

# The Plains Of Abraham

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## CHAPTER IX—Continued

Tiaoga and his warriors moved slowly. They were like bronze men without flesh or emotions. Their heads were high, their bodies straight, their jaws set hard as they stalked at a death-march pace between the columns of their people. Jeems fell into this rhythmic movement as the mouth of the torch monster began to swallow them. And then with eyes that became flame-like pools of fear and exhaustion Toinette saw that not a hand gave a sign of rising against them. The torches coughed and flared, but not a spark touched their skins in passing. No eyes gleamed hatred at them. No fingers clenched, no hand was raised. The things she had heard in the land of her people were lies. The Indians killed in war but they did not torture. They did not pull out eyes and thrust sticks through quivering flesh. They were men and women and children like all other men and women and children. These truths she thought she had discovered for herself.

But one thing she did not fully know. She might have learned it had she caught the low-voiced whisperings which followed the passing of the warrior: "She is Tiaoga's daughter—she is the spirit of Sol Yan Makwun returned to us in the flesh—the sun will shine—light and laughter will come—for Sol Yan Makwun is here, out of death to live with us again!"

They crossed a field of darkness toward the fires, and when they came among them Tiaoga was marching in Jeems' place and Jeems had disappeared. She had not sensed his going or Tiaoga's presence, and before she knew that Jeems was no longer among the warriors, she found herself standing alone with the Seneca chief, the people gathering in a circle around them. Tiaoga began to speak. His voice renewed her confidence as she searched for Jeems. He was describing the success of their gods in restoring Silver Heels to her people. It did not take long for Tiaoga to tell his story. His voice rose. His scarred and bitter face assumed a strange gentleness, and Toinette knew that Jeems was safe though she could not see him. She waited, trembling, and at last Tiaoga was finished and stood for a moment with upraised hand amid a great hush—then spoke a single name, Opitchi. A girl, the Thrush, sprang forward, and as she came Tiaoga took the slave collar from Toinette's throat and crushed it into the earth with his moccasined foot. A murmur ran through the circle. Tiaoga stood with his arms folded across his breast, and Toinette felt the hands of the Thrush drawing her away.

They paused at the edge of the circle, and for a little while no one moved or spoke. Then there was a break in the ring behind the Seneca chief, and through it came Jeems, escorted between Shindas and another warrior. Toinette gasped and almost cried out. There was an amazing change in Jeems. He was stripped to the waist and painted in stripes of red and yellow and black. His face appeared to be cut in crimson gashes. His thick blond hair was tied in a warlock from which streamed a feather showing he had killed a man. At Tiaoga's command there advanced from the circle an old man with a wizened face and white hair and a younger man whose form was bent almost double because of a deformity. Behind these two came a little girl. The old man was Wuskoo, the Cloud. The younger was his son, Tokana, or Gray Fox, a name of which he had been proud in the days before a tree fell on his tepee and crooked his back, when he was the fastest runner in the tribe. Tiaoga spoke again. He exulted in the fortune which had sent another son to Wuskoo, a son with a white skin and a strong body who would care for him and who would be a brother to Gray Fox. With his thin and quivering hands, Wuskoo took the slave collar from Jeems' neck and stamped it joyously into the ground while the broken Gray Fox raised a hand in brotherhood and friendship. There was something so wistfully sweet in the big dark eyes of the little Indian maiden that Jeems drew her to him and put an arm protectively about her. It was then Toinette left the Thrush and ran to him, so that all saw her held in his painted arms, with Wanonat, the Wood Pigeon, a happy partner in the moment when Toinette proudly and a bit defiantly told Chenusfalo and through it the whole Seneca nation that this was the man to whom she belonged.

Like a flood burst loose from a dam, the night of feasting and rejoicing began. It was preceded by a combat among the dogs in which Odd established his right to a place among the four-footed citizens of Chenusfalo. After a time he found a Seneca on the beaten ground that led him to the

tepee which had been prepared for Toinette. Here he found Toinette and the Thrush, whose name—a long time ago—had been Mary Daghlen.

It seemed to Jeems that from the beginning his freedom among the Senecas was as great as if he had been born of their blood. Gray Fox took him to the tepee of his father, which was to be his home, and food and drink were brought to him. Then he was left alone, for even the delighted old man whom Tiaoga had honored by the gift of a son could not be kept away from the celebration which was in progress. The thought came to Jeems that no impediment had been placed in his way if he chose to steal off into the night and disappear. The ease with which he might



She Found Herself Standing Alone With the Seneca Chief.

have set out on this adventure was proof of his helplessness. Like the others, he was a captive forever. There was no escape from Chenusfalo unless one accepted death as the route.

