

# The Plains Of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood



Illustrations by Edwin Meyer

Copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc.

## CHAPTER XIV—Continued

In this way Jeems found his wife and boy. Their story was destined to be remembered because it was a marked incident in a transition of land, people, and customs which history could not regard too lightly. Manuscripts and letters were to bear it on, until, almost forgotten, it was to remain only a whisper among a thousand others of days and years whose echoes grow fainter as time passes. The walls of the old Lotbiniere home in St. Louis street, close to the residence of the beautiful but infamous Madame de Paeu, witnessed the piecing together of the story and might repeat it today if they could talk. For Jeems the few minutes after his entry in the Lotbiniere house, where he and Toinette were guided by Nancy and her father while a black servant brought up the rear with the baby, were nearly as unreal as the last moments of his consciousness on the Plains of Abraham. Inside the door, Nancy placed the child in his arms, which had not relinquished their hold of Toinette, and the discovery that he possessed a son leapt upon him. He was so overwhelmed by the emotion which followed that he did not see Hepsibah Adams as he felt his way through the wide hall to find what the excitement and crying were about. It was Hepsibah with his round, slight, joyous face and his voice breaking with joy when he found Jeems alive under his great, fumbling hands which added—as Nancy wrote in her letter to Anne St. Denis-Rock—"a final proof that God does answer prayer."

That this God who had seen New France sink into ruin had guided their own destinies with a beneficent hand Jeems devoutly believed when Toinette told him what had befallen her after the flight from Chenusio. They were alone in her room. It was the eleventh of December, and the afternoon sun shone from a sky filled with the smiling warmth of autumn rather than the chill of winter. A few hundred yards away, General Murray was holding a review of the regiments which were soon to face Lewis in his attempt to retake the city. The sound of martial music came to them faintly, and with it the distinct but softer tolling of a bell which marked an hour of prayer, and to this appeal Toinette bowed her head and murmured words of adoration taught her by the white-robed Sisterhood of Christ. Three years had changed her. Not time alone, but motherhood and the grief of hopeless waiting had made her more a woman and less a girl. At last she had believed Jeems was dead, and now she had him again, an indescribable beauty suffused her face and eyes with its radiance as the mystery of the years was unveiled.

She told of Hepsibah's capture by the Mohawks in Forbidden valley, of his escape, his recapture later by the Senecas, and of her appeals to Shindas and Tiaoga and of her failure to inspire their mercy when, blinded, he was brought to Chenusio.

"Only God could have directed me after that," she said, "for I was so desperate that I scarcely know how events shaped themselves as they did. I feared that your action might be when you returned and found your uncle had been blinded and killed, and not until I entered Ab De Bah's tepee did it strike me as an answer to my prayers that a hunting knife should be dangling by its cord in the opening. With this knife I freed Hepsibah and cut a hole in the skin tent through which we crept to the canoes, after I had given Wood Pigeon my message to you. When we were pursued and overtaken my hope died, but the depth of my despair was no greater than the joyous shock which overcame me when I heard Tiaoga's voice telling us not to be afraid but to go ashore quietly and that no harm would befall us. Shindas explained what they were about to do, for as soon as we were ashore, Tiaoga went off alone into the darkness. He told us that three days before reaching Chenusio they had learned, through facts which Hepsibah related, that their prisoner, already blinded, was your uncle and my own dear friend. It was too late for them to save him, for the warriors were in bad humor and demanded the sacrifice at the stake of the one who had killed several of their number. Shindas came ahead so you would not be in the village when the prisoner arrived. As Shindas talked to us I learned that hearts as kind as any in this world beat in savage breasts, for these three men had turned traitors to the Senecas that we might live. In the light of a torch, Shindas disclosed a long braid of hair which looked horribly like my own, and drenched its scalp in fresh blood which he drew from his breast. It was a scalp Tiaoga had taken from a French Indian he had killed, and I turned faint when I saw it gleaming in the flare of the pitch pine. Then Hepsibah and I went on in the canoe. Hours later,

Shindas rejoined us and said that Tiaoga had danced with the scalp before his people and that they believed we were dead. Shindas stayed with us until we came upon French soldiers near Fort Frontenac, and each day I dressed the wound in his breast."

