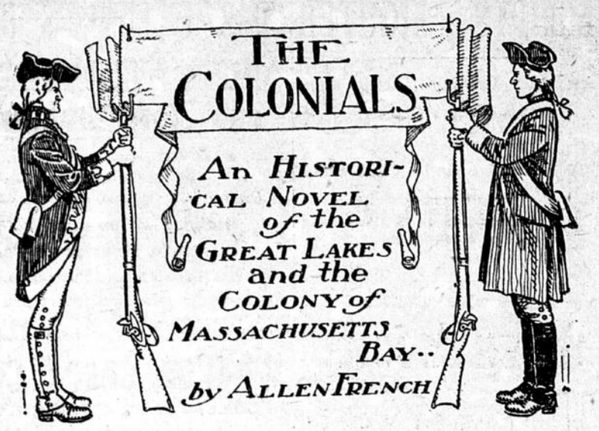


["The Colonials" was begun in The Journal Saturday and will be run in daily installments.]

The opening scenes of this story are laid in the autmn of 1772, on the shores of Lake Huron. The lieutenant of the king's Twenty-fourth infantry tries to engage the services of two trappers as guides. They refuse because the younger, Frank Ellery, wishes to return to Boston on his birthday. They are visited by a white girl from the indian camp, who asks them to take her back to her people. She is the adopted daughter of Aneeb, an Indian chief. The appeal of the girl, Alice Tudor, induces Ellery to reconsider his refusal to act as guide to the lieutenant upon the condition that the lieutenant take the young girl with him. Aneeb, knowing the child's great desire to return to her people, and being fond of her, consents for her sake to let her go under Ellery's care. She is to be taken to Montreal. The lieutenant agrees to the proposition. Through Tabb, the lieutenant's servant, Ellery becomes suspicious of the probable treatment of the girl by the lieutenant and makes preparation to recover her from him.

Alice is compelled to drink wine by the lieutenant, but just as he attempts to kiss her Ellery comes in with Benjy, his companion. The lieutenant stabs Benjy, but in return is cut down by Ellery, after a short fight. Aneeb comes in and takes Alice away. The camp having been alarmed, Ellery carries Benjy to his canoe.

### Chapter VII.

THE KNOLL AMONG THE PINES.

The canoe slipped noiselessly into the night; there was no pursuit. Confusion reigned at the camp; when the sergeant found his wits the fugitives were already far away. On the embowered stream the canoe sped silently for miles.

Benjy lay in the bottom of the canoe, noting the landmarks at Frank's description. "You'll come soon," he said at last, speaking with difficulty, "on a great rock. Beyond that—a little creek. Turn in there."

The rock showed, black in the gray night. Beyond it, Frank turned the nose of the cance into the smaller stream. It grew narrower and shallower; before long he stepped out, and, wading, drew the canoe after him. The creek at last became a mere rocky bed. "Lift me out," said Benjy.

Above them rose a knoll, crowned by great pines. Frank carried the old man up the ascent and set him down at the foot of a tree. The sky was scarcely visible; where they stood the ground was in blackness. He went for the ax and sought a torch. Before long the blaze of a pitchknot shone on the old man's face.

Benjy lay quiet, holding with one hand a cloth to his side. His wrinkled face was pale; on his features was no expression of pain, but one of peace. He looked up calmly as Francis knelt beside him. "'Tis the end, lad," he said. "'Tis slow, but sure; I feel it coming. Frank, ye'll be sorry to part from me?"

"Oh, Benjy!" Frank bent lower, and clasped in his hands the other's head. Tears fell and mingled with those that came from the old man's eyes. But they were the last that Benjy shed.

"Lad, attend," he said. "I have somewhat to say, and a short time."

"I listen, Benjy."

"Tell Ann——" The old man paused. "There's nothing to say. Her brother's dead."

"No message?"

"We shall meet again soon."

