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CHAPTER III—Young Desaurac determines to secure an education and become a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for Paris. LOUP CITY. · NEBRASKA. CHAPTER IV-Lady Elise returns after seven years' schooling, and entertains many nobles. Only set of Abstract books in county

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ejaculation; he seemed about to speak Offce First Floor, 4

doors south of pressed the desire the stupid fellow State Bank Building be set at liberty on the morrow, as

> ing now the Lady Elise to speak; to Excellency who interrupted.

denounce him, perhaps; but it was his "You were going to do so? To set him at liberty?" "I, your Excellency? The auberge

des voleurs is so full of the scum of the sands, there is hardly room for them to squirm; but if your Excellency wishes all these paltry ragamuffins and beggars brought before you—"
"Well, well!" The Governor looked down; his hand crushed impatiently the paper he held. "Here is much ado about nothing! Have you," to his

daughter, "aught to add?"



"nothing!" "Then," his Excellency waved a thin, aristocratic hand, "take him

tions?" murmured the commandant. "Are to be obeyed, of course!" answered the Governor, complacently CHAPTER I—Countess Elise, daughter of the Governor of the Mount, has chance encounter with a peasant boy.

"You hear, fool?" said in a low voice CHAPTER II—The "Mount," a small rock-bound island, stood in a vast bay on the northwestern coast of France, and during the time of Louis XVI was a government stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desaurac, nobleman. the clown. "Thank his Excellency! Don't you know enough? Clod! Dolt!'

CHAPTER V—Her Ladyship dances with a strange fisherman, and a call to arms is made in an effort to capture a mysterious Le Seigneur Nois. "And her ladyship?" prompted the

> "Speak, fool! To her ladyship you also owe much." "Much!" repeated the clown, spark in the dull gaze still fastened

"Is that all you can say?" almost wildly

querulous gesture his Excellency put an end to the matter. "Am I to be interrupted in important affairs by every miserable farceur, or buffoon, you pick up on the beach? To the devil with the fellow!'

When the door had closed on the mountebank and the commandant, he turned to his daughter. "A madcap trick!" Frowningly his Excellency regarded her. "To have gone into the town and mingled with the rabble! But," shaking his head and then suffering that expression of disapproval to relax into severity, "say no more about it! Here," indicating the letter, "is something of greater moment, to be attended to and answered!"

CHAPTER XX.

daughter, he drew himself up with an air of expectancy, like a man preparing for some sudden climax. Once be yond the threshold, his eyes glanced furtively back at the closed door, and, descending the stairs to the floor below, he carried his head a little for-

air of strained attention, now mingled with a trace of perplexity, he followed his guard until called upon to stop. "You are to sleen here!" As he spoke, the commandant opened the door of what seemed a low out-buildpened in this wise," and not without | ing, not very far from the general barracks, and motioned the mountebank to enter. The latter, after glancing quickly at the speaker and the soldiers behind, bent to step across the knaves, and my lady's interest in the dark threshold, and, still stooping, on account of the low roof, looked around him. By the faint glimmer of light from a lantern one of the soldiers held, the few details of that squalid single stall whose long-eared occupant

place were indistinctly revealed: A lodger; bits of harness and a number ground, a bundle of grass, rough fodder from the marshes close by the shore. This last salt-smelling heap, the officer, peering in with a fastidious sniff, indicated.

"That's your bed! A softer one than you would have had but for the Lady Elise!

The prisoner returned no answer. and in the voice of a man whose humor was not of the best, the command ant uttered a brief command. A moment or two the light continued to pass fitfully about the stable; then it and the moving shadows vanished: a key grated in the door, and the sound of the officer's receding footsteps was followed by the diminishing clatter of until both had fairly cled away in the distance and the silence was broken only by certain indications of restiveness from the stall, did the prisoner

