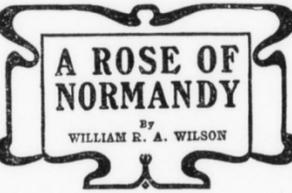




SAD TALE OF NEVA MOORE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, (Seems I've heard that line before) While I pondered weak and weary— (Gets familiar more and more.)



CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"Monsieur le Chevalier de Baugis," he said, as he handed back the commission, "the Sieur de la Salle is already on his way to Quebec in ignorance of the events that have taken place there. He is therefore not here to receive the commands of the new governor. My authority is received from Sieur de la Salle, and to him alone am I answerable for the safety of this fortress. He will undoubtedly forward his wishes to me at the earliest opportunity. Until I receive word from him I cannot resign my command to any one. I can but regard you as an officer of the king, whose presence may be of assistance, and my guest."

The chevalier was greatly angered at this unexpected resistance, but Tontil remained firm, and left him after showing him the lodge that was accorded to him as his residence. The next day, although his anger had vanished, he displayed a surly demeanor. He received Tontil's courtesies ungraciously and spent his time in writing out a lengthy complaint of his insubordination of the commander he found in charge, which he purposed sending to Quebec at the earliest opportunity. As no messenger was directly available, he contented himself with viewing the work already accomplished with a condescending air, that expressed his contempt of everything. His ideas were those gained from experience in civilized warfare. The necessities of campaigns carried on against a savage foe he knew nothing about.

The Indians did not take kindly to the new representative of the great king and viewed his contemptuous attitude with much disfavor. The men under Tontil had learned to have a great enthusiasm for their commander, and when they were informed of the newcomer's errand murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard mingled with muttered threats of mutiny in case he took command. Tontil quieted these outbreaks as well as he could and endeavored to treat him with the attention due his position as his guest. He took pains to walk about the fort pointing out the reasons for the various devices used in the fortifying of the place, and explaining, in a measure, the plans made by La Salle for the maintenance and improvement of the colony. They were thus engaged one morning when Renee passed near them on her return from the town below. The chevalier followed her with admiring gaze.

"Sacre!" he exclaimed to Tontil, pulling hard on his mustache. "What a beautiful donnee! Whence comes she? It is a pity for one so lovely to waste her life going about in such a garb."

"She is one sent by the nuns at Quebec," said Tontil coldly. "She is devoted to her work and has proved of invaluable assistance to us in tending the sick."

of Tontil and who worshipped the fair Renee from a distance. These two zealous allies watched carefully for several days without discovering any cause for interfering. At length the sharp eye of Pompon caught sight of the figure of the chevalier lounging near Renee's lodge in such a spot that she would have to pass near him on her return. Soon she appeared, and the young officer with a sweeping bow sought to engage her in conversation, but she pushed hurriedly by without looking at him. He strove to detain her by touching her arm. She uttered a slight cry of alarm and fled.

That night the chevalier was sitting in his lodge, which was lighted by a pine knot. His scanty writing material lay on the table before him. The composition he was making evidently was an effort, for he stopped, scowled, and bit his quill at every few words. "A louis d'or for a rhyme to 'donnee,'" he muttered. A knock aroused him and the Sieur de Boisrondet entered.

"Pardon my intrusion, chevalier," he began hurriedly but determinedly, "but I have a word of warning for you."

Baugis looked up in surprise. "What warning can one of the men whose commander I shall shortly be give to me?" he asked haughtily.

"This this," resumed De Boisrondet, quietly; "you have come here and are suffered to remain as the guest of our commander, the only commander we recognize, M. le Capitaine Tontil. You have publicly behaved in a manner discourteous to him. His men, his Indian allies, are devoted to him. If they should become incensed I could not answer for their conduct."

"Has your precious leader sent you here with this threat?" was the sneering inquiry. "Why does he not come in person? I shall not hurt him."

"He knows nothing about my errand," was the quiet reply. "There is another matter I would speak of also."

"Ma, foi! more offenses! Go on; I suppose I am a schoolboy and must be reprimanded."

