

# Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH

A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "The Maid of the Forest," etc.



### SYNOPSIS.

Adèle is the daughter of a noble of New France, is among conspirators at her uncle's house. Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her Uncle Chevet's aid against La Barre. D'Artigny, La Barre's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion's party on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adèle that he has betrothed her to Cassion and forbids her to see D'Artigny again. In Quebec Adèle visits her friend, Sister Celeste, who brings D'Artigny to her. She tells him her story and he vows to rescue her from the bargain with Cassion. D'Artigny leaves promising to see her at the place. Cassion escorts Adèle to the hall, she meets the governor, La Barre, and hears him warn the commissaire against D'Artigny. D'Artigny's ticket to the hall has been recalled, but he gains entrance by the window. Adèle informs him of the governor's words to Cassion.

La Barre and Cassion, enemies of Adèle and haters of her protector, Rens d'Artigny, visit a frightful tragedy on this brave little girl—one which marks her for life—all unbeknownst to Rens. How she meets the great sorrow, with what courage she faces a future that looks forever dark, is described with keen sympathy in this installment.

### CHAPTER V—Continued.

(Adèle, hiding in a dark room with O'Artigny, is caught eavesdropping on the governor as he conspires with rascals to steal her heritage and is brought into the open. He questions her.)

"I do not know, monsieur."

"Who was here when you came in?"

"No one, monsieur; the room was empty."

"Then you hid there, and overheard the conversation between Colonel Delguard and myself?"

"Yes, monsieur; I confessed, feeling my limbs tremble."

"And also all that has passed since Monsieur Cassion entered?"

"Yes, monsieur."

He drew a deep breath, striking his hand on the desk, as though he would control his anger.

"Were you alone? Had you a companion?"

I know not how I managed it, yet I raised my eyes to his, simulating a surprise I was far from feeling.

"Alone, monsieur? I am Adèle in Chesnayne; if you doubt, the way of discovery is open without word from me."

His suspicious, doubting eyes never left my face, and there was sneer in his voice as he answered.

"Bah! I am not in love to be played with by a witch. Perhaps 'tis not easy for you to lie. Well, we will see. Look within the alcove, Cassion."

The commissaire was there even before the words of command were uttered, and my heart seemed to stop beating as his heavy hand tore aside the drapery. I leaned on the desk, bracing myself, expecting a blow, a struggle; but all was silent. Cassion, broad and expectant, peered into the shadows, evidently perceiving nothing; then stepped within, only to instantly reappear, his expression that of disappointment.

"No one is there, monsieur," he reported, "but the window is open."

"And not a dangerous leap to the court below," returned La Barre thoughtfully. "So far you win, mademoiselle. Now will you answer me—"

Chevet stared into the governor's dark face, scarce able to comprehend, his brain dazed from heavy drinking.

"The Illinois country! I—Hugo Chevet? 'Tis some joke, monsieur?"

"None at all, as you will discover presently, my man. I do not rest on the king's service."

"But my land, monsieur; my niece?"

La Barre permitted himself a laugh.

"Bah! let the land be fallow; 'twill cost little while you draw a wage, and as for mademoiselle, 'tis that you may accompany her I make choice. Stand back; you have your orders, and now I'll show you good reason." He stood up and placed his hand on Cassion's arm. "Now, my dear Francois, if you will join the lady."

Barre, and stood silently awaiting his orders. The latter remained a moment motionless, his lips firm set.

"Where is Father Le Guard?"

"In the chapel, monsieur; he passed me a moment ago."

"Good; inform the pere that I desire his presence at once. Wait; know you the fur trader, Hugo Chevet?"

"I have seen the man, monsieur—a big fellow, with a shaggy head."

"Ay, as savage as the Indians he has lived among. He is to be found at Eclair's wine shop in the Rue St. Louis. Have your sentries bring him here to me. Attend to both these matters."

"Yes, monsieur."

La Barre's eyes turned from the disappearing figure of the officer, rested a moment on my face, and then smiled grimly as he frowned Cassion. He seemed well pleased with himself, and to have recovered his good humor.

"A delightful surprise for you, Monsieur Cassion," he said genially, "and let us hope no less a pleasure for the fair lady. Be seated, mademoiselle. Your marriage is to take place to-night."

"This affair is no longer one of affection; it has become the king's business, a matter of state. I decide it is best for you to leave Quebec; ay! and New France, mademoiselle. There is but one choice, imprisonment here, or exile into the wilderness." He leaned forward staring into my face with his fierce, threatening eyes. "I feel it better that you go as Monsieur Cassion's wife, and under his protection. I decree that so you shall go."

"Alone—with—Monsieur Cassion?"

"One of his party. 'Tis my order also that Hugo Chevet be of the company. Perchance a year in the wilderness may be of benefit to him, and he might be of value in watching over young D'Artigny."

