FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Wegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn. — "I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done

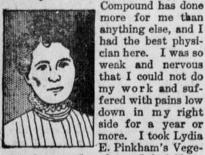


table Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medi-cine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do." - Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ble Compoundwill help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for ad-vice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

A woman isn't necessarily industrious because she has a busy tongue.

Its Tendency.

"Mayme has a very open countenance, hasn't she?"

"Yes, and one that is very hard to shut up.

Proved.

"Her father thinks a great deal of

"Huh! He refused me her hand in marriage."

"That proves it."

Rays of Humor.

From underneath the war cloud little flashes of humor escape now and

Irish sergeants, brought wounded to Paris, are reported as saying that they did not know exactly where the battle was, but they had just been "fighting at Copenhagen." They probably meant Compeign, but it made no difference in their willing-

ness to fight. The Paris Figaro pictures as a common sight on the streets two men reading their respective newspapers through to the end, and then exchangingly rereading in the second newspa per the identical official announcement which they had read in the first.

Life retains its shades of fun even in the darkest shadow of trouble.

Inventor of the Airbrake.

Who really invented the airbrake? Certainly the automatic airbrake, the one that has proved practicable and of permanent value in modern railroading, was the product of the late George Westinghouse's ingenuity. His patent for the automatic brake was taken out in 1872, superseding the non-automatic or "straight" Westinghouse airbrake patented in 1869, and later the Westinghouse vacuum brake was invented. But, as in the case of most other inventions, there are several claimants for originality in this field. Thus, Mme. M. Drouane, daugheer of M. Debruges of Paris, claims the distinction of priority for her father. The New York Times has a letter from State Senator William P. Fiero of White Plains containing a patent office declaration by his grandfather. Henry Miller, of a "new and useful improvement in the application of steam and compressed air to the purpose of operating railroad brakes," recorded January 2, 1855. Mr. Miller was doubtless a pioneer in the progress of airbrake invention.

Keep Down Uric Acid

Uric acid is harmless as long as the kidneys filter it promptly from the blood, but people who overdo and overest, make uric acid so fast that it overloads the blood, weakens the kidneys, and attacks the nerves, causing rheumatic pains. It forms gravel, hardens the arteries and bringson dropsy or Bright's disease. By restoring the kidneys to normal activity Doan's Kidney Pills help to overcome excess pric acid.

An Iowa Case



An lowa Case

Mrs. C. Buesing,
414 N. Locust St.,
Waverly, I o w a,
says: "For a year
or more, my kidneys bothered me,
generally a f t e r
catching coid. I
had awful backaches a n d kept
getting worse all
the time. Learning about Doan's
Kidney Pills, I
used some and it
didn't take them
long to fix me up
all right. Since
then I have had no
further need of a

DOAN'S HIDNEY POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

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

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CHAPTER XXXVII-(Continued).

"You know I am not abusing our Francois," Alixe protested. "Why, Pie-tro, my father believes and I believe, that if affairs should so happen that he

that if affairs should so happen that he has his opportunity he may yet be one of the great characters in history. My father says he is made up of inspirations, illuminations—and limitations."
"Yes," said Pietro thoughtfully. "He has the faults of brilliancy and fearlessness. He judges too rapidly. If he were afraid ever—if he saw the other side of a question ever, his judgment would be safer. It may well happen that he will be one of the great men of Europe; it may also happen that by some single act of mismanagement Europe; it may also happen that some single act of mismanagement will throw away his career—or his c. God keep him safe!" Pietro said

simply.

And Alixe echoed it—"God keep him safe!" And then, "I am going to write him, Pletro—about us, My father knows where to reach him at Boulogne. I am going to say just a word—that what he has wished for all his life is true. It will get to him the night before the battle."

"Are you sure you are right Alixe?"

