



THE HORN OF PLENTY.

Hark! 'Tis a blast of the bugle of peace,
It sounds from the farmhouse gate;
The farmer hears it and waves his hat,
He promised not to be late.

He sees in the farmhouse doorway framed
A woman of ample girth;
'Mother' and 'wife' are her two names,
The dearest and best on earth.

A ROSE OF NORMANDY

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"How know you it was I? Could not any one of the numerous female friends you must have at court have done as much?"

"True, mademoiselle, but they would not. Court friends are but friends if all goes well with one. When adversity sets in they speedily forget you. You will pardon me if I say that I knew of no one save yourself who would show such disinterested kindness to a man in need of aid.

"I dared not hope it was for any personal reason," replied Tonté, sadly. "But tell me one thing, mademoiselle, and I shall weary you no further. What have I done to merit the disdain you have shown me ever since we met in New France? Of what wrong or discourtesy have I been guilty?"

"No wrong have you done me," was the animated reply. "If you will know I shall tell you. It is because of the disappointment I can but feel to find that I have aided one so unworthy; because of the shame at recalling that those lips that have uttered such false vows have pressed this hand. If you seek further reason, go to your wife and child so cruelly abandoned in Paris, find Madame Bizard, ask them. Meanwhile, know that your presence is distasteful, that I scorn to receive your attentions; in fact, that I hate you!"

Tonté gave a start of surprise and murmured, "That woman again!" Then gathering himself up proudly, he replied: "What evil deeds or crimes you may impute to me I know not. I shall, however, continue in my duty to my friend, and not desert in my endeavors for your comfort and safety. I thank you for this interview;" and gathering up his load, he bowed and left the spot, angry with himself at finding that in spite of her wrath she was magnificent, and realizing how deeply he loved her.

Within a few days all was ready for their departure. The men sailed away in the vessel laden with stores and provisions, while Tonté embarked with the two women, Pompon, and the Mohegan warrior in a large canoe, and turning its prow southward crossed the end of the lake in safety to its southern shore. Toward Renee he maintained the same attitude that he had before their recent interview. Again was her comfort sought in every way. When the wind blew strong or the weather threatened, a stop was made and they delayed until the skies had cleared and the water was once more calm. Game was not abundant, but fish were easily caught. Occasionally, when this diet became unpalatable, a camp was built, and several days were spent at rest, while the Indian made a trip toward the interior for venison or bear. No savages were seen, and Tonté hoped to be able to pass by the country of the Iroquois without meeting them. Over one-half of the distance was traversed without mishap, and they were opposite to that portion of the country inhabited by the Senecas, the westernmost nation of the Iroquois confederacy, when disaster overtook them.

They were proceeding along close to the shore because of the slight roughness of the water, and were making all haste in order to get over this stage of their journey as rapidly as possible, when they suddenly struck against the ragged edge of a rock just hidden beneath the surface of the water. Such was the force of the blow that a

large rent was made in the bottom of the canoe, which quickly filled, careened to one side, and threw its occupants and contents into the lake. On coming to the surface Tonté beheld Pompon (who could not swim) clinging to the slippery surface of the tiny point of rock that had done the mischief, the canoe sunk, and the two women, whose clothing served to buoy them up, struggling wildly. With a shout to the Mohegan to save the nun, who was nearest him, Tonté himself struck out for Renee. Although the shore was some 200 yards distant, there was nothing to do but to swim for it. He seized the girl at the waist with one hand, while he strove with his legs and the remaining arm to urge her toward a place of safety. It was hard work, however, as the clothing that he wore was made of skins and soon became very heavy. Renee, too, frightened at the sudden plunge, struggled to free herself from his grasp. He finally calmed her, and telling her to rest her hand on his shoulder, he was able to make good headway.

"Why did you not let the Indian save me?" she murmured. "Because I, not he, am responsible for your safety," was the reply. Soona they reached the land. Tonté was much exhausted by the struggle, but supported his fair companion to a dry spot on the sand and then turned his attention toward the rest. Pompon still clung to his precarious perch. The Mohegan and the nun, however, were in a bad plight. Terror seemed to have bereft her of reason, and she clung to her rescuer with a firm grasp, impeding his progress. Tonté saw that they would never be able to reach shore under the existing circumstances, shouted that he was coming, and, after throwing off his well-soaked coat, plunged to their rescue.

