THE STORY

With his English wife, Catherine, and son, Jeems, Henry Bu-lain, French settler ip Canada in 1749, cultivates a farm adjacent to the Tonteur seigneurie. As the story opens the Bulains are returning from a visit to the Ton-teurs. Catherine's wandering brother, Hepsibah, meets them with presents for the family Jeems he gives a pistol, bidding him perfect himself in marksman-Hepsibah fears for the safety of the Bulains in their isolated position. Jeems fights with Paul Tache, cousin of Toinette Tonteur, whom they both

CHAPTER III—Continued

Jeems was aware of her presence and physically sensible of her combativeness, but in the complexity of action which surged over and about him he could afford no discrimination in the manner of using his arms, legs, teeth, and head, and at last, finding herself disentangled, Toinette scrambled to her feet considerably bruised and in such disorder that no one would have recognized her as the splendid little lady of the seigneurie who had come so proudly to Lussan's place a short time before. Her handsome hat was a crumpled wreck in the mud. Her dress was twisted and bedraggied. Her hands and face were discolored with soil, and her hair was so tangled about her that she was almost smothered in it. Despite this physical condition, her mental self was more than ever inflamed with the desire to fight, and seizing upon the hard and woodlike stalk of a last year's sunflower which lay in the dirt, she succeeded in bringing it down with such force that, missing Jeems, it caught Paul on the side of the head and laid him sprawling flat on his face. This terminated the conflict for Toinette, who gave a cry of apprehension when she saw what she had done.

Paul had recovered from Toinette's blow before Jeems could take advantage of it, and what happened during the final round of contention remained largely a matter of speculation in Jeems' mind. He was sitting up. after a little, and there was no one to strike at. Paul and Toinette were out of his reach yet he heard their voices, oddly indistinct, moving in the direction of Lussan's house. He tried to call out, thinking that Tache was escaping like a coward, but something in his throat choked him until it was impossible for him to get breath enough to make a sound. He made an effort to rise that be might pursue his beaten enemy. The earth about him swam dizzily. He was gasping, sick at his stomach, and blood was dripping from his nose.

A horrifying thought leapt upon him, and so sudden was the shock of it that he sat staring straight ahead, barely conscious of two figures emerging from the concealment of a thick growth of brushwood twenty paces away. The thought became conviction. He had not whipped Paul Tache! Paul had whipped him-and his onemy's accomplishment had been so thorough that he could still feel the unstability of the world about him as he drew himself to his feet.

His eyes and head cleared as the realization of defeat swept over him. Then he recognized the two who had appeared in the edge of the open. One was his Uncle Hepsibah, the other Toinette's father. Both were grinning broadly at the spectacle which he made, and as they drew nearer he heard Tonteur's voice in what was meant to be a confidential whisper.

"Is it really your petit-neven, friend Adams, or one of Lussan's pigs come out of its wallow? Hold me, or what I have seen will make me split!"

But Jeems heard no response from Hepsibah, for the trader's face suddenly lost its humor, and in place of It came a look which had no glint of smile or laughter in it.

CHAPTER IV

Next Sunday morning Jeems set out for Tenteur manor with the thought deeply intrenched in his mind that he would not fight Paul Tache that day no matter what temptation might be placed in his path. He had told his mother where he was going and what he was planning to do, and with her encouragement to spur him on he felt eager and hopeful as he made his way toward the seigneurle.

This feeling was unlike the one with which he had set out to fight Paul Tache, and what he had to do loomed even more important than any physical vanquishment which he might bring upon his rival. To soften Toinette's heart, now so bitterly against him, to bring back the friendliness of her smile, and to see her eyes alight with the sweetness which she had been on the point of yielding to him at Lussun's place were foremost in his mind. Be was anxious to see Toinette and to offer her all that his small world held, if thereby he could make amends for the ruin and humiliation he had brought upon her. A spirit of chivalry in him, older than his years, rose above the lowly consideration of rights and wrongs. He was sure he was right. Yet he wanted to say he was wrong. Though he did not know it, years had passed since two days ago, and he was a new Jeems going to a new Toinette. His fear of her had vanished. He was no longer borne down by a feeling of littleness and unimportance, and for the first time he was visiting Tonteur manor without the thought of inferiority sending its misgivings through his soul. In some mysterious way which he did not understand, but which he strongly felt, he had passed away from yesterday

