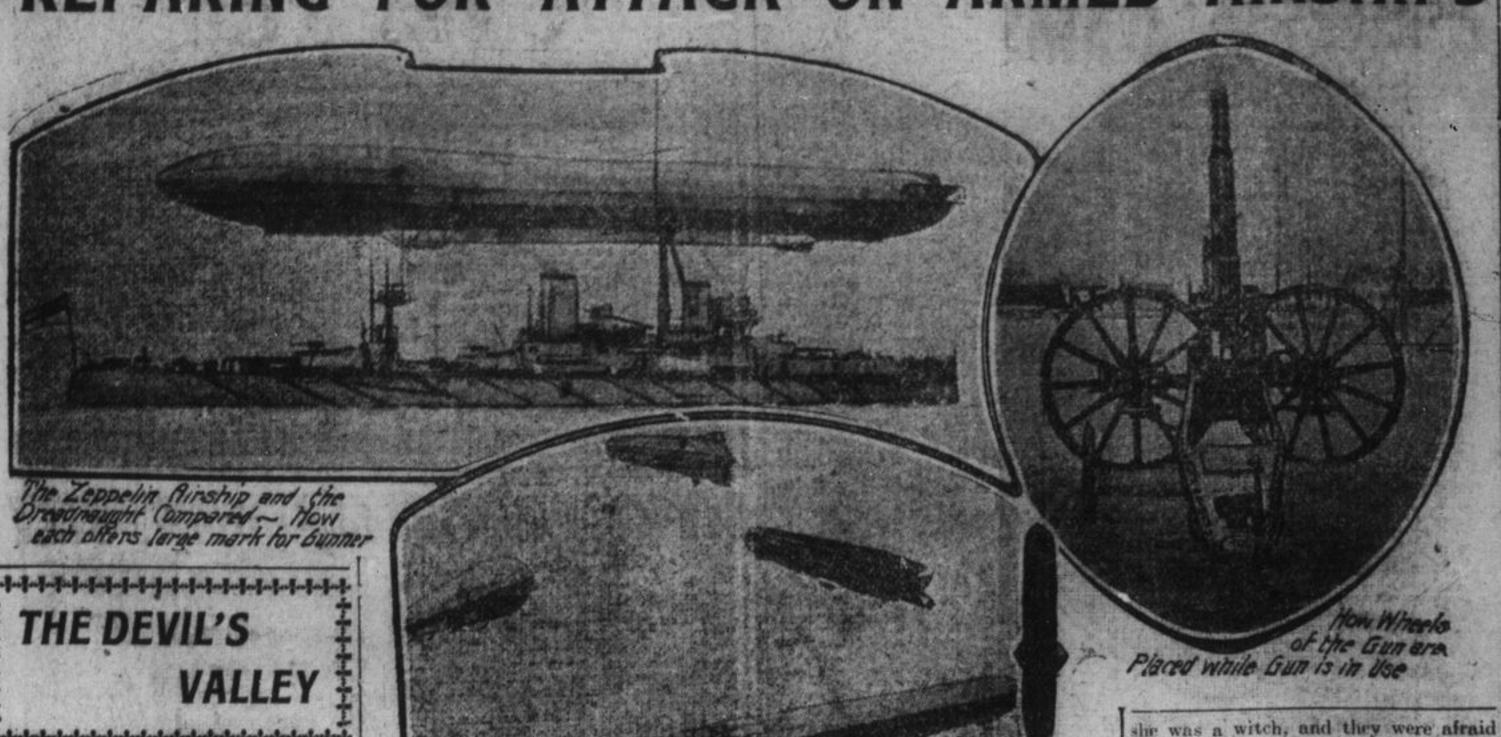
PREPARING FOR ATTACK ON ARMED AIRSHIPS



A plunging horse, a cloud of dust a crash echoed by a cry, and, finally, riderless horse galloped away

down the road, a young man picked himself ruefully from a bed of nettles and looked around him. "You are hurt, monsieur?" The silvery voice came from the same direction as the cry, and the young man wheeling round, found himself-somewhat to his discomfiture-face to face with as dainty a piece of femininity

as he had ever beheld. But whilst he staggered a negative. raising his cap from his curly head and thereby cisclosing his own handsome features, mademoiselle broke into a merry little laugh.

