

CHAPTER XVIII.

trembling lip: "Jules the last cried out another; "let's drag him out ty. I supposed it long ago."

"How much is Jules.

Her voice shook. "Not twice can the ewer be filled.

Oh, Jules!" "Nay, dear one, I can fill it up to- tions. night. De you know the exact locality of the spring?"

twice. I must pause a moment before sob of anguish. I can tell you its direction from this your attempting such a dangerous thought."

feat."

Emile's appearance."

Jules."

world." "I insist upon it. Whatever happens to you I must share it with you; be- hap." sides, I can recognize the spring at ence, and you might search a long time for it."

"My beloved one, let me brave this clasped in hand in utter silence. Bittle danger alone. What would Emile say to me if he knew I allowed you to venture out so far?"

"It does not matter; you shall allow it; you yield to it because there is no help for it. I should follow at

all events." "But it is not immediately necessary. We will be as prudent as possible, and Emile may yet arrive," replied Jules,

remotived to sally forth secretly. Lady Felicie put the vessel of water earefully aside, saying wistfully:

"It must not be before us to tempt How perverse in me! I was never an thirsty in my life!"

Jules deliberately poured out a glass and held it toward her.

"You shall not deny yourself while there is so much left to us."

She sipped it slowly. "If we were to have no more, how much more precious than our pearls and diamonds would be the tiniest

drep," said she, and handed it back only half empty. "Now I must return to my post, and hearn how near the sentinels approach

Ms. Can it be possible for them to hear our voices when above us!" "I think not, or Emile would have

warned us." "Oh, invaluable, allwise Emile! what

detains him!" groaned Jules, as he clambered up the stairway. No sign came of any human presence

throughout the day, and much emboldened by the circumstance, Julea took a pitcher and small pail and started forth as soon as evening came. Lady Felicie followed silently beto the centrary.

They passed slong softly, with the utmost caution, pausing every few steps to listen for any sound of alarm. All was profound stillness, save that now and then a dry leaf dropped from a bough, or a bird with heavy wing thursed through the branches.

The spring was just a little way from the trodden pathway. It lay in Ha messy bed like an inky mirror, with just one ripple of silver where a star beam from above slid through the canepy of leaves and gave it a tender kiss.

The trembling pair gave a sigh of re-Bef. Jules hastily knelt down and dipped the pitcher into it. He turned and held it up to Chlotilde's lips. Draught of nectar from the very cup of Titania was outrivaled by the refreshing coolness of the water.

Neither ventured to speak, but their hearts best with joyful relief. Jules filed the pail to the brim and Chlotilde took the pitcher. She tripped lightly hefore him to open the door.

He spoke suddenly and sharply. "Harry, Chlotilde! go at once!"

She obeyed with a quick rush of tersor, for she also caught the sound of harrying steps, and gaining the tree, steed waiting his approach.

There came to her from the gloom of the shadowed pathway a fierce oath, a scattle, and shout for help.

Setting down the pitcher hastily, the girl bent out of the tree with white lips and horror-stricken eyes.

A quick rush of frantic steps-but whose? the companion of her hidden have of refuge, or the cruel spy? She could not stir, but stood paralyzed.

It was Jules. He dashed up to her, thrust her into the little room with impetuous haste, and closed the door.

The movement upset the pitcher, the precious water was lost, not a drop remained; for in his struggle with the man who had pounced upon him, Jules and dropped the bucket.

Then shivering and repressing the very sound of breathing, the pair listened to the eager talk going on outade, as a group of the sentinels gathered together in bewildered astonish-

"He was here a moment ago, and

he is; in spite of all our doubts he de-HE came to Jules clared they were in this forest, and so one day with a I venture to declare we shall find it." "Beat up the bushes over there!"

water cask is emp- to-night, and earn the reward." They went tramping all about the was full. It must spot, and one struck his heavy pike have leaked out against the tree trunk, making the all.

girl spring back wildly. Jules took her hand in both his, and there left?" asked held it firmly; the darkness concealed

his quivering lip and flashing eye. But presently the men were tired hunting over the vacant ground, and they dispersed to their separate sta-

Jules led his silent companion down to the lower room. She turned and "I remember visiting it once or threw herself into his arms with a

"Jules, Jules, we shall perish togethspot. But it frightens me to think of er! there is a little comfort in that

His breast was heaving. Too well he "It is vitally necessary, if we re- knew how little hope there was, even main here, which seems the best thing of such a melancholy end. He had left us, until our provisions fail us, or learned enough from Emile, to feel we are convinced there is no hope of | convinced that she would be torn away from him at once.