Never have I felt more helpless, more utterly alone. I knew all my wits, but my mind grasped no way of escape. His face leered at me as through a mist, yet as I glanced aside at Cassion it only brought home to me a more complete dejection. The man was glad—glad! He had no conscience, no shame. To appeal to him would be waste of breath—a deeper humiliation. Suddenly I felt cold, hard, reckless; ay! they had the power to force me through the untidy ceremony, I was only a helpless girl; but beyond that I would laugh at them; and Cassion—if he dared—

The door opened, and a lean priest in long black robe entered noiselessly, tending his shaven head to La Barre, as his crafty eyes swiftly swept our faces.

"Monsieur desired my presence?"

"Yes, Pere le Guard, a mission of happiness. There are two here to be joined in matrimony by bonds of Holy Church. 'Ve but wait the coming of the lady's guardian."

The pere must have interpreted the expression of my face.

"'Tis regular, monsieur?" he asked.

"By order of the king," returned La Barre sternly. "Beyond that it is not necessary that you inquire. Ah! Monsieur Chevet; they found you then?"

"As well there, as here," I answered contemptuously.

"And you, Hugo Chevet?"

The giant growled something inarticulate through his beard, not altogether, I thought, to La Barre's liking, for his face darkened.

"By St. Anne! 'tis a happy family amid which you stand your honey-moon, Monsieur Cassion," he ejaculated at length, "but go you must, though I send a file of soldiers with you to the boats. Now leave me, and I would hear no more until word comes of your arrival at St. Louis."

We left the room together, the three of us, and no one spoke, as we traversed the great assembly hall, in which dancers still lingered, and gained the outer hall. Cassion secured my cloak, and I wrapped it about my shoulders, for the night air without was already chill, and then, yet in unbroken silence, we passed down the steps into the darkness of the street. I walked beside Chevet, who was growling to himself, scarce sober enough to clearly realize what had occurred, and so we followed the commissaire down the step path which led to the river.

Vaguely I comprehended that I was no longer Adèle la Chesnayne, but the wife of that man I followed. A word, a muttered prayer, an uplifted hand, had made me his slave, his vassal. Nothing could break the bond between us save death. I might hate, despise, revile, but the bond held. This thought grew clearer as my mind re-adjusted itself, and the full horror of the situation took possession of me. Yet there was nothing I could do; I could neither escape nor fight, nor had I a friend to whom I could appeal. Suddenly I realized that I still grasped in my hand the heavy paper knife I had snatched up from La Barre's desk, and I thrust it into the waistband of my shirt. It was my only weapon of defense, yet to know I had even that seemed to bring me a glow of courage.

We reached the river's edge and halted. Below us, on the bank, the blazing fire emitted a red gleam reflecting on the water, and showing us the dark outlines of waiting canoes, and seated figures. Gazing about Cassion broke the silence, his voice assuming the harshness of authority.

"Three canoes! Where is the other? Bah! if there be delay now, someone will make answer to me. Pass the

word for the sergeant; ah! is this you, Le Claire?"

"All is prepared, monsieur."

He glared at the stocky figure fronting him in infantry uniform.

"Prepared! You have but three boats at the bank."

"The other is below, monsieur; it is loaded and waits to lead the way."

"Ah! and who is in charge?"

"Was it not your will that it be the guide—the Sieur d'Artigny?"

"Sacred! but I had forgotten the fellow. Ay! 'tis the best place for him. And are all provisions and arms aboard? You checked them, Le Claire?"

"With care, monsieur; I watched the stowing of each piece; there is nothing forgotten."

I found myself in one of the canoes, so filled with men any movement was almost impossible, yet of this I did not complain, for my Uncle Chevet was next to me, and Cassion took place at the steering oar in the stern. To be separated from him was all I

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## TRUE AT THE LAST

### Wolf-Dog Deserted Master, But Still Loved Him.

Answered "Call of His Fathers," Though He Proved Loyal When Loyalty Meant Death by the Fangs of His Pack.

He had been called Wolf since puppyhood. He stood nearly forty inches, with a small ragged, rail-like body, and unusually long legs that ended in great, soft, padlike feet. Jack Stern, Steve Wormell's partner, used to say that the dog could not turn round in their "two-by-four" cabin without knocking over the table and chairs and seriously endangering the stove and other furniture.

One evening, as Steve and Jack sat playing a game of cribbage in their ranger cabin, a wolf howled lugubriously from the mountain side. After a moment came the answer; then another caught up the call, and another until the lonesome wail echoed from mountain top to mountain top.

Suddenly there came a howl, nearer and more deep-throated.

Stern opened the door.

"Come here, Steve!" he said, and the ranger stepped to his side.

On a small, treeless mound, not far from the cabin, sat Wolf. He was squatting on his haunches, with his nose pointed toward the sky, while from his throat came a cry quite unlike his usual howl.

"It's the call of his fathers, Steve," said Jack. "Some day you'll have no dog; he'll be gone with the pack."

Steve laughed at the idea. He had brought Wolf, an awkward, bench-legged puppy, out to the ranger cabin in a sack; the dog had always been faithful and contented with his lot.

But one morning in the spring Wolf was missing.

At first Steve clung to the hope that Wolf would return when the "running" season was over. He had heard of dogs doing that. But spring merged into summer, and summer into fall, yet the dog did not come back.

