instantly awakened.

"Remain here hidden," he whispered, "until I learn the truth; we may face grave peril below."

He left me trembling and white-faced, yet I made no effort to restrain him. The horror of those dead bodies gripped me, but I would not give him know the terror which held me captive. With utmost caution he crept forth, and I lay in the shadow of the covert, watching his movements. Body after body he approached, seeking

"The Iroquois," I echoed incredulously, for that name was the terror of my childhood. "How came these savages so far to the westward?"

"Their war parties range to the great river," he answered. "We followed their bloody trail when first we came to this valley. It was to gain protection from these raiders that the Algonquians gathered about the fort. We fought the fiends twice, and drove them back, yet now they are here again. Come, Adele, we must return to the canoe, and consult with Barbeau. He has seen much of Indian war."

The canoe rode close in under the bank, Barbeau holding it with grasp on a great root. He must have read in our faces some message of alarm, for he exclaimed before either of us could speak:

"What is it—the Iroquois?"

"Yes; why do you guess that?"

"I have seen signs for an hour past which made me fear this might be true. That was why I held the boat so close to the bank. The village has been attacked?"

"Ay, surprised and massacred; the ground is covered with the dead, and



The Ground Before Us Was Strewn With Dead.

the tepees are burned. Madame is half crazed with the shock."

Barbeau took no heed, his eyes scarce glancing at me, so eager was he to learn details.

"The fiends were in force, then?"

"Their moccasins tracks were everywhere. I could not be sure where they entered the village, but they left by way of the Fox. I counted on the sand the imprint of ten canoes."

"Deep and broad?"

"Ay, war boats; 'tis likely some of them would hold twenty warriors; the beasts are here in force."

It was all so still, so peaceful about us that I felt dazed, incapable of comprehending our great danger. The river swept past, its waters murmuring gently, and the wooded banks were cool and green. Not a sound awoke the echoes, and the horror I had just witnessed seemed almost a dream.

"Where are they now?" I questioned faintly. "Have they gone back to their own country?"

"Small hope of that," answered D'Artigny, "or we would have met with them before this, or other signs of their passage. They are below, either at the fort, or planning attack on the Indian villages beyond. What think you, Barbeau?"

"I have never been here," he said slowly, "so cannot tell what chance the red devils might have against the white men at St. Louis. But they are below us on the river, no doubt of that, and engaged in some hell act. I know the Iroquois, and how they conduct war. 'Twill be well for us to think it all out with care before we venture farther. Come, D'Artigny, tell me what you know—is the fort one to be defended against such raiders?"

"'Tis strong; but I can see no way and approach it. Given the position of the fort, it is possible to reach it by land, and I lay in the shadow of the covert, watching his movements. Body after body he approached, seeking

longer in command. They are here to sweep the French out of this Illinois country, and have given no warning. They surprised the Indian villages first, killed every Algonquin they could find, and are now besieging the Rock. And what have they to oppose them? More than they thought, no doubt, for Cassion and De la Durantaye must have reached there safely, yet at the best, the white defenders will scarcely number fifty men, and quarrelling among themselves like mad dogs. There is but one thing for us to do, Barbeau—reach the fort."

"Ay, but how? There will be death now, haunting us every foot of the way."

D'Artigny turned his head, and his eyes met mine questioningly.

"There is a passage I know," he said gravely, "below the south banks yonder, but there will be peril in it—peril to which I dread to expose the lady."

I stood erect, no longer paralyzed by fear, realizing my duty.

"Do not hesitate because of me, monsieur," I said calmly. "French women have always done their part, and I shall not fail. Explain to us your plan."

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### The Words of Love.

His eyes brightened, and his hand sought mine.

"The spirit of the old days; the words of a soldier's daughter, hey, Barbeau?"

"A La Chesnays could make no other choice," he answered loyally. "But we have no time to waste here in compliment. You know a safe passage, you say?"

"Not a safe one, yet a trail which may still remain open, for it is known to but few. Let us aboard, and cross to the opposite shore, where we will hide the canoe, and make our way through the forest. Once safely afoot yonder, I will make my purpose clear."

