

She Knew What She Meant. 'Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel, I san-I've known you long enough to Grop the 'Miss,' haven't I?" She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. "Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix to you wish to substitute?"—Catholic Citizen.

That Ought to Do It.

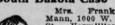
Mother-What are you doing, just sitting there singing? Daughter-Oh, only trying to kill

Are Your Kidneys Weak?

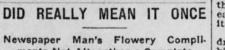
You may have kidney trouble and not now it. The only signs may be occadonal twinges in the small of the back, constant lameness, dizzy spells or some nnoying irregularity of the kidney action.

But no sign of kidney trouble can be afely ignored. Kidney disease moves rapidly. It loads to dropsy, gravel,

Bright's disease, rheumatism. If you suspect that your kidneys are toggish, use Doan's Kidney Pills, bich have relieved thousands A South Dakota Case



Mrs. Frank L. Mann, 1000 W. Main St., Vermillion, S. D., says: "I couldn't straighten a f t er stooping on account of the pains in my back and I feit tired and worn out. Doc-tors treated me for years, but I got worse. I lost weight



ments Not Altogether a Complete Case of Bunk.

William D. Hassett, one of the sharks on diplomacy and international affairs in Washington, covers the state department for a big news association. One day another reporter gan. "Francois, if you pinch your brother covering the same run rushed up to him with this request:

"Bill, fix me up a nice little story about this affair for my paper. You know more about this than anybody."

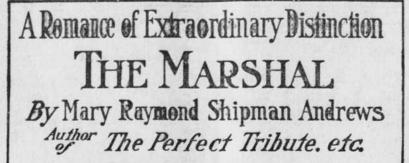
Hassett not being particularly busy at that time, complied with the request

Half an hour later the same man came back and requested:

"Bill, please fix me up another little story. You know you're the best informed man in regard to this particular subject."

Bill again wrote the story. The other man came back the third time.

"Look here," said Bill dryly, "I'll write this third story for you, but I



Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Compary,

CHAPTER L A PROPHECY.

It was Francols who had his way. Pierre clamored for the story of the old witch and the horses; Marie begged old witch and the horses; Marie begged to hear about the white ducks and the princess; Tomas, at the top of his ungs, demanded the episode of the each child wished a particular tale. Half a dozen high, little French volces floated shrilly out into the garden on the middle of the floor when the door opened—" Half a dozen high, little French volces floated shrilly out into the garden, on a sunshiny morning of 1820 from the great entry of an old farm house in the valley under the Jura mountains. The grandmother, sitting white-capped in the center of the hubbub, heard one more willingly than the others, for not only was Francois her best loved, but also the story he asked for was the story she liked to tell.

story she liked to tell. In the large kitchen beyond the open In the large kitchen beyond the open door the sun lay in patches on the bare, scrubbed floor, and the mother moved swiftly, getting dinner ready against 12 o'clock, when the father should come in from the flelds; it was the grandmere's hour to amuse the children. And today they were all pleading at once for a story, clapping hands, jumping up and down as if life depended on the choice. Suddenly, in the excess of enthusiasm, Tomas and Francois and Pierre were in a heap, sprawling at her feet on the earth floor of the entry.

sprawling at her feet on the earth floor of the entry. "Stop. stop." said the granmother. "Good children do not go so fast," and she carefully sorted out the heap. "You, Francois, you are too quick-you will finish by hurting yourself. Stand here quiet, near me, and listen well," and, her arm about him, she drew the boy close. "You will tall my tale grandmere-

a moment the grandmother's voice be-

you are not a good child, and cannot listen to the story," she admonished. "Be quiet, then, and you shall hear how the emperor came to this house, and

was of the few who had escaped in our village of Vicques. "One morning a man appeared in the village and said that Napoleon would pass this way within a few hours. No one quite believed, yet there was ex-citement, and the people stood about ably it was not the great army which would pass through Vicques, but only Napoleon and his staff. We were not on the road which led to Germany, and flying through the woods, and of how I was left to take care of his home and his children. And the thought of a duty

to be done brought calmness.

