Ghe MARSI MARY RAYMOND SAIPMAN ANDREWS

#### SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Na-poleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gas-pard Gourgand, who with Alixe, his even-year-old daughter, lipes at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Kapoleon he fires the boy's Imagination with stories of his campaigns. The gen-fra forms francois a home at the Cha-teau. The boy refuses to leave his pathe general Alixe Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the firl and Pietro. Francois gors to Italy a certetary to Pietro. Queen Mortense plans the escape of her son Louis Na poleos by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill in the encape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed Louis's brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Fran-tois is a prisoner of the Austrians for

CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

A person of more importance than Pattista had fallen under the spell of Francois' personality. The governor himself had been attracted by the young Frenchman. The governor, Count von Gersdorf, was a vain, discontented, brilliant Austrian, at odds risen further in it. He was without society in this mountain fortress of his, and longed for it; he had a fine Francois had sat five years before. volce and no one to sing to; he liked Francois, with his ready friendliness. with his gift of finding good in every similicity which had the ease of sophiztication, was a treasure-trove of susement to the bored Austrian.

Things stood so with the prisoner at the time of his discovery of the identity of his jailer and of his jail. The governor at that time was away on a visit to Vienna, looking for a promotion; he came back elated and good-humored in the prospect of a change within the year. But the heart of Francois sank as he thought what

she change might mean to him. "Some day a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he said to himself one day, staring through the bars at his window-he called the sky so. He smiled. "But that is nothing. To help place my prince on the throne man. of France-that is my work-my life.' He talked alond at times, as prisoners come to do. ' He went on then, in a low voice. "If there were good fairies, if I had force wishes: Alixe-the prince made emperor-Francois Beaupre, a marshal of France." He laughed happily. "It is child's play. Nothing matters except that my life shall do its work. cois. Even that is so small; but I have a great desire to do that. I believe 1 shall do that-I know it." And he fell to work on a book which he was planning, chapter by chapter, in his brain. But, if he were to escape ever, the chance was increased infinitely by the going back and forth to the governor's A new governor might keep him shut up absolutely. It had been so while the count was away; then he had been ill, and the lieutenant in command would not let a doctor see him till he became delirious; that was the ordinary treatment of prisoners. Francois, thinking over these things on a day, fell with a sudden accent of her. on the steady push of his longing for "Pietro!" freedom, the conviction that he must

surly tones, had his hand on Battista's | Alixe, her letter in her hands, strug-|Sabre de bois! What is your news, arm, was whispering back eagerly.

"Where does he go, in France?" "To Vicques," the low answer came.

what he may tell us." Going to Vicques, the little Battista! From Castleforte! And he, Francois, at once the said little Battista, retired, For all his gruff self-control the genmust stay here in prison! His soul was wrung with a sudden wild home- but not so shortly as to have omitted to sit down. Queer, that a man's knees sickness. He wanted to see Alixe, to a fling of the great news into the should suddenly bend and give way see his mother, to see the general; to midst of the servants' hall. He con- because of a thrill of rapture in a see the peaceful little village and the ducted, marching behind him, the lit- man's psychological make-up! But the see the peaceful little village and the for the general and learns of the friend-the between the general and Marquis Zapat, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon Marquis Zappi and his on Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The the dim, high-walled library, how and the dim, high-walled library, how the warted to con the library, how and the dim, high-walled library, how the warted to con the library how and the dim, high-walled library, how the warted to con the library how the marching behind him, the lit-the Battista, an enormous young man of six feet four, erect, grave, stately. This dignified person, saluting the lady with a deep bow, dropped on one knee before his master, his eyes full of a "But he is alive father". Alive, the fields, and the corn! The gray castle This dignified person, saluting the lady from little Battista was rehearsed, and small eyes gleamed with a britiant ing the sound under his bedclothes, The Marquis before leaving for America. The Marquis before leaving for America acced Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois Goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis with that, Battista was over him, was goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis with that, Battista was over him, was murmuring words again. Something otherwise decorous. The general Alixe, Pietro and Francois to be worst moment of all his captivity. And and stood waiting, with those beaming I never knew till now that I feared he them and saw the thin, old, brass key indeed, reading them, that no words First the young marguis said some

stood with downcast eyes, with the prince and his mother to escape. Fran-toris is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years in the castle owned by Pletro Is Italy, He discovers in his guard one of Phetre's old family servants. as if in touching it he touched his 20

## CHAPTER XV.

Good News.

