

BEYOND the FRONTIER A STORY OF EARLY DAYS by RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

Adèle la Chesnaye, a belle of New France, is among conspirators at her uncle's house, Cassin, the commissaire...

The way of a man with a maid—Adèle forgets her own danger to warn D'Artigny against the plotting of La Barre and Cassin.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

(Adèle, arrived at the ball with Cassin, has just been introduced to Governor La Barre. She hears him warn her escort to beware of D'Artigny.)

"Perchance not, yet the way is long, and he knows the wilderness. I advise you guard him well. I shall send to you for council in an hour; there are papers yet unsigned."

He turned away to greet those who followed in his line, while we moved forward into the crowd about the walls. Cassin whispered in my ear, telling me bits of gossip about this and that one who passed us, seeking to exhibit his wit, and impress me with his wide acquaintance.

"Yes, there is a lattice work below," "And whose office is that within?" "My guess is that of Colonel Delguard, La Barre's chief of staff, for there was a letter for him lying on the desk. What difference? You are said to come?"

"No, monsieur, but not so much for my own sake as for yours. I bring you warning that you adventure with those who would do you evil if the chance arrive."

"Bah! Monsieur Cassin?" "Is not well for you to despise the man, for he has power and is a villain at heart in spite of all his pretty ways."

"Only that you are follower of La Salle, and loyal, while he is heart and hand with the other faction. He chided Cassin for accepting you as guide, and advised close watch lest you show treachery."

D'Artigny leaned motionless against the window ledge, and the light streaming in through the opening of the door revealed the gravity of his expression. For the moment he remained silent, turning the affair over in his mind.

"I thank you, mademoiselle," he said finally, and touched my hand, "for your report gives me one more link to my chain. I have picked up several in the past few hours, and all seem to lead back to the manipulations of Cassin. Faith! there is some mystery here, for surely the man seemed happy enough when first we met at Chevet's."

"These were my thoughts, crystallizing into purpose, yet I managed to smile cheerily into the face of the commissaire and make such reply to his badinage as gave him pleasure. I danced with him twice, pleased to know I had not forgotten the step, and then, as he felt compelled to show attention to the governor's lady, he left me in charge of a tall, thin officer—a Major Callons, I think—reluctantly, and disappeared in the crowd. Never did I part with one more willingly, and as the major spoke scarcely a dozen words during our long dance together I found opportunity to think, and decide upon a course of action.

As the music ceased my only plan was to avoid Cassin as long as possible, and, at my suggestion, the silent major conducted me to a side room, and then disappeared, seeking refreshments. I grasped the opportunity to slip through the crowd, and find concealment in a quiet corner.

I leaned forward scanning each passing face, my whole attention concentrated on the discovery of D'Artigny. Where he came from I knew not, but his voice softly speaking at my very ear brought me to my feet, with a little cry of relief. The joy of finding him must have found expression in my eyes, for in my eager clasping of his hand, he was launched.

"It is as though I was truly welcomed, mademoiselle," he said, and gravely enough. "Could I hope that you were even seeking me yonder?"

"It would be the truth, if you did," I responded frankly, "and I was beginning to doubt your promise."

"Nor was it as easily kept as I supposed when given," he said under his breath. "Come with me into this side room where we can converse more freely—I can perceive Monsieur Cassin across the floor. No doubt he is seeking you, and my presence here will give the man no pleasure."

I glanced in the direction indicated, and although I saw nothing of the commissaire, I slipped back willingly enough through the lifted curtain into the deserted room behind. It was evidently an office of some kind, for it contained only a desk and some chairs—was unlighted, except for

the gleam from between the curtains. The outer wall was so thick a considerable space separated the room from the window, which was screened off by heavy drapery. D'Artigny appeared familiar with these details, for, with scarcely a glance about, he led me into this recess, where we stood concealed. Lights from below illumined our faces, and revealed an open window looking down on the court. My companion glanced out at the scene beneath, and his eyes and lips smiled as he turned again and faced me.

"But, monsieur," I questioned puzzled, "why was it not easy? You met with trouble?"

"Hardly that; a mere annoyance. I may only suspect the cause, but an hour after I left you my ticket of invitation was withdrawn."

"Withdrawn? by whom?" "The order of La Barre, no doubt; an officer of his guard called on me to say he preferred my absence."

"I was the work of Cassin?" "So I chose to believe, especially as he sent me word later to remain at the boats, and have them in readiness for departure at any minute. Some linking of our meeting must have reached his ears."