"You are the Irish consin." she cried, clapping her hands, . "It is certain, ah! monsieur mon cousin, it is good that you did not break your neck just now.

He was beside her now, having vaulted the low rail easily enough. "I am Dermott O'Mara," he said, bowing with an Irishman's ready grace over the small, extended hand and I have come to take you away, She flashed her eyes at him, pleased and yet rebellious at his masterful

"It was my father who asked you to come," she said, "Helas! my poor father-he told me he had done it his deathbed. He feared for me, said, in these terrible days when the canaille are ravaging our poor France; but, after all-well-after all, they have not planted the tree of liberty et Quiberic, and my uncle says they never will for they love us well-out

Yet she sighed, and a faint reflect tion of fear showed in her wistfu eyes, for the autumn of 1792 had been a terrible one in Brittany, where the king's cause, upheld for some time by the gallant Marquis de la Roverie, l been crushed by the strong grip the revolutionaries, and its leader was even now hiding from his enemies in

sore danger and distress. "We will not wait for the planting But the morrow told a different Already he assumed an air of proof such a tree," replied O'Mara. "Out tale, for as they came in from the prietorship which to her loneliness and yonder waits the good ship Dragon garden where Yvette showed her flow- fear was comforting enough, since the to carry us to Ireland-it was your rs to the new cousin, old Nanette coquette was dead within her. father's wish, my fair cousin.

"But it will not be my uncle's," said terror, screaming and chattering, in on her knees beside the old woman.

delicate face and anstocratic bearing. Quick and incisive came the demand Quikerec was left belind, and before For, through the trees, all unex- to his place of torment

Mile. Yvette did the honors of the chateau, dispelling its gloom with gay charm. Yet, as they sat in the autumn twilight overlooking the garden with its sweet medley of old-world with its sweet medley of old-world flowers and roses, she grew grave, almost to sadness.

"You see for yourself, monsieur"

a choked torrent of cursings and indicates and indicated and indicates and indicates and indicates and indicates and the head of the same time as the terrible one which rang throughout France in that the head of the same time as the terrible one which rang throughout France in that fearful year. And, at their head, strede the man whom part of more cautiously, since in the forest beyond nestles the village of Rondais, where already the tree of liberty is planted."

"You see for yourself, monsieur"

"You see for yourself, monsieur to head of the same time as the terrible one which and shudder.

"You see for yourself, monsieur"

"You see for yourself, monsieur"

"You see for yourself, monsieur to head of yourself which and shudder.

"You see for yourself, monsieur to head of yourself which your desired to head of your desired your desired your desire

dec said he would go. the valley, and as he was going to-

The Krupp 6:5 - Centimetre Gun for

Fighting Dirigible Balloons (and The Zeppelin at Various Heights)

No sooner had the airship become a factor to be reckoned with

wartime than the gunmakers set about the designing of a weapon

which dirigible balloons might be destroyed. Such a weapon is

the Krupp 615-centimeter gun, here shown upon a field gun carriage,

n such a way that the rang-finder and the method of disposing the

wheels during the firing may be added. It has been argued that it

is not easy to hit a dirigible balloon, nor is it; but, on the other

hand, it must be remembered that such an airship as the Zeppelin

offers a mark that is scarcely smaller in size than the Dreadnought.

For their gun Messrs. Krupp have made a special burning shell, in-

tended to pierce the envelope of the balloon and fire the gas. The ordinary projectile passes through the gas bag and does no more

harm than make a couple of holes. The special shell can be used also

against aeroplanes, though in that case it does not fire, but acts as

ancle clings to him, and yet always I shall not find those whom they seek

say to myself that he will betray us quoth he, "for out vonder lies the

met them in a perfect whirlwind of "And Nanette?" she cried, dropping

I tremble when he looks at me. It is good ship Dragon, and we will not de-

in ordinary projectile.

