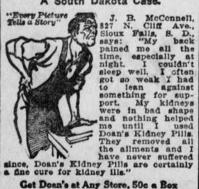


Taken in time kidney trouble isn't hard to stop; neglected it is dangerous. As a kidney tonic, there is no other medicine so well recommended, so widely used and so universally successful as Doan's Kidney Pilis.

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The Army of Constipation
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are

responsible — they not only give relief — they perma-nentlycure Contion. Mil-SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature Brentsood

Pettit's Eve Salve QUICK RELIEF

That Dark Brown Taste. Yeast-They say that dark brown is to be one of the fashionable shades next fall.

Crimsonbeak-Well, I can't say I like

Titles and Taxes in Spain.

In Spain titles of nobility are taxed in the same way as houses or land. Moreover, each separate title is taxed, and for this reason certain members of ancient families in which a number of titles have accumulated drop some in order to save money. Owing to the system long prevalent in Spain by which women of noble birth transmit their title not only to their children but to their husbands - so that a plebeian marrying a duchess becomes a duke, Spanish titles rarely become extinct unless the holders deliberately discard them.

Two Classes Barred.

A successful agricultural show is pried on each year in a certain vilue in the south of Ireland. Among a many competitions for the encouragement of thrift and cleanliness is the for the best turned out donkey are. The prize for this was usually may be either the local doctor or the coal solicitor. After one year's show a farmers and working classes proper for the first it was not quite fair to expect that it was not quite fair to expect that it was not quite fair to expect their hardly used animals of those the generally won the prize.

And Francois considered. "No, not before Wednesday," he agreed.

That last Franch lesson in the summer house on the banks of the smooth flowing James river was on a Saturage. "Mademoiselle Lucy," he said, "I was something to ask of you."

"I will do it," Lucy promised blithely, not waiting for details. Francois laughed. "You trust one, Mademoiselle Lucy—that is plain." Then his face became serious. "Do you remember a talk we once had together when I told you of my old playmate, Alixe?"

The bride-to-be flushed furiously as the recalled that talk. Then she nodded in a matter of fact manner. "I remember very well," she said. "It was not quite fair to expect the properties of the second of the second of the successfully with the well-cared of the second of the carried on each year in a certain village in the south of Ireland. Among the many competitions for the encouragement of thrift and cleanliness is one for the best turned out donkey cart. The prize for this was usually local solicitor. After one year's show the farmers and working classes protested that it was not quite fair to expect their hardly used animals to compete successfully with the well-caredfor and well-groomed animals of those who generally won the prize.

In consequence of this protest the following proviso in connection with this competition appeared in the show placard the following year:

"All legal and medical donkeys ex-

LEARNING THINGS We Are All in the Apprentice Class

When a simple change of diet brings ck health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., "After being afflicted for years with

nervousness and heart trouble. I recaived a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of.

"I got no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve remedies I tried, because I didn't know that coffee was daily putting me back more than the doctors could put me shead.

"Finally at the suggestion of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum, and against my expectations I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble.

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about

-only common sense. Coffee is a destroyer-Postum is rebuilder. That's the reason. Look in pkgs. for the famous nttle

book, "The Road to Wellville." Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well boff-

ed. 15c and 25c packages. instant Postum-is a soluble pow der. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage

Instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is

about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

-sold by Grocers,

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews Author The Perfect Tribute. etc.

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"Lucy! oh, Lucy!" a voice called from the lawn, and in a moment more the colonel was upon them. "Lucy," he began, "somebody must arrange about the new harnesses; my time is too valuable to be taken up with details. Uncle Jack says they are needed at once. It has been neglected. I do not understand why things are so neglected."

CHAPTER XXXV-(Continued).

glected."

