CHAPTER I.

Felicie, and I will show to you the apparition. You shall old Jeannot has Invented a foolish tale to scare the silly peasant people, And my old eyes have not cheated me nor been bewitched

by an evil spell—the figure passed not ten minutes ago. It always returns this way-so you can see it for yourself.

So said the worthy servitor of the Languedoc family, Jeannot Lazin, in a solemn and suppressed voice, as he motioned for his young mistress to follow him into the low shrubbery which skirted the meadow, ere the dense

woods took possession of the ground. The youthful Lady Felicie, with a smile of arch merriment on her bright young face, followed him fearlesslypausing a moment, however, to cast an admiring glance at the scene she was leaving behind her.

Well worthy, indeed, this parting attention, was the charming bit of landscape, just now coqueting with the pur-

A prolonged, undulating slope of tioned her." smoothly turfed terraces edged with straight lines of poplars, like deep green fringes, and crowned at the sum- | path. mit with the cluster of turreted roofs forming Languedoc chateau, whose tall, quaintly shaped chimneys rose far up against the gold flushed blue of the clouds, seeming to reach the slender thread of light which the young new moon hung out, as sign of her advent.

At the right was the thickly woven, undulating canopy of grand old trees, forming the Little Forest of which the Languedocs were so proud and chary -and far on to the left you caught the glitter of waves, where the Mediterranean reveled -tn golden beams of sunshine, and the bright reflection showed the spires and roofs of Frejus like Crome cloud city, ready to vanish at a moment's warning.

Lady Felicie gave a glance-smiled in foyous, triumphant consciousness that the beautiful spot was ber own proud heritage, and then stepped lightly and daintily along over the rough pathway by which Jeannot led her.

The old man looked profoundly solemn-very much awed, and a little frightened, as he plunged into the deepening shade, every now and then pausing to allow the fairy footsteps of his companion to recover the advantage gained by his huge strides.

He found a dry, mossy spot, balf covered with drooping vines, and motioned for Lady Felicie to occupy it.

"It is here I have always stood, Lady Felicie; you see that it commands a view of the opening path; he has always gone out past me," whispered Jeannet, with a stealthy glance at the designated pathway.

The smile faded off from the girl's face. Somehow the weird somberness of the wood, with old Jeannot's aweatruck face beside her-she could not retain her playfulness. She drew her fling me such a triumphant glance! mantle of violet silk closer over her How brave these noble ladies can be head, and waited in silence.

"Hark!" whispered Jeannot, unconsclously grasping her arm.

A dull heavy sound, of regular blows, whether from mortal ax, shovel or pick, could hardly be determined, broke the stiliness reigning around.

The old man crossed himself reverently.

"I always hear it just so," whispered he, "and in a little while he is sure to appear."

"But ghosts don't work, Jeannot," said Lady Felicie. "Why don't you get some of the men with you, and fol- her soft, deep eyes, which betrayed that low up the sounds till you find what makes them?"

"Haven't I tried it alone? Holy Mary! I've searched and searched the woods over, and never a trace can I find of the ground broken, or of a tree disturbed. I had wild ideas at first-I thought somebody was burying some guilty secret-a murdered body, or a stolen treasure, and I meant old Jeannot shoud have the glory of finding it all I might as well have tried to raise a sunken ship from the sea. Oh, now, my lady, it's all beyond mortal finding out-that's my belief, and sure I won't be so bold as to bring upon myself the evil one's vengeance by prying into his doings. It was only because you reproved me, as an idle story teller, that I brought you here to see for yourseff--

He paused abruptly, shrank back under the bushes, and frantically seized her hand, while he pointed to the open pathway beyond them.

Lady Felicle bent forward, not withadmitted.

A tall, darkly draperled figure, with girls her unmolested freedom. mg slowly along before her eyes.

although one hand held the shovel, and some attendants to their proper the other awung fdly by his side, though | places?" ible, a little circle of bright light went wavering along with him, seeming to tess smiled, even while she sighed. radiate from his very feet.

crept over the girl, and she stood shiv- glossy waves of hair from the fair foreering until the mysterious figure van- head. ished from sight.

