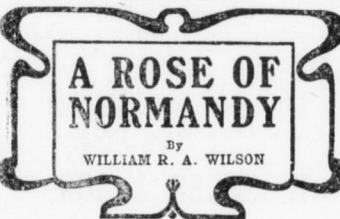




SLEEPING.

Bless the wee heart of you! Bless your wee heart! My Slumberland baby With lips half apart; With one dimpled fist 'Neath your golden-crowned head, And one like a rose leaf Thrown far on the spread.



CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN A SEA IS CROSSED, A SECRET IS DISCOVERED, AND TONTI RECEIVES A BLOW.

The lights were soon gone, but still the silent figure of La Salle remained on the poop. Pompon, seizing a rope, soon raised his head above the level of the rail. So wrapped in thought was La Salle that he took no notice of him until he had reached the deck.

"Save your sword-thrusts for your enemies; use them not on a friend," replied the figure.

"What! Pompon's voice!" exclaimed La Salle, as he seized his hand in great delight. "Pompon's face!" he added, as he peered anxiously through the darkness. "Mon Dieu! I was thinking of you and Tonti but a moment ago. Where is he, for surely you are together?"

"He is taking a last view of the shore-lights from his private balcony. Perhaps he has finished," was the reply; and leaning over the rail, Pompon gave a low whistle. In a moment Tonti had clambered up, and soon all three were engaged in an eager conversation.

"I had given you up for lost," said La Salle. "All Paris was whispering of your duel with the Comte de Miron and his death. But all was mystery. He had disappeared, his body no doubt secreted by his coachman; you, too, had disappeared, having fled to England, it was said; while Pompon, whom I searched for diligently, was nowhere to be found. The king was inclined to be vexed over your disobeying his order concerning duelling, but I think he was secretly pleased at getting rid of the Comte de Miron, whom he disliked. Only the influence of Colbert kept him about the court."

Thus did the partners in the firm of M. Tonti and Company hold their first meeting outside France, and the night was far spent before they finished recounting their adventures and laying plans for the future. No light was thrown upon the identity of their mysterious protector, and the matter was finally dismissed as a riddle to be solved at some later day.

There was plenty of time for the full discussion of their plans, for the "Saint Honore," although a stanch little craft of 150 tons, was driven from her course by contrary winds, and drifted through many lazy days for lack of any. The passengers consisted of a party of soldiers sent to swell the available fighting force to be used against the Indians; a flock of 30 girls traveling under the care of Madame Bourdon, all seeking homes and husbands in the new strange lands across the sea; ship-carpenters and workers in iron, for the need of building small ships to trade with the Indians and explore the coasts had been emphasized by Frontenac in his letters to the king and Colbert; stone masons and builders to help the settlers erect their homes as well as build new forts; adventurers, escaped exiles, and political refugees, seeking under new names to travel in the king's ship, and then lose themselves in the savage wilds. Among these were some 30 men whom La Salle had tempted by goodly sums and far goodlier promises of riches to be found in the New World, and tales of mystery and of untold wealth that only needed daring hearts and hands to secure it; some were honest artisans whom he needed in his explorations, especially to build ships on the lakes. For this purpose a store of iron, cordage, and anchors was carefully packed away in the hold.

La Salle and Tonti kept to themselves, but Pompon went about the ship making friends with every one in spite of his ugly face, busying himself in finding out everything he could from each person, amusing them, but telling nothing in return. He dined with the soldiers and adventurers, and spun yarns with the sailors derived from his experience in the galleys, but carefully disguised, he himself usual-

ly figuring as a brave officer in command of one of his majesty's ships; the women folks he sedulously shunned.

The three spent many evenings in La Salle's quarters because they were much roomier than the rest, and over their wine they gradually revealed much of their past lives to each other, and grew in camaraderie, and the bonds of good fellowship were knit more tightly.