"If it must be I consent; but npon | "Yes, they will certainly mark the one condition-I shall accompany you, spot well. They will dig for traces of a secret passage; you heard them "My precious Chlotilde, not for the sounding the tree. Oh, that we had remained quiet. We have not even a glass of water to atone for the mis-

> They said nothing more concerning their apprehensions, but made no attempt at cheerfulness, and sat hand

> Slowly and sadly wore away the night, and the next day. Neither could touch food, but their feverish thirst seemed to increase, as the precious water disappeared. By another nightfall there remained but a single wine-

> glase full. "Drink it, Chlotilde!" exclaimed Jules, bitterly, as he saw her eyes dwell upon it wistfully; "by another day it will be of no consequence. That Pierre has been examining the place himself; he has ordered them to commence felling the trees by the morning light."

> Lady Felicie clasped her hands, and her white lips moved prayerfully-then she said tremulously:

"M. Pierre! oh, Jules! shoot me with your pistol before you allow me to fall

into his hands." "Chlotilde, let us try to escape from the forest to-night, rather than be dragged forth by their triumphant

"But whither shall we go?" asked she, sorrowfully.

He groaned in anguish.

"Whither, indeed! oh, Emile, Monsieur Emile, what has become of you?" The words had hardly passed his lips ere a step was heard on the rude stairs leading to the secret door above. They sprang up with cheeks growing still more ashy white, and turned wild glances to the aperture, Had their

persevering enemy at last discovered

the secret passage to them? Hastily came the intruder downward -the lofty head stooped to clear the beam and then-oh, joy! oh, transport! hind him, notwithstanding his entreaty | they beheld the pale, excited, but triumphant face of Emile!

With a glad cry, Felicie fell down at his feet. His tears mingled with hers, as he raised her in his arms,

"My child, my beloved one! you are safe; I feared to find you completely prostrated, if yet alive." Jules seized his hand in a transport

of delight. He gave them a few moments to re lieve their excitement, then produced

disguises, both for peasants of the humblest class. "Do not delay a second beyond what is absolutely necessary, but put them on at once, and take every valuable that you can conceal. The diamonds

from the bundle he had brought, two

will secrete on my own person." Neither asked him a single question but trusting him implicitly, gave

thought only to thorough obedience, In a few moments they were ready. Emile quietly took a powder from his pocket and rubbed it over the pale

faces and hands; he gave to Jules a different shade of hair by a powerful liquid, and concealed the silky tresses of Felicle by a most unbecoming mantle twisted in turban fashion.

"Come now," said he, taking them each by the hand.

Still though their hearts beat anxlously, neither asked a single question This implicit trust moved Emile, deeply; but he closed the door of the faithful tree which had protected them so long, and led them on in silence.

Jules looked around him with wistful glance. Where were the senti nels? At least no sign of them was

visible. Unmolested they gained the outskirts. Emile pausing a moment, gazed all around him.

"It is well," murmured he; "Jean has not failed me. Now let us move swiftly, nor lose the propitious mo-

claimed Jules, in utter astonishment. ground," replied Emile, "a faithful fellow has carried them wine well drugged, and has taken it himself, to re-"This is certainly witchcraft?" ejac- move suspicion of his instrumentality. in the affair. M. Pierre is welcome to dig to-morrow; we, I trust, shall be has gone. Peste! has he wings | well on our way to Paris. I have the bird, or legs like a equirrel? It papers for the passage of the Gray in this spot, that the Falcon and his cousins Jules and Captain Pierre Chothde: I hope we will meet with no Tin three years. Charles, you know, is What a wise man | melestation. I started with the twain | so impatient!"-Puck,

and left them just below the forest; TAMMANY'S they are to make their way to the next town on foot. The spies on the road, will not know but I have still the identical pair-the driver of the cart waiting for us is faithful to me. Give yourselves no uneasiness, dear children. All will be well."