It was time that some help arrived, for the nun had clasped the man about his neck with a grasp that he was unable to shake off. Before Tonté had covered half the distance they sank from view. They soon reappeared, however, struggling anew. They were well-nigh exhausted and remained on the surface but a moment. Tonté called encouragingly, but they did not hear him, and sank again. As he reached the spot where they had disappeared, the head of the Mohegan arose from the depths, but he was alone. Breathless and half drowned he was, and Tonté had to support him to enable him to regain his strength. He soon learned that the nun had maintained her grip on the Indian's neck until they had sunk the second time and had only released her hold when they touched the bottom. Tonté then dived, but to no purpose, and yet a second time; she was not to be found. Feeling his own strength beginning to fail, and knowing that the strong undercurrents had probably swept her body from that locality, he turned his attention to Pompon, who was making vigorous signals of distress, leaving the Mohegan behind to swim about and watch for the nun's reappearance. He reached Pompon, who had been occupied in slipping from the rock and clambering up again, just in time, and with him in tow turned toward the shore. The Indian soon relieved him of this weight, for he was fast reaching a condition when he would need help himself. As it was, had the shore been a dozen yards farther off he could not have reached it. He managed, however, to touch bottom and crawl out, throwing himself upon the sand, utterly exhausted. Renee, who had watched his brave efforts, ran to him, and loosening the sodden clothing about his neck and chest as best she might, chafed his hands anxiously. Forgotten for a moment was the past with the lies whispered by Madame Bizard into her unwilling ear, and she saw only her lover and hero, engaged, as when they first met, in bravely defending and rescuing those in distress; saw him, as she had dreamed of him so many times before, boldly battling for others, recking not of the tremendous odds against him; saw him victorious, yet vanquished. And as he felt her woman's heart beat fast with sympathy and alarm. Her touch seemed to invigorate him, for in a few moments he opened his eyes, breathed deeply, and murmured, "Grace a Dieu, you are safe! But the nun is lost; I did my best."

Renee as soon as she saw that he had revived dropped his hand and contented herself with telling him of her appreciation of his superhuman efforts, assuring him that she was unhurt, and although lamenting the loss of her companion, expressed her thanks that the remainder were saved.

They made but a short distance the first day, as Renee, unaccustomed to walking far, soon became foot-sore. They followed the shore of the lake as closely as possible, both because of the easier walking found there and also to keep near a supply of fresh water. At night they sought shelter beneath a tree, and each of the men took turns in watching, while Renee, wrapped in Tonté's coat, slept soundly after the fatigue of the day. They proceeded thus for a week, scantily supplied with food, although Akiesko exerted all of his skill and ingenuity in his endeavor to entrap small game or catch an occasional fish, and they had progressed so far that Tonté began to feel easier as to their ultimate safety. One day they were resting about noon beneath a tall fir-tree when Pompon was suddenly seized with the desire to climb to the top after a possible nest that he thought he spied high up among the branches. He had hardly reached the upper limbs when Tonté, glancing up, was attracted by the vigorous signs he was making. They were signs of alarm and caution. The rest immediately became silent and waited. Within a moment there emerged into the little clearing near which they stood a band of some two score warriors, evidently a hunting party from their dress. At the same instant they caught sight of the little shipwrecked group beneath the tree and advanced toward them with a shout. Tonté stepped forward and made signs of peace. The Indians proved to be a band of Senecas on their way to the lake to fish. Their leader stepped a pace nearer than the rest, and, addressing Tonté, said with a grunt, "Who are you?"

Tonté replied: "We are friends of the great Onontio of Quebec. He sends his greetings to his children and bids you aid us. We have lost our way and ask you to help us. If you will furnish us with food and a guide to his house by the Great Falls he will reward you."



"WHY DID YOU NOT LET THE INDIAN SAVE ME?"