Soon his feet were in the path which led to the manor. It was so still he could have believed that every one was asleep as he courageously mounted the wide steps to the door of Toinette's home. On this door was a great black knocker of battered iron. The face of the knocker was a grinning ogre, a gargoylish head which, from his earliest memory of it, had fixed itself



"I Ask You to Forgive Me."

upon him as a symbol of the grim and unapproachable spirit that guarded the rooms within. His hand reached out to awaken the dull thunder of its

His fingers touched the cold iron. He hesitated in the moment he was lifting it, for he observed that the door was open by a space of a few inches. Through this aperture a voice came to him clearly. It was a high, biting, angry voice, and he recognized it as Madame Tonteur's. He raised the weight from its metal panel and would have knocked when he heard a name which made him pause in rigid silence. It was his own,

He heard Tolnette's mother say. "Henri Bulain was a fool for marrying this good-for-nothing English woman, and Edmond is a greater fool for not driving her from the country when her breed is murdering and killing almost at our doors. The woman was made for a spy, despite the pretty face which has softened Edmond's silly heart, and that boy of hers is no less English than she. The two should not be allowed to live so near to us, yet Tonteur maintains they are his friends. The place they have built should be burned and the English woman and her boy sent where they belong. Let Henri Bulain go with them if he chooses to be a renegade instead of a Frenchman!"

"Fle upon you for such thoughts, Henriette," chided the milder voice of Madame Tache, "I despise the English as much as you or Tolnette, but it is unfair to voice such invective against these two, even though the woman is proud of her pretty face and her boy is a mud-slinging little wretch. Edmond is a big-souled man and simply befriends them out of plty! Are you angry because of that, Henriette?"

"I am angry because she is English, and her boy is English, and yet they are allowed to live among us as if they were French. I tell you they will be traitors when the time for treachery comes!"

Jeems had stood with his fingers clenched at the unyielding iron of the knocker. Now he heard another voice and knew it was Toinette's.

"I think Jeems' mother is nice," she sald. "But Jeems is a detestable little

English beast!" "And some day that beast will help to cut our throats," added her mother unpleasantly.

The great iron knocker fell with a crash, and almost before the sound of it reached a servant's ears, the door swung open and Jeems stalked in. The women were speechless as he stood in the wide opening to the room in which they were seated. He scarcely seemed to realize they were there and looked only at Toinette. He remained for a moment without mevement or speech, his slim figure tense and gripped. Then he bowed his head in a courtesy which Catherine had carefully taught him. When he spoke his words were as calm as those of Madame Tache had been.

"I have come to tell you I am sorry because of what happened at Lussan's place, Toinette," he said, and he bent his head a little lower toward "I ask you to forgive me."

Even Henriette Tonteur could not have thought of him as a beast after that, for pride and fearlessness were in his bearing in spite of the whiteness of his face. As the occupants of the room stared at him, unable to find their voices, he drew back quietly and was gone as suddenly as he had appeared. The big door closed behind him, and turning to a window near her Toinette saw him go down the steps. An exclamation of indignation and amazement came at last from her mother, but this she did not hear. Her eyes were following Jeems,

He went across the open and into the fields. As he drew near the foot of Tonteur hill, Odd came cautiously forth to meet him, but not until they reached their old resting place at the crest of the ascent did he pause or seem to notice the dog. Then he looked back upon the seigneurie. A bit of Iron had sunk into his soul, His eyes were seeing with a new and darker vision. From the rich valley which had been the fount of all his dreams they turned to the faint gleam of distant water in the south where lay Lake Champlain, and beyond which, not far away, were the Mohawks and the English and the land of his mother's people. It was the blood of that land, running red and strong in his veins, which Toinette and her mother hated.

He dropped a hand upon Odd's head, and the two started over the homeward trail. The dog watched the forest and caught its scents, but he watched and guarded alone, for Jeems gave small heed to the passing interests of the woods and thickets.

