

SYNOPSIS.

SYNOPSIS. heart of me, I am going to tell you, my dear comrade and scholar, what is most secret and most sacred to me." In as few words as might be he told end leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy." Francois, as a guest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy." goes to America to manage Pietro's estate in Virginia. Lucy Hampton fails in love with Francois. Prince Louis Napoleon in America becomes the guest of the Hamptona, where he meets Francois. Lucy Hampton reveals her love for Fran-cuis after the latter saves the life of Harry Hampton is himself injured in the effort.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Alize.

The Finest Things. Endurance, Francois' own negro boy, brought a note to Roanoke house on a morning five days after. It read: "My Dear Miss Hampton:

"The doctor has given me permission to ride tomorrow and I wish to ride to Roznoke house before all other places. Will mademoiselle see me? Will mademoiselle permit me to see her for a short time alone? I await anxiously a word from you, and I am difficult to breathe and as sweet in the your servant.

"FRANCOIS BEAUPRE."

Mademoiselle sent a fair sheet of the hand on Francois' hands. paper with a few unsteady scratches across it, and sat down to live over and she smiled mistily, but very kindit was accomplished. The colonel had ly. "You could not love anyone but ridden to Norfolk for the day-had that beautiful Alixe. I-I would not Prancols known of that, one wonders? have you.". Lucy, waiting in that small stately And Francois bent hastily, with study with the dim portraits and the tears in his eyes, and kissed the warm wide vague view across the fields of little hands. The uncertain sliding the James river, heard the gay hoof voice went on:

beats of Aquarelle pound down the "I am not-ashamed-that I said el under the window, heard Fran- that-to you. I would not have said cois' deep gentle voice as he gave the it-not for worlds. I-thought you horse to Sambo, and waited one min- were killed. I-didn't know what I ute more, the hardest minute of all said. But I am not ashamed. I am Then the door had opened and he stood glad that I-am enough of a person to there-the miracle, as it seems at such have known-the finest things-and" moments to a woman, possibly to a -her voice sank and she whispered man-of all the gifts and qualities the next words over the dark head worth loving He had made his precise bow, and them. But don't bother. I shall-get she had heard his voice saying gently: over it." "Good morning, mademoiselle," and the door was closed; and they were alone together. In a flash she felt that quickly and his eyes flamed at her. it could not be endured, that she must "Of course you will, my dear little escape. She rose hastily.

friends always? It is indeed so for life with me." And little Lucy felt a healing peace settling on her bruised feelings and heard herself saying generous words of friendship which healed also as she spoke them.

Then, "I must find that savage boy Henry, and beseech him to spare my life," spoke Francois at last. "My life is of more value today, that it possesses a sure friend in Mademoiselle Lucy," he said and smiled radiantly. And was gone.

"He said-that Harry loved me! What nonsense!" Lucy whispered to honor me, by those words. And be herself. And the broken-hearted one cause you have so touched me, and was smiling. have so laid that little hand on the

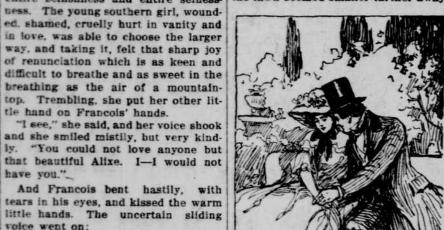
CHAPTER XXVII.

Once More at Home.