There was silence for a moment while the old man rested. Then he roused himself again. "My love to Dickie," he said. "I'm sorry I could not teach him sword play, as I taught you. But, oh, lad, I was proud of you to-night. When he fell, his head cleft——"

"I did not kill him," said Frank.

"Not kill him?"

"There was too little space for striking, what with the corner and the roof. 'Twas but a wrist stroke. Yet I have marked him. God give me to meet him again!"

"Then spare him not!" cried Benjy. "Remember——" His voice suddenly sank.

"Benjy!" cried Frank, apprehensive.

"Not yet," cried the old man, with an effort. "Frank, one more thing. Dig me a grave. Dig it now."

Francis obeyed. With an ax he cut wood, and shaped himself a rough spade. He laid back with it the mat of pine needles and came upon the light, moist loam. Then he began his task, rapidly making a pit near the old man, measuring it with his eye. He threw out the dirt. Where roots interfered he cut them with his ax. With no word, panting in haste, he worked to please his old companion, and marveled to find himself digging a grave for a man yet living. Upon him at his work the flaring torch, upright in the ground, cast its broad light. Benjy lay watching. From the branches and thickets the tiny wild things, roused by the noise and light, looked and wondered. Birds chirped, then slept again.

"'Tis enough," said Benjy at last. Frank was waist deep. "Leave off and come to me."

Frank came and knelt again. Benjy took in his hands the young man's, warm from their toil. A look of pleasure glimmered on the old face. "'Tis well done of you, lad. I shall lie in a grave."

"Fear not of that."

"I have feared," said Benjy, "to die alone. And then to lie unburied—to be sniffed at by the deer—eaten by the foxes—to rot above ground! Ay, I have feared. But not now. And an Ellery is with me! I have always served the Ellerys, Frank. Your grandfather, the smuggler—your father, the merchant—and now you. I have served all three."

"And served well, Benjy, shall I pray?"

"Not yet," he said stanchly. "There's no time. Lad, listen. Ye'll leave this matter of the white girl. Aneeb was angry—misunderstanding. He will never give her up again. Go you to Boston; to follow her is useless. Leave Detroit wide; make for Albany. None will remember the matter of a wounded lieutenant. Give up the girl, and go home."

"Benjy!"

"Think of your brother Dickie. He's nearly twenty now, with your uncle there to plague him. He needs you, be sure. And what is your uncle doing all the while, with the property and the business? Dickie could not be strong against him, as you were."

"No," agreed Francis sadly. "But Benjy, how can I leave the girl?"

Benjy's voice grew stronger. "If you go not, Frank, you go to danger. I'm dying, lad. You've heard the dying see clearly. Men will fight over the girl; she was born for a bone of contention." He raised his head, looking into Frank's face with eyes that burned, and finished his warning in a voice of energy. "Your grave will be dug in the wilderness, Frank, if ye follow her into the woods!"

He sank back, panting, and his eyes closed. "Frank," he gasped—"your hand. Pray—now."

They clasped hands. Frank prayed. "Our Father—" But no more. Benjy died.

There was scant time for mourning. Frank buried Benjy in his cloak, forcing across the pit, as he filled it, round spikes from the boles of the pines, that no beast should dig. When the grave was finished and made smooth he laid over it again the needle carpet he had first turned back. The remaining earth he cast away; the ground was as if undisturbed.

Then he went to the canoe, took from it everything, made up a pack, and hid in the bushes what he did not want. The canoe itself he thrust into a thicket. Then, as he stood once more by the grave, the light of the pine knot failed, and he was left in darkness.

Alone by the grave he sat the night through. Beneath the earth, where lay his hand, was his companion of three years. Elsewhere, in the same forests, were fleeing the Indians and the white girl. Far, far away was his native town, peaceful on its peninsula, mirrored in his mind as last he saw it. There were his friends, his home, his brother. He yearned for them.

And then he struggled. What was a girl, first seen on that day, to his ambition? How could she weigh against the brother that needed him? Against the plan of his life? Could he even find her? There was a chance he might find her at once, but if not, what then? The country of the Pottawattomies was far away, the tribe lived scattered. He might wander for a year, and never hear news of her? Aneeb had been angry; he was stubborn, and his people were fierce. Benjy spoke truly of danger.