Late spring, then the beginning of summer, followed Hepsibah's arrival at the Bulain home, and still he gave no betrayal of the restlessness which presaged his usual disappearance for another long period into the fastnesses of the world. This season of the year was always one of torment for the forest dwellers because of the winged pests which crawled the earth and filled the air, and Jeems had come to dread it as an indescribable nightmare of discomfort and suffering, From the first of June until the middle of August, such plagues of mosquitoes bred and multiplied in the swamps and lowlands and woods that beasts were half devoured alive and the pioneers literally fought for their own existence, smoking their cabins incessantly, covering their flesh with hog fat and bear grease, and resorting to every known subtlety that they might snatch a little sleep at night. Within a few days, it seemed to Jeems, a world that had been a paradise of flowers, of sweet scents, of ripening fruits and delicious air was transformed into a hell of insect life which shut out travel in all directions and which invested with poisonous torture every spot where it was not partly subjugated by fire and smoke. The timber was heavy and dark, swamps were undrained, rivers and lakes were shadowed by dense vegetation, and in the humid, sweating mold of these places, the malevolent pestilence was born and rose in clouds that sometimes obscured the face of the moon. During these weeks a cordon of decayed stumps and logs smoldered night and day about the Bulain cabin, screening it in pungent smoke, and outside this small haven, work on the farm was continued at a price of physical martyrdom, except under a burning sun, when the insects sought refuge from the glare and heat. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bright Idea That May Have Averted Tragedy Allusions to the effective use of ridi- | cule against his opponents made by the late Lord Balfour during the term of his chief secretaryship for Ireland recalls an incident of long ago, when a body of convicted prisoners who had been concerned in one of the rebellions-the 1848-had to be marched through the streets of Dublin. The authorities had been warned that a desperate attempt at rescue might be made by the mob and even though a military escort had been provided, there was some uneasiness. In these circumstances a really brilliant notion occurred to the officer in command of the troops. He gave instructions at the last moment that the suspender buttons on the trousers of the prison-

ers were to be cut off and thus they had to walk through the streets holding up their trousers. The spectacle was greeted with roars of laughter by the crowd, and no more was heard of the attempted rescue.-Montreal Famlly Herald.

"Petrified" Hair

Under favorable conditions human hair will "petrify" just the same as other parts of the body. When organic matter petrifies, it merely supplies a mold for inorganic matter. As a rule the hair petrifies as a mass and only in rare cases are the individual hairs recognizable. The same of course applies to the fur of animals,-Exchange.



STAND ASIDE, THERE

However unreasonable customers are, business men have found that it pays to go the limit to please a cus-

A woman entered a grocer's shop and asked for some good cheese. The grocer showed her some which did not lease her. She wanted some particularly "lively" cheese. He showed ber the remainder of his stock, but she wasn't satisfied. She wanted it still more "lively."

At last the grocer, losing patience, called sarcastically to his assistant. "John, unchain No. 7 and let it in," -Santa Fe Magazine.

WOULD THE CASH LAST?



He (passionately)-My love will last forever!

She (unemotionally)-How about your cash?

'Tis Human

Breathes there a man with soul so Who never to himself has said,

A Hard World

Wifie-Oh, George, do you realize it's almost a year ago since our honeymeon, and that glorious holiday we spent on the sands? I wonder how we'll spend this one?

George-On the rocks.-Lindsay (England) Post.

The Reason

"What's the trouble, John?" "I've been disappointed in tove." "Is that so? I thought you married

"I did."

Naturally

Magistrate-Do you understand the ature of an oath, Mrs. Murphy? Mrs. Murphy-Well, my husband is a golfer and my son drives a second-

That's Pretty Near

"'Ow near do you think that lightning was, 'Arry?'

"Dunno, kid-but this fag wasn't lit a second ago."

ON HER FEET



He-Why do you call me "mustard" when we're dancing? She-You're niways on my dogs.

Fickle Audiences

The changes time may bring are such As to produce surprise immense. The gentleman who "talked too much" Now gets the largest audience.

Enough's Enough The driver had rammed his car into s telephone pole and both he and his machine got rather the worst of it.

driving?" inquired the officer, who came along to investigate. "All I ever will have," promised the rictim.

