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When Jonathan Edwards was a minister at Northampton, Mass., where he was ordained in 1727 and preached until 1740, one of his habits was to carry pen, ink and paper with him while riding horseback. Meditating continuously, he would frequently get down from his horse, sit upon a rock and write for hours. Frequently he set aside special days for fasting and meditation, and at such times might be gone for days. If his ink ran out he would pin pieces of paper to his coat to remind him of particular thoughts. Upon his return he would be seen thatched with these paper reminders. At Stockbridge, where he went upon leaving Northampton, his four-poster bed, with its enclosing curtains, is preserved, as well as the pillow from which, during the night, he removed pins which he stuck into the curtains as reminders.—Philip Nordell, in the Forum.

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The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.
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CHAPTER VI

Into the Wilderness

"No, we will go to Murray's tavern," I said. "I will ask him if he thinks he can commit assassination here in the town as he does in the forest."

"Good," rejoined Ta-wan-ne-ars impassively. "I will accompany my brother there."

I remembered that De Veulle lodged at Cawston's, and hesitated.

"Let my brother Ormerod be at ease," added the Indian. "Ta-wan-ne-ars has mastered his hatred."

"I, too, hate your enemy," I said. "He was silent for as much as ten paces."

"My brother means De Veulle?" he asked.

"Yes; I once crossed swords with him."

"And he lives! Did he wound my brother?"

I recounted briefly the circumstances of the duel at the Tolson d'Ore. He made no comment until I had finished.

"I am glad my brother spared him," he said then. "For Ta-wan-ne-ars has often prayed to Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Great Spirit, to give him the life of this man who lives as though he were one of the fiends of the Gago-sa (False Faces)."

At Cawston's we looked in vain for Murray or any of his party in the taproom and ordinary, so without a word to the servants we ascended the stairs to the upper floor. In the hall I halted momentarily, considering which door to knock upon, when the puzzle was solved by the opening of the one by which we stood.

My Lady appeared, and she started back in amazement, tinged with fear, at sight of me and the stalwart, half-naked figure of the Seneca.

I bowed to her.

"Good evening, Mistress Murray," I said. "I am come with my friend for a word with your father."

"He is engaged," she answered quickly.

"That may be, but I must speak with him on a matter of much importance. I am obliged to ask your father for the second time if he condones assassination in the dark."

Her eyes widened with horror, then darkened with stony anger.

"Sir, you are monstrous impudent!" she exclaimed. "How dare you suggest such a thing?"

"Because it occurred a quarter-hour past."

"And because you are assailed by some footpad in a disreputable part of the town, is that a reason for you to charge Master Murray with assassination?" she demanded with high contempt.

"Oh, I have proof," I said.

My anger grew with hers. It maddened me that this girl, who I knew was honest, should be arrayed against me, should hold for me the contempt of a clean woman for a man she deemed a traitor.

The door behind her opened, and Murray himself came out.

"I thought I heard voices—Ah, Master Juggins—"

"Ormerod," I interrupted suavely. His eyebrows expressed polite astonishment.

"To be sure. Forgive my stupidity. It hath gone so far as that already, hath it?"

"It hath gone so far as attempted assassination—for the second time," I retorted.

"Assassination? Tut, tut," he rebuked me. "Master Ormerod, you use strong language. And who in this little town of ours would seek to murder a gentleman new-landed like yourself?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars stepped to the front.

"Does Murray know this scalp?"

He permitted an end of the lock of Boling's hair to show through his clinched fingers.

Marjory shrank back in terror. Murray's face became convulsed with passion.

"Sdeath!" he swore. "If Boling is dead by this savage's hand I shall know the wherefore of it! What? Do the troglodytes take scalps within the city?"

Ta-wan-ne-ars laughed, and slowly opened his fist to reveal the single lock of hair.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars only takes the scalps of honorable warriors," he said in his smooth, low-pitched voice. "But the Red Death escaped tonight by the width of these hairs. Does Murray think Ga-en-gwa-ra-go would have been angry with Ta-wan-ne-ars if the tomahawk had struck true?"

Murray wiped beads of perspiration from his face.

"So 'twas Boling!" he muttered.

"Curse the knave! What hath he done?"

"No more than attempted to murder me, sir—as I have attempted to tell you," answered ironically.

Marjory came forward, hands clasped in exhortation.

"It isn't so! It can't be so! Tell him he lies, sir!" she pleaded with Murray.

He put her gently to one side.

"Peace, peace, my dear," he said. "You do not understand."

"But Boling was one of your people, sir. You told me—"

"Tut, tut, my dear Marjory. You are new to this new world of ours. The frontier is not like Scotland. We must work with what tools we find. I say it to my sorrow—and he said it furthermore without even the twitch of an eyelid—I am compelled occasionally to consort with men I might prefer to do without."

He gave his attention once more to me.

"In a word, Master Ormerod, what hath happened that you approach me in so hostile a spirit?"

"In a word, Master Murray," I replied, "your man Boling, or 'The Red Death,' as he seems to be known in these parts, tried to kill me with knife and hatchet this evening."

"I am constrained to believe you," he said with an appearance of much sorrow, "but I cannot hold myself responsible, sir. As it happens, Boling

quarrelled with me this afternoon in the presence of half a dozen well known citizens of the town, and I dismissed him from my service."

"Pardon me," I said with a laugh. "If I express some—"

"Do you step within," he responded with celerity. "I shall be glad if you will satisfy yourself by questioning witnesses of the dispute. Marjory, will you—"

"I will stay," she said positively.

