### THE TREE LOVER.

Who loves a tree he loves the life that springs in star and clod;
He loves the love that glids the clouds and greens the April sod;
He loves the Wide Beneficence. His soul takes hold on God.

A tree is one of nature's words, a word of A word that tells of central strength from

whence all things began,

A word to preach tranquility to all our

Ah, bare must be the shadeless ways, and bleak the path must be, Of him who, having open eyes, has never

learned to see,
And so has never learned to love the
beauty of a tree.

'Tis well for man to mix with men, to drive his stubborn quest

In harbored cities where the ships come
from the east and west,
To fare forth where the turnels are

'Tis well the current of his life should to-

ward the deeps be whirled,
And feet the clash of allen waves along its
channel swirled,
And the conflux of the eddies of the mighty-

But he is wise who, 'mid what noise his winding way may be,
Still keeps a heart that holds a nook of
calm serenity,

And an inviolate virgin soul that still can love a tree.

Who loves a tree he loves the life that springs in star and clod,
He loves the love that gilds the clouds, and greens the April sod; He loves the Wide Beneficence. His soul

takes hold on God.
—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Independent.



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## SYNOPSIS.

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I-D'Auriac, 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 Fere, D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Comeron, toward the women strikes him.

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 Sollows, 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 hattle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, 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 seene 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 Eldache. She vis-

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, where 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 VI—Led by Nicholas, d'Auriac goes by night to where de Gomeron is stationed. Standing beside a broken pane they hear something of the outline of a plot against the king. Burning with revenge, Nicholas fires through the window at de Gomeron, but misses his mark.

Gomeron, but misses his mark.
Chapter VII—The two men fly for their lives, and think themselves almost beyond pursuit when they come suddenly face to face with Biron, one of the traitors to the king, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas, d'Auriac essanes.

de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas, d'Auriac escapes.

Chapter VIII—He comes to Rouvres where Jacques, by previous arrangement, had prepared to have him received; from there he goes direct to Paris.

Chapter IX—D'Aur'ac takes up lodgings in Paris, and lays what he knows of the treachery in the army and among the nobles before Sully, master general of the ordnance, who advises him to keep himself as much confined as possible.

as much confined as possible.

Chapter X—Calling on de Belin, a friend fiving in Paris, the chevalier secures from him a servant, named Ravalilac (whom de Belin had won from d'Ayen at dice) t temporarily take the place of Jacques. He learns marriage of d'Ayen and Madame de la Bildache is to take place in a fornight De Belin is to be d'Ayen's sponsor.

## CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED.

I ground my teeth in silent agony.
"Wait a moment," de Belin continued,

"a chamberlain of the court knows most of its secrets, and I can tell you that it is not such plain sailing as you think for d'Ayen. The death of that unhappy Gabrielle has affected the king much. He is but now beginning to recover, and Biron, who was hurrying to his govern-

ment of Burgundy, has been ordered to remain in close attendance on the king. "Whether Biron knew of the king's intentions or not, I do not know; but he has strongly urged the suit of one of his gentlemen for the hand of madame—it is that eroque-mort de Gomeron, with all his faults a stout soldier. It is said that the marshal has even pressed de Gomeron's suit with madame, and that, rather than marry d'Ayen, and clinging to any chance for escape, she has agreed to fall in with his views. This I heard from the vidame, and Chevalier de Lafin—good enough authority."

-good enough authority."
"One alternative is as bad as the other."

"There is no satisfying some people Why, man, don't you see it would be the best thing in the world for you if it was settled in favor of our friend from the

"That lowborn scoundrel?" "Mon ami, we don't know anything about that. Give the devil his due; he is a better man than d'Ayen. I know there is ill blood between you, and wonder that some has not been spilt before

"There will be before this is ended." "Tenez! Let but the king agree to de Gomeron's suit—and he is hard pressed I tell you, for Sully even is on Biron' side in this matter, and after that—"
"What?"

"Henry's mind will have turned an other way. There are many who would like to play queen, and few like Mes-dames de Guerchville and Bidache." "But in any case, Belin, I lose the

"You have become very clever in your retreat, my friend. You win your game if de Gomeron is accepted and then-

"And then, my wise adviser?" "She need not marry the Camargue You can run him through under the limes in the Tuileries-wed madame and grow cabbages at Auriac ever after

Pouf! The matter is simple! Miscrable as I was I fairly laughed out at Belin's plot. Nevertheless, the hopefulness of the man, his cheery tone and happy spirit had their effect upon me, and if it turned out that the king was wavering there was more than a straw of hope floating down stream to me. My courage grew also when I put together Sully's words with Belin's news that Biron was detained by the side of the king. It surely meant that this was done to prevent the marshal doing mischief elsewhere. If so, I was nevertheless on the horns of a dilemma, for by telling of the plot I would, if my story were believed, make matters hope-less, and advance d'Ayen's cause to the misery of the woman I loved.