"The hand of Onontio is weak, and he sometimes sleeps. We have not seen him for a long time; perhaps he is dead. He does not love us or he would not send the black gowns among us to bewitch our children, nor the traders who cheat us of our skins. If you were his friends he would not have allowed you to start upon so long a journey without providing you with food and guns. My white brother lies. The French at the house beside the Great Falls are not our friends, for they have made our young men drunk with brandy and then killed them. I can do nothing for you; you must return with us to our village. There the great chief Wolf, he whom you French call 'Le Loup,' will decide."

Resistance was useless, as during this harangue the savages had scattered and now completely surrounded the party. A seeming friendly compliance was the best course, so Tonté replying said: "We will go with you to your village and there smoke the peace pipe with your chief. He will restore our strength and go with us to the Great Falls and receive his reward."

CHAPTER XX. IN WHICH SOME DISCOVERIES ARE MADE.

The advance of the party was not rapid, because of the inability of the captives to make long marches. The leader was evidently a subordinate chief who feared to ill-treat his white prisoners lest the responsibility of having provoked hostilities with the French should be laid at his door. At night a special shelter was provided for Renee, while Tonté and the Mohegan were permitted to rest on the ground near by. Four of the number were detailed to procure food, which they did in great abundance. An offer was even made to provide a sort of bark litter for Renee, swung from the shoulders of two of the braves. She refused this, however, as it would have separated her from Tonté, whom she silently appealed to more and more for protection. He noticed her changed demeanor, but attributed it to the fact that he was La Salle's friend and the only white man present. After the little camp was still at night he heard the call of a distant screech-owl that he recognized as the signal of the ever-faithful Pompon, who was evidently following on their trail. On their journey to Quebec, after escaping from the Hurons they had devised a code of signs in case they should ever be separated. The number of hoists corresponded to a letter of the alphabet, the whole preceded by three

series of cries of three calls each. Thus Tonté was able to spell out during the night the communication intended for him. "C-o-u-r-a-g-e," came the cheering message, "I s-h-a-l-l f-i-n-d m-e-a-n-s f-o-r y-o-u-r e-s-c-a-p-e."

Six days they journeyed thus. At length on the morning of the seventh the far-off barking of dogs was heard, and the prisoners knew they were approaching their destination. About noon they came upon a clearing about ten acres in extent, situated on a plateau overlooking a beautiful lake some half-dozen miles long. On this plateau were scattered irregularly. Their advent was heralded by the yelping of a horde of naked children, who surrounded them, followed by a swarm of Indian curs, who barked vociferously. The warriors bestowed a succession of cuffs and kicks when they approached too near, and led the captives to one of the smaller lodges, which was unoccupied.

The sides of this house were formed of a double row of tall saplings planted firmly in the ground, whose tops were bent over and lashed together at the top to form the roof. The many interstices of the branches served for the escape of the smoke from a fire which smoldered on the ground in the middle of the floor. Over all were spread sheets of bark like the clapboards of a civilized dwelling. From a number of cross poles near the roof were suspended a quantity of skins, clothing, pieces of smoked meat, and rows of dried ears of maize. Around the interior, about three feet from the ground, ran a shelf or scaffolding, covered with a few mats and skins, which evidently served for sleeping places for the inmates. Here in an atmosphere rendered almost unbearable by the heat and smoke of the fire, the three prisoners were left to await the return of the head chief and his men, who were off on a hunting expedition for the day. A guard at the door prevented any intrusion, and the weary travelers were left in peace. Tonté managed to collect a sufficient number of skins to curtain off one end of the room and form a soft pile on which Renee could rest. She received this thoughtful attention without thanks, but yet without the resistance with which she had formerly met Tonté's kindly offers.

Struck Through. Herr Argelander was one of Germany's most distinguished astronomers. He was greatly loved and admired by the younger generation of students, both German and foreign, many of whom were proud of having had him as their preceptor. Among them says Dr. Newcomb in his "Reminiscences," was Dr. B. A. Gould, who loved to tell this story of the professor's wit: When Dr. Gould was in Germany as a student, he had abundant hair but no beard. On his return there from America, years later, he had grown a beard, and had become completely bald. He entered Argelander's study unannounced, and the professor looked blankly up. "Don't you know me, Herr Professor?" asked the visitor. The professor looked more closely. "It's Gould!" he cried, at last. "It is Gould with his hair struck through!"—Youth's Companion.