First, to the door, which he tried and shook; then, avoiding the pile of fodder, to the wall, where, feeling about the rough masonry with the energy of one who knew he had no time to spare, his hands, ere long, encountered the frame of a small win- drink alone? dow. Any gratification, however, he might have experienced thereat found its offset in the subsequent discovery that the window had heavy fron blinds, closed and fastened, and was further guarded by a single strong bar set in the middle, dividing the one inconsiderable aperture into two spaces of impassable dimensions. But as if spurred by obstacles to greater exertions, flercely the man grasped the metallic barrier, braced himself, and as ready for a bout at fisticults as for put forth his strength. In its setting of old masonry, the rod moved slightly; then more and more, and the prisoner, breathing a moment hard, girded himself anew. A wrench, a tug, and the bar, partly disintegrated, snapped in the middle, and holding the pieces, the prisoner fell somewhat violently back. Armed now with an implement that well might serve as a lever, he nevertheless, paused before endeavor ing to force the formidable fastenings of the blinds; paused to tear out tight-fitting clown's cap; to doff the

the rough, dark garments beneath, and

mixture he took from his pocket. He had made but a few passes to remove the distinguishing marks of paint and pigment, when a sound without in the distance, caused him to desist.

Footsteps, that grew louder, were coming his way, and, gripping his bar tighter the prisoner grimly waited; but soon his grasp relaxed. The sound was that of a single person, who now paused before the entrance; fumbled at the lock, and, with an impatient exclamation, set something down. At the same time the prisoner dropped ing emphasis to the fact, he moved a his weapon and stooped for the discarded garments; in the dark, they escaped him and he was still searching, when the bolt, springing sharply back, caused him to straighten.

"Are you there, Monsieur Mountebank?" The door swung open; an uncertain light cast sickly rays once more within, and beneath the lantern. raised above his head, innocent of the danger he had just escaped, the round visage of the good-natured soldier who had escorted the mountebank to the auberge des voleurs looked amicably the commandant, as he approached and inquiringly into the darksome

"Yes; what do you want?" the answer came more curt than courteous. "What do I want?" the fellow repeated with a broad smile. "Now that's good! Perhaps it would be more to the point to ask what do you want? And here," indicating a loaf and jug in his hand, "I've got them, though why the commandant should have cared, and ordered them brought-"

"He did?" said the prisoner, with a flash of quick surprise. "Well, I'm not hungry, but you can leave them."

"Not hungry?" And the soldier, who seemed a little the worse for liquor, but more friendly in consequence, walked in. "I don't wonder, though," he went on, closing the door, hanging his lantern above and placing the jug on the ground; "in such a foul hole? What you need, comrade, is company, and," touching significantly his breast, "something warmer than flows from the spring of St. Aubert." "I tell you," began the mountebank, when the soldier, staring, got a fair look at the other for the first time and started back. "Eh? What's this?"

"Oh, I took them off! You don't suppose I'd sleep in my white clothes in such a dirty-

"Right you are, comrade!" turned the other, seating himself before the door on a three-legged stool he found in a corner. "But for the moment you gave me a start. I thought you some other person." "What-person?"

"No one in particular. You might," unbuttoning his coat to draw forth a bottle, "have been any one! But I dare say you have had them off in worse not bad, compared to some of the rooms for guests at the Menn' !"

meaning the comtel. looked first at the closed bilnds; then at the door, and a sudden determination came to his eyes. "Those especially prepared for the

followers of the Black Seigneur, taken prisoners near Casque, for example!" "They are dungeons?" "With Jacques for keeper! The litward, as if intent to catch unwonted the sexton, we call him, because the structure, when unexpectedly another ed a resolution to hold at least one

to the pit, and the quicklime is the hunchback's graveyard!" "This Jacques-" A growing impatience shone ominously from the prisoner's glance; his attention, that of a man straining to catch some expected

sound without, focused itself on the speaker. "This Jacques-what sort of quarters has he?" "Oh, he lives anywhere; every-

where! Sometimes at the thieves' inn; again in one of the storehouses



near the wheel. They say, though, he is not a great hand to sleep, but pass es most of his time like a cat, prowb men's heels on the flagging stone. Not | ing in and out the black passages and tunnels of the Mount. But," abruptly breaking off, "the play—that's what I want to know about! The end! How did it end?"

"I'm in no mood for talking." "Take the bottle, an' it'll looses your tongue!"

"What! you refuse?" "Yes." "Then," philosophically, "must I "Not here!"

