rom before the altar!"

he servitors carried Lady Sybilla to the

further end of the chapel, where they abode

on either side, holding her fast. And as the

last grains of sand began to swirl toward

their fall and a little whirlpool to form

funnelwise in the midst of the hour-glass,

the butcher was left alone with his victims

Gilles de Retz turned toward the image,

and lifting up his hand solemnly he cried

in a great voice, "O, Barran-Sathanas, be

well pleased to behold this innocent blood

spilled slowly in thine honor. As the red

fount flows and the red fire burns, restore

my youth and make me strong. Faithfully

will I serve thee and thee alone, renouncing

all other. O. Barran-Sathanas, great and

only Lord, receive my eacrifice. It is the

And so saving, he laid hold of Maud

Then from the end of the chapel to which

the Lady Sybilla had been taken there

came a sound. With a great despairing ef-

fort she burst from her captor's hands and

ran forward. She knelt down on the mar-

ble slab whereon the maids had stood at

their first entering, and as she knelt she

"If there be a God in heaven let him man-

held aloft a golden crucifix.

Lindesay by the hair, and raised the curved

CHAPTER LIX,-Continued

The Sacrifice to Barran-Sathanas.

Gilles de Retz waited till his acolytes had retired to their appointed places, where they stood like carven statues watching what should happen. Then slowly and deliberately he ascended to the broad platform from which the iron altar rose, and stood upon the platform of the iron altar. with his arms folded over his flame-colored robe, looking gloatingly down upon his innocent victims. Maud Lindesay was the nearer to him, and her unbound hair fell back and touched the peak of his pointed shoe of crimson leather.

With a quick movement he caught up a handful of its rich luxuriance and aflowed It to run through his fingers like sand again and again, with apparent delight in the sen-

Even as he did so the dim figure of the horned demon above appeared to lean forward as if to touch him, and with a rushing noise the great hourglass set upon a pedestal at the foot of the image turned itself completely over. Giffes turned also with a startled air and seeing what it was be laughed a strange, hollow laugh.

"It is indeed the hour, the hour of doom, fair maids," he said, looking down upon them as deferentially as if he had been paying his court in the great hall of Thrieve, but it shall not pass without taking with it your souls to another and, I trust, a higher sphere."

He paused, but no complaint nor appeal came to his cruel and inexorable ear. The certain graciousness of Providence to those in extreme peril seemed to have blunted the edge of fear in the innocent victims. They lay still and apparently without consciousness upon the iron altar. The red glow played upon their faces, shining through from the inner chamber, and the figure of the marshal stood out black against it. On the floor lay the goblet from which he

had drunk the red milk. "Give me the knife!" he cried, suddenly as a trumphet that is blown.

And, reaching a withered hand within the marshal's chamber as if to detach something from the wall, La Meffraye hobbled quickly across toward the alter platform, bearing in her hand, a shining blade of steel, broad of blade and curved at the point. She placed the ebony handle in the marshal's hand, who weighed it lovingly in his grasp.

Then for the first time since the men had bound her, the sweet childish eyes of little Margaret were unclosed and looked up at Gilles de Retz with the touching wonder of helplessness and innocence.

At that moment the image appeared to Laurence to becken to him out of the gloom-A quick and nervous resolve ran through his veins. His muscles became like steel within his flesh. He rose to his feet and rushed without pause for thought across the chapel from the niche where he had been

"Murderer! Flend! I will kill you!" he cried, and with his dagger bare in his hand he would have thrown himself upon the marshal. But swifter than the rush of the coung man in his strength there came an-

With a deep-throated roar of wholly bestial fury Astarte, the she-wolf sprang upon Laurence, and, though he sank his dagger twice deep into her hairy chest, she overbore him and they fell to the ground with ber teeth gripping his shoulder. Laurence felt the hot blood of the beast spurt forth and mingle with his own. Then a flood of swiriing waters seemed to bear him suddenly away into the unknown.

he emerged into a chill world in which he felt somehow infinitely lonely and forsaken. Next he grew slowly conscious that his feet and arms were bound tightly with cords that cut painfully into the flesh. Then he realized that he, too, had taken his place beside the maids upon the altar of iron. even wish himself elsewhere. He only wondered what would happen next.

