WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON (Copyright, 1902, by Little, Brown, and Company) (All Rights Reserved)

CHAPTER VII.

Three weeks later, and a sullen peace had fallen over Toulon. Jean was still weak and emaciated from illness. From Greloire the boy had heard-and with outspoken indignation-of General Bonaparte's deparinto a hospital.

"He went away and left me!" Jean able to speak to him!"

He left a letter with Pere Huot, and a farewell message, which the good father will doubtless give you when he sees fit."

"Then why should not Pere Huot have told me so before?" demanded Jean, half rising from his seat beside the bed.

"Easy, mon ami; sit still," said Greloire, calmly. "Do not get excited, else I shall regret telling you anything about the affair. We have to remember that you have been very ill." Tenderness showed in his tone, and he gently touched the thin hand resting on the coverlet.

day, Pere Huot, sitting with Jean in it bring thy mind to holding more worthe latter's room, had been informing thy ideas of the future than those I him of what had transpired since the have just heard from thee. And Jean, morning Murier brought him to the my son"-coming close to him, and shelter and safety of his present laying a caressing hand on the wilful abode.

He watched the boy's face carefully as he told him of Margot's burfal, and of Bonaparte's many visits to his bedside, where he lay tossing in delirium: and the good priest redued gratification.

boy repeated, as if trying to recall and re-read its words:

Jean, angry and reckless, exclaimed: "I'll be no hypocrite, nor pretend to what I cannot feel. I have hated Etienne all my life, and with good cause; and I will never say otherwise, now that he is dead. I would spurn any title or position that had been his -despise myself if ever again I lived ture, shortly after his own arrival at beneath the roof who had sheltered the convent, which had been turned one who spoke such dastardly words of my mother! I want to go over seas, away from France, away to the new exclaimed angrily, the color suffusing | world, and carve out a name for myhis cheeks. "Left me, when I was not | self-gain fame and riches. I should die, like a wild bird in a cage, to live such a life as men pass here. The very thought of it is hateful to me."

> comes from Laro's teachings." "No, father-indeed no!" cried Jean. all the fire gone from his eyes. "I have always longed to live such a lifealways!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the priest . "This

"Always-all of thy very long life, Jean, my son?" said Pere Huot, a satirical smile touching his thin lips. The boy's face became crimson, and he said nothing.

"We have talked long enough for the present, my son," the priest added: "and now I will leave thee. Read Late in the afternoon of this same General Bonaparte's letter; and may head-"I beseech thee, try and harbor kindlier feelings and more Christianlike forgiveness for thy brother."

He left the room, closing the door softly, and Jean sat staring out of the window, though the sun's rays now joiced within himself to see the look stole down to touch his brow. But. of dogged grief soften into one of sub- after musing a few seconds, he roused himself with a quick, nervous move-"My son, where is the box of pa- | ment, and looked again at the letter. pers Monsieur le Baron, thy father, A moment later he broke its seal; intrusted to Margot for safe keeping?" and the thin paper seemed to pulse "The box of papers, Pere Huot," the | with his own heartbeats as he read

Block West of Citizens

"I want to go over seas, away from France, and carve out a name for my

something. "I cannot say; I do not |

What was done with it?" The good priest spoke urgently, allooking fixedly into the boy's per-

"Burned, with the cottage," replied

"Know you not, my son, what this box contained?" inquired Pere Huot, looking the boy in the face and speaking sternly.

"Yes-some jewels and papers, what of them?" "Those papers were the proof and

vindication of thy birthright," declared the priest solemnly. "Thy mother's marriage certificate was amongst | him. them; and the loss of this may make trouble for thee."

The boy's eyes now turned from the window to meet those of Pere Huot. "Did Margot tell thee, father, of all that befell the last night we passed at

"Yes, my son; and I have waited for a fitting time to speak to thee of the matter. General Bonaparte and myself talked of it as well; and I must say that thou were cruelly and needlessly angered and wounded. But I was grieved that thou shouldst have been led to the act that so nearly made thee a murderer. As to thy brother, we must forgive the dead, even more freely than the living; and Etienne is now gone where he should have thy forgiveness in full."

