

The Plains of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood

CHAPTER VIII—Continued
—17—

He was heavy with doubt when the march was resumed, for he saw the bitter souls hidden in the breasts of the warriors. Hepsibah Adams had made him see the truth, and he knew these men owed nothing to the people of his race except loss and shame. Many times he had thought that, if fate had placed his fortunes among them, he would have hated with the grimness of their hatred. The freedom and pride which were once the heritage of their wide domains were no longer the controlling factors in their existence. Their wars had ceased to be wars which gave birth to forest gods and epics of unforgettable heroism. Their star was setting, and with its decline the white man had transformed them into common killers, and in this new calling it made small difference to them whether they slew enemies or those who posed as friends, as long as the skins were white. So the nobility which Toinette saw in their captors was poisoned for Jeems by what was concealed within their hearts. The greatest of all hates was not the hate of a man for a man, but the hate of a race for a race, and he knew that at a word from Tiaoga the men about him would be turned into fiends. Most of all he feared Tiaoga, for Shindas had told him that Tiaoga's father had been killed by a white man and his son by an English Mohawk.

Whatever their fate was to be, this day would bring it. He was sure Toinette could not keep up the pace much longer, and he strengthened himself for the moment when the Seneca chief would find himself compelled to give a decision. That Tiaoga had claimed her for his daughter gave him hope, but if in her frailty Toinette was condemned to die, he was determined that she should not die alone.

It was not long afterward that the warriors observed Tiaoga limping slightly. This sign of physical difficulty increased in his walk until, furious because of his weakness, he drove his hatchet head-deep into a tree and paused to bind a piece of buckskin tightly about the ankle he had wrenched. Progress was slower after this. It continued to slacken as the afternoon waned, until the hand of a spiritual guidance seemed to be working for Toinette. It was useless to attempt a concealment of her condition. Her strength was gone. Her body was racked as if it had been beaten. Another mile and she would have sunk to the ground, glad to have an end to her torture. But fate, and Tiaoga's hurt, intervened to save her. They came at last to a hardwood plain in which was a pigeon roost.

Tiaoga spoke to Shindas. "We have been a long time without meat, Broken Feather. In a few hours there will be plenty here. We will feast and then sleep and will not travel again until morning."

Then Shindas knew the truth, but his countenance did not change. He soon had a chance to speak to Jeems.

"For the first time I have discovered my uncle to be a great liar," he said. "His ankle is as sound as mine. It is for the little fawn he has pretended a hurt and stops here for meat. She is safe. He will not kill her."

When Jeems translated this Toinette bowed her head and cried softly. Tiaoga saw her. Crumpled on the ground with Jeems' arm around her, she looked like Silver Heels, with her long black braid falling over her shoulder. No one was conscious of the strain in his heart as he came toward her. Warriors, wide-eyed, saw that he did not limp, and in his attitude was a tigerish defiance of what they might think. He paused before the girl and dropped his beaverskin blanket at her feet. Toinette looked up through tears and smiled again as a strange softness stole over the savage face. He gazed at her steadily, as if he were seeing a spirit, and said: "The soul of Sol Yan Makwun has come to abide in you!"

Sol Yan Makwun was Silver Heels. Tiaoga turned away, and his warriors knew that his decision had been made. There would be no haste after this in the direction of Hidden Town.

On a couch made of the beaverskin and armful of balsam boughs which Jeems had carried from the creek bottom, Toinette rested while the Indians prepared for the evening feast. She smoothed and rebraided her hair as she watched them, and although every bone in her body seemed to have an ache of its own, she felt a sensation of complete relaxation stealing over her for the first time since the tragedy at Tonteur manor. The mental ease which came to soften her environment embraced her in such a stealthy way that she was unconscious of the moment when her eyes closed in complete surrender to the exhaustion which was claiming her.

Jeems returned from one of the fires bearing a stick on which a dozen of the cooked pigeons were spitted. He did not awaken Toinette, but after he had finished his meal, he broiled another dozen of the pigeons until they were as brown as chestnuts and stored them away with a roasted lily root and a few artichokes.