He opened his eyes ond lo! they looked directly into the leering countenance of the monstrous image. Yet there seemed comething strangely encouraging and back to the image, the regard of the sculptured devil followed him, grim and mocking. ears of Laurence MacKim.

"I tell you," cried the voice of Gilles de Retz, "I will not spare them. Well-nigh had I succeeded. Almost was I young again. edge wide as that of the gods. I felt the enough of the blood of innocence, which is the only worthy libation to Barran-Sathands, who alone can bestow new life."

Then the Lady Sybilla answered him. "I pray you. Gilles de Retz, as you hope for mercy, slay not these maidens and this Take me and bind me instead, for the sacrifice of death. I have wrought enough of evil! Take of my blood and work out your purpose. Let me give you the libation you desire. Gilles de Retz, if ever I have aided you, grant me this boon I beseech you let these innocents go and bind me upon the altar in their place." Long and loud laughed Gilles de Retz, a hard, evil and relentless laugh.

sacrifice! Barran-Sathanas himself laughs at the jest. He would have no pleasure in your death. Soul and body you are his suff ring of the innocent-of those on whom he has never set his mark. Nay, these three shall surely die, and in that bath under his altar I shall lave me from head to foot in the red milk of innocence. I have no more need of you, Sybilla mine. You have done your work, and for reward you can depart to your own place. Out of my way, I say.





CURE CONSTIPATION.

rear. A triple file guarded the prisoners, and even their leveled pikes could scarce beat back the furious rushes of the popu-It was like a civil war, for the assailants

struck flercely at the soldiers as if in protecting him, they became accessory to the crimes of the hated marshal. "Barbe Bleu! Barbe Bleu!" they cried. 'Slay Barbe Bleu! Make his beard blood

He hath dipped it often in the life blood of our children. Now we will redden it with his own!" So ran the tumur, surging and gathering and scattering. And ever the pikes of the

guard flashed, and the ordered files shouldered their way through the press.
"Make way there!" cried the provest marshals.

"Make way for the prisoners of the Henriet, Poitou, quick! Remove this woman And as they entered the city from behind and before, from all the windows and roofs Then, struggling strongly in their hands,

> and cursing of a whole people. In the city of Nantes the rumor of the taking of Gilles de Retz had spread like wild-fire, and as the cavalcade rode through the streets the windows rained down curses and the citizens hooted up from the sidewalks. But the marshal kept his haughty and disdainful regard like a noble nature who perforce companies for the nonce with meaner men. He sat his favorite charger like the companion of Dunois and de Richemont, and as more than one remarked, on this occasion he looked like the royal prince and the duke of Brittany the prisoner.

So in the new tower of the castle o Nantes Gilles de Retz was placed to wait bis trial. There is no need to give a long account of it. The documents have been printed in plain letter, and all the world knows how clerk Henriet first broke down under the stern questioning of Pierre de these iniquities without parallel in which he had borne so cruel a part.

Poitou, more faithful to his master, held out till the threat of torture and the appeals of his friend. Henriet, broke him down. But the attitude and bearing of the chief culprit, however, deserve that the historian should not wholly pass them over.

through the silence of the hall of judgment-'Amen!" said Friar Gilles, devoutly cross-

And so, in due course, on the meadow of La Biesse, by the side of the blue Loire, the sinful soul of Gilles de Retz went to its own place, with all the paraphernalia of repentance, and in the full odor of a somewhat bectic sanctity.