"I have seen to it, father. They will be ready in a week," Lucy answered. Then the colonel noticed Francois. "Good day, Chevalier," he spoke condescendingly. "Ah—by the way"—he put his hand into one pocket and then another of his linen coat. "They gave me a letter for you, Chevaller, knowing that you would be at Roanoke house today. Here it is"—and Lucy saw a light leap into Francois' eyes as they fell on the English postmark. "About those harnesses, Lucy. Why did you not ask my permission before having them made? I do not understand how you can take so much on yourself."

you can take so much on yourself."

you can take so much on yourself."

And Lucy spoke quietly again. "I did ask you, father, but you did not see to it and they were necessary. So I did it." And then: "Chevalier, read your letter. I see it is a foreign one."

"Will mademoiselle pardon?"

At that moment an uneven step came down the siope and Francois flashed a smile at Harry Hampton and retreated to the other side of the summer house with his letter; while the colonel, murmuring complaints about harnesses, went strolling up the shadowy, bird-haunted lawn.

Harry Hampton stood by his sweetheart with a boyish air of proprietorship, radiant, as he had been through these two years of engagement. "I have it," he announced. "Don't you want to see it?"

"Wait, Harry," the girl glanced at

want to see it?"

"Walt, Harry," the girl glanced at Francois. But the lad caught her wrist. "Look," he said, and opened his free hand and a plain gold ring glittered from it. With a quick movement he slipped it over the little third finger. "There," he said, "that will be on to stay pretty soon, and then Uncle Henry shall not badger you about harnesses. He has made me wait two years because he needed you, but I won't wait much longer, will I wait two years because he needed you, but I won't wait much longer, will I Lucy? Next Wednesday—that is the wedding day, Lucy."

With that Francois turned around. His face shone with an excitement which could not escape even preoccuried lovers.

pied lovers.

"What is it, Chevalier? You have news—what is it?" the girl cried.

For a moment he could not speak. Then: "Yes, mademoiselle, great news," he said. "The prince has sent for me. And I am well and fit to go. I have lived for this time; yet I am grieved to leave you and Harry, my two old friends."

"But Francois, you cannot go before Wednesday," Harry Hampton cried out. "We cannot be married without you."

And Francois considered. "No, not before Wednesday," he agreed.

That last French lesson in the sum-

Lucy took the letter and turned it over doubtfully. "I do not like this sort of post-mortem commission, Francois. I feel as if I were holding your death warrant."

friends because I cannot understand them. You are yourself, little Lucy, and Harry and I both know better than to let anything you do alter our faith in that beautiful thing which you are —an American woman, Mademoiselle

THE PRINCE'S BRIGHT SHADOW There are old people living in England today who remember hearing their fathers and mothers speak of a young Frenchman of uncommon personality. Frenchman of uncommon personality, constantly seen with Prince Louis Napoleon during the last days of his life in London in the year 1840. Lady Constance Cecil nicknamed this Frenchman "the Prince's bright shadow." There seemed to be a closer tie than brotherhood between them, and the tradition runs that the mystical Prince had a superstition that his luck went with him in the person of the Chevalier Beaupre.

Beaupre.
The days of that summer month were The days of that summer month were full days for the conspirators. On the surface, arranged to been seen of the world and to throw the world off its guard, was a steady round of galety; at one brilliant function after another the peasant Francois shared the honors and the lionizing of the Persons. one brilliant function after another the peasant Francois shared the honors and the lionizing of the Prince. Because his visionary eyes looked through things of tinsel to realities, the tinsel did not dazzle him. He gazed at the butterflies of the world who fluttered about him and saw people with kind hearts. And the butterflies themselves were seldom so tawdry but that they responded to the simplicity and loving kindness which he held out to them. Few human telegraph stations fall utterly to take the message when the great universay wireless of reality sounds the note. So that Francois, not suspecting it, gained in a few weeks on many English hearts a hold whose memory has not yet died away. Beyond this evident social side of the London life lay the hidden life of preparation for the event to come—the attempt on Boulogne. And in this both the prince and his close follower and friend really breathed and had their being. There was constant excitement, constant labor, constant anxiety. Once, toward the end of the time. Francois