A dozen strokes landed us on the other bank, where the canoe was drawn up, and concealed among the bushes, while we descended a slight declivity, and found ourselves in the silence of a great wood. Here D'Artigny paused to make certain his sense of direction.

"I will go forward slightly in advance," he said, at last, evidently having determined upon his course.

"And we will move slowly, and as noiselessly as possible. No one ever knows where the enemy are to be met with in Indian campaign, and we are without arms, except for Barbeau's gun."

"I retain my pistol," I interrupted. "Of small value since its immersion in the lake; as to myself, I must trust to my knife. Madame, you will follow me, but merely close enough to make sure of your course through the woods, while Barbeau will guard the rear. Are both ready?"

"Perhaps it might be well to explain more clearly what you propose," said the soldier. "Then if we become separated, we could figure out the proper direction to follow."

"Not a bad thought, that. It is a rough road ahead, heavily wooded, and across broken land. My route is almost directly west, except that we bear slightly south to keep well away from the river. Three leagues will bring us to a small stream which empties into the Illinois. There is a faint trail along its eastern bank, which leads to the Rock, where it is possible for one knowing the way to attain the palisades of the fort. If we can attain this trail before dark we can make the remaining distance by night. Here, let me show you," and he drew with a sharp stick a hasty map on the ground. "Now you understand; if we become separated, keep steadily westward until you reach a stream flowing north."

In this order we took up the march, and as I had nothing to bear except a blanket, which I twisted about my shoulders, I found little difficulty in following my leader. First the underbrush was so dense that I could see very little of the ground beneath my feet.

you anything of Indian tepees across the stream to the left?"

"Below, there are wigwams there just in the edge of the grove. You can see the outlines from here; but I make out no moving figures."

"Deserted then; the cowards have run away. They could not have been attacked, or the tepees would have been burned."

"An Algonquin village?"

"Miamis. I had hoped we might gain assistance there, but they have either joined the whites in the fort, or are hiding in the woods. 'Tis evident we must save ourselves."

"And how far is it?"

"To the fort? A league or two, and a rough climb at the farther end through the dark. We will wait here until after dusk, eat such food as we have without fire, and rest up for a bit of venture. The next trip will test us all, and madame is weary enough already."

"An hour will put me right," I said, smiling at him, yet making no attempt to rise. "I have been in a boat so long I have lost all strength in my limbs."

"We feel that, all of us," cheerily. "but come, Barbeau, unpack, and let us have what cheer we can."

I know not when food was ever more welcome, although it was simple enough to be sure—a bit of hard cracker, and some jerked deer meat, washed down by water from the stream—yet hunger served to make these welcome. The loneliness and peril of our situation had tendency to keep us silent, although D'Artigny endeavored to cheer me with kindly speech, and gave Barbeau careful description of the trail leading to the fort gate. If aught happened to him, we were to press on until we attained shelter. The way in which the words were said brought a lump into my throat, and before I knew the significance of the action, my hand clasped his. I felt the grip of his fingers, and saw his face turn toward me in the dusk. Barbeau got to his feet, gun in hand, and stood shading his eyes.

"I would like a closer view of that village yonder," he said, "and will go down the bank a hundred yards or so."

"'Twill do no harm," returned D'Artigny, still clasping my hand. "There is time yet before we make our venture."

He disappeared in the shadows, leaving us alone, and I glanced aside at D'Artigny's face, my heart beating fiercely.

"You did not like to hear me speak as I did?" he questioned quietly.

"No," I answered honestly, "the thought startled me. If—if anything happened to you, I—I should be all alone."

He bent lower, still grasping my fingers, and seeking to compel my eyes to meet his.

"Adele," he whispered, "why is it necessary for us to keep up this masquerade?"

"What masquerade, monsieur?"

"This pretense at mere friendship," he insisted, "when we could serve each other better by a frank confession of the truth. You love me—"

"Monsieur," I and I tried to draw my hand away. "I am the wife of Francois Cassion."