For two hours the cooking continued, and when it was finished, with the night's kill ready for future use, Tiaoga's warriors wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep. The camp was soon in silence, and for a long time Jeems sat meditating upon the changes which had come into his life within the space of two days and nights. That every-

thing was gone and that he and Toinette were the only ones left of those who had so recently made up their world seemed a monstrous exaggeration of fact. Toinette, sleeping quietly, forced the truth upon him, and from the racking visions of his thoughts he turned to her with yearning to hold her closely in his arms. Her face was of childlike loveliness in the glow of the stars. So complete was her fatigue that dark dreams did not mar the solace of her unconsciousness. When the night was half gone, he made a pillow of balsams, and before he fell asleep he drew Toinette's hand to him gently and pressed his lips against it.

Dawn, another day, then night again. The journey was no longer impossible for Toinette. When she neared exhaustion, camp was made, and when she awoke the march was resumed. Tiaoga called her Sol Yan Makwun, and the warriors regarded her with kinder eyes. As the days continued and they witnessed her courage, their hearts grew warm toward her, and at times their glances revealed an admiration and friendliness which were never in Tiaoga's.

These days served also as the bridge across which Jeems and Toinette were passing into a future that was all their own, and the poignancy of the loss they had suffered was mellowed by these newer aspects so vital to themselves. The world they had known was a fabric which had crashed in ruin about them—a desolation out of which another existence was building itself. As the deeper solitudes of the wilderness claimed them, this feeling became a bond which nothing could break. Wherever they went and whatever happened, they would belong to each other, for death might separate but it could not destroy.

On the fourteenth day, Tiaoga sent a messenger ahead. That evening he sat on the ground near Toinette, and Jeems translated what he said. Tomorrow they would reach Hidden Town, and his people would be expecting them. There would be great rejoicing because they had taken many scalps and had not lost a man. They would honor her—and Jeems, accepting them as flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone. Toinette would live as his daughter. Silver Heels' heart would live in her song. She would be of the forests—forever. That was the word he had sent ahead to Chenusio. Tiaoga was coming with his daughter.

He stalked into darkness, and for a time Jeems and Toinette were afraid to speak the thought which was choking at their hearts.

"Your children and your children's children..."

That night Toinette lay staring at the sky with sleepless eyes.

CHAPTER IX

Guarded like a precious jewel on all sides, a hidden town literally as well as in name, Chenusio was one of the greatest of the strange social centers of the Indians to which prisoners with white skins were brought to be adopted by their captors. That such places existed was a fact which had but recently gained credence in both the English and French colonies. Not until 1794 was Colonel Bouquet to free the "white" population in the first of these mystery villages, and then the deliverance which he brought about resulted in less of happiness than of tragedy, for the life and associations which he disrupted in the name and claim of the Colonies had their roots as far back as the third and fourth generations. Hearts and homes were broken as well as prisoners' shackles.

Chenusio was the Rome of a wide domain in that period of its history when Jeems and Toinette came with Tiaoga and his warriors. In it were three hundred people, and at full strength it numbered sixty fighting men. It nestled at the edge of a large meadow which the river embraced in a horseshoe curve and its center was a stockaded stronghold with long-houses, storage buildings, cabins, and tepees sufficient for the entire population in times of stress.

The Senecas had vineyards and fine orchards of apples, cherries, and plums, and they also grew tobacco and potatoes on a considerable scale. In the cornfields and growing from the

Long Line of "Caesars" in Annals of Old Rome

Caesar was the surname of a renowned branch of a line of Roman patrician generals with the forename Julia. They claimed descent from the sons of Aeneas, the mythical Iulus.

