



CHAPTER VII.

The words their companion lighted the little lantern hanging at his belt, whose round reflector or threw the ghostly circle upon the ground. He held it up so that the pale light revealed to him her eager, earnest face in all its girlish loveliness, and gave to her his pale, noble countenance, with those deep, luminous eyes, that broad, intellectual sweep of the forehead, and those sadly wistful eyes.

"Sweet image of the past! what can you know of Emile?" exclaimed he. "My mother has told me; and, ah, I admire, I respect you so much; and I wish—"

"What do you wish, innocent one?" "That, I could comfort you!" was Felicie's fervent answer. He seized her hand and kissed it passionately. She was almost sure that a shower of hot tears accompanied the caress.

"Be satisfied; you have comforted me! Countess, this is the sweetest moment I have known for years." "Heaven will reward you, sometime, Emile. I can never for a moment doubt it. As for me, I am powerless to express my gratitude for your disinterested devotion."

"Hush, Emile, do not allude to the past. I am a faded, careworn woman, and I am the Countess Languedoc. Both should prevent you from recalling any other knowledge of me. I am thankful to see you still in the very pride of manly strength; and I am deeply grateful for your kindness."

"The past years seem but a day when I look upon her. It seems that I once more behold the Lady Violante of my youthful dreams," murmured he, in a dreamy tone. The countess watched him uneasily. "My daughter is betrothed to the young Marquis de Berri. The marriage is to take place at once."

"I know," answered Emile, with a grave smile; "he is a noble youth and is worthy of her. Though these be scarce the times for marrying or giving in marriage, may prosperity and peace attend them! It should be so, if my poor will were law. And now to return to the danger which surrounds you. It is imperative that I return to Paris immediately, but I shall make no tarry there. I only go to perfect arrangements for your future safety. I do not believe there will be any disturbance during my absence. At all events, you have this retreat in case of imperative need. I shall work on the subterranean chamber the rest of the night, and leave it habitable, though not as comfortable as I intend to leave it. I think you will see the count in two days at the longest. Of course, you will not need my caution to keep all that you have witnessed to-night entirely to yourself. By all means try to appear before this wretched creature as if you had still faith in his honesty."

"passions is your purification to come!" They had now reached the open meadow from which the roof and chimneys of the chateau could be plainly seen.

"Do not accompany us farther; there is no occasion for it, and your time is valuable," said the countess. He turned at once. "Then I wish you good-night."

"Oh, my beloved one, may Heaven spare you the bitter trials of your hopeless mother. At least, though your warm, womanly devotion be not aroused, may you find a husband you can respect and honor, and not a narrow-minded, tyrannical master, who crushes your most strenuous efforts to fulfill your duties loyally."

"This, De Berri, is Lady Felicie. You see she has quite outgrown the little girl you remember," said the father, proudly. The oldmarquis bowed gallantly over the trembling little hand extended to him.

"I greet the Lady Felicie with a great deal of pleasure, and no little admiration. But I shall allow a younger voice to describe the effect of such fresh loveliness upon our dull, Parisian eyes." "Your son has not accompanied you?" observed the countess, to spare her agitated daughter the necessity of reply.

"Not yet, my dear madam. He took a more circuitous route. You are doubtless aware of the revolutionary state of the whole country. He was imprudent enough to express his indignation at the brutal insolence of the mob toward her gracious majesty, the queen, and very nearly paid the penalty of his boldness. I shall not feel quite easy till he reaches us."

"I have heard very little from Paris. You know our extreme isolation, and the count prohibited intercourse with Fejus. I hope you do not apprehend serious results?" "One cannot say what will happen. It had grown a little quieter, but the leaders are subtle now; they have but to touch a spring, and the mine is fired. Heaven help all who come in the way of the explosion."

"The countess looked anxiously over to her husband. "Have you any fears of this inauspicious spirit reaching Fejus?" asked she. "Pshaw!" said the count, testily. "what do women know of such things. I must go and talk with M. Pierre, and see how affairs have gone on."

