

The Plains of Abraham

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII

Twenty minutes after Odd had revealed their hiding place Jeems and Toinette were standing in the sun. Mysterious things had happened in this time. Unseen hands had dragged the warrior from under the rocks. An interval had followed in which excitement gave way to solemn and low-voiced talk outside. Then some one had called in guttural, broken French commanding them to come out. They had obeyed, Jeems first, Toinette after him, and Odd last with the downcast air of a beast who knew he was in disgrace.

It was an astounding and unexpected reception by enemies at whose belts scalp were hanging. There were between twenty and thirty of the Senecas, splendidly built, keen-eyed, lean-faced, most of them young men. Even in the shock of the moment, Toinette surveyed them in startled admiration. They were like runners ready for a race. Staring at the youth with his bow and at the girl with her tangled, shining hair, the Indians returned their gaze with a look of amazement not unmixed with approval. They seemed scarcely able to believe these two had fooled them so completely, capturing one of their number in the bargain, yet conceded the fact with glances in which passion was held subdued.

A young savage who stood before them seemed largely responsible for this attitude. Purplish lines were around his throat as if a rope had choked him. Two of the eagle feathers in his tuft were broken, and his shoulder was bleeding where the skin had been torn by a jagged tooth of rock. Evidently he held considerable influence in the war party of which he was a member. Beside him was a much older man of even more powerful figure.

It was he who spoke in Seneca to the younger.

"So this is the boy who made my brave nephew a captive to be saved by the voice of a dog?"

The other scowled at the taunt in his voice.

"He could have killed me. He spared my life."

"This is the young he-fawn to whom you owe a feather from your tuft!"

"I owe him two—one for himself and one for the maiden whose presence must have stayed his hand."

The older man grunted.

"He looks strong and may stand to travel with us. But the girl is like a broken flower ready to fall in our path. She will cumber our feet and make our way more difficult, and great haste must be our choice. Use your hatchet on one and we will take the other."

At this command Jeems gave a sudden cry, and the faces of the savages relaxed in astonishment when he began to speak in their language. Hepsibah Adams' schooling had prepared him for this hour. His tongue stumbled, some of his words were twisted, there were gaps which only the imagination could fill, but he told his story. The Indians listened with an interest which assured Jeems they had not been a part of the force that had

attentively, and when the youth had finished, he spoke words which sent two of his men running down the ridge in the direction of Lussan's place. Then he asked questions which let Jeems know the Senecas had not gone as far as Lussan's, but that they had heard the gun, and in seeking for the one who had fired it, had stumbled upon their trail in the hardwood slope half a mile from the abandoned house.

When his brief questioning was over, Tisoga turned his attention once more to the young man beside him.

"I think the boy is a great liar, and I have sent back for proof of it," he said. "If he has not sped an arrow through this friend of the Mohawks, as he claims, he shall die. If he has spoken the truth in the matter, which will be proof that he has spoken it in others, he may travel with us, and his companion also, until her feet tire so that death is necessary to bring her rest."

Toinette began to prepare herself for the ordeal, braiding her hair swiftly. Jeems came to her, and she saw the torture of doubt in his eyes.

"I can do it, Jeems," she cried softly. "I know what you were saying and what they were thinking, and I can do it. I will do it! I am going to live—with you. I love you so much that nothing can kill me, Jeems—not even their tomahawks!"

The tall young warrior approached. He at least was one friend among the many who stood about them.

"I am Shindas," he said. "We are going to a far town—a long way. It is Chenusfo. There are many leagues of forests, of hills, of swamps between us and it. I am your friend because you have been a brother and allowed me to live, and I owe you two feathers from my tuft. I brought your hatchet from under the rocks because I did not want you to strike and be killed in turn. You love the white maiden. I, too, love a maiden."

The Seneca's words brought to Jeems not only hope but shock. These savages were from Chenusfo, the Hidden Town—a place which even the adventurous Hepsibah Adams had looked upon as another world, a goal which he had dreamed of reaching in some day of reckless daring. Hidden Town! The heart and soul and mysterious Secret Place of the Seneca nation! It was a vast distance away. His uncle had once said, "You must be a strong man before you can travel to it. That is why the Senecas, who range far, are the finest of all two-legged beasts."

Shindas spoke again. "Tisoga, my uncle, who is a great captain, will keep his word. He will kill the little fawn who is with you if he limbs fall her."

Jeems looked from his friend to Toinette. She had approached the fierce old warrior and was smiling into his face, her eyes aglow with confidence as she pointed to her ragged shoes. For a moment Tisoga repulsed her advance with stolid indifference. Then he turned his back on her and gave a command which quickly put a prisoner's thong of buckskin around Jeems' neck and relieved him of his bow.

