

BEYOND the FRONTIER

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS

By RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

Adele in Chesapeake, a belle of New France, in a moment of despair, at her uncle's house, Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her Uncle Chevet's aid against La Salle. D'Artigny, La Salle's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion's party on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adele that he has betrothed her.

An orphaned girl of seventeen pledged against her will by a coarse male relative to marry a man she loathes, needs a good and strong friend at this time more than anything else in the world. To whom can she turn for friendship when she has but two acquaintances?—young Sieur Rens d'Artigny, frontiersman and gentleman of France, and Sister Celeste at the convent. How Adele met her problem is told in this installment.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Yes, monsieur."
"Oh, you're sweet enough with words. I have heard you before, and found you a sly mix-up when my back was turned—but this time it is not I alone who will watch your actions, I have pledged you a husband."

I got to my feet, starting at him, the indignant words stifled in my throat. He laughed coarsely, and resumed his meal.

"A husband, monsieur? You have pledged me?"

"Ay! why not? You are 17, and 'tis my place to see you well settled."
"But I have no wish to marry, monsieur," I protested. "There is no man for whom I care."

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and laughed.

"Pooh! if I waited for that no doubt you would pick out some cockerel without as much as a spur to his heel. 'Tis my choice, not yours, for I know the world, and the man you need, Monsieur Cassion has asked me to favor him, and I think well of it."

"Cassion! Surely you would not wed me to that creature?"

He pushed back his chair, regarding me with scowling eyes.

"And where is there a better? Sacre! do you think yourself a queen, to choose? 'Tis rare luck you have such an offer. Monsieur Cassion is going to be a great man in this New France; already he has the governor's ear, and a commission, with a tidy sum to his credit in Quebec. What more could any girl desire in a husband?"

"But, monsieur, I do not love him; I do not trust the man."

"Pah! He burst into a laugh, rising from the table. Before I could draw back he had gripped me by the arm. "Enough of that, young lady. He is my choice, and that settles it. Love! who ever heard of love nowadays? Ah, I see, you dream already of the young gallant D'Artigny. Well, little good that will do you. Why what is he? a mere ragged adventurer, without a sou in his name, a prowling wolf of the forest, the follower of a discredited thief. But enough of this; I have told you my will, and you obey. Tomorrow we go to Quebec to the governor's hall, and when Mon-

sieur Cassion returns from his mission you will marry him—you understand?"

The tears were in my eyes, blotting out his threatening face, yet there was naught to do but answer.

"Yes, monsieur."

"And this D'Artigny; if the fellow ever dares come near you again I'll crush his white throat between my fingers."

"Yes, monsieur."
"To your room then, and think over all I have said. You have never found me full of idle threats I warrant."

"No, monsieur."
I drew my arm from his grasp, feeling it tingle with pain where his fingers had crushed the flesh, and crept up the narrow stairs, glad enough to get away and be alone. I had never loved Chevet, but he had taught me to fear him, for more than once had I experienced his brutality and physical power. To him I was but a chattel, an incubance. He had assumed charge of me because the law so ordained, but I had found nothing in his nature on which I could rely for sympathy. I was his sister's child, yet no more to him than some Indian

waif. More, he was honest about it. To his mind he did well by me in thus finding me a husband. I sank on my knees, and hid my face, shuddering at the thought of the sacrifice demanded. Cassion never before had the man appeared so despicable. Yet what could I do? It was useless to appeal to Chevet, and the governor, La Barre, would give small heed to a girl objecting to one of his henchmen. D'Artigny! The name was on my lips before I realized I had spoken it, and brought a throb of hope. I arose to my feet, and stared out of the window into the dark night. My pulses throbbed. If he cared; if I only knew he cared, I would fly with him anywhere, into the wilderness depths, to escape Cassion.

But how could I reach him with my tale? There was but one opportunity—the governor's hall. He would be there; he had said so, laughingly glancing toward me as he spoke the words, the flash of his eyes a challenge. But it would be difficult. Chevet, Cassion, not for a moment would they take eyes from me, and if I failed to treat him coldly an open quarrel must result. Chevet would be glad of an excuse, and Cassion's jealousy would spur him on. Yet I must try, and, in truth, I trusted not so much in Monsieur d'Artigny's interest in me, as in his reckless love of adventure.

"Twould please him to play an audacious trick on La Salle's enemies, and make Cassion the butt of laughter."

