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LAZARRE

The Romance of an American King.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

I remember pointing naked upon a rock, ready to dive into Lake George. This memory stands at the end of a dimming vista; the extreme point of coherent recollection. My body and muscular limbs reflected in the water filled me with savage pride.

I knew, as the best known of us, that my mother, Marianne, was hanging the pot over the fire pit in the center of our lodge; the children were playing with other papooses; and my father was hunting down the lake. The hunting and fishing were good, and we had plenty of meat. Skenedok, whom I considered a person belonging to myself, was stripping more slowly on the rock behind me. We were heated with wood ranging. Aboriginal life, primeval and vigor-giving, lay behind me when I plunged expecting to strike out under the delicious forest shadow.

When I came up the sun had vanished, the woods and their shadow were gone. So were the Indian children playing on the shore and the shore with them. My mother Marianne still might be hanging her pot in the lodge. But all the hunting lodge of our people were as completely lost as if I had entered another world.

My head was banded, as I discovered when I turned it to look around. The walls were not the log walls of our lodge, chinked with moss and topped by a bark roof. On the contrary they were grander than the inside of St. Regis Church where I took my first communion, though that was built of stone and had a vaulted ceiling. As I learned afterwards to call that noble finishing, and ornamented with pictures, and crystal sockets for candles. The use of the crystal sockets was evident, for the light was lighted near me. The ceiling was not composed of wooden beams like some Canadian houses, but divided itself into panels also, reflecting the light with a dark rosy shining. Lace work finer than a priest's white garments fluttered at the windows.

I had dived early in the afternoon, and it was night. Instead of finding myself still stripped for swimming, I had a large robe around me, and a coverlet drawn up to my armpits. The couch under me was by no means of hemlock twigs and skins like our bunks at home; but soft and rich. I wondered if I had died and gone to heaven; and just then the Virgin moved past my head and stood looking down at me. I started to jump out of a window, but felt so little power to move that I only twitched, and pretended to be asleep, and watched her as she moved. She had a poppet of a child on one arm that sat up instead of leaning against her shoulder, and looked at me, too. The poppet had a cap on its head, and a white dress that let her neck and arms out, but covered her to the ground. This was remarkable, as the Indian women covered their necks and arms, and wore their petticoats short. I could see this image breathe, which was a marvel, and the color moving under her white skin. Her eyes seemed to go to you and search all the veins, sending a shiver of pleasure down your back.

Now I knew after the first start that she was a living girl holding a living baby. Instead of a poppet, a woman, Marianne, appeared at the door of the room, it was certain I could not be in heaven. It came over me in a flash that I myself was changed. In spite of the beautiful head was as clear as if all its faculties were washed and newly arranged. I could look back into my life and perceive things that I had only felt as a dumb brute. I felt shivered out after being frozen, and reanimated through every sparkling scale and tremulous fin, could not have felt its resurrection more keenly. My life broken had given me no trouble at all.

The girl and baby disappeared as soon as I saw my father; which was not surprising, for he could not be called a prepossessing half-breed. His lower lip protruded and hung sullenly. He had heavy brows and a shaggy thatch of hair. Our St. Regis Indians kept to the buckskins, though they often had hunting shirts of furred tannin; and my father's buckskins were very dirty.

A little man, that I did not know was in the room, and entered the door to keep my father from entering. Around the base of his head he had a thin curtain of hair scarcely reaching his shoulders. His nose pointed up, and his tip was the shape of a candle extinguisher. He wore horn spectacles; and knee breeches, waistcoat and coat of black like the ink which faded to his hands together and took them apart uncertainly, and shot out his lip and frowned, as if he had an universal grudge and dared not vent it.

He said something in a language I did not understand, and my father made no answer. Then he began a kind of Anglo-French, worse than the patois we used at St. Regis when we did not speak Iroquois. I made out the talk between the two, understanding each without hesitation.

"Sir, who are you?"

"The chief, Thomas Williams," answered my father.

"Pardon me, sir; but you are unmistakably an Indian."

"Iroquois chief," said my father.

"Mohawk."

"That being the case, what authority have you for calling yourself Thomas Williams?" challenged the little man.

