

The Plains of **Abraham**

James Oliver Curwood

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CHAPTER VII—Continued -15-

That the explosion of the gun would reach the ears of the Mohawks was in Jeems' mind as he comforted his shocked companion. For a few moments it was difficult for her to believe the combat was over and that the fiend who lay like a great spider on his back was no longer a menace to them. To her relief and her faith

in Jeems was added an emotion of joy when she saw that Odd was alive. The dog had dragged himself to his feet and stood watching the slain man grimly.

The dead man stared up at them as

they passed. In their path lay the arrow which had gone cleanly through him. Toinette could not keep back the hysterical sob which came in her throat, but she looked at Jeems with such wonder and love in her face that he heard only the throbbing tumult in his heart and brain. He had fought for ther and won! And he had fought on that same ground where almost six years before he had falled to whip

"The Indians have heard the shot and will return," he said, "This white man must have discovered some sign of us and came to do murder and have his spoils alone. Dear God, when I

Paul Tache!

He was looking at Toinette's tresses, which had burst free from their plaited bonds.

"We must run," he said. They passed the barn and went through the deserted field behind it, Odd following them.

"There is a stony ridge less than a mile from here," he encouraged. "If we can reach it, I know of twenty places where bare rock will let us throw them off our trail."

"We will reach it," breathed Toinette.

He pointed the way and let her go ahead of him, turning his head every dozen steps to look behind,

Along the hardwood knoll where the Lussans had gathered their fuel, Tolnette sped like a graceful nymph, her long hair streaming about her in the sun until at times Jeems saw nothing but its beauty; and in the contemplation of its loveliness a shuddering horror ran through him. In the stump field at home Hepsibah had told him how both the English and the French had begun to make use of women's bair, and that many a gentleman and courtly dandy wore shining curls taken by the scalping knife in wilderness orgies of rapine and murder. In the narrowness of Tolnette's escape, the thought oppressed him with sickening force.

Soon her lack of endurance compelled them to slacken their pace, and when they reached the rocky ascent which led to the crest of the ridge, Toinette's breath was breaking sobbingly from her lips and for a while she could go no farther. She gazed in the direction from which they had come, unterrified, and almost with challenge in her look, her breast wildly throbbing, her hand reaching out

Each of the few minutes that passed seemed an hour to him.

Then they climbed to the crest of the ridge. Here Jeems picked his way, choosing the places where their feet would not touch scattered stones or grass or soil, until half an hour of slow and tedlous progress lay between them and the point where they had come from the valley.

"If they come this far, they will think we have taken the wider and easier country," he explained. "Can you hold out a little longer?"

"It was the running that turned me faint," said Toinette. "I am as strong as you are now, Jeems. But may I stop and braid my hair? It is cumbrous and warm, and I wish you would cut it off!"

"I would cut off my arm first," declared Jeems, "We will be safe farther on, and if you will wait until we have put ourselves beyond that mass of rocks off there-"

His words remained unfinished. From behind them come a cry. It was not fierce nor one that seemed to carry menace, and bore with It a strange and almost musical softness. Jeems knew its meaning. The Mohawks were on the ridge. One of them was calling his scattered companions to evidence of their passing which he had discovered.

Jeems hastened Tolnette over the

rocks. "They have found some sign of us." he explained. "It may be one of Odd's claw marks on a stone, or the scratch from a nail in your shoe. Whatever it is they only know we have come this way and will still believe we have taken to the plain."

Toinette saw how desperately he was trying to keep from her the real neafness of their peril.

have seen Indians climb over rocks and windfalls. They are like squeezed their bodies under the stones. records were on perishable parchment.

cats-and I am so slow and clumsy." she said. "You can move faster than any Indian, Jeems. Hide me somewhere among these rocks-and go on alone. I am sure they will not harm me if they should happen to discover where I am."

Jeems did not answer. They bad come to the rocks which he had spoken of a few moments before. Here, if anywhere, was a place for concealment. It was filled with dark and cavernous refuges, and where the boulders met and crushed together were hidden pockets where their bodies might ile unseen. Toinette perceived these things with a heart that lightened with relief and hope,

A dozen steps from where they stood were three boulders apart from the others. One of the three had split Itself so that one half of it was a slab that formed a roof for the crevice between the other two,

Jeems' eyes revealed a deeper excitement as he pointed it out to Tolnette.

