

CHAPTER XVI.-(CONTINUED.) Emile, without a moment's hesitation stood up in a cart, and began a furious harangue, somewhat after the fashion of his old club addresses. Inwardly he was stricken with remorse, remembering that those old appeals had lost their power. He had claimed equality, the power of rising by worth of character, the right to be men, the haughty refusal to bend the neck of slaves; but now the wild heart of lawlessness asked for nothing but revenge and triumph, blood and crime. His words were eloquent, and he took care to refrain from appeals to their brutality, but he dwelt adroitly on the watch-cry, "Equality, liberty," and all around applauded heartily as he descended.

"You are just the man we want!" cried M. Pierre, coming forward with outstretched hands.

shudder of disgust, but he shook better service than you imagine." bands heartily and answered with the most apparent delight:

whole people must come forward-and and heroic interference for the poor behold! France is free! Might you be old priest in Paris. I have been sad the loyal worker for the people my comrade has been speaking of-are you citizen Pierre?"

said the former confidentially, as he to us would be certain destruction." disposed of one huge morsel after another; "they escaped when the chatcan I shall expect much help from your half so grand to me. sagacity. You people in Paris must have got well trained by this time. How go affairs?"

"Prosperously; there is not the its helpers away, too. The Mountain | the laws of France were horribly grind-Party and the Jacobins are fighting | ing upon the under classes; and that each other. I promised to start the such as he should be insulted and down flame here, but you seem to have it trodden by a titled ignoramus would well performed, and I see not but I indeed be shameful." can speedily return. Why can't you go back with me, citizen Pierre?"

"Willingly, brave Falcon, if I have stick to this spot. I know they are my nets."

succeeding?"

- gain and revenge. I haven't told you there is a girl in the case, have I, that gives extra zest to the adventure?"

Emile swallowed his disgust and ire as best he might, and with some trivial | flame." excuse, left M. Pierre to finish his breakfast. It seemed to him he should have not told me which way they stifle if he breathed the same air with | turn?" asked the girl. the villain any longer.

and reverence. One who had passed through so many Parisian tragedies, and whose reputation as a revolutionary orator was so widespread, might well draw the attention of all.

It was a sore trial for him to speak now. The terrible perversion of his former efforts made his heart heavy under similar attempts. He had seen | people," observed Felicie, thoughtfully, for himself what revolution meant and he was almost ready to accept the old evils patiently, in lien of the maddened convulsion, whatever purification might eventually come from it.

But he had set his task before him. and Emile had all his life been used to self-sacrifices and self-struggling. He was not the man to blanch or fal-

He became the lion of Frejus, and M. Pierre was almost ready to be jealous of his popularity.

The days were on from a week to a month, and still Emile found himself hampered on all sides, and bound hand and foot by the press of circumstances. His heart sickened as he thought of

the long delay, the torture of watching drooping on her arm. and waiting in that underground retreat. He was nearly frantic with alarm as he heard M. Pierre confidently broaching the plan of hunting for caves or burrows in the forest, declaring he would dig it all over before he gave up his search.

And still no plan for their escape had occurred to him. His very popularity increased the difficulty; he had no privileges, every movement he made was noted; he gave out notice that he was sent for to Paris, and made ostensible preparations for departure.

That very day came M. Pierre, jubilant and sanguine.

"Wait a little, Falcon, and I can go with you, after I catch my prey."

"You have remarkable faith, citi zen, to hold so firmly to the belief that the Little Forest contains fugitives. confess I should have given it up long

"Oh, no, not if your faculties were sharpened with the thirst for revenge At last I am rewarded. The watchers hast night detected a man stealing toward the spring of water in the center of the forest. One caught him fairly, but he wrestled with him, escaped and in the same strange way vanished. It has happened twice before. They are foxes. I give them due credit, but I shall discover their burrow yet. have sent for tools, and I'll dig over the whole ground and cut down every tree, but I will unearth them."

"Success to you, citizen," answered Emile, but he longed to leap upon him and throttle the exultant villain. Left alone, Emile sat a long time with his head drooping in his hands.

Something must be done, and that

right speedily. He sprang up at length with a brightened face, and began examining his pistols.

After that he went out to find his coadjutor.