He paused, and Jean turned in his chair to look at him questioningly.

"Yes, thy brother is dead," he continued still more impressively. "I regret to tell thee that he was found never forgives-that of treachery. he sold its secrets to the English." Jean's lips curled with scorn, but

he made no spoken comment. "Etienne now dead, thou, my son, art heir to the title and estates, which, although declared confiscated, may yet be rescued and saved to thee. through the influence of thy friend, General Bonaparte, who bade me tell thee this at the proper time, and also

to give thee this letter."

"Mon ami-mon cher ami De Soto-"Know not where it is!" exclaimed | leave thee. But go formust, relieve the priest, with a marked change of by the assurance that I leave thee bearing and tone. "How is this? loving hands, which must soon nurse Ithee back to that health I pray wil always be thine. Pere Huot will tell most impatiently, leaning forward and thee of our plans for thy tactire. If have thy love, do as the good father shall tell thee, and pray that we may soon meet in happy days. Let Greloire bring goods ews of thee to rejoice the

Plyarro." heart of thy As Jean's eyes lingered over the final word, he seemed to see the smile. half rallying-entirely tender, that was the invariable accompaniment of their playful naming of one another. He seemed to see it touch the firm lips, which, with the pale, grave face, im agination now brought vividly before

All this faded away, and, with gulping sob, sounding like the cry of lorely heart, the boy flung his hear upon his arms, and lay silent.

New Orleans, and the night befor New Year's day of 1795, saw the win dows of the governor's house ablaz with light, and a constant stream o people coming and going through the wide-flung portals. Selected musician from the fort played for the dancer in the ball room and entertained the large gathering of spectators outside who looked through the open windows upon the flash of color and sparkle of gems, as the elite of the city and province celebrated the annual ball given by Don Francisco Louis Hector. Baron de Carondelet, Governor and Intendant of Louisiana and West Flon

In an apartment opening from the ball room, several men, whose years or tastes made cards more attractive guilty of a crime the Great Committee | than dancing, were gathered about a table upon which gold and silver were While seeming to serve their cause, stacked in miniature towers before the players, one of whom was saying. with an unconcealed sneer, directed at a tall, handsome man, who, clad in the British uniform, sat opposite, "M'sieur Stanley's hoard of gold promises to be

more than he can well carry away." "Why not pay more attention to your cards, De la Chaise, and prevent the pile increasing?" inquired a man at the little Frenchman's side-a man who greatly resembled Laro, captain Press.

of the "Aigle," and erstwhile patron of Le Chein Heureux.

De la Chaise not answering, the other continued, with a malicious light now shining in the dark eyes fixed upon the Englishman's impassive face, "Saw you the Count de Cazeneau this afternoon, may I ask, Captain Stanley?"

The latter encountered, and appeared to understand, the look of his questicner, and a steel-like glinting showed in his eyes as he replied, "That is an odd inquiry to make, Don Morales, inasmuch as I have to recall that I met you entering his house as I was leav-

"Very true; so you did," admitted Laro (for he it was), "and I was won dering if you left the count in the same devilish humor as that in which I found him."

At this an angry red showed in the officer's cheeks, and a gleam of wrath in his eyes. But, without looking again at Laro, he picked up his cards and glanced at them; then, with an oath, he threw them upon the table, gathered his earnings and strode from the room.

It was generally suspected that Cap tain Edward Stanley was one of the numerous worshipers of Count de Cazeneau's lovely daughter; and gos sip had been unusually busy with their names during the present week, at the close of which the English officer, hav ing concluded the mission upon which he had been sent to New Orleans, was to return to Mobile, where the garrison was composed equally of British and Spanish troops. It was also understood that Count de Cazeneau had no liking for the stalwart, calm-faced Englishman.