"But how came you here, then?" He laughed in careless good humor. "Why, that was no trick! Think you I am one to disappoint because of so small an obstacle? As the door was refused me I sought other entrance, and found it here. He pointed through the open window. "It was not a difficult passage, but I had to wait the withdrawal of the guards below, which caused my late arrival. Yet this was compensated for by discovering you so quickly. My only fear was encountering someone I knew while seeking you on the floor."

"You entered through this window?" "Yes; there is a lattice work below," "And whose office is that within?" "My guess is that of Colonel Delguard, La Barre's chief of staff, for there was a letter for him lying on the desk. What difference? You are said to come?"

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that I be assassinated at the least expense. "Would seem they deem you of importance, mademoiselle."

"You make it no more than a joke?" "Far from it; the very fact that I know the men makes it matter of grave concern. I might, indeed, smile did it concern myself alone, but I have your interests in mind—you have honored me by calling me your only friend, and now I know not where I may serve you best—in the wilderness, or here in Quebec?"

"There can nothing injure me here, monsieur, not with Cassin traveling to the Illinois. No doubt he will leave behind him those who will observe my movements—that cannot harm."

"It is Hugo Chevet, I fear?" "Chevet! my uncle—I do not understand."

"No, for he is your uncle, and you know him only in such relationship. He may have been to you kind and indulgent, I do not ask. But to those who meet him in the world he is a big, cruel, savage brute, who would sacrifice even you, if you stood in his way. And now if you fail to marry Cassin, you will so stand. He is the one who will guard you, by choice of the commissaire, and orders of La Barre, and he will do his part well."

"I can remain with the sisters?" "Not in opposition to the governor; they would never dare antagonize me?"

"I drew a quick breath, my eyes on his face."

"How can you know all this, monsieur? Why should my uncle sacrifice me?"

"No matter how I know. Some of it has been your own confession, coupled with my knowledge of the man. Three days ago I learned of his debt to Cassin, and that the latter had him in his claws, and at his mercy. Today I had evidence of what that debt means."

"Ay! 'twas from Chevet the threat came that he would kill me if I ever met with you again."

I could but stare at him, incredulous, my fingers unconsciously grasping his jacket.

"He said that? Chevet?" "Ay! Chevet; the message came by mouth of the half-breed, his voyageur, and I choked out of him where he had left his master, yet when I got there the man had gone. If we might meet tonight the matter would be swiftly settled."

He gazed out into the darkness, and I saw his hand close on the hilt of his knife. I caught his arm.

"No, no, monsieur; not that. You must not seek a quarrel, for I am not afraid—truly I am not; you will listen—"

There was a voice speaking in the office room behind, the closing of a door, and the scraping of a chair as someone sat down. My words ceased, and we stood silent in the shadow, my grasp still on D'Artigny's arm.

CHAPTER V.

The Order of La Barre.

I did not recognize the voice speaking—a husky voice, the words indistinct, yet withal forceful—nor do I know what it was said. But when the other answered, tapping on the desk with some instrument, I knew the second speaker to be La Barre, and leaped back just far enough to gain glimpse through the opening in the drapery. He sat at the desk, his back toward us, while his companion, a red-faced, heavily stooped man, in uniform of the Rifles, stood opposite, one arm on the mantel over the fireplace. His expression was that of amused interest.

"You saw the lady?" he asked. "In the receiving line for a moment only; a fair enough maid to be loved for her own sake, I should say. Faith, never have I seen handsomer eyes."

The other laughed. "Tis well, madame does not overbear that confession. An heiress, and beautiful! Pff! but she might find others to her liking rather than this Cassin."

"It is small chance she has had to make choice, and as to her being an heiress, where heard you such a rumor, Colonel Delguard?"

The officer straightened up. "You forget, sir," he said slowly, "that the papers passed through my hands after Captain La Chesnaye's death. It was at your request they failed to reach the hands of Frontenac."

La Barre gazed at him across the desk, his brows contracted into a frown.

"No, I had not forgotten," and the words sounded harsh. "But they came to me properly sealed, and I supposed unopened. I think I have some reason to ask an explanation, monsieur."

"And one easily made. I saw only the letter, but that revealed enough to permit of my guessing the rest. It is true, it is not, that La Chesnaye left an estate of value?"

"He thought so, but, as you must be aware, it had been alienated by act of treason."

"Ay! but Comte de Frontenac appealed the case to the king, who granted pardon and restoration."

"So, 'twas rumored, but unsupported by the records. So far as New France knows there was no reply from Versailles."

The colonel stood erect and advanced a step, his expression one of sudden curiosity.

