

DOING AND DREAMING.

"Oh! could I lift," a dreamer cried, "These bitter burdens of the poor, Grant them the joys of life denied, Soften the sorrows they endure, Lighten the cloud of ignorance For all the helpless, hopeless throng, And win them some deliverance From British cruelty and wrong— What blessedness could life contain To equal this? Alas that still The dear desire should be in vain, The power be lacking to the will!"



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Auriae, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by 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 Fere. D'Auriae, 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 disorderly scene, and d'Auriae, 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 V.—CONTINUED.

I was never a brawler or blusterer, and least of all did I wish to worry these poor people, but the times were such that a man's safety lay chiefly in himself, for the writ of the king ran weak in the outlying districts. The whole business, too, was so strange, that I was determined to fathom it, and unbuckling my sword, I placed it on a table so as to be ready on the instant, and then, seating myself on a stool beside it, said somewhat sharply:

"Enough, my girl; get me some wine, and take out some to my servant. This will pay for it," and I rang a fat crown piece on the table. "Hurry your father if you can, and I will be gone the moment my horse is shod."

My tone was one not to be denied, and taking up the money, she turned to a cupboard, and with shaking fingers drew a bottle therefrom and placed it before me. Filling a cup I asked her to bear it back to Jacques, and then leaning back against the wall, took a pull at my goblet, and judge of my surprise when I found I was tasting nothing short of d'Arbois of the '92 vintage!

It was getting dark now within the room, over which the flames of the fire occasionally blazed up and cast a fitful and uncertain light. Outside, however, there was a moon, and in a few minutes at the most my horse would be shod, and I would have to continue my journey, without having discovered what this little mystery meant. I could not help being a little amused at the manner in which my bashful friend, whose face was so well covered up, kept himself a prisoner in his corner, but at this moment the girl's cooking was finished, and the savory odor of it was apparently more than he could endure, for he suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Nom du diable! I am sick of this, and hungry as a wolf. Give me my supper, Marie—and if he wants to take me—let him do so if he can—he will have to fight an old soldier first."

As he spoke I distinctly saw his hand indicate me, and with an alarmed cry the girl sprang between us. It flashed upon me that my gentleman was, after all, only some one who was wanted, and that he regarded me with as much apprehension as I regarded him with caution.

"Tush!" I said, "you good people make a great fuss over nothing. I certainly do not want to take you, my man, and neither you nor your little sweetheart here need be the least alarmed."

I had hardly finished speaking when he rushed forward. "It is the chevalier—it is M. d'Auriae—idiot, turkey, pig that I am to have kept my eyes shut, and not recognize you. Monsieur, do you not know me—Nicholas, your sergeant, whom you saved from the rope?"

"Where you appear likely to go again, Nicholas; but what are you skulking about here for?" The wood in the fireplace blazed up as I spoke, and I saw Nicholas shift uneasily and look at the girl, who had moved to his side, and stood with her hands holding on to his cloak.

"This place was my home once, mon-

sieur," she said, bitterly, "and I have come back to it."

"I see you have, sergeant—but why in this way?"

"Monsieur, I was driven to straits and did a thing. Then they hunted me from Dreux to Rouvres, from Rouvres to Anet—"

"And from Anet came you here?"

"It is but a stone-throw," Nicholas answered, "and I had a business in hand. After which we were going away."

While he was speaking Marie lit a lantern, and I saw that my ex-sergeant was evidently in the lowest water. He had been a smart soldier, but was now unkempt and dirty, and his eye had the shifty look of a hunted animal. He wore a rusty corselet and a rustier chain cap on his head, drawn over a bandage that covered his ears. As my eye fell on the bandage I called to mind the mutilation that had been inflicted on him, a brand that had cast him out of the pale of all honest men. Nicholas watched my glances, and ground his teeth in rage. "I will kill him," he hissed, "kill him like the dog he is—monsieur, that was my business."