Sextus Julius Caesar, a praetor in 208 B. C., is the earliest by that name to be mentioned in history. No direct male descendant was left to bear the name of the great Julius Caesar. Octavian, whom he had adopted and who later became the Emperor Augustus, took the name. The name passed, also through adoption, from Augustus to his immediate successors, Tiberius and Caligula. The use of the name was continued by Claudius and Nero, although they were not Jullii. When Nero was killed, the use of Caesar as a family name was discontinued and it became the title of the reigning emperor. The title Caesar was

same hills were pumpkins and beans and everywhere were sunflowers of a dwarfish kind grown for the oil which was extracted from their seeds.

When the season was good, Chenusio lived in comfort during the long winter months. The granaries were full, large quantities of dried fruits were in the storehouses, and underground cellars were stocked with apples, pumpkins, potatoes, and squashes. When the season was bad, Chenusio drew a belt tightly about its stomach for five months of the year. For three of these months it starved.

This was a bad season. Spring frosts had killed the early vegetation and had blackened the buds of apples and plums. The corn was so poor that, after roasting time, only enough was left for the next year's planting, and beans and potatoes had suffered until there was less than a third of a crop. But the people of Chenusio were no appearance of gloom on the day when Tiaoga and his triumphant warriors were to arrive from the east. Tiaoga's messenger had brought the news that not a man had been lost in their invasion of the territory of their enemies. This was unusual, and it put fresh courage into the hearts of those who had seen the year go against them. Tiaoga's homecoming with the spoils of war was an augury which more than discounted empty cellars and granaries.

As a part of these spoils, they knew Tiaoga was bringing a daughter to take the place of Silver Heels.

This convinced them that fortune was bound to smile on them again. They had loved Sol Yan Makwun. With her death had come bad times. Now the spirits would give them an easy winter, and next year would see the earth flowering with good things.

Chenusio made ready for the feast. There were still plenty of earthy things and a supply of late green corn packed away in husks and kept for the occasion.

The last day was long for Toinette. It had begun at dawn, and though Tiaoga halted his men at intervals to let her rest, it had not ended with dusk. Darkness came before they reached a plain on the far side of which was a hill. Beyond this hill was Chenusio. They could see the glow of a great fire lighting the sky.

Toinette forgot her exhaustion at this sign of the end of their journey. She observed that some one took from Jeems the scalp of the man he had killed, which he had tried to conceal from her eyes under a flap of buckskin. Then she saw all of the scalps taken by the Senecas fastened like dangling fish to a slender pole which was carried on the shoulders of two men, the hair of one of these scalps reaching almost to the ground. With the scalp carriers in the lead, they came to the hill at the edge of the plain and looked down on the valley of Chenusio.

At Tiaoga's command the men bearing the scalp-laden pole had gone ahead, and now Tiaoga followed with his men in single file. Toinette and Jeems were midway in the line. Wide slave collars of buckskin had been placed about their necks, and Jeems was stripped of his weapons. The warriors did not hurry. Their step was slow and steady, and not a man broke the silence with a whisper or a word. A sea of torches advanced. It rolled in and out of hollows like a flood, then came to a level place and formed two streaming lines of fire. The scalp bearers reached these a hundred yards ahead of Tiaoga and his men. Toinette could see them enter the light of the torches, and in these moments the voices of the savages rose to the heavens. Tiaoga paused, and not until the scalp bearers had paraded their grisly burden the entire length of the gauntlet of flame did he proceed again.

Toinette felt stealing over her a strange faintness of body and limb. Stories which she had forgotten, stories she had heard of the Indians from childhood, stories that had sent shivers through the hearts of a thousand homes along the frontiers all crowded upon her at once. Wild tales of appalling torture and vengeance, of stake and fire and human suffering. She had listened to them from her father's lips, from passing voyageurs, had heard them in the gossip of the seigneurie. And she remembered by name this ordeal which awaited them: It was Le Chemin de Feu—the Road of Fire—through which they must pass. Others had died in it. Roasted by pitch-filled torches. Blinded. Killed by inches. So she had been told.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Boyhood of Famous Americans

By J. V. Fitzgerald

George F. Baker



Uncle John could sit on his porch and take it easy while the other farmers were hard at work. He lived well and enjoyed himself. His nephew wondered how a man could have all the necessities of life, and some of the luxuries, without having to work. Being of an inquiring mind he asked for the answer to such a puzzle. He was told that his uncle had an income from his savings and was able to live on the interest of his money.

