ONE HEART IS MINE.

- I shall not murmur at my lot,
- Or think it aught but good,
 Though I must toil with head and hands
 To earn my daily food.
 I shall not fret though fortune frown,
- Or at stern fate repine; Since I can say—O Heaven, what joy— That one true heart is mine!
- The gay may cast their looks of scorn
- The gay may cast their looks of scorn Upon my humble garb;
 Such looks give wounds to some—for me,
 They bear no point nor barb;
 I've hidden armor o'er my breast,
 That seems almost divine;
 No sneer can scathe, while I have power
 To say: "One heart is mine."

- The rich may boast his golden store—
 I envy none mere pelf;
 But when I see it I can smile,
 And whisper to myself;
 "Oh, joy of joys, how rich am I!
 Without such wealth as thine;
- God prosper thee, and give beside
 Such a true heart as mine."

 -Edward Wilbur Mason, in Minneape.is
 Housekeeper.



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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, bring 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.

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 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 fimminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle 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 Leyra'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 chaptain, 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 delay at village of Ezy, where he comes upon Nicholas, Lis old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in the neighborhood with the king's commission, and that he (Nicholas) has evicience of treason brewing among de Gomeron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter V— D'Auriac's horse ca

s much confined as possible. Chapter X—Calling on de Belin, a friend Chapter X—Calling on de Belin, a friend living in Paris, the chevaller secures from him a servant, named Ravaillac (whom de Belin had won from d'Ayen at dice) to temporarily take the place of Jacques. He learns marriage of d'Ayen and Madame de la Bidache is to take place in a fortnight. De Belin is to be d'Ayen's sponser.

Chapter XI—Maitre Palin appears in Paris in attendance upon Madame de la Bidache, comes to see d'Auriac and outlines to him a plan for the madame's escape into Switzerland. D'Auriac then goes out for a walk.

CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED.

I hailed a boat, therefore, and was soon on the other side of the Seine, and flinging my cloak over my arm set off at a round pace. As I passed the Louvre I saw that the windows were bright with lights and heard the strains of music from within. They were as merry within as I was sad without, and I did not linger there long. Keeping to the right of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, I passed by the Magasins de Louvre, and then slackening my pace strolled idly down the Rue de St. Antoine. Down coming of the king had awakened the good citizens to life again, for there were lights at nearly all the windows, though the street itself was in dark mess, except at the spots where a lan tern or two swung on ropes stretched across the road and lit up a few yards dimly around them. A few steps further brought me almost opposite a large ouse, over the entrance to which wa a transparent signboard with a row of lamps behind it, and I saw I had stum bled across More's, the eating and gaming house kept by the most cele-brated traiteur in Paris. I had a mind to step in, more out of curiosity than anything else, when, just as I halted in healthnice before the description. hesitation before the door, two or three masked cavaliers came out, singing and laughing, and in the foremost of them I had no difficulty in recognizing the old reprobate d'Ayen. Much as I would have avoided a quarrel, it could not be helped, for I had the door, and it was certainly my right to enter. They, however, ranged themselves arm in arm before me and, being in wine, began to

laugh and jeer at my somber attire.
"Does M. Ie Huguenot think there is a preche here?" said d'Ayen, bowing to me in mockery as he lifted his plumed I determined to show in my answer that I knew them.

coldly, "we have too much between us to quarrel here."

He knew me well enough, but pretended surprise.

"Corboeuf! monsieur le chevalier, and so it is you! Gentlemen, allow me to present you to M. le Chevalier d'Auriac, with whom I have an argument that we never could bring to a conclusion; we disagreed on the subject of landscape gardening."

It was a hard pill to swallow, but I had made up my mind to retreat. Th Edict was fresh; a conflict there would have meant complete disaster; and there would have been no chance for as the passage was getting

"I remember perfectly," I said, carry-ing on d'Ayen's feint, "but I am not prepared to discuss the matter now. I must go back to take some notes to re-fresh my memory." The man was fresh my memory." The man was flown with wine. He thought I feared him, and my words, which roused his ompanions to scornful laughter, made him do a foolish thing.