CHAPTER III.

I Appeal for Aid.

It had been two years since I was at Quebec, and it was with new eyes of appreciation that I watched the great bustling city as our boat glided silently past the shore and headed in toward the landing. Cassion met us, attired so gayly in rich vestments that I scarcely recognized the man, whom I had always seen before in dull forest garb, yet I permitted him to take my hand and assist me gallantly to the shore. It was evidently a gala day, for flags and streamers were flying from every window of the lower town, and the narrow, crooked streets were filled with wanderers having no apparent business but enjoyment. Never had I viewed so merrily a throng, and I could but gaze about with wide opened eyes on the strange passing figures.

It was all of such interest I was glad enough to be finally rid of him, and he greeted so kindly by Sister Celeste.

"Three years have changed you greatly, my child," she said gently, touching my cheeks with her soft hands; "but bright as your eyes are, it is not all pleasure I see in them. You must tell me of your life. The older man, I take it, was your uncle, Monsieur Chevet?"

"Yes," I answered, but hesitated to add more.

"He is much as I had pictured him, a bear of the woods."
"He is rough," I protested, "for his life has been hard, yet has given me no reason to complain. 'Tis because the life is lonely that I grow old."

"No doubt, and the younger gallant? He is not of the forest stock?"

"'Twas Monsieur Cassion, commissaire for the governor."

"Ah! 'tis through him you have invitation to the great ball."
I bowed my head, wondering at the kind questioning in the sister's eyes. Could she have heard the truth? Perchance she might tell me something of the man.

"He has been selected by Monsieur Chevet as my husband," I explained doubtfully. "Know you aught of the man, sister?"

Her hand closed gently on mine. "No, only that he has been chosen by La Barre to carry special message to the Chevalier de Baugis in the Illinois country. He hath an evil, sneering face, and an insolent manner, even as described to me by the Sieur d'Artigny."

I caught my breath quickly, and my hand grasped tightened.

"The Sieur d'Artigny?" I echoed, startled into revealing the truth. "He has been here? Has talked with you?"

"Surely, my dear girl. He was here with La Salle before his chief sailed for France, and yesterday he came again, and questioned me."

"Questioned you?"

"Yes; he sought knowledge of you, and of why you were in the household of Chevet. I liked the young man, and told him all I knew, of your father's death and the decree of the court, and of how Chevet compelled you to leave the convent. I felt him to be honest and true, and that his purpose was worthy."

"Sister, you must hear me," I said. "I have no mother, no friend even to whom to appeal; I am just a girl all alone. I despise this man Cassion; I do not know why, but he seems to be like a snake, and I cannot bear his presence. I would rather die than marry him. I do not think Chevet trusts him, either, but he has some hold and compels him to sell me as though I was a slave in the market. I am to be made to marry him. I pray you let me see this Sieur d'Artigny that I may tell him all, and beseech his aid."

"But why D'Artigny, my girl? What is the boy to you?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," I confessed frankly. "We have scarcely spoken together, but he is a gallant of true heart; he will never refuse aid to a maid like me. It will be joy for him to outfit this enemy of La Salle. All I ask is that I be permitted to tell him my story."

Celeste sat silent, her white hands clasped, her eyes on the stained glass

window. It was so still I could hear my own quick breathing. At last she spoke, her voice still soft and kindly.

"I have no power, child, but I will speak with the mother superior, and repeat to her all I have learned. It shall be as she wills. Wait here, and you may trust me to plead for you."

She seemed to fade from the room, and I glanced about, seeing no change since I was there before—the same bare walls and floor, the rude settee,

mademoiselle, for I stand between you and this sacrifice with much pleasure. You shall not marry Cassion while I wear a sword."

"But not violence, monsieur!"
"Planning and scheming is not my way, nor am I good at it. A soldier of La Salle needs more to understand action, and the D'Artigny breed has ever had faith in steel. I seek no quarrel, yet if occasion arise this messenger of La Barre will find me quite ready. I know not what may occur. Mademoiselle; I merely pledge you my word of honor that Cassion will no longer seek your hand. The method you must trust to me."

Our eyes met, and his were kind and smiling, with a confidence in their depths that strangely heartened me. Before I realized the action I had given him my hand.

"I do, monsieur, and question no more, though I pray for peace between you. Our time is up, sister?"