The day after the burning a little company of riders left the city of Angers, journeying westward along the Loire. It consisted of the maidens Margaret Douglas and Maud Lindesay, with Sholto MacKim and a dozen horsemen belonging to his grace of Brittany. It had been arranged that they were to be joined upon an eminence above the river, on the right bank, by the Lord James, Malise and Laurence, with the escort which was to For, but for you and our good Sholto there. accompany them to the litle port of St. Narose the hoarse grunting roar of the hatred zaire. Thence (as was usual in order to escape the troublesome navigation of the swift and treacherous upper reaches) they would find vessels ready to set sail for Scotland.

As the little cloud of riders left behind them the black towers of Angers they passed through woodland glades, wherein, in spite of the lateness of the season, the birds were singing. The air was mild and delightsome. Then, leaving the river, they struck away inland, having the frowning towers of Champtoce on their left as they rode. Presently they came to a forest, wherein in days before the cruel Gilles de Retz had often hunted the wolf and the wild boar.

Here the woodland paths were covered deep with fallen leaves, and the naked Douglases!" branches spoke powerfully of the desolation of a dead year.

As the maids rode forward, first of their company, and talked, as was natural, of that l'Hopital, and how he declared fully all which had taken place the day before at Nantes, they became aware of the Lady Sybilla riding toward them on her palfrey white. She would have passed them without speech with her head downcast, and her eyes fixed upon the dank ground with its covering drift of dead autumnal leaves.

But Margaret, grateful for that which the Lady Sybilla had done for them at Mache



"AND WON'T YOU MARRY ME, IF I ASK YOU VERY

tue of this cross of Jesus Christ I call upon stand and turned over. A tremor like that foundations. The solid keep itself rocked him. like a vessel in a stormy sea. The great image overturned and in its fall Gilles de Retz was stricken senseless to the earth. The next moment like flood gates burst by

a mighty tide the doors of the temple were opened with a clang and through them a crowd of armed men came rushing in with triumphant shouts and angry cries for Sholto was far ahead of the others, and

as if led by the unerring instinct of love he ran to the altar whereon his love lay white as death, but without a mark upon her fair

It was the work of a moment to cut their cords and chafe the numbed wrists and even beneficent about the aspect of the ankles. James Douglas took the little Margaret. Sholto had his sweetheart in his passed the array of his victims with his arms, while Laurence recovered quickly enough to aid his father in securing Gilles de Retz and his servants. La Meffraye they took not, for she lay dead within the inner chamber, where yet burned the great fire which was used to consume the bodies of the demon's victims. Two gaping wounds I was tasting the first sweetness of knowl- in which the dagger of Laurence MacKim had smitten the she-wolf as she sprang upon now life stirring within me. But I had not him. But Astarte, witch or she-wolf, was never seen again, either by starlight, moonlight nor in the eye of day. Truly of Gilles dated.

Beneath, in the courts and quadrangles, swarming through the towers and clambering perilously on the roofs, surged the press of the furious p pulace. It was all that Duke John and his officers could do to keep the prisoners inward and to prevent them from being torn limb from limb (as had perhaps been fittest) and tossed alive into the flaming funeral pyre of Castle Machecoul, which, lighted by 160 hands, presently began to flame like a volcano to the skies.

For the hour that comes to every evil doer had come to Gilles de Retz. And in that hour, as it shall ever be, the devil in whom he trusted had deserted him.

But the Lady Sybilla stood on the garden tower that in happier days had been her pleasaunce and watched. And as she entched she kissed the golden crucifix of the child Margaret. And her heart rejoiced because the lives of the innocent as well as the death of the guilty had been given her

"And now, O Lord, I am ready to pay the price!" she said.

CHAPTER LX.

His Demon Hath Deserted Him. The soldiers of the duke of Brittany stood

with bared swords and deadly pikes around he Marshal de Retz and those of his servants who had been taken, that is to say, round Poitou, Clerk Henriet, Blanquet and Robin Romulart. About them surged the angry populace, drunk with the very wine of destruction, having been filled with inconceivable fury by that which they had been in the round tower wherein stood the filled bags of little charred remains.

