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Genuine must bear Signature *W. L. Douglas*

WILL TRADE for good merchandise, farm of 400 acres. Well improved. No store or grocer, black loan soil, yellow clay sub-soil, 80 per acre, five full sections, one of stock in first letter. A. B. Nelson, Newark, S.D.

FOR SALE My orchard land, irrigated, Pecco Valley, N. M. Artesian well, thirty-five acres orchard, and a large building, including rapidly, part time. Alton Fenner, Cambridge City, Ind.

The Test of Time.

Benjamin Haggood Burt and U. S. Epperson of Kansas City were motoring in Long Island the other day and stopped at Egan's hotel in Douglaston. They ordered large quantities of raw oysters, some of which were thrown aside by the oyster opener.

"How do you determine when an oyster is bad?" asked Mr. Epperson.

"You wait a short time and if you have ptomaine poisoning the oysters were bad," said Mr. Burt. "If you are not ill they were good. That's the only safe way to tell good oysters from bad ones."

Good Arrangement.

A genial looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost.

"Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing." "Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."

A Realist on Hope.

William Dean Howells, discussing realism at one of his Sunday afternoon lectures in New York, let fall a neat epigram on hope.

"Hope," said the famous novelist, "is not really an angel in a diaphanous robe of white, but only the wisp of hay held before a donkey's nose to make him go."

STOPPED SHORT
Taking Tonics, and Built Up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day, with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TAVERNAY

A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.
Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holidate Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.
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CHAPTER XXV. IN THE SHADOW.

"So, Citizen Tavernay," he repeated, dwelling on the words with a malicious triumph, "you did not escape, after all, and you are a pretty convenient God's blood, but this is a pleasant moment!"

He stopped and looked into my eyes, then burst into a roar of laughter.

"For me, I mean," he cried, holding his nose about my neck. "Come—look at it from my standpoint. Be large minded enough to look at it from my standpoint. Could anything have been more perfect, more complete, more admirable in every way? It tempts me almost to believe in Providence!"

I could only stand and stare at him and wonder numbly whether he were man or devil.

"You wonder how I know you?" he continued. "True, I have never before had the supreme pleasure of meeting you thus, face to face, and of conversing pleasantly with you as I am now doing; but I know you perfectly, nevertheless. The nation has a sharp eye for its enemies, and it never sleeps. That eye has been upon you from the moment of your flight."

But I had shaken off my stupor and got something of my boldness back.

"Nonsense!" I said, contemptuously. "I am not fleeing. I am on my way to join the forces at Thouras. You mistake me for someone else."

He looked at me and nodded, while his smile grew and broadened.

"Not bad," he commented. "But it is useless for you to lie. Even if you were not running, your fate is none the less assured. I can well understand your reluctance to part with life, and he cast a leering glance toward the still form on the cot. "You must have found life very pleasant recently. But do not respond. You are leaving your mistress in tender hands. She will not want for affection!"

"What is the charge against me?" I demanded, controlling as well as I could the wrath which devoured me.

"The charge?" he repeated negligently. "Oh, I do not know—there are a dozen charges. I have not yet determined which I shall use. But what does it matter. Between ourselves, I will tell you, citizen, that I have decided upon your death because you are in the way," and again his eyes wandered to that still figure.

"You would, then," I said, realizing that I must keep my calmness, "murder a patriot in order to be more free to wrong a woman?"

"A patriot," he sneered. "Perhaps not—but I would murder an aristocrat for far less cause than that."

"I am not an aristocrat," I protested desperately.

"So you persist in that farce?" he queried coldly. "Really, you grow wearisome. Perhaps you will explain, how you happen to be wearing the clothing of that traitor, Pasdeloup?"

My tongue refused to answer and he laughed again as he noted my confusion.

"I recognize it, every stitch," he went on evenly, "every stitch except the shoes. And I even think I can guess where you got those! More than that, I can have you identified in a moment. Perhaps you remember Sergeant Dubosq, whom you once countered on the road from Tours? I am sure that he will recall you readily, even in this guise, for he has an excellent memory. Shall I summon him?"

I saw that it was useless to persist.

"No," I answered, "don't disturb the sergeant."

"You admit, then, that that you are Tavernay?"

"Yes," I answered boldly, "why not? I have committed no crime."

"You have opposed the nation."

"In what way? By trying to escape?"