"We do not fear, so long as it is you who plans," answered Chlotilde.

"May your generous trust be re-

warded," responded he, fervently. They were stopped many and many, a time before they reached the desired haven; but the Gray Falcon's name was enough to give them safe passport, nor were they overtaken by messengers of M. Pierre, the event most dreaded by

The horrors had deepened in Paris. The unfortunate Louis had been led to the block, and the trial of the queen was already under consideration. The utmost lawlessness and blood-thirstiness prevailed everywhere.

The Gray Falcon was welcomed back with enthusiasm. He lodged his pretended relatives with an acquaintance, and went at once to his old club. Notwithstanding the abhorrence he felt for the sentiments which now reigned triumphant there, he felt that it was vitally necessary for him to seem to participate in them, and accordingly he delivered to them one of his old harangues - somewhat disappointing them, to be sure, with the moderation of his views.

Having thus established himself safe from suspicion, he proceeded to look up a little plot of ground and small cottage, at a safe distance from the city, and thither he conveyed his friends.

A little garden gave ostensible employment to Jules, and his fair companion made up bouquets, and sent them to the city regularly by a peasant boy, who was the unconscious bearer of dispatches between Emile and his disguised wards; for a bouquet, especially marked, was sent twice a week to Emile, and its fragrant blossoms concealed a guarded statement of pres-

ent security. And thus amidst the frightful carnage going on almost within sound of their voices, the pair dwelt in peaceful security. They had almost ceased to fear molestation, and Lady Felicie, growing quite accustomed to the light tasks which devolved upon her, had almost put away the old identity, and believed herself the humble Chlotilde of the cottage, when suddenly and harshly came to her the reminder of her former existence.

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FRENCH FASHIONS. They Are Feminine Always and Never Eraggerated as Ours Are.

The "tailor-made" gown, severe in shape and scant in ornamentation, though occasionally worn in France, was never universally seen on wellbred folk, as it was for some years on English and American dames and maids, says the Chautauquan. It was English in taste and too plain to suit French fancy. Nor have the varying attempts at "common-sense dress," be it in the shape of bloomers, divided skirt or "rainy-day skirt," ever found adherents and wearers in Prance; nothing could be more remote from French taste, which is for woman's dress above everything else, thoroughly feminine. And even when masculine garments have been copied for women's wear they have received from French modemakers a touch or shape which has taken away their severity It is interesting to note that, though nearly all our fashions in America are French in origin and all receive their element of popularity and life from France, yet they are most frequently seen in extreme shapes in America. No truly elegant or modish Parisian dressmaker ever sent from her shop the enermous leg-of-mutton sleeves seen within the past two years in our great American cities. Nor would she offer the spreading skirts with heavy interlining throughout of stiff material. The French skirts were infinitely wide and flaring, but they were graceful and comparatively light. In America we accent the fashions and do not always improve them.

A BELLE AT EIGHTY.

Had a Lovely Neck and Arms and Wore Decollete Cowns.

Some years ago there was an old lady in one of the southern capitals who not only wore decollete ball dresses at 80, but actually possessed the lovely neck and arms which they require, says the New York Ledger. She was most innocently vain; and no wonder, for she was immensely flattered and her townspeople valued her charms far above those of her young and more beautiful rivals. She had a curious way of preparing for a ball, which our modern fashionable women, with their multitudinous engagements would find difficult to emulate. The morning before she proposed appearing in full regalla she would take a brisk walk and return in time for a midday dinner, after which she remained quiet with her work until about 3 or 4 o'clock, when she would retire to her bed, take a very hot ptisan to induce perspiration, and remain in bed (partaking of some light refreshment at the tea hour until it was time to dress for her ball. "The sentinels are removed!" ex- Thn she would get up, take a bath and make the most elaborate toilet. All "They are lying senseless on the the household regarded these preparations in the light of solemn rites, and would never have dreamed of laughing at them or interfering with them in any way. Her appearance was a triumph, never failing to excite the greatest admiration and adulation.

