

The Plains of Abraham

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

He made no confidants, and no one knew his story. An officer found he was acquainted with the country, and he was made a Lake George scout in time to be captured by Rogers and his rangers on Christmas eve of 1756. He escaped in January and was back at Fort Carillon early in February, when he learned that Paul Tache had been one of the French officers at Oswego, and that he had been killed. Jeems felt a pang of regret. Lately he had been thinking of Paul Tache and of Toinette's mother, wondering what their attitude would be when some day he told them what had happened after the massacre at Tontour manor.

There is no letter of information which covers the lapse in Jeems' military history between February and August of 1757, at which time he was present at the capture of Fort William Henry, or Fort George, and witnessed the massacre of its English garrison by uncontrollable French Indians led by the Abenakis. Here Jeems must have experienced an unusual shock, for soon after the killing, when in their madness some of the Indians were cooking English flesh on spits and in kettles, he came upon the black-robed priest who had accompanied the Abenakis and found him to be the Jesuit, Pierre Roubaud, who had made Toinette his wife at Chenuslo. Father Roubaud was even then preparing that eyewitness document which was destined to become a valuable part of Jesuit and French-English history, and whose hundred or more age-yellowed pages, written mostly by torchlight amid scenes of horror, one may read in the Jesuit archives at Quebec. The priest saw Jeems, but so intent was he upon his task and so great were the changes wrought by sixteen months that he did not recognize him, and Jeems left his presence without making himself known.

After Fort William Henry and the brilliant French successes which preceded it, Jeems began to feel the inevitable pressure which is bound to crush the life from a country that is enormously outweighed by its antagonist. The English colonies had put an end to quarrels among themselves, and a million and a half people were set in motion against the eighty thousand in New France, and behind this insurmountable force were powerful English armies and a still more powerful English navy already inspired by Pitt and Wolfe. As De Deums were sung because of his victories, Montcalm knew that New France was hovering at the brink of ruin, but at no time did the outcome of his heroic contest press with greater certainty upon himself than upon Jeems.

As the captured cannon were rushed from Fort William Henry to Ticonderoga, Jeems surrendered himself, as Montcalm was doing in another way, to the last chapter in his fate. There was no goal at which he could aim, nothing for which he could play; winning for Canada, should the miracle of ultimate victory come, could hold no more of solace and happiness for him than defeat at the hands of the English. There were times when his French and English body was divided against itself, when his mother and Hepsibah Adams and all they stood for looked upon him questioningly from out of the past as if he had turned traitor to some precious part of them, yet in such a way that they could not condemn him. In hours like these, the spirit of Toinette came to his side and placed her hand in his, and he knew it was for her he was fighting, for the home which would have been theirs, for the country she would have made a paradise for him. She grew nearer as the sureness of an approaching end crept upon him, and he felt the beginning of a comfort he had not known before. It was the consolation of something about to happen. Something that was tremendous and final. Something that would have to do with her and with him. He knew what it was and waited patiently for it as another year passed.

Then came Ticonderoga, that July 8, 1758, when over a space of a hundred acres one could not walk without staining the soles of his shoes with French or English blood—that red day in history and heroism when three thousand toll-worn, harassed soldiers of New France faced six thousand British regulars and nine thousand American militiamen; the day on which Jeems and his comrades drove back the waves of scarlet and gold and a thousand killed Highlanders of the Black Watch led by Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, until, as Montcalm wrote to his wife, even the bullet-scarred trees seemed to be dripping blood. Through hours of tumult and death, Jeems loaded and fired, and stabbed with his bayonet, and the thing for which he was waiting did not come. Men fell around him, tens and scores and hundreds of them, as the day wore on. He saw whole ranks shiver and crumble before blasts of fire. But when it was ended and the English dropped back in a last snatching defeat, he was unscathed except for bruises and powder burns on his chest.