friend really breathed and had their being. There was constant excitement, constant labor, constant anxiety. Once, toward the end of the time, Francois was sent ona flying trip to France, to make arrangements unsafe to trust to writing, for the prince's affair. While on French soil he found time for a two hours' visit to Vicques and saw his mother and Alixe and the general. Pletro, also, he saw, Pletro, who was to have joined the prince in London by now, and who had instead incapacitated nimself for fighting for months to come. A village child had run suddenly out under his horse's feet, and Pietro, saving the child, had thrown the horse and had been badly hurt. So he lay fretting his heart out silently at the castle, and when Francois stood by his bed, brilliant and tense as an arrow on its way, Pietro took his friend's hand in both his own and gripped it with all his force and then turned his face to the wall without a word. It was always Francois who was the here.

So that the prince's secretary sped back to England, sore in heart to miss the friend of his lifetime at his side in

Francois laughed. "You trust one, Mademoiselle Lucy—that is plain." Then his face became serious. "Do you remember a talk we once had together when I told you of my old playmate, Alixe?"

The bride-to-be flushed furiously as she recalled that talk. Then she nodded in a matter of fact manner. "I remember very well," she said. "It was when I threw myself at your head and you said you didn't want me."

Francois shoulders and hands and eyes went upward together into an eminently French gesture. "What a horror!" he cried. "What an unspeakable manner to recollect that talk! How can you? How can you be so brutal to me?"

Both of them, at that, burst into light-hearted laughter. Lucy was grave suddenly.

"It is only you whow samething to ask me, Francols. You spoke of your—playmate—beautiful Alixe."

"It is only you whom I could ask to do this, Mademoiselle Lucy. I have need to this, Mademoiselle Lucy. I have need to this, Mademoiselle Lucy. I have had said long ago; that the prince will not know. I do not like that. In fact, I cannot bear it. So this is what I ask of you, dear Mademoiselle. "He brought out a letter and held it to her." If you hear that I am killed, will you send it to Alixe?"

Lucy took the letter and turned it over doubtfully. "I do not like this sort of post-mortem commission, Francois. I feel as if I wer holding distress to you. You you you you got for her commission, Francois. I feel as if I wer holding distress to you. You you you remember a talk we once had held in the friend of his lifetime at his side in the good fight to come, yet too whole-hearted ready for the work to be anything but an 'eager sword in the friend of his lifetime at his side in the good fight to come, yet took whole hearted ready for the work to be anything but an 'eager sword in the prode in the good fight to come, yet to down that family but an 'eager sword in the prode in sissed limits life was at hand. The and longed all his life was at hand. The alonge she hearted ready for the work to be anything but an 'eager sword in

End it to Alixe. "I were holding tover doubtfully. "I do not like this sort of post-mortem commission, Francois. I feel as if I were holding your death warrant."

"But it is not by a bit of writing. I shall meet my finish, Mademoiselle. I promise not to die one minute sooner for that letter. It is only that it will make me happy to know you will send it."

So Lucy, holding the letter gingerly, agreed. But as Francois rose to go she than on his coat sleeve. "Francois—want to tell you something."

"But you, South and there was deep silence in the big, cool, quiet drawing-room for as long as a minute. "This if, then, I don't know how I can be so unreasonable—but I am. I love Harry."—I am happy. But I am quite—jealous of Alixe. And I think you are the most wonderful person—but it is so."

Francois, bent normed was deep silence in the big, cool, quiet drawing-room for as long as a minute. "This if, then, I don't know how I can be so unreasonable—but I am. I love Harry. —I am happy. But I am quite—jealous of Alixe. And I think you are the most wonderful person—but it is so."