Francois' hand was laid against her cheek. "The door into the great entry -that door there?" he demanded in a

"But yes, mon p'tit—that door." "But yes, mon p'tit—that door." Four pairs of round eyes followed Francols' gaze that turned to the panels of heavy oak. "It opened, that door there, and argainst the light I saw mon crowding in

against the light I saw men crowding in the entry. They wore uniforms of bright colors, and swords hung at their sides, colors, and swords hung at their sides, and on their heads were hats with trimming sof gold. Then I saw—Na-poleon. I knew him at once, though lis figure was perhaps the smallest. I stood quietly, remembering only that I must guard my son's children, and he spoke. With a step toward me he spoke in a kind voice, half smiling. "'Madame,' he said, 'will you let us use this room and this table for an use this room and this table for an hour? You shall not be disturbed in your work."

your work" The grandmother stopped and lifted her hand, and her head was up as if listening. "Tiens! I hear his voice now!" she whispered, and the children started, as if expecting to catch a note of the tones that hand sounded there— the tones that had carried across the world. The story went on. "I made my courtesy to these great gentlemen as I had been taught, and i found myself saying quite easily to his majesty the emperar, as easily as if I talked to Monsieur le Cure, to whom I was accustomed, that he was wel-come; that I would serve him gladly of the wished to command me. And then I left them. There was that about the great emperor which made one hap-py to be of use to him. I did not unwell," and, her and her solution drew the boy close. "You will tell my tale, grandmere— the tale of 'Napoleon Comes'?" he asked eagerly, and the grandmother smilet; it was what she wished to tell. And now, with the faces of the chil-dren turned toward her, she pushed the big horn-framed glasses up on her brow, buried her knitting needles deep in scarlet wool, and folding her work carefully, laid it in the work box. All five watched ceremony, the methodi-cal habit of a lifetime, and little Marie gave a trembling sigh as it ended. Only that sound broke the stillness, and in that sound broke the stillness, and in was draining the land of our men, of our comfort and happiness, and yet here I was, willing and glad to do the poleon!" poleon!" poleon!" poleon!" The five pairs of eyes followed hers at that table he sat." the gentle voice went on, "with his great officers about him, with their uniforms and bright facings and gold buttons, and their swords clanking as they walked, and their three-cornered hats, waving plumes, on their heads. But tiens—I must go back—I must tell it rightly, the story of Napoleon." At the name the grandmother's head seemed to lift, and dignity was in her manner. The boy against her arm, his brown eyes, of uncommon size and intensity, fast-ened on hers, thrilled. "Yes, grandmere, from the heat Smullie