"Yes, my child," she stood in the doorway, appearing like some saintly image. "The mother sent me."
D'Artigny released my hand and bowed low.

"I still rely upon your attendance at the ball?" he asked, lingering at the door.

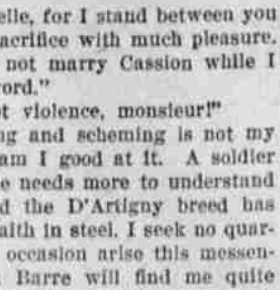
"Yes, monsieur."
"And may bespeak a dance?"
"I cannot say so, although it may cost you dear."

He laughed gayly, his eyes bright with merriment.

"Faith! most pleasures do I find, the world would be dull enough otherwise. Till then, mademoiselle, adieu."
We heard his quick step ring on the stone of the passage, and Celeste smiled, her hand on mine.

"A lad of spirit that. The Sieur de La Salle picks his followers well, and knows loyal hearts. The D'Artignys never fail."

"You know of them, sister?"
"I knew his father," she answered, half ashamed already of her impulse, "a gallant man. But come, the mother would have you visit her."



He Was a Dark Man, Stern of Face.

Psychologists—scientists of the human mind—say that the big emotions are born and developed in one's unconscious mind and gradually are ushered into the conscious mind; for instance, that you may be in love long before you are actually aware of the fact. What about D'Artigny and Adele?

TO RELIEVE CITY CONGESTION
Massachusetts Legislature Considers Measures Encouraging "Back-to-the-Land" Movement.

Two unusual measures have been under consideration by the legislature of Massachusetts. One provides for an appropriation for homesteads or small houses with plots of ground for mechanics, laborers and other persons in the suburbs of cities and towns. The other bill authorizes any city to acquire land for the purpose of teaching agriculture to its inhabitants, including schoolchildren, adults and family groups.

The bills are really complementary. Their purpose is to encourage the "back-to-the-land" movement and to relieve congested districts. They are sponsored by the Massachusetts home-stead commission, which believes that there is a strong disposition among persons in congested city districts to escape from these to pleasanter and more healthful surroundings. The commission, in fact, made a canvass of 500 typical tenement families. It discovered that no fewer than 168 families, with 896 children, were anxious to move to suburban surroundings where they could have a garden and till the soil. The chief difficulties in their way, of course, are lack of capital and lack of knowledge of gardening or farming. These lacks the two bills in the legislature would seek to supply.

Good Japanese Custom.
Polite Japanese never have the grip because they commit "iki wo hiki," that is drawing in their breath sharply, a salutary custom which one doctor has declared incomparable as a means of grip prevention, the idea being that Japanese are careful as to where and on whom they breathe and so keep the percentage of germ distribution at a rather respectable low figure.

Halting Between Two Opinions

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—How long halt ye between two opinions?—I Kings 18:21.

There are many people more or less under conviction of sin who are halting just in this way. They know they ought to renounce sin for righteousness, and they also know that the only way to do that successfully is through faith in Jesus Christ. They have been taught that if they will commit themselves to him as their Redeemer and confess him as their Lord and Master, he will not only deliver them from guilt, but endue them with the power to overcome sin and lead a godly life. And yet for all this they are halting, and trying to decide whether to put their trust in him and openly confess him or not.

What are some of the reasons given for this indecision? Or, to put it in another way, what are some of the obstacles which the evil one is setting before them to hinder them in their progress towards salvation through Christ?

Not long ago we were speaking of this subject from another point of view, and dwell on two or three very common objections such as that there are hypocrites in the church, or the profit and pleasure that must be given up if one becomes a Christian, or the fear of not being able to hold out in Christian life, etc.

But there are other objections than these. One is the remark, "I am not good enough to become a Christian." This sounds like humility, but in reality is spiritual pride, for it is based on the supposition that one can make himself good enough without Christ. But if so why need a Savior, and why should the Son of God have suffered and died? If we can make ourselves partially holy, we can make ourselves absolutely holy, and therefore the work of atonement was unnecessary and a crime. A convincing answer to this is the testimony of our Lord himself that he came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

The great Augustine prayed, "O Lord, I am so great a sinner, I must flee into thine arms!" That is the place for the sinner to flee just because he is a sinner.

"I do not know how to believe," is sometimes put forth as a reason. And yet "believe" means simply "to trust," "to commit one's self" to the Saviour in order to be saved. Indeed, the difficulty is not so much in the meaning of the word, "believe," as in waiting for feeling to accompany the belief.