"Then de Gomeron—"

"Is but an hour's ride away, monsieur—at Anet."

"At Anet! What does he do there?"

"Monsieur," he answered hoarsely, taking me by the sleeve of my doublet, "I know not; but a fortnight ago he came here with a score of lances at his back, and the king's commission in his pocket, and he lords it as if he were the duke himself. Yesterday a great noble came up from the Blaisois, and another whose name I know not has come from Paris—and they hatch treason against the king. Monsieur, I can prove this. You saved my life once, and, best as I am now, I am still grateful. Come with me; I will settle my score with him, and to-morrow you can bear news to the court that will make you a great man."

It was one of those moments that require instant decision. I was certainly not going to assist Nicholas in committing a murder. Any such plan of his would be easily stopped, but if what the man said was true, then he had given me information that might be of the greatest value to me. If it was false, well, then I should have a fool's errand for my pains, but be otherwise none the worse off. There was no time to question him in detail—for a second I was silent, and Marie looked from one to another of us, with wide-open eyes.

"You have a horse?" I asked.

"Yes, monsieur—it is hidden in the forest not 300 toises from here."

"We are ready, M. le Chevalier," and Jacques' voice broke in upon us, Jacques himself standing in the doorway. My mind was made up that instant, and I decided to take the chance.

"Jacques," I said, "I have business here to-night, which must be done alone—ride on, therefore, yourself to Rouvres and await me at the Grand Cerf. If anyone tries to hinder you say that you ride for your master in the king's name. If I am not at Rouvres by morning make your way to Septeuil. If I do not arrive in two days, go home and do the best you can for yourself—you follow?"

"Monsieur," "Adieu, then—and Marie, here is something as a wedding portion for you," and I thrust a handful of gold pieces into her palm, and, being moved by many things, added:

"When this is over, you and Nicholas go to Auriae. I will arrange for you there."

The girl stared blankly at me for a moment, then suddenly caught my hand and kissed it, and then with a rapid movement flung herself into her lover's arms.

"No," she said, "no—take back your gift, monsieur—he will not go." "Nonsense, Marie," and Nicholas gently released her arms. "I have come back to you to mend my ways, and must begin by paying my debts—come, monsieur."

CHAPTER VI.

"GREEN AS A JADE CUP."

We passed the ice-work of trees that bordered the skirts of the forest, Nicholas and I. On our left we could hear the drumming of a horse's hoofs growing fainter and more faint, as Jacques rode through the night to Rouvres. Marie's waiting came to us from behind, and Nicholas, who was walking doggedly along by the neck of my horse, stopped short suddenly and looked back. Turning in my saddle I looked back too, and there she was, in shadowy outline, at the ruined gates of the inn, and again her sobbing cry came to us.

We turned sharply, behind the silently waving arms of a hedge of hornbeam, and it was a relief to find that this cut away all further chance of seeing the pitiful figure at the gates of the inn. Nicholas drew the folds of his frayed cloak over his head, as if to shut out all sound, and hurried onward—a tall figure, lank and dark, that flitted before me within the shadow of the hedgerow.

"You count your toises long here, Nicholas," I remarked, for something to say.

"They are as we reckon them, monsieur. But a few steps further and we will get my horse, and after that there is no difficulty, for I know each track and by-path of these woods."

"And I wager that many a fat buck has dropped here to your arquebuses on moonlight nights such as this."

"One does not learn the forest for nothing, M. le Chevalier, but the bucks fell lawfully enough. My grandfather came here as huntsman to Mme. Diane, my father succeeded him, and I had followed my father but for the war—"

"And a smart soldier you made. I remember that when I cut you down from a nasty position I had not time then to hear how you came in such plight. How was it? Tell me the truth."

swore he would flay me to ribbons. Feeling sure he would do so, and careless of the consequences, I answered back—with the result you know. Marked as I was, it was useless to seek employment anywhere, and then I became what I am, and will end on the wheel."