"Will you get out, or-" and the mountebank stepped toward the other with apparently undisguised inten-

"So that's your game?" Quickly the soldier sprang to his feet. "I must teach you a little politeness, my friend -how we deal with uncivil people in the army!" And throwing off his coat, an encounter of words, the soldier confronted the clown. "When I'm done, you'll sing that song of the stick out of the other side of the mouth, and think your wicked peasant received a coddling from his master in

comparison!" But the mountebank did not answer -with words-and the soldier was still threatening, and painting dire prophetic pictures of what he intended doing, when a strong arm closed about him; fingers like iron gripped his throat, and, for some moments thereafter, although of unusual size

ened. Still he could not shake off that with returning realization and a vague cept defeat; acknowledge the other's supremacy, and seal that acknowledgment over the bottle.

Only the mountebank afforded him no opportunity thus to toast the "best man;" with a long strap of leather snatched from one of the pegs, he had already bound the hands and feet of his bulky antagonist, and was just rising to survey his handiwork, when the other opened his eyes.

"Here! What do you mean?" exclaimed the soldier, when even the power vocally to express further surprise or indignation was denied him, in consequence of something soft being thrust between his teeth; and mute, helpless, he could but express in looks the disgusted inquiry his lips refused to frame.

"No; it's no joke," answered the mountebank, rapidly passing an end of the strap, binding the soldier, about a post of the stall and securing it, sailor-wise. "A poor return for hospitality, yet needs must, when the devil drives!" quickly seizing a handful of marsh grass from the ground and rubbing it over his face. "Any how, you'll be none the worse on the morrow," stepping toward the lantern, while I-who can say? He laughs best-" About to blow out the flame, he stopped, attracted by something his foot had thrust aside; a garment; the soldier's! A moment he surveyed it; stooped; picked it up. "Unless I am mistaken," casting aside his own coat. slipping on that of the soldier, and then donning the latter's cap, which had fallen in the struggle, "we are about of a size. And this sword," unfastening the belt from the prostrate jailer, "should go with the coat." A moment his words, tense, reckless, continued to vibrate in the soldier's ears, then: "I'll leave you the lanern!" And darkness fell over the

Boldly, a little uncertainly, as the soldier had walked, the mountebank, now, to all appearance, a man of the ranks in the service of his Excellency, the Governor, strode down the wide, stone-paved way separating the outlouses from the officers' quarters, hard against the ramparts. In the sky's iome the stars still shone, although a small mottled patch of cloud obscured the moon; on either side no lights appeared in windows, and friendly shadows favored him, until he approached at the end of the way the broad, open entrance between the soldiers' barracks and the officers' row. There, set in stone above the key of the timeworn arch, flared a smoky lamp, dimly revealing the surrounding details; but the young man did not stop; had drawn quite close to the medieval ntrance, mingled with his own; rang for a moment in unison; then jingled out of time. He who approached came to a sudden standstill; cast a quick glance over his shoulder, only to be brought to an abrupt realization that it was now too late to retreat. A black silhouette, suddenly precipitated across the pavement, preceded a dark figure that stepped quickly out and barred the way, while at the same time, a voice, loud and incisive, challenged.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Stairway of Silver.

The stillness of the moment that followed was tense; then thickly the young man answered something irrelevant about a clown, a bottle and a loaf; with cap drawn down and halfaverted face, he lurched a little forward in the darkness, and the senti-nel's weapon fell. "Oh, that's you, is it. Henri?" he said in a different tone, stepping back. "How did you leave

"Eating the bread and calling for more!" As he spoke, the other stopped, swaying uncertainly; above the arch, the wick, ill-trimmed, brightened and darkened to the drafts of air through break and slit of the old lamp; and briefly he awaited a favorable moment, when the flame blew out until almost extinguished; then with hand near sword-hilt, somewhat overbriskly, but in keeping with the part, he stepped toward the arch; through it, and quickly past the sentinel.

"You seem to have been feasting and drinking a little yourself, tonight, comrade?" called out the latter after him. "I noticed it when you went in. and— But aren't you taking the wrong way?" As the other, after starting toward the barracks, straightened, and then abruptly wheeled into the road, running up the Mount.