"Tear the welves into gobbets! Kill them! Burn them! Send them quick to ell!" So ran the cry.

And twice and thrice the villagers charged iesperately as men who fight for their lives. "Stand to it, men!" cried Pierre de l'Hopi-l. "Gilles de Retz shall have fair trial!" "But I shall try him!" he added under his

breath. rocession which conducted Gilles de Reiz there that you be hanged and burned till you of the castle and of the host were in his to the city of Nantes. The duke had sent are dead. And to God, the just, be the hand, and there was much business to be or his whole band of soldiers, and these in ordered companies marched in front and | The voice of Pierre de l'Hopital rang out dale Douglases were riding away from | Mistress Maud, you shall not play with still, say the country folk, when the leaves

uous silence Gilles de Retz was shifting his ground, and with a cool, unheated intelli mighty rushing noise. The last grains tions. It soon became evident to his mind ran low in the hour-glass. It shifted in its that the powers of evil, in whom he trusted and to whose service he had consecrated his of an earthquake shook all the castle to its life and fortune, had befooled and betrayed

Well-even so would be fool them-if, b the grace of God, there were yet any merit or hope in the service of good. The priest said so. The scripture said so, and they might be right after all. At least the thing was worth trying.

For a calculating brain lay behind the ex esses of the terrible Lord de Retz. Th religion of the cross might not be of much final use, still it was all that remained, and Gilles de Retz determined to avail himself Barran-Sathanas to Jehovah.

for belief, he arrayed himself in the white robes of a Carmelite povice and spent his prison days in singing litanies and in private

When the great day of the trial at fas arrived the marshal, who had expected on the bench the weak, kindly face of Duke John, was called upon to confront the indomitable judicial rectitude of Pierre de 'Hopital, president and grand seneschal of

Gilles de Retz appeared at his trial dressed in white of the richest materials and with all his military decorations upon him. But his judge, habited in stern and simple black, was not in the least intimi-

Then came the great surprise. After the evidence of Henriet and Poitou had been read to him, the marshal was asked to plead.

"I have been a great sinner," he said. " have, indeed, deserved a thousand deaths But now I am a man of God. I have confessed. I have received absolution for al my sins. God has forgiven me and my soul is cleansed!"

"Good!" answered Pierre de l'Hopital. have nothing to do with your soul. I musleave that, as you justly remark, to God But I am here to try your body, and it found guilty, to condemn that body to suffer the penalties by law provided."

testify more fully of the crimes beyond parallel in the history of mankind The court had been hung round with black, and the only object which appeared

Then Clerk Henriet was brought in to

prominent was a beautiful crucifix with a noble figure of the Redeemer of Men carved upon it. This was suspended, according to the custom, over the head of the president of the tribunal.

Henriet had not proceeded far with his terrible relation of inconceivable crimes when he stopped. "I cannot go on." he said in a broken, ap pealing voice. "I cannot tell what I have

to tell with that figure looking down upon

So, with the whole court standing up in reverence, the image of the Most Pitiful was solemnly veiled from sight, that such deeds of darkness might not be so much as spoken of in that hely and gracious pres

And during the ceremony Friar Gilles of the order of the Carmelites stood up more reverently than any, for, seeing that no better might be, he had definitely cast in his lot with God Almighty.

. "The sentence of this court is that you Gilles de Laval, lord of Retz, marshal of Prance, and you, Poltou and Henriet, be noted the presence of the noble young chatecarried to the meadow of La Biesse at 9 laine of the great fortress. o'clock on the morning of tomorrow, and

coul, spurred her steed and rode on to inter

with us to Scotland. I have many castles there, and, they tell me, a princessdom of mine own. We shall all be happy together and forget these ill times. Maud and I for us.'

"Yes, I pray you come with us." said Maud, a little more slowly, "we will be your sisters, and the ill times shall not ome again."

