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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

William, sixth earl of Dougias, the most powerful man in all Scotland, falls in love with the Lady Sybilla, the niece of the French ambassador, Marshal de Retz, who chances to be crossing the Dougias estates. On the day following their meeting beains the great review of 19,000 retainers. Sholto Macklim, son of the Douglas armorer, distinguishes himself in archery and is made captain of the castle guard and later is knighted for brave conduct in the tournament.

and is made captain of the castle guard and later is knighted for brave conduct in the tournament.

James, earl of Avondale, Bir Alexander Livingston, guardian of the king's person, Bir William Crichton, chancellor of the resim, and Marshal de Retz begin to plot against the earl of Douglas; Lady Sybilia agree to become their tool and to lure William into their power. Earl Douglas visits Castle Crichton and falls deeper in love with Sybilia. She confesses her love for him, repents her agreement with his enemies, and then urges him to return home with all speed. Marshal de Retz akes Sybilia to Edinburgh and William accepts the invitation of the young king of Scotland to visit the court. At the banquet a huge boar's head is brought in, a sign of treachery. The earl and his brother, charged with treason, are arrested and imprisoned

That night Sholto escapes and goes for Early the next morning the court, charged with high treason and sentenced to be executed at once. Bybilla declares her love before the court and the two brothers go forth to their death, the death of a faithful brother and of "the truest lover in whom God ever put heart of grace to live courteously and die greatly."

Sholto stirs up the countrymen and in

Seart of grace to live courteously and disgreatly."

Sholto stirs up the countrymen and in three days every man of the southland is on his way to Edinburgh to avenge the death of the young earl. At the gate of Castle Thrisve the three MacKims meet, tell the Lady Douglas of the loss of her sons and learn in turn from her that Maud Lindesay and little Margaret are not to be found.

The Lady Douglas gives Sholto a priceless suit of armor, blesses him as her son and starts him out to search for the two girls. Around Edinburgh the Douglases ere gathering. The sons of James, the new earl, refuse to support their father's cause and swear to avenge their cousin William's feath.

CHAPTER XLII. The She Wolf Astarte.

dark wainscoted room overlooking that branch of the Seine which divides the porthern part of Paris from the isle of the city Gilles de Retz, lately chamberlain of the king of France, sat writing. The hotel France?" had recently been redecorated after the sotrampled upon their fishbones. Noble furniture from the lathes of Poltiers, decorated with the royal ermines of Brittany, stood about the many alcoves. The table itself, Champtoce?" whereon the great soldier wrote, was closed in with drawers and shelves which descended to the floor and seemed to shut the occupant in as in a cell.

made by some cunning jeweler out of the upper half of a human skull of small size, cut across at the eyeholes, inverted, and set my hands." in allyer with a rim of large rubles. This "How, then, do : was half filled with ink of a startling ver-

mysterious character. The upper part had the appearance of a charter engrossed by the hand of some deft legal scribe, but the words which followed were as startling as the vehicle in which they were made to stand out from the vellum.

OUL FROM the Vellum.

"UNTO BARRAN-SATHANAS: LORD
MOST GLORIOUS AND PUISSANT IN
HELL BENEATH AND IN THE EARTH
ABOVE, I, HIS UNWORTHY SERVITOR,
GILLES DE RETZ. MAKE MY VOWS,
HEREBY FOREVER RENOUNCING GOD
AND CHRIST AND THE BLESSED
SAINTS."

To this appalling introduction succeeded many lines of close and deficate script, interspersed with curious cabalistic signs, in which the sign of the cross reversed could frequently be detected. Gillis de Retz wrote fresh log of wood across the vast iron dogs on either side of the wide fireplace, as the rain from the northwest beat more and more Is it not so. Astarte?" flercely upon the small glazed panes of the gargoyles and twisted roof-stacks of the Hotel de Pornic.