Francois, bent own a war it is the fiddle," he said. "They say the heart of a woman is an uncharted ocean. A man must sail blindly over those waters and take the as beautiful over the process of the riddle," he said. "They say the heart of a woman is an uncharted ocean. A man must sail blindly over those waters and take the acaptain's and refer to the control of the riddle," he said. "They say the heart of a woman is an uncharted ocean. A man must sail blindly over those waters and take the as this has betrased beyond words, for I had the as to alike mehapt to you? I do adore you, Francois, bent of word for it, even if one seems to be sailing two ways at once. For me, I am not very worldly wise, but I am not your death warrant."

The letter went on with reproaches the riddle, when I have present the process of the word for he word in the process of the process of the word of the word of the process of the word of the word of the process of the p

hope had not died. And now his letter had gone and the consequences must follow—after the fight. Everything must go till after the fight. Alixe had not had the letter before he saw her, this last time in Vicques; he was sure of that as he thought back and remembered each word, each look of those short hours. But she would have it soon; in fact she had it now likely; his heart beat fast—she know now that he loved her. A knock came at the door of the But she would have it soon; in fact she had it now likely; his heart beat fast—she know now that he loved her.

A knock came at the door of the room in the London lodging where he sat with Lucy Hampton's letter before him. Fritz Rickenbach stood there; his highness would like to see the Chery him. Fritz Rickenbach stood there, his highness would like to see the Chev-alier. All personal thoughts were locked swiftly into the drawer with Lucy's letter and "the prince's bright shadow" went to the prince.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE THIRD WISH.

On the day when Francois in London read that letter of Lucy Hampton's which had awaited his return from France, a letter from Lucy Hampton reached. an American woman, Mademo.

Lucy—you."

The next time Lucy saw Francois it was when, white-robed and sweet in her enveloping mist of veil she went up the chancel steps of the little Virginia country church, and looking up met a smile that was a benediction from the man whom she had loved, who stood man whom she had loved, who stood close now at the side of her lover, her close now at the side of her lover, her close in the store window sill, his chin in his hand, he stared at the familiar picture.

mins hand, he stared at the familiar picture.

Alixe, coming in without knocking at the open door, stopped across and stood by him, and he did not yet lift his head, his listless eyes did not yet shift their gaze from the broad landscape. Alixe, looking down at the black head with its short curls set in thick locks—after the manner of the curls of Praxiteles' Hermes—was startled to see many bright lines of gray through the dark mass. Was everybody getting old? Francois with the broad band of white in his hair—and now Pietro—big little pietro, who had come to them and learned to ride Coq and played with them. Was Pietro getting old and gray?

By one of the sudden impulses char-

By one of the sudden impulses char-acteristic of her, her hand flew out and rested on the curled head as if to pro-tect it, motherly, from the whitening of

And Pietro turned slowly and looked

And Pietro turned slowly and looked up at her with eyes full of hopelessness and adoration. Such a look he had never before given her; such a look no one could mistake except a woman who would not let herself understand.

"It is good to be up and at the window, isn't it?" Alixe spoke cheerfully, and her hand left his head and she went on in a gay disengaged tone. "You will be down stairs in two or three days now, and then it is only a jump to being out and about, and then—then in a minute you will be well again."

"Oh, yes," Pietro answered without

again."

"Oh, yes," Pietro answered without animation. "It will not be long before I am well."

"Look, Pietro"; Alixe held out the paper in her hand. "Such a queer letter! From Virginia. From the little Lucy Hampton of whom Francois talks. I don't understand it. Will you let me read it to you?"

"Surely," said Pietro, and waited with his unsmiling eyes on her face.

"My dear Mademoiselle." Alixe read. "Surely," said Pietro, and waited with his unsmiling eyes on her face.

