

## SYNOPSIS

SYNOPSIS. Francoil Beauger, a peasant habe of three years, after an anisuking incident in chevalier of Francois by the Emperor Na-sede could do no to good. "I thank you is to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is to could do no to good. "I thank you is could do thing about the outside of a horse onel talked fluently on. guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The genera', Alixe and Fietro plans Francois' escape. Fran-cois receives a nois from Pietro explain-ing in detail how to escape from his prison. Alixe awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lacy." Francois, as a guest of Harry Mampten, on the "Lovely Lucy." gues to America to manage Pietro's estate in Virginia. Lucy Hampton falls in love with Francois. man. Monsieur le Colonel?"

#### CHAPTER XXIII .- Continued.

The female mind paid no attention place.

"Father, is the prince really poor and alone in this country?"

"Poor-yes, I fancy-I am quite certain, in fact. Alone-that depends. a joke as he had ever made. The authorities of Norfolk received him with some distinction, the Herald ment, rose a stately picture. A states, but he is putting up at the inn large old house, built of dark red brick -one would conclude that he was an brought from England, towered sudinvited guest at many of our great denly from out of the bare trees of its

Lucy flew like a bird across to the pitality. Its steep roof was set with freplace. Her hands went up to eith- dormer windows; its copings and its er side of the colonel's face. "Father, casements were white stone; a white quick! Have Thunder saddled, and stone terrace stretched before it. At ride in-quick, father-and bring the one front, as they came, was the carprince out here to stay with us. Give riage entrance, and the squares of a the order to Sambo, or 1 shall."

Colonel Hampton's eyes widened box hedges, lay sleeping before the with surprise. "Why, but Lucy," he springtime; at the opposite side a stammered. "Why-but why should wide lawn fell to a massive brick wall, 17 What claim have we-" "Oh, nonsense," and Lucy shook her the grounds from the flowing of the

head impatiently. "Who has more James river. Colonel Hampton gazed

eap to the horse; the skirmish to get lord implored him to hide himself. of these things."

It was psychological that he should the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there of their drill twice a week. was more than one. "Entrez!" he

called sharply, and then, "Come in!" sieur?" The door swung slowly and Aaron, oke could do no harm and might lead white-aproned and white-eyeballed, stood in it.

"I thank you very much, Monsieur "Marse Prince," he stated with a digciously. "You are most good to desire that I visit you. I will do so

bring you dis hyer Marse Bopray." Out they rode through the sunblack and white of Aaron, and halted, stirring already at the step of lively dark immense eyes that lifted toward sharp, and nipped at the prince's fin- stared, puzzled. Was he in the presgers and toes, but it was exhilaration ent? Surely this man was part of the to be across a horse again, and the past which he had been reviewing. exile's spirit-the case-hardened heart Surely he had played a role in the of steel which failure and misfortune prince's history-where? With a pleasure is my own pleasure." never broke till it broke forever at flashing thought into the years he Sedan-grew buoyant. That "some knew.

"Mon ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, which is good for the inside of a man" and sprang forward and stretched out worked its subtle charm on this fin- both hands, his royalty forgotten in

ished horseman and horse lover, and the delight of seeing a face which rehe was gently responsive as the colcalled his youth and his mother. Francois, two minutes later, found "Does it so happen, Monsteur le himself standing, bursting with loyal-