"At least take a reminder with you," and he flung his soft, musk-scented

glove in my face.
"A ring! A r A ring!" roared twenty voices, and before I knew where I was I was in the center of a circle in the passage, the slight figure of d'Ayen before me, and the point of his rapier glinting like a diamond, now in quarte,

now in tierce.
Some one—I know not who—at this juncture cut the silken cord by which a huge ornamental lantern was hung above our heads. It fell with a crash and in a moment we were in semi-darkness. I took the opportunity to dash forward, flatten myself against the wall, and by dint of a little management and more good luck, succeeded in getting within a yard or so of the door. Here, taking my occasion, I made a sudden spring forward, upsetting a man in front of me, and dashed off down the street. Unfortunately, I was not so quick but that I was seen and instantly pursued by a portion of the watch on guard outside.

There was nothing for it but to run. Fast as I went, however, there were good men behind me, and I could not shake them off, though the streets were in gloom. The worst of the matter. however, was that the watch was being constantly reinforced by amateur guardians of the peace. Everyone who happened to be passing, or heard the noise, seemed to think it his duty to join in the chase, and it was with a fine following that I headed toward the folly at having put my nose into More's and I redoubled my pace as I heard, from the shouts to the right and to the left of me, that I was practically hemmed in, and that my only chance was to take to the river. They were close up to me when I reached the bank a few yards below pont aux Meunniers and without further hesitation I plunge in, and the bubbling and seething o the water brought the yell of disap pointment from the bank faintly to my ears. The set of the stream was toward the opposite shore, and in five second I was in pitch darkness, though, look ing back over my shoulder as I struck out, I could see, by the lanterns that some carried, the watch and the volun-teer brigade dancing with anger at my escape, but none of them dared to fol-

I had to swim with a will, for the curmy own side of the river, drenched, it is

true, but safe for the present.
Pantin opened the door to me. "Ciel!" he exclaimed, as he saw me wet and dripping. "What has hap-

"I have had a swim in the Seine, Pan tin-say nothing about it.'

CHAPTER XII.

M. RAVAILLAC DOES NOT SUIT.

I slept profoundly, and toward mornhalf awakened by an uneasy feeling that there was some one in the room. This passed away; but a short time after I awoke with a start, and, looking around, saw Ravaillac bending over some of my things, which were lying in a corner of the room. As I looked at him, a slight movement on my part attracting his attention, he bade ne a civil good morning. Whilst he moved softly about I began

to piece together the noise of the stum ble I had heard outside my door when about to set out with Palin, and I de termined to question the man, and, by watching the play of his features, and noting his manner of reply, try and discover if there was anything to show

that my idea was correct.

Pretending therefore to be unaware of what had passed, I asked:

ceive me last night, Ravaillac?'

There was a quick up and down move ment of the long gray eyes, and he an-

"I was ill, monsieur; I trust monsieur le chevalier is not hurt?

"Hurt! Why should I be?"
"Monsieur will pardon me; but I

thought it possible." "Monsieur's clothes were dripping wet when I first came in, and his rapier stained full six inches from the point when I drew it out of its sheath to

it this morning. It looked like an arm thrust, and I thought—"
"Never mind what you thought, I had a slight affair last night, but was not hurt." It was clear to me that he was trying to carry the war into my

country, as it were, by counter ques-tions to mine. I therefore cut him short, and added: "Your illness came and went very

suddenly. Are you often taken that way?" "Then monsieur knows-

"A great many things, perhaps; but kindly answer my question." It may have been fancy or not; but

it seemed to me that, as once before, I saw the wraith of a smile flit stearthily

his eyes bent down on the polished steel hilt as I spoke.

At first he made no answer, and I re peated my question. This time he looked me full in the face, and the whole expression of the man changed. His cheeks paled. His eyes dilated. His voice took a shrill pitch.

"I cannot tell, monsieur. It comes and goes like the wind. There is a fear that falls on me—a fear and something I know not what beside; but all before my eyes is red-red, as if it rained blood-and then a myriad of devils are whispering in my ears, and there is no safety for me but the cross and prayer. It has passed now-God be thanked! Will monsieur not take his sword?"

His voice dropped again to its low, soft note as he ended and handed me my rapier. I buckled it on, thinking to myself: "My friend, you are either a lunatic at large or a finished actor. In either case you won't do for me." I said no more, however; but when he gave me my hat he asked:

"Will monsieur require me in attendance?

"Yes. I go to the Hotel de Belin and I trust this will be the last of your attacks whilst you are with me. The compte told me you had been a flagel-

ant, but had recovered."