But Montcalm retreated, and this puzzled Jeems. The army began to learn the truth as weary and foot-sore, it turned toward Quebec. Kapacity, folly, intrigue, and falsehood had fed at the heart of New France until it was honeycombed by the rottenness of dissolution. Montcalm was its one star of hope, and as autumn came, then winter, it seemed to Jeems that Montcalm's God had deserted him. The St. Lawrence was filled with British ships. The harvest was meager, and a barrel of flour cost two hundred francs. Even Montcalm ate horse-flesh. Still he did not lose faith in God. A thousand scoundrels headed by Vaudreuil had fattened on the nation's downfall, and he prayed for them. "What a country!" he exclaimed. "Here all the knaves grow rich and the honest men are ruined." A fighting man, a man of sword and death, he kept his faith to the end. "If we are driven from the St. Lawrence," he wrote to his wife, "we will descend the Mississippi and make a final stand for France among the swamps of Louisiana."

Thus planned and prayed the man whose bleached skull is now shown to visitors in the Ursuline convent at Quebec. Through the spring and summer of 1759, Jeems watched the spiders as they wove their web ever closer about Quebec, the last French stronghold in America. It was in May of 1756 that Toinette had been killed, and it was in May of 1759 that he first saw from the Montmorency shore the mighty rock which so long had been the mistress of the New world.

Four months later, on the most eventful September 13 of written history—that "To-morrow Morning" which will never be forgotten—he stood on the Plains of Abraham.

Montcalm's God was about to complete an immaculate elegy which hung in the air like a mighty chorus waiting for a whispered command to begin. To Jeems Bulain, facing the sun and the thin red line of the British across the meadows where Abraham Martin had grazed his cattle, fate was bringing an end to uncertainty and chaos. It had missed him at Fort William Henry, at Ticonderoga, at Montmorency, but here he could feel its presence—an escape—a release from bondage—something greater than iron or flesh—as the crimson lines drew nearer. He felt the spirit of what Montcalm had said to his doomed heroes a few minutes before. "God is surely watching over the Plains of Abraham today."

CHAPTER XIII

It was ten o'clock, the hour of the crisis. At dawn it had been foggy; at six showers had fallen; now it was hot. It might have been July instead of September. In darkness twenty-four British volunteers had climbed the steep height from the river, hanging to bushes, digging their fingers into crevices of rock, crawling with their faces against the earth, making their way foot by foot. "I am afraid you cannot do it," Wolfe had said, looking at the pitlike blackness above. But they did. Nameless in history, they destroyed the old map of the world and put another in its place. In that hour twenty-four men ruined France, gave rise to a greater England, created a new nation.

At the top, Vergor, the French officer, slept soundly with his guards. To him fate might have given the glory of keeping the old map intact. But he was killed before he could wipe the daze of slumber from his eyes. Wolfe's path was made, and like a thin stream of red ants the British continued to ascend the trail which had been blazed for them.

Vaudreuil, the governor, the arch-villain who lost half a continent for France, lay in his cozy nest of iniquity a short distance away dreaming of sensual days with the faithless Madame de Pean and planning a future with the king's own mistress, La Pompadour. Across the St. Charles, expecting the British in a different direction, sleepless, worn, robbed of every chance to win by the weakness and imbecility of this favorite of a king's mistress, was Montcalm.

Gave Life to Further Fight on Yellow Fever

In order to discover the yellow fever germ Dr. James Carroll sacrificed his own life by permitting an infected mosquito to bite him. He was a member of the board that was appointed by the United States government to investigate the acute infectious diseases then occurring on the island of Cuba. He submitted himself to inoculation, with a consequent severe attack of the fever. He recovered, but died seven years later in Washington, September 10, 1907. His death was regarded as an ultimate result of the disease. Doctor Carroll was born in England June 5, 1854, and was a physician and surgeon in the United States army at the time of his appointment to the Havana yellow fever commission.

The other members of the board

Jeems was with the battalion of Guenue which had come up from its camp on the St. Charles at six o'clock in the morning, its white uniforms thronging the ridge of Buttes-a-Neveu, from which it beheld the British mole-hill growing into a mountain.

About him Jeems saw the Plains of Abraham, and a strange song was in his heart as he thought that Toinette had been of this soil and that her great-grandfather had given name to the earth soon to run red with blood. The Plains were wide and level in most parts, with bushes and trees and cornfields dotting them here and there. They were the front yard to Quebec, a field of destiny lying between the precipitous descents to the St. Lawrence on one side and the snakelike, lazy St. Charles on the other, with a world of splendid terrain spreading in a panorama under the eyes.