Colonel, that there is in these parts ty and pride, with the prince's hands a Frenchman of-of instruction-a clasping his, and the prince's transman whom I might use as a secretary? formed face beaming on him. shall have need tomorrow to write "You rode like the devil," said the letters. Would you know of such a prince. "But the Austrians had the

horses. That poor Bleu-bleu! How Nothing pleased Monsieur le Col- did you get away? Where have you flushed a little. He felt himself being said Lucy Hampton, standing by Blue onel more than to be master of the sit- been? Mon Dieu, but we looked for uation. "Most certainly,' he an- you, Zappi and I!" swered blandly and felt that the "But no, your highness, I did not

prince must notice how no demand get away," smiled Francois Beaupre could find Colonel Hampton at a loss. as if imparting a joyful bit of news. 'Most certainly. My daughter's "They caught me." French master would be the very fel-And he told briefly his story of the

lieve she does." and the colonel laugh- could not fail to see-that the thought

low. He is intelligent and well edu- five years in prison, of the desperate cated, and what is more, he is a most escape, of the rescue and voyage to to the disgression. Lucy had long ardent adherent of your family, prince. America, of his wrecked health, not ago, finally if unconsciously, put her father's personality into its right the has talked to Miss Hampton with yet re-established. Through the ac-father's personality into its right the has talked to Miss Hampton with yet re-established. Through the ac-such a vehement enthusiasm that, by count shone the unconquerable French and that the prince knew of both trouthe Lord Harry, I believe she expects galety. Another thing there was bles. to see you fly in with wings, sir-I be which a Frenchman and a Bonaparte

> ed loudly and heartily. It was as good of his service to the house of Bona-And before them, at that mo-



and the hope of future service an in-

Superstition and gratitude laid hold

gift, the young man went over the

tale which he had told to Lucy Hamp-

ton, that and more. And the prince

listened to every word. He, too, had

the French sensitiveness to theatrical

spiring hope.

quietly while his mother and the land- have studied. Ah, yes! I know much Caperton Bayly-first lieutenant, and Black Hawk, rushing, saw the other

"And you are the captain, Mon-

Francois smiled a crafty, worldly-

wise. "No, my prince," he answered, placed in a manner of ring. le Colonel," he said gravely, yet gra- nity of service which crowned heads shaking his head sagely. "That would could not daunt, "ole Marse sen' me not be best. I am little known, a for-

eigner. They think much of their old A light figure stepped before the families, the people of these parts. So that it is better for the success lighted, wind-whipped country, dozing and bowed profoundly. The light from of the company that the captain should restfully through its last winter's nap. the window shone on his face and the be of the nobility of the country. One sees that. So the captain of the com-April on the threshold. The air was Prince Louis, and for a moment he pany is Monsieur Henry Hampton, the younger, the kinsman of Monsieur le Colonel, and a young man of great goodness, and the best of friends to me. Everything that I can do for his The prince turned his expression-

less gaze on the animated face. "Mademoiselle Lucy likes the young monsieur?"

"But yes, my prince-she likes every one, Mademoiselle Lucy. It is sunshine, he- kindness; it falls everywhere and blesses where it falls. She loves Henry-as a brother."

"As a brother!" the prince repeated consideringly. "Yes, a brother. You find Mademoiselle Lucy of-of a kind disposition."

"Beyond words, and most charming," Francois answered steadily, and

probed. With that the facile, myste- bird and watching as the negroes it seemed, a world-wide chasm. "That and turned sharp and was foolish, he most winning little girl of the ruined might go over. And the bank is chateau of Vicques-our playmate steep." Alixe-you remember how she stated,

wrecked with embarrassment?"

and was conscious that he breathed dressing gowns, and to have a wall shock she was aware of another pres-

"Is she still 'Alixe'-the same Alixe?" inquired the prince, turning os- to the barriers and lifted and were tentatiously to the window. "Has she over, with or without rapping, but not glared at him.

liant a flower as the rosebud prom- Then the bars were raised six inches; ised?"

beat, attempted to answer in a par- Bayly went at it first; his mother ticularly casual manner, which is a dif- watched breathless as he flew forficult and sophisticated trick. He fail- ward, sitting erect, intense, his young ed at it. "They say-I think-she eyes gleaming. Over went his great has-oh, but yes, and-I think"-he horse Traveler, and over the next and him!" stammered and the prince cut short the next-all of them; but the white his sufferings. "Ah, yes! I see that heels had struck the top bar twiceit is with you, as with Monsieur Hen- the beautiful, spirited performance ry, a case of devoted brotherhood. You was not perfect. Harry Hampton love her as a brother-you will not came next; all of the kindly multitude boast of her.