"My dear Mademoiselle," Alixe read.
"I am writing to beg your forgiveness, as I have begged that of the Chevalier Beaupre, for the very great fault I have committed. The Cheavalier trusted to me a letter for you which was to have been sent you only in case of a certain event; by a carelessness which, unmeant as it was, O shall never forgive myself, I gave it with other letters to our negro Sambo to be posted at once. By now it may have reached you. I can not tell if I have made trouble or not, but in any case, I can not rest without saying to you—as well as to the Chevalier—how sorry I am. If you can find it in your heart to forgive me, please do so, dear Mademoiselle. That I should have made trouble for one as dear to the Chevalier as you are is a deep grief to me. He has talked to me of you. With a very earnest prayer again for your forgiveness I am, Mademoiselle, yours faithfully and sincerely—Lucy Hampton Hampton."

Pietro looked bewildered. "What is

"Not I." said Pietro.
"The letter of Francois has not come;
that is certain; I wonder if the negro
Sambo lost it."

Sambo lost it."

"Probably," Pietro said. "It should have come before this one, otherwise."

"It is a riddle," Alixe decided, "and I never guess them." Then, dropping into a seat on the wide window sill, "Pietro—you are letting yourself be depressed."

The gray eyes met hers with something that seemed a wall of reserve in their steady glance. "I think possibly I miss having no exercise," he said. "I will feel more natural when I can get about."

win feet more natural when I can get about."

Alixe looked at him. "You are eating your heart out to be with Francois" she said, and laid her hand on his.

Pietro started as if the light touch had shaken him; then slowly his large fingers twisted lightly around the small ones, and he turned his face again, holding her hand so, to the window and the view of the valley and the river and the village. A moment they sat so, the girl's hand loose in the hollow of the man's; a slow red crept into Alixe's face; there was confusion in her brain. She had laid her hand on that of her brother; her brother had taken it in his—and behold, by a witchcraft it was all changed. This delicate big grasp that held her was not brotherly; through all her veins not brotherly; through all her veins suddenly she knew that; the flush shot up to her eyes, to her forehead, and she tried, with an attempt at an every day manner, to draw her hand away. But Pietro, his set pale face toward the window his eyes garing out held But Pietro, his set pale face toward the window, his eyes gazing out, held her hand. With that the world had reeled and was whirling past her. Pietro had caught both her hands in a tight grip and had drawn them against him, was holding them there, was looking at her with a face which not even she, this time, might mistake.

"Alixe," he said, "I know you don't care for me. I know you love Francois. I did not mean ever to speak, but when you put your hand on mine—"

He held her palms together and parted the palms and kissed the finger tips, first of one and then of the other, tips. first of one and then of the other, as if he kissed something holy.

"I shall never speak again, but this once I will. I always loved you—one must. I knew always that a slow silent person like me would have no chance against a fellow like Francols. So I have kept still, and it was hard. It won't be so hard now that you know. Are you angry, Alixe?"

Alixe, with her head bent so that Pietro did not see her face, with her head bending lower—lower, suddenly was on her knees by the chair and her face was on Pietro's arm.

Alixe," he whispered, "what is it—what have I done?"

But the brown waves of hair with the blue ribbon tied around them lay

and touched the thick lock with an infinitely delicate caress. "Your hair—is all turning gray." she whispered in two quick breaths, and at that, in some occult fashion Pietro knew.

It makes little difference of what wood the match is made which sets fire to the mine: it makes little difference what words are spoken when that tale is telling. Anything says it. At a certain moment a man might remark that grass was green, and a At a certain moment a man might remark that grass was green, and a woman might answer that it appeared pink to her—and it would be love-making. The voice and the look and the very atmosphere about would do the work; words are a detail. So does the soul out-fly its slow vehicle of speech when the rushing mighty wind of such a feeling lifts and speeds it. Pietro knew; for all his self-distrust he drew her into his arms and held her without one shadow of doubt that she loved him and belonged to him.

For moments they had no need of

her without one shadow of doubt that she loved him and belonged to him.

