

THE COMING WOMAN.

Coming across the eastern hills apace with hastening morn. In garments stainless as the light and radiant as the dawn. With steadfast gaze, majestic mien, And brow where wisdom sits serene. Before her evil flies, to hide in darkness far away. As flees the gloom of night before the swift approach of day: For heaven is in her shining eyes As in the depths of cloudless skies. Sovereign of home's broad realm is she, and fairer 'tis to-day Because she rules within, yet far beyond extends her sway: For all the world shall better be, And holier, for her ministry. And little children round her throng listening for her voice, Whose sweet-toned cadences their hearts encourage and rejoice: Her swift, light footsteps to and fro On missions of sweet mercy go. She lays her tender hand in love upon the lone and sad, And hearts unused to joy look up and looking are made glad: Her very feet are shod with peace Before which wars and tumults cease. The star that gems her coronet is herald of the day When Christ shall claim His own again and sin be swept away: His handmaid, she shall sooner bring The welcome coming of the King. —Meta E. B. Thorne, in Banner of Gold.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—D'Aurac, commanding outpost where scene is laid tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fore. D'Aurac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward the woman, strikes him. A duel follows, and during the commotion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the deserted scene, and d'Aurac, upon giving his parole not to attempt escape, hears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow...you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman."

Chapter II.—D'Aurac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III.—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Aurac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded. They find a golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Maugnot (her partner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous scene Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Gomeron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV.—D'Aurac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him daily, and when he is well enough is taken to her Normandy chateau where she arrives shortly before noon.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

A turn in the avenue at this moment brought us in full view of the gray walls of Bidache, and on the wide stone staircase that led to the great hall we saw the servants of the household assembled. Madame waved her hand in greeting, and the chaser which broke from them was drowned in the boom of the bombard from the keep. As the blue wreaths of smoke curled upward, a little ball ran to the top of the flag-staff on the keep, and the next moment the banner of Tre mouille, with the arms of Rochemars of Bidache quartered thereon, spread out its folds to the morning, and madame was come home once more.

We dined an hour or so later than usual—madame, d'Ayen, Palin and myself at the high table, and the rest of the household with all Bidache at the next. Madame, who seemed in nowise fatigued with her long ride, was in the gayest of spirits and rippled with talk. As if thinking she had punished d'Ayen enough she directed all her conversation towards him, and the old beau was in his element in discussing the intrigues of court life, and let me add interesting, for his memory went far back.

At last the dinner came to a close, and Palin, rising, opened his lips in a long thanksgiving, to which all, madame included, listened devoutly. Our hostess then retired, and we three were left together in an absolute silence. Had it been any other place, I would have felt bound to call d'Ayen to account, and ask him to name a proxy if he was unable to meet me by reason of his age. But as it was, this was impossible, and I contented myself with a frigid reserve, in which I was joined by the Huguenot. He looked from one to the other of us with a satirical smile on his thin lips, and then rising made a slight bow, and left us to ourselves. As we returned to our seats from our response to his greeting, I blurted out the questions:

"Who is M. d'Ayen? Why is he here?" "Who is he? It is enough to say he is one of those men who live on the collies of kings. And it is enough to say that his company is forced upon us."

"I have heard that before; but madame seemed to like him well enough at dinner." I felt I was wrong as I said this; but the words came out. "He is here by the king's orders—by the order of Henry the Great," said Palin, with bitterness; "monsieur, you seem a man of honor. What do you think of a king who would force a marriage on a woman to—?" and he whispered words in my ear which struck me speechless.

"I could not believe him. It was incredible. Was this the hero king—the gallant soldier—the father of his people? It could not be true.

Palin saw the doubt on my face. "Even you," he said, "will go to Paris and see."

"I shall go—I am going to-day." "It will be at the risk of your life." "Maitre Palin, there is the king's

peace—and even if it were not so I will go."

He looked at me long and attentively. "Let it be so," he muttered to himself, and then loudly: "Well, chevalier, I have warned you—if you go you will want a safe lodging—seek out Pantin in the Rue des Deux Mondes, and mention my name. The house faces the Pont Neuf, you can't miss it."