Beaupre. You have done so well that others might win this honor he wantwhen the time is ripe again-it will ed. The first bars without rapping; not be long-for Strasburg must be the second; and a suppressed sound of Hampton's grim humor. wiped out in success-that I shall send satisfaction, which might soon be a

"I have studied enormously. my official backbone and author. In the neid-one second-two seconds-the free, and, at last, the rush of the prince. All known books on warlike great grassy paddock at Bayly's Folly lines shot to the angle-then it came chase. He had seen it all, watching subjects, all I could borrow or steal I the proud mother of eighteen-year-old -the shock they awaited.

the most finished horseman in the Vir- coming and swerved at the last mo-That young Frenchman-if he should Louis Bonaparte, with an exhaustive ginia country-had invited the gentry ment-too late. The animals collided, be alive-if ever he should meet him military education, a power of appli- from miles about to feast with her and not with full force, yet for a moment again Prince Louis would not forget. cation and absorption beyond most to watch her son and his friends show it looked like nothing but death for men in Europe, let the gleam of a how the Chevalier Beaupre had made riders and mounts. Harvy Hampton have been thinking this when a knock smile escape. He listened with close them into soldiers. They came in was thrown backward to the level sounded deferentially on the door of attention while Francois told of his shoals, driving from far off over bad field; Black Hawk galloped off, frantic the room. But picturesque coinci- organization of the youth of the neigh- roads in big lurching chariots, or rid- and unhurt, across it; Aquarelle, one dences happen in lives as well as on borhood into a cavalry company, and ing in gay companies, mostly of older saw, lay on the very edge of the drop men and girls and young boys, be and was scrambling to her feet, with cause all of the gilded youth were in liveliness enough to assure her safe-

the ranks that day. ty; of Francois there was no sign. In When the drill was over there was to half a minute the breathless still wise smile-or perhaps it was as if a be rough riding and jumping. Hur- crowd was in an uproar, and a hunchild would seem crafty and worldly- dles were swiftly dragged out and dred men were jostling one another to reach the scene of the accident.

It was two minutes, perhaps, before

Caperton Bayly, with a negro boy at

his heels, with Jack Littleton and

Harry Wise and a dozen other lads

racing back of him, had plunged over

the drop of land where Francois had

disappeared. Two minutes are enough

she had never said even to herself.

rushing out of her in the words.

"This one is very close to the bank,"



She Found Herself Holding Francois Dark Head in Her Arms.

her, and she knew that he had heard. And then the training of a lifetime, of rious, keen mind of the prince leaped, placed the bars. "If a horse refused centuries, flooded back into her, and womanly reticence and maidenly shame and the feelings and attitude

been primeval for that one mad mo-"Lucy, you are a grandmotherly per-'I am Alixe,' and was at once ship son," Clifford Stewart-who was another girl-threw at her. "You would "I remember," Francois said shortly. like them all to ride in wadded wool

The excited horses came dancing up

grown up as sweet and fresh and bril- one, for the first round, refusing. six inches in mid-air is a large space

population: the whole world, apparently, tumbled down the steep bank, every one far too preoccupied with

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

With that there was an influx of



Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind :- "I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation.

female weakness pain and irregulari-ties. The pains in my sides were increased by walking . or standing on my feet and I had such 4 awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy

sometimes for a large event. In that eyes. I had six doctwo minutes Lucy Hampton, without | tors from whom I received only tempoconscious volition, by an instinct as rary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. simple and imperative as a bird's in-stinct to shield her young, had slipped trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have from her horse Bluebird and flown now used the remedies for four months across the level and down over the and cannot express my thanks for what steep bank till she found herself hold- they have done for me.