A mass of rolling water encompassed them about. Each little wave laughed and sparkled beneath the sun's first kiss in the early morning; each little wave donned its white nightcap as the wind freshened after the sun went down;



LA SALLE REMAINED ON THE POOP.

each little wave with its tiny strength urged on the ship. And so the summer days were filled with light and the nights with the moon's sheen upon the surface of the water or the myriad reflection of the stars that guided the ship's course through the long lone watches.

The gray twilight and the first half of the night were often spent in conversation by the three explorers on the poop just outside of hearing of the helmsman. Then it was that La Salle told of his early life: of the days spent among his Jesuit teachers; of the first voyage to the new land; of his early efforts to penetrate the wilderness; of the life and history of the colony; of the rivalry between himself and the Jesuit missionaries and their followers for the fur-trade with the Indians and the efforts they made use of to thwart his plans. At times the genial side of his nature showed itself in the recital of amusing incidents of the court, at Quebec, in the camp.

Thus passed the days until full two months had gone and the summer winds had changed to September gales. Already the floating sea-weed and screaming birds told them that land was near. One night the three sat listening to the sound of wind and wave. Tonti was silent, while his companions talked. The master of the ship had been commissioned to bring over a lute for the Comte de Frontenac. It was this lute that Tonti had borrowed, and, heedless now and then of the flagging conversation, he idly plucked out some old forgotten strains upon the strings, his thoughts far distant.

At length Pompon left them. La Salle, after a few moments' silence, said:

"Mon Dieu! you are a man of accomplishments; mon ami; a soldier and a musician. It needs only that you become a poet and the three great arts will be found combined in one man."

Tonti smiled. "We once toasted your Lily of Poitou," he said. "Listen now, while I tell you of my Rose of Normandy. Perhaps if you will but forget the singer, you may be pleased like I am with the subject of my song." So saying, he played a few chords and began to sing to an old Italian air:

Whilst poets celebrate in rhyme Some comely maid of high degree, 'The praises rare I'd gladly sing Of Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

The sunbeams nestle in her hair, Her lips are wondrous red to see, A roguish glance beams from her eye, The eye of Rose of Normandy.

Sweet thoughts and pure possess her mind, From earthly dross and blemish free; An earnest purpose fills the soul Of Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

Within the empire of her heart I fain would reign its king to be; But other hands I fear will pluck This Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

"Bravo! Monsieur Poet," applauded La Salle. "Would that I had your gift of rhyming. I fear my sober monastic training destroyed any latent talent I might have had. If I could I would sing to you in return the charms of my fair one."

A silence ensued, broken only by the creaking of the ship's timbers, the shrilling of the wind through the rigging, and the sound of rushing waters as the vessel careened on her course. A falling star shot its tiny spark across the heavens; the muffled sound of human voices came up from the interior of the "Saint Honore"; the ship's bell announced the arrival of midnight.

At length Tonti aroused himself from his reverie and spoke to his friend, who in turn was unconscious of his surroundings, so great was the power of thought over his physical environment.

"Do you recollect our first meeting, mon capitaine, how you promised to tell me the name of your lady when we had once left the land behind us? Perhaps although your rhymes be faulty, one could learn something of her from your prose."

"True, mon ami, but words, even though they be not those of poetry, would utterly fail to describe the per-

son of her who has entered my life but recently, but whose angelic presence I trust shall remain with me forever. But I shall spare you all rhapsodies. She whom I call my Lily of Poitou is a daughter of a noble of that province; her name, Renee d'Outrelaise. She lives with mademoiselle as a companion and friend. So far she has not been seen at court, but keeps close to her protectress, and is visible only to those honored few to whom mademoiselle chooses to show her; for all of which I am thankful. The princess as a patroness of the arts and literature has been pleased to interest herself in my explorations and has invited me on a number of occasions to rehearse to her my adventures in New France and relate all that would interest her about the land and its inhabitants. Mile d'Outrelaise has been present at most of our interviews, and it was while thus engaged that I realized that a new strange feeling had arisen within my heart, a feeling that men lightly call love, but which I recognize as an inspiring, ennobling influence that means much more to me."

