



CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"But you cannot imagine how keenly I suffer," sobbed she.
 "Can I not? ah, my child, you little thing—how thoroughly I read every thought, how I bleed over every inward pang."

"And you do not blame me? Say you do not think I am wrong."

"What wrong, my precious one, but like the imprisoned bird beating itself vainly against the bars, very unwise. What is unavoidable must be accepted with the best grace possible. Spare yourself unavailing agony."

"And if I could help it," was Felicie's indignant reply.

"At least, my love, you might try to look upon it in a pleasant light. Who knows but the marquis may prove your ideal here? For I am sure there is no real love. I have watched you jealously enough, I hope, to make sure of that."

Felicie's eyes flashed angrily.

"I cannot like him. I detest him—to seek a defenseless, unwilling bride for the sake of her wealth—if he were possessed of all the graces I should abhor him."

"Now, my daughter is unreasonable," was the mild remonstrance.

"But, mamma, is not this way of contracting marriage barbarous and revolting?"

"Yes, my dear, exceedingly so. It is the fault of many years' growth. We in France do not look upon human beings as so many souls, worthy or unworthy; but we rate rank with rank, whether it joins great hearts and puny natures or otherwise. It is a great evil, yet you and I, Felicie, cannot alter it. Your father approves of it, sees no harm in it. You know how thorough an aristocrat he is. I have hitherto tried to conceal from you the pain it gave me to see his lack of sympathy with those below us. It seems the time has come now when your happiness demands a better understanding."

"I do not need this explanation at least—from a child I have seen the difference in your care for our people, and my father's. I have not always failed to notice the grateful glance of adoring love which follows you from cottage to cottage, nor the angry scowl, or sudden agony which greets my father's appearance," replied Felicie, gravely.

The countess was silent, lost in a painful reverie.

"Oh, mamma, don't think I have not appreciated your noble nature, your generous delicacy, that would never lead to me, nor allow me to refer to my father's failings. Do you know, I have often wondered how you came to have him, you who must have been so grand and beautiful in your girlhood."

Felicie spoke timidly, expecting the reproach she immediately received.

"Hush, my child! I cannot listen to a disparaging word. He is your father, my husband. I would indeed be had a more generous forbearance for the down-trodden peasant; but we are all sinful in some way—we must forget, we must overlook each other's faults."

"An if there were any fault in your character?" exclaimed Felicie warmly, shaking down into her seat again—her excitement somewhat exhausted.

"Alack, Felicie, if you knew what constant struggling I have endured! But it is of you I am thinking. I have been painfully anxious concerning this engagement; but I build all my hopes upon the marquis; I have only heard favorable accounts of him. Oh, my child, you must learn to love him, you must subdue this willful objection to one you have never seen, or your happiness will be wrecked. Heaven save you from all I have undergone!"

"Yes, mamma!" exclaimed Felicie, in astonishment, quite forgetting her own grief in pity for the storm of emotion which the question brought to her usually calm and gentle mother.

"Hush!" said the countess, regaining her composure with a powerful effort.

"They are coming with the refreshment tray."

The servants entered, spread out the tray table with a dainty repast, lighted the scores of candles in two silver candelabra, and vanished again.

"Now, then, you must tell me about it, mamma!" said Felicie when they were from the table.

CHAPTER III.

HE countess had scarcely touched the food, her face was pale and very sad, as she drew her daughter to her side, and plying the bright, young head upon her shoulder, answered:

"Nothing else but your happiness, Felicie."

"Now, could tempt me to unseat this long closed volume of my experience. How it seems that a knowledge of my trials will give force to my advice, will teach you to rely upon my sympathy, and, I hope, induce you to follow my instructions. If I thought any effort of mine could induce the count to relinquish this marriage contract I should still keep silent—but I am convinced that, fond as he is of you, he would break your heart before he would consent to his ambitious plans for you."

Felicie shuddered and nestled closer to her mother's arms.

"There was a time, my Felicie, when your mother's heart throbbled and beat bravely against just such an announce-

ment as you have received tonight—but how much more hopelessly, you may imagine, when I tell you her whole affections were given to another—and that the startling revelation only came to her upon the command to receive a husband from her own station."

The daughter reached up to kiss the quivering lips, which spoke these words faintly.