"We will hide-and in there!" he cried. "Make haste, Toinette! It is smooth rock and will leave no sign behind us. Go in and keep Odd with you!"

He began to throw loose stones about the huge boulder heap. Some he flung over the top of it so that they fell on the opposite side, and at last he sent a few into the edge of the valley, each farther than the other. He finished by shooting an arrow which descended in an open space at the foot of the ridge.

Toinette watched him in amazement and alarm until he commanded her in a sterner voice to crawl quickly under the stones. She waited no longer but pulled herself a few inches at a time beneath the boulders. Jeems, thrusting Odd ahead of him, had greater difficulty in performing this same feat, and for a little while they squirmed and twisted until they found a dark recess in which they could crowd themselves and even sit upright. Jeems explained to Toinette the meaning of his strange behavior outside.

"First they will find the loose stones and the marks I made and search for us in every hole and cranny of the pile," he said. "When they discover the arrow I hope they will believe we have fled into the forest."

They waited in a silence wherein the beating of their hearts was like the sound of tiny drums in the gloom of their hiding place. A shudder ran through Toinette, but she whispered: "I am not afraid."

She felt Jeems fumbling for his hatchet and heard him place it quietly on the naked rock at his side.

Then the rock itself seemed to give forth a faint sound as if some one had tapped it gently with a stick.

This sound grew into others that were soft and swift, and Jeems knew that moccasined feet were all about them. Low voices added themselves to the pattering tread. Toinette fixed her eyes on the crack through which came the shaft of light, and occasionally it was darkened as a body passed The trend of feet came and went, and they heard the clutter of rocks. But for a time all voices died away, and it was this silence which became almost unbearable for Toinette. This clutch of a danger which they could not see or cope with selzed upon her until each moment she expected to hear a ghostly creature stealing into their hiding place or to see a pair of flaming eyes on a level with her own. It was a feeling of horror instead of fear, and with it came a strong desire to cry out and ease her suspense in a

scream, Jeems, too, had almost found himself in the grip of something which he could not control. Not more than a quarter of an hour passed in this suspense, but it seemed to be a lifetime. Then there were voices again which increased in number and excitement until, above them all, a yell rose from the valley as one of the searchers discovered the arrow.

When Toinette raised her head, she heard no evidence of life other than their own on the ridge. "Thank God, they think we have gone into the valley!" said Jeems.

Tolnette touched him with a chutioning hand, and in the same moment he was aware of the sound her ears had caught! Some one was near the rock! More than one-there were two! Their voices were distinct though low, and they stood so close that their forms shut out the light from the crevice. To his astonishment Jeems heard a language which Hepsibah Adams had taught him, and it was not Mhawk. These were Senecas. The discovery thrilled him. He hated the Mohawk hatchet wielders who were the scourge of the southern frontler, but the Senecas, also brethren of the Six Great Nations, he doubly feared, for while the Mohawk killers were the wolves of the wilderness, the Senecas were its foxes and panthers combined. One was a creature of darkness and surprise, the other a lightning flash that came and went with deadly swiftness. He might trick a Mohawk, but a Seneca was the cleverest of his kind.

He felt his blood turn cold as he listened to the two. One was arguing that the arrow was a ruse and that the fugitives were somewhere not far away; the other, whose mind was still on the huge pile of stones, discredited the thought that It had been thoroughly searched and set off to find some proof of his suspicions. The first of the two speakers remained, and neither Tolnette nor Jeems could hear him move. It seemed an infinity of time before movement came again outside the rock. Metal scraped it as the Seneca made a resting place of it for his gun; footsteps went away, returned, and halted close to the narrow aperture through which they had

The savage was looking at the entrance to their hiding place! Jeems pictured the warrior, his doubt and hesitation, and was as sure in his visioning as though no barrier lay between them. He heard a grunt. The Seneca was on his stomach, peering in, and the grunt was an expression of the foolishness which had made him grovel like this. In a moment, be would rise and go away. But the moment passed. One-two-three-a dozen. Toinette was like one deadunbreathing. Odd, sensing a mighty danger, knowing that it was coming, crouched like a sphinx.