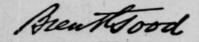
ing Francois' dark head in her arms "If these lines will be of any benefit and heard her own voice saying words you have my permission to publish them." - Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 "I love you, I love you." she said, James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

and if all the world heard she did not Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. know or care. There was no world for her at that minute but the man contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, lying with his head against her heart and to-day holds the record of being the -dead it might be, but dead or alive, most successful remedy for female ills dearest. "I love you-love you-love we know of, and thousands of voluntary you," she repeated, as if the soul were testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to With that the luminous great eyes prove this fact opened, and Francois was looking at

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ble Compound will help you, write to Lydia E.Pinkham MedicineCo. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, shame and the feelings and attitude read and answered by a woman, which are not primeval, as she had and held in strict confidence.



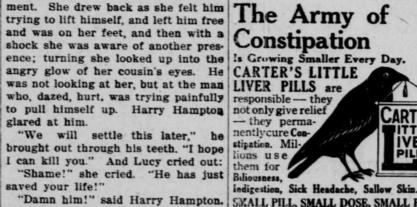
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



Pettit's Eye Salve Sore Eyes

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 14-1914.

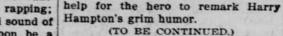
The Thieving Ear of Corn. Twelve ears of corn will plant an acre. If one of the planted ears happens to be "no good" there is a



herself overcautious.

Francois, hearing his own heart when one must jump it. Caperton

gazed eagerly, hoping that the boy to "You have done well, Chevalier whom life had given less than the



saved your life!"

"I do not want my life at his hands. I hate him more for saving me. Damn And Francois, clutching at a bush, things reeling about him unsteadily, looked up, friendly, wistful, at the boy cursing him.

James river princes in our own coun- his guest, and he cast the harness of try, too? Hasn't our family reigned his smallnesses and stood out in the in Roanoke longer than ever his simple and large cordiality which is in Europe? Haven't we the heritage above others of southern enough house room and servants to people. make him as comfortable as in a palace? But that isn't the most impor- prince," he said. tant. It is a shame to us all, father,

that no one has invited him before, that a strange gentleman of high station should have to lodge at an inn. Why hasn't Cousin George Harrison asked him to Brandon? And the Carters at Shirley, and the people at Beskeley-what do they mean by not dull brightness of portraits. An anasking him? But we won't let Vir. cestor in a scarlet coat, the red turnginian hospitality be stained. We will ed yellow and brown with time; an ask him. You will ride to Norfolk at ancestress in dimmed glory of blue once, will you not, father dear?"

The touch on his cheek was pleasant to the vain and affectionate man. but the spirit of the girl's speech, the suggestion of the courtesy due from him as a reigning prince, to this other prince foriorn and exiled, this was pleasanter. He pursued his lips and April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon smiled down.

"Out of the mouth of babes," he remarked, and drew his brows together as if under stress of large machinery behind them. "My little girl, you



Le Considered the Invitation for a Si-

have rather a sensible idea. I had overlooked before, that"-he cleared his throat and black Aaron standing tray in hand across the room, jumped olled his eyes-"that," he continwed, "a man of my importance has duties of hospitality, even to a foreigner who comes without introduction into the country.

"Aaron, tell Sambo to saddle Thunler," he ordered.

Prince Louis, in his dingy parlor at landlord of the inn, the old cavalrythe inn, looked at his visitor from beman; the young Frenchman-Beaupre en half-shut eyelids, and measured soul and body. He considered ritation for a silent m This was one of the great men of the rd his name and the name of his three other children, about a ruined me. It was well to have friends, more particulari letter awaited him as he had with the American Introducwas for which he had asked. A visit startled mob of Austrians; the flying way.

me of his people and then at

"Mon Ami," Cried Louis Bonaparte. "Your are welcome to Roanoke, parte had been a sustaining pride,

# CHAPTER XXIV.

Brothers.