"Stay," interposed the countess, "had you not better listen to my account first? I assure you it will be wiser." "With his accustomed perversity, from the paltry desire to show that he was lord and master over this woman of twice his intellect and force of character, the count replied, contemptuously: "Your account, indeed! I would as soon question one of the servant girls. I should have to allow one-half for your antipathy to my worthy Pierre, and the other half to your ignorance of all business matters, and then where would my result be?"

but this strange state of affairs in France is in your favor. Ah, my child, you have sat in judgment upon your mother; see if you can avail yourself of far more propitious circumstances."

"Dear, dear mamma," cried Felicie, through a flood of tears, "I spoke thoughtlessly; I never meant to hint that I believed you anything but the angel you are!" She flung herself upon her mother's breast, and they mingled their tears together. After this they were both comforted. They shared the same couch that night, and long after Lady Felicie had fallen into the sweet slumbers of innocence and youth, the pale mother bent above her, whispering softly:

"Oh, my beloved one, may Heaven spare you the bitter trials of your hopeless mother. At least, though your warm, womanly devotion be not aroused, may you find a husband you can respect and honor, and not a narrow-minded, tyrannical master, who crushes your most strenuous efforts to fulfill your duties loyally."

"This, De Berri, is Lady Felicie. You see she has quite outgrown the little girl you remember," said the father, proudly. The oldmarquis bowed gallantly over the trembling little hand extended to him.

"I greet the Lady Felicie with a great deal of pleasure, and no little admiration. But I shall allow a younger voice to describe the effect of such fresh loveliness upon our dull, Parisian eyes."

"Your son has not accompanied you?" observed the countess, to spare her agitated daughter the necessity of reply. "Not yet, my dear madam. He took a more circuitous route. You are doubtless aware of the revolutionary state of the whole country. He was imprudent enough to express his indignation at the brutal insolence of the mob toward her gracious majesty, the queen, and very nearly paid the penalty of his boldness. I shall not feel quite easy till he reaches us."

"I have heard very little from Paris. You know our extreme isolation, and the count prohibited intercourse with Fejus. I hope you do not apprehend serious results?" "One cannot say what will happen. It had grown a little quieter, but the leaders are subtle now; they have but to touch a spring, and the mine is fired. Heaven help all who come in the way of the explosion."

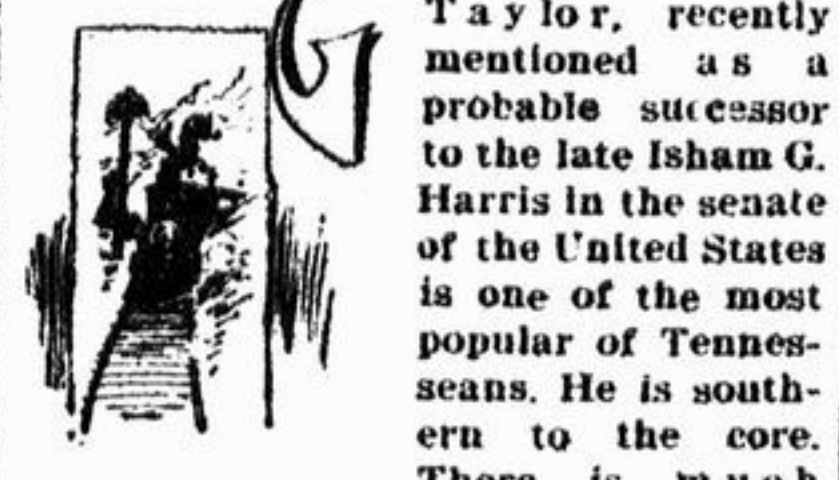
"The countess looked anxiously over to her husband. "Have you any fears of this inauspicious spirit reaching Fejus?" asked she. "Pshaw!" said the count, testily. "what do women know of such things. I must go and talk with M. Pierre, and see how affairs have gone on."

"Stay," interposed the countess, "had you not better listen to my account first? I assure you it will be wiser."

"With his accustomed perversity, from the paltry desire to show that he was lord and master over this woman of twice his intellect and force of character, the count replied, contemptuously: "Your account, indeed! I would as soon question one of the servant girls. I should have to allow one-half for your antipathy to my worthy Pierre, and the other half to your ignorance of all business matters, and then where would my result be?"