Within the chamber itself, in the intervals of the storm, a low continuous growling made itself evident. At first it was disregarded by the writer, but presently by its that he rose from his seat, and striding to a narrow door covered with a heavy curtain, he threw it wide to the wall. Then through the black oblong so made a huge and shaggy she wolf paced slowly into the room. The marshal kicked the brute impatiently

with his slippered foot as she entered, and strange to relate, the she wolf slunk past him with the cowed air of a dog conscious of having deserved punishment.

'Astarte, vilest beast," he cried "have I not a thousand times warned you to be silent and wait outside when I was at work in my

The she wolf eyed her master as he wen back toward his table. Then, seeing him lift his pen with a sigh of content, she dropped down upon the warm hearthstone, lying with her haunches toward the blazing logs and with her bristling head couched upon her

Gilles de Rets wrote on, smiling to himsel as he added line after line to his manuscript. His beard shone with a truculent blue-blac luster. For the moment the aged look had

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quite gone out of his face. His cheek ap-peared flushed with the hues of youth and hope, yet withal a youth without innocence or charm. Rather it seemed as if fresh blood had been injected into the veins of some aged demon, moribund and cruel, giving instead of health or grace only a new lease of

cruelty and lust. Presently another door opened, the main entrance of the apartment this time, not the small private portal through which Astarte, the wolf, had been admitted. A girl came in, thrusting aside the curtain and for the space of a moment holding it outstretched with an arm gowned in white before dropping it with a rustle of heavy silken fabric upon the ground.

The Marshal de Retz wrote on without appearing to be conscious of any new presence in his private chamber. The girl stood regarding him, with eyes that blazed with an intent so deadly and a hate so all-possessing that the yellow treachery in those of Astarte, the she wolf, appeared kind and affectionate by contrast.

At the girl's entrance that shaggy beast had half raised herself upon her forepaws and given vent to a low growl, half of distrust and half of warning, which at once reached the ears of the busy worker. Gilles de Retz looked up quickly, and catching sight of the Lady Sybilla, with a sweep of his hand he thrust his manuscript

into an open drawer of the escritoire. "Ah, Sybilla," he said, leaning back in his chair with easy familiarity, "you are more sparing of your visits to me than of yore. To what do I owe the pleasure and honor of this one?"

The girl eyed him long before answering. She stood statue-still by the curtain at the entrance of the apartment, ignoring the chair which the marshal had offered her with a bow and a courteous wave of his hand.

"I have come," she made answer at last, in the even deep tones which she had used before the council of the traitors at Stirling, "to demand from you, Messire Gilles de Retz, what you mean to do with the little Margaret Douglas and her companion, whom you wickedly kidnapped from their

"I have satisfaction in informing you," journ of the English. Wooden pavements replied the marshal, suavely, "that it is had again been placed in the rooms, where my purpose to dispose of both these the barbarians had strewed their rushes and agreeable young ladies entirely according to my own pleasure." The girl caught at her breast with her

hand, as if to stay a sudden pain. "Not at Tiffauges"-she gasped, "not at

The marshal leaned back, enjoying her terror, as one tastes in slow sips a rare brand of wine. He found the flavor of her

fears delicious. "No. Sybilla," he replied at last, "neither Before De Retz stood a curious inkstand, at Champtoce, nor yet at Tiffauges-for the present that is, unless some of your Scottish friends come over to rescue them out of

"How, then, do you intend to dispose of "I shall send them to your puking sister

The document which Gilles de Retz was and her child, hiding their heads and sewbusy transcribing upon sheets of noble ing their samplers at Pouzauges. What velium in this strange ink was of the most more can you ask? Surely, they are safe more can you ask? Surely, they are safe chance to find it a little dull."

"How can I believe him, or know that for once he will forego his purposes of hell?" Sybilia spoke half to herself. The Marshal de Retz smiled, if, indeed,

the contraction of muscles which revealed a line of white teeth can be called by that name. In the sense in which Astarte might have smiled upon a defenseless sheepfold so Gilles de Retz might have been said to smile.