The properties this shire is because Im falling for this bunk of yours about how much I know."
"Well," said the other, rubbing his chin, "it was on the level the first time."—Popular Magazine.
New Modern Dancing
The seading Expert and Instructor in New Yort Hos is a blessing to Foor-Bass, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into Foor-Bass the powder to be shaken into Foor-Bass the powder to be shaken into Foor-Bass, the antise tion, when the emperor took all the men to fight, not only the strong ones, but the boys, and the old and infirm, if they might but drag themselves at the tail of a regiment. So the few men who were not under the flag were sore-ly needed by their families, for it was necessary, if the women and children were not to starve, that some should stay to work in the fields. Your father was of the few who had escaped in our And often La Claire would smile at the boy and answer: "But yes, my men on the table he had pulled at the sword of one whom I afterward knew to be was the great Marshal Ney. He wore a dark.coat, all heavy with gold lace, my children, and white pantaloons and ather high shining black boots, and across his breast a scarlet ribbon. He sat next the emperor. The marshal, turn-in the ling sharply at the tug, knocked the little one over. It was then Francois No cried out, and I ran to him. But when ever I reached the door a young general And then came hours to be remembered. I reached the door a young general, whose name I never knew, had set the child on his feet, and the others, some citement, and the people stood about chattering, restless, when suddenly— I can see it as if it were yesterday— a half dozen horsemen clattered from the turn of the road up there and gal-loped down the street and beyond. The crowd stared. Then every one talked at once; there was a great confusion. But at last agood old man, well known to us all, raised his hand for silence, and as we listened he told us that prob-ably it was not the great army which were the ruins. laughing like schoolboys, and it was Napoleon himself who spoke as I peered under the sentinel's arm. He shook his (Continued next week.) Twenty Alfalfa Pointers. finger at his officer. "'Marshal, marshal,' he cried, 'are on the road which led to Germany, the the great army was hurrying there. It was probable that the emperor turned from his road to take the lists arms?" "And he put out his hand and pinched "And he put out his hand and pinched 1. Alfalia seed is very reasonable this spring, therefore now is a good time to try it. 2. Start with a few acres, so as to learn to grow alfalfa by growing it. the little one's ear, which I have heard was a sign of good humor from the emperor. The marshal laughed also, There was a sur against the grand-mother's arm. "Comment?" she asked. "Please, grand-mere, don't tell what the old man said," Francois spoke. "It is so long before you come to Napo-leon." The child's manner was im-petuous, but very winning. The old woman felt the charm of it. "You are always eager, Francois," your majesty order him to draw the provide "Your well then Two roums" 3. Don't try to grow alfalfa on sour gr undrained solls. 4. If you suspect your soil to be soup, send a sample to the agronomy depart-ment and make inquiry as to whether ow not it is sour. Den't try to grow alfalfa on poorly prepared land.
 Corn ground, votato ground or summer fallow is best for alfalfa. woman felt the charm of it. "You are always eager, Francois," she said. "Very well, then. Two young men were placed down the road to warn us, so that the men of the place might hide on the mountain to escape being taken for soldiers. All that day nothing happened, but the next morn-the roward half mast 10 as 1 prepared is pass. The soldier of the empire. Will not your majesty order him to draw the sword which is contested between them and confer knighthood with it? It is an ancient custom, the accolade, and would setle the difference between these sentiemen very pleasantly.' "And the officers laughed again not-the forward half nest 10 as 1 prepared." 8. Weeds are a serious hindrance to al-falfa. That is another reason why clean cultivated land. 6. Corn ground, ootato ground or sum-mer fallow. 8. Weeds are a serious hindrance to al-falfa. That is another reason why clean cultivated land is best warn us, so that the men of the place might hide on the mountain to escape being taken for soldiers. All that day nothing happened, but the next morn-ing toward half past 10, as I prepared the dimer, there was a sudden noise in "My mother,' he said, 'Napoleon comes.' "Outside I heard the neighbors call-ing the same two words—'Napoleon comes'—one called it to another. If the end of the world, they could not have had more fear. Then, your father kissed me, and kneeled and held you, Fran-cois, and Tomas, in his arms, and I 'Courage, little mother,' he said, 'for the street, and your father came in. "My mother,' he said, 'Napoleon comes.' "Outside I heard the neighbors call-ing the same two words—'Napoleon comes'—one called it to another. If the trumpet of the angel had sounded the end of the world, they could not have had more fear. Then, your father kissed me. and kneeled and held you, Fran-cois, and Tomas, in his arms, and I saw tears, but he was brave—but yes. 'Courage, little mother,' he said, 'for me and for the babies. Courage.' "And at that your father, who was my litle lad once, you know, my dears, had gone, and I stood with an ache where my heart should have been, and for a moment I was stupid and could not think. Francols held to my apron, and I lifted Tomas. 'What are you crying about, naughty grand-mere?' asked Tomas. So I dried the tears and Francols began to say that he was sleepy. I undressed him and the baby and put them to bed for their nap in the little chamber, which opens into the great one, and as I left them asleep and came again into the large room there'. "Mot the maryson statile kees and targe hor a sign to say that he was sleepy. I undressed him and the baby and put them to bed for their nap in the little chamber, which opens into the great one, and as I left them asleep and came again into the large room there'. "The emperor gave a short nod to the general, who still keep this hand on the dark little head. 'Make jim kneel.' he rance the shore is the still the haske jim kneel.' he rance the streat one, and as I left them shore is the still the head. 'Make jim kneel.' he rance the streat one, and as I left the master and the still the head. 'Make jim kneel.' he rance the streat one is the streat of the still keep this hand on the the streat one. and as I left the master and the still keep the shand on the targe the similar the streat of 'Courage. Hitle mother,' he said, 'for me and for the babies. Courage.' "And at that your father, who was my litle lad once, you know, my dears, had gone, and I stood with an ache where my heart should have been, and for a moment I was stupid and could not think. Francois held to my apron, and I lifted Tomas. 'What are you crying about, naughty grand-mere?' asked Tomas. So I dried the tears and Francois began to say that he was sleepy. I undressed him and the baby and put them to bed for their nap in the lift de tamber, which opens into the great one, and as I left them asleep and came again into the large room there, with its great oak table, I stood a mo-ment and thought of your dear father". The biade clattered out of the sheath