CHAPTER XVII. EFT alone, the day after Emile's departure to the town, the young people were rather gloomy, but each endeavored to cheer the other. "I know what an insignificant pro-

tector I must geem to you in comparison with Monsieur Emile, dear Chlotilde," said Jules; "but, indeed, he is a paragon. And now that my strength has returned, and something of my Emile could scarcely control his own spirits, I assure you I shall be of

"Nay, dear Jules, I have all possible confidence in you, and so has my un-"I am ready for the work. The cle. He told me about your generous because I could not throw off the depression the lack of his cheerful enccuragement was likely enough to in-"The very one; and I am proud to duce, and I have been haunted with a meet the Gray Falcon." Arm in arm fear of some danger befalling him. He M. Pierre and Emile walked into a res- is so thoroughly acquainted with the taurant for breakfast, "I'm on the forest, and so accurately informed of scent of a nice brace of aristocrats," the revolutionary movements, his loss

"It would indeed be irreparable. am overwhelmed with gratitude and was burnt in the most infernally mys- admiration for him. What a wonderterious way, but I shall have them yet. ful man he is! No king could seem

> "And you know not the half. I only wonder that he has ever been one of the revolutionists."

"Nay, that is the least of my wonslightest doubt Louis will be beheaded, derment. With his talents, his varied and the Austrian wife will follow. information, his heroic nature and There is one danger. We may get the great heart, I connot blame him for tide so strong it may sweep some of rising up against the oppression, for

> "Yet I am sure he is troubled and remorseful for the part he has taken.

"Yes, his sensitive nature is shocksuch heroic, magnanimous natures as still about the place and I must watch his held entire control, we should have seen quite another form of revolution. "You seem to have great interest in There is General LaFayette, I know that he believed in the overthrow of "To be sure. I have double motives | the throne, and the establishment of a republic, similar to that of his favorite United States. He is woefully made aware that he who touched the straw with fire cannot hope to control the

"And your sympathies, Jules, you

"Indeed, both ways, I may say. I do He found himself the object of awe not blame the people for declaring in favor of equality. I cannot bear to see the nobility massacred. At present because of this last sentiment I am hunted down like a wolf, and grievously hated by the people's party. I suppose therefore I might be called an ar-

"You do not seem like one of the "I may refterate the remark concerning you, Chlotilde. I never saw duchess or marchioness more thorough ly aristocratic in appearance."

She blushed and answered hastily "My associates have all been nobly

born people." "I should know it. It is the same with your uncle. It all goes to prove the much vanated aristocracy of blood is all moonshine. Educate one of the common people into the refinements of wealth, and they are far nobler than nobility, take them at their best."

Felicie recalled some similar remark of her mother's and a sorrowful expression came over her face, and she sat a long time in silence, her head !

Jules, perceiving it, hastened to find an interesting book, and read alond, After which he playfully proposed he should serve her to a lunch, and to divert her mind, assumed the manners of an Arab host, and actually brought a merry smile to her lips by his quaint language, as he brought forward some figs and dates from the generous store

Emile had taken from the chateau. So passed the time, each endeavoring to add to the other's cheerfulness and divert the approach of melancholy. Every evening they went up to the higher room, carefully examined the vicinity, and then in atter silence stepped out to breathe the delicious freshness of the outer air. But as the days were on into weeks, apprehension and anxiety seized either mind, though each endeavored to conceal it from the

other. They still practiced their little innocent arts for diversion and entertain ment, but the blank smile, the absenlook, revealed that their cheerininess

was all pretense. They discovered, too, the watch in the forest had been more closely enforced, for Jules had taken Emile's place in the upper room and several times heard the conversation of the

He came down one night and found Felicie weeping bitterly.

"Dear, dear Chlotilde, take heart, beseech you," cried he: "do not despair; all will yet be well."

and then burst forth piteously. "Emile is gone; they have killed Oh, I am all alone—all alone in this | THE AMERICAN GIRL IN FICTION cruel, pitiless world!" Jules knelt down before her, an

drew the drooping head to his breast. "Chlotilde, dearest, that is ungenerous. Here is one who is ready to sacrifice everything, even life itself, in your defense. You force from me the secret I meant to declare to your uncle before I breathed it in your earthat I love you, dearest one, with love purer and truer and more fervent than I had dared to hope should brighten my desolated life; that I would choose you, though I were a king in the land, before the proudest lady, the most royal princess-you, a peerless daughter of the people."