"You have abetted the nation's enemies."

"By accepting their hospitality? Come this is childish!"

"You have murdered two patriots," he went on inexorably.

"Two?" I repeated with a start.

"One you stabbed last night."

"It was his life or mine."

"The other you shot a few moments ago."

"To defend a woman's honor."

"A hidden light blazed in his eyes.

"You pretend it still exists?" he sneered.

I gave him a look, which, had looks that power, would have scorched and shriveled him where he stood. But instead of shrinking he came very close to me and stared into my eyes, a fendish grin upon his lips.

"Really, Citizen Tavernay," he said at last, "it would appear from your countenance that this surprising thing is true, and yet I can scarcely believe it! Have you taken a vow? Are you—but no matter! I thank you, my friend, for your forbearance. A applauded your virtue, which is really unique, even in this age of vice. Nevertheless, you must agree with me that your death is more than ever necessary. Indeed, I find you already one too many!" and he glanced toward the cot with a meaning unmistakable.

"What a brute!" I murmured, contempt mastering every other emotion. "What a brute! This is your whole life, then? You think of nothing but violence! I might have guessed as much by looking at you! But one victim has already escaped you."

"Yes," he broke in, his face suddenly contorted with rage; "if I knew the wretch who fired that shot, he would have been in hell long ere this!"

"She died in her husband's arms," I continued, seeing how the words stung him, "happy, his lips on hers. Of you, she had never so much as heard the name; during her whole life she once did she never hope to think of you. For her you have never existed—never will exist! She has escaped you!"

"Go on!" he said hoarsely, licking his lips with a purple tongue. "Body of God, go on!"

His face was convulsed with anguish, great drops of sweat stood out across his forehead, he was quivering under the blows I dealt him, and yet he seemed to get a kind of fearful pleasure from them. And in that instant I saw how he had been consumed by a hopeless passion; how he had beaten himself against a lofty wall which he could never hope to scale; how he was at this moment eating his heart out—and I might have found it in my soul to pity him, if I had not so loathed and hated him for the evil it was still in his power to do.

"Go on!" he repeated savagely. "What more?"

"Nothing more!" I answered, "except that your second victim will escape you even as the other. God protects His angels!"

"Fah, he yelled, his wrath bursting forth like a whirlwind. 'I will show you how He protects them! and he sprang toward the cot like a wild beast.

A blind fury seized me—a fury maddening, uncontrollable. I saw red—literally and actually. I saw red, as though the world had been suddenly drenched with blood. I strained at the cords about my wrists until it cut deep into the flesh; I hurried myself toward him, only to be jerked back cruelly by the noose about my neck. I cursed him till I could curse no longer; I offered my soul's hope to eternity for a single moment's freedom.

Then, suddenly, I realized my impotence; a great calm fell upon me. I stopped and looked at him. He had left the cot and came back to me, bringing a candle with him in order to see more clearly, and he stood there regarding me with the air of a connoisseur.

"Well, citizen," he asked, with a diabolical smile, "give you finished? you care to begin again, pray do so, for it is very amusing. If not, I fear I shall have to bid you adieu."

A long sigh from the cot interrupted him; he turned with a start, holding the candle above his head. In an instant I saw my chance. I drew up my leg and kicked him savagely, with all my strength, full in the belly.

He went back and down with one terrible yell and lay writhing upon the floor. Again I tore wildly at my bonds, but the flap of the tent was dashed aside and the guard rushed in.

Goujon sat upright, with an effort, swaying from side to side.

"String him up!" he yelled, his lips white with froth like a mad dog's.

"Hang him! Out with him this instant! An aristocrat and a traitor!"

The words rose to a scream of agony. "Oh, he has killed me!" he groaned, and fell forward upon his face.

"God grant it!" I murmured. "Oh, God grant it!"

Already their hands were upon me, dragging me away.

"Tavernay!" screamed a voice. "Tavernay! Oh, my love!" and I turned my head to see Charlotte starting from the cot, her hands outstretched.

For an instant I shook them off; then they closed about me and hurled me from the tent. I fancied that death was upon me, when there, so mercifully, less were the blows they dealt me. By some miracle I managed to keep my feet, and suddenly a gigantic figure drove itself through the crowd like a catapult.

"Murderers!" he shrieked. "Assassins!" and I heard the blows which sent them to right and left. "What!" he continued, taking his stand before me. "You would kill a defenseless man—go, tagger, one? What sort of coward are you?"