"I don't think so," I said, but he interrupted:

"At any rate, not before I have paid my debt, and the bill presses."

I had purposely worked up to this. "See here, sergeant," I said, "no nonsense. Brush off that bee that you have on your head. You are here to-day to attend to my business, not your own. You say you are sick of your present life. Well, I have means to give you another chance, and I will do so; but I repeat again, 'no nonsense'—you understand?"

He stood silently for a moment, looking this way and that. We were within a yard or so of the forest, and its shadow covered him, all but his face, which was turned to me, drawn and white. He was struggling against old habits of absolute obedience, and they won. "I understand, M. le Chevalier."

"Very well, then, go on, and remember what I have said."

Returned and stepped forward. "This way, and mind the branches overhead," and we entered the forest, my horse leaping a low ditch that separated it from the grass land. We took a soft turf-covered path, overhung by branches, and went on for about 50 paces before coming to a halt, which we did in a small, irregular patch of trees that lay in the full flood of the moonlight. In the darkness beyond I heard the gentle murmur of a small spring, and then the distinct movement of a heavy body and the clink of iron. My hand reached to my holster in a flash, but Nicholas saw the gesture, and said: "It is the horse. A moment, monsieur," and lifting up the curtain of leaves beside him, from which as he did so the dew fell in a soft shower, he dived into the thicket, to reappear again leading the long black length of his horse. It struck me at once that the beast was of uncommon size, and this and the white star on its forehead brought to my mind the recollection of De Rone's great English charger, Couronne.

"Harnibieu!" I burst out, "you seem to be in the lowest water, and here you have a horse worth a hundred pistoles at the least!"

"Did you see her by daylight, monsieur, you would know that twice a hun-



"SHOULD WE BE DISCOVERED MONSIEUR—"

dred pistoles would not purchase her. Do you not know her, M. le Chevalier? This is Couronne, M. de Rone's charger."

"Couronne! I thought so. And how the devil do you come by her?"

"Her reins were in the wind when I caught her, a fair prize of war, and M. de Rone will never need her more. Since I got her she has saved me twice, and if I can help it I shall never part."

He stroked the mare's sleek neck, wet and glistening with the dew, and, quickly mounting, swung her round to the bit and laid her beside me. It was not the time for talk, and we drew out of the clearing in single file, and, after forcing our way through the wet and shining leaves around us, found a bridge path. Along this my guide went at a trot.

Nicholas suddenly pulled up and held out a warning hand.

"What is it?" I asked, in a low tone.

"Hist!" he said, and then in a rapid whisper: "Another 50 yards and we come to the open. Anet lies before us, and the rest of the way must be done on foot."

"And the horses?"

"Fasten them here. You have a picketing rope?"

"Yes—round the neck of the horse."

"Good. I had not noticed it, monsieur, and was half afraid you had none, before."

The horses were soon securely fastened, and when this was done Nicholas spoke low and earnestly: "Should we be discovered, monsieur, there is no use making a standing fight. The odds are too many. When we come to the open I will show you a withered oak. This is exactly opposite where the horses are—in this direction. If we are pursued, make for the forest and lie down. The chances are they will pass us by. Then to the horses and follow me. If I go down, ride northwards for your life."

"How the devil am I to find my way through the trees?"

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "that was my affair."

We had gone too far to go back, however, and placing my pistol in my belt and loosening my sword in its sheath, I followed Nicholas with cautious footsteps. As he said, in about 50 yards we came to the open, and halted close to a huge oak, bald of all leaves, with its gnarled trunk riven and scarred by lightning. Before us a level stretch of turf sloped gently down towards what was once an ornamental lake, but now overgrown with the rank weeds. In the center of the lake was a small island, on which was set a summer house, fashioned like a Moorish kiosque, and beyond this rose huge and square the enormous facade of the chateau. It was in darkness except for an oriel window above a long terrace on the east wing,