"Thomas Williams is my name."

"Impossible, sir! Skenedok, the Onondaga, does not assume so much. He lays no claim to William Williams."

"I see, sir. You get your Williams from the Yankees. And is this lad's mother white, too?"

The chief maintained silent dignity. "Come, sir, let me have your Indian name. I can hear it if I cannot repeat it."

"Silently contemptuous, my father turned toward me.

"Stop, sir! The man in the hat is my father."

"I want my boy."

"Your boy? This lad is white."

"My grandfather was white," confessed the chief, for white prisoners from Deerfield. Eunice Williams.

"I see, sir. You get your Williams from the Yankees. And is this lad's mother white, too?"

"No, Mohawk."

"Why, man, his body is like milk! He is no son of yours."

"Let him alone! If you try to drag him out of the manor I will appeal to the authority of Le Ray de Chamont."

"My father spoke to me with sharp authority."

"Lazarre!"

"What do you call him?" the little man inquired, ambling beside the chief.

"Eleszer Williams is his name. But in the lodges, at St. Regis, everywhere, it is Lazarre."

"How old is he?"

"About 18 years."

"Well, Thomas Williams," said my father, "guardian, his antagonism melting to patronage. I will tell you who he is, and then you can feel no anxiety. I am Dr. Chantry, physician to the Count de Chamont. The lad cut his head open on a rock diving in the lake and remained unconscious ever since. This is partly due to an opiate I have administered to insure complete quiet; and he will not wake for several hours yet. He received the best surgery as soon as he was brought here and placed in my hands by the educated Onondaga, Skenedok."

"I was not near the lodge," said my father. "I was down the lake, fishing."

"I have bled him once, and shall bleed him again, though the rock did cut him effectively. But these strapping young creatures need frequent blood-letting."

The chief gave him no thanks, and I must needs to know the little doctor down, if he came near me with a knife.

"In the absence of Count de Chamont, Thomas," he proceeded, "I may direct you to go and knock on the cook's door, and ask for something to eat before you go home."

"I stay here," responded my father. "The least slightest need of anybody's watching beside the lad tonight. I was about to retire when you were permitted to enter. He is sleeping like an infant."

"Dr. Chantry jumped at the chief in rage.

"For God's sake, shut up and go about your business!"

"I am like one of the little dogs in our camp snapping at the patriarch of them all, and receding from a growl! My father's hand was on his hunting knife; but he grunted and said nothing. Dr. Chantry himself withdrew from the room and left the Indian in possession. Weak as I was I felt my insides quake with laughter.

My very first observation of the whimsical being tickled me with a kind of foreknowledge of all his weak fretfulness.

My father sat down on the floor at the foot of the couch, where the wax light threw his shadow, exaggerating its unmovable profile. I noticed one of the chairs he disdained as useless; though I was sitting on the floor, and while he sat at table with them. The chair I saw was one that I faintly recognized, slim legged, gracefully curved, and broad-backed. Brocade was the word. I studied it until I fell asleep.

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"Madame de Ferrier sent me to inquire how the young gentleman is," Skenedok lessened the rims around his eyes. My father grunted.

"Madame de Ferrier said 'the young gentleman'?" Skenedok inquired.

"I was told to inquire. I am her servant Ernestine," said the woman, her face creased with the anxiety of responding to questions.

"Tell Madame de Ferrier that the young gentleman is much better, and will go home to the lodges today."

"She said I was to wait upon him, and give him his breakfast under the doctor's direction."

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"We will bring the wholesome lancet again into play, my lad," said Dr. Chantry. I waited in uncertainty with respect for civilized surgery, waited on the side of the couch, while he carefully removed coat and waistcoat and turned up his sleeves.

"Ernestine, bring the basin," he commanded.

My father may have thought the doctor was about to inflict a vicarious punishment on himself. Skenedok, with respect for civilized surgery, waited. I did not wait. The operator bared me to the elbow and showed a piece of plaster already sticking on my arm. The conviction of being outraged in

my person came upon me mightily, and snatching the wholesome lancet I turned its spring upon the doctor. He yelled, I leaped through the door like a deer, and ran barefooted, the loose robe curling above my knees. I had the fleetest foot among the Indian racers, and was going to throw the garment away for the pure joy of feeling the air slide past my naked body, when I saw the girl and poppet baby who had looked at me during my first consciousness. They were sitting on a blanket under the trees of De Chamont's park, which deepened in to wilderness.

