COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich. — "I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and

got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong." — Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work.

In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Same Thing.

"Didn't you stretch a point to get all that news?"

"Well, I did rubber some."

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It takes tight or new shoes feel easy. Just the thing for dancing. *Refuse substitutes.* For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Up to Date.

He—A husband must be obeyed.

She—Oh, cut out your must-y philosophy!

White House Rose Garden.

The rose garden that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson had planted at the White House is said to be quite equal to others that she planned at Princeton and other places where she has lived. She and her daughters have spent much time, not only in superintending the work of the rose garden, but in actually working in it.

Suspicious.

"Too bad Jinx and his wife don't get along well together."

"Why, I always understood that they were an ideal couple."

"So did I, but they must have had a dreadful scrap before he started for work this morning."

"Did he have a black eye?"

"No, but he stopped in when we were on our way home and bought her a five-pound box of candy."

Not So Much to Blame.

"I didn't know you were so accomplished a linguist," he remarked as he glanced at the paper she was reading.

"I don't make any pretentions in that direction," she answered.

"But that is a Russian newspaper you have picked up."

"Why, so it is," she answered in surprise. "I thought it was a dialect story."

Keep Cool and Comfortable

Don't spend so much of your time cooking during hot weather; and your family will be healthier without the heavy cooked foods.

Give them

Post Toasties

They're light and easily digested and yet nourishing and satisfying. No bother in preparation—just pour from the package and add cream and sugar—or they're mighty good with fresh berries or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

APPLE GREEN—OR WHITE?

By Olive Roberts Barton.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jane slowly drew her hand out of the flimsy white silk stocking. She had decided to take the pair, but changed her mind when she heard a girl who had just arrived at the same counter ask to be shown some green silk hose. Her back was toward the newcomer, but she recognized the voice.

Her own clerk pulled down boxes upon boxes of stockings to show Jane, who had never before been so difficult to please, but the latter had now plenty of opportunity to hear what the other girl said.

"No—these are all too dark. Apple green, I want," she was saying. "See! They must match these satin slippers. Oh, please don't tell me that you haven't them. I have been to every single store in town, and I must have them for tonight. My gown is the same shade. No, white would be impossible. The whole effect will be spoiled. It just means to wear an old gown and—What! Have you found them? The only pair and my size, too! Well, I am lucky."

Jane decided on a pair at the same time. Her pretty brown eyes were smoldering. "So she is getting all fixed up for the dance tonight so she can dazzle Tom some more," she thought bitterly. "He has scarcely had time to look at me since she came. He says he has to be polite to his sister's guest, but I guess he can be polite without taking her some place every night for a week. I suppose he would even take her to the Thanksgiving ball tonight if he hadn't asked me a year ago.

Jane looked after the girl jealously. She herself was as pretty as a picture, her eyes and hair almost as dark as her black velvet suit, and the red wing in her hat was scarcely brighter than the color in her cheeks. "The girl," tall and graceful, had red-gold hair. Tom had said it was wonderful.

At home, in her own room, she felt better. After all, the girl would soon be gone. Tom had hurried home from college to take her to this particular ball for years. There were other dances, other parties, but they were not the same as this. It was a sort of anniversary of the first time they had met, and, although there had been no dreadful college to separate them this year, Tom's law practice had been almost as bad. "For," said he, "success means you, Jane, dear. I cannot ask you to marry a pauper.

Jane hummed a happy little tune as she laid her dancing clothes out on the bed. She must look her best tonight. He said he had something to tell her.

Her gown, lingerie, cloak, slippers, scarf, gloves—she thought a moment. Oh, yes—the stockings! She had forgotten to take the little package out of her muff. She tore it open and drew out a pair of shining silken hose. Jane stared. They were a delicate apple green.

She understood right away that she had been given the wrong package at the store. Her own stockings did not matter. She had others she could wear. She hesitated an instant. What need she care whether the girl got the stockings or not? It was 6 o'clock. But she decided to call a messenger and send them when the telephone rang. It was Tom.

"Jane, I'm awfully sorry, but something has happened that will keep Laura home from the dance unless I take her. She was to go with Gerald and he telegraphed just now that he had missed his train. I know you won't mind and I will get Lester Collins to take you, if you will go with him. I am awfully sorry, but it cannot be helped. You don't mind, do you?"