which was bright with light, and in the courtyard below there was evidently a fire. Men were singing round it, and a lilting chorus came to our ears. Inch by inch we crept onward, keeping well in the shadow, and edging our way round the frills of the forest. I could hear Nicholas breathing hard, and from time to time he stopped to rest; but I was a glad man to find I must be truly as strong again as ever I was. At last, by dint of creeping, crawling and wriggling along, we worked our way to within 20 paces of the terrace, above which the stained glass of the oriel window glowed with light. Here we came to a stop and watched. Sometimes we saw a shadow moving backward and forward in the light of the window, then the shadow was joined by another, and both stopped, as if the two men to whom they belonged were in earnest converse.

"We must get to the window," I whispered, with an inquiring look.

"By the terrace," said Nicholas, in answer, and as he spoke there came to us the faint but distinct sound of a horn, apparently from the very depths of the forest, and the notes roused a brace of hounds in the courtyard, who bayed into the night. Nicholas gripped my arm, and I turned to him in surprise. His face was pale, he was shaking all over like an aspen, and his black eyes were dilated with fear.

"Did you hear that, monsieur?" he said, quickly.

"Diab! What? I hear three different things—dogs, men and some one blowing a horn."

"Then you did hear it—the horn?"

"Yes. What of it? No doubt a post on its way to Anet."

"No post ever rang that blast, monsieur. That is the Wild Huntsman, and the blast means death."

As he spoke it came again, wild and shrill with an eerie flourish, the like of which I had never heard before. The dogs seemed to go mad with the sound, there was a hubbub in the courtyard, and some one in the chamber above the terrace threw open the sash and peered out into the night. I thought at first it was De Gomeron; but the voice was not his, for, after looking for a moment, he gave a quick order to the men below and stepped in again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SING AS THEY RISE.

Some Birds That Seem to Be Fairly Carried Off Their Feet with Joy.

A very interesting feature of our bird songs is the wing songs, or song of ecstasy. It is not the gift of many of our birds. Indeed, less than a dozen species are known to me as ever singing in the wing. It seems to spring from more intense excitement and self-abandonment than the ordinary song delivered from the perch. When bird's joy reaches the point of rapture it is literally carried off its feet, and up it goes into the air, pouring out its song as a rocket pours its sparks. The skylark and boblink habitually do this, but a few others of our birds do it only on occasions.

Last summer, up in the Catskills, I added another name to my list of ecstatic singers—that of the vesper sparrow. Several times I heard a new song in the air, and caught a glimpse of the bird as it dropped back to earth. My attention would be attracted by a succession of hurried, chirping notes, followed by a brief burst of song, then by the vanishing form of the bird. One day I was lucky enough to see the bird as it was rising to its climax in the air, and identified it as the vesper sparrow. The flight of 75 or 100 feet was brief; but it was brilliant, and striking, and entirely unlike the leisurely chant of the bird while upon the ground. It suggested a lark, but was less buzzing or humming. The preliminary chirping notes, uttered faster and faster as the bird mounted in the air, were like the trail of sparks which a rocket emits before its grand burst of color at the top of its flight.—Century.

Pen Mightier Than Sword.

The life of such a man as Peter Force was worth more to American letters and to human history than the lives of a score of the military generals and other notables whose names are so generally blazoned about. He lived for more than half a century in Washington. He filled many public and responsible positions, and he was for nine years editor and proprietor of a daily journal which enjoyed the confidence of Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams; but it is not as mayor of Washington nor as an editor that he will be best remembered. His characteristic merit, which differentiates him from the Ritchies, the Duff Greens and the F. P. Blairs, who also bore an active part in political journalism at the national capital, is that he was more than a journalist—he was a historian.—Ainsworth R. Spofford, in Atlantic.

What He Would Be.

"I regret to say," she said, reprovingly, "that you do not always use words with a due regard for their exact meaning."

He bowed with becoming humility.

"Now, if Fido had bitten you," she went on, caressing the dog, "you would doubtless be angry and he might be mad."