In the garden of the chauteau of Vicques, where the stiff, gray stone vases spilled again their heart's blood of scarlet and etching of vines; where the two stately lines of them led down with the world because he had not to the sundial and the round lawn-on one of the griffin-supported stone seats Alixe and Pletro sat, where Alixe and to tak and had no one to talk to. been going over the pros and cons of As they sat in the garden, they had his life or death for the thousandth one, with his winning manner and sad as he looked away from Alixe and time. Pietro's quiet gray eyes were across the lawn to the beech wood.

"God knows I would give my life quickly if I could see him coming through the trees there, as we used to see him, mornings long ago, in his patched homespun clothes."

Alixe followed the glance consideringly, as if calling up the little, brown, trudging figure so well remembered. Then 'she tossed up her head sharply -"Who?"-and then she laughed. "I

cois," she said. "I thought it was he means this was possible. Pietro, re- and Alixe, watching him, saw it. membering the little Battista of old, back in the beech wood "I see no one." Pietro stared. vaguely remembered that he was in-"But you have no eyes, Pietro-I can capable of initiative in speech. One

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gled in her mind. Then: "The letter then, you silly child?" will keep-yes, let him come, and we And Alixe, shaking very much, laid can read it all the better after for her hand on his cheek and looked earnestly into his eyes. "Father,

So Moison, having orders to produce Francois is alive!" much excited, and returned shortly- eral made the letter an excuse shortly mouthfuls.

"But he is alive, father! Alive! That is happiness enough to kill one.

"Alive-yes! But in prison-in that devil's hole of an old castle!" And and mine, Beaupre"-the count about him and their faces laid against friendly words of his great pleasure in Alixe looked at Pietro and laughed, chuckled-"that will cure you of your seeing his old servant and the friend but the general paid no attention. "He lills for this evening at least." He slid of his childhood, and the big man must be got out. There is no time to the key into the lock and said, half to waste. Diable! He is perishing in himself, "My little brass friend never that vile stable! What was that the leaves the belt of Albrecht von Gerslad said about the doctor's speech, dorf except to do him a pleasure, bless that only a long sea voyage could save him!" And then, "Hold the candle him? One must get him out, mon dieu, Beaupre-well, comé along down-it can do no harm and I can't manage a

Alixe, her hand on his arm, put her light and two bottles." head down on it suddenly and stood So Francois followed down the twistso for a moment, her face hidden. ed, headlong, stone staircase and found Pietro, his hands thrust deep in his himself, after rather a long descent. pockets, looked at the general with holding the lamp high, gazing curiouswide gray eyes, considering. With that ly about the walls of a large stone Alixe flashed up, turned on the young room lined with shelves, filled with Italian, shaking her forefinger at him; bottles.

from his belt.

"A show, isn't it?" the Count von "That is for you, Pietro. If we Gersdorf demanded. "Here, hold the should lose him now, just as we have light on this side," and he went on found him! Now is the time for you talking. "The wine is so old that I to show if you can be what is brave think it must have been stocked beand strong, as Francois has shown. It fore the time of the last lord of the is your castle; you must save him." castle."

Pietro looked at the girl, and the And Francois, holding the light, recolor crept through his cheeks, but he membering the Marquis Zappi, thought so too. The count pointed to a square "Alixe, my Alixe," her father put an stone in the wall which projected

arm around her. "One may not de slightly, very slightly. mand heroism as if it were bread and

"That is the door to a secret stock butter. Pietro will not fail us." of some sort, I have always thought.' "Alixe always wished me to be brilhe said. "Probably some wonderful liant like Francols," Pietro spoke old stuff saved for the coming of age gently. "But I never could." of the heir, or a great event of that "Yet, Pietro, it is indeed your time." sort. I wish I could get at it," and he Alixe threw at him eagerly. "Francois stared wistfully at the massive block. must be rescued or he will die." "But I cannot stir it. And I don't let

explained.

"Yes," Pietro answered quietly. anyone but myself down here-not I." Francois must be rescued." The count turned away and they He was silent a moment, as if thinkmounted the two stories of narrow ing. His calm poised mind was work- steps, for the governor's rooms were

shall be seeing visions next, like Fran- tentively, not comprehending by what in the clear gray eyes. The general ran from it between walls, down un-

moving in his bedroom, and a third. and thrust a thick paper into his coat The count had gone through this last and at the same instant his heavy left door one night a month before, into a hand was over Francois' mouth. dark, winding, stone staircase, and dis-"Not a word." he whispered, and appeared for three minutes, and then- "The loaf of bread." brought up a bottle of wonderful wine. Francois, struck dumb and blind, "A fine stock they put down thereturned hot and cold, and his shaking the Italians who ruled here for eight hand in his coat pocket clutched the

hundred-odd years," he had said. "I've letter. lowered it a bit. A good spacious wine-But Battista prodded him with his cellar and grand old wine. You will be the better for a little." And Francois hard forefinger. "Be careful," he muttered, and then again, "The bread"had watched him as he put the brass with a sharp prod-"The loaf of bread" key back on the chain which hung -and the door had clanged. Battista was gone.