Jane replied indifferently that it was a trifling matter not requiring an apology at all, and that it would delight her to go with Mr. Collins.

Tom left the 'phone evidently satisfied, but Jane was raging. She threw herself upon the bed in the midst of the finery and sobbed. "He won't take me! He won't take me! He is in love with that girl!"

Then she remembered the stockings. "I don't care if she never gets them now. Let her wear her old dress."

She could not go to dinner looking as she did, nor did she want any. She told her mother in the dim light of her room that she had a headache and would take only a cup of tea.

Her mother being one of those comfortable people who pat you, and stroke your hair, and call you "dearie," and do not ask questions, suggested a walk in the cool air after she had had her tea.

Jane kissed her mother and drank her tea. Then, resolving to "freshen up" so Tom would not guess that her heart was broken, she slipped on her storm coat. Then noticing the green stockings, she tied them up, scribbled a name on the package and stuck it in her pocket.

"What's the difference if she does fix up now? It all seems to be over but the shouting. Tom will never know I care. There—I can hand these things to a maid at the door. I can pull down my veil and no one will know the difference."

Jane crossed the park to the big house at the corner. No one answered her ring. The hall was empty, and one of the doors stood slightly ajar. It was but a step to the table; the package was in her hand. She would lay it right under the light, name side up, and be out in an instant. Impulsively she pushed open the door and laid the package on the table, then turned to go, when she heard voices very close to her inside the drawing room door. Beside her heavy portiers hung over the library doors. Quick as thought she hid.

No one came into the hall, but Tom's voice, low and tender, was telling someone how he loved her. Jane felt sick and dizzy. Why—oh, why had she come? To be found there in Tom's house, hiding behind a curtain, listening to him! She braced herself against the door to keep from falling. Suddenly the door swung in and she with it. She almost fell into the room.

With one swift, horrified glance she decided that the room was empty. The log fire had burned low and the only light was a green reading lamp which left the greater part of the room in shadow. Then Jane heard a sigh. She shrank back against the wall. Then the sigh came again and someone stirred on the big davenport beside her. Was she losing her senses? What did it all mean? Tom was lying there fast asleep.

Then she turned and fled and did not stop until she reached her own room at home. The telephone was ringing. She dropped breathlessly into a chair and took down the receiver. It was Tom—very wide awake now.

"Is that you, Jane?"

"Yes."

"I'm late calling you up, but I fell asleep in the library after dinner and just woke up. Had the funniest dream, too. I thought you were standing beside me watching me. I woke up immediately, but you were gone."

"How funny."

"Yes, wasn't it. Well, girlie, Gerald got home in time after all to take Laura to the dance and I'm mighty glad. She's a fine girl, but I'm getting tired of playing proxy for him and shooing off the other fellows. They hadn't quite settled it before she came and he thought some one might cut him out. But I think they have settled it tonight, judging from the way Gerald is beaming."

"How nice!" Jane's heart was pounding. So it was Gerald whose voice was so much like Tom's.

"I am going around for you myself. I've missed you so all week. I can be over in a jiffy and I want—I have something to tell you—no to ask you—I mean I have something to give you if you'll have it, dear. But there—I can't talk about it over the phone, and I'm losing time. I am dying to see you. May I come early?"

"Yes, do hurry, Tom dear."

The Oath of the Manx Judges.

From the Chicago Tribune.

London—The quaintest form of oath in use in the United Kingdom is that taken by the deemsters—the Manx high court judges. "By this book and the contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in the heavens above and the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor, or friendship, loss or gain, consanguinity or affinity, execute the laws of this isle justly between party and party as indifferently as the herring back bone does lie in the midst of the fish. So help me, God and the contents of this book."

The island of Juan Fernandez will be turned into a midocean wireless station.

WHO SAID ART?

By Richard Barker Shelton.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mrs. Bradford Warren came into the library, where her husband, seeking this quiet moment when his wife's house party guests had gone upstairs to bed, was turning the pages of his favorite scientific magazine.

"Oh, my dear, they are just made for each other, aren't they? I'm so glad we had them here together," said she.

Warren looked up reluctantly. "Who?" he asked succinctly.

"Why, that big sculptor friend of yours, John Sands, and Irma Crail. Haven't you noticed?"

"Noticed what?"

"That they were just made for each other."