La Salle, not noticing his companion's silence, continued:

"Mademoiselle has known by reputation some of my relatives and connections and thinks highly of me as well as my projects, and I know approves my suit. Renee has never shown aught in her demeanor that betokened a return of my affection, nor have I ever spoken words of love to her, partly from my lack of courage and partly from the fact that I have seen her alone but once. I feel safe in her retired life, believing mademoiselle to be my ally; besides, she is young yet. If I but accomplish what I hope to do, I can return in two or three years with honor, power, and wealth and claim her for my own. She will be guided largely in her choice of a husband by the princess' counsel and wishes. I saw her the day I left Paris, and our parting interview augured well for my hopes."

"How so?" asked Tonti in a hard strained voice.

"I detected evidences of long weeping in her eyes; she was agitated beyond measure, and expressed the warmest wishes for the safety and success of my expedition; and best of all, after I had kissed the hand of mademoiselle in adieu, she permitted me the same privilege, and gave me as a parting remembrance a silken flag of France worked by her own fair fingers."

The approach of Pompon cut short any further speech from La Salle and permitted Tonti to withdraw to another portion of the ship, a prey to the deepest emotion. As he stood by the rail and looked across the tumbling, surging mass of waters which a rising storm had quickened, he felt in full sympathy with its tempestuous nature. And when the rain fell and the wind became a gale and the vessel hobbled about on the water, he still retained his post, oblivious of the outer tempest, engulphed as was his spirit amid the waves of jealous alarm, unhappiness, and despair.

Here was a light upon his new-formed hopes; the man whom he had promised to serve as companion and friend, the one to whom he warmed as never to mortal man, was now an unconscious rival. In the first onrush of the tempest that stirred his passionate nature he hated him, and cursed the day they first met. Were not the glory and honor and riches that were just ahead on the explorer's path sufficient but that he must take his love, she whom he realized was all in all to him, too? And the melody of the song he had sung with its closing words, words written in a moment of joy and hope, that were in reality full of pathetic foreboding, passed through his mind again:

But other hands I fear will pluck This Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

But when the tide of feeling had reached its full, then came the calm before the ebb. The soldier's sense of justice showed him clearly that his friend was innocent of any desire to work him harm. That he really was the interloper, for La Salle had known her for weeks and months, while his acquaintance was but that of a day. And the strong feeling of remaining stanchly loyal to his commander, even though it meant to take sides against himself, came to his rescue. Then, too, the careful recollection of the two short glimpses he had of the fair lady showed him but too plainly that he had small grounds of hope on which to build.

On into the early morning watches he struggled with himself. The love of a man for a woman battled strong with a man's love for honor and that which he deemed the right. And lo! a paradox appeared, for in the strife although honor won, yet in no wise was his love for the woman conquered or belittled by the strife, but rather was it enlarged, illumined, and made stronger still, for he could at once give full allegiance to his love and yet resolve that come what might he would in no wise be false to his friend; that he could glorify and worship the one and keep this secret hid from the other; could aid his companion with all his strength and leave the future to be bon Dieu, who controls every man's destiny. The battle once won, he could look forward with the hope that by being true to both now his reward would somehow be forthcoming when the work was done. And as the first morning rays touched the ship's deck they fell upon the figure of a man, not worn out and fatigued by a night's struggle and exposure, but firm and erect, gazing toward the new land but one day's journey distant, with the light of faith and hope and love in his countenance; and the greatest of these was love.

That night three goblets were filled to the brim and emptied and filled again. Three manly breasts responded to the thrill of a common lot, a com-

mon joy, a common purpose. Three hands clasped fealty with hands that gripped them fast. They pledged the king, the ship, New France, the expedition, and last of all, themselves.

"To three gallant comrades," cried La Salle when the last bumper was raised, "who will to each other be true—"

"And faithful," added Tonti, in a voice vibrating with deep feeling. "Even unto death," said Pompon gravely.