The late Baron de Hirsch, the Jewish financier, was dining in company with a certain prince, who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Courtesy proved no barrier to the outflow of his spleen. Remarking on the tour he had made in Turkey, he said he had been favorably impressed with two of its customs: "All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed." The baron, with smiling sang-froid, immediately relieved the scandalized consternation of the other guests with the bland rejoinder: "How fortunate you and I don't live there!"—London M. A. P.

Fixing Her Status. A bachelor farmer a little past his prime, finding himself hard up, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbor of his, who was reported to have some babewes. Meeting with no obstacles to his wooing he soon got married. One of the first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out his wife to see it. After admiring it she said: "Well, Sam, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna ha been there." "Jenny," Sam replied, "if it had not been for yer siller ye wadna ha been here yet."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Order. The chairlady rapped sharply. "It ought not to be necessary for the chair to remind members," she said severely, "that under our rules of order, to say nothing of common courtesy, only one member may be silent at a time. Any member who becomes silent at the same time that another member is silent is distinctly out of order."

The ladies of the club visibly cringed under this merited rebuke. Many of them flushed to the roots of their hair, and several there were who burst into tears.—Life.

Man of Nerve. "Myrtilla," said the old gentleman sharply, "that young man had in the parlor last night is dull of comprehension. All I had to do was cough when the other chaps remained too late and they would take the hint and depart. Did this one say anything when I coughed last night?" "Yes," replied the beautiful daughter, "he said the next time he called he was going to bring you a bottle of cough sirup."—Newark News.

DOUBLE TRANSMIGRATION. Dog Suffers for a Defunct Man and Man Gets It for Dead Mule. The man who had come down the steps of the city hall had found a small dog under his feet, and given the animal a kick, relates the Washington Star. The owner came forward and demanded: "Sir, why did you kick my dog?" "Because I believe in transmigration," replied the other. "What has that to do with it?" "Two years ago I knew a mean man. He died. Your dog looks so much like him that I believe it is a case of transmigration. I always wanted to kick my feet. I could not resist the impulse." "Sir," said the dog-owner, "I once knew a mule. He was the crankiest, meanest critter on the face of the earth. He died. The minute I set eyes on you, I knew that it was a case of transmigration. I always wanted to wallop that mule, but never got the chance. It has come at last. And now—" And when the crowd hauled them apart there were three black eyes and a bitten ear between the two of them to prove that the theory of transmigration works like a double-barreled shotgun.

Displacement. "Do you think that the automobile will displace the horse?" asked the conversational young woman. "It will," answered the nervous young man, as he gazed down the road, "if it ever hits him."—Washington Star.

Cured Her Rheumatism. Deep Valley, Pa., Oct. 2nd (Special).—There is deep interest in Green county over the cure of the little daughter of I. N. Whipkey of Rheumatism. She was a great sufferer for five or six years, and nothing seemed to do her any good till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She began to improve almost at once, and now she is cured and can run and play as other children do. Mr. Whipkey says: "I am indeed thankful for what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for my daughter; they saved her from being a cripple perhaps for life." Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved that Rheumatism is one of the results of diseased kidneys. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys are right there can be no Uric Acid in the blood and consequently no Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right.

Stirring Testimonial. It was a thankful Alma wife that sent the following recommendation to a patent medicine firm: "Gentlemen, before taking your medicine I was too weak to spank my baby, but now I can lick my husband."—Detroit Free Press.

Announcement is made by the Rock Island-Frisco Systems of the inauguration of a daily through tourist car St. Louis to Los Angeles via Frisco Line to Medora, Kansas, thence Rock Island-El Paso Line to California. This provides an entirely new tourist car route to the Golden State, and with the installation of this car the Rock Island has no less than ten through tourist lines between the East and California. These cars start from Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis and run through via either the Rock Island's Southern Route by way of El Paso, or Scenic Route by way of Colorado. This frequent and comprehensive service is provided with a view to adequately meeting the demand for tourist accommodations under the very low rates effective in September and October.

The barbers and printers played a game of ball at Hiawatha the other day. The barbers won by a close shave, and the printers set 'em up.—Kansas City Journal.

Arc your clothes faded? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

It is possible, of course, for a short man to look dignified sometimes, but he has to do it sitting down.—Somerville Journal.

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