In Philadelphia-Her friend: "And when are you to be married?" She

LEADER.

THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE REINS OF POWER.

John C. Sheehan a Political Meteorite His Rapid Rise on the Political Ladder-Son of a Poor Buffalo Contractor.



OHN C. SHEE-HAN, the master of Tammany, who will match his skill as a politician against Platt, the citizens' union and all the independent organizations or the rich prize of Greater New York, belongs by nature to the

Machiavellian school. He was a politician and a power among his young friends before he went out of his teens. His father was a contractor of Buffalo, and the only education John received was in the common schools of his native city. He learned the art of telegraphing, and took a railroad position, from which he graduated into a private secretaryship. He studied law, and at 21 he was elected a city assessor in Buffalo, and became chairman of the board. His progress was rapid in polities, and he was elected to many positions. In 1886 he came to the metropolis, and in a jiffy was appointed secretary of the aqueduct commissioners at them a sister, and the other, I thought, In the midst of a waltz she suddenly a salary of \$4,000 a year. He became a sweetheart, had come to the landing fell to the floor dead, police commissioner and was looked to bid them good-by. Just before the upon as a very great man indeed until steamer cast off her moorings a graythe Lexow committee defamed his name. This committee dug up an old story that the big politician was a defaulter while in Buffalo. In December, 1894, he was indicted by the grand jury for refusing to show his bank books to the committee, but was never called upon to plead. Mr. Sheehan was put out of the police board by Mayor



JOHN C. SHEEHAN.

Strong, and since that time he has been adding to his fortune by an extensive law practice and contract work. When Richard Croker retired from Tammany his mantle fell to the young and crafty politician from Buffalo.

London's Water Supply. The water supply of London is enormous. It reaches \$41,461 houses, and the average daily consumption is 187,582,-233 gallons, or a daily average of about thirty-three gallons per capita in a population of 5,675,270. The area suppiled is \$45 square miles, and there are 5,147 miles of water pipe and 33, 965 fire hydrants. Of this water 107. 900,000 gallons come from the River Thames, 51,000,000 from the River Lea and the rest from springs and artesian wells. In former years there was a great deal of criticism directed against the London water supply because of its insufficient quantity and its impure quality, but since 1893, when a partiamentary commission was appointed to investigate the question, there has been no cause of complaint. The greater part of the supply taken from the Thames comes from above Richmond. where the water is comparatively pure. and is conducted by a series of aqueducts into fifty-four different reservoirs, covering 580 acres, with an aggregate capacity of 1,935,100,000 gatlons. From these the water is passed through 120 filtering beds, some of which absorb 1,000,000 gallons a minute. The water passes through six or seven inches of sand before it reaches the pipes, and this sand is cleaned care-

fully every month. The Queen's Irish Ancestors, Is "the emerald gem of the Western world set in the crown of a stranger?" I think not. The throne of Great Britain and Ireland is occupied by a sovereign descended from an Irish race. The most ancient blood flowing in the veins of the queen is Irish blood. Queen Victoria is in direct descent from King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland. James' pedigree can be traced back to King Kenneth II. of Scotland (A. D. 854) and to King Feargus More of Argyleshire (A. D. 487). The latter came from Ireland, and his ancestors, through a long line of Irish kings, date back to B. C. 580, by a more or less ascertained chain of descent, till we arrive at Heremon, a king of Ireland. Without doubt our queen's pedigree earries us back to a long line of Irish kings, who, one thousand four hundred years ago, inaugurated the Scottish and that the reigning dynasty of to-day was Irish at one epoch of its existence.

A Polyglot Religious Service. A queer polyglot religious service was recently held at the Seamen's Bethel at Douglas on the Isle of Man. The gospel was read in Gaelic, a hymn sung in Manx, prayer offered in Welsh and the sermon delivered in English. On a previous Sunday the Lord's Prayer was said in Cornish, a language the last speaker of which died in the early years of this century.

