#### THE MAN WITH THE MAIL.

The man with the mail—God bless him—Comes in all sorts of weather;
Letters and papers, books and cards,
All in his bag together;
He will come and go in the rain and snow,
On his beat you will ever find him,
Leaving his missives of weal and woe
In the varied homes behind him.

Tender epistles of youthful love, Uttered in softest breath,
And tear-stained tales of the passing awa.
Of the loving and loved in death:
Letters of friendship from far away,
And greetings from neighbors near;
Some that beguile the hour with a smile,
And some that educe a tear.

Sad, sad news and glad, glad news, In the sunshine and the snow, The faithful mailman brings to me, And yet he does not know: It may be a message to lift the soul To a nobler, truer part,

Dr a tender woman may read and give

The wail of a broken heart.

J. Pollock Hutchinson, in Chicago Rec-



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#### SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Auriac, commanding outpost where seene 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 against him. Richolas, a sea geath, in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fere.

D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de

against him. Micholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fere. D'Auriac 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'Auriac, 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'Auriac 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 battile in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, dA'uriac, 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 Mauginot (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'Auriac 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. Here he learns from Maitre Palin, the madame's chapiain, that the king is about to force upon the woman a very distasteful marriage with M. d'Ayen. With Jacques, his steward, d'Auriac leaves for the avowed purpose of preventing their marriage.

Chapter V.—D'Auriac's horse casts a shoe. This causes a delay at village of Ezy, whre he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in the neighborhood with the king's commission, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Gomeron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter VII—The downer de Gome

de Gomeron, who makes successive de Gomeron, who makes successive Nicholas, d'Auriac escapes.

Chapter VIII - He comes to Rouvres by previous arrangement,

Chapter VIII—He comes to Rouvres where Jacques, by previous arrangement, had prepared to have him received. Chapter IX—D'Auriac reaches Paris, and is struck by the aspect of gloom the city wears.

## CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED.

"l'ardieu, monsieur," exclaimed Jacques, as we turned up the Rue de la Harpe, hard by the hotel de Cluny, "one would think the king himself were dead, these gentry pull such long My servant's chance observation sent a sudden shock through me.
What if Henry was dead! What if I had got only one thread of the plot that weaving at Anet? I did not answer Jacques, but observing a Capuchin priest advancing in my direction, I reined in Couronne, and giving him the day, asked what it was that had befallen the city. He looked up at me in a slight surprise, and then observing

my travel-stained appearance, replied:
"I see you are a stranger, sir; but
have you not heard the news?—it should have gone far by this." "I have not, as you see-but what is

1t? Surely the king is not dead?"

"God forbid," he answered, "no—not the king, but she who in a few weeks would have been the queen of France." "The duchess de Beaufort." "Exactly."

"I knew that; but you don't mean to say that the city is in mourning for

the mistress of the king." "No, my son-not for the mistress of the king, as you call her, but for the open hand and the generous heart, for the kindly soul that never turned from

suffering or from sorrow—for Mag-dalen bountiful, and, let us hope, Mag-dalen repentant." Palin's directions were clear, and after crossing the pont St. Michel, a wooden bridge, we kept to the south of Ste Chapelle, and then, after many a twist and turn, found ourselves in the

Rue des Deux Mondes, before the doors of Pantin's house. The master himself answered my knock and stood in the doorway, a

small, wizened figure, looking at cautiously from gray eyes, shadowed by bushy white brows.

"Good day, monsieur. What is it I can do for you?"
"You are Maitre Pantin?"

"At your service."
"And I am the Chevalier d'Auriac. I have come to Paris from Bidache on business and need a lodging. Maitre Palin has recommended me to you."

"Enough, monsieur le chevalier. My friend Palin's name is sufficient, and I have need of clients, for the house is empty. If monsieur's servant will lead the horses through that lane there he will find an entrance to the stables-

and will monsieur step in and take a seat whilst I summon my wife-Annette! Annette!"