He shrugged his shoulders and stood aside. I motioned to Marjory, and she re-entered first. I walked next, and the Seneca followed me, one hand resting on his knife hilt.

Murray shut the door behind us, and I found myself in a large room, sufficiently lighted by candles. Five or six men, who had been talking at a table, looked up with interest as we came in. One of them was De Veulle, and I felt rather than saw the massive frame of Ta-wan-ne-ars gather itself together exactly as does the wildcat when he sights his quarry.

The others I did not know. Later Ta-wan-ne-ars told me they were respectable merchants identified with the faction in the province who were hostile to Governor Burnet, and all were for the closest trade relations with Canada.

Murray turned to me, after recounting my errand, and said:

"Your companion is evidently a chief, Master Ormerod. Will you identify him?"

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Before I could say anything Ta-wan-ne-ars responded for himself.

"I am Ta-wan-ne-ars, of the Clan of the Wolf, war chief of the Seneca and nephew to Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, the Guardian of the Western Door of the Long House."

He spoke directly to De Veulle, and the Frenchman's eyes shifted from his level glance.

"Must we have an Indian present?" he muttered. "This is a white man's affair."

"As it happens, this Indian saved my life from a white man's knife," I replied quickly. "He is my brother. I would rather have him here than a woman-stealer."

But I had reckoned without Marjory. She took the situation out of my hands.

"Sir," she said, "you seem to delight in slandering gentlemen who are not disloyal to their friends. I beseech you, have done. 'Tis a sorry business, and gains naught for you. Get forward with what brought you here."

I marked the relief that shone in De Veulle's eyes. I marked, too, the penetrating glance which Ta-wan-ne-ars bent upon her face. For myself, although I felt sick at heart, I said nothing. There was nothing which I could say.

I turned to Murray again.

"This conversation must be painful to us," I said. "Let us make an end to it. Boling attacked me, as you know. My friend and brother here saved me and drove him away. We have a lock of Boling's hair in proof of the attempt. 'Tis in your interest to do what you can to clear yourself of responsibility for so dastardly a crime."

One of the merchants at the table, a very decent appearing man, soberly dressed and with much good sense in his face, caught me up.

"'Tis not strange that you should have come to Master Murray after such an attempt as you mention, sir," he began in conciliatory fashion. "But fortunately we were present this afternoon when Master Murray dismissed the man from his employ, in consequence of his dishonesty and misdealing during Master Murray's absence."

"Aye," spoke up a second merchant, "and sure, the knave must have attacked you hoping 'twould be brought against Master Murray."

"Not to speak of the fact he was in great need of funds, Master Murray having refused to grant certain demands he made," suggested a third.

I bowed.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am satisfied—that Master Murray hath a stout case. There is no more need be said."

"Ah, but there is more to be said," flared Marjory. "Think shame of yourself, sir, to be forever believing against others motives which you know yourself to be laden with. You were once an honorable man. Why do you not mend your ways and regain the self respect of your kind?"

"God send there be an honorable man to hand when your need comes, mistress," I said. "Good evening, gentlemen."

Murray escorted us to the door.

Ta-wan-ne-ars walked beside me without speaking until we had left the tavern.

"I understand your thoughts, my brother," he said suddenly. "We go upon the same quest."

"Quest?" I repeated. "What quest?"

"We each seek a soul which is lost, a sick soul."

I remembered his rage against De Veulle, and caught his meaning.

"Yes, that is true of you, Ta-wan-ne-ars. But there is no soul which I have the right to seek."

"Nevertheless, my brother would find the soul of the maiden and guard it," he insisted. "I have seen."

I saw the grave smile, with a hint of pleading, on his face; and I reached out and caught his hand.

"Whatever be the end of my search, brother," I said, "I will go to the setting sun, and beyond if need be, to aid you to find the soul which you seek."

"The same words are in my heart, brother," he replied simply.

"Bolling hath disappeared," said Governor Burnet. "I have given orders to all officers and troops and town officials that he is to be detained if he ventures to appear, but the knave—or, I should say his master—is too wise. By the way, an express arrived from Fort Orange (Albany) last night and reported having spoken Murray's party in the Tappan zone. He will be a good three days ahead of you, 'twould seem."

"I am not sorry," I answered. "Have you any further instructions for me, sir?"

The governor unfolded the map of the wilderness country which he had exhibited to me during my first visit.

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MRS. COW'S SHOP

"Moo, moo," said Mrs. Cow. "I think I have an idea."

"Why, Mrs. Cow, why, Mrs. Cow," said Miss Brown Cow, "don't be saying such things unless you're sure you're right."

"Moo," said Mrs. Cow. "I don't know whether the idea is a good one or not, but at least, I have an idea."

"Well, well, moo, moo," said Miss Brown Cow, "that's pretty good."

"When did you think it up? It has seemed to me that all this time I've been sitting here and day-dreaming and having a comfortable, restful chew, you have been asleep."

"I was asleep a good deal of the time, but I've been having this idea a little at a time for several days now. In that way one does not get tired out with too much thinking, and at the same time, one gets ideas slowly."

"You see I have a little bit of an idea. It hardly amounts to anything. Well, instead of getting all tired out trying to make it amount to something and to work over it, I just stop and say to myself:

"Mrs. Cow, rest my dear. It will come to you in time. Don't worry, my dear."

"And then I take my own advice. After all, that is always such good advice to take."

"Then I am sure I will be pleased. If I took the advice of others, I might please them, or again I might just