GOV. "BOB" TAYLOR. ONE OF THE GREAT CHARACTERS OF TENNESSEE.

He Wants to Go to the Senate Two Years Hence—Sketch of His Career—His Brother Alf and Their Political Battles.



GOVERNOR Robert Taylor, recently mentioned as a probable successor to the late Isham G. Harris in the senate of the United States is one of the most popular of Tennesseans. He is southern to the core. There is much bombast about the man, but he is as honest as politicians get to be these days. During all of his life he has stood up straight as a trivet for Democracy. He has never been a backslider. Even when his party's candidate did not conform to his ideas in 1884, 1888 and 1892, he swallowed it uncomplainingly. He is an inimitable story teller. He loves fried chicken better than a hound dog loves pot liquor. He drinks his whisky straight and he pulls off his hat to every lady that he meets. He can play the fiddle, he can ride a horse bareback, and he can follow the hounds until the horn blows for breakfast the next morning. He knows the difference between a thoroughbred and felloch stock, and he worships a blue eyed baby with a devotion characteristic of the mountain man. He can talk, he can sing, he can fiddle, and he can cut the pigeon's wing. He is breezy and he is bright. By a peculiar accident Taylor was elected to the forty-sixth congress. He was then to fame and fortune unknown. He beat Pettibone, a carpet bagger from Michigan, not by his own strength or the strength of his party, but because his brother Alf took the stump for him. In congress Taylor was a general favorite. When he spoke the galleries listened. He got more notoriety because of a speech made by General Bragg of Wisconsin that night when some pension bill that had been fathered by Taylor was up for discussion

Bob was defeated two years later by Pettibone. Then he returned home and was nominated by the Democrats for governor. His opponent on the Republican ticket was no other than his distinguished brother Alf. It was called the war of the roses, and had the contest occurred a half century ago it would have been the most picturesque event in American politics. Alf made a great race, but was defeated. Then he went to congress and made a better reputation there than his brother who had preceded him had made. It is his ambition now to be a prosperous farmer in East Tennessee.

For fifteen years it has been Bob's desire to go to the senate. Once he was elected senator. That was in 1881. But before the result could be announced a vote that he could not spare was changed and Bob retired to one of the cloakrooms and spent the balance of the day in tears. The successful man was Jackson. He has had the senatorial fever ever since that day. It was for this that he ran for governor the first time. It was for this that he took the nomination for the same office last year when he really did not want it. As a word painter he has no equal in Tennessee. Had he been contemporaneous with William B. Haskell he would have rivaled that prodigy of traditional oratory.

Wu Ting Fang. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, who is soon to be transferred from the American capital to Tokyo as Chinese representative in Japan, is a gentleman of education, culture and modern ideas. He is perhaps the ablest man that has ever represented the Chinese government in the United States. He speaks English freely, and is well informed on current affairs and the politics of the world. The minister is an English barrister. He is a graduate of Lincoln's Inn, London, where he lived for several years. When he went to Hong Kong he practiced law in the English courts there for five years. His early education was acquired in China, where he held several high positions in the Chinese government. This is his first mission abroad, although he was in this country about twenty years ago on a private errand. He is a courtly, affable Chinaman, and represents the very best class of his countrymen. He has a wife and

Nebraska a Great Wheat State. Actual figures for 1896 and conservative estimates for 1897:

State	1896	1897
Minnesota	45,000,000	45,000,001
Kansas	40,000,000	30,794,482
S. Dakota	42,000,000	29,648,301
Nebraska	40,000,000	19,290,002
N. Dakota	35,000,000	27,583,459
Indian Territory	5,300,000	2,500,000
Oklahoma	7,000,000	2,891,755
Texas	7,000,000	4,525,210
Missouri	10,000,000	16,514,473
Iowa	10,000,000	11,673,132
Oregon	18,000,000	10,247,141
Arkansas	2,000,000	1,200,720
California	35,000,000	45,007,195
Colorado	4,000,000	2,797,183
Washington	10,000,000	8,368,193
Nevada	200,000	185,000
Idaho	1,700,000	2,464,112
Montana	400,000	1,304,240
Wyoming	160,000	224,128
New Mexico	500,000	818,000
Utah	1,500,000	2,802,753
Arizona	280,000	333,500