Jeannot was muttering prayers, with vehement eagerness.

tion, seeing the old man's terror, and | you all the time? Now that he can't sxclaimed resolutely:

prowling around here for some evil OME quickly, Lady purpose. I acknowledge you have convinced me, Jeannot-my good, old Jeannot-that I was hasty in accusing you of trusting too much to your imsee for yourself if agination. You have certainly seen the figure, but I opine it will prove to be decidedly more tangible and natural than a ghost. You must bring others with you and follow him---

"Oh, my Lady Felicie, it is a ghost, or the evil one-don't talk so scoffingly. I am afraid an evil spell will fall upon you as a punishment. going to tell you how follow him, and how he upon me his blazing eye threw up his hands, and little flames came dancing all around him, and he opened his mouth, and it thundered, and the very ground seemed to quake. Oh, I smelt the sulphur, and I saw the blue flames. Don't doubt it, Lady Felicie -I wouldn't come again for the king's scepter. I came now only to convince I am afraid some terrible thing is to happen to us, and that this is the sign. Holy Mary, have mercy! I will get the good priest to say prayers for us all. But come, we must return. My lady, the countess, will be angry with me for bringing you here, and Victoire ple mistiness of approaching evening. will be tired of waiting where you sta-

And looking around him shudderingly, Jeannot stepped forth into the

Lady Felicle followed thoughtfully. "It is very odd," murmured she; ently. "when my father returns from Paris, it must be thoroughly investigated." "Ah, yes; I shall be so glad when the

count gets home. M. Pierre, the overseer, called me a foolish, old driveller, and bade me hold my tongue. The noble count might believe him, but you, Lady Felicie, can assure him that I do not lie. I'm sure that I do not want to frighten all the people, as M. Pierre says I do; but this is a dreadful thing to keep to myself."

"Don't talk now, Jeannot," said Lady Felicie impatiently. "How dark it has grown! I don't know what my mother would say, if she knew I came with you and without any other attendant. Pray, let us hurry."

The old servant quickened his pace at these words, and the lady kept step with him now.

She gave a great sigh of relief when they reached the open ground. The stars were out, and the pale silver crescent had brightened into gold. From the chateau flashed a ruddy gleam kindling from window to window. A light figure came bounding down

the hill. "Oh, my Lady Felicle, have you come? Your mother has sent out twice

for you. Have you seen it?" "Hush, Victoire! keep discreet silcace if you wish my favor, and don't

tease me with questions. I will go to my mother now." The pretty waiting maid dropped as

humble courteny, and followed demurely after her mistress, as the latter turned swiftly toward the chalesu, but she was eagerly repeating to herself: "Lady Felicie has seen the ghost, I

am sure-or why does old Jeannot Nothing, I am sure, could have tempted me to go with Jeannet into the wood at this hour. She is so grave and atill -it is certain that she has seen some-

The lady, however, did not gratify her curiosity. She passed hastly across the broad hall when she reached the chateau, and went directly to the bondoir of the countess.

She was a very fine looking woman, this Countess Languedoc-tail and stately, and dressed with suitable richness; but there was a sad expression in her noble estate had not brought with it unmixed happiness.

She rose from the velvet lounge as her daughter entered, and exclaimed,

childishly: "Felicie, Felicie, where have you been? This wild rambling will no answer. You know how deeply i would displease the count to know you were away from the chateau grounds. unattended. And I have sent twice for you, and no one knew where you were, not even Victoire. Your father-"

The sweet, red lips of Felicie checked further speech, as she flung her arme

repeatedly, answered gaily: "Ah. yes, my father-I understand my lady mother; but mon pere is away in Paris, and will never know, for I am sure you will not tell him. And it is so refreshing, so delightful to be free and wild just a little: I'm sure when I have half a dozen servants at my heels, as papa always sends me forth, all my out a violent beating heart, it must be | pleasure is destroyed, and I have many a time envied one of our own peasant a shovel over his shoulder, was stalk- now, my darlingest of mammas, do you blame me, if I take advantage of my So much was undeniable. Moreover, father's absence, and send the trouble-

roguishly into her face, and the coun-

"I suppose it is natural," said she, Despite her best efforts, a cold chill | yielding, while she stroked back the