At this point of memory the bed-A strong man, who had not been room door opened, and the governor shut away from life, would likely have came out, in great good humor and read the letter instantly, would inready to eat and drink as became an stantly have examined the long round Austrian soldier. The dinner was loaf lying before him. Francois was brought in, but Francois, for all his ill and weak and it was the first word efforts to do his part, could not swal- for five years from his own people, low food, or very little. The fever, the which lay in his hand; he sat as if unrest burning in him, made it impos- turned to stone, touching the paper as

sible. Count Gersdorf looked at him if that were enough; he sat perhaps seriously when dinner was over; as fifteen minutes. yet Francois, talking, laughing, sing-

Then suddenly a breathlessness ing, had eaten not over half a dozen came over him that something might happen before he could read it-this "Certainly you are not well," he said. writing which, whatever it should say, "I think the doctor should see you." meant life and death to him. Taking And then he nodded his head and his care not to rustle the paper, deadenthought. "I know a medicine better he read it, kneeling by the bed. It was than a doctor's." He stood up and his four letters-from his mother and fingers were working at the chain of Alexe and the general and Pietro; keys at his belt. Francois watched but the first three were short. He felt,

which he slipped off. "A bottle of had been written, that only the arms wine of our Italian ancestors-yours of the people he loved had strained



his, and that so, wordlessly, they had told him but one thing-their undying love. Weak, lonely, his intense temperament stretched to the breaking point by the last three months of fearful hope, it was more than he could cheek and his head dropped on the

constipation. Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels

**A BILIOUS LIVER** 

-you always get the desired results with Cascarets. Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put : n end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nerv-

"CASCARETS" FOR

For sick headache, bad breath,

Sour Stomach and

ousness, sick, sour, 3sy stomach. backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children-their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

Talked Enough in Life.

An agent called on Mr. Hoolihan one morning and asked for a photograph of the lately departed Mrs. Hoolihan.

"You just let me have that photograph about two weeks," said the agent, "and I'll send you a life-size portrait of Mrs. Hoolihan that'll be a speaking likeness."

An expression of considerable apprehension appeared in Mr. Hoolihan's dim blue eyes, and he passed his hand twice across his mouth with a nervous gesture.

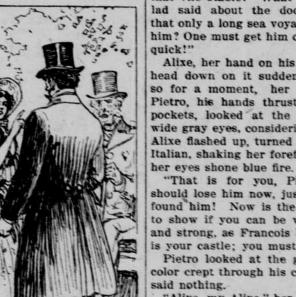
"Well, now, Oi don't know as that'd be annyways nicessary," he replied, in a whisper, "Oi'll jist have a pictur that shows her looks, widout anny mechanical controivance to reprojuce her v'ice."-Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

# THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make It Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant-Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single bear. He put the papers against his trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will bed, and a storm of tears tore his soul please you most, will be after a few and body. But it was dangerous; he weeks' use, when you see new hair, must not be off his guard; he remem- fine and downy at first-yes-but realbered that swiftly, and with shaking ly new hair-growing all over the fingers he opened Pietro's letter- scalp.

Pietro's letter which, yellowed and A little Danderine immediately doufaded but distinct yet, in the small bles the beauty of your hair. No differclear writing, is guarded today with ence how dull faded brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it "My dear brother Francois," the let- through your hair, taking one small ter began, and quick tears came again strand at a time. The effect is imat that word "brother," which said so mediate and amazing-your hair will much. "My dear brother Francois- be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomsearched for you and never forgotten parable luster, softness and luxuriyou. I will tell you that when I see ance, the beauty and shimmer of true Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any-that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment-that's all. Adv.