"I have been well for a long time, monsieur," he answered, taking my humor—"I will try and get ill no more." "I am glad of that, Saddle Couronne. I go out at once-you can follow on

"Monsieur."

The next moment he was gone, and I heard him running down the stairs. It would take a few minutes to get Couronne ready, but I followed him down at once, as I had an inquiry to make from Mme. Pantin. I heard some one moving below in the kitchen, and, thinking it was dame Annette, called lown the winding stair.
"Mme.—Mme. Pantin."

"Madame is out; but is there any-thing I can do for monsieur?" And the notary appeared below, a dim outline, clad in his dressing gown, with a wool-

en cap on his head. I went down to him and asked: "Pantin, do you know if Ravaillac

was out last night?"

would have told monsieur there



swim in the Seine. No, for I watched

and saw him sleeping in the loft."
"Are you sure?"

"As I am of being here." "Thanks. Madame is out early." She has gone to the rue Varenne but, monsieur, be careful of that

I nodded my head, and then raising

my voice: "I dine at the Two Ecus as usual—good day!"

"Good day, monsieur!"
Couronne was at the door, Ravaillac at her head, and, mounting, I went at a walking pace towards the pont au Change, my servant a yard or so behind. It was my intention to seek de Belin, to ask him to find out if I was in any danger owing to last night's folly or misadventure—call it what you will — and to beg his advice on the course I was to pursue.

I had been recognized by d'Aven. name was known to those with hir and any troubie with the hotel de Ville meant hopeless disaster. I had almost made up my mind to conceal myself somewhere until the day of flight, but before taking any action thought advisable to consult my friend, and to

return Ravaillac to his service.

Imagine my disappointment when reaching his hotel to find that Belin was out! Vallon begged me to wait, explaining that his master had been absent for so long a time that his return would be but a matter of minutes. He had supped out the night before with de Vitry, the captain of the Scots guards, and M. le Grand, had come back late, and gone forth very early in the morning, and it was now full time he was back.

determined therefore to wait, though every moment was of impor tance to me, and after a half hour of pa-tience in an easy chair rose and walked towards the window to while away the time by watching what was going on below. One of the heavy brocade curtains was half drawn, and without thinking of it I came up towards that side, and looked out from behind its It struck me as strange that horse was within the gate, instead of being within the courtyard, and Ravaillac, with the reins thrown over his shoulder, was engaged in converse with a cavalier whose back was turned to me, and whose head was entir cealed by his broad-brimmed hat and

long plumes.

But the tall, straight figure, with its stretch of shoulder, could not be mistaken. It was de Gomeron to a certainty, and my doubts on the point were soon at rest. Keeping as far as possible within the shadow of the curtain, I watched them for full five along his thin lips. He was standing | minutes whilst they conversed to-

"Let me pass, M. d'Ayen," I said, in front of me, holding my rapier, and gether earnestly, and then something changed hands between them. Finally, the cavalier left Ravaillac with a nod to his salute, and crossed over to the other side of the road, where a mount-ed lackey was holding his horse. As he gained the saddle, he turned his face toward me for an instant. There was no shadow of doubt left. It was de Gomeron, and it was clear that there was more between the free lance and Ravaillac than there should be, and also, I was convinced, I know not how, that what had passed between them touched me, and was not for my good. What object the man had to play traitor I cannot say, but I do know that there are some natures to whom double dealing is as their skin, and whom noth ing can turn from falsehood and chicane.

Be this as it may, I knew, at any rate, the grass where one viper lay, and made up my mind to blunt his fangs without any further delay. I gave de Belin another half-hour, and then, calling Vallon, left a message with him, begging my friend to see me at my lodging on a matter of the utmost moment. As soon as I was in the saddle I bent forward, and, looking Ravaillac full in the face, said: "My friend, you have too many acquaint from this moment to monsieur le

I made a short cut down a side street, and in so doing, had an opportunity of taking a last look at my man. He was standing talking to Vallon, and moving

his hands in my direction.

"Reeling out lies by the dozen," I muttered to myself. "If I mistake not there will be another place lost to you by sundown.

I let myself in by the stable entrance, and after attending to Couronne enand after attending to Couronne en-tered the house. There was apparently not a soul within. I sought the lower apartments in the hope of finding either the notary or his wife, to explain to them my action in regard to Ravaillac; but neither of them was visible. There was no answer to my call. There could not be a soul in the house

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVED LIFE TOO WELL.