"Of course it is," replied Felicie, gaily: "mon pere is so so exceedingly particular, it is most tiresome. Where's Lady Felicie made a desperate exer- the good of grandeur if it must torment insist upon our going down to regular "Nonsence! It was a man, who is dinner in that huge dining hall, that

looks ready to swallow two people like you and me, why not ring the bell and order a mice little repast for us here! It would be so cosy, so home like, so extremely delightful,"

The counters smiled still more brightly, and stretched out her hand toward the bell.

Felicie flew to reach it, and after the necessary orders had been given, she threw off her mantle, playfully seated the countess again in the easy chair, and drew a cushion of emerald velvet to her feet.

"Now, mamma, for one of our cosy talks—what shall it be about?"

"Your absence, tonight, ma chere. What detained you so long, my child Felicle shrugged the white shoulders gleaming so prettily through the lace cape of her low bodice of violet

"Ah, mamma, that will be too dismal a topic. Wait till they have brough more candles. Tell me something about your girlhood; what you thought, bow you felt when you were no older than your giddy daughter."

The delicately penciled eyebrows o the countess contracted, and a weary look of pain flickered a moment over

She took up the fairy hands crossed over her knee and kissed them softly. "I must say as you do, my love, it is too dismal for that, while the room is so dimly lighted. I have received letter from your father during your absence. He is to leave Paris in another week, and he thinks the young Marquis de Berri will accompany him on his return hither, and bids me prepare you

Felicie started, and a flood of crimcon rushed to her face.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed she, and then covering her face with her hands she burst into tears and sobbed vehem-

CHAPTER II.



HE countess made no effort to check her, only now and then bent down and kissed the flushed forehead and wet

Pelicie started to her feet and began pacing to and fro. "It is so humiliating!" exclaimed she, passionately; "to be bartered and

sold like a dumb animal, because rank and estates are matched; to have no question asked concerning character and hearts. Oh, it is barbarous!"

The countess watched her with a perturbed and deeply sympathizing face. "Does my father think I am a stone.

or a butterfly-that I have no feeling, no taste, no deep soul requirementa? Oh, I have envied the peasants before, but never so much as now. I could wish I had never been born!" went on Felicie, more and more bitterly, while the excitement grew upon her, her soft, dark eyes gilttered flercely, and two burning crimson spots gathered upon her cheeks.

Her mother sighed deeply. The girl heard it and turned impetu-

"Oh, mamma, mamma! my good, true, tender mother-surely you will not be harsh with me, you will pity me! Oh, implore my father to forego this hated marriage. I know nothing of the marquis, I do not wish to know him. I abhor his very name. Say that

I need not see him." "I fear that I cannot promise you any help," answered the countess, sad-

Felicie turned away with girlish petulance.

"No one cares for my true happiness, no one knows how to pity me."

"Felicie!" said the countess, in a tone of deep reproach and unutterable

The ingenuous girl flung herself into her arms, imploring pardon amidst a flood of tears,

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADAM'S HEIGHT.

Seem to Show That It Was

Sixty-Five Feet. At various times within the last few years assertions have been made by many thinkers that Adam and the antediluvian people were of extraordinary height, but many other thinkers (wno have never thought much about the matter) have laughed at the assertion and cried "bosh," says an exchange. I, too, am of the opinion that there was something more about Adam that was extraordinary besides the number of his years. To prove the same by a ceurse of mathematical reasoning we will take Noah, whose life was twenty around the lady's neck, and kissing her | years longer than Adam's and who is quite as well known for his generosity to the human and animal races. According to Genesis Noah lived 950 years and then died. It is a well-defined rule in nature that animals, bipeds and quadrupeds live about three and onehalf times the number of years required for their individual maturity. Thus man in this century matures in 20 and dies at the age of 70 years. Dividing the age of Noah by three and one-half, we find that he reached his maturity in about 270 years. The average man of to-day at maturity measures about five feet and weighs about 125 pounds. Five feet in twenty years is equivalent to three inches in one year. Applying no lantern or torch was anywhere vis- The dancing, sparkling eyes peered the same rule to Noah's maturing years, we find that at his maturity he was sixty-seven feet tall and weighed 1,375 pounds. It stands to reason that if Noah was so great in body that the originator of the race must have been equally as large.