"If you say so, that's good enough for me," he laughed.

She kissed him and went up the wide stairs. Warren prodded the dying fire into life and went on with his magazine.

Meantime above stairs John Sands, his big frame wrapped in a bathrobe, sat dangling his feet out of his window. The cool October breeze came gratefully to his hot forehead.

Sands had to admit he had lost his grip pretty thoroughly this evening.

"It won't do, Johnny," he told himself. "It won't do at all. She's a wonderful girl—a simply wonderful girl, but girls have no place in your scheme of life, just yet. Wait till you're better established. Wait till you're absolutely sure of yourself.

And then he fell to thinking of Irma Crail. The thing for him to do was to get out—at once, in the morning before he saw her again.

He saw a man moving toward the garage at the rear of the house. Softly he whistled.

The man stopped. Sands whistled again. The man moved toward him. He saw it was George, one of Warren's two chauffeurs.

Sands said softly: "Wait a minute." Then he swung himself into the room and wrote hurriedly on a bit of paper. This he tossed to the waiting George, together with a coin.

"You go over to the village for the mail very early in the morning, don't you? Well, see that I get this telegram."

In the light streaming out from the library windows, just below he could see the chauffeur grinning.

"Sure!" said George.

In a room farther down the hall Irma Crail sat staring at her reflection in the mirror.

"It won't do," she said to herself. "I'm losing my head. This must stop suddenly. I've said I'd succeeed, and I know now I have the voice. It is just a matter of a few years of absolute application to work—absolute work and no men. But I can't see him again. I'll do something foolish if he talks to me as he did before the fire in the hall, when we were alone there together tonight just before dinner. I must go away—the first thing in the morning."

She took some paper and envelopes from the little desk in the corner. Hurriedly she scribbled away, sealed the letter and addressed it to herself. Then she pressed a button in the wall. Presently there came a tap on the door and she opened it to one of the maids.

"Ellen," she said, thrusting the letter and a coin into the maid's hands. "George goes over for the mail very early in the morning, doesn't he? Well, get this over to the office somehow, tonight, so he will get it the first thing in the morning and bring it to me."

"Yes, Miss Crail."

Then Irma Crail buried her head on the dressing table.

She was astir early next morning. Came a tap on her door, a letter on a tray. She dressed and packed her bag, and with it went to the big hall downstairs, where a fire was already crackling.

Warren, always an early riser, was standing in front of it in his shooting clothes.

"Not you, too?" he asked. "You're not leaving?"

"I've just had a letter, calling me to town," she said.

"Where will the house party be with all this?" he chided lightly. "Two of you going on this early morning train. Sands is blowing out, also."

The girl gasped. She sat down suddenly in one of the big leather chairs. Dimly she was aware that Warren was giving orders, that a breakfast tray on a little table was set before her.

Then the motor whirred up. Sands, a bag in his hands, came tumbling down the stairs.

"No, can't wait for any breakfast, old man," he said to his host.

"You'll have company," said Warren. Miss Crail is going on this train, too."

Then they were together in the car, speeding over the hills to the little village and the railroad station. At last they were at the station. The car had gone whirring back.

"Well?" Sands questioned, "Why?"

"Why what?" she asked almost irritably.

"Why this sudden flight?"

She looked at him squarely. "I have my music," she said. "Don't you understand?"

He nodded.

"Now, your explanation," she demanded.

"Same thing. My work," said he. "I haven't any right to—to—oh, some things—yet."

"I'll put you in the Pullman," said he, as the train came banging into the little station. "Then I'll—well, get out."

"You want to?"

"No, I don't."

He helped her up the Pullman steps. He saw her settled. Still he waited.

"Oh, hang art, in all its forms and beings," said he. "Goodby."

He turned on his heel. He got as far as the vestibule. There he paused. He wasn't afraid now of going back. Some one touched his arm. It was the porter.

"Aixcuse me, suh," he said contritely, "but the young leddy wot you' jes' went and lef'; she's cryin' her heart out, suh."

"You're all right, George," said Sands, and gave the porter a $5 bill. Then he went tearing into the Pullman car.

She didn't look up as he stood beside her. Her shoulders moved up and down, and a handkerchief was pressed to her eyes. She was the only passenger in the car.

"Is art worth it?" he asked abruptly.

Her hand sought his and clung to it. "No, no, no!" she sobbed stormily.