'You may believe me, sweet Lady Sybilla,' said the marshal, "because there is one vice which it is needless for me to practice in your presence, that of uncandor. you my word that unless your friends come worrying me from the land of Scots, the rapidly, rising only at intervals to throw a maids shall not die. Perhaps it were better to warn any visitors that even at Machecoul we are accustomed to deal with such cases.

At the sound of her name the huge wol window and howled among the innumerable rose slowly, and walking to her master's knee she nosed upon him like a favorite hound.

"And if your intent is not that which causes fear to haunt the precincts of your palaces like a night-devouring beast, and makes your name an execration throughout sheer pertinacity the sound so irritated him | Brittany and the Vandee, why have you carried the little child and the other pretty fool forth from their country? Was it not enough that you should slay the brothers? Wherefore was it necessary utterly to cut off the race of the Douglases?"

"Sybilla, dear sister of my sainted Catherine," purred the marshal, "it is your privilege that you should speak freely. When it is pleasing to me I may even answer you. pleases me now. Listen, you know of my devotion to science. You are not ignorant at what cost, at what vast sacrifice I have in secret pushed my researches beyond the very confines of knowledge. The powers of the underworlds are revealing themselves to me, and to me alone. Evi and good shall be mine. I alone will pluck the blossom of fire and tear from hell and hell's master their cherished mystery.' He paused as if mentally to recount his

riumphs, and then continued: "But at the moment of success I an crossed by a prejudice. The ignorant people clamor against my life-canaille-I regard them not. But nevertheless their foolish

rejudices reach other ears. Hearken! And like a showman he beckoned Sybilla o the window. A low roar of human voices, fitful yet sustained, made itself distinctly audible above the shriller hooting of the empest.

"Open the window!" he commanded standing himself behind the curtain. The girl unhasped the brazen book and looked out. Beneath her a little crowd of poor people had collected about a woman who was beating upon the shut door of the Hotel de Pornic.

"Justice! Justice!" cried the woman, her hands clasped and her long black hair streaming down her shoulders, "give me my child, my little Pierre. Yestereve he was enticed into the monster's den by his servant, Poltou, and I shall never see him more! Give me my son, murderer! Restore me my son!"

And the answering roar of the people's voices rose through the open window to the ears of the marshal. "Give the woman her son, Gilles de Retz!"

At that moment the woman caught sight

of Sybilla. Instantly she changed her tone from entreaty to flerce denunciation. "Behold the witch, friends, let us tear her to pieces. She is kept young and beautiful by drinking the blood of children. Throw thyself down, Jezebel, that the dogs

may eat thee in the streets! And a shout went up from the populace as Sybilla shut the window, shuddering at the horrors which surrounded her.

The Marshal de Retz had not moved, watching her face without regarding the noise outside. Now he went back to his | lined!"

together he looked up at her. Sybilla went to the door and stood again by the curtain. "Then you swear by your own God that let no evil befall the Scottish

maids?" she said. "I have told you already-let that suffice!" he replied, with sudden coldness. "You know that, fike the master whom I serve, I can keep my word. I will not harm them, so long as their Scottish kinsfolk come not

ing-outlanders thereto. I cannot keep a new and permanent danger at grass within my gates.' The Lady Sybilla passed out of the portal

by which she had entered without adieu or leave-taking of any kind. Gilles de Retz rose as soon as the curtain had fallen and shook himself with a yawn, like one who had got through a troublesome necessary duty. Then he walked to the window and looked out. The woman had come back and was kneeling before the Hotel de Pornic. At sight of him she cried with sudden shrilmess: "My lord, my great lord, give me back my child-my little Pierre. He is all my heart's heart. My lord, he never did you any harm in all his innocent life!"