"Are you sure you are right, Alixe?"
Pietro asked doubtfully.
"Sure," said Alixe buoyantly.
"Give him my love, then," said

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

Out in the dark, in the harbor of Boulogne the ship Edinburgh Castle lay rocking in the wind. Prince Louis Bonaparte, who had chartered her, and the handful of his followers who had sailed with him on her from England had disembarked quietly at twilight, and in small companies had succeeded in entering the town and the quarters of the officers who were, in France, the nucleus and the hope of their attempt. In the rooms of Lieutenant Aladenize, the host of the prince, a short council had been held to go over once more the plans which had been discussed and settled by letters for weeks already. The work was carefully arranged; there was almost nothing to be changed, and the little company of men who were trying so large a fate, scat-Out in the dark, in the harbor of

systars, unpacked his highness' belongings busily in Lieutenant Aladenizs' bedroom; the prince heard—subconsciously attentive to small things—as the servant moved about, yet he stood lost in his thoughts, as the last officer left him. One hand lay on a table littered with papers of the expedition; the gray dull eyes were fixed yet on the door that had shut out his friends. There was no hint of wavering in the poised mind; there was no shadow of doubt of his destiny, yet was an was very human, and tonight great loneliness scized him. These good fellows who were risking their lives and their fortunes for him were devoted to him without doubt, yet what did it amount to? That they hoped for advancement though him, it would be absurd to resent; one and all they believed that he would be emperor; they knew that he would be emperor; they knew that he would be grateful; their fortunes were made if tomorrow should succeed. They had much friendliness for him—he realized that under his father's taciturn manner he had his mother's gift of winning hearts and that his followers loved him—in a way. But what did it amount to—love of followers for a prince? He longed tonight for something more personal, and that his followers loved him—in a way. But what did it amount to—love of followers for a prince? He longed tonight for something more personal, and that his followers he hence what he wanted—like the homesick lad who had cried himself to sleep at the Tuilleries 25 years before, he wanted his youngest and dearest son had been close, and this was the first great event of his expectation.

youngest and dearest son had been close, and this was the first great event of his eventful life in which her clear mind and charming spirit had not mind and charming spirit had not played its part. Before his attempt on Strasburg, now three years ago, he had prepared two letters, one in case of success, one of failure, to be sent off post-haste to the queet the success, one of failure, to be sent our post-haste to the queen, ill at Areneberg; tonight there was no one to write to, no one to whom his success or failure meant more than to himself. All that warmth and eager hopefulness which had outlasted danger and exile and illness and age had gone from which had outlasted danger and exile and illness and age, had gone from earth, and the body of Hortense lay in the little church of Revil, near Malmaison. The Emperor-to-be dropped into a chair, his head fell and his outstretched arms rustled amid the plans of fortifications, and the writing under of fortifications, and the writing under his cheek was wet. The weakness was only for a moment, and quietly, as he did everything, the prince pulled himself together. He sat erect and listened. Thelin was brushing clothes with energy in the bedroom, and through another door there came a light sound of a paper turned, of a gay song sung softly. And a through another door there came a light sound of a paper turned, of a gay song sung softly. And a glow suddenly warmed the prince's heart: here was some one who had known his mother, who had been, had known his mother, who had been indeed, for a few days her son; here was some one who cared for him, he believed it, with a half-consuming flame of devotion. Since the man's arrival from Virginia six weeks before, to have him near himself had been a pleasure to Louis Bonaparte; he seemed to bring back the freshness of big could day of the his early days, of the young confidence when his star shone for him, distant perhaps, but undimmed by the black clouds which drove now across it. He was a bit superstittious about Francels as well with cois as well, with an idea, which he spoke to no one, that a pivotal interest of his career rested in the modest fig-

"Have a care of that young man, my prince," had said General Montholon, the old soldier. "Do not trust him too

The prince's faint smile gleamed. trust the empire to his loyal heart, general." yes," answered the general "to his heart, but not to his

feet, a letter grasped in his hand, and

stood waiting.
"Sire!" he said.
Prince Louis flung out his hand with Prince Louis flung out his hand with a gesture of impulsiveness strange to his controlled manner, yet not out of drawing to those who knew him well. "Ah, Francois," he cried. "Let the titles go for tonight. Say, 'Louis,' as on that day when we first saw each other; when the four children played together in the old chateau ruins. I have a great desire to hear some one who loves me speak my name simply. who loves me speak my name, simply as friend to friend. With all those good fellows"—and he tossed a wave of the hand to the door which the conspirators had left him—"with my officers, it is necessary to keep up formality—I realign it.