"My poor little Felicie! you thought I knew not how to pity you, while you are so fortunately ignorant of the story pages which I have suffered. There was a peasant boy, who was a foster brother of my cousin Henri's, and who shared Henri's home and education, who even accompanied him to Germany to the college. It was done with the desire of giving the poor, sickly child of nobility a companion to cheer, amuse and help him. And all Henri lacked Emile possessed. He had a swift, keen intellect, a splendidly developed frame, a wonderfully gentle, refined, and knightly soul." He was absolutely necessary to the comfortable existence of the feeble invalid, and he shared all the advantages of wealth. He dressed like a gentleman, he had an education far above the average, his manners were elegant, his soul was pure. I was constantly with the household. I thought it was a pity for poor Henri, and affection for my cousin Annette, which drew me there, into that happy circle. I never discovered that it was love for Emile, until I was informed by my father that he had accepted the suit of Count Languedoc."

She sighed heavily, and caught her breath quivering. Her daughter seized her hand, and covered it with kisses.

"I cannot tell you what strange impulse impelled me to hurry away into the little arbor where Annette and Henri sat listening to Emile's melodious tones as he read to them some old poem, and break upon them the announcement in the most tragic tone. My eyes were upon Emile's face. I saw it turn deadly pale; I saw the spasms of agony shake his strong young frame into the helplessness of childhood. Wretched and selfish that I was, I felt a glow of joy to know that he loved me—that the blow which pierced mine struck home to his heart. He said not a word, but threw down his book, and walked away. Annette looking frightened, went after him, and I threw myself, weeping bitterly, beside Henri. Poor boy! he tried to comfort me—but he had read that one swift look exchanged between Emile and myself, and well understood the depth of my wretchedness. Too well he knew, who had known such a true nobleman with nature's signet, instead of an earthly monarch's, on his brow, could have no heart for a lower union of soul."

"My poor, poor mother!" sighed Felicie, as she wiped away the streaming tears.

The countess smiled drearily.

"It is of the past I am telling you, my child—not of the present, remember. Emile found means to speak with me alone. He was nearly crazed with grief. He talked bitterly and wildly; also, truthfully, also, as I acknowledged then and now. What was a paltry coronet, he asked, beside a lifetime of love and happiness? He was not noble born, but he should never be poor. His education, his strength, his talents were an unfulfilling mine—he would make me happier, as his wife, than the count could with a palace and a crown. I could not contradict him. Then he frantically besought me to fly to the new world, just in the glory of its independence. Oh, my child! Heaven spare you the terrible conflict which shook my very soul! It was a terrible temptation—to leave the harsh, unyielding father, who would wreck my happiness so needlessly, to fly with the one my whole heart clung to. But I was spared the decision. My father had somehow obtained an idea of the cause of my reluctance to fulfill his wishes. He had watched our meeting in the summer house between the two estates. He came upon us like a roaring lion; he heaped upon Emile the most abusive language, the most abhorrent revilings. Emile was like a marble statue, only the nostrils were curved with fiery indignation, and the eyes glowed like balls of fire. He answered not a word—but coming to me, held out his hand, and the hollow despair of the tone haunts me now."

"It is needless to struggle longer against fate," said he slowly; "farewell, Marguerite. Heaven give me all the bitterness, and leave you peace."

"And before I could speak, he was gone. My father's anger with me was terrible. I was so crushed beneath it, I made no effort to save myself, and more like a corpse than a bride, was brought hither by your father, only two months after Emile's farewell."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, my angel mamma!" sobbed Felicie; "and you have lived till this time!"

The countess smiled mournfully.

"Dear child, grief does not always kill. Moreover, I found a kind friend, just the comforter I needed. The Abbe Recated is dead now; you will no longer be comforted by him."

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case, my treasure, my jewel, my happiness, I had grown calm and cheerful. I had shut the past from my mind as such as possible, and sought out the pleasures of my lot. Never should I have revealed it to you, but that it seemed to me you needed the lesson. It is even more hopeless now to attempt to escape from your father's will; he can appeal to the king, and compel you to marry as he wishes. For you, my Felicie, is no such trial as I have related; you understand why I have kept you in such strict retirement, why I have watched over you so jealously to prevent your forming any attachment before seeing the marquis—I judged it best, also, that you should not see him before. My child, seek to implore you, for your own sake—seek to be pleased with him.