In fewer words, with less told, Franher of the peasant child who had been cois' straightforwardness metamorlifted out of his poverty-bound life phosed the angry lad Harry Hampton with such large kindliness that no into a follower more devoted than he bond which held him to that poor, yet had been even in the first flush of endear life had been broken; who had thusiasm for his rescued prisoner. been left all the love of his first home Again the boy dogged his footsteps and yet been given a home and a trainand adored him frankly. And Francois, ing and an education which set him enchanted to be friends again with ready for any career; he told of the his friend, wondered at the goodness big-souled, blunt, Napoleonic officer, and generosity of the people of this the seigneur; of the gray, red-roofed world. It is roughly true that one finds castle, with its four round towers; of handsome silent Pietro, and of the life in general like a mirror; that if one looks into it with a smile and a unfailing long kindness of them all. cordial hand held out one meets smiles Then, his voice lowered, holding the and outstretched hands in return. girl's hand still, he told her of Alixe, Through all his days it had happened of the fairy child who had met him on so with this child of a French village. that day of his first visit and had brought him to her father, the seig-So that when the day came at last when he stood once more on the deck neur. He described a little the playmate of his childhood, fearless, boyish of the Lovely Lucy, loaded with her in her intrepid courage, yet always ex. cargo of tobacco for foreign ports, Francois felt as if he were leaving quisitely a girl. He told of the long home and family. The long green carsummer vacations of the three as they pet of the rolling lawn of Roanoke was grew up, and the rides in the Jura valley, and of that last ride when he knew crowded with people come to tell him that he was to go to Italy next morn- good-by. All of his soldier boys were ing, and of how he had faced the seigthere, the lads trained by him, one and neur and told him that he loved his all ready to swear by him or to die for daughter and had given her up then, him. Lucy and Harry stood together, instantly, for loyalty to him and to and the servants were gathered to do Pietro. And then he told her of the him honor, and people had ridden from peasant boy in Riders' Hollow in the all over the county for the farewell. gray morning light after the night of His eyes dimmed with tears of gratehis escape-and how, by hand on the fulness, he watched them as the gangbridle and seat in the saddle, and at plank was drawn up and the sails last by the long curl of the black lash. caught the wind and the ship swung es he had known the peasant boy for slowly out into the stream.

"Come back again-come back again," they called from the shore. Lucy Hampton, listening, was so

Francois heard the deep tones of thrilled with this romance of a lifethe lads and the rich voices of the nelong love that she could silence her aching heart and her aching pride and groes and he knew that some there could be-with a painful sick effort- could not speak, even as he could not. but yet could be, utterly generous. So he waved his hat silently, and the There is no midway in a case between ship moved faster and the faces on entire selfishness and entire selfless the lawn seemed smaller farther away,



might count on them. So, against the perverse one. "Let it go at that; say tails. Uncle Zack says they are needgeneral's wish, Francois went off on a yes.' political mission. It proved more comwas gone a long time; he had to travel Pietro-yes-that is what I have

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN.

and endure exhausting experiences for wished for all my life. which he was not yet fit. So that when he came home to Vicques, two months later, he was white and transparent and ill. And there were some of the mysterious men at the chateau

to meet him, delighted, pitiless. Debegging him to go at once on another he should stay at home in the quiet old chateau and get well. But the boy caped on his forehead and the air was restless; a fever of enthusiasm was on him and he wanted to do more hold the Napoleonic curl! See how he and yet more for the prince's work.

At this point two things happened: so long? And then Pietro's step was flew across the lines: coming up the narrow stair, and he was there, in the room.

back to Virginia."

chill and an ache in his heart at the to write so. thought of yet another parting.

And you must have strength for that him. time. Your mother says I am right." eyes, and podded to Pietro's words. So Virginia was pleasant to him. it came about that Francois went back shortly to Virginia.

they had sat years before when the pen. "The baton awaits you. Come.

had so surprised him.

swered cheerfully.

to the end of the world."

But the time came, six months aft- for right things to come. Some such awaiting for him at the moment in er his return, when Francois must be crosswise heavenly messenger gripped sent to visit the officers of certain the mind of Alixe, and she said what regiments thought to be secretly she hated herself for saying, and saw "Lucy! Oh, Lucy!" A voice called Bonapartist; when he, it was believed, the quick result in the downcast from the lawn, and in a moment more could get into touch with them and misery of poor Francois' face. And the colonel was upon them. "Lucy," tell them enough and not too much of then the same cruel, wise angel turned he began, "somebody must arrange the plans of the party, and find out his attention to Francois. "If she about the new harnesses; my time is where they stood and how much one thinks that, let her," whispered the too valuable to be taken up with de-

ed at once. It has been neglected. I And Francois lifted mournful eyes do not understand why things are so plicated than had seemed probable; he and repeated, "That you should love neglected."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Summoned.