She paused, as if revisiting what had passed, then said: "There were a few moments with Tiaoga—alone—that night we stood on the shore, while Shindas took the blood from his wound. God must have made Tiaoga love me, Jeems, almost as he had loved the one whose place I had taken. When I found him, he was so cold and still in the darkness that he might have been stone instead of flesh. But he promised to make it



"Yet He Loved Me—"

possible for you to come to me as soon as he could do so without arousing the suspicious of his people. And then he touched me for the first time as he must have caressed Silver Heels. He held my braid in his hand and spoke her name in a way I had never heard him speak it before. I kissed him. I put my arms around his neck and kissed him, and it seemed that even my lips touched stone. Yet he loved me, and because of that I have wondered—through all these years—why he did not send you to me."

Jeems could not tell her it was because he had killed Tiaoga.

As the melody of the bell had fallen like a benediction over the Plains of Abraham, so peace and happiness followed in the footsteps of the conquerors of New France. At the stroke of a pen, half a continent changed hands, and from the pulpits of the Canadas as well as from those of the English colonies voices were raised in gratitude to God that the conflict was ended. Even the beaten rejoiced, for during the months of its final agony the heart of the nation had been sapped by corruption and dishonesty until faith had crumbled in men's souls and British presence came to be regarded as a guarantee of liberty and not as the calamity of defeat. "At last there is an end to war on this continent," preached Thomas Foxcroft, pastor of the Old Church in Boston, for like a million others of his countrymen he did not foresee the still greater conflict for American independence less than fifteen years ahead. And the echo was repeated—"At last there is an end to war." Again the sun was golden in its promise. Men called the days their own, the frontiers slumbered, the most vengeful of the savages retreated to their fastnesses, women sang and children played with new visions in their eyes. These were the days of a nation's birth, when the Briton mingled with those whom he had defeated, and transformed New France into Canada. In the spring of 1761 Jeems returned to the Richelieu. Madame Tonteur,

## Accumulation of Ages in Dead Sea's Flotsam

Travelers in the Holy Land visiting the deepest hole in the earth's surface, that occupied by the Dead sea, into which the Jordan empties itself, are always struck with astonishment at the sight of countless numbers of palm tree trunks, heaped by the waters on its banks.

There are now no such numbers of palm groves in the vicinity, or on the banks of the Jordan, the Arnon or other rivers flowing into this sea, as would account for so prodigious an amount of debris. Any attempt at building a fire out of the mass of flotsam, results, after exercising much patience, in feeble, blue flames of no great intensity. The wood is heavily impregnated with salt from the Dead sea—Balt sea, or Lake Asphaltites as it

her spirit subdued and her matron chastened, placed into his hands and those of her daughter the broad domain of Tonteur manor, which it was her desire never to see again. That the home of their future was to be built amid the scenes of a tragedy which had brought them together, and where they would feel the presence of loved ones who had found happiness there as well as death, brought to Toinette and Jeems a joy which only they could understand. For the charred ruins of Tonteur manor and of Forbidden valley were home, even to Hepsibah Adams; and when Jeems reached the hallowed ground he had left five years before, he wrote Toinette, who waited in Quebec, telling her how the hills smiled their welcome, how green the abandoned meadows were, and that everywhere flowers had come to bless the solitude and the resting places of their dead. Then he set to work with the men who had come with him, and in the golden flush of September he went for Toinette and his boy. A haze of smoke drifted once more from the chimneys of cottages in the valley lands, and with another summer the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep rose at evening time, and the old mill wheel turned again, and often Toinette rode beside Jeems toward Forbidden valley, sometimes with her hair in curls, with a ribbon streaming from them.