I limped in and sat down, escorted by expressions of compassion from Pantin, who mingled these with shouts for Annette. In a little time Mme. Pantin appeared, and never have I seen so great a resemblance between husband and wife as between these two. There was the same small, shrivelled figure, the same clear-cut features, the same white eyebrows standing out prominently over the same gray eyes, their height, walk and tone of voice even were almost the same. Madame, however, had an eye to business, which her husband, although I understood him to be a notary, had not discovered to me, and whilst he went off to see, as he said, to the arrangements for the horses, Mme. Annette struck a bargain with me for my lodging, which I closed with at once, as I was in sufficient funds to be a little extravagant. This matter being ranged by my instant agreement to her terms, she showed me to my rooms, which were on the second floor, and commanded a good view of the river face, and, pocketing a week's rental in advance, the old lady retired, after rec ommending me to an ordinary where the food was excellent and the Frontignae old.

I spent the remainder of the day doing nothing, going forth but to sup quietly at the Two Ecus, which I found fully upheld the good name Mme. Pantin had given it, and returning early to

my rooms. Jacques came in presently and lit the tall candles that stood in the grotesque bronze holders that projected from the wall, and then drawing the curtains, inquired if I needed his services further

that night.
"I don't think so, Jacques, but stay!" "Monsieur."

"How do we stand?"

"O, well enough, monsieur. Better really than for a long time. We have three horses and their equipment, although one of monsieur's pistols is broken, and a full 150 crowns."

"A perfect fortune—are you sure of the crowns?"

"As I am of being here, monsieur." "Well, then, there is something I want you to do, and attend with both ears.' "Monsieur."

"I want you to take the two horses we got at Evreux and 50 crowns, and go back to Ezy. Keep ten crowns for your-self, and give 40 to the smith and his daughter, and take them with you to Auriac. The forester's lodge is vacant; let them live there, or, if they like, there is room enough in the chateau. I will give you a letter to Bozon. He wants help, and these people will be of service to him. After you have done this sell one of the horses-you may keep the proceeds-and come back to me. If not here you will get certain news of me and can easily find me out—you follow,'

'Exactly. "Then, when will you be prepared to

"As soon as monsieur le chevalier is suited with another man as faithful as "Eh?"

"Sangdieu! monsieur, I shall never forget what Pere Michel and the old steward, Bozon, said when I came home last without you. I believe if I were to do so again the good cure would excommunicate me, and Maitre Bozon would have me flung into the bay to follow. If I were to go back and leave you alone in Paris, anything might happen. No! No! My fathers have served Auriac for 200 years, and it shall never be said that Jacques Bisson left the last of the old race to die alone, never."

"My friend, you are mad; who the devil talks of dying?"

"Monsieur, I am not such a fool as perhaps I look. Do I not understand that monsieur has an affair on hand which has more to do with a rapier than a ribbon? If not, why the night ride, why the broken pistol and the blood-stained saddle of Couronne? If monsieur had come to Paris in the ordinary way we would have been at court, flut tering it as gayly as the rest, and cock ing our bonnets with the best of them, instead of hiding here like a fox in his lair."

"Very well, Jacques; but remember if I get other temporary help that you approve of you will have to "In that case, monsieur, it is differ-

ent. "Then it must be your business to see

to this, and now good night.

"Good night, monsieur," and he took himself off.

I had made up my mind to lay my information before Sully. That he was in Paris I knew, having obtained the information from Pantin, and it was my in-tention to repair the next day to the hotel de Bethune, and tell the minister all. The night was one of those in which sleep would not come, not because the place was a strange one. I was too old a campaigner to lose rest because the same feather pillow was not under my head every night; but because my thoughts kept me awake. What these were I have already described, and they were in force sufficient to banish all sleep until the small hours were well on, and I at last dropped off, with the solemn notes of the Bourdon ringing in my ears.