put a hand into one pocket and then On the morning of May 9, 1840, the another of his linen coat. "They gave sun shone gaily in London. It filtered me a letter for you, chevalier, knowing lighted with the work he had done, in intricate patterns through the cur- that you would be at Roanoke house with his daring and finesse and suc- tains which shaded the upper windows cess, without pity for his weakness, of a house in Carlton gardens, and the light leap into Francois' eves as they breeze lifted the lace, and sunlight fell on the English postmark. mission. The general was firm as to and breeze together touched the bent that; his boy should not be hounded; head of a young man who sat at a did ask you, father, but you did not writing-table. A lock of hair had es-

> touched it, lifted it, as if to say: "Beis like his uncle!"

But the pen ran busily, regardless of Pietro came from London, and Fran- the garrulous breeze; there was much cois, on the point of leaving for anoth- to do for a hard-working prince who er secret errand, broke down and was found time to be the hero of ballill. He lay in his bed in his room at rooms, the center of a London season, the farmhouse, the low upper chamber and yet could manipulate his agents looking out-through wide-open case throughout the garrisons of France. ment windows, their old leaded little and plan and execute a revolution. It panes of glass glittering from every was the year when the body of Napoleuneven angle-looking out at broad on the First was brought from St. fields and bouquets of chestnut trees, Helena to Paris, and Louis Bonaparte and far off, five miles away, at the had resolved. in that steady mind high red roofs of the chauteau of Vic- which never lost its grip on the reason ques. And gazing so, he saw Pietro on of being of his existence, that with old Capitaine, turn from the shady ave the ashes of the emperor his family nue of the chestnuts and ride slowly should come back to France. For to the house. With that he heard his months the network had been spread, mother greeting Pietro below in the was tightening, and now the memory great kitchen, then the two voices- which held its friendships securely althe deep one and the soft one-talking, ways, took thought of a Frenchman talking, a long time. What could his living in Virginia. As soon as his letmother and Pietro have to talk about ter was finished to his father-the pen

"The sword of Austerlitz must not

be in an enemy's hands," he wrote to see to it, and they were necessary. So "Francois," Pietro began in his di- his father. "It must stay where it I did it." And then, "chevalier, read rect fashion, "I think you must go may again be lifted in the day of dan- your letter. I see it is a foreign one." "Will mademoiselle pardon?"

n n n

ger for the glory of France." His let-Francois regarded him with startled ters were apt to be slightly oratorical; eyes, saying nothing. There was a it was moreover the fashion of the day

He raised his head and stared into retreated to the other side of the sum-Pietro went out. "I have a letter the street. It was enough to decide mer-house with his letter; while the from Harry Hampton. The place needs his expedition for this summer that colonel, murmuring complaints about you; the people want you; and Harry General Bertrand, well-meaning, and harnesses, went strolling up the and Miss Hampton say they will not be ill-judging, had given to Louis Phil- shadowy, bird-haunted lawn. married unless you come to be best lipe the arms of the emperor, to be man at the wedding." Francois smiled. placed in the Invalides. Every mem- heart with a boyish air of proprietor-Pietro went on again. "Moreover, boy, ber of the Bonaparte family was ship, radiant, as he had been through Francois-you are not doing well here. aroused, and to the heir it was a trum- these two years of his engagement. "I You are too useful; they want to use pet call. He could hardly wait to go to have it," he announced. "Don't you you constantly and you are ready; but France, to reclaim that insulted sword. | want to see it?" you are not fit. You must get away He wrote on, finished the letter to the for another year or two. Then you exiled king, his father, a gloomy and will be well and perhaps by then the lonely old man whom the son did not waist. "Look," he said, and opened prince will have real work for you. forget through years spent away from Then he drew out a fresh sheet of