It was in this second year, when the chestnut burrs were green on the ridges, that strangers came down the trail from Tonteur hill one evening, two men and a woman and a girl. The men were Senecas, and the miller, who met them first, eyed them with suspicion as well as wonder, for while the girl was pretty and the woman white, the men who accompanied them were fierce and tall and marked by battle. They were also extremely proud, and passed the miller without heeding his command to make themselves known, stalking to the front of the big house, followed by the woman and the girl, where Toinette saw them and gave such a cry that the miller ran back for his gun. In this way Tiaoga came to Tonteur manor to show Jeems the scar his arrow had made, and with him were Wood Pigeon and Shindas and Mary Daghlen. For many years after this, until he was killed in the frontier fighting which preceded the American war for independence, Tiaoga returned often to the valley of the Richelieu, and as time went on, the pack of soft skins and bright feathers he brought with him grew larger, for another boy was given to Toinette, and then a girl, so that, with three children always watching and hoping for his arrival, the warrior was kept busy accumulating treasures for them. Once each year Mary and Shindas visited Tonteur manor, and with them came their children when they grew old enough to travel through the wilderness. Wood Pigeon did not return to Chenusio, Tokana, her crippled father, had given up his valiant struggle the preceding winter and had died. She lived with Toinette and Jeems until she was nineteen, when she married a young French landowner named De Poncy.

From one of a sheet of yellow letters may be read these lines, dated June 14, 1767, written to Nancy Lotbiniere-Gagnon by Marie Antoinette Bulaire.

"My Own Dear Nancy:  
"Sadness has fallen over us here at Tonteur manor. Odd is dead. I no longer have a doubt that God has given souls to the beasts, for wherever we look we miss him, and a fortnight has passed since we buried him close to the chapel yard. It is like missing a child who loved us, or, more than that, one who guarded us as he loved. Even last night little Marie Antoinette sobbed herself to sleep because he cannot come when she calls him. I cannot keep tears from my own eyes when I think of him, and even Jeems, strong as he is, turns from me when we pass the chapel yard, ashamed of what I might see in his face. Odd was all we had left to us of other days—he and Hepsibah. And it is Hepsibah for whom my heart aches most. For years dear old Odd has guided him in his blindness, with a cord attached to his neck, and I believe they knew how to talk to each other.

"Hepsibah now sits alone so much, keeping away from others, and every evening we see him groping about the gate to the chapel yard as if hoping to find some one there. Oh, what a terrible thing is death, which rends us all with its grief in time! But I must not moralize or unburden my gloom or you will wish I had remained silent another month.

"It is a glorious June here. The roses . . .  
One wonders if the misty spots on the yellow page are tears.  
[THE END.]

has been called—that is, is pickled and will last for centuries.

The accumulations of countless ages are represented in those piles of roots and logs, carrying the mind back to the time when the four kings made the first incursion from Mesopotamia into Canaan, near Hazazon-Tamar, or "The Rows of Palms," the modern Engedi. (Genesis 14:7), captured Lot and his family, but were followed and defeated by Abraham.

## At the End of the Road

Many people go through life haunted by the fear of death, only to find, when it comes, it is as natural and as satisfying as life itself.—American Magazine.

# Adrift With Humor

COULD NOT BE HELPED

The hotel guest was thoroughly annoyed. People were running backward along the corridor outside his room, making a terrible noise. So he took the telephone and spoke to the manager's office.

"I can't get to sleep with all this noise going on," he complained angrily.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the voice of an excited clerk, "but I'm afraid we can't control the movements of the fire brigade."

## Has One Good Point

"Archibald is a great comfort to me."

"I don't see how you can say that. Why, he's the most tiresome chump I ever met."

"That's just the point. Every time I look at him I feel that I could amount to a whole lot less"—Pathfinder.

## IF SALARY SUITED



Jack—I think we could be very congenial, don't you?  
Jill—How much do you earn?

**Advantage in Disagreement**  
A disagreement often moves toward brotherly salvation, and an affection stranger proves through reconciliation.

## Detail

Rastus—Here am a telegram from the minister in Africa stating he am sending us some lions' tails.  
Circus Owner's Wife—Lions' tails?  
Rastus—Well, read it yourself. It says plain, "Captured two lions, sending details by mail."