Indignant. "Ho merely kissed my hand. I could not speak for indignation." "Yes." "He must have thought me deaf and dumb." But even in such a contingency, was it to be assumed at once that the hand was to perform all of the multiplex work that usually devolve upon the

Vegetables. Beans... 10c per lb. 7c per lb. 10c per lb.



ing, 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. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

Caricatures. "Yes," said the editor of the picture paper, "he is a very good artist. I have only one fault to find with him." "What is that?" "His style is getting monotonous. He drew two portraits of the new woman, and he made them both look alike."—Washington Star.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be good, eat right, get plenty of sleep, and take No Tobacco. The wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Not Too Particular. Agent—"Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate—not at all like some cyclometers, which register two miles, perhaps, when you have only ridden one." Young Lady—"Have you any of that kind left?"—Tit-Bits.

Facts About Alaska. Write to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A. Great Northern Railway, for "Facts About Alaska," or send 10 cents in stamps for "Alaska, Land of Gold and Glacier," a beautifully illustrated booklet containing maps and descriptive matter.

Medical Finesse. "Well, doctor, how's everything? Is your business good?" "Not especially; but I can always boom it by good fishing; all my patients get sick if I take a day off."—Chicago Record.

Half Rates to Indianapolis and Return, Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold August 17, and extended limit to September 12, at one fare for the round trip, on account of Y. P. C. Union. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Suburban Tact. Hopkins—"You country people start into town early on the Fourth of July." Perkins—"Well, we have to—to head off our city relatives coming out to see us."—Detroit Free Press.

Free Trip to Alaska. From St. Paul to Alaska for nothing. Two tickets given away. Enter the "Klondyke" word contest. Limited to the first 500 subscribers. For word contest, limited to the first 500 subscribers. For word contest, limited to the first 500 subscribers. For word contest, limited to the first 500 subscribers.

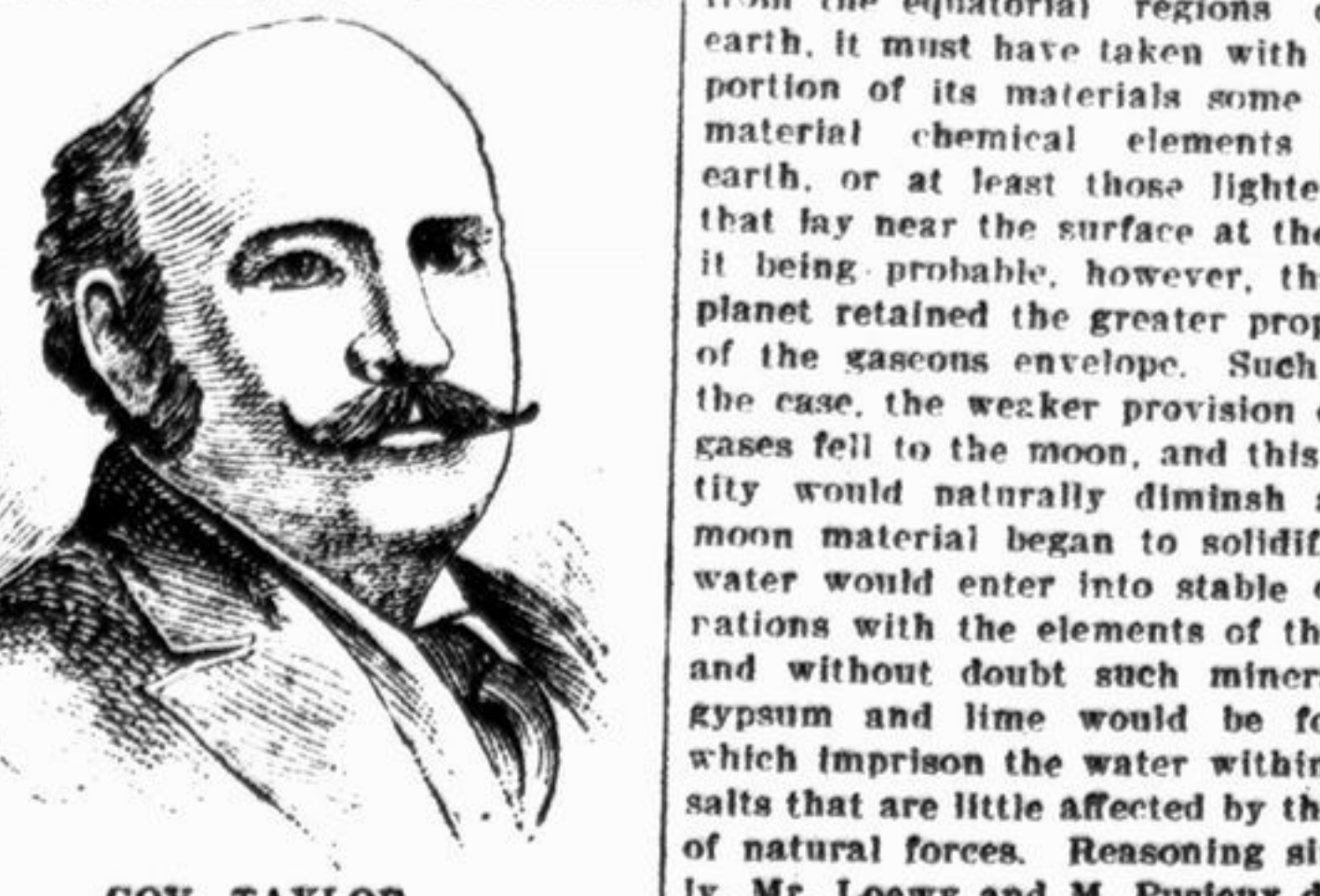
Wasted Time—Ethel—"It must be very trying to be as near-sighted as Mr. Jenkins is." Harold—"Oh, it is—very! He watched a fair bather for half an hour the other day before he found out it was his wife."—Puck.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascara Candy (Cathartic, 10c or 25c). H. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money. Inclination decides the destiny of millions.—Ram's Horn.