> Mrs. Wallace I thought you told ma that this was an educated parrot? Bird Dealer-Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Wallace-He must have been educated in an institute for the deaf and dumb .-Sincinnati Enquirer.

SITTING AND SINGRING.

Sitting at one's deak, singeing in the sixiing August heat which frequently comes in July or June, one's thoughts turn to something far more desirable, and one's ambition and determination, after the first four or five days of it, is to get away and find the longed-for coolness and escape from care as well. Having at length sonsfbly concluded that it is better to work well ten or eleven months in the year and rest and recuperate the balance of the time, the next thing is to determine what part of the universe we will grace with our presence. The west is ever

a drawing attraction for those living in the eastern or middle 'sections, and now come remembrances of stories our friends have told us about the beauties and grandeur of Colorado and the Rocky mountains. Slyly there creeps into the imagination a gurgling brook and we decide to try our skill at casting a fly on its riffles. mentally note that while we like society, we don't yearn for it alone, and fishing tackle doesn't encumber one very much, anyhow. Into the trunk

she goes, along with a kodak, perhaps, for we are going to see the grandest mountains and most beautiful scenery of America. We may be home in two weeks. One can do so much in two weeks.

Having made up our minds, we select the Missouri Pacific system as our means of travel, because we may as well enjoy its luxurious car service, and we want to get the coolness as quickly as possible. The Colorado Short Line from Kausas City to Pueblo suits our fancy, and we are gone on a never-to-be-forgotten trip, with dull care and heat left behind and the dust and the smoke of the city out of mind while we revel in the pure mountain air. We find that two weeks is a very short time, after all, and wonder how it ever occurred to us to do much in two weeks. There are more fishing streams and some additional scenery beyond, over there on the Gunnison, and in the vicinity of Wagon Wheel Gap and Animas Canon, and, finding that the Denver & Rio Grande road takes us through this greatest midst of

whole family along when we repeat the trip, next year. Thus are our lives lengthened, and we bring to business renewed energy and strength of mind, as well as body, and consider that we were wise when we reached the determination to take some play along with the hard work. There is no greater incentive to work well than the remembrance that we

scenery, we are bound to have a look

at it. We go, perhaps extending our

trip to Utah, we are charmed, we get

browned, we eat enough for the whole

family, and we conclude to bring the

Finnacial.

have had our vacation and enjoyed it.

F. P. BAKER.

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or an ex-burglar?"-Cincinnati Es quirer.

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time ! Mother is approaching the mest critical period of her life. The change of life, that is what mother is dreading, and no wonder, for it is full

of peril to all but the strongest There are some special and very wearing symptoms from which mother suffers, but she will not speak of them to any one. Helm her out; she deesn't know what to do

for herself! Shall I advise you? First, soud to the nearest drug store and get a bettle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and see that mother takes it

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for her. It tones up the nervous system, invigorates the body, and the "blues" vanish before it as dark? ness flees from the sunlight. You can get it at any reliable druggist's. Mrs. Louis Strong, Harris Hill, Erie Co., N. Y., says: "I

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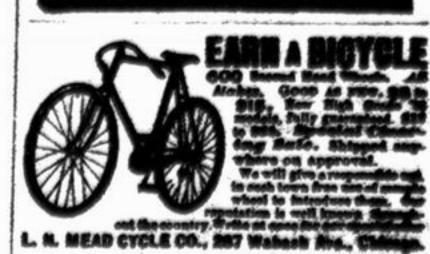
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