The baby put up a lip, and the girl surrounded it with her arm, drawing her sympathy with me. I must have been a charming object. Though ravenous for food and broken-headed, I forgot my state, and turned off the road of escape to stare at her like a tame deer.

She lowered her eyes wisely, and I got near enough without taking fright to see a book spread open on the blanket, showing two illustrated pages. Something parted in me. I saw my mother, as I had seen her in some past life—not Marianne the Mohawk, wife of Thomas Williams, but a fair oval-faced mother with arched brows. I saw even her pointed waist and puffed skirts, and the lace around her open neck. She held the book in her hands and read to me from it.

I dropped on my knees and stretched my arms above my head, crying aloud as women cry with gasps and chokings in sudden bereavement. Numbous memories twisted around me and I could grasp nothing. I raged for what had been mine—for some high estate out of which I had fallen into degradation. I clawed the ground in whose must have seemed consoling to the girl. Her poppet cried and she rushed it.

"Give me my mother's book!" I strangled out of the depths of my throat, and repeated, as if torn by a devil—"Give me my mother's book!"

She blanched so white that her lips looked scared, and instead of disputing my claim, or inquiring of my mother, or telling me to begone, she was up on her feet. Taking her dress in her finger tips and setting back almost to the ground in the most beautiful obedience I ever saw, she said:

"Sire."

Neither in Iroquois nor in Iroquois-French had such a name been given to me before. I had a long title, saying Tree-Cutter, which belonged to every chief of our family. But that word—"Sire!"—and her deep reverence seemed to atone in some way for what I had lost. I sat up, and the direct you to go and knock on the cook's door, and ask for something to eat before you go home."

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Bona parte in these days," said De Chamont. "How do you know this?"

"Last night while he was lying unconscious, after Dr. Chantry had banded his head and bled him, I went in to see if I might be of use. He was like some one I had seen. But I did not know him until a moment ago. He ran out of the house like a wild Indian. Then he saw us sitting here, and came and fell down on his knees at sight of that missal. I saw his scars. He claimed the book as his mother's—and you know, count, it was his mother's!"

"My dear child, whenever an Indian wants a present he dreams that you give it to him, or he claims it. Chief Williams' boy wanted your valuable illuminated book. I only wonder he had the taste. The missal, by the way, hands are more to an Indian's liking."

"But he is not an Indian, count. He is as white as we are."

"That signifies nothing. Plenty of white children have been brought up among the tribes. Chief Williams' grandmother, I have heard, was a Yankee woman."

"Not one word of their rapid talk escaped me. The child's words came out of the woods. I felt like a tree, well set up and sound, but rooted and voiceless in my ignorant helplessness before the two so frankly considering me."

My father stopped when he saw Madame de Ferrier, and called to me in Iroquois. It was plain that he and Dr. Chantry were in some kind of a quarrel, and the stubbornness of the chief, looked ready to lay his hand upon his mouth in sign of being confounded by my ignorant helplessness before the two so frankly considering me."

But as for me, I was as De Chamont said, a blank. I had no idea of the meaning of the words. I felt like a tree, well set up and sound, but rooted and voiceless in my ignorant helplessness before the two so frankly considering me."

My father and I seldom talked. An Indian boy who lives in water and forest all summer and on snowshoes all winter, finds that enough in the natural world without falling back upon his family. Dignified manners were not lacking among my elders, but speech had seemed of little account to me before this day.

The chief paddled and I sat naked in our canoe for we left the flowered robe with a horse boy at the stable— the sun warm upon my skin, the air cool, and his glamour affecting me like enchantment.

Neither love nor aversion was associated with my father. I took my hand between my hands and tried to remember a face that was associated with aversion.

"Father," I inquired, "was anybody ever very cruel to me?"

He looked startled, but spoke harshly.

"What have you got in your head? These white people have been making a fool of you."