Down into the valley and through the forest the long, grim march began. The two braves had returned with the white man's scalp and the broken arrow that had killed him. They talked excitedly, and Toinette could understand by their actions the story they were telling. It was the portrayal of a desperate struggle between their prisoner and the white-skinned Mohawk. They measured the difference in their weight and size. The broken arrow was compared with its fellows in the quiver.

Tisoga spoke. "This youth shall go with us, and in turn for his brotherhood, we will take the maiden to fill the place of Silver Heels in my tepee. See that he is given the scalp which is his that he may have a feather in his tuft when we arrive." Then he spoke to Jeems: "You hear?" Then to Toinette: "You are Silver Heels. She was my daughter. She is dead."

No flash of emotion, no softening of his features, no sign of friendship crossed the chieftain's countenance. He turned and put himself at the head of his band, huge among his men, with the dignity of a king in his bearing.

ing. One of the braves who had gone to Lussan's fastened the white man's scalp at Jeems' belt in spite of his protest and abhorrence.

Once more the westward march resumed its way—a single file of soft-footed, noiseless men with a girl midway in their line—a girl whose long dark braid gleamed in the shafts of the sun, whose cheeks were flushed, and whose eyes held something more than the depths of tragedy and grief as she looked ahead to the great adventure, and heard behind her the tread of a dog and the steps of the man she loved.

Toinette traveled easily in moccasins which had been given her. She was not as fragile as Jeems had thought when he had tried to keep up with him in her high-heeled shoes. Her slim body was strong and supple, her eyes quick, her feet sure. Shindas dropped back from man to man to see



Her Slim Body Was Strong and Supple.

that all was well, and his eyes gleamed with satisfaction when he measured how lightly Toinette was following those ahead of her. He fell in close to Jeems, and the two talked in low tones. Even Odd seemed to have changed now that he was a part of those whom he had mistrusted.

To an observer, the passing of the Senecas would have revealed no sign of peace or mercy. That it was a force chosen with care for a long and dangerous mission, there could be no doubt, and that it had met with success was equally certain. There were twenty-six scalps among its warriors, which was triumph in ample measure. Eighteen of these had been taken from men, five from women, and three from children.

Toinette was not afraid, though she could not account for her feeling of security. She was not only unafraid of Tisoga, but there was something she liked about the man. She was sure he would not kill her. She spoke this conviction to Jeems when he was at her side. But Shindas had said to him, "I have greater hope, for she travels lightly and well. She must keep up. If she fails, Tisoga will kill her even though he has chosen her to take the place of Silver Heels."

Toinette kept from Jeems the fact that she was growing tired and that sharp pains had begun to shoot like needles through the overtaxed muscles of her limbs.

When they stopped for a meal she ate an apple and half of a turnip, and Jeems brought her water in a birch-bark cup from the cold stream beside which they had camped.

He did not tell her the dark news he had learned—that there had been a great slaughter of the French under Baron Dieskau and that the southern frontier lay at the mercy of Sir William Johnson and his hordes of savages.

Nor did he tell her that because of trouble with a band of Mohawks, three of whose number had been left dead in a personal quarrel, Tisoga planned to reach the Seneca stronghold in six days and nights.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Partnership, Esq., Is Applied To for Position

The following application for a job in answer to a want ad has been received by a Shanghai firm:

"Being an application to apply for the vacant that to advertisement for wanted a preferable one with godown and wharf experience assist in your office. I am a good experience for above firm and previous condition below. My name is Ah Foo-sz, I am 29 years old. My growth in the Shanghai of great China. I was graduated in the Wah Wah school and after for a clerk in the Chinese Eastern railway Yang Ka-doo wharf three years long. I have goods knowledge of Chinese, English, Typelist and other languages and I am trust one connection of godown and wharf experience and sal-

ary you may be payable from my authority of work. I am expect your favor immediately with thanks."

The envelope containing the application was addressed to Mr. Partnership, Esq., and found its way into a newspaper office.

Method of Firing Torpedo

When a torpedo is fired from a submarine, the outer door of the torpedo tube opens and water pours in up to the inside door of the tube. In order to reload the tube, the outer door is closed, the inner door opened, and the water in the tube then rushes into the bilges of the submarine and is pumped out.



WITTY WINSTON

At a crowded meeting in Dundee one night Winston Churchill dwelt at some length upon the subject of women during the war. Some of his remarks were greeted with a fierce storm of disapproval, during which one of the hecklers rose and shouted in a derisive voice, "Experience teaches fools!"

"That," returned Churchill calmly, "is why I ask you to profit by my experience."—Boston Transcript.

SAVING TIME



"Bridget, why are you sweeping the living room a second time? You did it an hour ago."

"Yes, mum, but you see tomorrow is my day off, an' I won't have a chance to do it at all."