in front of the baby's eyes, and he blinked as he looked up, but did not draw away an inch, and as the young general pressed him to his fat knees he put his hands together and shut his eyes, for he thought he was to pray to the good God. So the child knelt before the emperor, thinking of his prayers. It was still for a moment, and all the officers stood silent, and then the em-peror took the marshal's sword and struck the baby's shoulder a light blow with the flat of it. "Rise Chevalier Francois Beaupre," he said clearly, and in the pause he ad-

Also Chevalier Francois Beaupre," he said clearly, and in the pause he ad-ded, with a look in his eyes as if one gazed forward: 'Some day, perhaps, a marshal of France under another Bona-parte,"

The grandmother's voice stopped and The grandmother's voice stopped and the garden and the entry that had been full of the jingle of harness and the clatter of steel, the stir and color of soldiery, was suddenly hushed and empty. The ghosts of the great which had risen at the simple magic of her memory dissolved into mists of past had risen at the simple magic of her memory dissolved into mists of past years. But the glory and the awe of the name of the emperor hung about them. The children huddled, their eyes devouring her, their faces close, listen-ing yet. A little girl's voice spoke. "And grand-mere, it was---" "It was Francois," she said, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "The sword of the emperor touched him here--I saw it." The child's frame quivered as if he felt again that blow of the acco-lade.

lade. Then Tomas, always unimpressed

began to sing jeeringly: "Francois Beaupre, Nous devous l'admirer-

Nous devous l'admirer-Notre grand chevalier, Francois Beaupre-" And the spell was broken. The chil-dren scattered, shouting, out into the sunshine of the garden. But Francois stood at his grandmother's side, not hearing or seeing them; staring at the heavy panels of the oak door as if he beheld the figures of Napoleon and his generals pass that way again, and in his child eyes smoldered the inner light of a seer of visions.

CHAPTER IL

THE STRANGER.

At the end of the long street of Vic-ques, next the church, stood the house of Francols Beaupre, the father of little of Francols Beaupre, the father of little Francols and Tomas and the rest. The villagers called him "Le Francols" and his wife "La Claire": this showed them of a certain importance, for one spoke as if there were no others. The house was the largest in the village, and its great earth-floored entry, leading at the right into the living rooms, at the left into the stable, was 20 feet square. There, on sunshiny spring days, the grandmother would sit on the long bench against the wall, always with her knitting, always with the children about her, and the cows would file past and into the wide doorway at the left, switching their tails, with mild big eyes gazing gently at the group. In front was the flower garden, and little Lucie's head was not so tail as the patch of red peonles whose great blos-soms the breeze tossed in one corner of it soms the breeze tossed in one corner of it.