A woman once gave this excuse to a pastor who was urging her to accept Christ. And he said to her, "Do you own the house you live in?" To which she answered, "Yes." And then he added, "How do you know you do?" After reflection she said, "Because my title deed is recorded in the office of the county clerk."

She was not waiting for feeling to know that she owned her house, and no more should we wait for feeling to know that we are saved. It is recorded in the word of God, that "God hath given to us eternal life and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." And it is written again, "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave his Son."

The sinner who is waiting for feeling before he believes that faith saves him is not only doing himself the greatest injury, but is dishonoring God.

3. Another common reason for halting is no reason at all, viz., that the time has not yet come to take the step. It is the excuse of Felix, who trembled when, in his presence, Paul reasoned of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," and who answered, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

If today this message is coming to one under conviction of sin and feeling the need of a Savior, God forbid that he should put it off and say, "Go thy way for this time." Who knows whether the "convenient season" will ever come? "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

There is a law of mental science that impressions frequently repeated and unheeded, lose their power to impress.

How often have you heard this invitation and warning, and turned a deaf ear to it? Does it influence you as strongly today as it did the first day you heard it? It may be doubted if it does, and that fact in itself should sound the alarm causing you to hasten from the impending doom.

Daily Living.
Our daily habits carry in them the buds and prophecies of our future character. The question is not what point have you attained? but, what way are you tending? Is your character compacting toward patience, gentleness, truth, love? or toward impatience, harshness, falsehood, and selfishness? We grow in the direction of our daily living. If we train ourselves to look upward, to walk erect, to gather our soul's food from the tree of life, our whole being will grow toward spirituality and heavenliness.—J. R. Miller.

Every temptation resisted makes the next one easier to conquer. The devil repulsed weakens his power of attack.

HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va.—"After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I always had headaches during the Change of Life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that time—dizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends."—Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2312 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.

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Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wedding Presents.
"I want to get something suitable for a wedding present."
"Yes, ma'am. Miss Brown, please show the lady something for about \$3 that will look as though it might have cost \$16."

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WHERE WOMEN SELECT MATE
In New Guinea It is Considered Beneath the Dignity of Men to Take Time to Court.

So far as proposals of marriage are concerned, in New Guinea it is always the woman who in that island the men consider it beneath their dignity to notice women, much less to make overtures of marriage. Consequently, the proposing is left to the women to do.

When the ebony belle falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or, if he has no sister, to his mother, or another of his lady relatives.

Then the lady who receives the string tells the dusky brute that the particular damsel is in love with him. No courting follows, however, for it is considered beneath a New Guinea gentleman's dignity to waste time in such a pursuit.

If the man thinks he would like to wed the lady, he meets her alone, and they decide straight away whether to marry or drop the idea.

In the former case the betrothal is announced. The man is then branded on the back with charcoal, while a mark is cut into the woman's skin.

No breach-of-promise actions are possible in New Guinea, though if the lady is jilted her friends may hunt her lover up and "go" for him. On the other hand, if the dark damsel proves faithless, she is liable to be eaten by her betrothed if he catches her.

What Bait?
"Are you inviting that queer fish Mr. Jimson?"
"Yes, I'm dropping him a line."—Boston Evening Transcript.

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Sacre! Do You Think Yourself a Queen to Choose?"

seur Cassion returns from his mission you will marry him—you understand?"

The tears were in my eyes, blotting out his threatening face, yet there was naught to do but answer.

"Yes, monsieur."
"And this D'Artigny; if the fellow ever dares come near you again I'll crush his white throat between my fingers."

"Yes, monsieur."
"To your room then, and think over all I have said. You have never found me full of idle threats I warrant."

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waif. More, he was honest about it. To his mind he did well by me in thus finding me a husband. I sank on my knees, and hid my face, shuddering at the thought of the sacrifice demanded. Cassion never before had the man appeared so despicable. Yet what could I do? It was useless to appeal to Chevet, and the governor, La Barre, would give small heed to a girl objecting to one of his henchmen. D'Artigny! The name was on my lips before I realized I had spoken it, and brought a throb of hope. I arose to my feet, and stared out of the window into the dark night. My pulses throbbed. If he cared; if I only knew he cared, I would fly with him anywhere, into the wilderness depths, to escape Cassion.

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