"Thank you, I will do so." Then after a few minutes more of talk we wished each other good-by and parted.

As for myself I was on the cross with what I had heard. My mind was rucked with doubt, and at last, in despair, I sought my own room to think over the matter. I could make nothing of it, turn which way I would. To me Palin's story was incredible. But yet it explained and made clear so much! It was not to offer my sword to the king that I would now go to Paris. It would be to save the woman I loved, if possible. How I was to do this, I had no definite idea—the one thing at present in my mind was Paris—Paris. I therefore gave the necessary orders to Jacques to make ready to start at once, and, descending the winding staircase of the tower wherein my room lay, sought the great hall with the view of either finding madame there, or of sending some one with the request to permit my waiting on her to say good-by. The staircase ended in a long dark corridor, hung on each side with trophies of the chase, old armor, and frayed and tattered banners. At the end of this was an arched doorway, hidden by a heavy curtain. I lifted the curtain and passed into the great hall. At first I thought it was empty, but a second glance showed me madame, seated at a small table in the recess of the bow-window that overlooked the park. Her face, leaning on her hand, was half averted from me, and I caught a glimpse of a small foot resting on one of the lions' heads in which the legs of the table finished. The foot was bent up and down as if in unison with the impatience of madame's thoughts, but I could see nothing of her face beyond its contour. She was, as usual, robed in black, wearing no jewels except a gold collar round her neck. For a moment I stood in silence looking at her, half thinking that here was a chance to speak out what was in my heart, and then stilling the words by the thought of how impossible it was for a poor man to woo a rich woman.

As I stood, hat in hand, madame suddenly turned with a little start, and hastily concealed something as she caught sight of me. I went up at once, and she rose to meet me. "I have come to say farewell, madame," and I held out my hand. "So soon," she said, as she took it for a moment, her eyes not meeting mine. "Yes—Paris is far—and it will be well for me to be there as quickly as possible."

"Paris! You are surely not—" and she stopped. "Why not, madame?" "O, I don't know," and hastily, "one sometimes says things that don't exactly convey one's meaning. But I can imagine why you go to Paris—you are tired of Bidache, and pine for the great city."

"It is not that, but," and I pointed to the rolling woods and wide lands that spread before us. "I have no responsibilities like these—and Aurac, which stands by the sea, takes care of itself—besides I have my way to make as yet." "You have friends?" "One, at any rate, and that was restored to me by you," and I glanced to the hilt of my sword. She shook her head in deprecation. "Very well, then, I will not recall it to you; but I can never forget—life is sweet of savor, and you gave it back to me. We will meet again in Paris—till then, good-by."

"At the Louvre?" As she glanced up at me, trying to smile, I saw her eyes were moist with tears, and then—but the wide lands of Bidache were before me, and I held myself in somehow. "Good-by." "Good-by."

I turned and, without another look, passed out of the hall. As I went down the stairway I saw on the terrace to my right the figure of d'Ayen. He had changed his costume to the slashed and puffed dress which earned for the gay gentlemen of Henry's court the nickname "Bergarrets," from M. de Savoye's caustic tongue, and his wizen face stood out of his snowy ruff in all the glow of its fresh paint. With one foot resting on the parapet, he was engaged in throwing crumbs to the peacocks that basked on the turf beneath him. I would have passed, but he called out: "M. le Chevalier—a word."

"A word only then, sir—I am in haste." "A bad thing, haste," he said, staring at me from head to foot. "These woods would fetch a good price—would they not?" and he waved his hand toward the wide stretching forest.

"You mistake, M. d'Ayen. I am not a timber merchant." "O! A good price," he went on, not heeding my reply, "M. le Chevalier, I was going to say, I will have them down when I am master here. They obstruct the view."

I could have flung him from the terrace, but held myself in and turned on my heel. "Adieu, chevalier!" he called out after me, "and remember what I have said."

I took no notice. The man was old and his gibing tongue his only weapon. I ran down the steps to where Jacques was, ready for me with the horses. Springing into the saddle, I put spurs to the beast, and we dashed down the avenue.