For moments they had no need of that makeshift, language; the great house was very quiet, and one heard the horses stamping in the paved court yard and the grooms singing, and yet one did not hear it. Distant sounds came from the village, but one only knew that long after, in remembering that merning. All they knew was that the ghost of a lifelong affection of brother and sister stood before them, thanged by a miracle to a shining angel into whose face, for these first moments, they dared not look. Then slowly, exquisitely, courage came and, hand close in hand, they looked at each other astonished, glad. It was Pietro and Alixe still, the ancient play-fellows, the childhood friends—all the dear familiarity was there yet, but no longer were they brother and sister. And then, after a while they began to compare notes of things in idden.

"When did you begin—to like me—this way. Pietro?"

with it. "That I should—love you, mon-sleur. He said he had wished that all his life."

"May heaven grant him his wish," said Pietro fervently, and then lad Pietro fervently, and then pad then, reflecting, "It seems a strange wish for Francios. You are sure, Alixe?"

"Yes, he said se," Alixe insisted. "Our dear Francois," she went on soft-yand those three wishes. The single one that was for himself was not because it was the emperor's prophecy."

"I always thought Pietro spoke slowly, "that it was not indeed for himself that he wished to be a marshal some day, but because it might make him, in a manner, your equal. It was for you."

"For me!" Alixe was astonished. "I never thought of that. I think you though of it, Pietro, only because you—cared for me—and thought Francois must care also."

hidden.
"When did you begin—to like me—
this way, Pietro?"
"I don't know," answered Pietro
stupidly. "Does it make any differ-

"A great deal," Alixe insisted. "It's important. It's historical."
"But this isn't history," said Pietro.

Alixe, however, returned to the charge. "Last year?" "Last year-what?" Pietro asked; he

"Last year—what?" Pietro asked; he had already forgotten the question. "Oh—that I began to—Mon Dieu—no. Last year! Why, I think it was the day I came and saw you riding Coq."

"Oh, Pietro—if you will talk only nonsense!" Alixe's voice was disappointed. "But why, then, didn't you ever say so before this? We are both a thousand years old now. If you—loved me"—she spoke the word in a lower voice—"why, then, were you as quiet as a mouse about it all these years"

"I thought you cared for Francois," Pietro said simply. And added, "Didn't

Alixe considered. 'I don't-think-I Alixe considered. "I don't—think—I ever did. Pietro. Not really. I thought I did perhaps. He dazzled me—Francois—with his way of doing all sorts of things brilliantly, and that wonderful something about him which makes everybody love him. He believed in his star; there was around him the romance of the Emperary prophery and mance of the Emperor's prophecy and the romance of the career which is, we believe, about to begin now; there

believe, about to begin now; there was always a glamour about Francois."

"Yes," Pietro agreed. "The glamour of his courage, Alixe, of loyalty and unselfishness; the qualities which make what people call his charm. Francois is unlike the rest of the world, I believe, Alixe."

Pietro stopped, then went on with an unaccustomed elegance.

unaccustomed eloquence.
"Whatever may be the fibers from "Whatever may be the fibers from which souls are woven, those of Francois were so adjusted from his birth that things hard to most of us are easy to him. It has never been an effort for Francois to love mankind and to believe the best of every one. Also, things unreal to most are his realities. Hampton."

Pietro looked bewildered. "What is it about?" he asked.

"I wonder," and Alixe laughed and frowned at the paper in her hand. "It seems Francois wrote me a letter and left it with little Mistress Hampton to be sent "in case of a certain event." What event? What a strange thing for Francois to do! And then he came to us here and said nothing of mysterious letters left cooking in Virginia. I can not make it out, Pietro—can you?"

"Not I." said Pietro.

things unreal to most are his realities. He lives very close to that line over which is inspiration or madness—men call it either, according as it succeeds or fails in this world. There are questions yet to be understood, I believe, which will account for Francois' trick of vision-seeing. Perhaps a hundred years from now, perhaps 500, people will know things about the human mind which may make clear that strange gift of his. It may be that there are powers of the mind not now understood. There may be a world of mental possibility beneath conscious mental possibility beneath conscious

Pietro talked on, the silent Pietro, as if delivering a lecture. He had read much and thought much; it was seldom he spoke of the speculations which often filled his scholarly mind; today it seemed easy to talk of everything. Joy had set wide all the doors of his being. Alixe opened her eyes in astonish

"Pietro!" You are—talking like a book! But it is true; something of that sort has come to me, too—which proves it to be true. I have felt always that Francois had notes in him which are not on our pianos." Pietro smiled, looking at her looking at her.