The startled girl had drawn away her hands from her tearful face-her soft smile was like a rainbow in a

"Is it possible, Jules?" stammered

"Ah, you are angry, you are vexed, you have no love in response," said Jules, in a troubled voice.

She had drawn herself away as if startled by her own discoveries; her face was half averted, her beautiful eyes downcast, a rich rose slowly flushed her cheeks.

"I am astonished, I am perplexed, but angry, ah, no, indeed, Jules. 1 am rather grateful."

"But you have no love for me in re-

turn; alas! why should I have ventured to hope so?" She turned her face toward him

slowly. What a sweet hope lighted up | ality." the lovely features!

"I am cruel to withhold the truth. I will not be outdone in generosity. What I could not say to a marguis I can answer to you, Jules, I do love you; yet, you must forget that I have said it until we see Emile, or learn that something has befallen him."

extravagance of delight.

I am a hunted refugee, and know not how many hours of security are left to me."

Felicle ran away to her little retreat as soon as possible, and sat down there in a perfect bewilderment of mingling

capable of this feeling of joy, quite frightened at the words she had spoken, it was long ere a feeling of peace and serenity returned to her. Then it almost seemed her mother's

spirit returned to her and breathed

upon her a saintly benediction, as in approval of her course. It is true she scarcely dared to think of her father; she shuddered as she put caught my birds, but otherwise I must ed by the bloody issue of events. Had aside the thought of his anger and horror of the betrothal of a Languedoc to

> the class the count had looked down upon with such aristocratic scorn. But her mother had been her guide and oracle in life; it was not likely her sentiments should be held less sacred now that death had made her memory

the humble Jules, a representative of

saintly. This little love episode gave new in terest and life to their flagging spirits. But as the fourth week crept on, the pair began to distrust sorrowfully the likelihood of Emile's death, or impris-

Jules grew grave and careworn, feel ing the responsibility resting upon him acutely; and his fair companion though she sedulously avoided any expression of despair, showed plainly by her paling cheek and heavy eye the anxiety which oppressed her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Apple Problem.

Once upon a time there were two old men who sat in the market early every morning and sold apples. Each one had thirty apples, and one of the old men sold two for a cent, and the other old man sold three for a cent In that way the first old man got fifteen cents for his basket of apples, while the second old man received ten cents; so that together they made twenty-five cents each day. But one day the old apple-man who sold three for a cent was too sick to go to the market, and he asked his neighbor to take his apples and sell them for him. This the other old man very kindly consented to do, and when he got to the market with the two baskets of apples, he said to himself: "I will put all the apples into one basket, for it will be easier than picking them out of two baskets." So he put the sixty apples into one basket, and he said to himself: "Now, if I sell two apples for one cent, and my old friend sells three for one cent, that is the same thing as selling five apples for two cents. Therefore I will sell five apples for two cents." When he had sold the sixty apples he found he had only twenty-four cents, which was right; because there are twelve fives in sixty, and twice twelve are twenty-four. But if the other old man had been there, and each one had sold his apples separately, they would have received twenty-five cents. Now, how is that explained?-St. Nicholas.

The Tooth-Brush Plant.

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is called the toothbrush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper, and has nothing particularly striking in appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length, and fraying the ends, the natives convert it into a tooth-brush; and a tooth-powder to accompany the use of the brush also prepared by pulverizing the

Woodcock Eggs in Sweden. Owing to the inhabitants of Sweden being very partial to the eggs of the woodcock it is more than probable that the breed will be greatly diminished. She tried vainly to represe her grief, if not at last totally extirpated. The eggs of the above species are to be seen for sale in large numbers in the him! my noble, generous friend is lost. various markets in Stockholm.

As a Heroine She Is Smart, and Delights in Managing Men.

"Sometimes the characteristic type of the American heroine of fiction is vulgar, sometimes cold-hearted, or unkind, or willful, or indiscreet, but she is never stupid," writes "Droch" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "That is the verdict of contemporary observers on the American girl. Whatever she may be or do she always has her wits about her; she is 'smart.' While her father delights in managing factories, stock operations, or railroads, she delights in managing men. And in every kind of fiction which she dominates the men seem to be uniformly glad to be managed by her. Often in fiction she has been lacking in certain graces-chiefly the supreme grace of tact. But there are signs that our novelists have discovered that the American girl possesses this grace also, and so it happens that today she trails through fiction not only with fine clothes, and a beautiful face, and generous deeds, and witty, if impertinent, remarks-but there is developing around her a gracious manner, an unconscious simplicity that shows itself in consideration for the weaknesses of others-in addition to that keen knowledge of their foibles which was always hers. What we have yet to hope for is that her wealth or her poverty may be made less obtrusive and less a significant part of her always attractive person-

Notable Typewriters.