"Why did you try to prick him, Don Morales?" asked one of the players, a tall, spare man, with gray hair and heavy, overhanging eyebrows.

Don Morales laughed scornfully. "Because it is worth something to kindle a little fire in the cold blood of an English dog."

"But what is it all about?" inquired another of the party. "Don Morales but asked a simple question. What was there in it to justify any man English or otherwise, calling for sat isfaction?"

"Yes," added a young American of ficer, looking to be twenty-two or thereabouts, sitting beside Colonei Zachary: "what was there for him to get angry about, for angry he was at something? It couldn't have been his cards, for I looked at what he threw down."

"See here, Don," inquired the quick witted ensign, who, although a recent widower, with a young boy, was-in secret-one of Roselle's adorers; "is it that you know or think he went to see Count de Cazeneau this afternoon and that his asking for the daughter's hand aroused the old man's temper?'

A curious and not pleasant expres sion came to Don Morales' eyes, and the colonel said, now speaking some what sternly as he touched the young man's arm, "You are forgetting your usual code, Tommy, to say nothing of your good sense. This is neither the time nor place to be discussing such a sacred matter as a lady's affairs." "Is it true, what I have heard. Don Morales," now inquired De la Chaise that you sail for France in the morn ing? If so, I am of half a mind-yes three-quarters -to ask you to let me take passage."

"I carry no passengers," was the brusque reply, made while the speaker was drawing in some winnings; and Colonel Zachary, looking distinctly annoyed, remarked, "I was not aware, Don Morales, that you kept the community informed as to your sailing hours and destination."

"I do not," replied Laro, with a quick, meaning glance, which the colonel met with a slight smile." But there seem to be those who know my business better than I know it my-George Hill and wife are in the circ willes

"When shall you be back here?" asked De la Chaisen saw reising noff "When my vessel reaches New Or Mrs. Ough's sister from the eastern [Mannal-To be continued. Yair at allete Mrs. R. B. Crippen is quite sick at this wri

Story of Ganymede's Birth! " all A professor in a Western confese while giving an examination in myth-ology in a country school called upon a bright looking girl and asked, the following question ... Who was Gany-Miss Grace E. Smith of McCook is the about. Promptly came the answer caff Gangmede was the son of Olympis and an Januarte Short. Marais Mann and Friggs

adioThe class teacher blushed for her pupil and exclaimed, "Why Elizabeth! Where did you learn that?", gate-one w "Indeed, it says so in the book," re-

Mrs. Bertha Tyer, accompaining off-boile. The professor then asked the girl to find the place and read the paragraph. aloud whereupon the class was both astonished and delighted to fearly that Canymede was borne to Olympis by an eagle.—Lippipcott's Magazine. at a saless Hunting in Englanded out

From every quarter one hears of the decreased interest in hunting this sealadmi . Thougetidral wanti of imbrevis the a partial explanation, for hunting can be done very inexpensively. To the disgust of enthusiastic masters of hounds, motoring, golf, and other sports have arisen in the last few rearsmand not appaid annerous competition, for football has for some time descended in the social scale, while almost ceased to exist! Thtil lafely there has been hardly any other winter sport for the good and report the man except shooting and hypting in London Globe.

the reconstruction that the reconstruction of the reconstruction o Interested Father and Id you telf her how sorry you were to deave herens Son-"No, but Toffought consider able pressure to bear on the subject-I think she understood."-Detroit Free

"Just a Minute."

A boy once faced a task, and knew He should begin it; He could not start to put it through

For "just a minute."
And though the case demanded speed, He could not move just then; but he'd Be ready for it—yes, indeed, In "just a minute."

His purposes were out of rhyme "just a minute. The whole world seemed ahead of time By "just a minute.