"Bah!" A moment the young man passed. "Can't a soldier," articulating with difficulty, "go to see his sweetheart without-"Eh bien!" The sentinel shrugged

his shoulders. "It isn't my business. I think, though, I know where they'll put you tomorrow, when they find out through the guard at the barracks." To this ominous threat the other deigned no response, only, after the fashion of a man headstrong in insobriety, as well as in affairs of gallantry, continued his upward way; at first, speedily; afterward, when beyond hearing of the man below, with more stealth and as little noise as possible, until the road, taking a sudden angle, brought him abruptly to an open space at the foot of a great flight

Broad, wide, broken by occasional platforms, these steps, reaching upward in gradual ascent, had designedly, in days gone by, been made easy for broken-down monarchs or corpulent abbots. Also they had been planned to satisfy the discerning eye, jealous of every addition or alteration at the Mount. My lord, the ancient potentate, leisurely ascending in ec clesiastical gown, while conscious of an earthly power reaching even into England, could still fancy he was go

pernal. Saint Louis, with gaze benignly bent toward the aerial escalier de dentelle of the chapel to the left, might well exclaim no royal road could compare with this inspiring and holy way; nor is it difficult to understand a sudden enchantment here, or beyond, that drew to the rock on three pilgrimages that other Louis, more sinner than saint, the eleventh of his name to mount the throne of France. But those stones, worn in the past

by the footsteps of the illustrious and the lowly, were deserted now, and, for the moment, only the moon, which had escaped from the cloud, exercised there the right of way; looking square ly down to efface time's marks and pave with silver from top to bottom facades, towers and battlements on he's asleep!" either side, and, at the spectacle-the disk directly before him-the Black Seigneur, about to leave the dark and sheltering byway, involuntarily paused. her course at full speed, and the first Angels might walk unseen up and thing the passengers knew had crashdown in that effulgence, as, indeed, the old monks stoutly averred was their habit; but a mortal intrusion on bow crashed and the splinters flew. "I the argent way could be fraught only with visibility.

To reach the point he had in mind, steps had to be mounted, and, lowering his head and looking down, delib erately he started. As he proceeded his solitary figure seemed to become more distinct; his presence more obtrusive and his echoing footsteps to resound louder. No indication he had been seen or heard, however, reached him; to all appearances espionage of his movements was wanting, and only the saint with the sword at the top of the steeple—guardian spirit of the rock—looked down, as if holding high

University Club

the members of the University Club at their home on New Year's Eve, and an enjoyable evening was reported by all. The University Club is composed of all students of this city who have attended or are now attending the State University of Nebraska. An informal business meeting was held by the members that evening, at the members, to enlarge the membership by including all students of universities, regardless of whether they have attended the State University of this state, or any university in this state, but the attempt was necessarily defeated because the club, in order to retain its standing in the state as a University of Nebraska club, is compelled to admit only students of our State University to membership. In addition to the members of the club, all university students of the city who have attended other universities were present as the guests of the club, and the club found the addition of such students so desirable that they adoptprisoners go generally from the cells tread, on the soldiers' side of the regular meeting between Christmas and New Year of each year, and to entertain all university students out- was in store for him." side the club who may be in our city at the time.

After a number of pleasant games, a brief business meeting was held, and Miss Emma Outhouse was unanimously elected president to succeed Mr. R. P. Starr, who has held the office for two years and declined to serve longer, and Clifford Rein was unanimously elected secretary-treas-

After the business meeting the students sang old university songs, and were later given a musical treat by Mrs. Starr and her son, Howard. Mrs. Starr's musical talent is well known in this city, and Howard is manifesting remarkable ability on the violin.

Delicious refreshments were served, followed by excellent cigars for the gentlemen, and all adjourned in the small hours of New Year's day, filled to overflowing with pleasant recollections of the evening, of the old university days, and refreshments.

The county attorney contest is set for hearing before the county court next Monday, Jan. 6th. The old county board meets next

week Wednesday, the 8th, for settlement with the county treasurer and the following day for general business. The new board meets a week Remember, our patons and friends

are cordially welcome to visit our office any day and especially Wednesday afternoons and Thursday mornings and witness our electric motors grinding out editions of the Northwestern. Many have done so, and there is welcome for all. Mr. Archie Kearns returned to his

studies at Bellevue this morning. He graduates in June with the A. B. degree. We understand our young friend will then take a four-year course in medicine and attach M. D. to his name. This will make still another one of our bright Loup City boys to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious fathers and take up the same work or profession.