together on the prince's troubled Colonel Hampton's study was dark mind. He threw himself back into Colonel Hampton's leather arm-chair. from floor to ceiling with brown oak throne-like in impressiveness and size; wainscoting and was lightened by a the mask of impassivity closed on his colorless featues. "Sit there, Monsieur," he ordered. and tell me your life." Simply, yet dramatically as was his satin and lace and pearls; a judge in

his wig and gown, gave the small room importance. A broad window looked through bare branches, lacyblack against sky, across a rolling country and groups of woodland. On the morning of the first day of

effect, and his over-wrought imagination seemed to see the hand of destiny visibly joining this story to his. Here Bonaparte stood at this window, staring at brown fields and trying to trace was a legacy from Napoleon; an instrument created by his uncle, which a likeness between this new world and the ancient country which he callhe, the heir, should use. There was ed his; France, where, since he was a long silence when Francois had finished, and Louis' deep-pitched voice seven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks; France, broke it.

from her shores.

which had freshly exiled him; France, "'One day perhaps a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he the thought of which ruled him, as he repeated thoughtfully. "It was the meant one day to rule her; France, for accolade, the old right of royality," whom he was eating his heart out toand gazed, if reflecting, at the other day, as always, thousands of miles man's face.

Heightened color told how much it He recalled the happy life at Arenmeant to Francois Beaupre to hear enberg, in Switzerland, and the work those words spoken by the prince. and play and soldierly training which "My prince, I will tell you-though all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one it may be of little moment to knowend-to serve France-a service which did not at that time mean sovereignthat it is not for my own advancety, for the Duke of Reichstadt, Na-I would throw away a hundred lives poleon's son, was alive and the head if I had them, to see the house of Bonof the house of Bonaparte. He aparte rule France. It is only so, I thought of his short career, his and his well-beloved brother's together, believe, that France can become great with the Italian insurgents against the once more. We need heroes to lead us, we Frenchmen, not shopkeeper Austrians, and the lonely man's heart

kings such as Louis Phillippe; if it has longed for his own people as he went not a hero the nation loses courage, over again that time of excitement and its interest in national life. But and sorrow, ending with the older the very name of Napoleon is inspiraboy's death at Forli and his own illtion-it pricks the blood; a monarch ness and narrow escape from capture. "What a mother!" he cried aloud, of that name on France's throne, and our country will wake, will live. You, tossing up his hands with French demmy prince, are the hope of the house onstrativeness, as the memory came of Napoleon." to him of the days in Ancona when he lay at death's door, hidden in the very With a quick step forward he threw himself on his knees before the quiet room next that of the Austrian gen-

figure in the throne-like chair; he seizeral, saved only at last by the mared the prince's hand and, head bent, velous mother's wit and courage. The kissed it with passion. There was a journey through Italy to France, that line of color in each cheek as his face was drama enough for one life. Reclifted, and his brilliant look was shot ognized at every turn, betrayed never, with a tear. and ending with-Prince Louis smiled

"If I may die believing that I have his slow dim smile-a fitting ending helped to win your throne, I shall die indeed to days whose every minute in happiness." was adventure. He thought of the

Prince Louis had his mother's warm heart, and this went to it. He put his hand on the other's shoulder, famil--that was the name; it was set in his larly as if the two were equals, kinsmemory; had been in that tenacious memory since an afternoon of 1824 The brotherly touch on Francois' when a runaway schoolboy prince had

untry. The prince had alleady slipped over the Jura, and played with shoulder was withdrawn, and with gentle dignity, with a glance, the prince castle; he saw Franczis Beaupre take lifted him to his feet, and Francoi stood happy, dazed, before him. He found himself telling his plans, his reverently in his hand the sword which Napoleon had heid-and then the ned from his uncle, Joseph Bonal alarm! That was a fine sight-the methods, his efforts to fit himself for dash of the youngster through the the usefulness that might be on the

for you to help me, and I shall know great roar of pleasure, hummed over that you will be ready. I see that the field. Black Hawk came rushing, the star which leads us both is the snorting, pulling up to the third jump, only light which shines for you. It the jump where Lucy stood. And as holds your undivided soul, Chevalier he came a little girl, high in a car--I am right?"

ing face toward the speaker, drawn and lost hold of it, and it flew like a with a feeling which swept over him: he spoke in a low tone.