That was how George F. Baker got his first lesson in thrift and in the value of saving and investing. He was visiting his grandparents in Dedham, Mass., where he spent much of his vacations as a boy, when he learned the lesson that was to help make him one of the world's leading bankers and enable him to amass a tremendous fortune.

George F. Baker was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1840. His father was a merchant, who at one time had a shoe business in New York city. The older Baker didn't enjoy buying and selling. He became a reporter under Horace Greeley on the New York Tribune. He specialized in politics. He became a Washington correspondent for his paper, later holding numerous political positions.

His son was eight years old when the family moved to Brooklyn. Young George went to school in Williamsburg, but spent much time with his grandparents in Massachusetts. The country air agreed with him. He thrived on it and became a sturdy and robust youngster.

It was at Dedham that he laid the foundation for the strong constitution that has enabled him to be active for so many years. There, also, through the example of his uncle, he learned the lesson in finance that helped him in laying the foundation for his great fortune. He earned his first money, during a vacation at Dedham, by gathering cranberries left under the bushes by the pickers.

He carried the berries to the barn in pails, dumped them in a sleigh, that was stored until the coming of the New England winter, and when it was full and all the berries salvaged, he sold the batch for \$7. That was good money for a boy in those days before the "Civil War." Young Baker didn't waste it on candy or entertainment. With the example of his uncle in mind he saved it.

The youthful financier finished his education at Seward university at Florida, N. Y., when he was sixteen years old. His first job was in a small Albany bank. His father, whose interest in politics had gained him an election to the state legislature, was secretary to Gov. Myron H. Clark at the time.

The youngster worked hard learning the rudiments of the banking business, but he had time to enjoy himself after the fashion of the youth of the period. He drove his own horse and buggy. He got his exercise by rowing on the upper Hudson.

Sculling was a great sport on the river at Albany and Troy in those days. There were good boat clubs and good oarsmen. Young Baker was one of the best. He was skilled enough to win a sculling championship of the upper Hudson. He was also active in church and lecture work.

He was badly injured in a railroad accident in 1859. For a time it was thought one of his legs would have to be amputated. He recovered and served as secretary and assistant military secretary to Gov. Edwin D. Morgan, who was chief executive of the state at the outbreak of the Civil War.

Before this he had worked as a clerk in the state banking department. His pay there was only \$500 a year, but he managed to save \$100 of his first year's salary. His father was in Washington at secretary to William H. Seward and young Baker returned to the banking department when Governor Morgan retired from office.

He was known as the best informed clerk there. His knowledge soon gave him an opportunity to enter the banking business for himself. He became interested in the plan of Secretary of the Treasury Chase to sell bonds through banks and to form banks which could pledge bonds themselves for the circulation of currency up to 50 per cent of their value.

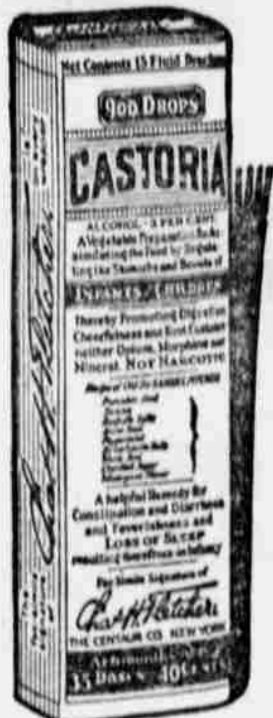
He talked the proposition over with John Thompson, a New York financier, and in 1863 they launched the First National bank with a capital of \$200,000. Thompson offered the young banker all the stock he wanted and promised to carry it for him. But George Baker, at the time, didn't believe in borrowing money. Some misguided friend, apparently, had warned him against being a borrower.