WU TING FANG.

than anything else that he ever did while in the house. Bragg gave Bob a cruel blow, and it took the Tennessean a long time to recover from it. In the course of his remarks General Bragg said: "I regret much that my duty as a congressman requires that I oppose the passage of this act granting a pension to this poor soldier who was shot to death with chronic diarrhea in 1861 and never found it out until 1881."



GOV. TAYLOR.

uncle, Hon. Langton C. Haynes, which was perhaps the finest piece of oratory that ever fell from a southerner's lips. It was about the mountains and the valleys, the streams and the skies, the sunshine and the starlight, the grass that grew beneath the trees and the birds that nestled among the branches. Bob always delivered it beautifully and for a long time claimed it as his own. He finally confessed that he had been a pirate.

FOR SUNDRIES.

Why the Spendthrift Son Reined His Rich Father.

His rich father had given him the bicycle—turned it over to him as a gift, pure and simple and it had consequently not cost him a cent. It was not that the young fellow was poor. His father was a millionaire and it delighted the old man to equip the boy with all the luxuries and costly accessories of modern life. And he had made his son an allowance of \$25,000 a year. A princely income, truly. A good deal more than I make. At last he had given the young man a bicycle and told him to go ahead. And the young man did. But something happened. The father going to the office one morning was informed by his white-faced confidential clerk that he was ruined. The old man was astounded. Indeed, he was surprised. He was told that his son had drawn on him for the whole assets of his father's entire wealth. Choked with emotion, he summoned his child to him and asked why thus, or words to that effect. The boy replied: "Father, I cannot tell a lie! You gave me a bicycle!" "I did, my son, but why—why have you ruined me?" "Father, it was for sundry reasons." "Was even so. The bell, lamp, tires, cement, inflator, tool-box and the million-odd sundries so absolutely indispensable to any decent kind of a bicycle had done the fatal deed. And both cursed the days wherein they were born.

To evade the law against the shipment of short lobsters from Maine, some unscrupulous persons have been inclosing a few dozen of the little ones in barrels of clams.