As one reads a novel for relaxation in the strain of a critical affair, Prince Louis caught at the distraction of this side issue. The next morning was planned to the last detail; there was nothing to do till daylight, yet he could not sleep at present. Here was a romance of some sort. He sank back on the cushions of the couch of Lieutenant Aladenize's smoking room and put his feet up luxuriously, and slowly put his feet up luxuriously, and slowly

lighted a cigar of Havana.
"Tell me," he ordered, and the gentleness of appeal was in the order. gentieness of appeal was in the order.
"Sire"—the young man began—and
corrected himself. "Louis," he said.
The Prince smiled dimly. "Since our
landing I have known that a wonderful thing has happened to me. It is"—
he spoke lower—"it is the love of the
woman who is to me the only one in
the world." the world."

Prince Louis, extended on the couch

ranged; there was almost nothing to be changed, and the little company of men who were trying so large a fate, scattered, with grave faces, with quiet good nights to the prince who might tomorrow night be their emperor, to the prince for whose sake they might tomorrow night be any or all ruined men or dead men.

Charles Thelin, his valet of many years, unpacked his highness' belongings busily in Lieutenant Aladenize's bedroom; the prince heard—subconsciously attentive to small things—as the servant moved about, yet he stood said gently. "Is it by any chance the

angel—had caught Alixe, and she had accused him of wishing always that she might love Pietro. And how, meshed in that same net of hurt recklessness, he had answered in her own manner—"Yes," he had said, "it was that which had been the wish of his life—that Alixe might love Pietro!" And Francois laughed gaily tellingthe And Francois laughed gaily, telling the simple entanglement to the prince, the night before the battle. "One sees how she is quick and clear-sighted, my Alixe," he said. "For she knew well even then it was not that I wished." He stopped, for in the quiet contained look of the listener an intangible some-thing struck a chill to his delicatelypoised sensitiveness. "What is it Louis?" he cried out. "You do no think I mistake her—mistake—Alixe!" Prince Louis saw the dawning of conternation. Rapidly he considered. Was it well to take away a man's happiness and courage just before a fight? He remembered some words of Francois spoken three years before, worlds whose dramatic bareness had struck him. "When a knight of the old time went into battle," the young man had said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady, and the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so." Very well. This blind knight so." Very well. This blind knight should have his letter, with the meaning he had read into it, for his lady's badge, and he should fight tomorrow with the thought of her in his heart.
The letter suggested another meaning to sophisticated Louis Bonaparte, but there is no need to hasten the feet of unhappiness. The resonant French

cent of cordiality and the Prince lied, with ungrudging graciousness.
"Mistaken, my Francois! Not at all.
The little billet-doux breathes love for you in each line—there is no question! But, mon ami, you have not finished your story." So Francois explained about the letter left with Lucy Hampton and its premature sending.
"That has reached her now-she knows now that I love her, she knows what has really been my lifelong wish
—she has hurried this," and his hand
crushed his note tenderly—"she has
hurried this to me before the fight—
that I might know her love also—that
I might fight before for you, my
Prince—Louis—with that joy in my "But yes," answered the general "But yes," answered the general swiftly, "to his heart, but not to his head. He is of the dreamers—a visitorial fight before for you, my formary. He might ruin many months work with one good intention." And the brince reflected, but did not agree. He rose, this night in Boulogne, as the paper rustled and the little French common where Francois Beauppre, now his secretary, had been stalled, and stepped to the closed door, and the chain of events of the tocseed door, and the best of the closed door, and the chain of events of the francois sang softly. The prince house drawn in the four words of the door the singing stopped; the young man sprang respectfully to his swiftly, "to his heart, but not to his heart, but not he down the empty streets, and the determinance of heart heart in light know her love also—that in light know her love also—that it light the first to whom he came, but he does doed and the little french the crow and the depty file of the regiment. Low branches of trees brushed Francois shoulds of early morning and shome clouds of the regiment. Low branches of trees brushed Francois shoulds of early morning and shome clouds of the heart had the little french the crow and the little franch had the little franch had the lit

voice spoke at last in an unused

Alixe's postscript were final. him certain that Pietro would not have come into such a letter if it had been indeed a love let-Pietro would not have come into such a letter if it had been indeed a love letter; that the three lines of writing just before the battle could not have held another man's name, if they had been written to the man whom she loved. Very dimly, very surely the Prince concluded these things: and then he lowered his cigar, and his gray dull eyes came down from the ceiling and rested, kindly on the radiant face. "You are right, my friend. It was an exquisite thought of your lady-love to put this other weapon, this bright sword of happiness into your hand, to fight with tomorrow. Mon Dieu, we will reward her by sending heads a love letter if thad been indeed a love letter. The honor of saluting first the eagle of Austerlitz and Wag-mirst the eagle of weapon, this bright sword of happiness into your hand, to fight with tomorrow. Mon Dieu, we will reward
her by sending her back a marsnal's
baton by you; a marshal's baton tomorrow, Francois! How would it
sound, par exemple, to say 'Madame la
Marechale'?" deep voices sent up in broken magnifications. Mon Dieu, we will reward the best sending her back a marsnal's baton by you; a marshal's baton to-norrow. Francois! How would it ound, par exemple, to say 'Madame la darechale'?"