Then again rose up in his mind the picture of his home. The quiet town, the friendly houses, the familiar streets, drew him toward them. The faces of his friends appeared before him; he heard them speak. The dear old gloomy house took shape, and he walked in its ancient rooms. The busy ropewalks which he loved called to him across a thousand miles. Sitting there in the night, picture after picture came to him, until at last he threw himself on the ground and cried aloud to God for guidance in his trouble.

The dawn came, and still he lay. The sky gradually paled. The tops of the trees showed in sharp outline while yet it was dark below. Light stole in among the branches, and at last upon the ground objects were distinct. Then Frank rose, with weary but calm face. He took his gun and ax and pack, and studied the sun. Detroit was to the southeast. He looked in its direction long, then turned with a sigh and began his march into the wilderness.

### Chapter VIII.

THE LITTLE DRUM OF THE METAI.

There closed a great blankness around Alice. A year she had spent in the woods, had been alert, learned and suffered bravely. Then came hope, and was snatched away. The tall young woodsman with determined face had been a living link with home, a visible promise of return. Suddenly he was gone. She was again swallowed up in the vast wilderness, with savages for companions, and with England, father, brother, once more denied her. She saw the second winter closing in.

Her perceptions dulled. She knew that they came to a stream, and traveled some days in a canoe; that when the stream joined with another and flowed west they went ashore. With her load on her shoulders, bent beneath its weight, she plodded again through the forest. She lost count of the days. Bewildered at God's purpose, her mind began to be confused. She could take no part in the Indian merriment. Oppression began to obscure the processes of her mind. She ate, drank, spoke mechanically, a little stupidly.

Then began the period of nightly frosts. One morning the old man was lame; on the next he was stiff with rheumatism. On the next the old woman had to rub his knees before he could rise to walk. As the night cold increased, the distance he could walk by day grew less. Their progress was steadily slower; and the Pottawattomie country was still far away. But Aneeb was not troubled; he preferred to live alone. In villages were quarrels, and in winter starvation. He began to look about for a suitable place to camp.

At noon they sat and ate, near a little stream, where they cut ice to get water. It was the edge of a swamp, full of pools, with great trees standing dead. Their broken tops and peeling bark, the ice and snow and dried grass at their feet, made the vistas through them desolate and mournful.

They had sat a half hour when something stirred nearby. Aneeb turned for his gun: "An elk!" The animal came in sight, walking down the stream. He stamped at the ice, broke it and began to drink. Aneeb shot from where he sat and the elk fell. The old woman smiled, for they needed more food. Aneeb went to cut the animal's throat.

They watched him draw his knife and bend over the elk. The point entered the skin; the beast was roused by the pain and leaped up, striking with frantic forefeet at the man so near him. Aneeb fell; the elk dashed away into the forest. Breathless with horror, they heard the noise of his passage grow less and less, and saw that Aneeb lay motionless.

They drew the chief from the ice and laid him on blankets. He uttered no complaint, but his lips were white. His mother bent over him. "Is the pain great?"

He answered: "It is not myself, but for you."

She looked around her in the lonely woods and understood. Their lives depended upon his strength—and his thigh was broken.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

## Books and Authors

RUNS ON PUBLISHERS

The publishers say that there is a tremenrous "run" on them for books about volcanoes and earthquakes, since the West Indian-Central American disturbances began. It was so after the Krakatoa eruption when the red glow in the west in sunset skies made many people anxious. The demand for volcanic literature will cease with the subsidence of the seismic and eruptive phenomena and the public will know just about as much as they did before touching the actual procuring causes of the "shakes" and eruptions. The theories of science are many and contradictory and there is no agreement whatever as yet, as to what we would find if we could get into the interior of the earth.