Delusive Glimmer

"Eyes are the index of the mind," "Tis said—that can't be right, For lots of girls are dumb, I find, Whose eyes are very bright."

Sounds Like the West

Visitor—I believe your village is very healthy, is it not?

Inhabitant—It is the healthiest spot on earth.

Visitor—And yet your cemetery is pretty full.

Inhabitant—Yes, but they are the graves of doctors and undertakers who have died with broken hearts.—Exchange.

At Their Best

"Mother, we heard a quartette in church last night," said the little boy. "Daddy liked to hear them sing."

"Didn't you?" asked Mother curiously.

"Well," explained the tot, "I like quartettes best when they're eight or nine singers."—Chicago Daily News.

What's a Neighbor?

Mary, five years old, called on the woman next door.

"Mrs. Galliber," she said, "let's play neighbors."

"Surely," said Mrs. Galliber; "but how do you play it?"

"All you do," said Mary, demurely, "is to borrow something."—Liberty.

JUST HASH



Head waiter—What's that chap at the corner table want?

Walter—Says he wants a little of everything.

H. W.—Make it hash.

Going Too Far

Thrift is a quality justly admired, But it's passing the limit, one feels To carry one's wife's false molars around So the lady can't eat between meals.

Speaking of Automobile Shows

She (from the interior of a very expensive new car)—Oh, Bob, it's like sitting in the loveliest armchair. Husband—Come out, dear and I'll buy you a lovely armchair.—Times of India.

Sharp and Flat

"I had a lot of shopping to do last night and spent all my money."

"I heard you come in at eleven o'clock sharp."

"No, flat."

All Alike

Tailor—How about your account, sir? You owe me for ten suits made last year.

Client—Impossible. I only had two. Tailor—Yes, but you sent several of your friends here.—Passing Show.

A Dire Threat

Mr. Peewee—I'm going out for half an hour and if I find the dishes in the sink when I get back I'll— His wife—You'll what? Mr. Peewee—I'll wash 'em myself.

WORLD WAR YARNS

by Lieut. Frank E. Hagan

By Taxi to the Front

When the Germans started their invasion of Belgium, four American war correspondents, Irvin S. Cobb, John T. McCutcheon, Will Irwin and Arno Dosch-Fleuret hurried to Brussels where, on the morning of August 18, 1914, they engaged a taxicab and started out to find the Belgian army. By noon they were in the thick of the fighting but not finding any place in the territory held by the Belgians where they wanted to stop they kept right on going.

Eventually this led them into the German lines where they were immediately taken prisoners and closely guarded that night. In the morning they were taken to Gen. Von Bulow's headquarters. Through his adjutant, who spoke English, the general demanded, "How did you get here?" "Why, we came in a taxicab," replied one of the four casually. "In a taxicab!" exclaimed the general. "Gott in Himmel! In a taxicab!" At the thought of these four crazy Americans driving in a taxicab straight into a battle and beyond into certain captivity, the general roared with laughter.

The four were inclined to join in the joke until the general suddenly became stern and let it be known that they were in a precarious situation. He might not shoot them as spies but there was a good chance that they would be interned for the duration of the war.

Finally Cobb, acting as spokesman for his companions, said to the general. "I beg of you, as man to man, shoot us if you must, but for God's sake stop that taxicab meter. It's still running." For a moment Von Bulow looked sterner than ever. Then he broke into a howl of laughter and he was still roaring as he dismissed his captives. For four days they were detained at his headquarters, then were sent back under escort to Brussels.

Excuse It, Please

The Irish have a wit which responds quickly in emergencies—and emergencies always were popping up during the World war.

Witness the story told by Louis G. Brubaker, a member of the old Second Virginia Infantry at the time of the war, to illustrate the point.

My outfit, the old Second Virginia, was encamped on the Roanoke (Va.) fair grounds in 1917, under command of the late Robert F. Leedy, says Brubaker.

While we were on guard at the main entrance to the grounds one day, several of us were being entertained by an Irish member of our outfit who was unusually adept at imitating others. The talents of this man were directed principally toward the mimicry of idiots. His favorite pose for this "act" was to hold one hand against his chest, with eyes rolling and mouth agape—too ridiculous for description.

He was in this attitude when the colonel and his staff suddenly reined up before us. We snapped into a salute but our comrade was too absorbed in his acting to even notice the visitors.

The colonel sat his horse for some moments, looking down at the Irishman, before the latter became aware of what was happening. When he saw the colonel, however, the Irish soldier retained his silly pose.

The officer was amused and astonished. It was evident. There was a twinkle in his eye as he roared: "How in the blank-bank did you ever get into this man's army?"

Without batting an eye, the soldier's Irish wit came to his rescue. The mimic replied instantly: "Sir, they enlisted me over the telephone."