"When a knight of the old time went to battle," he said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady and A man fights better so."

And the silent prince understood. CHAPTER XXV.

How Lucy Told.

The prince was gone. There had been festivities and formalities, great dinners, gatherings of the Virginia nobility to do honor to his highness at Roanoke house and elsewhere: everywhere the Chevalier Beaupre had been distinguished by his highness' most marked favor. And Lucy Hampton's see it and to see the effect on her father. For the colonel, confused in his mind as to how it might be true, reluctantly acknowledged that there

must be something of importance about this Chevalier Beaupre, that a prince should treat him as a brother. He believed that it wolling be best to treat him-he also-at least as a gentleman. So the French lessons were continued and the Jefferson troop was encouraged, and Francois was asked often to Roanoke house. And as the months rolled on he tried with every thoughtful and considerate effort, to ment that I care. It is the truth that his gratitude for the goodness of her express to the little lady of the manor family. It troubled him more than a intimacy of Harry Hampton seemed to be wearing off. The boy did not come so often to Carnifax, and when he came he did not stay for hours, for

> days sometimes, as was his way at first. He was uneasy with his friend, and his friend wondered and did not understand, but hesitated to push a way into the lad's heart. "He will tell me in time," thought Francois, where these statesmen were accus and, sure of his own innocence, waittomed to while away their leisure ed for the time. hours, came to know them intimately

Meantime he was going home. Go on their social side, declared that ing, much against the advice of the Webster, while not given to story-tell-Norfolk doctor, who warned him that ing, had one favorite little joke that he was not yet well or strong, that he would tell whenever the occasion the out-of-door life in the mild Vir- seemed opportune. ginia climate should be continued per-This, according to Mr. Lane, was haps for two years more, before he the story:

went back to the agitation and effort of a Bonapartist agent in France. But

put new life into him, that voice. It was seven years now and more since he had left them all at a day's notice but she was a province-bred little to go to Pietro in Italy-to a living woman of a democratic country and death of five years, to many undream- knew not the "egg-dance conventions"

troop of which Francois was the un- | wife of one of the Adamses, who | carries it has lost his grip .- Pack.

Bobbie Burns' Granddaughter. An action has been entered in Dumfries sheriff court by Miss Annie Beckett Burns of Cheltenham, the only surriage, a chariot as one said then, flourpoet, claiming "to have herself, as the Francois turned his swiftly chang. ished her scarlet parasol in the air, certain hitherto unconfirmed personal huge red bird into the course, close

> for the steep slope. A gasp went up from the three hun-

dred, four hundred people; the boy was dashing to death; no one stirred; every muscle was rigid-the spectators were paralyzed. Not all. Fran-

estate of the said Robert Burns." This for a moment he did not answer. Then to the hurdle. And Black Hawk, is a sequel to the recent announcestrung to the highest point of his ment that the Liverpool Athenaeum thoroughbred nerves, saw, and a hor had sold for £5,000 the two volumes profit, whether they be pigs, lambs, ror of the flaming living thing, as it of Burns' poems and better known as seemed, caught him, and he swerved the Glenriddell manuscripts, and that zette. carried the thought of her in his heart. at the bar and bolted-bolted straight they were likely to go to America, an announcement which brought strong protests from Lord Roseberry, Dr. Wil-

liam Wallace and others .- Westminster Gazette.