CHAPTER V.

A GOOD DEED COMES HOME TO ROOST.

We dashed through the streets of Bidache, arousing the village dogs, asleep in the yellow sunlight, to a chorus of disapprobation. About a dozen sought

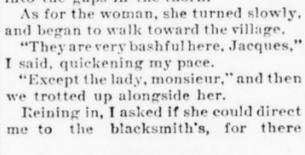
to revenge their disturbed slumbers, and, following the horses, snapped viciously at their heels; but we soon distanced them, and, flinging a curse or so after us in dog language, they gave up the pursuit and returned to blink away the afternoon. It was my intention to keep to the right of Ivry, and, after crossing the Eure, head straight for Paris, which I would enter either by way of Versailles or St. Germain, it mattered little what road, and there was plenty of time to decide.

For a league or so we galloped along the undulating ground which sloped toward the ford near Ezy; but as we began to approach the river, the country, studded with apple orchards and trim with hedgerows of holly and hawthorn, broke into a wild and rugged moorland, intersected by ravines, whose depths were concealed by a tall undergrowth of Christ's thorn and hornbeam, whilst beyond this, in russet, in sornbergreens, and grays that faded into absolute blue, stretched the forests and woods of Anet and Croth-Soreil.

As we slid, rather than rode, down one of these banks, my horse cast a shoe, and this put a stop to any further hard riding, until the mishap could be repaired. "There is a smith at Ezy, monsieur," said Jacques, "where we can get what we want done, and then push on to Rouvres, where there is good accommodation at the Grand Cerf."

In this manner we jogged along, making but slow progress, and the sun was setting when we came into view of the willow-lined banks of the Eure and entered the walnut groves of the outlying forest in which Ezy lay. As we approached we saw that the village was three parts deserted, and the ruined orchards and smokeless chimneys told their own tale. Turning a bend of the grass-grown road we came upon a few children shaking walnuts from a tree, about 200 paces from us, whilst a man and a woman stood hard by observing them. At the sight of us the woman turned to the man with an alarmed gesture, and he half drew a sword—we saw the white flash—and then, changing his mind, ran off into the forest. The children followed suit, sliding down the trunk of the tree and fleeing into the brushwood, looking for all the world like little brown rabbits as they dashed into the gaps in the thorn.

As for the woman, she turned slowly, and began to walk toward the village. "They are very bashful here, Jacques," I said, quickening my pace. "Except the lady, monsieur," and then we trotted up alongside her. Reining in, I asked if she could direct me to the blacksmith's, for there



"I WILL GUIDE YOU."

seemed no sign of a forage about. She made no answer, but stopped and stared at us through her hair, which fell in thick masses over her forehead and neck. As she did this I saw that she appeared to be of the superior peasant class, but evidently sunk in poverty. She was young and her features were so correct that, with circumstanes a little altered, she would have been more than ordinarily good looking. At present, however, the face was wan with privation, and there was a frightened look in her eyes. I repeated my question in as gentle a tone as I could command, and she found tongue. "Monsieur—pardon—I will guide you."

"O! That is all very well," began Jacques, but I interrupted him, wondering a little to myself what this meant. "Very well, and thanks." She dropped a courtesy, and then asked, with a timid eagerness: "Monsieur does not come from the Blaisois?"

"Ma foi! No! This is hardly the way from the Orleansnois—but lead on, please, it grows late."

She glanced up again, a suspicion in her eyes, and then without another word went on before us. We followed her down the winding, grass-grown lane, past a few straggling cottages where not a soul was visible, and up through the narrow street, where the sight of us drove the few wretched inhabitants into their tumble-down houses, as if we had the plague itself at our saddle bows. Finally we stopped before a cottage of some pretensions to size, but decayed and worn, as all else was in this village, which seemed but half alive. Over the entrance to the cottage hung a faded signboard, marking that it was the local hostelry, and to the right was a small shed, apparently used as a workshop, and here the smith was, seated on a rough bench, gazing into space.

