



CHAPTER I.

OME quickly, Lady Felicie, and I will show you the apparition. You shall see for yourself if 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 servant 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 fearlessly—pausing 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 coquetting with the purple mistiness of approaching evening.

A prolonged, undulating slope of smoothly turfed terraces edged with straight lines of poplars, like deep green fringes, and crowned at the summit with the cluster of turreted roofs forming Languedoc chateaux, 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 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 in the last golden beams of sunshine, and the bright reflection showed the spires and roofs of Prejus like some cloud city, ready to vanish at a moment's warning.

Lady Felicie gave a glance—smiled in joyous, triumphant consciousness that the beautiful spot was her own proud heritage, and then stepped lightly and faintly 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, half 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 Jeannot, 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 awestruck face beside her—she could not retain her playfulness. She drew her mantle of violet silk closer over her head, and waited in silence.

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

A dull, heavy sound, of regular blows, whether from mortal ax, shovel or pick, could hardly be determined, broke the stillness 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 follow 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 should have the glory of finding it all out. 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 yourself."

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

Lady Felicie bent forward, not without a violent beating heart, it must be admitted.

A tall, darkly draped figure, with a shawl over his shoulder, was stalking slowly along before her eyes.

So much was undeniable. Moreover, although one hand held the shovel, and the other swung idly by his side, though no lantern or torch was anywhere visible, a little circle of bright light went wavering along with him, seeming to radiate from his very feet.

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

The countess 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?"

Felicie shrugged the white shoulders gleaming so prettily through the lace cape of her low bodice of violet silk.

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

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

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 a letter from your father during your absence. He is to leave Paris in another week, and he thinks the young Marquis de Berry will accompany him on his return hither, and bids me prepare you for it."

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

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

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

Felicie started to her feet and began pacing to and fro.

"It is so humiliating!" exclaimed she, passionately; "to be battered and sold like a dumb animal, because rank and estates are matched; to have no question asked concerning character and heart. 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 requirements? 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 glittered fiercely, and two burning crimson spots gathered upon her cheeks.

Her mother sighed deeply. "The girl heard it and turned impetuously."

"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, sadly.

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 sadness.

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

ADAM'S HEIGHT. Figures 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 (who 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 than was extraordinary besides the number of his years. To prove the same by a course of mathematical reasoning we will take Noah, whose life was twenty 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 one-half 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 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 me 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.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SITTING AND SINGING.

The Greatest Deeds of the Day Has In the Wet Weather, and How He Accomplished It.

Sitting at one's desk, stinging in the stifling 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 sensibly 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 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. Slightly there creeps into the imagination a gurgling brook and we decide to try our work by casting a fly on its ripples.

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 the luxurious car service, and we want to get the coolness as quickly as possible. The Colorado Short Line from Kansas 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, there are 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 the greatest midst of 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 whole family along when we repeat the trip, next year.

These are our lives lengthened, and we bring to business renewed energy and strength of mind, as well as an 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 have had our vacation and enjoyed it.

F. P. BAKER.

Financial. "Did you read that magazine article on 'The Working of a Bank?'"

"No. Is it by an ex-bank president or an ex-burglar?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A FREE FARM. The Dominion government have many publications giving facts about the advantages of Manitoba, Alberta and Assiniboia for mixed farming or ranching. One hundred and sixty acres free. For pamphlets and information write C. J. BROUGHTON, Agent, 222 Clark St., Chicago.

His Striking Uniform. Hewitt—I see the fellow that broke out of prison was soon spotted. Jewett—I thought they were always striped.—New York World.

Rev. F. Single, of Golden, Ill., writes: "I was often almost crazed with pain in temple and eye. Have used two packages of Dr. Kay's Renovator and think it an excellent remedy."

If you are sick from any cause, there is no remedy more likely to cure you than Dr. Kay's Renovator. Send for a valuable 66-page book "Dr. Kay's Home Treatment." It has 56 recipes and treats nearly all diseases. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

President McKinley's mail averages from 1,000 to 1,300 letters a day, and several sacks of newspapers.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, a positive cure for nervousness, constipation, dyspepsia and liver disorders. See advt.