"You bet it isn't," he said. And the grinning porter, peeking in from the vestibule, saw him kiss her.

The house party guests had gone upstairs. Bradford Warren was engrossed in his magazine. Mrs. Warren, very breathless and very pretty in her tiny kimono, came to him.

"Oh, my dear, didn't I tell you they were just made for each other? A message has just come. They got off the train at Westford Junction this morning and were married."

We Are Getting Better.

From the Christian Herald.

Morality is always a generation or two ahead of legality.

The number of offenses against the moral and legal codes is increasing constantly.

Moral principle never cut so large a figure in the affairs of this American people as it does today.

We have 20 moral qualms where our godly ancestors had one.

It never occurred to them that a lottery was wrong, or that it was wicked to drink whisky, or to whip a child or a wife, or to enslave the black man or cheat the red man.

Nine out of 10 of the little conscientious niceties of life are discoveries of the last 50 years.

More societies to do all sorts of good and work all kinds of reforms have been created in the last two generations than had been formed or thought of before from the beginning of the world.

We are getting better. No doubt about it.

But there is still plenty of room for improvement.

To protect telegraph poles from rotting in the ground a new French practice is to surround their ends with earthenware pipes and fill the pipes with melted resin and san, which solidifies and becomes waterproof.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of The Perfect Tribute, etc.

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CHAPTER XII—(Continued).

"I like people to admire Francois," Pietro answered sturdily. "I admire him, too." Then, his shyness lost in eagerness to set the case right with Alixe, he went on. "Francois always has a thing done before I think of it. That is not my fault. I believe I should not have been afraid to do that—but—Francois did it."

"It is always so," said Alixe in deep disgust. "Francois always does it. If you would only prove once that you have—courage."

And at that the stranger broke in, smiling his faint smile. "Mademoiselle Alixe is severe," he said gently. "No one can doubt the courage of a Marquis Zappi." He faced with a quick movement to Francois, and his look changed. One would not have thought that the controlled cold features could so show warmth. "I have to thank you for my life, Monsieur the peasant," he said, and held out his hand. "Moreover, it is seldom that a prophecy is so quickly fulfilled." They gazed at him, fascinated by a dignity in him which seemed new.

He went on. "You said a few minutes ago that you should one day do a thing worth while for a Bonaparte. You have done it. You have saved my life."

Bewildered, the children stared, reluctant to comprehend something which seemed out of possibility; Francois' hand crept to his cap and he pulled it off and stood bareheaded.

"Monsieur, who are you?" he brought out.

The strange boy's vanishing smile brightened his face a second. "I am Louis Bonaparte," he said quietly.

The little court of three stood about the young prince, silent. And in a moment, in a few sentences, he had told them how, the day before, he had been seized with a hunger for the air of France, which he had not breathed since, as a boy of 7, his mother had escaped with him from Paris during the Hundred Days. He told them how the desire to stand on French soil had possessed him, till at last he had run away from his tutor and had found the path from his exiled home, the castle of Arenenberg, in the canton of Thurgovie, in Switzerland, over the mountains into the Jura valley.

"It is imprudent," he finished the tale calmly. "The government would turn on all its big engines in an uproar to catch one schoolboy, if it was known. But I had to do it." He threw back his head and filled his lungs with a great breath. "The air of France," he whispered in an ecstasy. The romantic spirit of this boy always flashed out as a surprise from beneath his calm self-contained exterior. Then, in his usual quiet tones "I am fortunate," he said. "I have fallen into the hands of friends. Mademoiselle Alixe—the pretty name"—and he smiled his evanescent smile—"is almost of my family because of her father; Monsieur the peasant has proved his loyalty with his life, and"—he turned to the tall Pietro—"a Bonaparte is safe with Monsieur the Marquis Zappi."

"I am Pietro," stated the boy shyly.

The prince looked at him, narrowing his eyes again. Then "And I am Louis," he flashed back. "It is a good thought. Why not leave out the titles for this afternoon? We are all young—it is summer—it is a holiday. We have an ancient castle and an adventure to play with; what use have we for titles? We shall never see one another again, it is likely. So, shall we not be Alixe and Pietro and Francois and Louis, four children together for this one day of our friendship?" And the others laughed and agreed.