The list from Francois' eyes was like tamp.

The list from Francois' eyes was like tamp. Marechale'

you on the throne of France; if I might fulfil the emperor's prophecy and be not a 'marshal some day' any as friend to friend. With all those and friend to friend. With all those at good fellows"—and he tossed a wave of the hand to the door which the consistency had left him—"with my officers, it is necessary to keep up formality—I realize it. But you, my inspired peasant, are different. You stand in no class; you would guard my dignity more quickly than I, myself. I can trust it to you. The memory of my mother's voice calling me 'Louis' is in your heart; call me so, then, tonight, my friend, as if we were indeed the brothers we once had to be for five days." And Francois smiled his radiant, exquisite smile and answered quietly. "But yes, my brother—Louis." And went on, "I believe I shall not sleep tonight, Louis. I believe I am too happy to sleep."

I might fulfil the emperor's prophecy and be not a 'marshal some day' any longer but a marshal of your empire—it is asking much of one lifetime, above all for a man born a peasant, is it not? Yet of those three wishes one wonderful fulfuliment has come to me'—and he gripped his letter closer—"and once, I believe tomorrow brings. Before to-believe tomorrow brings. Before to-believe tomorrow brings great eyes were lifted toward the ceiling of the room, and in them was the rapt look of the farm house in the Jura, a look of a seer of visions, a look that caught at the Prince's nerves, and made him draw a breath quickly. "Something above myself tells me," Francois said slowly, and the words came with a slowly, and the words came with a slowly, and the words came with a languid power, as if his personality personali

night the officers who stand about you shall hail you emperor over the body of a man who lies before you."

In the silence, the prince's watch could be heard ticking. Francois shivered violently. "Ugh!" he said, his teeth chatter-

"Ugh!" he said, his teeth chattering. "It gives me a crise de nerfs', that trick of vision seeing. I do not like it, and yet at times it seizes me. Why should it come to a man happy as I am—a man who has dared ask three enormous wishes of the good fairies; who holds one of them in his hand"—he lifted the letter—"who sees another in easy reach, and who," he smiled brilliantly, "who will be well content without the third, my prince, the first two being his." He shivered again. "Is the night raw? It is as if I were in a grave, this coldness," he said, "looking about with a disturbed gaze, "yet my life is just beginning."

The prince rose and tossed his cigar to the fireplace. "It is simply that you are tired, Francois," he said in the tranquil tones which no peril disturbed. "The nerves of us all are stretched and yours are the finest strung. Go to

tranquil tones which no peril disturbed. "The nerves of us all are stretched and yours are the finest strung. Go to bed, and at daylight you will be warm enough, with the work that awaits us. Sleep well—good night, my friend."

Later, in the darkness of his chamber, Prince Louis lay awake, his imagination filled with the man whose dramatic personality appealed to him as few had ever done. He thought of his own life, according to his lights not a bad life, radically strong and radically gentle, yet complicated, abnormal from its start, with many shadows and many stains; then of the crystal clearness of this other's, with his three wishes in which he trusted as simply as a child would trust to the fairies. A small almost tender stole across the mask-like features in the dark. "There is no doubt but the girl will marry the marquis," he reflected. "Yet I am glad I left him his hope and his happiness." A vision of Francois' beatified look rose before him.

"A man fights better so," the prince murmured aloud, and, his own sadness forgotten in another man's joy, he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BUGLE-CALL The gray dawn of a Sunday morn-The gray dawn of a Sunday morning began to break over the sleeping city of Boulogne, yet earlier than the dawn anxious eyes opened to watch, and men's hearts beat fast to meet it. Scattered in lodging houses and barracks Louis Napoleon's followers were to be the reached from the town side only by a narrow lane, but the remnarts. Scattered in lodging houses and bar-racks Louis Napoleon's followers were waiting before daylight for the part they had to play. No man among them was as quiet, as little nervous as the prince, yet his as well as every gallant heart of them felt a throb of relief with its bound of excitement when a trumpet from the Austerlitz barracks, the barracks of the fourth artillery, Napoleon's own regiment, suddenly sounded.