## Old American Coins.

cois from his babyhood had known Robert Morris, the financier of the how to think quickly, and these boys Confederation, early in 1783, arranged were his pride and his care; he had with Benjamin Dudley to strike off thought of that possible danger which some "pattern pieces" that could be Lucy had forseen; when the jumping placed before congress. On April 2 began, mounted on his mare Aquarelle, Dudley delivered to Morris some he was posted near the head of the pieces, which were in reality the first slope, not twenty yards from the hur- coin struck having the name "United eyes had shone with quiet delight to die, to be at hand in any contingency. States coin." The particular speci-When Harry's horse bolted, one touch mens are known to numismatists as put Aquarelle into motion. Like a the "Nova Constellatio Paterus." line of brown light she dashed at right They were of silver and denominated angles to the runaway-a line drawn the "mark" and "quint." The first to intercept the line of Black Hawk's coins struck by the United States flight There was silence over the mint were some half dimes, in 1792.



was a customer of hers, and who had spent some time at foreign courts. "Oh, all that's necessary," explained Mrs. Adams, "is to bow low when you

are ushered into the presence of the duchess and say, 'Your Grace.'"

Thus coached in court etiquette the little milliner betook herself to the Revere house and sent word to the duchess

As she was ushered into the presence of that lofty person, she bent low, and, with a sweeping courtesy, said:

"May the Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive!"

### The Slash.

Paul Poiret, the famous French tressmaker, was asked by a New York reporter if he thought woman's present mode of dress made for morality. "I do not deal in morality," M. Poiret replied. "I deal in beauty." Then, apropos of the slashed skirt. he told a story.

"A young lady in a white ding gown," he said, "stood under a blazing ctrolier, and, swinging round before her flance, she asked:

'How does my new dress show up? "'Up almost to the knee,' the young

man replied. Those white silk stockings with gold clocks are beautiful."

A bundle on the end of a stick is a pretty sure sign that the man whe

twelfth of an acre missing. of corn may be worth thirty to forty dollars, so to discover a thieving ear is worth from two and a half to three and a half dollars. One can pick out viving granddaughter of the Scottish the ears of poor germination at slight cost if he will test his corn before nearest of kin, declared executrix of he becomes rushed with spring work. And while about it reject the ears that although germinating do not send up strong, vigorous stalks. Lusty, vigcolts or cornstalks.-Breeder's Ga-

King George in France.

During the visit of King George and Queen Mary to Paris his majesty will be present at the annual spring review of the Paris garrison on April 22. The review will be held, as in previous years, at Vincennes. The review is generally held in March, but out of compliment to King Geogre it has been delayed this year.

Definition of a Crisis.

"Pa, the paper says there's a crisis in Mexico. What's a crisis?" "A scarcity of news, my boy."-Life.

If you wish beautiful, clear, ciothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. good grocers. Adv.

When the man is getting the worst of the argument he is sure to say: 'Well, that's just like a woman!"

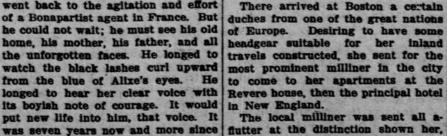
Divorces are more difficult to obtain ia England than in any other vivilized country.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain he kettle. Adv.

A bad memory is a cheerful liar's nightmare.



Western Canada Lands The richest Mixed Farming lands in Wentern Canada are in the Battleford District. The soll is a deep black loam on clay subsoll and lands can be purchased at from \$10 per acre up. Ex-cellent water in abundance, and railroad facili-ties and good markets. Write for list of selected properties to L. H. GOOD, Secretary, Board of Trade, Battleford, Saskatchewan, Canada



ed of happenings. The fever was on him and he must go home. There was to be a celebration for the new and very fashionable cavalry of the titled lady she applied to the

little that the early friendliness and DUCHESS MUST HAVE SMILED Had Been Given Her.

Little Milliner Faithfully Obeyed Instructions That She Thought Mr. Lane of Washington was not

only a page in the senate in the days of Webster and Clay, but, through the fact that his uncle kept a book store