A beautiful garden it was, the finest in the village, yet this was not the pride of "La Claire," the wife of "Le Francois." She had two vanities, the neighbors said: her tiny feet and her neighbors said: her tiny feet and her garden, but not this garden of flowers. Outside of the village, half a mile away, on the road to the old chateau, were the fields where, laid out in trim rows, flourished all the vegetables of all the villagers. The little houses sat in the long street, the cld voie Romaine, the Roman road built before the Chris-tian era and still kept up. The houses were set too closely to allow space for the great beds of cabbares, beans, peas. the great beds of cabbages, beans, peas, turnips, parsley, endive, chicory, car-rots. So the cottages nestled elbow to elbow in the street, and the gardens

elbow in the street, and the gardens in the fields outside—one might see them by looking—stretched even long fingers through the valley almost to the slope that led to the rulned castle. Francois, the lad, liked to be sent where with his mother's big basket to bring back vegetables for the family meal. It was quiet in the long sun-shiny rows of growing things, and the earthy smell was pleasant, and a boy who had much to think about could think well as he broke off stems of chard or dug into the clean damp brown earth for lettuce—"la salade." Moreover, he would ask sumetimes:

WESTERN CANADA'S **PROSPECTS FOR 1914**

Excellent Spring for Work and Wheat Seeding About Finished.

The writer has just returned from an extensive trip through the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in Western Canada. The crop conditions are the very best, and no one locality seems to have an advantage over another in this respect. The uniformity in growth is remarkable, and in all parts of the three provinces spring wheat at the time of writing, May 10th, is well above the ground, from two to three inches. Considerable fall plowing was done last year, and this, with the summer fallow, is already seeded, so that practically wheat seeding is over by this date. Everywhere the farmers are busy and the whole country presents one great scene of activity-three-horse, fourhorse and five-horse teams are busy preparing land for barley, oats and flax. On some of the larger farms batteries of steam and gasoline outfits are at work, but in regreat many districts where these have been operated in the past they are being displaced by horses, owing no doubt partially to the difficulty of securing experienced men to operate them. Anyway, there is being put into agriculture in Western Canada, greater effort with more promise than for some years past. The soil is in the best possible condition; moisture has been sufficient, there have been no winds to dry out the soil, and if the farmers have had to lay up for a day or so now and again, it was merely that the ground might have the advantage of the rain and an occasional snow, which promise so much for the growing crop. With some warm weather the grain will come along in a manner that will equal the best years

Western Canada has ever had. It must not be thought from this that the farmers are full bent on securing a grain crop alone. In nearly every district there is more and more the indication and inclination to go into mixed farming. Herds of cattle now dot the plains that up to the present had been fully given up to grain growing, hogs and sheep are in evidence. New buildings are to be seen on a great many places, these being pig houses and cow stables, although protection of cattle is not regularly required, excepting for calves and such cows as it may be necessary to house from time to time.

The growing of alfalfa and other odder grasses is an industry that is being rapidly developed.

During this spring a splendid class of new settlers have gone in, many of them from the eastern states. These have seen what success the western and central states man has achieved In Western Canada, and are now going in in hundreds. The movement from Montana, Oregon and Washington to Canada continues without any abatement as to numbers and value of effects, while the central and eastern states are still sending an excellent class of farmers with means sufficient to begin farming on a scale that will pay from the start. Those who contemplate visiting the Panama Exposition next year will find Trunk Pacific, all of which will have through to coast lines completed. Thus will be given a view of prairie, woodand and mountain scenery unexcelled In America.-Advertisement.

that one of the most interesting trips they can make will be via the Canadian West. There will be three lines of railway they can use-the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern and Grand



Do its Duty

CARTER'S LITTLE

a lazy liver to

1

ad Distress After Eating.

LIVER PILLS

its duty. Cures Con-

City, writes: "Dear Sir: --I have used ALLEN'S Foor HASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for the past ten years. It is a blessing to all who are compelled to be on their feet. I dance eight or ten hours daily, and find that ALLEN'S FOOT-HASE keeps my feet cool, takes the friction from the shee, prevents corns and Sore, Aching feet. I recommend it to all my pupils." (Signed) E. FLETCHER HALLAMORE. Sample FREE. Address Allen S.Olmsted, Le Boy, N.Y.

Bankruptcy Decision.