THAT BALKAN MESS

"George dear, what's all this Balkan trouble that takes up so much room in the papers?"

"I don't believe you could understand it, my love. You see, it's largely political, and diplomatic, and-and

"How is it political, George?" "That's hard to explain."

"And how is it diplomatic?" "That's still more complicated."

"And why abstruse?" "That's the hardest of all."

"I thought so, dear. You know nothing about it. And now because you're a busy man and haven't time for foreign news, I'm going to explain the whole Balkan situation to you. the flight of stairs. It played, too, on You see, it was at best-good gracious,

> An Explanation. The steamboat came splashing along

ed head on into the pier. "Mercy!" cried a passenger, as the

wonder what is the matter?" "Nothin'" said Pat, one of the deckhands. "Nothin', ma'am-ut looks to however, no choice remained; the me as if the captain just forgot that we shtop here."-Harper's Weekly.

A DIPLOMATIC STROKE.



Algernon-Aw-ve know, Adelaide, there's no use in our disputing any moah, but I'll-aw-bet the kisseshe, he—that I'm right.

Adelaide-All right, but I shall claim which time it was sought, by some of the privilege of choosing the stake-

What to Take.

The sky is blue and cloudless, too, The sun is bright and yellow. But take no chances; take instead Your tried and true umbrella

The Electric Coupe. "There is something refined and ele gant about an electric coupe." "Yes. I dare say it is the most aris-

tocratic vehicle we have and it will probably always be highly respectable." "Why do you think so?"

"Because its limitations are such that it will never be a popular vehicle for an early morning joy ride."

Painfully True.

"When he was younger a fortune teller predicted that a great future

"Did the prediction come true?" "Yes, but we didn't know at the time how the fortune teller spelled the word 'great.' He's been peering through a steel grating now for near ly five years."

Oh, You Flat-Iron!

Yeast-I see a new electric flat-iron is made of reinforced glass so that it may be turned on end and used as a lamp if desired."

Crimsonbeak-Might make a man a bit nervous to have his wife meet him with that sort of a light when he man ages to reach the front door in the cold gray hours of dawn.

HIS THOUGHT.



She (romantically)-Oh! wings of a dove! He (practically)-The breast of

turkey for mine. Oh, for That Money Now. The money spent beside the sea Brought freckles in a swarm; But now it's the cold winter time

And they won't keep her warm An Exception

"No news is good news." "Oh, I don't know. Were you ever waked out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night to answer the telephone only to have the girl tell you she had called you by mistake?"

Untouched. "Kit, I wish I could fall heir to a milion dollars! In that case I think you'd

marry me. "How strange it is, George, that so beautiful a wish can be the father to such an ugly thought!"

Its Allurements. "Mrs. Chatterly thinks of moving to

"So I hear," replied Miss Cayenne. "But she doesn't need any divorce." "No. But she is so fond of gossip she has probably decided to move to

headquarters." Putting It Delicately. "Why is it that your son can't hold

job? Is he lazy?" "Well, perhaps not exactly that; but think it may be safe to say that he

is a conservative in the matter of earning his living."

TEN YEARS IN GRAND ISLAND

"The Strollers" "Under The Rose"

Mount

WALTERS

CHAPTER VI-The Black Seigneur es-

CHAPTER VII-Lady Elize is caught in the "Grand" tide.

CHAPTER VIII-Black Seigneur rescues, and takes Lady Elise to his retreat.

CHAPTER XII—Seigneur and a priest at the "Cockles."

CHAPTER XIII—Sanchez tells Desaurac that Lady Elise betrayed him, but is not believed. The Seigneur plans to release the prisoners at the Mount.

CHAPTER XIV—Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners.

CHAPTER IX—Elise discovers that hereavior was the boy with the fish.

CHAPTER X-Sanchez, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor.

CHAPTER XI-Lady Elise has Sanches set free.

CHAPTER XV—Disguised as a peasant Lady Elise mingles with the people and hears some startling facts.

CHAPTER XVI-A mysterious Mounte bank starts a riot and is arrested.

CHAPTER XVII—The Mountebank is iocked up after making close observations of the citadel, and is afterwards summoned before the governor's daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII—The governor enters the room during the interview with the Mountebank.