The present population of Australia is estimated at about 4,500,000.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic. 50c or 75c. H. C. C. Co. full cure, druggists refund money.

Truthfulness is justice to conviction.—W. Boyd Carpenter.

Educating Your Girls.

There are few better places in the United States than St. Clara's academy at Shinawasa, Wis. It is located in the garden spot of the state, and for healthfulness and beauty it is unsurpassed. The buildings are elegantly arranged, spaciousness being a leading characteristic from cellar to dormitories. Every modern improvement is in use. The educational facilities are excellent, being under the directions of the most learned and accomplished sisters of St. Dominic.

The craze for hypnotism is spreading to an alarming extent in Maine. Educate Your Bowels with Cascarella's Candy Cathartic, sure constipation forever. 50c. H. C. C. Co. full, druggists refund money.

A Boston poet the other day made "Bacchantes" rhyme with "haunt."

Pine's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 43d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Tennessee is looking forward to a very large blackberry crop. Ho-To-Bao for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. H. C. C. Co. full, druggists refund money.

Ten regiments in the British army publish newspapers. Hegan's Campfire Tea with Glysterine Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tumor or Bores, Fists, Gout, Rheumatism, Skin, Sc. C. C. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct. Better be strong than bright.

Chicago Shows 2,000,000 Soul.

The new Chicago directory shows that city gained 70,000 in population last year, bringing the total figures to approximately 1,320,000. The year 1900 will see Chicago above the 2,000,000 mark.—Ex.

Try Grain-O. Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 14c the price of coffee. 15c cents and 25c cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead. Hall's Cathartic Cure is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c. What we gain by experience is not worth what we lose in illusion.

Mrs. Winslow's Sipping Syrup For children, soothes the throat, relieves colic, cures wind colic. 50c a bottle. Simplicity is a jewel rarely found.—Ovid.

THE "GROWN-UP" DAUGHTER'S DUTY TO HER MOTHER.

You can only have one mother; therefore, when her step is growing slow and her mind gloomy with forebodings, and you can see that her whole nervous system is upset, it is your sacred duty and privilege to attend to her in time!

Mother is approaching the most 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 women.

There are some special and very wearing symptoms from which mother suffers, but she will not speak of them to any one. Help her out; she doesn't know what to do for herself!

Shall I advise you? First, send to the nearest druggist and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and see that mother takes it regularly.

then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., giving all the symptoms and you will receive a prompt reply telling mother what to do for herself. In the meantime the Vegetable Compound will make life much easier for her. It tones up the nervous system, invigorates the body, and the "blues" vanish before it as darkness flees from the sunlight. You can get it at any reliable druggist's.

Mrs. Louis Stroome, Harris Hill, Erie Co., N. Y., says: "I have been troubled with falling of the womb for years, was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took thirteen bottles and received great benefit. When the time for change of life came I suffered a great deal with faintness and palpitation of the heart. I got one bottle of the Vegetable Compound and one of Blood Purifier and was relieved again. I was thereby enabled to pass through that serious period very comfortably."

Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices; what are they now?

NEW PRICES ON Columbia Bicycles. THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD. 1897 COLUMBIAS The Best Bicycles Made. Reduced to \$75. 1896 COLUMBIAS Second Only to 1897 Models. Reduced to \$60. 1897 HARTFORDS Equal to Most Bicycles. Reduced to \$50. HARTFORDS Pattern 2. Reduced to \$45. HARTFORDS Pattern 1. Reduced to \$40. HARTFORDS Patterns 3 and 4. Reduced to \$30.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS. WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK. I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every bottle. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. R. F. Hall & Co., Props., Neshaminy, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

EARN A BIYCYCLE. \$25 Reward. ST. CLARA'S ACADEMY. Shinawasa, Wis. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Extensive grounds. Excellent opportunities for healthfulness and beauty. Classes and opportunities for instruction, with all modern improvements. Every day it is offered to young ladies for acquiring a thorough and accomplished education. For terms and particulars apply to MOTHER SUPERVISOR.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY. For all cases of Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, etc. St. Clara's Academy. CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.