THE EMOTIONAL SLAV.

Gives Unrestrained Expression to His Affectionate Impulses,

I was particularly struck by the frank, unconscious way in which the Russians of all classes showed their love or affection for the relatives and friends to whom they were bidding good-by, says the Independent. The Anglo-Saxon, although as faithful in friendship and as affectionate, perhaps, in disposition as the man of any other race, has become so accustomed to control himself and to check the manifestation in public that he often seems cold and unresponsive; but the Slav, with that complete absence of self-consciousness which is one of the greatest charms of his character, gives unrestrained expression to his affectionate impulses, even though all the world be looking on. No one, it seems to me, could have witnessed the partlngs of relatives and friends on the Nijni Novgorod landing stage that Sunday afternoon without a feeling in his own heart of affectionate and sympathetic regard for a people so kindly, so capable of deep attachment and so unabashed of their emotions. Directly under me, at the edge of the landing stage, were standing two young army officers in uniform, whom I afterward came to know on the steamer as "Peter the Great" and "the artillery man." They were apparently recent graduates from a military school, and had just been assigned to duty in the army of the Caucasus. Two richly and tastefully dressed young women, one of haired, bearded peasant, in a heavy sheepskin coat and top boots-evidently an old family servant and probably an emancipated serf-came rushing down upon the landing stage to bid "the barin," his young master, goodby. He was bare-headed, his strong, kindly face was bathed in perspiration from anxiety lest he should be too late, but he was in time. He bowed low with respectful courtesy to the two ladies, and then, taking the young artillery officer in his arms, he held him long and closely to his heart, and kissed him on both cheeks and on the lips. Then, brushing the tears from his eyes with the back of his sunburned hand, he said: "Good-by, barin! Go, with God!" and returning to the shore he took a position where he could watch the steamer out of sight. HARRITY'S SUCCESSOR.

succeeds William F. Harrity on the Democratic national committee, la one of Pittsburg's best known men. He was born in Westmoreland county, about fifty-five years ago, and went to the oil country in 1870. He followed the oil business with great success until 1882, when he "went broke" from speculation and the extreme depression of the oil market. He came to Pittsburg at the beginning of the natural gas craze in 1883, and began buying gasproducing property. He was careful and shrewd and soon amassed another fortune. When the gas wells began to show signs of "petering out," Mr. Guffy turned his attention to mining in the West. In this business he was also successful. He has mining properties in Montana worth \$1,000,000. He is at present reputed to be worth \$3. 000,000. Mr. Guffy has never held any office and says he does not want any. His desire is to be recognized in the councils of the party, and as he is a constant and liberal contributor, he is always recognized. In 1876 he was a candidate for Congress from the old Twenty-fifth district against Judge Harry White, but was defeated. Mr. Guffy was a delegate to the Chicago convention, and was one of the leading Bryan men in the campaign. He campaign fund and proceeded to "go after" Mr. Harrity. Mr. Guffy is married, bas a family and lives in a man-

James M. Guffy of Pittsburg, who



JAMES M. GUFFY. sion at the corner of South Highland and Fifth avenues, in the east end res idence section of the city.

Paper Shirt Front. A late German invention enables a person to present a new and spotless shirt front every day by merely tearing off a leaf. The front is a paper imitation of linen, with a fine polish, and is made in a series of layers. As each layer is torn off it reveals another white glistening front. The bosom fits any shirt, and is buttoned on at the collar button and fastened at English chain of descent, and it is plain | each upper or shoulder corner by a couple of clips. Retails at ten cents, and will probably have a large sale when it reaches this country.

> Population of the United States. According to an official estimate

made in the treasury department, the present population of the United States slightly exceeds 77,000,000. This indicates an annual increase of more than 2,000,000 since the last federal census was taken in 1890, when the total population of the country was found to be more than 62,000,000.