With that his mother stood in the paper, and his faint smile gleamed; doorway, regarding him with her calm for the thought of this adherent in on to stay pretty soon, and then Uncle "Chevalier Francois Beaupre," he

nesses. He has made me wait two headed the letter, and began below, years because he needed you, but I On the day before he went he sat in "My friend and Marshal of Some Day." won't wait much longer, will I, Lucy? the garden of the chateau with Alixe, He considered a moment and wrote Next Wednesday-that is the wedding on the stone seat by the sun-dial where quickly as if the words boiled to the day, Lucy."

WHEN BABYHOOD DAYS END Norfolk, was thinking of the event to come to which that letter called him.

my.

"I have seen to it, father. They will

Then the colonel noticed Francois.

"Good day, chevalier," he spoke con-

descendingly. "Ah-by the way"-he

And Lucy spoke quietly again. "I

"You Have News-What is it?" the

Girl Cried.

At that moment an uneven step

came down the slope and Francois

flashed a smile at Harry Hampton and

Harry Hampton stood by his sweet-

be ready in a week," Lucy answered.

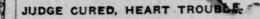
All Mothers Have Had, or Will Have, the Experience of Which These Three Were Talking.

The mothers were discussing-well, what do you suppose mothers usually discuss? Their children, of course. And the topic under discussion was: "When is your manchild no longer your baby boy?"

Said one mother: "The first day my boy went to school I cried and cried, for I knew I had lost my baby." "Oh, but I lost mine the first day he put on trousers," said another.

"And I didn't feel mine was gone until he asked: 'Please, mother, only kiss me when we're alone.' "

"Well," said another, "although my today. Here it is"-and Lucy saw a bcy is a great, husky lad, I still feel he is my baby. I'm always expecting him to rebel, and when he does, then it's good-by, baby boy; but he still al-lows me to kiss away the pain of his bumps and bruises!" And shy beamed with a smile triumphant, while the other mothers positively oked envious.



I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed,



my breath was short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old. able to do lots of manual labor, am

Judge Miller. well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly,

PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan. Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

The Jury's Action.

"When you poke a toad," said old Farmer Hornbeak, philosophically, "you can't tell which way he will jump, nor how far; an' it is jest about the same way with the average jury." "That so?" returned young Jay

Green, in a noncommittal way. "Walt, Harry;" the girl glanced at "Yep. For instance, in the case of Francois. But the lad caught her Plunk Jarvis, who has jest been tried over at Kickyhasset courthouse for his free hand and a plain gold ring pullin' out his brother-in-law's whisglittered from it. With a quick movekers by the roots in a fight, the jury ment he slipped it over the little third discharged Plunk an' fined his brotherfinger. "There," he said, "that will be in-law ten cents, the regular price of a shave."-Puck. Henry shall not badger you about har-

Feminist Aphorism.

We, of the weaker sex, are stronger than the stronger sex, because of the strong weakness of the stronger for the weaker sex."-Boston Tran-

Neighborly, Anyway.

Constipation causes and aggravates many

But it is impossible to patch up a

reputation so that the patches won't

Don't Sacrifice

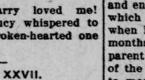
Your Health

for anything, for once

it is lost it is hard to

serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite

family laxative. Adv.



girl, my brave mademoiselle. It is not "I'm sorry I must go; I cannot stay-'

amie. It is only that your soul is full But Francois had laughed and taken of kindness and enthusiasm and eagerher hand and was holding it with a ness to stand by the unlucky. I am tender force which thrilled her. He alone and expatriated; I have had a understood. She knew he understood little of misfortune and you are sorry the shame and fear of a woman who for me. It is that. Ah, I know. I am has given love unasked; she was safe very old and wise, me. It would never In his hands; she knew that. With a do," he went on. ""The noblesse of sigh she let her fingers rest in his and Virginia would rise in a revolution if sat down again and wnited. it should be that the princess of Roa-