At last the slience was broken so softly that the disturbance might have been that of a tress of Toinette's hair falling from her shoulder across Jeems' arm. The Indian had thrust in his head. He was listening-smelling -then advancing slyly and cautiously like a ferret on the trail of prey. There could no longer be a doubt. He knew there was something under the rocks and, with true Seneca courage, foreseeing glory for himself even if death paid for it, he was coming alone.

Every instinct reached its highest tension in Jeems as a danger approached which he would be able to touch with his hands in another moment or two. He removed himself gently from Toinette's embrace and prepared his arms and body for action. Their eyes had grown more accustomed to the gloom, and Tolnette could see him as he crouched forward and gathered himself for the struggle which would mean life or death for them. Suddenly she understood that it would not be a struggle. When the Seneca's head appeared Jeems' hatchet would smash it in. She could see the hatchet. It was polsed to strike. There would be no cry-no moanonly that terrible, hidden sound. She listened to the doomed man slowly coming.

The feathers of his tuft appeared first, then the long black scalp lock. the hair-plucked head, a pair of shoulders. Jeems put all his strength behind the upraised hatchet. He knew there must be but one blow-well placed in the middle of the skull. That would end it. He almost closed his eyes and the hatchet descended a little, an overwhelming sense of the horror of the thing holding back his stroke. It was not simply killing; it was murder. The Seneca turned his head and looked up. His eyes were trained for use at night, and he saw more clearly than Jeems. He saw the white face. the hatchet, the death behind it, and he waited, transformed to stone. No voice came to his lips and no movement to his cramped body in this moment of shock and stupefaction when he must have realized that all the power of his forest gods could not help him. The pupils of his eyes glowed darkly. He did not breathe. Conscious of his impending end, he was amazed but not terrified. His fine countenance did not shrink from the steel about to sink into his brain. into Jeems' face as he paused for a moment to study the ground about

For a second more the blade did not fall, and in that second Jeems' eyes and those of the savere met steadily. Then the hatchet clattered to the rock floor, and with a protest of revulsion at what he had almost done, Jeems clutched at the Seneca's throat. The Indian was at a disadvantage, and though his powerful body strained and fought to loosen the choking grip, his position was so hopeless that in a short time he was limp and un conscious.

The Seneca's adventure, and the combat-if it could be distinguished by that name-had not terminated a moment too soon for those concealed under the rocks. The trail hunters were now aware that the placing of the arrow had been a ruse to delay them and began swarming back to the ridge. Half a dozen warriors gathered in a fierce and animated debate close about the rocks.

If Toinette's nerves were on the point of breaking, then Odd's were in no better condition when the Senecas returned to the ridge. His heart was breaking in its subjection to inactivity and stillness. Now he looked again on victory. His master was triumphant as the Indians returned and crowded about the rocks. Defiance rose in his sout in an overwhelming flood. He hated the smell outside. He hated the creatures who made it. Without warning, his passion broke loose in the howling rage of a beast gone mad. Toinette's arms and Jeems' hands were futile in their efforts to stop it. The Seneca on the stone floor moved

Outside there fell an awful stillness. Then Odd realized what he had done and grew quiet. They could feel rather than hear a velvet-footed, voiceless cordon gathering about them In

a ring of death. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Expurgation Cromwell's "Handbook for Readers and Writers" says that to "Bowdlerize" means to expurgate a book. Thomas Bowdler in 1818 published an edition of Shakespeare's work in which nothing is added to the original text; but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in the family." This was in ten volumes. Bowdler subsequently treated Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman empire" in the same way.

Alphabet Long in Use?

That Semitic merchants who lived before 2000 B. C. in Asia minor knew the use of the alphabet, is the conclusion of a scholar who builds up his evidence without having any of the writings of these Semites, since their



EXPLAINED

The uplift worker looked in on the prisoner in the death cell, "My good man," she asked, "what brought you here?"

"Trying to clear myself of the charge of blgamy, lady," the condemned man explained.

"But they can't execute a man for "Well, you see, I shot one of my

wives,"

POCKET EDITION



"He must be a religious man-he studies the prophets a great deal." "Yes; but it's the profits usually mentioned along with the losses, my

Learning and Sociability

"Co." stands for Company," And there is information That "company" the most will be Of the "Co-education."