For two hours more they told stories and played games through the soft old ruins of the savage old stronghold, as light-heartedly, as carelessly as if there were no wars or intrigues or politics or plots which had been and were to be close to the lives of all of them. Till, as the red round sun went down behind the mountain of the Rose, Francois' quick eye caught sight of a figure swinging rapidly down the mountain road where the prince had come.

"But look, Louis," he called from behind the rock where he was preparing, as a robber baron, to swoop down on Prince Louis convoying Alixe as an escaped nun to Pietro's monastery in another corner. "Look, Louis! Some one is coming whom I do not know. Is it a danger for you?"

And the boy prince, suddenly grave, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed up the mountain. Then his hand fell and he sighed. "The adventure is over," he said. "I must go back to the prince business. It is Monsieur Lebas."

Monsieur Lebas, the tutor, arrived shortly in anything but a playful humor. The boy's mother, Queen Hortense, was in Rome, and he was responsible; he had been frightened to the verge of madness by the prince's escapade. It was, in fact, as serious an escapade as one my think, or it might have been. The movements of the Bonapartes were watched at that time by the authorities of France and all other countries as well with a closeness and a jealousy out of proportion. Europe having been turned upside down lately by that name, that name was hedged out by barriers as if the combination of letters in itself was a peril to a government. Louis Napoleon at 16 was twice removed from the headship of his house; the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I, was still living in Austria, and Louis' own brother, the older son of King Louis and Hortense, was with his father in Rome; so that this runaway lad was not the heir to anything, even to the pretensions of a dethroned and exiled family. Yet he was a prince of the Bonapartes, and the magic of the name and of the legend was about him. It was a danger to France to have his footsteps on her soil, so the laws decreed: it would mean for him prison and perhaps death if he were captured in France. No wonder poor Monsieur Lebas was frightened almost to extinction.

The playmates were separated swiftly. Monsieur Lebas refused with something like horror the eager suggestion of the children that he and his charge should spend the night at the chateau. The prince must be gotten off French ground without a moment's delay; Fritz Rickenbach, the steward of Arenenberg, was waiting for them with a carriage over the mountain, to race them back to Switzerland; it was through Fritz indeed, and a discussion of the prince with him as to distances and directions, that the distracted tutor had known how to follow his quarry.

So the three hours' friends were mercilessly torn apart, and the children of the chateau came home in the twilight stirred, excited, awed, with a story for the seigneur of a wandering prince and a crumbling wall; of a midsummer afternoon's dream; of a frightened tutor and a quick sharp parting; a story which the seigneur found it hard to believe. He made each one of them tell the tale. Francois finished the last.

"And Louis would have come back with us to the chateau, for he wanted to see the general who had been one of his uncle's family—he said that, Monsieur the Seigneur. But Monsieur Lebas would not hear of it, and Louis must do as he said, he told us. But at the end Louis took each of our hands—and he kissed Alixe's hand—and he said that he would never forget us or this afternoon in the old chateau of Vicques. And I believe it, my Seigneur, for there is something about him which makes one believe he will remember—that Louis."

"Louis, Louis!" the general growled in repetition, staring sternly at the slim figure which faced him. "You speak that name very glibly. Do you happen to remember, Francois, that the lad whom you call Louis so easily may one day be emperor of France?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROMISE.

"Mon dieu!" said the general.

It was six years later. At the new chateau not a blade of grass seemed changed. The general stood in the midst of close-cropped millions of blades of grass as he stopped short on the sloping lawn which led down to the white stone steps which led to the sunken garden. At each side of the highest step lifted a carved stone vase, blazing in the September afternoon with scarlet geraniums, and garlanded with vines. At the foot of the steps stood two more vases, and at each side of the graveled path, ribboned with a long flower bed, at even intervals of 30 feet, another stately pair of them—the gray stiff vases spilling intoxicating brightness of red flowers. They led the eye down a line till, 100 yards away, the line broke into a circle where a sun-dial set on a fantastic stone figure of a satyr marked the center of a grass plot. Massive stone seats held up by carved crouching griffins faced each other across the sun-dial; on one of these, in the sunny stillness of the garden, sat a girl and a young man. Alixe, in her riding habit, with a feather in her hat, and gauntleted gloves on her hands, was so lovely as to be startling. She looked at the ground, half shy, half laughing, and beat the grass with her riding whip. Francois was leaning toward her and talking, and the general, coming slowly down the lawn, felt a flood of pride rise in him as he looked at this successful picture of a boy which he had done so much to fashion. The two had been riding together, and Francois appeared, as most men do, at his best in his riding clothes. With that, as the general marched slowly down the velvet slope, unseen by them, regarding them—his girl and his boy, this happy sister and brother—with that the brother lifted the sister's hand and, bending over it, kissed it slowly, in a manner unmistakably unbrotherly.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped the general, and turned on his heel and marched back to his library.