On the other hand, by keeping silent I was in an equally hard case. My pledge to Sully prevented me from taking Belin fully into my confidence, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I poured myself out another full goblet of the chambertin, and drained it at a

"Excellent," said Belin, "there is noth ing like Burgundy to steady the mind; in another moment you will be yourself again and think as I do in this matter. Courage, man! Pick your heart up. A fortnight is a devil of a long time, and-

"M. le Baron d'Ayen," and Vallon threw open the door, and at its entrance stood the cold-blooded instrument of king.

My dear De Belin," he said, bowing low, "I trust my visit is not inopportune? I had no idea you were engaged." "My dear De Belin," he said, bowing

'Never more welcome, baron. I think monsieur le chevalier is known to you -sit down and help yourself to the chambertin."

D'Ayen bowed slightly to me; but I took no notice and rose to depart "I will say good day, Belin, and many thanks for what you have done."

"Do not retire on my account, mon sieur le chevalier," said d'Ayen, in his mocking voice. "I come to give news to my friend here, which will doubtless interest you. The fact is his majesty insists on my marriage taking place as tions for the chapel in the Louvre to be prepared for the ceremony. You still hold good to your promise of being one of my sponsors, de Belin?"

"If the wedding comes off—certainly."

tainly

"Ha! ha! If it comes off! I would ask you, too, monsieur," and he turned to me, "but I know you have pressing business elsewhere."

"Whatever my business may be, monsieur, there is one thing I must at-tend to first, and I must request the pleasure of your company to discuss it. "Ah!" he said, stroking the marabout feathers in his hat, "that difference of

opinion we had about the woods of Bi-dache—eh? I see from your face it is so. I had almost forgotten it.'

"Monsieur's memory is convenient." He bowed with a grin. "I am old; but shall take care not to forget this time—"
"Come, gentlemen," and Belin interposed, "the day is too young to begin to quarrel, and if this must come to a meeting allow your seconds to arrange

the time and place. One moment, baron," and taking me by the arm he led me to the door.
"Malheureux!" he whispered, "will you upset the kettle! See me to-morrow, and adieu!" He pressed my hand

and I went out preceded by Vallon, who must have caught Belin's words, but whose face was as impassive as stone.

A SWIM IN THE SEINE.

Swearing he would be back again in week, Jacques set out for Ezy within an hour of our return to the Rue des Deux Mondes, and his going had re-moved one weight from my mind. I knew full well that, unless something beyond his control happened, my bus ness would be faithfully discharged, though I felt I was losing a tower of strength when I needed support most as I watched him riding along the Mala quais, mounted on the sorrel and lead ing the grav

He went out of sight at last, and now that the momentary bustle caused by his departure had ceased, I had leisure to think of what I had heard from De Belin, and those who have read the pre-ceding pages and have formed their judgment as to what was my character at that time, can well imagine that I

was mentally on the rack. The trouble with d'Ayen was bad enough; but united to that was Belin's statement that she—she was prepared no matter what the circumstances were to give her hand to de Gomeron! Had I been in her place death would have been preferable to me rather than this alternative, and then I thought of the token she had sent back to me—felt that I was being trifled with, and gave full rein to

my jealous and bitter temper.
"Maitre Palin to wait on monsieur le

I pulled myself together with an effort and advanced to meet my old

friend as he came in.
"At last! I have been expecting you

hourly for some time."
"I could not come, chevalier. I will

explain in a moment."
"First, sit down. Take that chair "First, sit down. Take that chair there near the window. It commands a good view."

"I see you have changed your livery with your old servant, chevalier," said Palin, sipping at his wine, as the man went out, closing the door carefully and

softly behind him.
"Not so. Jacques has merely gone away temporarily on some business of importance. In fact, he left to-day, shortly before you came in, and this man, or rather youth, has been lent to me by a friend."

"And his name is Ravaillac?"

"An uncommon name for a man of his

"Perhaps-but these men assume all kinds of names. He is, however, better educated than the usual run of people in his position, and bears an excellent character, although he has been a Flagellant; from which complaint he has recovered."

"Most of them do-and now, my good friend, let us dismiss Ravaillac and tell me how you progress."