"In faith, governor," he said swiftly, "but your statement awakens wonder. If this be so why does Francois Cassin seek the maid so ardently? Never did I deem that cavalier one to throw himself away without due reward."

La Barre laughed. "Perchance you do Francois III judgment, Monsieur le Colonel," he replied amused. "No doubt 'tis love, for, in truth, the witch would send sluggish blood dancing with the glance of her eyes. Still, 'tis, as you say, scarce in accord with Cassin's nature to thus make sacrifice, and there have been times when I suspected he did some secret purpose. I use the man, yet never trust him."

"Nor I, since he played me foul trick at La Chine. Could he have found the paper of restoration, and kept it concealed, until all was in his hands?"

"I have thought of that, yet it doth not appear possible. Francois was in ill grace with Frontenac, and could

"Here, protected in oiled silk," and no one else; they give him an authority I could not grant before, and should end La Salle's control of that country. You have met this Henri de Tonty? He was here with his master three years since and had audience."

"Ay, but that was before my time. Is he one to resist De Baugis?"

"He impressed me as a man who would obey to the letter, monsieur; a dark-faced soldier, with an iron jaw. He had lost one arm in battle, and was loyal to his chief."

"So I have heard—a stronger man than De Baugis?"

"A more resolute; all depends on what orders La Salle left, and the number of men the two command."

"In that respect the difference is not great. De Baugis had but a handful of soldiers to take from Mackinac, although his voyageurs may be depended upon to obey his will. His instructions were not to employ force."

"And the garrison of St. Louis?"

"Tis hard to tell, as there are far hunters there of whom we have no record. La Salle's report would make his own command 18, but they are well chosen, and he hath lieutenants not so far away as to be forgotten. La Durantyne is at the Chicago portage, and no friend of mine. 'Tis of importance, therefore, that your voyage be swiftly completed, and my orders placed in De Baugis's hands. Are all things ready for departure?"

"Ay, the boats only await my coming."

The governor leaned his head on his hand, crumpling the paper between his fingers.

"This young fellow—D'Artigny," he said thoughtfully, "you have some special reason for keeping him in your company?"

Cassin crossed the room, his face suddenly darkening.

"Ay, now, I have," he explained shortly, "although I first engaged his services merely for what I deemed to be their value. He spoke me most fairly."

"But since?"

"I have cause to suspect. Chevet tells me that today he had conference with mademoiselle at the house of the Ursulines."

"Ah, 'twas for that then you had his ticket revoked. I see where the shoe pinches. 'Twill be safer with him in the boats than back here in Quebec. Then I give permission, and wash my hands of the whole affair—but beware of him, Cassin."

"I may be trusted, sir."

"I question that no longer." He hesitated slightly, then added in lower tone: "If accident occur the report may be briefly made. I think that will be all."

Both men were upon their feet, and La Barre extended his hand across the desk. I do not know what movement may have caused it, but at that moment a wooden ring holding the curtain fell, and struck the floor at my feet. Obeying the first impulse I thrust D'Artigny back behind me into the shadow, and held aside the drapery. Both men, turning, started at the sound, beheld me clearly, and stared in amazement. Cassin took a step forward, an exclamation of surprise breaking from his lips.

"Adel! Mademoiselle!"

I stepped more fully into the light, permitting the curtain to fall behind me, and my eyes swept their faces.

"Yes, monsieur—you were seeking me?"

"For an hour past; for what reason did you leave the ballroom?"

With no purpose in my mind but to gain time in which to collect my thoughts and protect D'Artigny from discovery, I made answer, assuming a carelessness of demeanor which I was far from feeling.

"Has it been so long, monsieur?" I returned in apparent surprise. "Why I merely sought a breath of fresh air, and became interested in the scene without."

La Barre stood motionless. Just as he had risen to his feet at the first alarm, his eyes on my face, his heavy eyebrows contracted in a frown.

"I will question the young lady, Cassin," he said sternly, "for I have interests here of my own. Mademoiselle!"

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"Yes, monsieur."

"How long have you been behind that curtain?"

Three Spheres of Believer's Life

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—Christ our life.—Col. 3:4. If the three spheres in which the believer's life is said to be kept distinct in the mind, much confusion of thought will be avoided.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. 3:3. This is the place of supreme satisfaction and absolute safety; the place of opened vision where the unseen things which make the present afflictions, however severe, to be

light in comparison. It is the place of close fellowship with God and his Son, Jesus Christ. The place of abiding, changeless joy, for in his presence there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore. Vision, fellowship and joy like that which Christ himself enjoys belong to the Christian whose life is hid with Christ in God. It is the place of absolute safety from all attacks of the evil one. None can reach Christ hidden in God and none can reach the Christian hidden with him. It is the place of safety from all the afflictions of the world. The Christian walks through them unseeing, having his vision filled with the unseen. Standing in that place he endures as seeing him who is invisible.