ward the cavern he heard below him a terrible cry, echoing again and bled considerably when their leaders again; and, looking, he beheld a fearful sight, for a cart was being driven light, just when they were beginning Lat full speed up the rough road, as to be merriest. Also, there lay the surely no earthly cart could drive, Devil's valley between them, and that and the horses were horned and ter- was an ill place to pass in the gloamrible, and were being driven by"- ing. Yvette's voice dropped-"the devil search of Mere La Grande the cavern zens as for anstos. was empty. "And smelt of brimstone?"

of her. Many times she was sentenced

"Call me Dermott—you say it divinely; but, seriously, how did Yanik
ley, which seemed haunted with a
PENNSYLVANIA "You laugh, mon cousin." "He had horns, horns that shone in Mere La Grande.

"I should think not. Well, this ca- frenzy of horror, as a crys well to be cautious."

horses along the edge of the ravine, trembling in horror, for his hot, youthful blood was all Again came the ery, long-drawn aglow with new-horn love and the joy deafening, fearful, nearer now, and voice echoing down the pass.

here," he cried in some dismay the echo leaped as it were from erag to erag, reverberating afar, Aboo aboo aboo Yvette shuddevod, "It sounded ter-

the cars of the enemy," quoth he vealed and yet concealed the outline lightly. For it is the battle cry of of a figure standing elect within the the Desmonds, beneath whose bauners cart. Huge horns, gle eried softly beneath his hreath, the outline was shadowy and

"Let us hasten," she implored fever- And the horses, too, horned shly, "I-I am afraid."

who took shuff constantly, and read from the O'Mara, who stood pale and them lay the forest which swept down always; he was a scholar, that was all, grim beside her, facing Nanette. Such to the seacoast. And between them capped, red-eyed, red-eyed, red-handed, singing fled in wildest panic, with no thought a choked torrent of cursings and in again lay a valley at the head of ribald songs and screaming curses to left but the desire to escape from that

"You see for yourself, monsieur mon cousin," she signed, "that my uncle trusts implicitly to our people. There will be no terror at Quiberec, be says, and he will not move from his books."

Wo were not for Nanette.

"He will come back," muttered dismounted. "The rest of the day we cle trusts implicitly to our people. There will be no terror at Quiberec, his books."

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"He will come back," muttered dismounted. "The rest of the day we cle trusts implicitly to our people. There will be no terror at Quiberec, his some hunted creatures of the true reason, little cousin?"

Wo were not for Nanette.

"He will come back," muttered dismounted. "The rest of the day we will go on foot—and yet what was the in some hunted creatures of the true reason, little cousin?"

"An ! it is not folly to me. See, I will tell you. Yonder, on the side of "Nay, nay, comrade." laughed an other and a bigger man, who were

"I am afraid," she whispered, "and then with others, and then—then—" the ravine, is a cavern in which long the tricolor jauntily in his hat, "That re Foucheron, my uncle's valet. My handsome head with a laugh. "They named Mere La Grande; people said will be for the tribunal at Santac to

decide. We give good citizens their rehem to take it themselves."

Dermott O'Mara, disheveled, pale but defiant, had struggled desperately; but what was one man against forty? He had desisted before the eyes of Pierro Foucheron lighted upon him.

"Bah! the aristo is faint; he has not the courage of the little citizeness, oven. Well, we shall have a pretty enough bridgeroom for the widow: as

enough bridegroom for the widow; as for the girl, it will be for the tribunal to judge who shall have her. Come

There was a muttering between the villain Foucheron and the big man with the tricolor. It appeared that hey were afraid to take the little tizeness through Quiberec in broad aylight; they must wait for evening efore they set out for Santac.

A cry, a shot, a curse, disturbed their plannings. A man lay bleeding on the ground, another had stumbled forward on his head against tree. It appeared that the thrice-accursed aristo had given them the ship. Think-ing him but a chicken-hearted polt-roon, they had only bound him loose-ly, and heeded him little boyond scolfing and jeering.

There was time lost in telling of the tale, time lost in cursings and up braidings, and still more time lost in vain scarchings. "En avant !" cried the man with

the tricolor at last, with some impa-tience. "What is one cursed aristo when we have hundreds every day to satisfy our widow? Besides I want to death, but none could be found my dinner."

brave enough to go and fetch her. At last, for a great reward, Yanik Alloadec said he would go.