The Marshel de Retz shut the window with a shrug of protest against the vulgarity of prejudice. He did not notice four men in the garb of pilgrims who stood in the dark of a doorway opposite. "This is both unnecessary and excessively discomposing," he muttered. "I fear Poltou

has not been judicious enough in his selec-

He turned toward the private door, and as he did so Astarte, the she-welf, rose and silently followed him with her head drooped forward. He went along a dark passage and pushed open a little fron door. A bright light, as of a furnace, burned before him, and the heat was overpowering as it rushed like "Well, Poltou, does it go better?" he said,

cheerfully, "or must we try them of the other sex and somewhat younger, as I at of the young roysterers, and with his left

chair, and bending his slender white fingers | leader with alacrity.
"Let us have the blessing of the holy palmers," they cried, "and eke the contents of

their pockets." So, with a gay shout, and in an evil hour for themselves, they bore down upon the four Scots.

"Good four evangelists," cried the youth and sallow young man, in a cloak of blue lined with scarlet, swaggering it with long hither meddling with my purpose. I have strides before them, "tell us which of you enough of meddlers in France, without add- four is Messire Matthew, for, being a tax gatherer, he will assuredly have money of his own, and besides, since the sad death of your worthy friend Judas, he must have

succeeded him as your treasurer." "This is the keeper of our humble store. noble sir," answered the Lord James Douglas quietly, indicating the giant Malise with his left hand, "but spare him and us, pray you courteously!"

"Ha, so," mocked the tall youth, turning to Malise, "then the gentleman of the receipt of the custom hath grown strangely about the chest since he went a-wandering from Galilee!"

And he reached forward his hand to pull away the cloak which hung round the great frame of the master armorer.

Malise MacKim understood nothing of his words nor of his intent, but without looking at his tormentor or any of the company, he asked of James Douglas in a voice like the first distant mutterings of a thunder storm, "Shall I clout him?"

"Nay, be patient, Malise, I bid you. This is an ill town in which to get rid of a quarrel once begun. Be patient!" commanded James Douglas under his breath. Seeing the four men apparently intimi dated and without means of defense, the ten youths advanced boldly, some with swords in their right hands and torches in their left, the rest with swords and daggers. The Scots stood slient and firm.

Not a hand showed from beneath a cloak. "Down on your knees!" cried the leader

The youths accepted the proposal of their | country, there to attempt in succession the marshal's great castles of Machecoul, Tiffauges. Pornic, Champtoce, in some one of which he was sure that the stolen maids

BLAIZ

must be immured. But James Douglas and Sholto earnestly dissuaded him from the adventure. How did they know, they reminded him, in which to look? They were all fortresses of large who had spoken first-a tall, ill-favored extent, well garrisoned, and it was as likely as not that they might spend their whole time fruitlessly upon one without gaining either knowledge or advantage.

Besides, they argued, it was not likely that any harm would befall them so long as their captor remained in Paris-that is, none which had not already overtaken them on their long journey as prisoners on board the marshal's ships.

So the Hotel de Pornic and its inhabitants remained under the strict espionage of Sholto and Lord James, while up in the garret in the Rue des Urselines Laurence nursed his brother clerk and Malise nursed nursed his brother clerk and Malise sat gloomily polished and repolished the weapons and secret armor of the party. It was the evening of the third day before

the "clout" showed signs of healing. Its recipient had been conscious on the second day, but, finding himself a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, he had been naturally inclined to be a little sulky and suspicious. But the bright carelessness of Laurence, who dashed at any speech in idiomatic but ungrammatical outlander's French, gradually won upon him, as also the fact that Laurence was clerk-learned and could sing and play upon the viol with surprising skill for one so young.

The prisoner never tired of watching the sunny curls about the brow of Laurence MacKim, as he wandered about trying the benches, the chairs, and even the floor in a hundred attitudes in search of a comfort able position.

"Ah," he said, at last, one afternoon, as the sallow youth lay on his pallet, "you should be one of the choristers of my master's chapel. You can sing like an angel!



CATCHING SIGHT OF LADY SYBILLA-THRUST HIS MANUSCRIPT INTO AN OFEN DRAWER.