It was about ten o'clock the next morning that I mounted Couronne, and followed by Jacques, well armed, took

my way toward the hotel de Bethune. Sully had just received the master generalship of the ordnance, and at his door was a guard of the regiment of La Ferte. I knew the blue uniforms with the white mashes well, and they had fought like fiends at Fontaine, Francaise and Ham. The officer on guard very civilly told me that the minister did not receive that day, but on my insisting and pointing out that my business was of the utmost importance, he gave way with a shrug of his shoulders. "Go on, M. le Chevalier, but I can tell you it is of no use; however, that is business you must settle with Ivoy, the

duke's secretary." I thanked him and, dismounting and flinging the reins to Jacques, passed tone of his voice, in his very gestures,

up the courtyard and up the stone steps to the entrance door. Here I was met by the same statement that Sully was unable to receive to-day, but, on my insisting, the secretary Ivoy appeared

and asked me my name and business.
"I have given my name twice already, monsieur," I answered. "I am the Chevalier d'Auriac, and as for my business it is of vital import, and is for monseigneur's ear alone—you will therefore excuse me if I decline to men-

tion it to you."

Ivoy bowed. "It will come to me in its own good time, monsieur. Will you be seated. I will deliver your message to the duke, but I am afraid it will be of little use."

"I take the risk, M. d'Ivov."

"But not the rating, chevalier," and the secretary with a half smile on his face, went out and left me to myself. In a few minutes he returned.

"The duke will see you, monsieur-

this way please."
"Pardieu!" I muttered to myself as I followed Ivoy, "he keeps as much state as if he were the chancellor himself. However, I have a relish for monseigneur's soup."

Ivoy led the way up a winding stair-

case of oak, so old that it was black as ebony and polished as glass. At the end of this was a landing, where a couple of lackeys were lounging on a bench be-fore a closed door. They sprang up at our approach, and Ivoy tapped gently at

"Come in," was the answer, given in a cold voice, and the next moment we were in the room.

"M. le Chevalier d'Auriac," and Ivoy

had presented me. Sully inclined his head frigidly to my

bow, and then motioned to Ivoy to re-tire. When we were alone he turned to me with a brief "Well?"
"I have information of the utmost

importance which I wish to lay before "I hear that ten times a day from peo

ple. Will your story take long to tell?"
"That depends." "Then for your important news, monsieur. It must be very important to have brought you here."

I do not understand." He looked at me, a keen inquiry in his glance. "You do not understand?" he

"Indeed no, monseigneur." "Hum! you are either deeper than ! take you to be or a born fool. Look you are you not Alban de Breuil, Sieur d'Auriac, who was lately in arms in the service of Spain against France as a

rebel and a traitor? "I was on the side of the League." "Monsieur, the League died at Ivry."

"But not for us." He made an impatient gesture. "We won't discuss that. Are you not the man I refer to—say yes or no." "I am d'Auriac—there is no other of

my name; but no more a rebel or



THE MASTER HIMSELF ANSWERED MY KNOCK.

traitor than Messieurs de Guise, de May enne and others. The king's peace has pardoned us all. Why should I fear to come to you? I have come to do you a service, or rather the king a service."

"Thank you. May I ask if you did not receive a warning at La Fere and an-other at Bidache?"

"From M. d'Ayen-yes, monseigneur. I refuse to believe what I heard.

"And yet your name heads a list of half a dozen whom the king's peace does not touch. One of my reasons for receiving you was to have you arrest-

"It is a high honor, all this bother about a poor gentleman of Normandy when Guise, de Mayenne, Epernon and others keep their skins whole.

'You have flown your hawk at too

high a quarry, monsieur."
"Then that painted ape, d'Ayen, told a true tale," I burst out, in uncontrolable anger. "Monseigneur, do what you will to me. Remember that you help to the eternal dishonor of the king."

The words hit him, and the blood flushed darkly under the pale olive of the man's cheek.

the man's cheek.

"Monsieur, you forget yourself."

"It is not I, but you who do so. You who forget that your name is Bethune.
Yes, touch that bell. I make no resistance. I presume it will be the chate-

His hand, half stretched toward the button of the call bell before him suddenly stayed itself. "Were my temper as hasty as your

tongue, monsieur, it would have been the chatelet in half an hour." "Better that—" I began, but he inter-

rupted me with a quick wave of his hand.
"M. d'Auriac, a time will come when you will have reason to regret the words you have used toward me. I do not mean regret them in the place you have mentioned, but in your heart. In this business the honor of Bethune as well as the honor of the king is at stake. Do you think I am likely to throw my hazard like an infant?'

was silent; but a dim ray of hope flickered up in my heart as I looked at than patience.—Atchison Globe. the man before me, and fe't, I know not why, in the glance of his eye, in the

that here was one who had conquered

"Now, sir," he went on, the animation in his tone dropping to a cold and frigid note, "proceed with your tale."