## CAUSE OF BREAK



"How is it you don't speak to Bess any more?"  
"She won three of my engagement rings from me playing bridge."

## The Mystified Moron

He read the mystery tales which claim. The world's attention, day by day, Till homicide seemed like a game,  
Which maybe 'twould be fun to play!

## Now Be Good

Griggs—What do I think of your new hat? Well, if I were you I wouldn't wear it to a dog fight.  
His Wife—But I was planning on wearing my other one when we visit your people, dear.

## Ho, Hum!

"It says here that style experts declare a well dressed man's wardrobe will cost \$5,000 this year," said the missus.  
"Huh!" growled her husband. "I'll go right on being a mighty sick dressed man if that's what it costs to be well dressed."

## Depends

"Are you in favor of women taking part in public affairs?"  
"It's all right if you really want the affairs public."—Bennington Banner.

## Living in Hope

The literary critic met a young and aspiring author at his club.  
"I've just read a book of yours," he said.  
"My last one?" queried the author, hopefully.  
"I hope so," replied the critic.

## Consolation

Myrtle—Mabel's new husband may be rich, but he certainly looks like an awful headache.  
Gert—Yeh! But she'll have plenty dough to buy all the aspirin she needs.

# The Boyhood of Famous Americans

By J. V. Fitzgerald

James A. Farrell

White collar jobs were not easy for boys to get fifty years ago. A youngster had to take what was offered him and at a small wage, too. He worked long hours and he generally did what the boys of today would consider a man's work. James A. Farrell was no different from the run of job seeking boys of his time.

He wasn't quite sixteen when he had to go to work. His father lost his life at sea and the lad's earnings were needed at home. He was husky for his age. He had no trouble getting a job as a laborer in the plant of the New Haven Wire company. He was paid \$4.65 a week for twelve hours daily of back-breaking work.

Such a life didn't fit in with the plans young Farrell had made when he was attending grammar school in New Haven, Conn. He was born in that city in 1893, the son of a ship owner who skipped his own craft. His father was in comfortable circumstances. He counted on giving his son the benefit of a college education.

But the elder Farrell met with reverses and went down at sea with his ship before he was able to get his son started in life with the advantages of a higher education. The youngster didn't brood over his changed circumstances. He went out and got a job. He couldn't have found a much harder one. With his sturdy body and good health he was able to hold his end up with the grown men with whom he worked. Tired as he was when he returned home at night he studied and read good books. He wasn't going to be cheated of an education even if he did have to work as a day laborer.

He made such progress in his work that he became a mechanic when he was seventeen years old. Here again he showed an ability to work long, hard and intelligently. By the time he was nineteen he was a foreman over 300 workmen and earning \$30 a month.

As a boy he had made several voyages with his father. These trips aroused his interest in geography. He poured over the maps of far away places when he studied at night after a hard day in the mills. He would memorize his self-taught lessons and then draw the maps from memory, filling in the important cities, rivers mountains and seaports.

In this way he cultivated a memory that was to serve him in good stead later in life. His associates say that he never forgets an important matter that he once files away in his head. Early in his career he was able to call off fact and figures without having to refer to books or statements.

The boy found it hard at first to cultivate a good memory, but he kept doggedly at his plan to remember the facts he thought he might need. Soon the task came easy to him.

He had been quite a trader when he was a little fellow. He swapped marbles, jack-knives and other treasures of boyhood with his playmates. He seldom got the worst of a deal. He had the instincts of a good salesman before he entered the steel business as a lad of fifteen.

It was natural enough that he turn to salesmanship after he learned the iron and steel industry from the ground up. When his chance came to sell steel products he made a notable record. He wasn't the half-fellow-well-met type, a mixer and a back slapper. But he knew his goods and he was later to gain the title of America's greatest international salesman.

