

The Plains of Abraham

By
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WNU Service.

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 Paean, witnessed the pleading 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, sightless 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 Chenusfo. 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 Levis 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 Chenusfo.

"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 what your action might be when you returned and found your uncle had been blinded and killed, and not until I entered Ah 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 Chenusfo 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 of 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 revising 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 suspicions 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, her spirit subdued and her malice 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 Daghen. 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 Chenusfo. 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 sheaf of yellow letters may be read these lines, dated June 14, 1767, written to Nancy Lotbiniere-Gagnon by Marie Antoinette Bulain.

"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.]

Pilgrims Attracted to Historic Swiss Church

The wanderer in the heart of the "Franconian Switzerland" sees from afar the two towers of the "Church of the Pictures of the Holy Trinity," which celebrated its two hundredth anniversary recently. It is one of the most famous goals of pilgrims in Europe. For two centuries these have been coming to pray before its wonder-working picture of the Virgin. Most of the pilgrims still wear the costumes of an earlier day. When one of the Franciscan monks of the church dies the body is tied to a board and carried through Gossweinstein before being placed in a small niche in a catacomb-like cave dug into a cliff. The place in Gossweinstein is said to have served Richard Wagner as a model for the Gralsburg in "Parsifal."



SLANDER

An orator, warming to his task, took off his coat, which rather disconcerted one of the stewards of the meeting, who thought that a reporter would make a sensation out of the incident. Toward the close, he said to the speaker, "I don't suppose you knew when you removed your coat, that a newspaper man was present?" "Yes, I did," was the reply. "I kept my eye on the coat all the time."—Humorist.

Treating All Alike

"Do you feel resentful toward the policeman who arrested you for parking overtime?"

"No," answered Mr. Chuggins. "He has with the past month arrested every other citizen in our block. None of us felt very guilty, but we think that, according to his lights, he was trying to be fair."—Washington Star.

LET HIM WAIT



Bobby—Mr. Jones is waiting outside. Big Sister—Well, tell him to keep waiting. He told me last night he would wait a lifetime for me.

Natural

"How does the leading lady act," he asked the maiden at his side, "in her new aviation play?" "Rather flighty," she replied.

Something Cheaper

Ship Owner—We must have government aid! The people must be made to realize the expense of operating ships. Why, barnacles alone cost out ships \$100,000,000 a year.

Efficiency Expert—Well, why don't you cut that figure down? Use a cheaper grade of barnacles—or get along with fewer of them.

My, How Cold!

He—I dreamt of you last night. She (coldly)—Really! He—Yes; then I woke up, shut the window, and put an extra blanket on the bed.

SMALL FLAT



"So you've been up to see the Browns. Is their new flat very small?" "Well, they've had to exchange all their statuettes for bas-reliefs."

A Passing Parody

He drove a golf ball through the air. It fell to earth, he knew not where. Until he heard the luckless yell Of him upon whose head it fell.

Hit Something Cheap

"What is the best thing to do when the brakes of one's car give way?" asks a motoring correspondent. Hit something cheap.—Everybody's Weekly.

Most Miserly Man

"Who is the most miserly man you know?"

"Old Smith. When there's a crowd at the station and the people are standing in a queue waiting for their tickets, he always goes last so that he can keep his money in his pocket as long as possible."

Read All About It

Cora—What's the matter? Student—Nothin'. Just a bit dizzy from reading a circular letter, that's all.



AFTER 40 bowel trouble

Constipation may very easily become chronic after forty. And any continued constipation at that time of life may bring attacks of piles and a host of other unpleasant disorders.

Watch your bowels at any age. Guard them with particular care after forty. Whenever they need any help, remember a doctor should know what is best for them.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin" is a doctor's prescription for the bowels. Tested by 47 years' practice, it has been found thoroughly effective in relieving constipation and its ills for men, women and children of all ages. It has proven perfectly safe even for babies. Made from fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients, it cannot gripe; will not sicken you or weaken you; can be used without harm as often as your breath is bad, or when your tongue is coated; whenever a headache, bilious, gassy condition warns of constipation.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

When Travel Was Cheap

Travel by foot in the early 1800s certainly was inexpensive if the 300-mile journey of Elisha Barrell of Hartford, Washington county, New York is taken as a criterion. Barrell in 1826 walked from Gouverneur to his home in 16 days at an expense of \$2.42. This was exclusive of liquor he bought en route. One overnight stop cost him only 18 cents.

SAVED HER LIFE!



Portland, Ore.—"A few years ago Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my life. I caught a severe cold which settled in the bronchial tubes. I had a cough which got so bad that for six weeks I could not lie down. I was 'all in' physically, and began myself to think there was no help for me, when I was advised by one of my doctors to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine so completely relieved me of my trouble that I have never had any return of it."—Mrs. Audrey Savin, 5516 39th Ave., S. E. Druggists. Fluid or tablets.

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., enclosing wrapper from medicine and receive free medical advice.

Progress in Health

During the past few months new low mortality rates have been set for diphtheria, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, measles, whooping cough and scarlet fever.—Woman's Home Companion.

REGULAR PAINS

The modern Miss needs no "time out" for the time of month.

If you've ever taken Bayer Aspirin for a headache, you know how soon the pain subsides. It is just as effective in the relief of those pains peculiar to women!

Don't dedicate certain days of every month to suffering. It's old-fashioned. It's unnecessary. Aspirin will always enable you to carry-on in comfort. Take enough to assure you complete comfort. If it is genuine aspirin it cannot possibly hurt you. Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart. It does nothing but stop the pain, so use it freely.

Headaches come at inconvenient times. So do colds. But a little Bayer Aspirin will always save the day. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking a few of these remarkable tablets. So are the little nagging aches that bring fatigue and "nerves" by day or a sleepless night.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets cost so very little after all, that it doesn't pay to experiment with imitations!