The Lady Sybilla smiled a sad, subtle mile, and shook her head.

"I thank you. I thank you more than you know, it eases my heart that you should forgive one such as I for all the evil she has brought you and yours. But I am now no fit companion for you or any. I am become but a wandering shape, speaking to one who cannot answer, and seeking him whom I can never find."

The little maid, being but a child, mistook er meaning.

"No, no," she cried, "your life is not one. If the one whom you love hath left ou unkindly-well, bide awhile and when the first smart is passed we will marry you o some braver and more handsome knight There are many such in Scotland. I pray ou come with Maud and me as we wish you Why, there will not be three like us in all the land. I wager we will set kings by he ears between us. Though as for me, I

The smile of the Lady Sybilia grew ever adder and ever sweeter. "The man whom I loved and who loved me I betrayed to the death. There is no

forgiveness for such as I in this life. Perhaps there may be in the next. At least he forgave me, and that is enough. He believed in me against myself, and I will wait Till then I go hither and thither, and none shall hinder me nor molest-for Ged hath | solemnity and all the dignity of a great set the seal of Cain upon Sybilia de spirit. Margaret Douglas flicked her steed impa

tiently, causing the spirited little beast "I think it is very ill done of you

ome to Scotland with us," she said, petulantly, "when we would have been so good "Too good-too kind," said the Lady

Sybilla, very gently; "such kindness is not for such as I am. But if I may, while I live will keep the golden cross you lent methe crucifix your brother gave to you on your birthday!" "Keep it-it is yours! I do not want it!"

ried Margaret, glad to have found some way of showing her gratitude. "I thank you," said Sybilla de Thouars some day I may come to Scotland. And if I do, you shall come out from Thrieve and meet with me by the white thorns of the

And so without other farewell she turned and rode slowly away down the avenues of fallen leaves, till the folding woodlands hid her from the sight of those two who watched her with tear-blurred eyes and hearts strangely stirred with pity for the fate of her whom they had once hated with such

Carlin wark at the hour when the little

CHAPTER LXL

Leap Year in Galloway

Morning dawned fair over the wide strath of Dee. Cairnamuir and Ben Gairn stood dered sentinels. Castle Thrieve rose in the midst, gray, massive and somber in the

Andro the penman and his brother John with the taciturnity natural to early risers were silently hoisting the flag which de-Sholto had also risen early, for the affairs

Thrieve, for word had come that James the Gross, seventh carl of Douglas, was surely BEFORE at death's door.

"Beside," said William Douglas, "wherefore should we stay-our work is done. No one will molest our coustn in her heritages now. We have stood about her while there was need. But for the present Sir Sholto and his men can keep count and reckoning with any from the back shore of Leswalt to Berwick bound."

"Aye, indeed," cried James Douglas, "we will go till the time come when the suitors gather. like corbies about a dead lamb!" That is not a savory comparison," cried Margaret of Douglas, now grown older, and already giving more than promise of that wondrous beauty which afterward made her celebrated in all lands, "but, after all, you, cousin James, have some right to make it. this owe lamb would have been carrion

indeed! "Goodby," cried James of Avondale 'Haste thee and grow up, sweet cos. Then will I come back with the rest of the corbies and take my chance of the feast. I will keep myself for that day."

But William Douglas eat square and silent on his charger. The maid of Galloway waved her hand

gaily to the younger. "You shall have your chance with the rest," she cried, "but you will not like me then. Very likely I may have to fleech and cozen with you like the sweetie wife at a fair before either of you will marry me. Aud, you know, I have sworn on the bones of St. Bride to marry none but a Douglas of the

Then William Douglas saluted without a word, and turning his bridle-rein rode away with his face steadfastly set to the north. But James ever cried back farewells and jovial words long after he was out of hearing. And even on the heights of Kelten muir he still fluttered a gay kerchief in his left hand.