"He is an aristocrat," broke in the man who held my halter. "Citizen Goujon has ordered that he be hanged."

"Bring him and welcome," rejoined the newcomer. "But don't let me catch you worrying him like dogs. Now off with you!"

The voice sounded strangely familiar in my ears, and when I had shaken the blood from my eyes, I saw that my rescuer was Dubosq.

"Many thanks, my friend," I said, and he started around, astonished. "It seems you do not know me," I added, as he started at my bewilderment, "and yet it was only two days ago that we met on the road from Tours."

He seized a torch from the hand of a bystander and flashed it into my face.

"My word, citizen!" he cried. "Small wonder I should know you. You had a groom, then—and now—? What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have been trying to escape being murdered," I rejoined. "And it seems that you are not going to escape after all."

"Oh, yes, you will," he corrected. "You shall not be murdered. I will see to that—only pretty executed."

"There is a difference, then?" I questioned with irony.

"All the difference in the world," he answered with conviction. "The one is irregular and is apt to be bungled; it is done without authority and without method, and is often needlessly prolonged. The other is carefully planned and quickly carried out; all unpleasantness is avoided."

"Oh, is it?" I broke in, with a little laugh. "I am glad to know that!"

"Citizen, you surprise me!" protested Dubosq, and he laid his hand on my chest. "I thought you more of a philosopher. Since this is the end, why worry about it?"

"I will try not to," I said, "but at 21 the times rather early."

"True," he agreed, and he gazed at me contemplatively. "I had forgot that you were so young."

"At any rate, I thank you for your interest," I said.

"All this is misplaced," and he looked at me, frowning heavily. "So you were an accomplice of the ci-devant Favras, after all. You lied very prettily that morning, citizen—and I would have sworn that you were fresh from the nursery! That's one on old Dubosq!"

"Not in the least!" I protested. "I did not lie—I had never seen Favras before. He took my horse by force, as I related to you, but I found him awaiting me at the next town, restoring my horse to me and insisted that I spend the night at his chateau."

"Faith, citizen," said Dubosq, with a laugh, "you'd better have lost your horse and spent the night under a hedge. As it is, you lose your life, and enter the eternal night."

"Yes; there's no help for that, I suppose."

"Not if Citizen Goujon has ordered it."

"He did order it?" broke in one of my persecutors, who had listened to all this with ill-concealed impatience, "and at once."

"Very well, comrade," said Dubosq; "come along, then. But he didn't order you to torture this fellow, and, pardieu, I'll see that you don't. If you have any message, Citizen—I've forgotten your name."

"Tavernay," I prompted.

"Oh, yes; I remember. Well, if you have any messages, Citizen Tavernay, I'll be glad to take charge of them. It's the only kindness I can do you, I'm afraid."

"Thanks, my friend," I answered, "in my eyes at this unexpected favor. If you could convey news of my death to my mother at Beaufort—"

"Consider it done," he broke in. "Anything else?"

"Citizen," I said, lowering my voice, "for myself I do not greatly care. But I had a companion—a pure and beautiful woman. If you can save her from death or worse, you will be doing a noble action."

Dubosq pulled his great mustaches thoughtfully.

"If she an aristocrat?" he asked at last.

"Not at all," I hastened to assure him. "She was merely a guest at the chateau like myself."

"I will see what can be done," he promised; "but it will be no easy task."

"I know it, my friend. Therefore I ask it of you."

"Come," said Tavernay, "he said, raising his head suddenly, "I can pledge you one thing."

"And that?"

"That she has nothing worse to fear than death."

"God bless you!" I said, with trembling lips. "God bless you! Now I can die in peace."

"Do you know, citizen," said Dubosq, in a voice almost tender, "I regret more and more that you did not accept my invitation to join us that morning, for, by my soul, you are a gallant fellow!"

We had reached a small oak which grew upon the hillside, and one end of the line was thrown over a lower branch.

"One minute to shrive yourself, citizen," called in a rude voice.