All that afternoon he stayed shut up in the library. At dinner he was taciturn.

"Well then, father," Alixe said at last, after the two had tried every subject in vain to make him talk. "It will be necessary now to buy all the berries that are grown for 10 miles around."

"Berries?" growled the general, bewildered.

"Surely."

"Why berries?" ferociously.

Alixe looked up at him innocently. "Isn't it berries which big bears live on? Or will you eat us, my father, when you have bitten our heads off and torn us to pieces?"

And the general, when he had been betrayed into a laugh, sighed deeply and got up from his chair, dinner not being over, and stalked back to his library. Never had such a thing happened.

"What is it?" Alixe asked of Francois. "He is not ill—he told us that. Have you done something, you wicked sinful boy, to trouble him?"

Francois shook his head thoughtfully. "I cannot think of anything," he said, and his eyes met hers truthfully. "But we shall know soon. He is as frank as a child; he cannot keep a grievance from the people he loves."

Which was a true judgment, for the next morning the general sent for Francois to come to him in the library. A letter had been brought a short time before and was lying open on the table by his hand.

"Francois," began the general in his deep abrupt tones. "I am in trouble. Will you help me?"

"Yes, my Seigneur," said Francois quickly.

"If it means a sacrifice to yourself?"

"Yes, my Seigneur," Francois answered.

"We shall see." The general's strong lips were set and he said nothing more for a moment, but gazed thoughtfully at the letter which lay under his big outspread fingers. At length, "You remember Pietro's father, the Marquis Zappi?" he demanded.

"Surely, my Seigneur."

"You remember the story I once told you, how he saved my life in Russia?"

"I have never forgotten it."

"You realize that he was dearer to me than any man on earth?"

"I have always believed it so," said Francois.

"Good," growled the general. "You will bear that in mind. I wish to tell you now of an arrangement—a hope which the Marquis Zappi and I had formed together. It was to be the crown of our friendship and its perpetuation; it was to have been our happiness together—it would be—it will be, if all goes well, the happiest thing which could come to my life, now that he is gone. Would you break that hope and take that happiness from me?"

Francois, startled, caught a quick breath. "My Seigneur! You should not ask. You know I would give my own happiness for yours."

The general glared at him, frowning. "We shall see," he said again, and then—suddenly as a shot from a cannon—"Does Alixe love you, Francois?"

There was no mistaking what he meant, and Francois did not evade it. A flame of scarlet crept in a swift diagonal across the warm brown of his boyish cheeks, but his clear eyes met the general's searching look frankly. He hesitated a moment.

"I—I think not, my seigneur," he answered in a low voice.

The general drew in an enormous sigh of relief. "Thank God," he said devoutly, and then put out his hand and laid hold of Francois' strong lean fingers. "My Francois, you are dear as my own son; you know it. You are next to Alixe—before Pietro—ah, yes, much before Pietro. You will understand it is not from nay lack of affection that I put him before you in this."

Francois, high strung, deeply stirred, felt his hand throb suddenly in the general's and the general felt it, too.

"I am hurting you," the deep voice said—and only one or two people in the world had heard that voice so full of tenderness. "I am hurting you son. But listen, Francois. It was the dearest wish of Pietro's father—it has been my dearest wish for years—that Alixe and Pietro should one day be married. It is that which would be the crown of a friendship forged in the fires of battle fields, tempered in the freezing, starving snow fields of Russia, finished—I hope never finished in all eternity."

The general's great frame was shaking; a silence cut across his speech. He went on.

"Such a marriage would carry on ourselves, our friendship, and keep it a living thing on the earth long after we had left. That thought is thrilling to me; it is my greatest wish. Do you see now why I was troubled when yesterday I saw you, in the garden, kiss Alixe's hand? I was afraid the child had given her heart to you, and that my dream, Alessandro's and mine"—he spoke this as if to himself—"might never be realized."