Then Margaret Douglas went back within the gates, where she encountered Maud Lindesay, coming through the castle yard to meet her. For that morning she had not wished to encounter Sholto-at least among so many. The two maidens walked on together, and which was the fairer, the black or the nut-brown, none could say who be-

held them. After a while Margaret Douglas sighed. "I wonder which of them I like the best?"

she said. Maud laughed a merry, scornful laugh, in which was a world of superior knowledge. "You do not like either of them very much yet, or you would have no difficulty about the matter," said this wise woman.

"Well, I wonder which of them loves me best," she went on. "James tells me of it a hundred times every day and all day. But William says nothing. He only looks at me often as if he disapproved of me. I am over ight for him. I trow. He thinks not of me.' Then after a pause she said, again with er finger on her lip:

"I wonder which of them would do most or my sake?" "I know," said Maud Lindesay, promptly.

. With the young Avondales there had ridien Malise and his son Laurence on their way to the abbey of Dulce Cor. Sholto went also with them to convoy them to the fords

For Laurence was to be a clerk after all. And this is the way he explained it: "The abbot cannot live long, and there is no Douglas to succeed him. Your little maid will make me abbot, if that Maud of yours

"She is not my Maud yet," sighed Sholto, 'for, as they say in Scotland, the lady had proved 'driech to draw up.' " "But she will be in good time," urged Laurence, "and she must persuade the Lady

does her duty."

Margaret of my many and surprising vir-"The Lady these for herself. Were you not bound be side her on the iron altar?" said Sholto. "Yes; but I dirked the old witch-woman

or so they say. And that was no clerkly action," objected his brother. "Fear not," said Sholto. "You shall have all of her favor you need without working by means of another's petticost. But how about marriage? You cannot wed or woo if you are a clerk. You did not use to be so unfond of a lass in the gloamings along the sweet strand called the Walk of Lovers

"Psah," cried Laurence. "I never ye aw the lass I liked better than myself. And I never expect to see one that I shall Then she tripped quickly after bim. He

ike better than the fat revenues of the Abbaey of Duice Cor!" He paused a moment, as if roguishly onsidering some point,

"Besides," he went on, "wed I may no out woo-that is another matter. I had walked so fast, never heard that an abbot-"Good day!" cried Sholto suddenly at this

point. "I will not stay to hear you blas-And leaving his father and Laurence to

Thrieve "I will surely return tomorrow," cried Malire. "I must first see this bantam safely in Mew. Aye, and bid the Abbott William dip his wings, too!"

So in the gay morning sunshine and with the glinting of the lift reflected dark blue from tarn and lakelet, Sholto MacKim rod toward the castle of Thrieve. He bethought him on all that had bygone. The Avondales were away, James the Gross might die any moment-might even now be dead and Wil-

He thought over William of Avondale's last words to himself, spoken with deep

"Sholto, you and yours have brought to justice the chief betrayer. The time is at hand, when, having the power, I will settle with Crichton and Livingston, the lesser villains. And in that count and reckening you shall be my right-hand man. Keep sweet young Margaret safe for my sake

She is very precious to me-indeed beyond my life. And for this time fare you well. And he had reached a mailed hand to the captain of the Douglas guard, and when Sholto would have bent his head upon it to kiss it, William of Avondale gripped his suddenly, as one grasps a comrade's hand when the heart is touched, and so was

At the verge of the flowery pastures that ring the isle of Thrieve, Sholto met Maud Lindesay, now walking alone. At eight of her he leaped from his horse, and without salutation of spoken speech walked by her

Maud made her little pouting movement of the lips, and kicked viciously at a tuft or "I forgot," she said, hypocritically; "I

ought to have asked leave of that noble knight, the captain of Thrieve. We poor maids must not breathe without his permission-no, nor e'en walk out to meet him when we are lonesome Maud Lindesay lifted her eyes suddenly

that, alarmed for the consequences, veiled her eyes again by dropping her long lashes circumspectly upon her cheek. "Did you really come out to meet me, Mand?" cried Sholto, all the life flooding suddenly to his cheeks; "in this you speak him by the arm, she forced him to walk

truth and no mockery?" "I only said that we feared our castle's governor so that we must not walk out even to meet him!"

would, and, as they were passing at the that I will not take Landless Jock after all! time through a coppice of hazel, he caught time through a coppice of hazel, he caught dispatched that morning. The young Avon- his saucy sweetheart quickly by the wrist.