He let the door slip back, and the action | gray beard of Malise. of the powerful spring shut out Astarte. Whereat she sat down on her haunches in the dark of the passage and showed her gleaming teeth in a grin, as, with cocked ears, she listened to the sounds from within the secret workroom of the Marshal de Retz.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Maline Fetches & Clout. The four men whom the Messire Gilles

iid not see standing in the doorway opposite the Hotel de Pornic were attired in the habit of pilgrims to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. Upon their heads they wore broad corded hats of brown. Long, brown robes covered them from head to foot. Their heads were tonsured, and as they went along they fumbled at their beads and gave their benediction to the people that passed by, whether they returned them an alms or not. This they iid by spreading abroad the fingers of both hands and inclining their heads, at the same time muttering to themselves in a tongue which, if not Latin, was at least inknown to the good folk of Paris.

"It is the house," said the tallest of the our. "Stand well back within the shade!" "Nay, Sholto, what need?" grumbled another, a very thickset palmer he, "if the maids be within, let us burst the gates and go and take them out!"

"Be ellent, Malise," put in the third pilgrim, whose dress of richer stuff than that of his companions, added to an air of natural command, betrayed the man of superior rank, "remember, great jolterhead, that we are not at the gates of Edinburgh with all the south country at our backs." The fourth, a slender youth and fresh of

countenance, stood somewhat behind the first three, without speaking, with an air of profound meditation and abstraction. It is not difficult to identify three out of the four. Sholto's quest for his sweetheart was a thing fixed and settled. That his father and his brother Laurence should accompany him was also to be expected. But he other one, more richly attired, was somethat less easy to be certified. He it was who spoke French with idiomatic use and easy ccentuation of a native, albeit of those centra? provinces which had longest owned the sway of the king of France. The brothers MacKim also spoke the language of the country after a fashion. For many Frenchnen had come over from Galloway in the trains of the first two dukes of Touraine, so that the Gallic speech was a common accomplishment among the youths who sighed to adventure where so many poor Scots had won fortune, in the armies of the king of France.

Paris was Paris in the reign of Charles Paris. Her populace, gay, fickle, brave, had just cast off the yoke of the English, and were now venting their freedom from stern Saxon policing according to their own fashhe merry kingdom.

It was not long therefore before a band of roysterers swung round a corner, arm in arm, taking the whole breadth of the narrow suseway with them. It chanced that their leader espied the four Scots standing in the wide doorway of the house opposite the Hotel ie Pornic.

"Hey, game lads," he cried, in that roystering shrick which then passed for dashing hardihood among the youth of Paris, here be some holy men, pilgrims to the shrine of good St. Denis, I warrant. I, too, am a clerk of a sort, for Henriet tonsured me on Wednesday s'enight. Let us see if these men of good works carry any of the de-

There was a quick snort of anger. Then with a burst of relief and pleasure came the words, "By -, I'll clout him now!" The sound of a mighty buffet succeeded, something cracked like a broken egg and the clever-tongued young clerk went down on the paving stones with a clatter as his

his sword flew ringing across the street. "Come on, lads-they have struck the first blow. We are safe from the law. Kill them every one!" cried his companions, advancing to the attack with a confidence born of numbers and the consciousness of

torch extinguished itself in the gutter and

fighting on their own ground. But ere they reached the four men who had stood so quietly the Scots had gathered their cloaks about their left arms in the fashion of shields, and a blade, long and stout, gleamed in every hand. Still no armor was to be seen, and though somewhat disconcerted, the assailants were by no means dismayed. "Come on-let us revenge De Sille!" they

"Lord. Lord, this is gaun to be a sair waste o' guid steel," grumbled Malise; "would that I had in my fist a stieve oaken staff out o' Halmyre wood. I could crack their puir bit windlestees o' swords, without doing them muckle hurt! Laddies, laddles, be warned and gang decently hame to your mithers before a worse befall. James, tell them to gang awa' hame to their naked beds!"

For having vented his anger in the first buffet Malise was remorseful. There was no honor in such fighting. But all unwarned the youthful roysterers of Paris advanced. This was a nightly business with them, and indeed on such street robberies of strangers and shopkeepers the means of continuing their carousings depended.