The safety of Christ is not more certain than the safety of one whose life is hidden with him in God. All the Christian has to do to enjoy the things that Christ enjoys, and to be satisfied with the satisfaction Christ has, is to open the eyes and look about in that wonderful place of satisfaction and safety which speaks of the Christian's standing. There is no struggle there, no discord, no fear, no fighting; but peace is there for heart and mind; harmony is there and rest and quiet that soothes and comforts as the believer rests in the God-given place.

"The life that I now live in the flesh," Gal. 2:20. This is the place of constant, never-ceasing struggle and strife, in which may be constant success and victory. Self, (which is but another name for the flesh), and Christ, can no more be mixed than oil and water. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other." Gal. 5:17. As long as the Christian is in the flesh, so long will there be the struggle. Constantly will the flesh demand recognition and unless there be constant vigilance there will be making provision for the flesh and consequent defeat. "The flesh cannot be changed by the coming of the Holy Spirit, however full the coming may be. Nor can the flesh be subdued by any set of rigid rules which might be adopted. It will remain wholly unchanged, the enemy of God and Christ, and will continue to war against the spirit. The only hope of success and victory is to do as the Lord directs, and reckon it to be dead. And a dead thing is to be buried and put out of sight. In spite of its power and vitality the Christian may, if he will, have constant victory through Christ. Each believer may say and say truly, "I can do all things through Christ." It is when the Christian attempts to secure victory through Christ aided by self that failure comes. It is hard for the believer to allow Christ to do it all, but only as he is so allowed, will freedom and success for the life lived in the body be realized.

"I am no more in the world, but these are in the world," John 17:11. This is the place of service with him. His promise, "Lo, I am with you always," is given to the servants who go forth at his command. As long as the Christian is in the world he is in the place of service as Christ was. To render acceptable service, and service which will bring results in honoring the Lord, there must be a certain separation from the friendship and ways of the world. As the Christian takes the place of a stranger and foreigner to the world, there comes to him the experience the master had and he delights to do the will of God. He enters into the endeavor of Christ to show forth the Father and bear the ambassador's message to the world, and he enters into a close, warm fellowship with Christ in all his service for the world. The Christian's life in the world is one of constant service. Not the servant of the world but the servant of the Lord. Many seem to live and work as though they were servants of the world and therefore they appear to try to curry favor with it. But the believer must ever remember truly that "he who would be the friend of the world is the enemy of God." We are not to seek the friendship either of the good, moral and religious world, nor of the bad, immoral and irreligious world. All alike, until yielded to the demands of Christ, are the enemies of God. To serve acceptably there must be entire separation. Hidden in God the believer's life is in the place of constant struggle, and in the world is the place of constant service.

The Greatest Question. The vital question for us to face, therefore, is not so much one of mechanics and finances as of spiritual power. Are we facing our problems and opportunities with sufficient courage and faith? Are we dedicating ourselves unreservedly to the service of Christ, obtaining all the spiritual power that God makes accessible to us, and doing our utmost to make Jesus Christ intelligently known to all whom we can reach?—Arthur J. Brown.

With only a few hours intervening before the perilous journey to the Illinois country is begun by Cassin and D'Artigny and the others, what can the young gentleman of France do to assure Adèle's safety until his return to Quebec?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"I Thrust D'Artigny Back Behind Me And Held Aside the Drapery."

never have reached the archives. If the paper came to his hands it was by accident, or through some treachery. Well, 'tis small use of our discussing the matter. He hath won my pledge to Mademoiselle la Chesnaye's hand, for I would have him friend, not enemy, just now. They marry on his return."

"He is chosen then for the mission to Fort St. Louis?"

"Ay, there were reasons for his selection. The company departs at dawn. Tell him, monsieur, that I await him now for final interview."

I watched Delguard salute and turn away to execute his order. La Barre drew a paper from a drawer of the desk and bent over it, pen in hand. My eyes lifted to the face of D'Artigny, standing motionless behind me in the deeper shadow.

"You overheard, monsieur?" I whispered.

He leaned closer, his lips at my ear, his eyes dark with eagerness.

"Every word, mademoiselle! Fear