This disposition of the public to call for books to supply information on a topic brought suddenly to the front, is interesting When Kossuth and his fellow refugees from Hungary came to this country, there was a loud call for information about the Magyars and their history from the period of the invasion of the Huns. The civil war brought about a big output of military literature and rusty officers studied the strategy of the wars of a century back and wasted midnight oil on Vauban. The Spanish war made an imperative demand for books about the West Indies and the Philippines.

Touching the latter, there was much dense ignorance, but printing ink has now brought accurate knowledge through the valuable government reports and those of private individuals—a literature which is continually amplified by additonal facts ascertained. In these days when important events succeed one another rapidly, bibliographics of all conceivable subjects become more necessary to the up-to-date man or woman.

NEW BOOKS

**The Gospel of Judas Iscariot.** By Aaron Dwight Baldwin. Chicago: Jamieson-Higgins company.

At a defense of Judas Iscariot this book is ingenious. The author would rescue Judas, who is fixed in history as the betrayer of Christ to the judicial tribunal of the Jews, from the turpitude attached to his name, and adopts the theory of the late W. W. Story, set forth in his "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," which accounts for the act of Judas by his alleged devotion to Christ, and his earnest desire to expedite the restoration of the kingdom to Israel and the removal of the iron hand of Rome. Mr. Baldwin goes farther and assumes that Judas, after the crucifixion and entombment of Christ, went to the garden and watched all through the third day and night for the resurrection and witnessed it before the women came to the tomb and found it empty. Judas is made to receive not condemnation, but blessing from the risen Lord, who declared that he would be that day united to him through death. The details of the life experinces of Judas, certainly extraordinary, his conversion and discipleship and the picture given of contemporaneous life and society and morals are written with much power and originality. The author's conception of Judas is heroic and in some respects fascinating, but he will hardly be able to secure a reversal of the judgment against him.

**Review of Legislation 1901.** Edited by Robert H. Whitten, Ph. D., Sociology Librarian, University of the State of New York. Albany, N. Y.: Melvil Dewey.

The director of the New York state library, Melvil Dewey, has in this volume greatly amplified and increased the value of the annuals issued during the last few years containing summaries of state and territorial legislation. In this new arrangement larger scope is given to the study of comparative legislation, the importance of which is set forth by Dr. Whitten, who suggests the necessity of having access to the proceedings of the 300 legislative bodies in the world having a jurisdiction approximating that of our state legislatures. The legislation bearing upon all the really important subjects last year, is here presented topically by experts in each field. Dr. Bigelow of the bureau of chemistry of the agricultural department, discusses the details of food legislation; public health legislation is summarized by the superintendent of health, Providence, R. I., penal institutions, by the secretary of the New York prisons commission; the insane by Secretary McGarr of the New York state lunacy commission; dependent, neglected and delinquent children by the superintendent of inspection New York Board of Charities; libraries and home education by Dr. Dewey of the New York state library; taxation of public service corporations, by Dr. Whitten; inheritance tax, by Dr. West, of the United States department of agriculture; taxation of mortgages, by F. N. Judson, of the St. Louis bar. An interesting commentary on the Porto Rico revenue act is contributed by the author of the Hollander bill. Of deep interest is the paper on legislation touching law making and elections, notably the portion relating to direct nominations, which Dr. Whitten does not very heartily commend. The index is admirably arranged.

LITERARY NOTES

Mr. Ollivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle," has written a new novel entitled "Danny," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish in the autumn. He will be doing well if he produces another story equal in originality and force to "Bob," a remarkably fine book in every respect.

George W. Cable's new novel, "Bylow Hill," is his first story which is unrelated to the south. It is of the Massachusetts atmosphere and it is thought he may continue in that field.

Lee & Shepard announce for September publication a volume of the late Gail Hamilton's poems, entitled "Chips, Fragments and Vestiges," collected and arranged by her sister, H. Augusta Dodge.

A new selection of Darwin's letters is announced by D. Appleton & Co.

Chapmen & Hall, London, are bringing out a pocket edition of Carlyle's works. The Sage of Chelsea still has large vogue.


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