In the Heights "Don't you admire the Shakes-

pearean drama?" "There are two forms of entertainment," replied Miss Cayenne, "that I can't properly appreciate. - One is Shakespeare and the other is a trapeze performance. They are both too far over my head."-Washington Star.

Encouraging an Author

"How was your novel received?" "Very favorably," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Critics said it was immoral," "Which was very kind of them. That line of comment was what gave my simple, soul-confession most of its popularity."-Washington Star,

Out With It

Small Girl (entertaining brother's fiancee) - Is "Disaster" your Christian name or your surname?

Flancee-What on earth do you Small Girl-'Cos I heard daddy tell-

ing mummle that that was what Reggle was courting!-The Humorist

SAME OLD STORY



Moneybags-Daughter, Las the duke told you the old, old story, as yet? Daughter-Yes. He says he owes about 200,000 bucks.

A Sad Old Story

Mistakes are often made, we know. The record long must leave us sad, For history will too often show Experiments gone to the bad.

Following Orders "So you have been bedridden for

three years?"

"Yes, the doctor came three years age and said I was not to get up until he came again, and he has never been here since."-Karikaturen, Oslo.

First Things First

"Do you always look under the bed before you say your prayers?" asked the flapper niece. "No, darling," said the old maid,

"first I say my prayers."

Clear to Him

"Papa, it says in this book: "The woman sobbed, tore her hair, beat her breast and fainted.' What does that mean?"

"That she wanted a new fur coat, my son."

Not So Good "I wish the boys wouldn't call me Big Bill."

"Why?" "These college names stick. And I'm studying to be a doctor."

The Boyhood of Famous By Americans Fitzgerald

Owen D. Young

The life of a county boy in rural New York fifty years ago was made up of much work

and little play. It meant getting up before daybreak on the cold winter mornings, helping with the stock, cleaning stables, It meant cutting and hauling wood, plowing, seeding and harvesting in season. Early to bed and early to rise was the program.

Most of the day during the summer was spent in tasks that made for a strong body. The development of the mind was left largely for the winter. Then a boy took his books and sometimes trudged miles through the snow to the little rural school house. He had to quit a warm bed, dress by candielight in a chilly room and do his share of the chores before he set out on his tramp to school in quest of an education,

That was the sort of a life Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric company, financial genius and diplomat, led as a boy. He was born in Van Hornesville, N. Y., in 1874. His ancestors had settled there before the Revolution. His father owned a farm five miles from the town. The boy had to perform all the tasks that fell to the lot of other youngsters in the same environment.

The Young farm was 15 miles from the railroad. Itinerant peddlers were its chief contact with the outside world. Their coming was eagerly awaited. Trips to town were taken only when necessary. Such excursions meant much lost time in the days of the horse-drawn wagon and poor roads. Electric power, which has lightened the work in rural sections, the radio, which has put the farmer in touch with the world and its affairs, were not thought of as farm equipment when Owen D. Young was a boy. They were made largely possible for the farmer through his genius for organization,

Education, beyond the rural school, was seldom considered worth while for farm boys of the time unless they planned on a professional life in town or city. If they could read and write and do simple problems in arithmetic, they soon qualified for the job of running a farm, Such a rudimentary training with books was boistered by hard and practical schooling in matters of agriculture.

Owen D. Young was not the average farm boy. He walked five miles a day to the rural school and back during the term, helping his father the while

with the chores. He was an only son, It was a red letter day in the boy's life when he was taken to Cooperstown, the county seat of Herklmer. Dressed in blue jeans he went to the courthouse and heard the lawyers argue a case. They wore boiled shirts, stiff collars, black ties and broadcloth. impressive garb to the little boy from the farm. Their arguments fascinated him. He decided that when he grew up he would be a lawyer.

But there were many obstacles in his path. He had to obtain a better education than the rural school offered, if he was to qualify for his chosen profession. Any effort to gain advanced schooling meant that he would have to leave home. His father needed him on the farm, When an uncle came to help his

father the way to an education opened-for the lad. He went to the East Springfield academy, encouraged by his parents in his ambitions,

His father drove Owen to school each week and brought him back home on Friday. His mother prepared the food on which he lived while away from home. Each week the boy carried away with him, packed in a big hox, the good things his mother cooked for him to eat.