For a moment it was in me to tell him all, to say that I had abandoned a worthless cause, and that I could do no more, as I was leaving France at once. What was I to say? I could not answer Through the now-darkening room I could see his earnest features turned toward me for reply, and behind it there moved in the shadow the dim outline of a fair face set in a mass of chestnut hair, and the violet light from its eyes seemed to burn through my veins. My tongue was stilled and I could say nothing. At length he spoke

again.
"Do I gather from your silence that

you have failed?"
"No-not so-but little or nothing could be done, as the king has only just come, and then—" I stopped.
"And then—what?"

"It seems that madame has changed her mind."

"I do not follow you. Do you know what you are saying?" His tone was coldly stern.

temper began to rise at this. "Yes, I think I do, or else why has madame come to Paris, and what is this story I hear about a M. de Gomeron? If that is true it ends the matter."

I got up as I spoke and began to pace

the room in my excitement.

"Had I been twenty years younger, M. d'Auriac, I would have paraded you for what you have said; but my cloth and my age forbid it. My age, not be cause it has weakened my arm, but because it has taught me to think. My oung friend, you are a fool."
"I know I have been," I said, bitterly,

"but I shall be no longer."

"And in saying so confirm yourself in your folly. Are you so beside your self that you condemn unheard! Si down, man, and hear what I have to



"MONSIEUR LE BARON D'AYEN."

say. It will not keep you long. You you like. I came back to my seat and Palin con

"You appear to be offended at Madame de la Bidache's coming to Paris?" "I am not offended-I have no right

"Well, it will interest you to hear that her coming to Paris was forced. That practically we are prizoners.'

"You mean to say that he-the king -has gone as far as that!" "I mean what I say-madame cannot leave her hotel, except to go to the

Louvre, without his permission."
"But this is infamous!" "In an almost similar case this was what the daughter of De Couvres said, and vet she died Duchess de Beaufort.

But are you satisfied now?"
"I am," I said, in a low tone, and then with an effort, "but there is still the other matter."

"You are exacting—are you sure you have a right to ask that?" "I have no right, but if it is true it

means that the affair is at an end." "If it is true?" "Then it is not?" My heart began to

beat faster. "I did not say so. Remember that the alternative is M. le Baron d'Ayen."

"There is another." "And that is?"

"Death."

"We are Huguenots," he answered, coldly, "and believe in the word of God. We do not kill our souls."

"Great Heavens, man! Tell me if it is true or not? Do not draw this out. In so many words, is Mme. de la Bidache pledged to de Gomeron?'

"Most certainly not, but Biron and her nearest relative, Tremouille, have urged it on her as a means of escape She has, however, given no answer."

"Then De Belin was wrong?"
"If you mean that Compte de Belin said so, then he had no authority for the statement."

"Palin," I said, "you were right. I

am a fool." "You are," he answered, "exactly what your father was before you at your age."

"My father-you knew him?" "Yes-Raoul de Breuil, sire d'Auriac and governor of Provence. We were friends in the old days, and I owed him my life once, as did also Henry the

Great, our king and master, in the days of his youth." "And you never told me this?"

watched you, and you are worthy. Be of good courage." He stretched out his hand and I grasped it in silence. "See here," he continued, "I have

come to you like a thief in the twilight, because I have that to say which is for you alone. It is useless to appeal to the king. Our only chance is flight, and we have no one to rely on but you. Will you help us-help madame?"

"Why need to ask? Have I not alsaid so? Am I not ready to die,

if need be, to save her?"
"You are now," he said, "but I will not press that point. Then we, or

rather I, can count on you?" "To the end of my sword; but does

not madame know of this?' "Not yet. Should it fall through, there would be only another bitter dis-It is, moreover, appointment for her. an idea that has but shaped itself with ne to-day." "Where do you propose going?

"Remember, Maitre Palin, that I am "Look into your own heart and tell me that again at another time. Can you

"To Switzerland. There we would be safe, and there they are of our faith."

count on a sword or two?" "If Jacques were only here!" I ex-claimed. And then, remembering my new man's reputation: "They say Ravaillac is good, and I have a friend" -I bethought me of Belin-"upon whom I think I can rely."

"Better one blade of steel than two of of tiron, chevalier. We must do what re can with what we have."

"When do you propose starting?" "On the night of the fete at the Louvre."

"And we meet?" "Under the three limes in the Tuileries at Compline.

"I have but one horse at present-we must have more.' "That is not hard. I will settle that with Pantin. He knews the spot exactly and will have horses in readiness and

ide you there, if need be." "I know it, too, and will not fail you. God grant us success."
"Amen!"