"Dear Mademoiselle Lucy," said the deep kind voice, "my first friend in Virginia, my comrade, my little knowledge-" And he shook his head scholar

Why did Lucy grow cold and quiet at these words of gentleness? Francois was sitting beside her, holding



He Bent Over Her Hand.

her hand in both his, gazing at her with the clearest affection in his look. Yet she braced herself against she did not know what. The voice went on with its winning foreign inflections, its slip of English now and then, and its pever-to-be-described power of reaching the heart.

iselle." said Francois. "See, mademe "we are too real friends, you and I, to have deception between us. We will not pretend, you and I, to each otherit not, mademoiselle? Therefore I shall not try to hide from you that I heard that day those words so wonder-ful which you spoke to me so unworthy. I have thought of those words ever since, mademoiselle, as I lay ill with this troublesome arm; ever since -all the time. My heart has been full a-gratification to you which cannot old. I shall remember all my life; touched it long and tenderly. "Is it He has done all be honored as no king could right between us, mon amie? Are we you others."

bent on her hands-"and to have loved

as you think; it is not serious, mon

noke house gave her heart to a French

you."

still

Pleading.

The liquid tones choked a bit on that and Francois lifted his head again!"

> And with that the negroes had broken into a melody, and the shin moved on to the wild sweet music. Way Down Upon de S'wanee Ribber, the negroes sang, and the ship was at the turn of the river. The stately walls of Roanoke house, the green slope crowded with figures of his friends, the sparkling water front-the current had swept away all of the picture and he could only hear that wailing music of the negroes' voices, lower, more fitful; and now it was gone. He had left Virginia; he was on his way to friends. And for all his joy of going, he was

peasant. I am come to be a man of heavy-hearted for the leaving. The weeks went slowly at sea, but with as worldly-wise an expression as after a while he had landed, was in if one of Guido Reni's dark angels France, was at Vicques. He had seen should talk politics. He went on again, his mother, with her hair whitened by smiling a little, an air of daring in his those years of his prison life-a happy manner. "Moreover, Mademoiselle woman now, full of business and re-Miss Lucy, there is a fairy prince who sponsibility, yet always with a rapt awaits only the smallest sign from

a deep inner quiet. He had talked long Lucy smiled. "No," she said. And talks with his prosperous father and then, "A fairy prince-in Virginia?" slipped into his old place among his "Ah, yes, Mademoiselle Miss Lucy. brothers and sisters, utterly refusing Of the true noblesse, that one. A fine. to be made a stranger or a great man. big, handsome prince, the right sort." And over and over again he had told "Who?" demanded Lucy, smiling the story of his capture and the story of his escape. At the castle the returned wanderer

"Of such a right sort indeed that it s no matter-ah, no, but perhaps just picked up no less the thread dropped the thing to make one love him more, so suddenly seven years before. The that he is lame." general, to whom the boy seemed his

"Harry!" Lucy's smile faded. boy risen from the dead, would hardly "But yes, indeed, mon amie," and let him from his sight; Alixe kept him Francois patted the little hand with in a tingling atmosphere of tenderness his big one. "Henry, indeed. Henry, and mockery and sisterly devotion, who is waiting to kill me for love of which thrilled him and chilled him and you; Henry, the best fruest fellow, the made him blissful and wretched in manliest bravest fellow. Who rides turns. The puzzle of Alixe was more like Henry? Who has read all the unreadable than the puzzle of the books in all the libraries like Henry? sphinx to the three men who loved her. Who is respected by the old men, the to her father and Francois and Pietro. great men, for his knowledge and his The general and Francois spoke of it thinking and his statecraft almostguardedly, in few words, once in a like Henry? Who has such a great long time, but Pietro never spoke. heart and brain and such fearless Pietro was there often, yet more often courage as Henry?"