As he lay watching with the men of Guenue, Jeems could scarcely have guessed that this scene of pastoral beauty was the stage upon which one of the epic tragedies of all time was about to be enacted. A feeling of rest possessed him, as if a period had come to mark the end of the confusion and unhappiness which had held him a victim for three years, and he felt mysteriously near the presence of influences he could not see. He was a product of times when faith in the spiritual guidance of the affairs of men was strong, and it was not difficult for him to conceive that Toinette was close at his side, whispering in words which only his soul could hear that he had come home.

Six o'clock grew into seven, seven into eight, and eight into nine. In front of him England was forming. Behind him, tricked and outgeneraled, Montcalm was rushing in mad haste across the St. Charles bridge and under the northern rampart of Quebec to enter the city through the Palace gate.

At the edge of the Plains of Abraham the boyish Wolfe, poet and philosopher, was preparing for glory or doom. In the quaint, narrow streets of the town were gathering hordes of Indians in scalp locks and war paint, troops of starved and cheated Canadians ready to make a last stand for their homes, battalions of Old France in white uniforms and with gleaming bayonets, battle-scarred veterans of Sarre and Languedoc and Roussillon and Bearg, fed on meager rations for weeks but eager to fight for Montcalm. Ahead where Jeems was looking, were quiet and order and the stolid sureness of England's morale. Behind were courage and chivalry and the iron sinews of heroes in the throes of excitement and undisciplined rush.

Jeems saw none of this and nothing beyond the distant red lines. The Plains lay in sunshine, with birds wings flashing, crows feeding in the cornfields. The earth was a great oriental rug warm with autumn tints, the woods yellow and gold in a frame about it. The guns of Samos, of Sillery, of the boats in the river made sleepy detonations, and on the rise of Buttes-a-Neveu Jeems might have slept, lulled by that never-ending monotony of sound, the warmth of the sun, the blue of the sky, the stillness of the Plains. He closed his eyes, and the silver and gold mists of sunsets rose about him, the ends of days in which he saw the Plains peopled again, first by Abraham Martin and his cows a hundred and thirty-four years before, then by Toinette, his father and mother, Hepsibah Adams—and himself. Here was a place he had known, a place his feet had trod, his soul had lived. He heard the earth whispering these things, the earth which he held between his fingers as if it were Toinette's hands.

In the town, priests and nuns were praying, and a bell sent forth its melody, a cheer to man, another appeal to God. New France was on her knees, and Montcalm was on the Plains, some of his men coming through the gate of St. Louis and some through that of St. John, breathless and eager, to where the banners of Guenue fluttered on the ridge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE LOVELY MUSIC

The robins received messages from some of the winged fairies who help to make the music of Fairyland so wonderful.



"Come to the Concert."

robins are wanted! The fairies will sing and play and the robins are asked to sing too."

Nobody else but the robins and the fairies would have understood those words on the twigs—for it was just a way the fairies had of pulling the bark on the twig which made the robins understand.

The next morning, bright and early, the robins were awake.

"It's the day of the concert," they said, and they chirped happily while they were pruning their feathers and making a great effort to look their best.

Grandpa Robin had on a fine waistcoat of red and his trousers were of speckled gray.

His coat was of dull brown and under his right wing he carried a walking stick.

All the other robins looked very handsome too.

They began to fly over the tree where the fairies had said the concert was going to take place.

And what should they hear but a constant pounding on the trees. "Peck, peck, peck," they heard.

"They must be the ones who're going to play the drums," said the robins, and they said this after hearing the sound, and also seeing the members of the woodpecker family there.

"Yes, we're going to beat the drums, and also find some insects for our breakfast inside the bark of the trees."

"We're going to do two things at once, and do them both better than some can do two things at once."

They laughed about this. They really weren't concerned.

Mr. Downy Woodpecker was wearing a black and white suit which was most becoming.

His collar was of red! It was a truly beautiful one.

Soon came Fairy Ybab, her little fairy musicians and the Queen of the Fairies.

"Good morning all," they shouted. "Good morning," chirped the robins. And the Downy Woodpeckers began beating the drums by way of saying good morning.

Then the music began.

Fairy Ybab waved her silver wand while her little head went from side to side to keep time with the music.

On her head she wore her best silver crown, and her hair was very black and very long.

Mr. Downy Woodpecker and his family kept perfect time with their drum-drum-drumming.

And the concert was a glorious one. The robins never sang better.