Felicie was not ready to return to her own case.

"That noble, generous Emile!" said she; "have you ever seen him since?"

The countess frowned a little, but answered calmly:

"Twice; once when our horse took fright in Paris he rescued me from almost certain destruction; but he never spoke, he thrust me into the count's arms, and vanished in the crowd. Your father does not know of his existence."

"And again, the second time?" persisted Felicie.

"It was here at the chateau. I was leading you down the garden walk when I saw him—grown older and sterner looking—but with the same deep, melancholy eye, standing at the gate watching us."

"And you spoke to him?"

"No, my child, I went away at once; I did not forget that I was Count Languedoc's wife."

"Poor Emile!" sighed Felicie; "I think I should try to comfort him a little if it were me that he loved."

"And the marquis—" said the countess, anxiously.

"Don't talk about him, I pray you. I promise, if my father will not listen to my pleadings, to try to like him. Till then, give me the privilege of detesting him."

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLISH child! ah, you little comprehend a mother's feverish anxiety," sighed the countess.

Felicie turned, and kissing her fondly, said earnestly:

"My dear, dear mamma, do not distress yourself for me. I will try to please you—I will promise to obey you. This recital has indeed deepened your authority, as well as increased my love for you. Let us put away the subject until at least there is no escape from it. Have you heard the strange stories abroad around the chateau concerning a visitor to our little forest? whether human or ghostly remains to be determined."

"Certainly not. What can you mean?" replied the mother, looking extremely interested.

"Old Jeannot was my most reliable authority. Victoire came in the other evening, chattering with fear, saying that some calamity was about to befall our family; that all the peasants had seen a dark figure hovering around, which always vanished into the air the moment it was approached by any one. I tried to reason her out of the belief, and finding it useless to reprove her firm conviction, I demanded who had set the stories afloat. She named two or three—but Jeannot was such a steady, faithful old man, I selected him from the number, and went at once to accuse him of frightening the silly women. To my astonishment, instead of being ashamed and repentant, he persisted in declaring it was all true."

A Cheerful Prospect.

A nervous young minister was filling the pulpit for a country charge that was without a regular pastor. A part of his experience is touchingly related by the local paper. The very pious old lady at whose house he stayed, in showing him his room, said: "It ain't everybody I'd put in this room. This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on three pillows, and poor Mr. Jenks died sitting in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him sitting there still. My own father died lying right on that lounge right under the window there. Poor pa he was a spiritualist, and he alius said he'd appear in this room after he died and sometimes I am foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me. It'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet there belonging to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. If you are up early and want something to amuse yourself before breakfast just open that cupboard there and you will find a lot of dead men's bones. My poor boy thought a lot of them. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Deepest Gold and Silver Mines.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal., depth 2,390 feet; deepest silver mine at Carson City, Nev., depth 2,300 feet.

The Oldest National Flag.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark. It has been in use since the year 1219.



West Virginia remains the center of importance in the miners' strike. Some of the men have gone out in that state, and an effort is to be made to bring out the coal and coke workers in the Connellsville district.

J. V. Barton, labor statistician of West Virginia, believes that there will eventually be a complete cessation in that state. This will shut off the coal supply at Pittsburg and effect what the miners have been trying to accomplish for a week. The organizers will then invade the coke region, in order that the coal of that district may not take the place of West Virginia coal.

Reports received at headquarters say that the coke-workers have manifested a desire to aid the strikers. There are about 15,000 men employed in the Connellsville region, and the past has demonstrated the fact that they are all full of sympathy and easily persuaded. It has come to the ears of the miners that much of the coal mined in that district is not being coked, but is contributing to the supply at Pittsburg.

Horace L. Chapman, the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, is interesting himself in behalf of the striking miners, and announces that he will do whatever he can to bring about a peaceful settlement and send the men back into the mines.

Little Hope for Arbitration. Columbus, O., July 20.—It is plain that the United Mine Workers, so far as they can be controlled by their officials, will oppose an scheme to settle the strike by arbitration. The officers of the national body are leaving all such schemes alone and they stand on the original demand for higher wages. Not that they are opposed to arbitration or the uniformity agreement, but they believe it is a matter for the operators to take up and settle among themselves. No violence has been resorted to by the strikers, and in consequence their cause is gaining friends every day in their opinion.