He did not think of escape because its desire possessed him. He was measuring his world and adjusting himself to its limitations with emotions which were far from unhappy. With Toinette, he could find here all that he wanted in life. Tiaoga and Shindas knew that she belonged to him, and the people of Chenusfalo were now aware of it. His heart exulted and his spirit rose with the chanting of the savages. What difference did it make that they were buried in the heart of the forests for all time? He had Toinette. She loved him. Chenusfalo would not be a sepulchre. Their love would transform it into a paradise.

He was eager to see Toinette again, and began to seek for a place where he could clean himself of the colored clay plastered on his face and body. With his clothes, he went to the river, and after a thorough scrubbing returned fully dressed with the eagle feather still in his hair. His weapons had been given to him, and these he carried boldly when he joined the Indians. The triumphant fire was blazing, and as soon as the hungry town had fed itself, the scalp dances would begin. The scalps were already suspended on the victory pole in its light. Children were playing about them. The fine dark hair of one was so long that they could reach the tresses with their fingers, and when they did this they shrieked with ecstasy. Among them was a white-skinned boy of seven or eight who laughed and shouted with the others.

Jeems found an opportunity to have a word with Shindas and learned that Toinette and Opitchi were together. Shindas could not tear himself from the martial dignity which was expected of him until the warriors had told of their exploits in the scalp dance, so Jeems went alone and found Tiaoga's tepee and the smaller one near it in

which were Toinette and the Thrush. It was lit by a torch, and he drew back among the dark boles of the trees and waited. At the end of half an hour, Toinette and Opitchi came out into the illumined forest. For a little while they stood under the gnarled limbs of the trees which cast shadows from over their heads. He did not reveal himself until Opitchi's form disappeared among the pools of light and darkness as she went toward the fires. Then he advanced, calling Toinette's name softly. Her appearance surprised him. She was not the ragged and disheveled young woman who had arrived with Tiaoga's men. Mary, the Thrush, had dressed her in the prettiest raiment left by Silver Heels. There was something about the long yellow feather, the flit of scarlet cloth, and the boyish closeness of her dress which made Jeems give a wondering cry. It was as if they had come to her from an obscure and distant past and had always belonged to her. He had dreamed of this lovely wilderness princess; through years of boyhood hopes and plannings he had built up worlds about her, and in those worlds he had fought for her and had adventured with her where he alone was her champion and her hero. He had carried gifts of feathers to her—feathers and fawnskin and a piece of cloth like that which she now wore in a crimson band about her forehead!

To him it was the precious red velvet, there in the glow of the moon. He opened his arms, and Toinette came into them.

## CHAPTER X

For half an hour Jeems was alone with Toinette. Then Mary Daghlen returned, and with her came a messenger who took him back to the dances which were beginning about the scalp-fire. He was not embarrassed by the critical eyes upon him. The wildness of the night entered his blood, a heat set blazing by the joy of his possession, and as he chanted the Seneca victory songs with the others, Toinette was in his heart, and words she had whispered to him under the oaks repeated themselves until they dulled his senses and blinded his eyes to everything but their import. As soon as God would let them bring it about she would be his wife. He had said that! So he danced. He shouted at Tiaoga's side. Toinette, horrified at first, saw him in his madness. Then she began to understand. But not until he took his turn among the warriors and danced alone in the light of the fire, chanting his story in the language of his adopted people, did Opitchi—translating what he said—let her know fully the daring of her lover. Jeems' story began with his earliest thoughts and memories of her. He told of their homes in the country of the Richelieu, of his dreams and hopes. He described the passing of moons and the growing of his love and how death had come with the Mohawks from the south. Then he came to the finding of Toinette, their flight, the triumph of his love, his fight with the scalp hunter at Lussan's place, and their capture by Tiaoga and his warriors. He praised these warriors. They were not like the Mohawks, who were sneaks in the night. The Senecas were clean and swift and brave. He was proud to be a brother and a son among them. He wanted this people to respect him, and he wanted them to love Toinette whom Tiaoga had honored by taking as his daughter. For Toinette belonged to him. She wanted to be his wife. She wanted to bear his children among the Senecas.

He stopped at last and thanked God that Hepsibah Adams had made it possible for him to do this thing in the light of the fire at Chenusfalo. A murmur of approbation stirred the people. It rippled and died out as another warrior took his place. Long after midnight the revels ended, and Chenusfalo grew quiet. For a time, he looked at the stars and the changing shadows of the moon through the open door of Wuskoo's tepee. He entered sleep as if going into a long avenue of golden colors. Only happiness rising like a flower from the ashes of a torture that was gone could have made it like that. His mother seemed a part of it, her voice a glad melody somewhere in the radiance which embraced him. In the avenue of gold, he saw Wood Pigeon smiling, happily between his mother and Toinette. Then he sank into deeper sleep.