Thus ran the toast; so drank they all.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN ARE MET A NEW WORLD, AN ALLY IN HIGH PLACES, AND A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

A dull, dark day; an unfriendly wind, necessitating frequent tacking of the ship; the lowering of clouds that now and then swept down upon them, enveloping everything in mist; the cry of water-fowl unseen; the sharp, scared glance of gulls that suddenly appeared from out the fog, only to veer abruptly away and be swallowed up again; and then the uplift of the hazy curtain, and the sight of a dim low line of coast with shadowy suggestion of vast mountain ranges on the horizon's rim;—this was their welcome to New France. As yet no indication appeared to show them they had left the ocean and were ascending the mighty stream that drained a continent. But finally, when on the near approach to the northern shore a glimpse was caught of the trading-station at Tadoussac, the weary passengers first realized that their journey was nigh ended. All crowded to the rail and strained their eyes to feast them on the land of their dreams, the harbor of their hopes. The three comrades stood beside the captain as they watched the sun's first rays light up the beetling rocks of Mal bay. All day the glad sunlight and the clear breeze dried the ship's sails and warmed the hearts of all on board as a panorama of hitherto unknown beauty, painted by the hand of nature, was slowly unrolled before their wondering eyes.

The river gradually narrowed, and soon both shores were brought within sight of all. Waterfalls fell like trembling white ribbons down the barren mountain-sides; the rising smoke from wigwam and seigniorly betokened the presence of man; the yellow strip of stubble-fields from which the grain had been harvested followed the shore between the water's edge and the mass of evergreen verdure of the interior.

At length, after passing through the northern channel between the island of Orleans, edged with houses and clearings, and the mainland shores of Beauport and Beauport, the good ship glided into the quiet bay, while the towering heights of Quebec, puissant stronghold of a new country, the comely mistress of all this fair land, the goal of the entire company, smiled grimly down upon them. The promontory, crowned with fort, churches, seminary, and convent, looked indeed the mighty, silent bulwark that it was. Soon was the silence broken, for as the vessel let go her anchor and fired her salute, a puff of smoke came from the fort and the long, deep boom of cannon sounded clear in the early autumn air, while from the flagstaff on the Chateau St. Louis a white banner, spangled with fleurs-de-lis, waved official welcome to the king's ship.

[To Be Continued.]

The Age of Hurry.

There is no backwater to which this impetuous tide of hurry has not penetrated; and if we try to find one wherein we may lie in a punt on pink cushions under a tree we are certain to be made restless by the long single hoot of a fussy steam launch or the short double one of a tearing motor car, and instead of lying still we jump up and cry, "Oh, wait for me and take me! I'm in a fearful hurry to get there and do it with you!" And when we are taken in and have recovered our breath and well on our way there to do it, we remember to ask where we are bound for and what we are going to do!—A Countess, in London Outlook.

An Anglo-American Incident.

This story is told by J. P. Carter, of the American embassy in London. It was a fashionable function, and the orchestra had been playing somewhat loudly. A well-known Englishman was discussing the friendly relations of England and America with a very attractive American woman. The music stopped suddenly, and in the silence which followed the Englishman was heard to remark in heartfelt accents:—"And the more we know one another the more dearly we must love one another." Both hastened to offer explanations as to the entirely political character of their remarks, but nothing could stop the laughter of the delighted audience.—N. Y. Herald.

Tact of Childhood.

A small girl of three on going to bed one evening invited her grandmother to "doss put your head on the pillow." Grandma complied, but the capricious little mix soon decided that she would like a change, and took this means to make her grandmother move:—"Grandmamma, is God everywhere?" "Yes, indeed," replied grandmamma. "In this house?" "Yes." "In this room?" "Yes." "In this bed?" "Yes, my child, why do you ask?" "Well, then all I have to say is its pwtivy crowded."—N. Y. Times.

Not Wealth.

It is not the possession of money that constitutes wealth, that gives the highest satisfaction and awakens the consciousness of noble achievement, the assurance that one is fulfilling his mission, and that he is reading aright the sealed message which the Creator placed in his hand at birth.—Success Magazine.

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