He could not learn to overhaul His many duties, large and small, But made them wait, both one and all, For "just a minute. In manhood he was still delayed By "just a minute." He might have won, had Fortune stayed

For "just a minute." But at the end of life he railed At cruel Fate, and wept and wailed, Because he knew that he had failed By "just a minute. -London Answers.

The Barrel Jumping Art. Many a boy who is a first-rate

"standing broad" jumper will be stumped utterly in barrel jumping. It is no easy thing, and, like many sports of the kind, it requires a "knack" to

We will suppose that several of your boy friends can beat you in a standing broad jump. When you tell these chaps that you can turn the tables on



The Wrong Way to Jump. them in harrelciumping they will quite | States. well, get your barrel and we'll

od Marke Cheur Juling, fifst birther will climb on the barret, which hes innoand wniggle beneath them, and when synus tells thems that an ales of other game is that hod jumperomastes tay on the dmerel mere timen thirty seconds lone or two of the money in the control it at the start, for they will be wille himable

to get their balance in that fine so that they can get in their tavorite ant that they receive noilised againmit The hestapfathem willing able to himfil but la ife wolcetodoomit heiriticki listo perchaforutio abarrel with botto be neath them; offering no Teststance to the backward bush of their feet when

Now you yourself take a tuti You stand about two feet from too bar reland jump lightly upon it; but the instant your feet touch it; fou jump again and said However who entrokening several feet beyond the farthest mark made by the others. The secret is you fump from the barrer you leap straight up in the are direct not forward, for the momentum of your first jump carries you on far enough. The ground below the barrel lends resist

when the others leap straight forwar

We pride ouse

If you are

Tell the players to find a river hidden in each sentence, and not only to write down the name of the river, but to state some one thing that he knows about that river.

It will keep the players busy and happy for some time, you may be sure. This game was got up by Miss Virginia Baker in the Normal Instructor.

1. Yes, Adam, a zone is a belt passing around the earth.

2. Miss Elsie Davol gave a party. 3. That lawless gang escaped from

prison. 4. Oh, Eugene, see my new book!

5. Will you rally round the flag? 6. Industry brings its own reward. 7. "Hullo!" he shouted. "Hullo!" I

replied. 8. We must sever now our friend-

9. Whatever happens, don't forget to

be polite. 10. Ned drew a plat and a chart. 11. Hurry, or we shall miss our ride. 12. The cucumber landed on the

ground. 13. Baby is taking a little nap.

14. Oh, I overlooked that picture. 15. Bees gather honey from the flowers.

ANSWERS.

1. Amazon; crosses northern part of South America.

2. Volga; eastern part of Russia. 3. Ganges; northeastern part British India.

4. Genesee; crosses western part of New York. 5. Ural; separates Europe and Asia

6. Indus; western part of British India.

7. Loire; central part of France. 8. Severn; central part of Canada.

9. Po; northern part of Italy. 10. Plata; eastern part of South America.

11. Missouri: crosses northwestern and central parts of United States. 12. Cumberland; crosses Kentucky and Tennessee. 13. Lena; northern part of Siberia.

14. Ohio; eastern part of United

15. Rhone; eastern part of France.

Birds with Teeth. Birds are simply reptiles which have shed their scales and teeth, grown wings and feathers, and invaded the dominion of air. The very oldest bird of which science has any record had very sharp teeth, rather weak wings and a long tail adorned with twenty pairs of quill feathers. Some of these birds were not able to fly at all, and they nearly all lived on fish. Gradually, as they developed through the centuries, they grew more feathers, longer and stronger wings; Jost their teeth and got sharp, hard bills instead. There were no birds before the rentilian age, and every bird that flies coday traces its ancestry back toola sharp-toothed snake. So the old foke, "As long ago as when hens had teeth," is not so mach of a joke after all.