"You are very loyal to your friends," zini, at the head of one wing of Italian patriots, lived and conspired. And Lucy said, half pleased, half stabbed to the soul.

other men appeared suddenly and dis-"Certainly. What for is gratification appeared at the chateau, and held conworth, otherwise?" Francols threw at ferences with the general and Francois in that large dim library where her earnestly. There were a few English words too much for him still; the little peasant boy had sat with his thin ankles twisted about the legs of "gratitude" seemed to be one. He stood up and his great eyes glowed down at his high chair, and copied the history her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "two of Napoleon. These men paid great women of earth, my mother and Alixe, attention nowadays to the words of are for me the Madonnas, the crown of that peasant boy. women," and his glance lifted to the

"As soon as you are a little stron ceiling as if to heaven, without pose. er," they said, "there is much work ways stand next to and close to them." "He is to rest," the general would

He bent over her hand and his lips order. "He is to rest till he is well. touched it long and tenderly. "Is it He has done enough; let the boy alone,

His Voice Was Full of Passion and

and yet he heard those following voices calling to him, more faintly: "Come back again-oh, come back

> the distant tip of it. "Smooth out the wrinkles, do not frown; do not look solemn; you al-Penny; you will this time. Do not be melodramatic, Francois." Francois, listening to these sentiments, was hurt, and not at all inspired with cheerfulness. "Alixe," he said-and knew that he should not say it-"there is something I have wanted all my life-all my life"

"Is there?" inquired Alixe in commonplace tones. "A horse, per exemple?" He caught her hand, disregarding her tone; his voice was full of passion and pleading. "Do not be

heartless and cold today, Alixe, dear Alixe. I am going so far, and my very soul is torn with leaving you-all." It takes no more than a syllable, an inflection at times, to turn the course

of a life. If Francois had left his senlook in her face as of one who lived in tence alone before that last little word; if he had told the girl that his soul was torn with leaving her, then it is hard to say what might have happened. But-"you all"-he did not wish then to have her think that it meant more to leave her than to leave the others. Alixe readjusted the guard which had almost slipped from her, and stood again defensive.

"I won't be cruel, Francois; you know how we-all-are broken-hearted to have you go."

Francois caught that fatal little word "all," repeated, and dimly sow its significance, and his own responsibility. Alixe went on.

"I wonder if I do not know-what it is-that you have wanted all your life?"

Eagerly Francois caught at her ords. "May I tell you Alixe, Alixe?" "No." Alixe spoke quickly. "No, let me guess. It is-it is"-and Francois catching his breath, tried to take the word from her, but she stopped him. "No, I must-tell it. You have wished -all your life"-Alixe was breathing away in London, where the exiled Mazrather fast-"that-I should care for-Pietro."

A cold chill at hearing that thing said in that voice seized him. Very still his eyes down, he did not speak "Is-is that it?"

There is an angel of perversity who ossesses our souls at times. He makes us say the unkind thing when we wish not to; he tangles our feet so that we fall and trip and hurt ourselves and our dearest-and behold

long after we know that all the same it was an angel; that without that rouble we should have gone forever down the easy wrong way. We know

that the perverse angel was sent to warn us off the pleasant grass which was none of ours, and by making things disagreeable at the psychological moment, save our souls alive the colonel.

general had seen him kiss the girl's I make an expedition within three His face shone with an excitement hand, in that unbrotherly way which months, and I need you and your faith which could not escape even preoccuin me Our stars must shine togeth-"Alixe," said Francois, "I am going er to give full light. So, mon ami, join

me here at the earliest, that the em-"Not for the first time," Alixe anperor's words may come true. "LOUIS BONAPARTE."

"Perhaps for the last." Francois . . . threw back dramatically. It is hard Across the water, in Virginia, two to have one's best-beloved discount years had made few changes. On the

one's tragedies. And Alixe laughed June day when the prince's letter lay and lifted a long stem of a spring flow- in the post office of Norfolk the last of er which she held in her hand, and the roses were showing pink and red brushed his forehead delicately with over the gardens in a sudden breeze.