Francois, his head bent, his eyes on the general's hand which held his, answered very quietly. "I see," he said.

"I forgot," the general went on, almost as if he were alone and were talking aloud to himself. "I forgot they were not real brother and sister. It was mad of me. Such a beauty as my Alixe—such a wonderful lad as my Francois! Yet I did not dream of the change till yesterday. I have gone through much since then, but, thank God, thank the good God, it is not too late. She does not love him. It has not gone further than what I saw, Francois?" He fired the words at the young fellow in his natural manner again. "You have not put ideas into her head more than what I saw?"

"No, my seigneur." The voice was without inflection; the look was still on the big hand which held his own fast.

"You would not take her from Pietro, who, I am sure, loves her?"

Francois looked up sharply, but the general did not notice. He spoke slowly. "I promised Pietro's father—the boy seemed to be out of breath—"to be Pietro's friend—always." he said.

The general smiled then and let the fingers go, and turned to the letter on the table before him. "Good!" he said. "You are always what I wish, Francois," and it was quite evident that the load was off his mind. "I am contented that no harm has been done to either of my children. As for you, however, you are 20. You are full of ambition and soldier-craft and politics and fighting—there is small place left for love in such a boiling kettle of fish as you. If my girl has touched your heart a bit, as it looked yesterday,"—and the general chuckled gently—"well, you are 26—the wound will heal." He slapped the letter on the table. "I must now have a long talk with you on an interesting subject—yourself."

The general was by this in high good humor. A spasm caught the face of the boy and left it pale, but the general, busy at putting on his spectacles, did not see. When he turned to look at him, Francois was as usual.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITH ALL MY SOUL.

The general swung around to the lad. "Francois, this letter is about you." He tapped the rustling paper. "It is an opening, I believe, into the sort of life you have desired, a life of action and of danger."

"It is what I wish," broke in Francois, eagerly.

"I know it," the general spoke approvingly. "But before we discuss it I want to tell you, my Francois, that I am not only glad for your sake, but proud for my own sake, to send you, my adopted son, where you will have an opening for distinction. You know that I am satisfied with you—you do not know how deeply. Ten years ago, Francois, I found you a little peasant lad in the village; it did not take long to see that you had a character out of the common. If I had left you where you belonged you would still have been out of the common; you would still have lifted yourself. But circumstances would not have allowed you very full play, and it seemed to me you deserved full play. I loved you the more for refusing to come to me; that showed the stuff in you—loyalty—self-sacrifice. But I have managed to outwit you about that fairly well, eh, mon petit? I have given you your chance in spite of yourself. And you have taken it—mon Dieu! You have made the most of your chance!

(Continued next week.)

The Vocational School.

From the Baltimore American.

A startling charge and one which should attract attention of every education board in the United States was made at a convention in Philadelphia the other day where were gathered advocates of vocational schools and of the more extensive introduction of vocational teaching in the public schools. The charge referred to, briefly stated, is that "in the city of Philadelphia there are 18,000 children who left school before they finished the sixth grade and who are unfitted for any trade; that there are 90,000 such children in New York and 3,000,000 such in the United States." That is to say, there are 3,000,000 children in the United States with some slight knowledge of the three r's, but without any training whatever in any useful art or handicraft.

If this statement is accepted as being true, it is not necessary to argue further as to the missing link in our popular educational system. The teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic cannot be dispensed with, but an ability to interpret printed language or the knowing how to figure the cost of seven pounds of sugar at 5½ cents per pound will not greatly aid the one possessing such knowledge in being of useful account in a strenuously practical world. Primary, secondary and even the higher academic education of the colleges is but a basis.

Upon the basis there must be constructed the sort of education that fits for practical service, and no education should be regarded as finished that turns the child or young man out without some knowledge of an act, profession, trade or business by which to earn a livelihood. That is the theory of the vocation school propagandists.

In 1631 Boston had its first fire, which caused the loss of two houses. As the chimneys in those days were made of sticks plastered over with clay, and the roofs were made of rushes and reeds, they were fine fuel for the flame. Happily this mode of construction was forbidden after this disaster. In 1635 a building which had required two years to construct was consumed in one-half hour. This latter fire occurred at what was then the village of New York.

There is a telephone for every 15.2 persons in Canada, according to official figures.