He was ready for college when he was fifteen years old. He wanted to go to Cornell, thinking he could winone of the state scholarships there. But he was too young to be eligible to try the competitive examinations, So he returned home to help his father again. He became interested in church work and conducted the Sunday school in the little church in Van Hornesville. Alpheus Baker Harvey, then presi-

dent of St. Lawrence university, came to the town to preach. He heard Owen Young speak in church. The lad interested him so much that, the educator persuaded the elder Young that the boy was deserving of a college education even at a great sacrifice to his parents.

So the father borrowed \$1,000 and on that money, and his own earnings, Owen D. Young went through college, He got his bachelor of arts degree from St. Lawrence in 1894.

He still held to his ambition to be a lawyer. He entered Boston university, knowing that he would have to work his way through the law school. He served as a librarian and tutor to earn all the money needed to meet his modest expenses. He completed the three-year course in two years,

After being admitted to the Massa. chusetts bar he went to work for the General Electric company. His promotion was rapid. The farm boy of 50 years ago is now the organizing genius of the electrical industry and one of the financial wizards of his time.

(C, by The North American Newspaper Alliance.)

Aged War Veterans

Daniel C. Dakeman was the last pensioner of the Revolutionary war. He dled 86 years after the close of the war at the age of one hundred and nine years, eight months and eight days on April 5, 1869. Hiram Cronk was the last surviving pensioner of the War of 1812. He died on May 13, 1905, at the age of one hundred and five years and sixteen days. Owen Thomas Edgar, last surviving pensioner of the Mextean war, died in Washington, September 3, 1929,

Narrow Thoroughfare

The narrowest street in the United States is said to be Treasury street in St. Augustine, Fla. It is 6 feet 1 inch wide. This street was shown as a street on the map of St. Augustine in 1737, and called Treasury street because the old treasury was on the corner of this cross street and St. George street. Carriages used to drive through it, and a stone was placed at the entrance on Bay street to prevent this. The old treasury building is still standing.

Not Much Difference

The words fort and fortress are often used interchangeably. In the United States all permanently garrisoned places, whether fortified or not, are termed forts. In fortification fort is usually applied to a work entirely inclosed by defenstble parapets. Fortress generally designates a fortified city or town, or any piece of ground so strongly fortified as to be capable of resisting an attack. It is a permanent fortification.

Famous American's Nickname

"Old Man Eloquent" was one of the nicknames of John Quincy Adams during the latter years of his life while he was a member of the house of representatives. Milton applied the phrase to Isocrates, the famous Greek orator, who is said to have died of mental shock and grief when he learned that Philip of Macedon had defeated the Greek allies at Chaerones. - Pathfinder Magazine.

Hero's Resting Place

George Rogers Clark is buried in Cave Hill cemetery in Louisville, Ky. General Clark founded the city of Louisville in 1779 after returning from his military expedition to the Northwest. He spent most of his declining year in Louisville, Ky., and Clarksville, Ind., across the Ohio r'ver from Louisville. This town was also founded by General

Had Enough of the Sea

On account of a shipwreck in his teens when he was emigrating from England to South Africa, Mr. Clark of Boshof, Orange Free State, made his way inland, and vowed that he would never eyes on the sea again. He settled at Boshof, where he built up an extensive general dealers' business, and left a large fortune at his

Loving Wife

Scene in millinery shop. Wife addresses husband; "You see, my dear, this is the hat I adore most passionately, but since you prefer that other one, I shall take them both, just to please you!"

First Used by Holmes?

The expression "mutual admiration society" was probably coined by Oliver Wendell Holmes, The phrase appears in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

One Point of View

He is Lappiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

MEAD ACHE

When you feel a headache coming on it's time to take Bayer Aspirin. Two tablets will head it off, and you can finish your shopping in comfort.
Limbs that ache from sheer weari-

ness. Joints sore from the beginnings of a cold. Systemic pain. The remedy is rest. But immediate relief is yours for the taking; a pocket tin of Bayer Aspirin is protection from pain

wherever you go.

Get real aspirin. Look for Bayer
on the box. Read the proven directions found inside every genuine Bayer package. They cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, muscular pains, etc.
These tablets do not depress the heart. They do nothing but stop the

pain. Every druggist has Bayer Aspirin in the pocket size, and in bottles. To save money, buy the genuine tablets by the hundred. Don't experiment with imitations.