Reverign for a United Strike. Wheeling, W. Va., July 20.—Grand Master Workman Sovereign has a scheme for a strike of all the organized labor in the country. The plan, however, while not fully understood here, is not looked upon seriously by employes and labor leaders generally. They do not believe it will amount to much. It is the consensus of opinion that to succeed a national strike must hold out inducements of a selfish character to each trade taking part, and must have six months or a year for organization and preparation.

Every Mine Is Idle. Spring Valley, Ill., July 16.—State Secretary Ryan of the United Mine Workers' organization sends the information from Braidwood that, with the exception of two places in the southern field, Mount Olive and Stanton, and the Peoria field, every mine is idle in this state. He is confident of success.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out.—Beecher.



MOON RUN ON PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

Pittsburg and Ohio districts, and their arrangements are such that they have capacity only limited by the number of men they can secure to follow up the electrical machinery that runs night and day. The Fairmont is idle there can be no coal famine in the west and at the lakes. The Fairmont is idle there is little hope of success, for even if the Pittsburg and Ohio operators were to pay the price demanded by the mine-workers they could not sell their product, got out at that price, against the product of the Fairmont mines, while the latter can produce coal at much lower figures.

There has been the greatest activity on the railroads within the last twenty-four hours and the rush of coal from the mines to the market has practically suspended everything else. Long trains loaded and empty cars fill every siding on both the Chesapeake & Ohio and Norfolk & Western railroads, and railroad men are working overtime all along both lines. The activity of the Baltimore & Ohio in the matter of shipments of coal beats all records. Saturday night passenger trains were held to permit the forwarding of coal trains, and hundreds of cars have been sent out from here or have passed from other points within the last twenty-four hours.

FROM NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. Coke-Workers May Be Drawn Out.—Position of Horace Chapman.

Columbus, O., July 20.—The first day of the third week of the miners strike was remarkably quiet in every state af-

tile the strike by arbitration. The officers of the national body are leaving all such schemes alone and they stand on the original demand for higher wages. Not that they are opposed to arbitration or the uniformity agreement, but they believe it is a matter for the operators to take up and settle among themselves. No violence has been resorted to by the strikers, and in consequence their cause is gaining friends every day in their opinion.

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STEEL TIPPLE AT MINONK MINE.

A GREAT CHANGE

Needed Advice and Now Enjoys Health.

CHICAGO, ILL.—"I suffered with pimples on my face, felt tired and dizzy. I never got a full night's rest and when I got up in the morning I had a headache and felt tired. Upon advice, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and after using three bottles my headache is gone and I have no more tired feeling, no more pimples, sleep well and have good appetite." CHARLES S. THOMPSON, 768 Carroll Ave.

Hood's Pills act easily, effectively. See.

Too Much Uncertainty.

He was not a man who was willing to take chances. "Bill," said he, "I've made up my mind not to go to the theater again." "Why?" asked BILL. "In the first place I can't afford it, and if I could I would probably find all the seats taken for the play I wanted to see, and if I got a seat most likely it would be behind a girl with a big hat, so I couldn't see the show, and if I did see the show I might not like it anyhow." "I wouldn't go," said BILL.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/2 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 35 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

A Unanimous Choice.

Wilson—Do you regard the bicycle as a vehicle of evil? Wheeler—Certainly. Wilson—What! You do? Wheeler—Of course. Did you ever see a cyclist who wouldn't choose the broad and easy path in preference to the straight and narrow one?

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, he may use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The weaker worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1.00. Guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

Christian benevolence sees the bare feet of a little child across the ocean.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarella Candy (Cherries, etc.) or Dr. H.C.C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

If we would enjoy the refreshing rain we must be patient with the clouds.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day 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, soft brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee.

15 cents and 35 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee Looks like Coffee

A COOL BOTTLE

of Hires Rootbeer on a sweltering hot day is highly essential to comfort and health. It cools the blood, reduces your temperature, tones the stomach.

HIRES Rootbeer

should be in every home, in every office, in every workshop. A temperance drink, more healthful than ice water, more delightful and satisfying than any other beverage produced.