It chanced that at the first brunt of the attack Sholto, who was at the other end of the line from his father, had to meet three opponents at once. He kept them at bay for a minute by the quickness of his defense but being compelled to give back he was parrying a couple of their blades in front when the third got in a thrust beneath his arm. It was as if the hostile sword had stricken a stone wall. The cheap and treacherous blade went to flinders and the would-be robber was left staring at the guard suddenly grown light in his hand.

With a quick backward step Sholto slashed his last assailant across the upper arm, effectually disabling him. Then catching it would have gone ill with him but for the action of his father. The Brawny one was profoundly disgusted with having to waste his strength and science upon such a rabble, and now at the moment of his sen's fall ne suddenly dropped his sword and seized a couple of torches which had fallen upon the pavement. With these primitive weapons VII. Indeed Paris cannot be other than he fell like a whirlwind upon the foe, taking them in flank. A sweep of his mighty arms right and left sent two of the assail ants down, one with the whole side of his face sacrificed from brow to jaw and the on. Not the king of France, but the lord other with his mouth at once widened by of misrule held the scepter in the capital of the blow and hermetically closed by the blazing tar.

Next Sholto's pair of assailants received each a mighty buffet and went down with cracked scences. The rest seeing this revolving and decimating fire still rushing down upon them as Malise waved the torches round his head turned tail and fled incontinently into the narrow alleys which radiated in all directions from the Hotel de

> CHAPTER XLIV. Laurence Takes New Service.

Every day James Douglas and Sholte haunted the precincts of the Hotel de Pornic ceitful vanities of earth about with them in and made certain that its terrible master their purses. Sometimes these are not in bad not departed. Mallse wished to leave Paris and proceed at once to the De Retz | "Well," quoth Master Laurence, when

hand he thrust a blazing torch into the ! "Well," laughed Laurence in reply, "I would be well content, if he be a good master, and if in his house it snowed wherewithal to eat and drink. But tell me, what unfortunate may have the masterage of s profitless a servant as yourself?"

"I am the poor gentleman Gilles de Sille of the household of the Marshal de Retz!' answered the swarthy youth, readily. "De Silly, indeed, to bide with such a master!" quoth Laurence with his usual prompt heedlessness of consequences.

The sallow youth with the bandaged head instantly reared himself on his elbow and darted a look at Laurence from under brows so lowering and searching that Laurence fell back in mock terror. "Nay." he cried, shaking at the knees and

letting his hands swing ludicrously by his "do not affright a poor clerk! If you look at me like that I will call the cook from yonder eating stall to protect me with his basting ladle. I wot if he fetches you one on the other side of your cracked sconce you will never take service again with Marshal de Retz." "What know you of my master?"

iterated Gilles de Sille, glowering at his mercurial jailer, without heeding his persiflage.

"Why, nothing at all," said Laurence truthfully, "except that while we stood listening to the singing of the choir within his hotel a poor woman came crying for her son, whom (so she declared) the marshal had kidnapped, whereat came forth the guard from within and thrust her away. Then arrived you and your variets and got your heads broken for your impudence! That is all I know or want to know of your

Gilles de Sille lay back on his pallet with a sigh, still, however, continuing to watch

marshal. He is the most lavish and generous master alive. He thinks no more of giving a handful of gold pieces to youth who takes him than of throwing a crust to a beggar at the gate. He owns the finest province in all the west from side to side. He has castles, well nigh a dozen finer and stronger than any in France. He has a college of priests and the service at his chapel is more nobly intoned than that in the private chapel of the Holy Father himself. When he goes in procession he has a thurifer carried before him by the pope's special permission. And I tell you, you are just the lad to take his fancy. That I can see at a glance. I warrant you, Master his heel against a step he fell backward, and Launce, if you will come with me, the marshal will make your fortune."

"Did the other young fellow make his "What other?" he growled truculently.