The leaves of the trees that arched the road that led to Roanoke house were sappy green, just lately fully spread, ways come back, Monsieur the Bad and glorious with freshness. Their shadows, dancing on the white pike. were sharp cut against the brightness

> And through the light-pierced cave of shade a man traveled on horseback from one plantation to another, a man who rode as a Virginian rides, yet with a military air for all that. He patted the beast's neck with a soothing word.

and smiled as Aquarelle plunged at the waving of a bough, at a fox that ran across the road. But if an observer had been there he might have seen that the man's thought was not with horse or journey. Francois Beaupre, do it regularly and systematically. As

riding out to give a French lesson to she gets accustomed to the exercise Miss Hampton at Roanoke house, as she should increase the number of he had been doing for four years, all miles she walks a day until she is dounconscious as he was of the letter ing five miles.



WOULD DO FOR THE RABBITS rabbits in th' woods beyant."

"But that gun is no good; it has Old Gun Effective Enough Since the been out of order for 20 years!" Animals Did Not Know of Its Condition.

is surprising, but like many another man he despises his vocation and rearns to be a sportsman. The colonel ssesses a collection of firearms of of his tail, nip you in the calf, or lay which he is proud and this has been the top of his head on his hump. He continual attraction for Pat, who also bellows and roars at you, whatspends much of his spare time gazing in admiration at the guns in their glass cases and gently fingering them

dling him. To the uninitiated, a camel going for one with his mouth open polish them. and gurgling horribly, is a terrifying spectacle; but do not mind him, it is

only his way. "I heard," says Count ashfully and inquired, "Colonel, dear, would yez be lettin' me hov th' loan Gleichen, "of one or two men having a leg broken from a kick at various

The piece was an old muzzle-loader times, but it was the exception and not the rule, for a camel is really a of Civil war days, and his master, very docile animal, and learns to bethinking that Pat wanted to play a joke on some one, and knowing that have himself in most trying positions the gun could not possibly be fired, with equanimity, though I fear it is

Toward evening he observed Pat, arrayed in full automobile toggery, trudging off toward the woods with the gun on his shoulder.

With that Francois turned around. script pied lovers.

"Is he an apostle of humanity?" "What is it chevalier? You have "Is he? He has 12 children and news-what is it?" the girl cried. won't let one of them take music les-For a moment he could not speak sons.'

"Yes, mademoiselle, great Then: news," he said. "The prince has sent for me. And I am well and fit to go. I have lived for this time; yet I am grieved to leave you and Harry, my

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

you. And Francois considered. "No. not before Wednesday," he agreed. That last French lesson in the sum mer-house on the banks of the smoothflowing James river was on a Saturday. On Monday the Chevalier Beaupre rode over from Carnifax and asked

to see Miss Hampton. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Women and Exercise. Most women, whether they be fleshy

ever you are doing-saddling him.

only the result of want of brains."

Sea Furnishes Their Living.

In Norway and Sweden 36 person

out of every 1,000 live by seafaring.

The next best average in this partice

lar vocation is Great Britain

eeding him, mounting him. unsad-

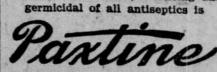
regain. Guard it carefully and at the or thin, walk far too little. The woman who tends to be fleshy should walk first sign of distress for at least an hour every day, and in the Stomach, Liver or Bowels, resort to

show.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It keeps entire system normal and promotes health and strength.

-SPECIAL TO WOMEN The most economical, cleansing and



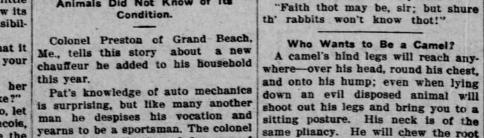
A soluble Antiseptic Powder to sitting posture. His neck is of the be dissolved in water as needed. As a medicinal antiseptic for douches

in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Western Canada Lands

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

READERS of this pa



with loving care when permitted to

One day he came to the colonel very

av this wan for this afternoon?"

readily consented. "Where are you going, Pat?" asked

"Shure, sir, an' O'm goin' ter hunt