He rose at our approach and made as if he would be off; but his daughter, as the young woman turned out to be, gave him a sign to stay, and he halted muttering something I could not catch, and as I looked at the gloomy figure of the man, and the musty inn, I said out loud: "Morbleu! But it is well we have time to mend our trouble and make Rouvres—thanks, my girl," and bending from the saddle, I offered our guide a coin. She fairly snatched at it, and then, coloring up, turned and ran into the inn. I threw another coin to

the smith, and bade him set about shoeing the horse.

He shuffled this way and that and answered dully that he would do the job willingly, but it would take time—two hours.

"But it will be night by then," I exclaimed, postulated, "and I have to go on—I cannot stay here."

"As monsieur chooses," answered the elod; "but you see—I have nothing ready—and I am slow now—I cannot help it."

"This is a devil of a place," I exclaimed, resigning myself to circumstances, and dismounting, handed the reins to Jacques. As I did so I heard voices from the inn, one apparently that of a girl, and the other that of a man, and it would seem that she was urging something; but what it was I could not catch, nor was I curious as to the point of discussion; but it struck me that as we had to wait here two hours it would be well to inquire if I could get some refreshments for ourselves, and a feed for the beasts. For answer to my question I got a gruff "Go and ask my daughter," from the smith, who turned as he spoke and began to fumble with his tools. I felt my temper rising hotly, but stayed my arm, and bidding Jacques keep an eye on the horses stepped toward the door of the inn. As I put my hand on it to press it open, some one from within made an effort to keep it shut; but I was in no mood to be trifled with further, and, pushing back the door without further ceremony, stepped in. In doing so I thrust some one back a yard or so, and found that it was the girl, who was trying to bar me out. Ashamed of the violence I had shown I began to apologize, whilst she stood before me rubbing her elbow, and her face flushed and red. The room was bare and drear beyond description. There were a couple of rough tables, a chair or so, an iron pot simmering over a fire of greenwood, whose pungent odor filled the chamber. In a corner a man lay apparently asleep, a tattered cloak drawn over his features, so as to entirely conceal them. I felt in a moment that this was the stranger who had fled on our approach and that he was playing fox. Guessing there was more behind this than appeared, but not showing my suspicions in the least, I addressed the girl:

"I am truly sorry and hope you are not hurt; had I known it was you I should have been gentler. I have but come to ask if I can get some wine for ourselves and food for the horses."

"It is nothing," she stammered, "I am not hurt. There is but a little soup here, and for the horses—the grass that grows outside."

"There is some wine there at any rate," and I rested my eye on a horn cup, down whose side a red drop was trickling, and then let it fall on the still figure in the corner of the room. "There is no fear," I continued, "you will be paid. I do not look like a gentleman of the road, I trust."

She shrank back at my words, and it appeared as if a hand moved suddenly under the cloak of the man, who lay feigning sleep in the room, and the quick movement was as if he had clutched the haft of a dagger. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Uncle Knew It All.

I was stopping at the Arlington, at Augusta, and I fancied that I had been preaching long enough to have preacher ways and preacher looks, but I was mistaken. An old dorky approached and with an apologetical pull at his hat said: "Boss, kin you tell me whar I kin git er set er de mibuts er de meetin' er set an' he ax me ter git 'em for him."

I told him where he could get the minutes, and he thanked me, after which he said: "Boss, when de bishop gwinter preach?" "We have no bishop," I replied. "Yasser, I know dat; course I know dat; but I mean de bigges' one er you all, de president; when he gwinter preach?"

"Oh, he's not a preacher. That's de Gov. Northen." "Is dat a fact? Well, sah, I voted for dat man, but I tell you, sah, I laks de way dat man talks from de cheer, an' I wanter hear him preach. He sho' do talk lak a sponible man."—Atlanta Journal.

Pan Made with Gravity.

Gen. John W. Norton is a clever punster. Some years ago a prominent young local attorney died of alcoholism. He was a talented chap, a brilliant orator and full of promise for the future. Gen. Noble was one of his best friends, and none regretted his sudden end more than did the ex-secretary. At a meeting of the bar which passed resolutions on his death the general was asked what he knew about the end of the young man. He knew no more than was reported in the newspapers at the time, and said so. "I wonder if he died hard?" suggested some one in the crowd after the meeting had adjourned. "No, he died in 'good spirits,'" remarked Gen. Noble, as seriously as if delivering a funeral oration. Then he added, in an undertone to a friend, who happened to be passing out with him: "I'd hate to have any of you fellows ask if I died hard some day when you are eulogizing me."—St. Louis Republic.