This was the beginning of the strange life of Jeems and Toinette in Chenusfalo which Colonel Boquet, afterward major general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in the southern department of America, described as "an episode of fact which is difficult of belief and astounding in the new viewpoint which it and others of a similar kind give us of savage life."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## State Boundaries Long Matter of Disputation

For a great many years the boundary between the colony of New York and Massachusetts was in dispute. The government of New York maintained that the eastern limit was the Connecticut river, basing its claim upon a treaty title. The Massachusetts government claimed territory westward as far as the Hudson river. For the purpose of establishing this claim the Boston government in 1659 made a grant of land on the Hudson river below Fort Orange and in 1672 sent John Payne to New York to solicit permission to pass and repass by water. He was most courteously received, but the claim was never recognized. The dispute finally reached

such a stage, resulting in riots, etc., that it was submitted to the lord commissioners of trade of England, and George II in 1757, by royal order in council, determined the boundary, granting the territory to New York. This was still not acceptable until 1773, when commissioners from New York and Massachusetts met and finally decided the boundary according to the present lines.

**Virtues of Doctor Economy**  
Economy, wrote Doctor Johnson, is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the beautiful sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and health.

# SIAM a Modern State



Buddhist Priest in Front of Temple, Siam.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)  
**S**IAM, whose sovereign, King Prajadipok, is visiting the United States, is one of the few important independent countries now ruled by an absolute monarch.

But despite the fact that there is no parliament and no check on the powers of the king, Siam is in many ways a strikingly modern state. The country's air mail system has operated successfully for eight years. Telegraph offices number more than 475, and some 600 post offices serve every city and rural center. Wireless service handles messages to foreign countries.

Two kinds of American visitors, one good, one bad, figure prominently in the kingdom's new prosperity. Francis Bowes Sayre, the late President Wilson's son-in-law, and Dr. Hugh Smith, former commissioner of the United States bureau of fisheries, are staunch aids to Siam. The former headed a commission which secured treaties from foreign nations that removed extra-territorial rights and lifted tariff restrictions; Doctor Smith now directs the development of Siam's fishery resources.

The unwelcome American visitor is the lovely but malicious "Florida weed." The blue water hyacinth of Florida, brought to the East Indies as a flower, has become a curse. Because the queen of Siam brought the first specimens for her garden from Java it is often called Java weed, but out in the country it creates a national problem by clogging the irrigation canals, it has earned the name, "blue devil."

Siam, jungles, heavy rainfall are three ideas closely associated. Why, then, must Siam build irrigation dams and canals? The answer is that the jungles are in the mountainous borderlands; the central delta plain receives an Illinois rainfall. Because the Siamese grow rice, they must have a wealth of water; hence, irrigation. The Prarak project, with a barrage type dam, completed in 1924, serves 488,000 acres. The Subban project, about completed, will have three times the Prarak capacity. Other vast works are under way or have been planned.

Railroads show equal promise. Siam, by its position, is a natural railroad center of the world's densest population area. Bangkok, the capital, and Siamese metropolis, is the inevitable major railroad junction for all south and east Asia.

**Railroads Are Important.**  
A hint of the importance to Siam of her railroads, all built since 1903, is contained in the recent report of an American agricultural expert. "I was told," he writes, "that a trainload of rice goes south daily for export to Malaya and the Dutch East Indies." Rice is to Siam what cotton is to the South.

In some superficial aspects it would seem that Siam is several laps ahead of ultra-modern America. Knickerbockers still attract attention when worn by American women in city streets, and bobbed hair only a few years ago was frowned on in some of our conservative business and social circles. Yet the Siamese woman wears the knee-length plang, as does her brother, and for generations she has refused to be bothered with long hair. She has a freedom that has developed a shrewdness and independence in contrast to most oriental women, though she is apt to be unlettered.

Bangkok, capital of Siam, is in location the New Orleans of the East. It is in the delta of the Menam river—"The Mother of Rivers"—and dominates that stream as the Crescent City dominates the Mississippi.

In a sense it may be said that "Bangkok is Siam" much more truly than Paris may be said to be France or Buenos Aires to be Argentina. In a country of 11,500,000 inhabitants it is virtually the only city. Its population is nearly three-quarters of a million, so that it is roughly mid-way in size between Pittsburgh and St. Louis and has more than twice the population of Seattle. About it lie Siam's richest rice lands; to it come the one hand boats laden with the products of the country, and on the other

ocean-going vessels to unload imports and load exports; and from it in turn are distributed the supplies for the interior. The area of the kingdom is about equal to that of Spain.

**Bangkok, the Capital.**  
In Bangkok the king and his court live, and there is operated the machinery of the country's highly centralized government. The capital has become in the eyes of the king and his people a symbol of Siamese power, and millions of dollars have been spent to beautify it and make it in many ways a convenient, modern city drained and cleaned, sparkling with electric lights, dotted with spacious parks, and crossed by streets in which the clang of tramway gongs and the chug of motor cars are common sounds.