Dr. Geo. Ewingen procticing physician trid: 10 Tree Game Good Funding to You boys and girls can have tots of fun, some evening, playing the following game from the Normal instructor. "The grown folks in your family will enjoy it just as much as you will. Some of the questions are not were m.L. What, is the most level; tree? mend its use to all physicans toposish

3. Which tree suggests thoughts of the ocean? Beggerent as very cold day an Fir bus recome saibul 5. What tree contains a domestic animal? Mahogany all anthonys slids 6. What tree might servi properly

nuz aWhichedis the brighfestacioloceil

dreds of cases with perhoosaborses early

wear angleye? Palmy a mandel M 7 m. What tree is a pronoun? Xew. CHRISTMAS FIREPLACE CUT OUT.

8. Which is the most melancholy tree? Blue gum. 9. Which tree is a tale teller?

Peach. 10. Which tree is an insect? Lo-

11. Which is the dandy among trees? Spruce. 12 Which tree is an invalid? Pine.

13. Which tree never is barefooted? Sandal-wood.

14. Which tree can best remember numbers? Date.

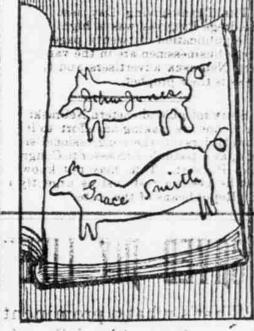
15. Which tree has passed through

fire? Ash. 16. Which is the most ancient tree? Elder.

A Blind Pig Scrap Book. One of the funniest of scrap books is the "Blind Pig" book. It is not full of blind pigs, but the young felk who draw the pigs are blindfolded, hence the name.

Any blank book will do. Have each of your friends shut his or her eyes tightly and draw a pig on a page of the book. The eyes must not be opened until the drawing is linished, and then the artist will see the queerest-looking thing you can imagine as a result of his or her efforts.

Each artist should sign his or her name to the pig, which will-look like almost anything else but a pig. The book is a most interesting thing to keep, and when its pages are full of Substitution, Si a Yea



A Page of the Book.

pigs, drawn and signed by all your friends, it is a curiosity, indeed, and a treasure which will be of interest to you all of your life.

in addressing the pub Game of Bees and Pigeons. A girl is chosen to represent the Robber Bee." She sits down and the other players approach her and move their arms to represent flapping

wings. They say: 1000 all var gold "We piggons come a flying!" The Robber Beerasks anoissoon Id S 100 The SR8110 H De et Date ate 177

on early of a Leyded Atub algorithmes of the description of the spine The captured one must become a Robbert Beel who held into hystorie and go on until the players have al been caught. Office last fines to med capaid do De Somesnika tRobbers Been for the next composition of the Emul

soob three of tharge pies i nois deituons dipuo mikaseoube, ins -clovered towarmoestand Ciderana tained in ordinary 1686 ff.

Vo system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's nulsion and gather 194 ni aend ka sample free. aterfeiting The Gentila re that the sicture in the a label it at the weapper Chicago, lo gas tsoudt a tof the ere is mildly laxative istaction. i I of the sand is salest for children Wash BLUE ALL WISE r Frank, who came and killed the dog. It odd It was at H. B. Wales' earlier in the SROCER

Lit lit the three peces, if allowing the outlines, and cut out the center of the frephologo Bento are dotted libes Bento back and paste the under parts of the shelf the parts marked A then paste under the two sides pieces BB. Bend back the sides of the fireplace and connect the two side panels with the laps CC. Past the laps to to the side namels and the lan E to the back on a line with the shelf. Fold up the bace, pasting the laps FF

underneath and the strip in front of the fireplace in the blank space G. | Bend up the clock and ornaments, bend down the stockings and paste the middle part to the shelp in the blank space H

Pr.a Honevand

effered for

s Honet

araffo etu:

give the se

right giong.

to Augtie Coleman

thousands of cases of piles. a box of DoWitt's Witch II -

Mog

sweet, teoth-

de ality of

romptnes

now trac

be pleased

We think you will be pleased.

o, Obio, Mrs. Mary Simpson-