Didn't Live Up to It.

"I never made a promise that I did not live up to," she asserted proudly. "No?" he said, inquiringly. "No," she said, emphatically. He made no reply. Argument, he knew, was useless. Facts alone would count. Therefore he hunted up a copy of the book of common prayer, and when he had found it he turned to the marriage service and where it says "love, honor and obey" he underscored the word "obey."

What happened after that is a matter that does not concern the public. It is enough to know that, while there was no doubt that he had proved his point, he deeply regretted having done so.—Chicago Post

Glee Made from Seaweed.

A fresh use for seaweed is claimed to have been discovered by a Norwegian engineer, who exhibited an invention at the Stockholm exhibition for producing paper glue, dressing gum and soap from seaweed. The first establishment for this branch of manufacture is to be erected in the district of Stavanger.

Fasting Sects in India.

In fasting sects the sect of Jauns, in India, is far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are common, and once a year they are said to abstain from food for 75 days.

INTERESTING CAREER.

A. W. McCune, an Ambitious Utah Millionaire, Began Life as a Woodchopper.

"From woodchopper to United States senator." Such may be the fate of A. W. McCune, the millionaire railroad and mining operator of Salt Lake City, Utah, who wishes to succeed United States Senator Frank J. Cannon. If he does not win he will score his first failure.

Mr. McCune is to-day a most picturesque figure. Starting as a farmer's boy, he is now president of the Utah & Pacific Railroad company, owner of the famous Payne gold mine in British Columbia and the possessor of other



A. W. McCUNE. (Began Life as a Woodchopper and is Now a Millionaire.)

varied and valuable interests. His income is variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$100,000 per month. He probably gives away more to benevolent, charitable and church institutions than any half dozen men in the state.

McCune made his first big money by filling an immense timber contract for the Anaconda (Mont.) Mining company some years ago, despite the fact that his competitors predicted he had taken the contract at a figure that would result in a large loss. A few months ago McCune appeared in the Third district court for Salt Lake county to justify on a \$300,000 bond, and when asked his occupation replied: "I am a woodchopper."

He is everybody's friend, the same as he was eight years ago, when he wore a flannel shirt and overalls, and was hustling night and day to get a start in the world.

Mr. McCune resides in the Gardo house, commonly called "Amelia's palace," the magnificent residence erected by the late President Brigham Young for his favorite wife, Amelia. Three of the rooms are set apart for costly pieces of statuary which Mr. McCune purchased while in Europe.

Mr. McCune's parents were Mormons, but he has never been a churchman himself. His wife is an active member of the church, however.

MRS. SARAH TERRY.

She is a Wife as Well as a Daughter of the Revolution, and Proud of Her 108 Years.

Sarah Terry is 108 years old, and she has just celebrated the anniversary of her birth by joining the Daughters of the Revolution. She is the only member of that honorable body who is not a wife of the revolution as well. Mrs. Terry lives with her granddaughter at 545 North Sixteenth street, Philadelphia. She personally knew George Washington and La Fayette, and says that the father of his country had twinkling eyes and that La Fayette had rosy cheeks. She remembers very distinctly when Queen Victoria was 12 years old, and recalls, as if it were yesterday, the return of the her' from



MRS. SARAH TERRY. (She is a Wife as Well as a Daughter of the Revolution.)

the war of 1812. She lived in Philadelphia at the time that Benjamin Franklin lived there, and she has seen the city grow and develop as has no other person. Mrs. Terry sits upon a great rocking chair and talks clearly about matters which she herself saw more than a century ago. And, although her hair is as white as it used to be black and her form bowed, her appetite is good and her brain clear. The Quaker city chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution is being congratulated on having acquired so very distinguished a member.

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\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU, President.

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