It was a thing easier ordered than done; but I managed it somehow, trying to be as brief as possible, without missing a point. Sully listened with-out a movement of his stern features, only his eyes seemed to harden crystal as I spoke of Biron and Zamet When I told what I heard of the death of Mme. de Beaufort, he turned his head to the open window and kept it thus un-til I ended. When he looked back again at me, however, there was not a trace of emotion in his features, and his voice was as cold and measured as ever as he asked: "And your reward for this news, chevalier?"

"Is not to be measured in pistoles, monseigneur."

"I see-and is this all?"

sulkily.

His tone chilled me. "It is all-no, and with a sudden thought, "give me 20 men, and in a week I put the traitors in your hands."

He fairly laughed out: "Corboeuf! M. le Chevalier, do you want to set France ablaze?"
"It seems, monseigneur, that the torch

is held at Anet," I answered, a little

"But not lighted yet-leave the dealing with that to me. And, monsieur, the king is at Fontainbleau, and for a month nothing can be done. here, monsieur, I can do nothing for you—you follow. At the end of a month go and see the king; tell him your story, and, if he believes you, claim your re-

ward. I will go so far as to promise that you will be received." All the little hope I had begun to gather fluttered away at these words like a scrap of paper cast in the wind. "Monseigneur." I said, and my voice sounded strangely even to my ears, "in month it will be too late."

"Leave that to me," he answered. "I thank you, monseigneur, but there sone little favor I ask."

"And that is?" "The king's peace until I see the

"You would be safer in the chatelet. I assure you, but as you wish-stay; there is one thing. Not a word of your interview with me-even to the king.

My hopes rose again. "On my faith as a gentleman I will not mention it." As I finished he struck his bell sharp twice, and Ivoy entered.

"Ivoy, do me the favor to conduct M d'Auriac to the gates yourself, and im-press upon him the necessity of keeping to his lodging. The air of Paris is unhealthy at present. Good day, mon sieur.'

Ivoy bowed with a slight upraising of his eyebrows, and we passed out. Going down the stairway, he said to me with a smile: "I see you dine at home to-day

chevalier."

"At the Two Ecus," I answered, pre tending not to understand his allusion and he chuckled low to himself. At the gates I observed that the guards were doubled, and a whispered word passed between Ivov and the officer in com But of this also I took no notice and wishing them the day, rode back as

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The English Gentleman. It is often asked by foreign critics why the manners of aristocratic Englishmen are so much better than thos of their womenkind. The answer, in deed, is not far to seek. The training and education of the boy lies in very different lines to that of his sister. The public school, the 'varsity, the "smart" regimentare one and all schools of good manners. The English girl of to-day is brought up like a tomboy—with the happiest effect, it must be owned, on her health and appearance-and though she can win a golf match, ride across country and beat her brothers at tennis, she does not always know by the time she is "presented," how to receive a dozen guests with perfect ease of manner. She has become in the last few years a "daughter of the gods," as far as inches are concerned; her pretty head is stuffed with Greek and algebra and she prefers Browning's "Men and Women" to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," but only too often she is gauch and shy, and not so much at home in the drawing-room as her great-grand-mother was, who knew naught but how to work a sampler, play cribbage and direct the stillroom simple truth appears to be that with al these demands on her muscles and he brain, on her time and on her intelli gence, the modern girl has small leisure to cultivate the graces. Yet in real kindliness of heart, sympathy and good fellowship, she is hard to beat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Dormant Pig.

That animals may exist for lengthened periods without nourishment in a quiescent state is shown by the fact that, after a great fall of earth on one occasion from the cliff at Dover, which buried a whole family, a hog was found alive five months and nine days after it had thus been buried! It weighed about seven score when the accident hap-pened, and had wasted to about 30 pounds.-Household Words.