Though Siam is a tropical country, lying in the same latitude as southern India, thanks to pleasant breezes it does not experience the extreme of heat known to the Indian plains. In Bangkok the heat during the dry season seldom exceeds 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. In the sun it is much warmer and paper parasols are seen everywhere.

Half a century ago Bangkok was called "The Venice of the East" and fully deserved the title, for almost all transportation and movement about the city was by the river or the numerous lateral canals. Even now, though streets and highways have been built, bridges constructed and tramways laid, the waterways are still of transcendent importance in the life of the city.

Perhaps the most colorful river scene is the water market where each tiny boat with its cargo of food bears a little lamp. The market hours are from midnight until early morning. And during that period the market section of the river resembles a fairyland with its shimmering lights.

The high civilization of Bangkok has a contrast in extreme primitive conditions of other parts of the country. Curious customs abound. In upper Siam tea is pickled for chewing instead of being used as a beverage. First the leaves are sun dried, then they are steamed to rid them of tannin. Next they are weighed down for fermentation, a process suggestive of the German preparation of sauer kraut. The substance thus formed is placed in the mouth until the juices are removed. The appearance of the individuals with the bulls in their cheeks forms a never-ending source of amusement for travelers.

**Famous for Lacquer.**  
The capital of upper Siam is Chiang-Mai, famous for its lacquer ware and center of the teak tree trade. This region is a land of boats. Water routes form virtually the only lines of communication between the upper and lower kingdom.

In eastern Siam a plateau and a plain support a population which must move from swamp lands in the rainy season to higher elevations which are barren and stony. Hence living conditions are most primitive. The month of May marks the beginning of the all-important rice planting in Siam. King and court and thousands of subjects turn out for the Bek Na or plowing ceremony. Before the vast crowd the minister of agriculture, dignified with a hat like a spire and gorgeous gown, guides a huge gilded wooden plow drawn by two gaily decked bullocks. After the plowing various seeds and grains are spread before the bullocks.

Modern still in spirit, Siam acquires modern occidental appointments of great variety. The government runs on a budget and Siam, too, has been passing through an economy program. The king, by way of example, cut his royal allowance by 3,000,000 bahts. The metric system has replaced ancient measuring units and became compulsory in 1930. Civil and commercial codes have been published; there are 38,000 Boy Scouts; the Red Cross has been organized. Chulalongkorn university, named for the monarch who, during his reign of 42 years, began the regeneration of the kingdom, enters its fourteenth year, strong and growing.



## POISON in Your bowels!

Poisons absorbed into the system from souring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; headache, tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that, gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.

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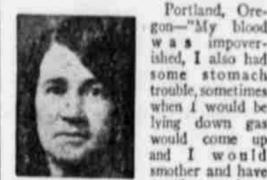
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**Fire Statistics**  
Fire statistics reveal that the total annual loss by fire is approximately 10,000 lives and the ratio of deaths to injuries is 1 to 24. While only a portion of casualties occur in fires, it has been estimated that more than 90 per cent of the total number of fires involving damage to property each year take place in the home, and, according to statistics, there is a home fire every four minutes. Defective flues, chimneys and heating plants and sparks on the roof are reported as the "known originating causes of largest fire losses" during 1929. During the same year the national property loss traceable to these sources was estimated at \$50,000,000.

## STOMACH, BLOOD, BAD



Portland, Oregon—"My blood was so impoverished, I also had some stomach trouble, sometimes when I would be lying down gas would come up and I would smother and have terrific pains around my heart. I broke out with little pimples caused by bad blood. I was just all run down in health and after taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for a while my blood was good, the pimples all disappeared and I have never had another spell with my stomach since."—Mrs. Emma Dixon, 480 East Grant St. Fluid or tablets. All druggists. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

**Something Like Old Times**  
The day of accepting produce in payment of the subscription price has come back for the Tucuman (New Mex.) News. The newspaper is accepting beans, at the current market price, in payment of delinquent subscriptions. This is done to aid the farmers in the vicinity, and the beans are being turned over to the chamber of commerce for distribution among the needy.—Indianapolis News.

## Bad Stomach Cause of Bad Skin

You can't expect to have a good clear skin if your stomach is weak and disordered. Undigested food sends poisons through the body, pimples appear—skin grows sallow and loses color. But these troubles will end quickly and skin clear up if you will start today taking Tanlac. Tanlac is made from herbs, bark and roots. A tablespoonful before each meal stimulates a digestion naturally so that you can digest what you eat. And when your stomach is in good shape again watch how quickly skin begins to clear up. At your druggist's. Money back if it doesn't help you.