CHAPTER XIX-As a miserable buf-

foon, the Mountebank is released by or-der of the governor.
Lation of which she strove to conseal.

"And I was about to call him, when--"

the commandant. "You brought him

here?" incisively.

will explain."

casioned the riot

mountebank.

The Governor continued to address

"Yes; your Excellency; a stupid

fellow we arrested for making trouble

with his dolls, and-but with her La-

To this the girl, however, made no

answer; as if fascinated, watched

them, the commandant, her father, the

still, white figure at one side-not far

"I think," the Governor spoke soft-

"Exactly, your Excellency! It hap-

evidence of constraint and hesitation.

the officer slowly related the story of

the disturbance on the platform; the

taking into custody of the rogues and

vagabond clown whose play had oc-

"Because it was seditious, designed

to set authority at naught?" interrupt-

ed the listener, grimly eyeing for an

"On the contrary, your Excellency!"

uickly. "Her Ladyship assured me it

was the loyal and faithful sentiments

of the play that caused the unruly

rascallions to make trouble, and that

the clown deserved no punishment be-

cause he had intended no mischief'

"Her Ladyship?" The Governor's

brows went suddenly up. "How," he

asked at length in a voice yet softer,

'should her Ladyship have known

about the 'loyal and faithful senti-

ments' of a piece given in the town.

his daughter, a red spot now on her

cheek; changing lights in her eyes.

"Because I was a spectator!" said

"A spectator," repeated, in mild

"I will explain-after!" she added

"Hum!" His Excellency's giance

"Her Ladyship was so good," mur-

ment and yet feeling obliged to speak,

with that bright insistent gaze of the

siring to mingle with the people, and,

before a crowd of brawlers?"

instant the motionless form of the

iy, "you will do that, anyway!"

SYNOPSIS.

Lawyer

ROBERT H. MATHEW **Bonded Abstracter**

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in tones, low, constrained. IN swept to the commandant. Estate mured the latter in some embarrasshigh official of the Mount fastened upon him, "as to inform me that, de-

knowing it might not be expedient to do so-in her own proper charac-See ter-her Ladyship saw fit to assume a humbler costume—that of a Norman peasant maid-" Dougal From the Governor's lips fell an

> sternly, but the words failed on his lips; instead, 'Continue!" he said "That, I believe, is all, your Excellency, except that her ladyship ex-

not worth the keeping-and-" The mountebank started, as expect-

bank, at the Governor's question, shot a quick glance from him to her. Although but an instant his look met my lady's, in that brief interval she read all that was lost on the other two; the sudden, desperate purpose, the indubitable intention, his warning glance conveyed. At the same time she no ticed, or fancied she did, the nand thrust into his breast, as if grasping some weapon concealed there, drew out a little, while simultaneously, lend-

"Nothing," said the girl hastily;

awav! "And your-her ladyship's instruc regarding his letter.

But the man made at first no effort to obey; immovable as a statue, seemed not to see the speaker, and once more, the officer half whispered his injunction.

"Eh?" the Governor turned. "I thank your Excellency! Your Excellency is most kind!" said the mountebank in a loud, emphatic tone.

The clown looked at the girl; her breath came fast through her parted

upon her. "Take him away!" My lady spoke

"Yes; take him away!" With

The Mountebank and the Soldler. As the mountebank walked out of the apartment of the Governor's dyship's permission—" awkwardly sound or outery. But no raised voice or unusual noise reached his ear, and his footsteps, as the party issued forth into the street, responded briskly to the soldiers' pace. Still with the same

turned its head inquiringly at the abrupt appearance of a companion of traps hanging from pegs on the wall, and, near the door, on the

costume of the mountebank covering

and vigor, the man was more concerned in keeping his feet than in searching his vocabulary for picturesque imagery. Then, in spite of his struggles and best endeavors to free himself, he felt his head forced backwards; the grasp on his neck tightdeadly hold, and, aware that consciousness was gradually leaving him, his efforts relaxed. After that, for an interval, he remembered nothing; but sense of stiffness in his throat, in a rough sort of way was prepared to ac-

To be Continued

Annual Reunion Mr. and Mrs. R.P. Starrentertained