"Have you had much experience

Last Is Not Least Income Tax Inspector-How many

dependents have you? One of the Many-Two children and a landlord.

Motor Note "This car has two speeds."

"Yeah? Whatta ya' mean, two speeds?" "Well, one is the speed it has when

I'm telling it to the judge, and the other the speed it has when I am bragging about it to my friends."

Ouch!

Olive-My finnce wrote to say he wanted to be married very soon to the most charming girl in the world. Betty-The wretch! After promising to marry you .- Answers,

WARNING

when buying Aspirin be sure it is genuine **Bayer Aspirin**

Know what you are taking to relieve that pain, cold, headache, sore throat. Aspirin is not only effective, it is always safe.

The tablet stamped with the Bayer cross is reliable, always the same-brings prompt relief safely-does not depress the heart.

Don't take chances; get the genuine product identified by the name BAYER on the package and the word GENUINE printed in red.



Italian Peasants Fight Army of Deadly Snakes

Sturdy old farmers of Udine, Italy, watch out where they do their promenading these days following the dispersion of the snake jamboree, which was held in the courtyard of a farmhouse beneath the protective clonk of a huge haystack.

Several women were removing the hay when hundreds of vipers-Italy's only poisonous snake-began to ooze their way out from underneath the plle. Doors were slammed and peasants armed with spades and scythes went to war. They had killed about 50 vipers when a six-foot adder snake with a pair of sparkling eyes crawled over the top and charged the enemy.

The women opened the barred house doors for their men this time. Later on in the day the pensants again attacked the baystack, but meanwhile the visiting snakes had departed, leaving the dead unburied on the field of action.

THE LAXATIVE WITH HIGHEST

When you get up headachy, sluggish, weak, half-sick, here's how to

feel yourself again in a jiffy. Take a little Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water-or lemonade. Taken in lemonade, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts like citrate of magnesia. As a mild, safe, pleasant laxative, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has the highest medical endorsement.

As an anti-acid to correct sour stomach, gas, indigestion, billousness, It has been standard with doctors for 50 years. Quick relief in digestive and eliminative troubles of men, women, children-and babies,

English Author Turns Arab Richard Hughes, author of "A

High Wind in Jamaica," has been traced to Africa, where it is said he has turned Arab, He has accumulated the usual native complement of extra Arabs and parlah dogs, also some greyhounds. He reported: "I have gradually taken to Arab clothes altogether, simply by donning one convenient garment after another. till only today it came to me with a sudden shock that it is a long time since my legs knew the decent chafing of trousers."





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W. N. U., Portland, No. 5-1931.

Not Dropped From Planet

When a farmer near Perkasle about 30 miles from Philadelphia, recently heard a roar, a whistling sound and then saw a cloud of dust arise as something hit the ground, there was some justification for thinking that he had seen the fall of a meteorite. When Samuel G. Gordon, associate curator of minerals of the Academy of Natural Sciences, went to investigate he found that something actually had fallen from the sky. But it was not a meteorite; it was a wrench accidentally dropped from an airplane at considerable alti-

Explanation

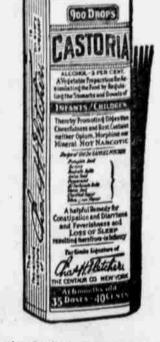
There are 44,000 thunderstorms somewhere on this earth every day, and that may explain why the radio occasionally throws a fit.-Indianapolis News.

Temper has no manners,

tude.

Castoria...for CHILDREN'S ailments

ARE you prepared to render first aid and quick comfort the moment your youngster has an upset of any sort? Could you do the right thing -immediately-though the emergency came without warningperhaps tonight? Castoria is a mother's standby at such times. There is nothing like it in emergencies, and nothing better for everyday use. For a sudden attack of colic, or for the gentle relief of constipation; to allay a feverish spell, or to soothe a fretful baby that can't sleep. This pure vege-table preparation is always ready to ease an ailing youngster. It is just as harmless as the recipe on the wrapper reads. If you see Chas, H. Fletcher's signature, it is geniune



Castoria. It is harmless to the smallest infant; doctors will tell

You can tell from the formula on the wrapper how mild it is, and how good for little systems. But continue with Castoria until a child