It was the route chosen.

But as the prince and the regiment and the swinging shouting mass of

pulsing air. One could see a little bustle through the drowsy place—a head out of a window here and there, blinking puzzled eyes to see what the unusual summons, the early trumpet note might mean. But a handful of men in uniform was no sensation in the garrison town and the good citizens went tack to their morning naps.

The city was tranquil when Prince Louis reached the barrack gate, and the soldier blood in him rushed in a when he saw 60 mounted artiltide when he saw 60 mounted artillerymen posted at the entrance, and beyond, in the yard, statue-like, warlike, silent, the regiment formed in square. If the fourth artillery followed its colonel, if the day went well, this was the core of his army. Colonel Vaudrey was in the center of the square; the prince marched quietly to him and as he came, with a sharp simultaneous clatter that was the music of heaven to his ears the whole

who fronted toward him could see that the colorless face turned grayer, but that was all, and quickly Colonel Vau-

the coloriess late that was all, and quickly Colonel Vaudrey spoke to his men.

"Soldiers of the fourth artillery," he said loudly. "a revolution begins today under the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He is before you, and turned.

"Sire, it is success. I go to bring up your majesty's other regiment," Francois said, and the prince answered quietly:

"Yes, it is success. Go, mon ami."

In a moment the messenger had thrown himself on the horse of an artillery and the prince answered quietly:

"Yes, it is success. Go, mon ami."

In a moment the messenger had thrown himself on the horse of an artillery and and forced a way through the recoiling mass, down the lane, and out to the Faubourg Pierre. In the free street he galloped the horse, windings that he had

the emperor."

The terse soldierly words were hardly finished when the regiment, strongly Bonapartist always, carried off its feet by the sight of the prince, by the honor of being the first to whom he came, caught up the cry, and the deep voices sent it rolling down the empty streets. Louis Bonaparte, standing erect, motionless (market)

"Pietro of Grenoble to him when he came back he stopped, saluted, called a word. It from Elba. Soldiers, the honor of be-ginning a new empire shall be yours; yours shall be the honor of saluting

er with its repetition they shouted over and over, in tremendous unison, over and over, and over and over and over.

"Vive Napeleon! Vive l'Empereur!"

It was necessary at last for the quiet slender young man who was the storm center to raise his hand again and with a word, with the glimmer of a smile to speak his gratitude—to stop the storm. There was much to be done. The Fourth artillery was but one of several regiments to be gained if the victory were to be complete. Colonel Lombard was despatched to a printing office with proclamations to be struck off; Lieutenant Laity hurried away to his battalion; a detachment was sent to hold the telegraph office; the tumult once quieted, the yard was a scene of efficient business, for all this had been planned and each officer knew his work. In a very few moments the officers of the Third artillery who were with the prince had hastened to their quarters, another had been sent to arouse the Forty-sixth of the line, at the Place d' Alton barracks, and shortly Prince Louis himself was on his way to the same place. Through the streets of the city, no longer empty, he passed with his officers, and the people poured

to the same place. Through the streets of the city, no longer empty, he passed with his officers, and the people poured from their houses and joined and answered the shouts of the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" the soldiers cried.
"It is the nephew of Napoleon," and the citizens threw back, "Vive 'Empereur! It is the son of the honest king of Holland! It is the grandson of Josephine!"

phine!' They pressed so close about the small figure in its Swiss uniform of a colonel that for a moment he was separated from his officers, and Colonel Vaudrey, smiling for all his military discipline, was forced to order his mounted artillerymen to clear the road. Every moment an old soldier broke out of the mass and embraced the could which lerymen to clear the road. Every ment an old soldier broke out of the mass and embraced the eagle which Lieutenant de Querelles carried proudly high above all this emotion; the soldiers' eyes flashed with success; the prince's heart beat high for joy to know that he had not misread the heart of army or people. When the column army or people. When the column army or people when the guard arms of the guard and while orders rang out sharply and while orders range out sharply arms of the arms army or people. When the column passed the gendarmerie the guard turned out and presented arms, shouting, "Long live the emperor!" So he went through the streets of Boulogne, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, eight long years before he came to his own, and marched in triumph and ecclemation

marched in triumph and acclamation to a failure.