"You Must Save Him!"

color flushing his happy face. Then, "Battista," asked the marquis, "how did you get the letter which you brought mademoiselle?" "My father," answered Battista la-

> conically. "How did your father get it?" "From the signor prisoner, my sig-

nor. Alixe and Pietro looked at him at- ing swiftly; one saw the inner action on the second floor, and the staircase



It Was Whispered Quickly.

ret free before the count left, else opartunity and force for the effort ild both be gone forever. And on glance. hat day Battista brought in his midday meal with a look and a manner which Francois remarked.

"What is it, Battista?" he asked boftly.

The man answered not a word, but turned and opened the door rapidly in Italy! But he is alive. Moison!" and looked out. "I thought I had left And with that, a sudden jump again the water-pitcher. Ah, here it is-I into dignity. "Who brought this, Moiam stupid," he spoke aloud. And then, inger on lip dramatically, he bent over son?" e young man. "My son-the little Battista-has had a letter. The young to have a hand in the joyful excitement, "Mademoiselle, the young permaster wishes him to come to him in son speaks little language. But he France, to serve him. He is going in two days."

It was whispered quickly, and Battista stood erect.

is the servant from my old home of The signor's food will get cold if the signor does not eat it," he spoke whom I spoke to you. I can not imag-"I do not like to carry good ine how Francois got hold of him, but food for prisoners who do not appre-tate it. I shall bring less tomorrow." have him brought here? He must have But Francois, hardly hearing the something to tell us." "I am ready," the impatiently. "What

always see a thing two minutes before must pump him painfully. you," Alixe threw at him. "There-the "Was your father in the prison where the signor is confined?" Alixe "Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are asked. more than natural, Alixe. You see in-

38

120

20 -

1

fellow."

not know him," and they went on talk- always." "Always?" Pietro demanded ing, as they had been doing, of Franalarm. "Is Battista a prisoner?"

"But no, my signor." And with that, here was Jean Phil-"What then? Battista, try to tell lippe Moison, forty now and fat, but still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between So adjured, little Battista made a

the tall gray vases, making a symers, my signor." phony of color with the rich red of the flowers. He held a silver tray; a letface of the marquis took all the joyter was on it

"For mademoiselle."

strongly. "What is it, Alixe?"

ment.

Mademoiselle took it calmly and tista glanced at it, and with that both the "My signor," he stammered, "it footman and the Marquis Zappi were astonished to see her fall to shivering, as if in a sudden illness. She first, and-and it came to be so." . caught Pietro's arm. The letter was "What castle "" clutched in her other hand thrust back

ter's like those of a faithful dog, trust- played for dances in Vicques. And the "What is it. Alixe?" His voice was tle, my signor? Castelforte-the sigquiet as ever, but his hand was around her shaking fingers, and he held them nor's own castle-what other?" A sharp exclamation from Alixe it, and then he sang it and roared summed up everything .. "Your castle again and slapped his knee; there was She drew forward the other hand:

is confiscated; they use it as a prison. a droll comedy in Francois' rendering the letter shook. rustled with her Francois is a prisoner there, Pietro! also, not to be explained-and the trembling. "It is-from Francois!" All these years-in your own home!" count said that Francois must come to Jean Phillippe Moison having "I never dreamed of that," Pietro his rooms the next night for dinner staved to listen, as he ought not, liftspoke, thinking aloud. "Every other and sing him the song again and also ed his eyes and his hands to heaven

prison in Austria and Italy I have tried listen to a new one of his own. and gave thanks in a general way. volubly, unrebuked. By now the unto find him in. I never dreamed of steady fingers of Alixe had opened the Castelforte." paper, and her head and Pietro's were

At the end of the interview the little two rooms which were the governor's bent over it, devouring the well-known Battista put his hand into his breast suite. He knew them well, for he had writing. Alixe, excited, French, expocket and brought out another letter, dined many times with the count. But ploded into a disjointed running comthickly folded. Would mademoiselle have him instructed where to find the ments in the outer room, the livingmother of the signor prisoner? He had room, while the governor was in the "From prison-our Francois-dear Francois!" And then: "Five years, promised to put this into her own bedroom, and he looked about keenly Pietro! Think-while we have been hands. He must do it before he with a strained attention which grew free!" And then, with a swift clutch touched food.

again at the big coat sleeve crowding And Jean Phillippe Moison, who had Who knew what bit of knowledge of against her: "Pietro! See, see! The lurked discreetly back of the nearest the castle might be vital, and who date-it is only two months ago. He stone vase, not missing a syllable, was knew how soon? He noted the swords was alive then; he must be alive now; given orders, and the huge little Bat- and pistols hanging on the wall, and tista was sent off up the stone steps marked a light saber whose scabbard he is! I knew it, Pietro! A woman knows more things than a man." between the scarlet flowers, up the was brightly polished as if the blade

and fixed Jean Phillippe, drinking in purple one. all this, with an unexpected stern Half an hour later the general which Count von Gersdorf lighted his "What are you doing here, Moison? What manners are these?"