"I care nothing for that unholy alliance. You are his only by form."



I Found Little Difficulty in Following My Leader.

What that marriage has meant since we left the fort, how I dare not say. He was so true to me, so loyal to me, that I had thought of nothing else.

"I think there must be back of this piece of yours something more vital than hate, more impelling than revenge."

"Monsieur?"

"You what?"

"and I feel no shame in saying it—do you love me? Is that true?"

"Heart—"

"I said, 'not now—'"

"Now—"

"I said, 'not now—'"

"I said, 'not now—'"

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years ago at that convent in Quebec. I dreamed of you in the wilderness, in the canoe on the great river, and here at St. Louis. Never did voyageur go eastward but I asked him to bring me word from you, and each one bore from me a message of greeting."

"I received none, monsieur."

"I know that; even Sieur de la Salle failed to learn your dwelling place. Yet when he finally chose me as his comrade on this last journey, while I would have followed him gladly even to death, the one hope which held me to the hardships of the trail was the chance thus given of seeking you myself.

"You know the rest. I have made the whole journey; I have borne insult, the charge of crime, merely that I might remain, and serve you. Why do I say this? Because tonight—if



"You Make it a Trial Test."

we succeed in getting through the Indian lines—I shall be again among my old comrades, and shall be no longer a servant to Francois Cassion. I shall stand before him a man, an equal, ready to prove myself with the steel."

"No, monsieur," I burst forth, "that must not be; for my sake you will not quarrel!"

"For your sake? You would have me spare him?"

"Oh, why do you put it thus, monsieur! It is so hard for me to explain. You say you love me; and—"

and the words bring me joy. Ay, I confess that. But do you not see that a blow from your hand struck at Francois Cassion would separate us forever? Surely that is not the end you seek. I would not have you bear affront longer, yet no open quarrel will serve to better our affairs. Certainly no clash of swords. Perhaps it cannot be avoided, for Cassion may so insult you when he sees us together as to let his insolence go beyond restraint. But I beg of you, monsieur, to hold your hand, to restrain your temper—for my sake."

"You make it a trial, a test?"

"Yes—it is a test. But, monsieur, there is more involved here than mere happiness. You must be cleared of the charge of crime, and I must learn the truth of what caused my marriage. Without these facts the future can hold out no hope for either of us. And there is only one way in which this end can be accomplished—a confession by Cassion. He alone knows the entire story of the conspiracy, and there is but one way in which he can be induced to talk."

"You mean the same method you proposed to me back on the Ottawa?"

I faced him frankly, my eyes meeting his, no shade of hesitation in my voice.

"Yes, monsieur, I mean that. You refused me before, but I see no harm, no wrong in the suggestion. If the men we fought were honorable I might hesitate—but they have shown no sense of honor. They have made me their victim, and I am fully justified in turning their own weapons against them. I have never hesitated in my purpose, and I shall not now. I shall use the weapons which God has put into my hands to wring from him the bitter truth—the weapons of a woman, love, and jealousy. Monsieur, am I to fight this fight alone?"

At first I thought he would not answer me, although his handgrip tightened, and his eyes looked down into mine, as though he would read the very secret of my heart.

"Perhaps I did not understand before," he said at last, "all that was involved in your decision. I must know now the truth from your own lips before I pledge myself."

"Ask me what you please; I am not too proud to answer."

"I think there must be back of this piece of yours something more vital than hate, more impelling than revenge."

"Monsieur?"

"You what?"

"and I feel no shame in saying it—do you love me? Is that true?"

"Heart—"

"I said, 'not now—'"

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"I said, 'not now—'"

# 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 SEPT. 3

### PAUL, THE HERO.

LESSON TEXT—II Cor. 11:23-12:10.  
GOLDEN TEXT—My grace is sufficient for thee; for my power is made perfect in weakness.—II Cor. 12:9.

This letter raises interesting questions for research and discussion, such as:

1. What is the difference between Paul's heroism and that of a soldier?
2. Is war essential to the development of heroism?
3. Which courage is higher, moral or physical?