"I remember better today than I ever remembered before. I am different. I was a child; but today manhood has come. Father, what is a dauphin?"

"The chief said no answer."

"What is a temple? Is it a church, like ours at St. Regis?"

"Ask the priest."

"Do you know what Bourbon is, father? Is it a name of a Bourbon ear?"

"Nothing that concerns you."

"But how could I have a Bourbon ear if it didn't concern me?"

"Madame de Ferrier."

The chief grunted.

"At least she told De Chamont, I repeated exactly, 'I was a boy, she saw in London that her father said she should make such a deep obeisance to it? My father the chief, recommending me to the squaws, had appeared to know nothing about it. All that she believed De Chamont denied. The rich book which stirred such torment in me—"you know it was his mother's!" she said—De Chamont thought I merely coveted. I can see now that she believed De Chamont was wrong in the spring stream, set that woman as high as the highest star above his head, and made her achieve greatness; that he, the appeal of that one on whom he meditated, echoed through the woods and startled him out of his hollow."

(To be continued.)

The mortality from accidents in railroad employes was reduced 35 per cent last year by improved coupling device.

"What is France, father?"

"A country."

"Shall we ever go the other side of the sunrise to hunt? France is the country of the sunrise. Talk to the squaws."

Though rebuked, I determined to do it if any information could be got out of them. The chief said I was a fool, but I was determined to know things was consuming. I had the belated feeling of one who wanted to consciousness late in life and found the world had run away from him.

My mother Marianne fed me, and when I lay down dizzy in the bunk, she covered me with a blanket. I had thought it was natural sleep. But it was a fainting collapse, which took me more than once afterwards as suddenly as a blow on the head, when my faculties were most needed. Whether this was caused by the plunge upon the rock or the dim life from which I had emerged, I do not know. One moment I saw the children, and even a deer, and the next I was in the darkness. The chief's family was a large one, but not one of my brothers and sisters seemed as near to me as Skenedok. The apathy of fraternal attachment never caused me any pain. The whole tribe was held dear.

I stripped off Dr. Chantry's undurable bandages, and put on my clothes, for there were brambles along

Baby's Own Tablets

Help Little Babies and Big Children.

When your child—whether it is a big child or a little baby—suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety or cross and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest, because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little one is the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder.

"Mrs. Geo. W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says:—'My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry and his food did him no good as he vomited it almost as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale, and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and he is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and can recommend them to other mothers.'

The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to

The
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.
Brockville, Ont.
or Schenectady, N. Y.

THE HEPWORTH SERMON
A Wasted Life.

"And there wasted his substance in riotous living."—Luke, xv. 13.

It is appalling to think of the vast amount of unused and missing energy there is in the world. If all men could be persuaded to do their best, and do it with might and main, we should soon have a race of gods on the earth.

There is no more painful contrast in human life than that between what we are capable of doing and what we really accomplish.

Perhaps there is not a single instance in history of a man who worked up to his utmost mental or spiritual capacity.

The noblest man that lives can do no more than furnish a suggestion of the soul's aspiring possibilities before he is called hence by the tolling of funeral bells.

In this we are notably different from other created things. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the trees of the forest, accomplish their perfect work, and could do no more if they had the thrush would still sing his plaintive notes, the eagle would soar to no higher altitude, the maple and the birch have no brighter colors after the autumnal frost.

Man alone is endowed with the tremendous prerogatives of imperfection. He alone can say a death. "My horizon line is as far away as ever."

And beneath this consciousness of neglected duties which brings the red blood to his cheeks and the serious countenance that even if he had worked with entire faithfulness, and lost neither time nor opportunity, his years are still too few and his limitations too many to allow him to achieve the best of which he is capable.

He can do more if another life and a better environment are furnished. He is the truth of God's love for us all, and his sympathetic pity for the sinner who has gone astray. The text is from a parable which represents the joy of the angels when the misguided boy sees the folly of wasting his substance with riotous living, and returns to the father's house in the sad consciousness that he is no longer worthy to be called a son; and there is a deeper warning in that pathetic story, more that appeals to the nobler elements of human nature than can be found in all the impetuous theology that was ever formulated.

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