ILLINOIS NEWSLETS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Condensed-Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Obituary and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

The president has appointed William K. Herzog of Illinois consul at Zitlau,

Charles L. Benton, a well known life insurance agent at Chicago, has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement.

Goodman Ferre, for 54 years a resident of Bloomington, and one of the oldest Masons in the state, died yesterday morning. The color line has been drawn in Al-

ton, and negro children are now taught in schools separate from those for white children. R. S. Alspach, a Chicago mail clerk, is under arrest for robbing the mails.

His excuse is that he could not line on his salary-\$400 a year-and had to H. Hirschberger, of Annawan, says that pearls have been found in the Green river, in Henry county, Ill., for

some years past to the amount of \$1,000 at least annually. Mrs. Valiska Smith, 78 Wade street, Chicago, danced herself to death Saturday night at 263 North Green street.

Governor Tanner will receive a committee to discuss the question of a spreial session of the legislature this week. It is understood that Martin B. Madden has consented to withdraw his opposition to the reapportionment, in the event of a special session, and that this is the reason the governor is willing to consider the issuing of a

Mattoon, - Alderman Edward C. Craig of this city was brutally beaten Saturday afternoon by a Charleston policeman, and as a result has permanently lost the sight of one eye. He was sitting in a buggy in front of a store when the policeman came along and ordered him to move on. He said he would as soon as his friend came out. At this the officer dragged him from his buggy and brutally pounded

him with his club. Cairo. - There is no further developments in yellow fever here. One man who was put off the steamer Oakland direct from New Orleans, sick, notwithstanding the so-called quarantine by the state board of health, was sent back by the city authorities by rail. The two cases diagnosed by Dr. Guiteras as mild cases of convalencing.noninfectious yellow fever are nearly ready to leave the hospital. One suspect case at St. Mary's infirmary, diagnosed as the same by Dr. Guiteras, was examined by two expert Kentucky physicians, who pronounced the disease malarial

Canton.-The laymen's association of the central Illinois conference adopted resolutions deciaring it to be the sense of the association that the time limit of a pastorate be continued at the five-year limit; that a national convention of the Methodist laity of the United States be called not later than October, 1898. Hon. Charles Piper, of Chicago, proposed the following platform for the laymen's organization: First, no decrease in ministerial representation; second, equal lay representation; third, increased solidarity in church relations: fourth, closer union in the business and benevolent enter-

prises of the church. Napierville,-The annual Wheatland plowing match took place Saturday on the farm of David Fry, eight miles south of this made a big contribution to the national city. About 6,000 persons were present. The number of competitors was larger than in former years. Those taking first premiums were: Ben Thomas, Fred Thompson, William Fairweather, Arthur Hobert and Milton Eichelberger. The flying premium, a silver cup, was won by William Fairweather for the third time, and now becomes his property. The sweepstakes premium went to Alvin Stark. In the w men's fair exhibits of handiwork, pastry, etc., were displayed, Miss Clara Bomberger received the first prize on the best loaf of bread,

Danville,-The Liquor Dealers' convention was held in the Grand opera house. Secretary Fitzgerald read his report, in which he said: "The late political campaign paralyzed the saloon business, and in the year just passed some of the oldest and most respected saloonkeepers in all parts of the state were placed in dire straits. Out of 6,200 saloons in Chicago, 1,500 have gone out of business on account of hard times, and the association has lost 500 members in consequence. The time has come when all wholesale liquor dealers and brewers should join the association and not stand idly by and see their fellow-merchants who handle their goods suffer. Two thousand places in Chicago-restaurants, hotels, and department stores-sell liquors without any city license, taking out only government licenses, and this matter should be looked after."

Chicago.—An agreed suit, begun for the purpose of obtaining from the Supreme Court a declaration as to the constitutionality of the new jury law, was heard by Judge Ball yesterday. The proceeding is in the nature of quo warranto against the jury commissioners, W. J. Onahan, E. D. Redington, and Frank E. Spooner. The nominal complainant is John G. Henderson, an attorney, on whose relation Attorney Charles S. Deenan attacks the new law, and asks that the jury commissioners be compelled to show by what right they exercise the power of their office.