A Narrow Squeak—Rather!

On August 12, 1918, Maj. Reed G. Landis of Chicago, then a lieutenant and on the way to becoming America's second ace, hopped off with his fellow war birds in search of the enemy squadron.

They found twenty hostile flyers high above the lines of advancing Allied infantry. For twenty minutes the opposing groups played a game of aerial hide-and-seek, each trying to outmaneuver the other. Then Landis and his companions cornered some of the enemy planes, twelve miles behind their own lines. The fighting began.

Suddenly Landis, who was separated from his mates, saw a German plane swooping down for him, point blank. He swerved his own plane toward the enemy and "gave 'er the gas."

Nether hesitated. Both planes were meeting as though held to an invisible track. The faces of the pilots were almost together when, suddenly—

The German plane rocked sharply, spun dizzily, and whirling like a top, crashed to the forest directly below, a tangled wreckage of pilot and ship. "And that," Lieutenant (now Major) Landis admits, "was rather a narrow squeak! What?"

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Earliest Magazines

The American Library association says: "It is said that the first magazine that really deserved the name was the Athenian Gazette, which appeared in London in 1691. Gentleman's Magazine, starting in 1731, is the real beginning of the monthly magazine such as we know it in recent years."



A DOCTOR'S ADVICE for Stubborn Bowels

"Drink at least six glasses of water daily—preferably before meals. Eat bulkier foods, such as vegetables, fruits and coarse breads. Use a mild laxative as needed."

That is Dr. Caldwell's advice to people with stubborn bowels. He specialized on the bowels; treated thousands for constipation and its ills. The prescription he used over and over in his practice has become the world's most popular laxative! "Syrup Pepsin," as it is now called, was tested by more than 47 years of practice.

Today you can get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drugstore in America. It is always the same; made exactly according to the original prescription, from laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other valuable ingredients. Nothing in it to harm even a baby. It does not gripe, sicken or cause any discomfort. But it moves the bowels; it gets rid of all the souring waste which clogs the system; makes you bilious, headachy, gassy, bloated, weak, half-sick. A doctor should know what is best for the bowels. Syrup Pepsin is a famous doctor's choice of a safe, pleasant, effective laxative for men, women, older folks, babies and children.

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

Peculiar Stunt

One of the stunts at a meeting of the Maryland beekeepers was a bee-eating contest, in which the participants, bareheaded and with no protection for their faces, caught as many bees as possible, one at a time, keeping them in a wide-mouth bottle held in one hand.

Relieve COUGHS Quickly with Boschee's Syrup

First dose soothes the throat. Relief GUARANTEED.

Trained Birds to Fight Pests
To save the orange crops from insect pests orchardists in South Africa are releasing ladybirds, trained for the purpose. The birds are reported to have been effective in clearing the orchards.

Eat Everything without Fear of Indigestion

Are there lots of foods you can't eat—for fear of gas, bloating, pains in the stomach and bowels?

That's a sign you need Tanlac! For 10 years Tanlac has restored to health thousands who denied themselves favorite foods just as you do.

Mrs. Arvena Bowers, of Topeka, Kans., says she was troubled for years with gas, bloating and dizzy spells but Tanlac ended her suffering quickly.

If you suffer from indigestion, gas, dizziness, headaches, torpid liver—give Tanlac a chance to help you!

Get it from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Demand for Books

Nearly 22,000,000 books were borrowed from New York public library for home and reference work last year. 11,103,109 being issued for home use in Manhattan alone.

More Desirable

Palmist—I see a tall, handsome man prostrate before you.

Mrs. Perkins (interrupting)—I wish you could see my lodger, a little bow-legged man, paying his bill.

An Eminent Physician Prescribed this Tonic



As a young man Dr. R. V. Pierce practiced medicine in Pennsylvania. His prescriptions met with such great demand that he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and put up in ready-to-use form his well-known tonic for the blood, Golden Medical Discovery. It aids digestion, acts as a tonic, and enriches the blood—clears away pimples and annoying eruptions and tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. This medicine comes in both fluid and tablets. Ask your druggist for

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery



The Seneca's Words Brought to Jeems Not Only Hope but Shock.

massared his and Toinette's people. He pointed to the girl. He related how the Mohawks had destroyed his father and mother and all who had belonged to Toinette; how they had fled together, how they had hidden in the old house, and that with an arrow he had killed the white man who had fired the gun. Bronzed and disheveled, the long bow in his hand, Jeems made a vivid picture of courage and eloquence that would remain with Toinette as long as she lived. She drew herself up a little proudly, sensing that he was fighting for her. She stood straight, her chin high, gazing with unafraid eyes at the leader of the war party.

With the courtesy which Tisoga had already established for himself in her husband's history, the chieftain listened