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me!" he said, "you will tell me plainly-do you love me or do you not?" Maud Lindesay puckered her pretty face as if she had been about to cry.

"You hurt my arm," she said, plaintively,

looking up at him with the long pathetic gaze of a gentle animal put in pain. Sholto perforce released the pressure her arm. She instantly put both hands be-"You did not hurt me at all, hear you

that, Master Sholto," she cried, "and I do rot love you-not that much, sir noble knight!" And she snapped her finger and thum! like a flash beneath his nose.

"Not that much!" she repeated viciously, and did it again. Sholto turned away sternly. "You are nothing but a silly girl, and not worthy that any true man should marry you!" he said, walking off in the direction of

the castle. Maud Lindesay looked after him a mo ment as if not believing her eyes and ears was taking long strides, and it required a series of small hops and skips to keep up

"Not really, Sholto?" she said, beseech ingly, almost running beside him now, he

"Yes, madam, really!" said that young knight, still more sternly. She took a little run to get a step front of him, so that she might look advantageously into his face.

"Then you won't marry me, Sholto?"

Her hands were clasped with the sweetest petitionary grace. The monosyllable escaped from his lips with a snort like a puff of steam from

under the lip of a boiling pot "Not if I ask you very nicely, Sholto?" The negative can'e again, apparently ercer than before, almost like an explosion indeed. But still there was a hollow sound

At this the girl stopped suddenly, and drawing a little lace kerchief from her bosom, she sank her head into it in an apparent abandonment of grief. "O, what shall I do?" she wailed. "Sholte will not marry me, and I have asked him

about it somewhere.

do? I will e'en go and drown me in the Dee water!" And with her kerchief still to her eyesor at least, to be wholly accurate, to one of them, the despised maiden ran towards the river bank. She did not run very fast, but

so sweetly. What shall I do? What shall I

Now this was more than Sholto had bargained for, and he pursued her light-foot swifter than he had ever run in his life He overtook her just as she reached the little ascent of the rocks by the rive

margin. His hand fell upon her shoulder and he turned her round. She was still shaking "I will-I will, I will drown myself! she cried, her kerchief closer to her eyes.

"I will marry you-I will do anything.

love you, Maud!" "You do not-you cannot!" she cried, pushing him flercely away, "you said you would not! That I was not fit to marry.' "I did not mean it-I lied! I did not know what I said!" Sholto was groveling

"Then you will marry me-if I do not drown myself?" She spoke with a sort of delicious tentative relenting. Yes-yes! When you will-tomorrow-

She dropped her kerchief suddenly and the laughing eyes of naughty Maud Lindesay looked suddenly out upon Sholto like sunshine in a dark place. They were dry and full of merriment. No trace of tears was chance to spy under the Three Thorns of to be discerned in either of them She gave another little skip and, catching

with her toward castle Thrieve. "Of course you will marry me, silly You could not help yourself, Sholto-and it shall be when I like, too. But now that you are so stern and crusty, I am not sure Sybilia.

This is the end, and yet not the end, for tale to tell.

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are greenest by the lakeside, when the white thorn is whitest and the sun drops most gloriously behind the purple hills of the west, and when the children sing like manises on the clachan greens, we may Carlinwark a lady fairer than mortal eys hath seen. She is sitting gracefully on a white paifrey and listening to the bairns singing by the watersides. And the tears fall down her cheeks as she listens, in the place where in the spring time of the year young William Douglas first met the Lady

And if we meet her and she have speech with us, be sure that there will be another

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