And close by his side, his look as radiant as the prince's look was contained and impassive, marched always Fran-cois Beaupre. The hard-earned milicois Beaupre. The hard-earned mili-tary knowledge, the patient toil of preparation had come into play, and in 100 ways the man had been useful. With no exact rank as yet, but ready at any moment, eager for the hardest task, nover asking for rest, quick wit-ted, resourceful, officers, as well as ted, resourceful, officers, as well as prince, had developed a habit of turning to Beaupre for service after service. And always they were met with glad consent which encouraged them to ask more until the prince had said:

"It is the case of the willing horse; I will not permit that my right-hand man be worked to death—it must stop." Today, however, Francois, had a definite duty of responsibility. While the prince marched, gathering strength at every yard, thdough the town toward the Place d' Alton at its farther side, Colonel Couard of the Third artillery had gone to proclaim the great news to had gone to proclaim the great news to In case of success at the Place d' Allane; but the ramparts commanded with a large open space the yard where the soldiers assmebled. If the prince entered from the town side, from the

It was the signal, and in a moment the Prince and his escort were moving down the dark street toward Colonel Vaudrey's quarters, toward that ringing note not yet died out from the pulsing air. One could see a little bustle through the drowsy place—a had been led toward the approach from Faubourg Pierre, the narrow lane at the side toward the city. It was a serious mistake, yet not of necessity fatal, and at all events they must make the best of it. The prince could not make a dramatic entrance at the head of a

shouting regiment, but for all that he might win the Forty-sixth.

He did win the Forty-sixth. Something had happened to the officer sent to arouse them—another slip in the chain—and instead of being drawn up in the yeard they were getting ready for in the yard they were getting ready for Sunday inspection, but they flocked to the windows at the noise, they rushed into the yard at the name of Napoleon. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard ran forward and kissed Prince Louis' simultaneous clatter that was the music of heaven to his ears, the whole regiment presented arms.

In the glowing light the soldiers who fronted toward him could eur!" raised by the artillerymen, and the earlier scene of the Austerlitz bar-racks was being repeated here. Prince

out to the Faubourg Pierre. In the free street he galloped the horse, through the windings that he had learned with this moment in his mind. The Third was drawn up waiting, and a shout like a clap of thunder greeted

was not a day to take anything for granted; Colonel Couard halted the

regiment.
"The arsenal," the man gasped.
"They have taken Monsieur de Persigny. risey have taken Monsieur de Fersigny, prisoner. Monsieur le General Voirol is on his way, but he is distant. It is a step from here. The Third artillery could arrive, there before him—they would surrender—Monsieur de Persigny would be released"—he stopped breath-

The colonel turned an inquiring look on Francois. As the prince's messenger as the man whom he had seen closest to the prince's person, he deferred to him, and Francois realized that he must make, and make quickly, a mo-mentous decision.

The arsenal was immense and lightly

guarded. De Persigny had been sent with a small force to take it, for the ammunition it held might at any moment be of supreme importance. It seemed that the detachment which guarded it had been underrated, for it had made prisoners of De Persigny and his men, and this aide-de-camp had alone escaped. If they were to be rescued, if the arsenal was to be gained for the prince, this very moment must be seized. General Voirol, royalist, the commandant at Boulonge, was on his way with reinforcements and the Third might well hold the arsenal against him but not gain it from him with his whell heave conagainst him but not gain it from him, with his whole being concentrated Francois thought. The orders were plain—to lead the third artillery to join the Prince on the ramparts. But there are times in history when to But there are times in history when to obey orders is treachery. Was not this moment heavy with the right or wrong of his decision, one of them? Was it not the part of a mind capable of greatness to know and grasp the flying second of opportunity? Would not the Prince reproach him, if he stupidly let this one chance in a thousand go by, for servile fear of disobeying orders? He had left his Highness safe with two regiments at his back; this other could regiments at his back; this other could do nothing at the Place d'Alton barracks but swell the ranks; here, by a turn of a hand, they might win for the cause the very blood and bones of success a mighty arrangle and so for the cause the very blood and bones of success a mighty arrangle and so for the cause the very blood and bones of success a mighty arrangle and so for the cause the very blood and bones of success a mighty arrangle and so for the cause the very blood and bones of success as mighty arrangle and so for the cause the very blood and bones of success as mighty arrangle and so for the cause the very blood and bones of the cause the very blood and bones of success as mighty arrangle and the cause the very blood and bones of the cause the c success, a mighty arsenal, and for themselves honor and gratitude from their Emperor. In François' mind was a touch of innocent vanity that he should have the power to render so signe? a service, yet no thought at all for himself or for the honor he might gain or lose; whole-heartedly he weighed the reasons why or why not it would be best for the Prince. best for the Prince.