Why, of Course.
"Think of it!" said the girl in brown,

as she put down the paper. "He gave her a kiss and she sued him for dam

The girl in blue was very properly shocked. "The idea of asking payment for accepting a luxury!" she exclaimed.—Chi

cago Post. Sometimes So.

When people are patient it is because they found out that they had to be Every one kicks until satisfied that tha

which he is kicking against is harde The czar of Russia owns over 1,000,00 square miles of private property.

A NEST OF SIEVES.

Their Use Is Called For Almost Every Day in Every Variety of Farm Work.

The value of a set of sieves with neshes of varying degrees of fineness is too apparent to need argument Their use is called for almost every day upon the farm. They are useful in separating weed seed from grain that is to be sown. In fact, all seed grain ough to be sifted with a mesh just fine enough to hold the sound, plump, perfect grains, and to let all foreign seed and shriveled grain pass through. This is but one out of the many important uses to which sieves may It is important, however, to have a whole line of these articles, else just the right mesh will always be lacking A very hand v arrangement is shown in BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc. the cut. A boxlike framework is made



A NEST OF SIEVES

having a slit in one side and a groove around the inside. Light frames are made, strung with mesh of varying de grees of openness, and, as wanted, one or another of these frames is stipped into the groove and a sieve of the right sort is at hand. One excellent use for set of sieves at this season of the year is in getting out of cracked corn just the right sized particles for chicks when first hatched, for those a couple of weeks old, a month, and so on Cracked corn is a splendid feed for chickens, but it must be graded to se cure the best results. In the same ex cellent way grit of proper size fo chicks of varying ages can be provided Once get a full set of these sieves, and you will be surprised at the great number of uses to which they can be put .-N. Y. Tribune.

GYPSUM IN THE SOIL.

Experiments Demonstrate That the Substance Is Not Inimical to Plant Growth.

It has generally been supposed that gypsum, when used as a fertilizer, is valuable largely because it attracts moisture and furnishes some material which nourishes the plants in extreme ly dry weather. As a soil for producing vegetation, it has never been considered, indeed it has not been supposed that plants would grow in it, but some experiments at agricultural stations show that plants will flourish in pure gypsum and make an almost phenomenal growth. Grain and plants were raised in this soil with most surprising results. Experiments also have been made in growing plants and grain in clean, white sand. The results of these efforts may, it is said, almost revolutionize the growing of certain forms of vegetation. As a case in point: Some years ago a family moved into a new house which was built upon an un-promising gypsum bed. The mistress of the house was extremely fond of flowers and bewailed the fact that she could have no flower garden. Finally her house plants became so trouble some that she turned them into the sand bed, digging holes and dropping them in regardless of order or system, and left them, as she supposed, to die. Her astonishment may be imagined when she grew such verbenas, petunias, geraniums and other plants never raised in her life. The neighbors insisted that she must have used some commercial fertilizer, but the fact was that the roots found abundant nourishment in what would usually be considered absolutely worthless soil.— Journal of Agriculture.

## ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

In transplanting cut off all broken or mutilated roots.

Fumes from an oil stove are not good for house plants.

If the lawn needs manuring, now is the best time to give it. In mulching, use material that is free

as possible from weed seeds. In growing fruit for market it is an advantage to have varieties that will keep well and bear transportation.

While lilies and gladiolas are injured by manuring, tulips, hyacinths and crocuses are benefited by a liberal ai-Nearly or quite all kinds of fruits and

vegetables keep much better if the tem-perature in the place where they are stored can be kept even.-St. Louis Re-

Growing pie plant in winter has passed the experimental stage and bepassed the experimental stage and be-come a profitable industry. Thousands of dollars are paid the gardeners each winter for the product, which is bought at high prices, both for home consumption and for shipment. Any cellar or outbuilding which can be made absolutely frost proof and light proof will answer the purpose. There is no ob-jection to the house cellar, as no manure and very little water are required, so no odor or dampness will arise. The labor of growing is so little and the profits so large that the most greedy ought to be satisfied with the results.

# \$500 Reward

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

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