"And yet, Alixe, you do not love Francois, with all these gifts and all his power over hearts—but only com-monplace me?"

Alixe straightened against his arm. "Monsieur the Marquis Zappl, the gentleman I—care for, is not commonplace. I thank you not to say it," she shot at him, and then melting to a sudden intensity, she put a hand on each side of his dark face and spoke expressive. his dark face and spoke earnestly. "Pietro, dear, listen. I believe I always cared for you. When I was little it hurt me to have Francois forever the one to do the daring things. Do you remember how I used to scold at you because you would not fight him?" Pietro smiled again. "Then he was captain of the school and you only a private, and I cried about that when I was alone at cried about that when I was alone at night. And when you went off to Italy so quietly, with never a word said about the danger, I did not know that you were doing a fine deed—I thought it a commonplace that you should go back to your country, till Francois opened my eyes."

"François?" Pietro asked. Trancois?" Pietro asked.

"Francois?" Pietro asked.

"Yes. The day before he went to join you we were riding together and he told me what it meant to be a patriot in Italy under the Austrians. That day I realized how unbearable it would be if anything happened to you. But I thought I cared for Francois; if he had spoken that day I should have told him that I cared for him. But he did not; he went—and was in prison five years."

that I cared for him. But he did not; he went—and was in prison five years."

"And all that time I believed you loved him, and were mourning for him." Pietro said gently.

"I half believed it too," Alixe answered. "Yet all the time I was jealous for you, Pietro, for it was still Francois who was the hero—not you. Then when there came a question of

faffed any one-not once. As Francois said, you are a heart of gold, a wall of rock."

Her voice dropped. She laid her hand against his shoulder and spoke, in a quick, cautious way:

"But all that is insmaterial. I justlove you—that's the point." A momentlater she spoke again. "I want to finish telling you—and then we need never speak of it again. I did think youwere—commonplace. And yet I knew
in my heart you were not, for I resented your seeming so. So I urged you
into danger. I wanted you to be a
hero. I had that echo of a schoolgir!'s
romance about Francois in my mind,
and I clung, all along, to the idea inat
I loved him and that perhaps he secretly loved me but would not say it
because he was poor and a peasant;
that he was waiting till his future was
made. Then, one day, only the other
day, he told me that he had asked three
wishes of life—'of the good fairies' he
said. One was to make Prince Louis
emperor, one was to be marshal of
France; the third—" she stopped.

"What?" Pietro demanded, his mouth "But all that is immaterial, I just

"What?" Pietro demanded, his mouth a bit rigid.

Alixe flushed and smiled and took Pietro's big hand and covered her eyes with it. "That I should—love you, mon-sieur. He said he had wished that all his life."

"For me!" Alixe was astonished. "I never thought of that. I think you thought of it, Pietro, only because you—cared for me—and thought Francols must care also."

"Yes, I thought he cared," Pletro

"Yes, I thought he cared, Fred considered. "I can not believe otherwise yet."
"You may believe it." Alixe was firm. "For he said that what he had wished always was that I should—love you. I did it mostly to please Francois," she added serenely.

And Pietro's response to that was apt, but not to be given here. The minds of those two happy lovers were full of that third who had been so close always

that third who had been so close always to each of them.