There was a silence of a moment, and then Palin arose. "It grows darker and darker," he said; "I must go now—adieu!"—and he held out his hand.

"Not yet good-by," I said. "I will acompany you to the end of the Malaquais at any rate. Ho! Ravailiac! My hat and cloak!"

There was no answer; but it seemed as if there was the sound of a stumble on the stairs outside the closed door, and then all was still.

"Diable! That sounds odd," I exclaimed; "and 'tis so dark here I can lay hands on anything. O! Here they are-now come along. As I opened the door to lead the way out I saw a flash of light on the stair

ease and Mme. Pantin appeared bearing a lighted candle in her hand. "I was coming to light your room, monsieur," she said.

I accompanied Palin to the end of the Malaquais, speaking of many things on the way, and finally left him, as he insisted on my coming no further. So much had happened during the day, however, that I determined to cool my brain with a walk, and my intention was to cross the river and return to my lodging by the Point aux Meun-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONLY A LICENSE.

An Old Iowa Couple Who Supposed the County Clerk Had Married Them.

A lawyer told a few days ago of a strange state of affairs that came to his notice several years ago while practicing in the eastern part of the state. He had not been out of college very long, and to start in gave considerable attention to pension claims. One day an old woman, possibly 80 years of age, came to his office. She was the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812 and wanted him to look up her pension claim. He asked her to show her proof of marriage. The applicant said somewhere in her house she had the mar-riage license that had been issued to her in one of the eastern states before that war. But she had not been able to find She was told then that she must se cure affidavits of some people who had known her husband, and of the fact that they had lived together for years and had brought up a family. One of the grown-up sons was with her at the time, and he secured the necessary information. But to be sure that every-thing was all right the lawyer wrote to the clerk of the courts of the county in which the original license had been issued. That officer replied that the Heense had been issued, but that no return of marriage had ever been made in a few days the old woman came back to see her lawyer about the matter and by that time she had found the timeworn marriage license. But that was all she did have. It afterward developed that the couple had understood that when the license was issued to them that it was all that was necessary. They never called in a preacher to perform the ceremony, and had lived together for all those years, and had brought up a large family.—Sioux City Journal. Some Assassinations.

Many and curious have been the as sassinations of history. Mustapha II. was strangled in prison. Achmet III. was strangled by his own guards. Tiberius was smothered by one of his favorites. Louis V. was poisoned by his own mother. Feodor II. of Russia was assassinated in church. Lothaire, of France, was poisoned by female relatives. Pope Lando is supposed to have been poisoned. Antiocous the Great was put to death by his san soldiers. Murad was stabbed by a so'der whom he had offended in some way. Paul of "And you never told me this?"
"I have told you now. I owe the house of Auriac my life twice over, and I recognize in this, as in all things, the hand of God. Young man, I have shot by an archer.—Detroit Free Press.

rilla quickly restores the appetite, regulates the heart, vitalizes the blood, cures those sharp pains, dizziness, heavy head, that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla has marvelous power to expel all poisonous disease germs from the blood, and overcome the extreme weakness which is one of the peculiar effects of the grip. Get only

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### Reward for Honesty.

In a small village just outside Nottingham a farm laborer went to the general store, which was kept by an old woman not overstocked with brains, and asked for "a pahnd o' bacon." The old lady produced the brain and art piece off but rould not overstocked with brains, and asked for "a pahnd o' bacon." The old lady produced the bacon and cut a piece off, but could not find the pound weight. "Oh, never mind t' pahnd weight," said he; "me fist just weighs a pahnd, so put ther bacon in t' seales." The woman confidently placed the bacon into one side of the scales, while the man put his fist into the other side, and of course took good care to have good weight. While the woman was wrapping the bacon up the pound weight was found, and on seeing it the man said: "Nah you see if me fist don't just weigh a pahnd." The pound weight was accordingly put into one scale and the man's fist into the other, this time only just to balance. The old woman on seeing this said: "Wha, I never seed aught so near afore! Here's a red herrin' for thee honesty, me lad."—London Spare Moments.

A Harmless Stimulant. Warwick—I read that a French physician has been conducting some very elaborate investigations to discover the most healthful form of amusement or diversion.

Wickwire—Ah, and what did he finally conclude was the most conducive to longevity?

ity?
"Dueling."—Judge.

Sound Logic.

Sound Logic.

Old Gentleman—Seven dollars for a pair of eyeglasses? I can't see it, sir.

Optician—Of course not, sir. If you could you wouldn't need them.—Jewelers' Weekly.

# Business.

Goodly-What is grander than a man you can trust?
Cynicus—One who will trust you.—Jewish Comment.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

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