But Pierre Foucheron's eyes were hungriest when they looked on the pale face of Yvette d'Aubarac. "She "It was night when he arrived in shall be mine. She shell be mine," he said to himself.

It was a long journey from Rondais to Santac, and the men grum-

But the big man with the tricolor himself, who stood upright shouting had friends with him, and they had terribly, and and after that Yanik a way of silencing murmurs by a reremembered no more; but when he re- minder that the widow was quite as fully. covered consciousness and went in ready for the heads of rebellious citi-

which had mouned sadly all day, was the side fastening shown in the skirt. rising now to a gale. The superstit-

the darkness—he never really recovered And suddenly the vague fears were from the horror. Crystallized into a quick, up-leaping vern will make excellent stables in the curdling, hoarse, mighty in volume meantime for our horses, in case we swept/down upon them from the head have further need of their services. It of the valley-a cry which leaped like thunder among the gray crags, an He was laughing as he led the left them standing still sweating and

of adventure; and thus, in a moment accompanied by a clatter and rumble mad devilry, he shouted aloud, his as of cart wheels drawn apace down "By St. Patrick, you have a fine for doubt now. The fear they had hore," he cried in some dismay scarcely dared whisper to each other was before them, even now.

through the darkness it came, and suddenly into eight burst the vision of horror.

Smoking torches fastened to the Nav, it hath done so many times in sides of the ghastly conveyance refathers fought. And again he earthly rediance, crowned his head,

tures from the lower world, leaped she, "and I would not leave him alone—it would be impossible."

M. le Comte d'Aubarec welcomed his new nephew cordially enough.

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M. le Comte d'Aubarec welcomed h He was a thin, middle-aged gentle- herself, there was no room for doubt! A long right, a dreary ride it was; were far behind them they met both of Evil himself had come to carry man, this M. le Comte, with a pale. But who—who had done it? But who—who had done it?

of her lover rang in her cars. "Quick, little brave heart, lest they fail to smell the brimstone; they will

A wild ride that, reckless, but suc cessful. Long before the men of Rondais had crept back, white and tremb-ling, to their homes Dermott O'-Mara and Yvette d'Aubarec stood up-on the deck of the Dragon, bound for Railroad a general moving up of officers resulted. New men in imthe harbor of Cork. Only the next morning did Pierre portant posts are shown above.

Foucheron understand, and that was when, on the borders of a little creek, he found an empty cart, with two horses, which had long before been housed in the stables of the chateau

d'Aubarec, grazing near; whilst an ox's hide and horns lay on the ground, where Satanas had shed his skin and carried off his bride.

As for Pierre Foucheron, there were those in Quiberec who had loved Count Jean better than the glorious revolution, and these said to each other than even M. le Diable makes mistakes at times, and if he really carried away Mile. Yvette instead of Pierre Foucheron, as he had evidently intended, it was easy to send the latter after him by as quick a route as the Devil's Valley—which they did, to the everlasting joy of old Nanette.

And away in Ireland, by the blue lough's side, under the shadow of the old gray castle which had, it seemed. old gray castle which had, it seemed been in possession of an O'Mara since the days of the flood, Dermott look-ed into the eyes of Yvette d'Aubarec. "And you forgive me," he whispered tenderly, "for carrying you away, lit-

The old look of coquetry was sol-tened into something sweeter as she raised her hazel eyes to meet the pas-sion in his blue eyes. "I love you, Dermott," she whis-

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SOCIETY'S NEW AMUSEMENT: THE FASHIONABLE MARIONETTE.



There are distinct signs of a revival of interest in the marionette, and London possesses once again a theatre in which puppets are the only actors. At this marionette theatre, which for the time being is at 28 Abercorn place, there has already been produced Maurice Maeterlinck's "Interior," specially translated for the occasion by William Archer. The present craze is, of course, only a revival. In the eighteenth century, for instance, London had no fewer than four recognized marionette theatres-in Pinton street, in Covent Carden, in the Haymarket and in Piccadilly.