The future head of the United States Steel corporation had a long and hard row to hoe before he became a salesman and fulfill the promise of his schoolboy days as a smart trader. After nine years' work in New Haven he went to Pittsburgh. He had made up his mind to learn all there was to know about the steel business. He was convinced that Pittsburgh, the seat of the industry, held an opportunity for him.

Future events proved the wisdom of his change. He was soon assistant superintendent of a mill after having worked in the white hot heat of the blast furnaces and toiled, bare to the waist, in the rolling plant. He was promoted to the superintendency and later was made general manager. He was learning how to make steel and not forgetting a thing he had learned in the past.

His company finally put him in charge of sales for the United States with headquarters in New York. He was so successful that the steel corporation hired him and sent him to Europe in charge of sales. Here his knowledge of foreign conditions, that had its beginning in his study of foreign geography as a boy, helped him to establish a sales record.

That success brought the boy who started as a laborer at \$4.65 a week the presidency of the Steel corporation, one of the world's greatest industrial positions.

(© by The North American Newspaper Alliance.)

**One Soap is all you need**  
for Toilet Bath Shampoo Use  
**Glenn's Sulphur Soap**  
Contains 33% Pure Sulphur. At Douglas, Robland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

## Pedestrianism One of Most Healthful Sports

Old-timers who recall with reminiscence thrills the six day "heel and toe" walking matches of four or five decades ago will find interest in a defense of that gentle pastime, which, it seems, was recently traduced by a physician, who called it "a clowning act."

A correspondent of the New York Sun comes forward to assert that it is a manly sport and much more healthful than running, which, he says, weakens the hearts and shortens the lives of its devotees. As instances of the healthfulness of walking he mentions Edward Payson Weston, who lived to be nearly ninety; John Ennis, who died at the age of eighty-seven about a year ago; Dan O'Leary, who is still living, and others whose names were as celebrated in the '80s as are the names of our present-day Olympic champions.

This department dabbles infrequently in sports. It is far from the present purpose to urge a recrudescence of the professional walkers of another day. However, bringing up the subject may remind all of us of something we have largely forgotten in these days of motor cars and weekly street car passes. That is that walking, whatever its merits as a sporting attraction, is mighty healthful exercise and that if we were to do more of it we should probably live longer and be happier. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Emergency Makes Test of One's Mental Health

An emergency—either good or bad—tests the stamina of mental health. It is as difficult to meet brilliant success without losing one's head as it is to meet misfortune and failure, says E. Lee Vincent in Hygeia Magazine.

Health embodies not just physical well being, but also mental well being, says Miss Vincent. Most persons are beginning to realize that to meet each day's program with interest is as important as to meet it with physical vitality. To be cheerful, tolerant and self-controlled, she says, is to give evidence of mental health.

The gift of mental health, Miss Vincent informs us, is not a chance gift of personality decreed at birth by the whim of fate. It is rather to be achieved through healthful living. Sound health habits do much to build the necessary stamina to meet both physical and mental emergencies.

## Tolerated

Tom Paggett, champion rodeo rider, was relating some of his experiences to prove his claim that horses have human intelligence. "A horse I had no business trying to ride, once threw me into the Colorado river and then saved my life."

"Now, I had never liked the horse and the horse had made it plain he didn't like me, but he evidently drew the line at murder. When I went into the river, the horse also fell in and we were both swept downstream in the swift current."

"I couldn't swim a stroke and thought I had taken my last ride. But somehow the horse seemed to know I couldn't swim and came alongside so that I could grab his mane. Then he dragged me ashore. Then, when I tried to thank him, he darn near bit a chunk out of my arm."

## As Usual

"Is the lady of the house in?"  
"Yes, but she says she has no time to talk about vacuum cleaners."  
"That's all right. Tell her I'll do all the talking."—Pete-Mele.

**HEALTHY COMPLEXIONS**

**Feen-a-mint**  
The All-Time Great LAXATIVE  
Insist on the Genuine

Healthy complexions come from healthy systems. Free the body of poisons with Feen-a-mint. Effective in smaller doses. All druggists sell this safe, scientific laxative.

**Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION**

W. N. U., Portland, No. 23-1931.