"Why, the son of the poor woman who cried beneath your kind master's window the night before yestereen!"

young?" queried Laurence, mending carefully a string of his viol and keeping the end of the catgut in his mouth as he spoke "He dotes on all young people," answered Gilles de Sille, eagerly, the flicker of smile running about his mouth like wild fire over a swamp. "Why, when a youth of parts once takes service with my master he never leaves it for any other, not even the king's."

Which, in its way, was a true statement.

master.

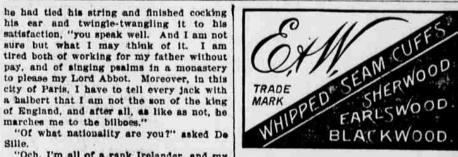
the lad's countenance.
"You should indeed take service with the

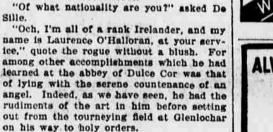
fortune?" said Laurence. Gilles de Sille glared as if he could have slain him.

The lank, swarthy youth ground his

"'Tis ill speaking against dignitles," he replied presently, with a certain mellow dignity. "I dare say the young fellow tool service with the marshal to escape from home, and is in hiding at Tiffauges or may hap Macheconl. Or he may well have been listening at some lattice of the Hotel de Pornic itself to the idiot clamor of mother and of the ignorant rabble of Paris!

teeth.





on his way to holy orders. said Gilles, smiling. Laurence listened to make sure that

neither his father nor Sholto were approaching the garret. "I will go with you on two conditions." he said, "you must not mention my going to the others. And when we escape you must put a bandage over your eyes till we are half a dozen streets away."

'Why, done with you-after all, you are a right gamesome cock, my Irelander!" cried Gilles, whom the conditions pleased even better than Laurence's promise to accompany him. Then lending the prisoner his viol where-

with to amuse himself, and locking the door, Laurence made an excuse to go to the kitchen, where he laughed low to himself. chuckling in his joy as he deftly handled the saucepans. "Aha, Master Sholto, you are the captain of the guard and a knight, forsooth, and I

am but poor clerk Laurence, as you have ofttimes reminded me. But I will show yuo a shift worth two of watching outside the door of the marshal for tidings of the maids. I will go where the marshal goes and see all he sees. And then, when the time comes, why, I will rescue them single hnaded, and thereafter make up my mind which I shall marry, whether Sholto's sweetheart or the fair maid of Galloway." Thus headlong Laurence communed with himself, not knowing what he said nor to what terrible adventure he was committing

himself. But Gilles de Sille of the house of the Marshal de Retz, being left to himself in the half-darkness of the garret, took up the viol and sang a curious air, like that with which the charmer wiles his snakes to him, and at the end of every verse he slso laughed low to himself.

(To be Continued.)

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Who passeth by, so weird and desolate, Bent low with grief and pallid with de-spair— With hoary locks and brow disconsolate, That seem to mark his loss beyond pair? Behold the winding linen-how immacu-That drapes the frigid burden he doth

We murmur, as he passeth, how unfor-tunate That death should have the heart to tarry there. No kinsmen follow in the empty wake Of this venerable and deeply stricken No sons nor daughters share in his heart-

pyre; For each, in turn, the parent did forsake, As each offspring in turn was called u higher,
Till now, the latest born the bond doth
break. To take his place in the celestial choir.

Nor stand with him about the funeral

Alone, in matchless grief, the sire hears The crackling of the boughs upon t pyre.

Old Father Time—for it is he—in tears

Doth stand alone—a poor despairing sire;

When, lo, an anthem breaks upon his ears,

Transfixed with joy he hears above the

The oft-repeated music of the spheres
Proclaiming that he hath another heir.
—WATSON AUSTIN.
Omaha, December 29, 1898. Ex-Governor Flower recently sent \$100 t

the Salvation Army. When jokingly asked if he meant to enroll under General Booth's banner Mr. Flower bluntly replied: "No, sir; but I do belong to the great Christian army and I don't care what flag they march under so long as they are bound to the



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