"Pietro," Alixe spoke earnestly, coming back to the same subject, "you know that I love Francois—of course. But you do not know in what way. I love him as if he were one of the saints—but also as if he were a helpless little child. Yet not—Pietro—as if he were—the man I love. I would give my life for him in a rush of delight, if he needed it. But I know now, whatever were my vague dreams in past years, that it is not in Francois to care for a woman as a human man. Someyears, that it is not in Francois to care for a woman as a human man. Somehow, among all his wonderful qualities that one thing was left out. He never could have cared for me so that—the touch of my hand counted, or—or so that all other women should seem—different. I think, indeed, that if some dear girl should have loved him he might easily have married her out of pure friendship and gentleness, not knowing what the real love of a man to a woman is like. That is impossible to him."

"I am not so sure," said Pietro, and shook his head.

(Continued next week.)

A Woman's Voice

O heart! what is it you hear above the noise of a nation,
Above the sound of clamor and shouting And men making ready for war?
Only a single voice, little more than a broken whisper,
Patient and unprotesting—only the voice of a woman.

of a woman. Yet I hear it above the sound of guns And the turmoil of men embarking.

There's no use praying any more; the prayers are done and said;
But daytime going through the house, or nightime in my bed,
They trouble me, the old prayers, still ringing in my head.

The young men from the papers, they brought the word to me,
I'm thinking of their mothers, how glad they ought to be,
Who never said "Good-by" to them and let them off to sea.

As strong as any man he was, and bold to do and dare, And why should I be hearing, then, all night above the prayer, A little lad that's calling me—and wanting me-somewhere?

II. He said what he thought was right;
"Let you be proud," he said,
"That you gave a son to the fight;
"Tis a glory over your head!"
"Tis never a good man's words I'd scorn,
And he said what he thought was best;
But I knew my pride when the lad was
born,
And his head was warm on my breast.

"Let you be proud," he said.

'Twas the word that stabbed me through Proud—and my one son dead In 2 land I never knew.

'Tis the women know when glory's worn (Tho' he meant the word for the best); I knew my pride when the lad was born And his head was warm on my breast.

Only a woman's voice-patient and unprotesting, But I hear it above the sound of guns

And the turmoil of men embarking.

—Theodosia Garrison, in the Delineator. The Business of College-Begging.

The Business of College-Begging.

By Henry S. Pritchett, in the Atlantic.

We read in the daily papers half humorous allusions to the college president as a beggar, but few appreciate how large a business college-begging has become. It is a business; and it has come to be prosecuted in the most systematic and persistent way. The amount of money annually "lifted" in cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis, as the result of these systematic and continuous efforts, aggregates many millions. When a new college is organized in any part of the United States, the first move is to send an agent—generally the president, sometimes a salaried solicitor—to canvass first the eastern cities, then the near-by cities. In New York the business men have for the last 20 years subscribed to nearly all such efforts as a matter of course. It has been assumed that any college was necessarily a good thing to help. The business man has had no means of scrutinizing these efforts. He gives as the Lord sends His rain, to the just and to the unjust. The total which he contributes is enormous.

Night Calls.

"I shall never speak again, but this once I will. I always loved you—one must. I knew always that a slow silent person like me would have no chance against a fellow like Francois. So I have kept still, and it was hard. It won't be so hard now that you know. Are you angry, Alixe?"

Alixe, with her head bent so that Pietro did not see her face, with her head bending lower—lower, suddenly was on her knees by the chair and her face was on Pietro's arm.

Alixe, he whispered, "what is it—what have I done?"

But the brown waves of hair with the blue ribbon tied around them lay and lamed yourself for—months, maybe? That was enough for a lifetime, Pietro. And you have never night calls are laden with portent.

Night Calls.

Night Calls.

Night Calls.

Night has come, and a dozen girls watch the long, deserted boards. Like the occasional glimmer of a cab lamp upon the street, the signals, one by one, flash and are gone. The world is fast asleep. From the card index "Central" picks out the street adress which corresponds to the number, "No." Alixe cried. "I know better now. Was it commonplace the other day when you saved little Antioinette Tremblay and lamed yourself for—months, maybe? That was enough for a lifetime, Pietro. And you have never night calls are laden with portent.