Fretful DAYS Restless NIGHTS ... give child Castoria

FUSSY, fretful, can't sleep, won't eat... It isn't always easy to find just where the trouble is with a young child. It may be a stomach upset; it may be sluggish bowels.

But when little tongues are coated and there is even a slight suspicion of bad breath—it's time for Castoria!

Castoria, you know, is a pure vegetable preparation especially made for babies and children. When Baby cries with colic or is fretful because of constipation, Castoria brings quick comfort, and, with relief from pain, soothes him to restful sleep. For older children—up through all the school years, Castoria is equally effective in helping to right irregularities. Just give it in larger doses. What a



comfort Castoria is to mothers! Get the genuine, with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on wrapper and the name Castoria that always appears like this:



Light Switched On by Human Being's Approach

A Lancashire (England) man, Clifford Stanworth, has given in London a demonstration of an apparatus which is set in motion merely by the approach of a human being. Electric lights are switched on automatically as a person enters the room in which they are, and a shop window is flooded with light by anyone just looking in. The apparatus will act as a burglar alarm, ring a bell, or set an electric motor to work if anyone moves near to it.

Mr. Stanworth adjusted his invention to a large showcase fitted with ordinary electric lights. "Walk up to the case," he said. When a man approached within two feet all the lights were suddenly lighted. When he moved back the lights went out. It did not matter from whatever angle the showcase was approached, as soon as any person was within two feet of it the lights went on. "It is extremely simple in system, like all inventions," said Mr. Stanworth. "The human body has electricity in it. This affects the wire as

soon as one is within a certain range, which I can vary from a few inches to several yards. A very delicate instrument turn the switch." The invention looks rather like a small portable wireless set. One claim is that it will halve the electric light bills for shops because the lights will be on only when they are needed.

Takes Time

A boy was telling, his friend about his great grandfather. "He's ninety-two today," he said. "Isn't that wonderful?" "I don't think so," was the reply. "Look at the time it's taken him to do it."—Children's Magazine.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Carefully Taught

"What is a creditor?" "Please, teacher, a man I must always tell that dad is out."

To be a gentleman all a man has to do is hide his manners.

When You CAN'T QUIT

A headache is often the sign of fatigue. When temples throb it's time to rest. If you can't stop work, you can stop the pain. Bayer Aspirin will do it, every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and carry-on—in comfort.

Don't work with nerves on edge or try all day to forget a nagging pain that aspirin could end in a jiffy! Genuine aspirin can't harm you; just be sure it's Bayer.

In every package of Bayer Aspirin are proven directions for headaches, colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Carry these tablets with you, and be prepared. To block a sudden cold on the street-car; quiet a grumbling tooth at the office; relieve a headache in the theatre; spare you a sleepless night when nerves are "jumping."

And no modern girl needs "time out" for the time of month! Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for periodic pain.



Couldn't Account for It Lucy (to guest)—Do you like that cake, Mrs. Brown? Mrs. Brown—Yes, dear, very much. Lucy—That's funny, cause mother said you haven't any taste.—Stray Stories.

Joint Enterprise "Can't a woman keep a secret?" "Generally it takes about three women to keep a secret."

During Childhood Lay the Foundation for a Healthy Skin

By Regular Use of CUTICURA Soap and Ointment Teach your children the Cuticura habit



Take Bayer Aspirin for any ache or pain, and take enough to end it. It can't depress the heart. That is medical opinion. That is why it is only sensible to insist on the genuine tablets that bear the Bayer cross. The pocket tin is a convenient size. The bottle of 100 tablets is most economical to buy.

Two Bored

We don't know which makes for the duller evening—a woman telling about the removal of her appendix or a man telling about his stock market operations.—Judge.

Should Reduce

Children—What kind of goods is broadcloth, anyway? Lawrence—Any kind of cloth after it's made into a dress for my wife!