At least the Fairies said so, and I heard several grownups who didn't know what had been happening, making the same remarks.

Good Advice

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment fretting; do not lose a breath in saying "I can't," or "I do not see how," but go at it, and keep at it. That is the only way to conquer it.

If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken off, it cannot be done by just being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting it, and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

Who Can Answer This?

If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot to talk e'er the tot could totter, ought the Hottentot to be taught to say naught, or naught, or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to tot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tot, should the totter get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and tot at the Hottentot totter?—Outlook.

Hot Dogs

Ted—My feet burn like the dikkens; do you think a mustard bath would help?

Ned—Sure! There's nothing better than mustard for hot dogs!

Turkey Refuses to Part With Old Royal Galley

Turkey's precious royal pleasure galley, dating from the reign of Sultan Mohammed IV, will never be sold no matter how many flattering offers are made, according to the director of the naval museum at Istanbul, Turkey. A British enterprise recently offered the government a large sum for this unique craft, proposing to take it to the United States for exhibition purposes. The offer was rejected.

The galley, believed to date back to 1650, is 40 meters long, 5½ meters wide, 2½ meters deep and weighs 150 tons. It was manned by 144 men, three to each jar. The paint use at that period was so good that even now it is almost as fresh as when new, particularly the blue. The gilded prow is long and sharp, but the remainder of the galley is curiously overhauled after the fashion of ancient Venetian craft. In the stern is the imperial cabin with a triple cupola supported by columns and completely overlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell mosaic, studded with garnet glass. The cabin is flanked by two gilded gryphons and entered through a balustrade adorned with four large balls of cloudy crystal.

In addition to this masterpiece of medieval boat-builders' art, there are 13 other caiques in the same building—graceful craft once propelled with gilded oars, scores of which are stacked in the half-forgotten naval museum beside the Golden Horn.

World Awaiting Volume of Poetry by Eskimos

Knud Rasmussen, the Arctic explorer, has sprung a surprise upon the world.

He has celebrated his return to civilization, after many years of wandering in the wilds, by publishing a volume of poems by Eskimos.

It will be interesting to see the poems in English. We may be sure Rasmussen has presented them worthily in print, for, with his European education, he has the advantage of being half an Eskimo, and so thoroughly understands his subject.

It seems natural for primitive people to talk of wild picturesque poetry, unrhymed, but full of beauty and imagination, such as we see fixed for all time in the musical names which the Red Indians gave to rivers and lakes and mountains in their native land.

It will be remembered by some that scholars have declared the Eskimo language contains only about two hundred words, which should add greatly to the labors of the poets.

Mails Go 50,000,000 Miles

More than 50,000,000 miles were traveled last year in about 15,000,000 hours by automobiles carrying United States mail.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Ady.

Caught Cold Likely

Henry—Your engine is coughing badly again.

Ford—Shouldn't wonder. I had its muffler off last night.

for Stomach and LIVER TROUBLES

Coated tongue, bad breath, constipation, biliousness, nausea, indigestion, dizziness, insomnia result from acid stomach. Avoid serious illness by taking August Flower at once. Get at any good druggist. Relieves promptly—sweetens stomach, livens liver, aids digestion, clears out poisons. You feel fine, eat anything, with

AUGUST FLOWER

Freedom Will Be Short

An eagle, his egg blasted out of a cliff near Los Angeles, Calif., has been hatched in an incubator and is hobnobbing with baby chicks. When the primal urge comes to eat his birth-fellows, he will be presented to an aviary.

Castoria corrects CHILDREN'S ailments

WHAT a relief and satisfaction it is for mothers to know that there is always Castoria to depend on when babies get fretful and uncomfortable! Whether it's teething, colic or other little upset, Castoria always brings quick comfort; and, with relief from pain, restless sleep.

And when older, fast-growing children get out of sorts and out of condition, you have only to give a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation to right the disturbed condition quickly.

Because Castoria is made expressly for children, it has just the needed mildness of action. Yet you can always depend on it to be

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Preparedness

Young Husband—Last night when I got home my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe filled and—
Cynic—How did you like her new hat—Tit-Bits.

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Corrects Children's Ailments

effective. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment and cannot possibly do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue, is fretful and out of sorts. Be sure to get the genuine; with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.