In the Strand Magazine there is an article concerning the origin of the typewriter, in which many interesting facts are stated. The writer says:

There have been many curious and beautiful machines constructed from Jules was kissing her hand in the time to time to the order of various people, or for presentation. Perhaps "Now is the world a paradise, though | the most claborate typewriter ever produced was that made for the Czarina of Russia. All parts of the machine ordinarily black were enameled blue and those portions of the frame work usually outlined in gold were inlaid with mother-of-pearl The keys were of African ivory and the bright parts of Half horrified at herself for being solid gold. A similar machine was presented on her wedding day to the Duchess of York; and another was recently made to order for the Khedive of Egypt. The Queen also possesses an extremely elaborate typewriter. It is a "bar-lock," ivory-keyed, goldplated throughout, and very beautifully engraved.

An extraordinarily curious machine was that made for Li Hung Chang. It was fitted with twenty sets of characters-eighteen hundred in all-each of which, as no dies were available, had to be engraved by hand. Apropos of this remarkable machine, its introduction into Pekin was promptly followed by the appearance in London of an enterprising Celestial bent upon forming a company for placing typewriters on the Chinese market. According to this gentleman, it is quite possible to write the Chinese language, or, at all events, a sort of modified phonographic version of it, with as few as 250 characters. The machines he proposed to manufacture, and for which he asserted there would be a ready sale in the Flowery Kingdom, were to have been about five times the width of an ordinary typewriter, and the sale price was to have been one thousand pounds apiece. The English capitalists, however, failed to "bite," and China still does its writing in the old-fashioned way.

Insuring Workingmen.

The German government provides a system of compulsory insurance for working men. Under this system a workman 10 years of age pais an equivalent of 40 cents a week for three years, and at the age of 65 he receives the sum of \$77, in the meantime having had an insurance against accidents. The annual premium is divided into three parts, one of which is paid by the workman, another by his employer and the third by the state. The report for 1896 shows that 18,389,000 persons were insured under the law, of whom 3,409,000 were employes in shops and factories, 12,290. 000 were employed in agriculture and 690,000 were in the employ of the state. In that year the number of accidents was 74,897, of which 6,448 terminated fatally. The total expense of the system for the year was \$13,400,000

Noosing a Sea-Lion.

A correspondent of Ram's Horn par rates a pulling match between a sea lion and a farmer: Near Tillamook. Ore., an old German farmer chanced to be driving along the beach, when his watchful gaze was greeted by the sight of a large sea lion some distance out on the sand, fast asleep. It was the work of a moment for Jacob to make a lasso of a stout rope he had in his wagon, fasten the end of it to the hind axle, and adjust the noose over the sea lion's head. Then Jacob jumped into the wagon and started homeward with his prize. The sea lion did the same. and as his team was the stronger of the two, Jacob started seaward at a good pace, and only saved himself and his "outfit" by springing quickly to the ground, grasping his jack knife and cutting the rope.

She Bnew Papa's Circumstances.

He-Do you think your father would receive me civilly if I were to go to him and ask for you? She-Let's see-I believe you hold a

mortgage on papa's business, don't

you?

He-Yes, and it's about to mature. She-You will be perfectly safe in approaching him at any time or place that may suit your own convenience.-Pittsburg Chronicle.

LAST MONTH

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Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

Ambittous.

Rev. Dr. Saintly-What a diligent little man you are with your studies! Willy-Yes, sir; I am trying to learn how to read, so I can tell the names of the horses that win.-Puck.

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In bringing up a child think of its old age .- Joubert.

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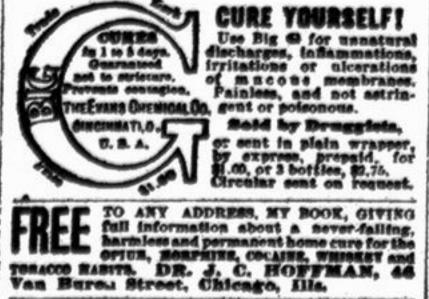
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