I. Paul, the Hero (II:21-22). To a man of a sensitive nature, craving perfection, sarcasm stirs up the deepest bitterness of the soul. We do not believe Paul primarily desired to refuse these false charges—they were unworthy of him—but the knowledge of his sufferings for the cause of Christ and the truth of the gospel would augment his power to serve the church. For the sake of those whom he had reclaimed from heathenism he was willing to seem to be boasting. Literally he says: "I speak by way of disparagement (of myself) as though we had been weak." Yet he adds: "Whereas ever any is bold, I am bold also." Paul had as much to boast of as any one of his Jewish opponents (v. 21). "Are they Hebrews? (Of the purest blood, of one nation and language?) So am I." Are they Israelites, worshipping only one God? Are they of the seed of Abraham, inheritors of the ministry of the promise and the Messianic hope and the Kingdom of God? Are they ministers of the Messiah, seeking to bring all men into his kingdom? "I speak as a fool. I speak as one beside himself. I am more." In labors he was more abundant; he had occupied a larger field with greater results. In stripes above measure—those inflicted by the heathen were not limited to forty blows—besides other beatings referred to in this list. In prisons oft (Acts 16:23). Frequently exposed to death and to the perils of robbers by land and sea (v. 24). "Five times I received forty stripes, save one, from the Jews" (v. 25). "Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned" (Acts 14:19). "Thrice I suffered shipwreck," evidently not recorded in Acts, for his shipwreck on the way to Rome was later. "A night and a day in the deep," this not otherwise recorded. "In journeyings often," suffering from the perils of hard travel, often on foot in uncivilized regions. "In perils of water," literally "in rivers." Bridges were rare, and floods sudden and frequent. "In perils of robbers." Every road in Asia Minor then as now was infested with robbers. "In perils of his own countrymen;" "In perils by the Gentiles;" "In perils in the city;" "In perils in the wilderness;" "In perils in the sea" from storms, rocks, pirates; "In perils among false brethren"—Judaizing teachers who were self-seeking instead of making the gospel first (Gal. 2:4; II Cor. 11:13). "In weariness and painfulness," literally in labor and travail; "In watchings often;" repeated nights of sleeplessness due to anxiety or pain. "In hunger and thirst, in fastings often," hunger unsatisfied for a long time. "In cold and nakedness;" in the mountain passes badly shod and badly clothed. Besides these things which were without, innumerable other trials such as the care of or anxiety over the churches (vv. 32, 33).

II. God's Sustaining Grace (12:1-10). To Paul God gave one of the greatest tasks ever committed to man, viz., the planting of the gospel in heathen lands; founding churches; teaching them the gospel truths of the Lord Jesus. He wrote to these churches two-fifths of the New Testament, thirteen of its twenty-seven books, and this work was accomplished under the greatest difficulty, trials and suffering. To sustain and guide, the Lord gave him "visions and revelations" (v. 1). These revelations came to him from the very beginning of his Christian life and continued in every great crisis. The first was given at his conversion, twenty years before this letter was written, when he saw Jesus in His glory and received his marching orders. Again (vv. 2-4), fourteen years before, or about A. D. 43, when he was in Antioch and first entered upon his foreign missionary work. He obtained his gospel directly from the Lord. Subsequently he had other visions to sustain and guide him.

Teachers ought to study this entire section, beginning at chapter 10. Paul says that as an apostle he did not labor in the fields of others (10:14-15).

He was not much concerned by what his enemies might say.

As to his opinion of them, read chapter 10. Ashamed to boast, yet for their sakes he meets their foolish charges by giving us this record.

Because of these sufferings (v. 10) he takes pleasure in infirmities, reproaches and persecutions; "For when I am weak" (in my own strength) then I am strong through Christ who strengthens me."

He may be a fool in glorying, compelled to as he had been, yet his work had been accompanied by the signs of an apostle, and he was not to be behind the very chiefest, although himself he was nothing.

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