The supreme court of New Jersey holds in Bolton vs. Bolton that when a wife goes into bankruptcy the trustee in bankruptcy is entitled to take possession of arrears of alimony due her for the benefit of the creditors. The court said:

Nine times in ten when the liver is "When it is considered that during the period of non-payment the wife has in all probability been contracting debts for her support on the faith of recovering these payments, and that alimony is awarded for the express purpose of her support by paying in cash as she goes along, and when it. is considered further that by her discharge in bankruptcy these debts are wiped out, it seems manifestly unjust that the creditors should have no re-MALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. course to the very fund that the divorce court provided to pay them."

Appropriate.

cash to marry the count?

Mrs. Binks-On Monday.

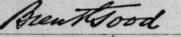
Mrs. Winks-When is Miss Hard-

Mrs. Winks-Oh, of course. I might

There are only 20 persons in France

with a yearly income of more than

known. Monday is bargain



Genuine must bear Signature

CARTERS

ITTLE IVER PILLS.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, at-tracts and kills all mamental, convenient cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can'tspillortip over; will not soil or isjure anything. Guaranteed effective, All declars ordent express paid for \$1.00. OLD SOMEES, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brocklyn, N. Y. \$1,000,000.



have

day.

Are "Danger Signals"—the human system's method of giving warning that the blood has become impoverished and circulation poor. In this condition the human body is almost powerless to resist the more serious illness. Don't delay. You need

DR. PIERCE'S **Golden Medical Discovery**

It gets to work immediately at the seat of your trouble—the Stomach. It lends a helping hand. Helps to digest the food. Tones up the stomach Soon brings back normal conditions. Food is properly assimilated and turned into rich, red blood. Every organ is strengthened and every tissue articlized

Made from roots taken from our great American forests. Try this remedy now. Sold by Medicine Dealers in liquid or tablet form-or send 50c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial box.

You can have the complete "Medical Adviser" of 1008 pages_cloth bound-free-by sending Dr. Pierce 31c for wrapping and mailing.

There was a stir against the grand-

Francois, you may go; there is no

bared. Francols remembered them many years after. He would set the basket carefully in a safe spot at the very end of the row of while grown lettuce heads, and then he would cross the field, brushing through the millions of scarlet poppies, higher than the blades of wheat, and climb up the steep hillside and scramble over the fence hillside and scramble over the fence, and be in the old castle. It was a good road, because the people of Vicques used it often for going to and from the pastures at the foot of the moun-tain, with the cows. At the end was a gate which closed the way to wagons or castle: however a person or foot cattle; however, a person on foot might open it and go beyond. Inside foot

By Manley Champlin, Assistant Agrono-mist South Dakota State College.

Line of Duty.

Uncle Luke had been over into Calhoun county to see the son of his old master, now grown to ripe age and judicial office.

"Luke, how does Mr. John look?" asked the old gentleman. "He's getting stout, eh?"

Yas, suh," agreed Luke. "Ah will say dat w'en Ah saw Mas'r John ev'y button on his wais'coat was doin' its best duty, sah."

Constipation causes many serious dis-eases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

Curtain Lecture.

Miss Polly-When I was in the city l attended a vaudeville show, and it was just grand.

Villager-What were the names of the pieces?

Miss Polly-I con't remember all, but the curtain said the first piece was 'Asbestos."-Buffalo Express.

Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Adv.

Easy Payments.

"Please, sir," said the maid to the head of the house, "there's a gentleman here to see you on business."

"Tell him to take a chair."

"Oh, he's already taken them all, and now he's after the table. He's from the installment house."-New York Herald

Alfalfa seed \$5.50. Farms for sale on crop pay-ments. J. Mulhall, Soo City, Ia.-Adv.

Time Serving.

"What are you making such a fuss about? I thought being executor of an estate was a soft thing."

"Perhaps it is sometimes. But I have to wind up the affairs of a clock maker."-Judge.

A taste of extreme joy is all right, but as a regular diet it loses its flavos