"You have been seen endeavoring to force distasteful attentions upon the young donnee."

"Parbleu!" broke in Baugis angrily. "Am I to be held accountable for my every act in this wilderness? What if I choose to speak to a pretty face? Who but the priests are there who will rebuke me?"

"Another such action and you will have to deal with Capitaine Tontil. I warn you it will not seem a small matter in his eyes."

"So, mon Dieu! this mighty capitaine of yours will interfere, will he? Pray tell me by what right he assumes to be my censor? Is he her brother? or husband? or—"

ment at this speech. He muttered at the close, "Parbleu! I recollect. You killed the Comte de Miron!" Then suddenly his face changed. The flush of anger died away, and, rising slowly, he approached Tontil.

"Capitaine Tontil, you have shown me my fault," he said humbly. "I have a thousand pardons to beg of you for my conduct since my arrival. Your attitude in everything has been commendable. Your last alternative has no force with me. A brave foe demands one's admiration. That you are brave I well know. A generous enemy commands one's respect. That you are generous you have shown by the destruction of my written promise. Let us be rivals no longer; may we not be friends?"

And with an engaging smile the young man thrust forth his hand impulsively. His voice rang true, and Tontil grasped the proffered evidence of good-will.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK ON THE FORT, AND HOW POMPON REDEEMED HIS PLEDGE.

The news brought by the wounded Indian was indeed true. The crafty Iroquois, learning of the efforts of La Salle to centralize the French and Indian power of the west in one large settlement, defended by a stronghold that would be impregnable to future attacks, had resolved on striking one quick decisive blow before the colony had become thoroughly established.

By rapid, secret marches they had advanced to a point within a dozen leagues of the river, and there had awaited a suitable moment for attack. One of their number, an Illinois youth, made prisoner in their previous raid and adopted by his captors, was sent as a spy to mingle with his former clansmen. He had reported to them the absence of a considerable force on a hunting expedition to the westward;



ALL WAS IN READINESS.

the rivalry and ill-feeling between Tontil and the chevalier, and the sense of security that seemed to fill the minds of all the allies. They determined upon an immediate advance, after sending their spy back to mingle again with the unsuspecting victims, and render what assistance he could at the assault upon the fort which would have to be taken. A young Miami, wandering to the east on the trail of a bear, had been suddenly surrounded, scalped, and left for dead. He had revived, and managed, despite his wounds, to reach the fort ahead of the approaching enemy.

Tontil immediately sounded the alarm. The fort was manned by all the soldiers and a few Indians, among whom was the Iroquois spy; messengers were sent to recall the hunting party; the women and children were all taken to an island near the further side of the river. A barricade was hastily erected some quarter of a mile from the fort; scouts were dispatched to learn the position of the enemy. Thus the remainder of the night was spent. The light of the burning lodges of those tribes situated farthest from the fort was seen, indicating that the Iroquois were advancing. Day dawned, and the scouts returning announced that the enemy were about 2,000 strong, and lay in ambush less than a mile away. They reported that the expedition seemed to be led by a white chief called "Le Loup." Tontil and Pompon exchanged glances on hearing this. "Ma foi! manami," said the first, "shall we not give my former host a warm welcome?"

"As hot as fire can make it," exclaimed Pompon.

"Nay, nay," replied Tontil, "not so fierce. Although he has turned savage, we have not. If he can only be captured, I shall take great pleasure in forcing a sword into his hands and giving him two seconds in which to place himself on guard."

Pompon, between his teeth. "If I ever get hold of him I can promise you I shall never let go until one or both of us are dead."

Work on the barricade, which was semi-circular in shape, went rapidly on during the day. Tontil had expected to take command of this portion of his force himself, but the chevalier interposed, "pray give me the post, as a token of your reconciliation, and to afford me an opportunity of proving my qualities as a soldier. You can best direct the whole defense from the fort; besides, I think you are needed there."