best for the Prince.

The aide-de-camp's voice broke in.

"My Colonel, I beg you, I implore you, save Monsieur de Persigny. The Prince loves him—he will be very angry if he is left helpless—they threaten to execut him—I myself heard—I implore you, Monsieur le Colonel. For the rest, it is indeed the moment of fate to win the arsenal."

And while orders rang out sharply and the regiments wheeled into sliding lines that doubled and parted and flowed together again in an elastic stream toward the looming arsenal, Francois, with a quick word to De Persigny's aide decommy properties. signy's aide-de-camp, was writing rapidly on a bit of paper.
"You will take this to the Prince at

once. once," he ordered, and the young offi-cer saluted, for he, too, knew, as most of them did, this man's anomalous yet strong hold on Prince Louis.
Francois rode again to the colonel's side, and he did not doubt that he had

(Continued next week.)

JAP'S CARE IN WAR.

General Oku, in speaking of the Japanese victories in 1904, said: "With the Germans in 1870-71 the schoolmaster won the victory; with the Japanese it was the microscope." Never in the history of modern warfare has a nation gone to conflict with so com-plete an equipment for protection against disease as did the Japs in 1904. At the head of the work of sanitarector with headquarters at Tokio, Under him were eight chief sanitary officers of armies. Then followed chief sanitary officers of divisions. For each infantry regiment there were six sanitary officers, 15 noncommissioned officers, 12 nurses, and 24 bearers.

Each regiment was equipped with four sanitary chests and four litters on pack animals (in lieu of the German sanitary wagon). In addition there were a full equipment of di-vision sanitarians and supplies and complemental equipment at advan-

complemental equipment at advantageous points.

Says Major Duncan in the Military Surgeon: "The Japanese leaders understood thoroughly the meaning of themaxim, "The less the outgo from the army in exhausted and sick, the greater is its fighting ability."

Never in history were private soldiers so thoroughly drilled in sanitation, hygiene and care of the body. Each soldier was issued a sanitary guide in which advice as to marching and living could be found. Each soldier carried a first aid packet in which there were a few simple remwhich there were a few simple remedies. After hard marches the men bathed their bodies. From officer to soldier great car was taken with foot-wear. They used foot cloths instead wear. They used foot cloths instead of stockings. At every resting place water was ready boiled and cooled. Field trains were equipped with great

In the trenches and huts the greatest cleanliness prevailed. Great quanti-ties of lime were issued to the troops in the field. Rations of rice and dried plums were issued to the men. On the company wagon were fish, dried meat, dried vegetables and condensed

milk.

The diet at the beginning consisted The diet at the beginning consisted too much of polished rice, and, in consequence, a great epidemic of beribert developed. After this the quantity of meat and fish was increased, and some white bread was added to the ration. During battles the cooking was done in the rear, and warm food was carried to the men in the trenches.

From the Atlantic

From the Atlantic,

Among many primitive peoples it was customary to eliminate epileptics, idiots, lunatics, and those afflicted with incurable ilis; and the practice of putting to death weak, deformed, and sickly children was extremely prevalent. The custom among the Spartans of raising only their stronger children will occur to every one; even Aristotle advocates the rule that nothing imperfect or maimed shall be brought up. And Plato, who elaborated the most rigid eugenic program ever devised, recommends that the children of the more depraved, and such others as are in any way imperfect, be hidden away in some secret and obscure place.

Eugenics is by no means a modern science. Primitive peoples took it much more seriously and practiced it more consistently than we do today. There can be no manner of doubt that the weak, deformed, the foolish, the insane and degenerate of all kinds, have a much greater opportunity to survive and propagate their defects than they commonly had among primitive peoples.