He shook his head.

"No," he replied with much feeling, "for he had no great love for the dog, 'he would not be mad; he would be dead.'"

A Speedy Recovery.

Jimmy—Are you back to school already? I thought you were good for three or four days.

Tommy—Well, me mother wouldn't let me go out, even after 3 o'clock. Might as well be in a hospital.—Puck.

A woman would rather be a grass widow than an old maid.—Atheist's Globe.

WILL MARRY PATTI.

Baron Cederstrom, a Swedish Nobleman, to Be the Famous Diva's Third Venture.

Baron Olaf Rudolf Cederstrom, who is soon to become the third husband of Mme. Adelina Patti, is a young Swedish nobleman of excellent family, but with positively nothing in the way of a fortune. However, that will make small difference, for the divine singer has a castle and enough money for both. The baron is only 28 and Patti is 51. The match, nevertheless, is by no means grotesque, for Mme. Patti doesn't look a day older than she did when she came to America in the early '80s and she was



BARON CEDERSTROM. (The Swedish Nobleman Who is to Be Married to Patti.)

then only 35. She met Baron Cederstrom in his London gymnasium, where he was engaged in teaching the young English nobleman how to work up their muscles, fence, shoot, wrestle and acquire all sorts of athletic and calisthenic accomplishments.

The baron's father is Baron Claes Edward Cederstrom, an old lieutenant in the Royal Swedish Life dragoons. His mother, before her marriage, was Baroness Martha Leijonhufvud. The family of Cederstrom is one of the best in Scandinavia. It was ennobled in 1684, and although not prominent in the way of wealth, it has been always highly respected, and its male members have taken no small part in the military, civil and professional fields of Sweden. Young Olaf is a handsome, distinguished looking man, simple and courteous in manner and highly educated. The family being poor, he was expected to earn his own living. True, he might have joined the army, but the idle, good-for-nothing life of an officer in peace times had no attraction for him. He went to London, opened his athletic institution and soon had a fashionable and profitable clientele. Mme. Patti was much impressed by the young Swede's manliness, and invited him to Craig-y-Nos, her castle in Wales. It was from there the formal announcement of the engagement was made.

Mme. Patti's third venture in the matrimonial line promises to be as happy as was her second with Signor Nicolini. Patti and Nicolini lived like doves up to the death of the tenor in 1897. It is said that Nicolini won the song bird by sheer persistence. Her first husband, Marquis de Caux, was much older than she, but very rich, and their married life was anything but pleasant. Nicolini had nothing but the good fortune to win Mme. Patti's love, and that was enough. Cederstrom is likewise a poor man, but he is noble, and it is by no means improbable that as Baroness Cederstrom Mme. Patti can spend her remaining years in very pleasant association with Europe's best society. The wedding will take place at Craig-y-Nos February 25. Baron and Baroness Cederstrom will then go at once to London. The former is to become a naturalized British subject.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

It is Located in Wickford, R. I., and is the Oldest Episcopal Sanctuary in New England.

In the little town of Wickford, R. I., on the shores of Narragansett bay, stands the oldest Episcopal church in New England. It is St. Paul's church, erected in South Kingstown, in 1707, and



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WICKFORD. (From a Photograph Taken for New York Truth.)

In 1800 removed to its present site in Wickford. In 1847 regular services in the church were abandoned, as in many ways it was unfit for use. Battered by storms for more than a century and a half, and shorn of its olden comeliness, it is yet standing, and sometimes in summer months the people of the parish assemble to worship within its walls, but the quaint structure, with its old-fashioned arrangement of pulpit and gallery, belongs to the past, and it seems almost a desecration to expose aged walls that are hallowed by so many precious associations, to the carelessly curious gaze of the nineteenth century congregation. The first rector, as far as known, was Dr. MeSparran, who came to America in 1712, and was rector to 1757.

Big Money in Turtles.

A large turtle affords eight pounds of tortoise shell.

\$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.

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