Tontil reluctantly consented. He ordered a succession of brush-heaps to be prepared between the fort and the barricade so that if the attack came at night, as it probably would, the light from them would aid the defenders. He went about among his Indian allies, assigning them positions and encouraging them. There was evident need of this latter work, for he found that the hostile approach of the Iroquois had brought back memories of past raids, and that the old terror of the hated name had been awakened. The French soldiers, being more accustomed to fighting with long range weapons, were kept to guard the fort. The remaining whites, the priests, Renee, and the nuns were also among those on the top of the rock. They prepared quarters for the wounded, and made all ready to attend those whom the coming fight would render fit subjects for their care.

The sounds of preparation had ceased. All was in readiness. Every eye of the defenders was strained through the gathering twilight to catch sight of the first signs of attack. The sun had set in a cloudy sea of blood, a fact that was noted by the Indians with an ominous shake of the head. From across the river came the evening pipings of drowsy birds. A whippoorwill was heard to call; a chorus of frogs added their deep bass-note to the even-song of nature. Suddenly a savage yell was heard, answered by another from the tree shade facing the barricade. In an instant the quiet scene was changed. A thousand dusky figures leaped from their hiding-places and rushed across the clearing. A thousand arms brandishing gun or battle-axe. A thousand throats poured forth a volume of demonic sound. Hell was broken loose; the battle was on.

An answering yell came from behind the barricade, whose red-skinned defenders danced up and down working themselves into a frenzy to meet the coming hand-to-hand conflict. The chevalier had given orders to the front row of his force, who were armed with guns, not to fire until the enemy had come within ten feet of them. This order was obeyed, and the invading line had almost reached the barricade before a shot was fired. The Iroquois, loath enough to attack a fortified place, were evidently surprised at the number of guns in possession of the besieged. Many of them dropped before the fire. The rest hastily retreated and stopped at the edge of the clearing, contenting themselves with yells and an occasional shot fired at random.

[To Be Continued.]

John Knox in Chains. John Knox, the famous Scotch preacher, was a galley slave on French vessels. "For 19 months he had to endure this living death," says a writer, "which for long drawn out torture can only be compared with what the Christians of the earliest centuries had to suffer when they were condemned to the mines. He had to sit chained with four or six others to the rowing benches, which were set at right angles to the side of the ship, without change of posture by day and compelled to sleep still chained, under the benches by night; exposed to the elements by day and night alike, enduring the lash of the overseer, who paced up and down the gangway which ran between the two lines of benches; wearing the coarse canvas shirt and serge jacket of the rower; feeding on the insufficient meals of coarse biscuit and porridge of oil and beans, chained along with the vilest malefactors."

Cervantes' Wedding Outfit. A biographer of Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," says: "With high ideals in his mind and but few pieces in his wallet, he married, on December 12, 1554, with Dona Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vosmediano. The tenth of his fortune, which Cervantes settled upon his wife, amounted to 100 ducats, while an inventory of the bride's effects includes several plantations of young vines in the district of Esquivas, a small town of New Castle; six bushels of meal and one of wheat, some articles of household furniture, two linen and three cotton sheets, a cushion and two pillows stuffed with wool, one good blanket and one worn; tables, chairs, pots and pans; a brazier; a grater, several jars, sacred images in alabaster and silver gilt; a crucifix, two little images, four beehives, 45 hens."

Lady Warwick's Courtesy. When the beautiful countess of Warwick was keeping a shop in Bond street, London, she sold a large bill of goods to a big Australian. As she took his money she said pleasantly: "Thank you, my friend." Next day the Australian called at her house and said to the wondering servant: "Tell her ladyship that it's her friend Simmons." Lady Warwick remembered no such person, but ordered that he be shown up. Then she had a good laugh when he explained that he had taken her at her word and had called as a friend. They had a pleasant chat and Lady Warwick lost nothing by her courtesy, for when the colonist died he left \$50,000 to "my friend the countess of Warwick, who alone among the great people of England treated me with courtesy and kindness."

PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

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PAINFUL PERIODS. Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering. Miss Nellie Holmes and Mrs. Tillie Hart.

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