Then, relapsing in a flash into pure human trust and affection toward the he had come to Vicques, but sterner but little more, ran, four feet below; show. anxious old servant: "My dear, old, and sadder; his still soldiery gait less ten feet beyond the window it ended good Moison-he is alive-Monsieur Francois is alive-in a horrible prison ago

He saw Alixe and Pietro coming Jean Phillippe was only too happy told me to say to monsieur the marthat they were upon him, and Alixe quis that he was the little Battista." was kissing him, hugging him, push- prison. Pietro looked up quickly. "Alixe, it ing a letter into his hand, up his sleeve, into his face-anywhere.

"Father-good news-the best news

"I think I know how," he said.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Stone Staircase Battista's prisoner stood at the

barred window high up the steep side The little Battista turned his eyes of the castle and stared out wistfully to a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, I on her a second, approvingly, but at the receding infinity of bluenesssee him now. Mon dieu! he is a big briefly. They went back without delay his meadow. In the three months to their affair of devouring the face since his letter had gone to France, he "A peasant-from some other vil- of his master. But he answered had grown old. The juices of his lage," Alixe spoke carelessly. "I do promptly. "Yes, signorina; he is there youth seemed dried up; his eyes were he. It was a wonderful old liquid,

bloodshot, his skin yellow; there was full of a strange dim sparkle, and of no flesh on him. The waiting and most exquisite bouquet. As he drank hoping had worn on him more than it Francois silently toasted its owner the dead level of the hopeless years

before. There was a new tenseness took so little as to disgust the govin the lightly-built figure, even in the long, delicate, strong fingers. The violent effort. "He is one of the jail- prisoner had caught a whiff of the air

vou.

count, who was by that time more of home and was choking for a full than fairly drunk, he went up to his "Jailers? For the Austrians?" The breath. cold prison under the roof quieter and "You are not well, my friend," said more at peace than he had been for ful light out of the face of little Bat- the governor. "The doctor must see months,

But Francois refused lightly and CHAPTER XVII. could not be helped. He was there. He laughed and fell to singing an old peasknew the castle. They forced him at ant song of France which he had re-A Loaf of Bread. membered lately; he got up on the

The next morning Battista came in "Knew the castle!" Pietro repeated. table and droned it to an imaginary with a manner which to the observing fiddle which he pretended to play after eye of his prisoner forstold distinctly Battista's eyes turned to his Mas- the manner of old Jacques Arne, who some event. He talked more than ing but not understanding. "What cas- governor was taken with a violent at last, after wandering about the usual, and more gruffly and loudly, but fancy for it. He roared at it, and sang room some minutes, all the time talkit over in fragments till he had learned ing, scolding, he swooped on Francois



BOTH PERSONAL AND SOCIAL | for an active social season. She is

Miss Tuffie Show, daughter of Mrs. Hoaleigh Show, to Mr. William Martingale Yuceless, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Worsen Yuceless.

Mr. Worsen Yuceless, by the way, comes of a good old family. They With that she threw up her head velvet slope of lawn, in charge of the also were kept in good order. On the have always been fashionable. His table he saw the flint and steel with uncle, G. How-Fursen Yuceless, is an

intellectual mar, having written the walked up from the village, walked pipe; he stepped to the window and society notes for a fashion paper nearslowly, thoughtfully through the beech bent out, scanning the wall. A stone ly a whole season. And his son, Marwood, his face hardly older than when coping, wide enough for a man's foot, tingale, once took a prize at a horse It is rumored that Miss Tootoo Kyl-

buoyant than it had been five years in the roof of a shed, a sloping roof ling has broken ber engagement to where a man could drop down, yes, or Mr. Dedleigh Bc'ar. But Dedleigh even climb up with ease. A man, that seemed quite cheerful last Saturday joyfully toward him, running light- is, who had climbed when a boy as at his club.

heartedly, calling to him with excited Francois had climbed-like a cat for 1 It is whispered that the F. Spendgay voices. It stabbed the general's certainty and lightness. But what ing-Spendars are not so happy togethheart; a quick thought came of that then, when one was in the courtyard? er as they might be. Our readers other who had been always with them, It was walled about with a stone wall will remember that Mrs. Spendar was now dead or worse, of that other whom sixteen feet high; these old ancestors the charming Miss Freeks, a noted these two had forgotten. And with of Pietro, who had built this place, had belle of Boston. Mr. Spendar is more planned well to keep Pietro's friend in than attentive to Mrs. Jimmy Overload, while Mrs. Spendar is constantly