I looked out over the hillside. The moon was sailing high in the heavens, and I noticed that the feet of sheep were moving down toward us. Just above us was the line of sentinels, and the fires of the camp gleamed along the road below. I could see the soldiers crowded about their jests and laughter; could hear their jests and laughter. The tragedy which was enacting here on the hillside, and which meant so much time, concerned them not at all. They would go their way, the world would be going along, only I would no longer be a part of it. My mother—this would be her death, too—the death of all her hopes, all her ambitions. She would have nothing more to live for. I wondered what she was doing at this moment—did she know of my fate? The spirit waned her that her only son was in deadly peril? Another woman would miss me—but aside from that, my disappearance would be scarce noted. It would create not even a ripple on the great ocean of the world. My life would count for nothing.

I thought of all this, and more, which I can not set down here—and commended my soul to God. So this was the end! How little I had foreseen, when I had ridden so bravely out from Beaufort! How deeply I had lived in those three days! They seemed to count more than all the rest of my life.

"The time is up, citizen!" called the same rude voice.

Dubosq was at my side.

"Courage!" he whispered. "It is soon over!"

"Adieu, my friend," I said. "Remember your promise."

"I do remember it. Trust me."

I raised my head. At least I would die worthily.

"Long live the king!" I shouted.

"Death to the new order of the world!" There came a sharp pain at my throat—

Then, as though I had uttered a signal, a hundred muskets crashed from the hedge at our right; the top railings I opened my eyes, and saw with astonishment the sheep rising on two legs and charging down upon us. The night was filled with shrill cries, with hideous yells. In the camp a hue and cry was heard, and I could see the Blues running in themselves, dashing hither and thither in panic, their officers striving to bring order to the frenzied mob. But the savage blood was upon us.

"Aristocrat, you shall not escape!" hissed a voice in my ear, and the world reeled and turned black before me as a great blow fell upon my head.

CHAPTER XXVI.
"COURAGE."

For a time I thought I was again in that raftered chamber at Beaufort which had been mine for so many years; then I recognized unerringly that this was not the bed to which I was accustomed, nor were these dark and grimy walls the ones at which I had been wont to stare while building my castle in Spain.

Then, in a flash, I remember—escape, flight, capture, rescue—and I started to spring from the bed, but fell back again with a cry of pain. For an instant my head seemed splitting open, and I closed my eyes dizzily.

"Gently, monsieur, gently," said a voice, and I opened my eyes to see a kindly woman's face, bending over me. "You must lie still," she added, and placed a cool hand upon my forehead. "You must go to sleep."

"But where am I?" I asked.

"You are with friends."

"And Mademoiselle de Chambray?"

"She also is safe."

I closed my eyes with a deep sigh of thankfulness. Safe, safe, safe—I repeated the word to myself again and again. Safe! Surely Providence had watched over us! Safe—

(Continued Next Week.)

Where Are We Going?

One of the most difficult questions that astronomers have to solve is the direction and velocity of the flight of the solar system through space. We ordinarily speak of the world going round the sun, but if that revolution was performed year after year in the same path, the sun standing still while the earth moves. But, as a matter of fact, the sun moves as well as the earth.

Our planet goes round the sun from east to west, but at the same time, the sun moves from south to north. The earth, therefore, is really traveling, not in a beaten circle, but in a spiral line, which is gradually carrying it toward the stars in the northern sky. And, of course, all the other planets also travel in spirals, going at the same time round and round the sun, and with the sun toward the north.

The simplest proof that this motion of the solar system really exists is the fact that in that part of the sky toward which we are going the stars are observed to be slowly moving apart, while in the opposite part of the heavens they are coming together.

But now comes the difficulty. On account of the immense distance of the stars, the apparent motions exhibited by them as a result of our varying distance from them are exceedingly slight; far too slight to be detected without the aid of the most delicate instruments, applied with an accuracy and precision that only great skill and long practice can give.

Each star has an actual motion of its own—one in one direction and another in another—for, like our sun, they are all journeying through space, without by any means "keeping step." The observer must, consequently, in the first place, measure motions that are almost beyond the reach of measurement, and in the second place distinguish the real movements of the individual stars from their apparent movements due to the actual motion of the earth.

Yet, difficult as this task is, it has been attempted over and over again, and astronomers are still engaged on it. There are two things that they wish particularly to learn: (1) in exactly what direction we are thus journeying through space, and (2) just how fast we are going. The latest results indicate that the point toward which we are moving lies in the eastern part of the constellation Hercules, not far from the very brilliant star Vega. It is thought that the entire solar system is moving through space at the rate of 12 miles a second, but estimates as to this vary.

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