Then they began to hear that Wolf had been seen running at the head of a small band of wolves, although they never found a man who had actually seen him.

About Christmas time, when the snow was deeper than for many winters past, prowling bands of wolves began to come down near the camp.

One day Steve found that a large bull elk had been killed within a mile of camp. Signs of the struggle were to be seen for a hundred yards round. Near the scattered bones of the elk were the dismembered remains of two wolves. A little farther along a young cow elk had fallen beneath the fangs of the mountain bandits. And at each kill Steve found a large track, twice the size of that made by a common wolf.

When the snow had crusted so that it would bear up the weight of a man, Steve threw his rifle across his arm and walked over to the breaks of the Grande Ronde. He was nearing the broken lands when the sound of a running pack came to his ears. A moment later a small band of wolves, perhaps fifteen in number, burst from the timber, running toward him. And at their head ran Wolf.

The ranger forgot his danger. He cried, "Wolf, don't you know me?"

The sound of his voice brought the great dog to a standstill, and the pack stopped with him. Nose in the air, sides quiver, he stood a moment; then, with a low bay of recognition, he sprang toward his one-time master.

The pack, evidently mistaking their leader's intention, likewise rushed at Steve. And the next instant, with his gun clubbed, he was in the midst of a snarling, snapping mass of famished, crazed wolves.

When Jack arrived on the scene he found Steve sitting in the snow, with the shaggy head of Wolf pillowed in his lap. Around him, with their mangled pelts torn and bloody, lay half a dozen dead wolves.

The ranger's clothing was torn to shreds and one arm and leg were a mass of cuts and gashes; but there were tears in his eyes.

"He fought for me, Jack," he said, pressing the stiffening lids over the glazed eyes of the dead hound. "He gave his life for me. How he fought! And against his own blood, too. Younder lies one of his own pups. Why shouldn't I love him?"—Youth's Companion.

His Inheritance. Askitt—Did young Dodge inherit anything from his father? Noit—Yes, I believe he inherited the old man's desire to avoid work.

Pockets. The Amiable Imbecile who is always springing something on the unwary has a new one. He rushes up to you and exclaims: "How many pockets you got? Answer quick." You answer, "six," or "seventeen," according to your conservative or radical impulses. The Amiable Imbecile grins broadly and tells you to "count 'em." You count them and find that you have missed it by anywhere from two to ten. If you are wearing a three-piece suit, The Amiable Imbecile says he knew you couldn't tell how many pockets you had, and goes away and tries it on someone else. The mind of man does not seem equal to the task of computing man's pockets on short notice. He is stampeded by an abrupt inquiry on the subject and makes the most outlandish estimates. A woman is different—a married woman, anyway. If you really want to know how many pockets a man has, don't bother with him. Ask his wife.

What, indeed! It was a very serious conversation that was overheard by a number of passengers of a street car the other night. Two young girls of the "giddy" type were conversing about the possibilities of the United States getting into trouble with Mexico.

"Well, I certainly would hate to see all the American soldiers go down into Mexico," one girl said.

"Why?" her companion inquired.

"Because, while the soldiers were down in Mexico what would prevent the Europeans from coming over here and getting us girls?"—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Effective Silencing Device. The sound deflector installed by the bureau of lighthouses at the Buffalo light station, to lessen the distracting noise spreading from the fog siren back over the city, is a saucer-shaped plate of steel, 14 feet in diameter. This shield is given a vibration reducing lining of asbestos board on the face toward the lake. A space of four inches between the steel and asbestos is filled with mineral wool, corrosion of the steel by the sulphur impurity of the wool having been guarded against by suitable treatment. This silencing device has cut off such of the undesired sound.

Police Deadline. The police "deadline" in New York city, the especially guarded section which includes the financial district, covers the territory of Manhattan island below Fulton street. The original use of the word "deadline" was to designate a line drawn around the inside or outside of a military prison, which no prisoner could cross without incurring the penalty of being immediately shot down. The word was especially used in the Civil war of open-air inclosures or prisoners' stockades.

Flicker Is an Ant Eater. Unlike its Woodpecker Cousin the Bird Spends Much Time on the Ground. The flicker is America's most important ant eater. It has an appetite for these little creatures that is almost beyond understanding. United States scientists examined the stomach of one bird and found more than five thousand ants. The stomachs of two others contained more than three thousand each.

It is the only member of the woodpecker family which spends much time on the ground. It may be that its appetite for ants has compelled it to forsake the trees, and the diet of boring insects which its relatives enjoy. At any rate, you'll see it quite often scuttling along highways or hopping over lawns.

Yes, it is here now, and if its appetite is normal this year, its family probably has consumed several millions of ants by this time. You'll know it by its mottled brown and black body, the red patch on its head and the black crescent at its throat. If you need any other identification, watch it when it flies, and see the white patch beneath its tail feathers.

Perhaps you would like it to spend the summer with you. An invitation in the form of a bird box, with an

opening big enough to admit the bird and room enough inside for one of its breath is almost certain to be accepted.

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