So Francols, not hopeful of a sortie seen with the young dake of Borro by that point, crew in his head from and Keape. He comes of an ancient the open window and took to examin- family. A greater part of this last almost the best! Father, be ready ing the walls of the governor's room. season he was a visitor at Koopon for the good news!" There were three doors—one from the Cliffs, the summer home of the F. "I am ready," the general growled hall by which he had come, one be-impatiently. "What is this foolery? hind which he now heard the count Mrs. Leeds Thegang is preparing

Mrs. Leeds Thegang is preparing was a war for man.-The Atlantic.

"The old chaps must have those other letters in the mahogany thought a lot of their wine to have the desk in Virginia. cellar connect directly with their own

rooms-for Battista tells me these were always the rooms of the Za-of the lords of the castle," the governor this is not to tell you how I have And to Francois, considering it, the fact seemed an odd one. And then the governor set to work drinking you. This is to tell you how to get hair health. Pietro's wine, and little thought, as out of that house of mine which has he urged it on his prisoner, how much held you as a prisoner when you ought more right to it the prisoner had than to have been its welcome guest. When Italy is free we will do that over; but we must get you free first. Francois, I am now within five miles of you-"

The man on his knees by the prison on his return to his own again. He bed gasped; the letters staggered before his eyes. ernor, but it put fresh life into him.

"I am living on a ship, and I will and when at last he could leave the explain how I got it when I see you, in you in Riders' Hollow, from midnight till daylight. After that we shall go away for two weeks so as to avoid giving suspicion, and then repeat the arrangement again every night for a week. You do not know Riders' Hol-

low, and it is unnecessary to tell you more about it than that it is a lonely place hidden in trees, and supposed to be haunted by ghosts of men on horseback; the people about will not go

there for love or money except by broad daylight. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

-or is it the Crown Princessen von

There Are Wars and Wars.

As one glances over the pages of

history, one finds wars, it is true,

which are blots upon the records of

man; but one also finds wars without

which the world would have been in-

comparably the poorer that we could

never have done without them. And

one also perceives to his astonish-

ment if he is a "practical man," that

blunders and crimes have all been

wars for the attainment of practical

ends, like territory, or markets, or

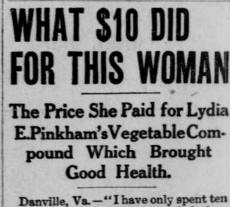
Insurmountable Barrier.

Friend-"We've come to see if wa can't persuade you and Bob to make it up even at this late hour." Fair a few days now, Francois. Every night Prospective Divorcee-"Simply imfor a week, beginning with tonight, possible-why, I've got the very there will be a person watching for duckiest gown for the occasion."

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

#### Its Definition.

"What's a stage wait, pa?" "I don't know exactly, son, but guess it's the heavy man.'



dollars on your medicine and I feel so now visiting her sister, Mrs. P. de much better than I V. Blasee Rounders. Their charming



at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to

your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."-Mrs. MATTIE HALEY, 501 Colguhone Street, Danville, Va.

the wars which have been gigantic No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope un-til she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

wealth, while the wars which the This famous remedy, the medicinal world could not have done without ingredients of which are derived have all been wars for abstract prinfrom native roots and herbs, has for ciples, for beliefs, for religions, for forty years proved to be a most valuamad dreams and seemingly impossible ble tonic and invigorator of the fehopes. The world could well spare the male organism. Women everywhere conquests of Napoleon, because the bear willing testimony to the wonderful wars were merely for Napoleon; but virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetathe world could not spare the martial ble Compound. conflicts surrounding and realizing the

French revolution, because it was a If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetawar for those abstract and sensible absurdities. liberty, equality and frable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. ternity. We could well spare the Mexican war, which was a fight for (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, territory, but we could not at all get along without the Civil war, which read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

tonight he was left alone a few mo-Items of More or Less Interest That cousin, Mrs. McEvoy Ondek, returns Concern the Doings of the from Europe Saturday on the Nausea "Rest Families." Gotter Damerung? Time will tell .--The engagement is announced of out of the suppressed hope of escape. Life

So Francois was taken down the

stone staircase and conducted to the