An Ancient Natchez Indian Who Rebelled Against Being Sacrificed.

One of the repulsive features of the laws under which the Natchez Indians were governed was that when a member of the royal family of the nation died it was necessary that several oth ers of the people should accompany him to the tomb by suffering death at the hands of executioners. When the "Great Sun," the hereditary chief of the whole nation, died, all his wives, in case he were provided with more than one, and also several of his subjects, were obliged to follow him into the vale of shadows. The "Little Suns," secondary chiefs, and also members of the royal family, likewise claimed, when dying, their tribute of death from the living. In addition to this, the inexora-ble law also condemned to death any man of the Natchez race who had man ried a girl of the royal line of the 'Suns:" on the occasion of her death he was called upon to accompany her. will narrate to you upon this subject," writes an old French chronicler of Louisiana, "the story of an Indian who was not in a humor to submit to this law. His name was Etteacteal. He had contracted an alliance with the "Suns. This honor came near having a fatal result for him. His wife fell sick, and as soon as he perceived that she was ap proaching her end he took to flight embarking in a pirogue on the Missis sippi, and sought a refuge in New Or leans. He placed himself under the protection of the governor, who was at that time Mons. de Bienville, offering himself to be the governor's hunter. The governor accepted his services, and interested himself in his behalf with the Natchez, who declared, in answer that he had nothing to fear, inasmuch as the ceremony was over, and as he had not been present when it took place he was no longer available as a candidate for execution .- N. O. Picayne.

"Sherry" and the Spinster.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the bril liant orator and dramatist and audacious manager, was what the beaks of Scotland Yard would call a downy cove. He was dining at a friend's house one evening and found himself much beset by one of his fellow-diners of the giddy old maid brand.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Sheridan," she sim-pered, "I should so love to take a walk

at with you this evening."

The wily Sheridan was startled at the prospect. "Oh, dear," he replied, in a prospect. of well-feigned regret, "my dear Lady Blank, it's raining cats and dogs I'm afraid I shall have to forego the pleasure until it clears off."

Fifteen minutes later the alert spinster, who did not repose entire trus Sheridan's sincerity, detected him in the act of sneaking out through a side door.
"Oh, Mr. Sheridan!" she exclaimed, "has it really cleared up?"

"Y-y-yes-n-no — that is — 1t has cleared up enough for one, but not nough for two."-St. Louis Globe-Dem-

A Noble Lineage. It was the year 3588 A. D. Presently it would be 3589. Princess Mayme had no time to lose, and yet she was forever exalting herself because of her birth "I am descended from pork packers!" she would say, vauntingly, scorning the every-day princes who sought her hand As for the other princesses employed in the store, they laughed at her pretensions, and maintained that anyone might trace a lineage as distingu provided one went far enough.—Detroit Journal.

The Unfortunate One.
Cholly—Her father treated me very
nospitably. He showed me all about

Jack (enviously)-Indeed! He only showed me the door .- Up to Date.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

What a Former Resident of Cascia County, Idaho, Has to Say Regarding Western Canada.

Mr. T. A. Tolman, of Lacombe, Alperta, N. W. T., a former resident of Cascia county, Idaho, who moved to western Canada in July, 1894, write as

"I brought here 34 head of cattle, 15 horses, two wagons, two sets of harness and \$150 in cash. I homesteaded the southeast quarter of section 28, township 40, range 26, west of the fourth meridian, also purchased a quarter section of Canadian Pacific railway land. I have been farming more or less nearly all my life and I am convinced that you can raise crops 40 per cent. cheaper here than where I came from. My capital at present, counting everything, is about \$5,000. The yield of my grain all round in 1897 was 60 bushels per acre. This year (1898) yield of wheat per acre 371/2 bushels, oats 50 bushels, barley 35 and potatoes 400 per acre. I consider this is a much better sountry for a man than where I came from, provided he is industrious. You get a free homestead here and Canadian Pacific railway lands are cheap and the erms easy. I have now made my seventh payment on the land purchased by me and am much pleased with my purchase, as the land has already much more than paid for itself. School law here is decidedly ahead of where I came from, and there are schools wher ever there are settlers.

Current Literature.

"You are preparing a new edition of your popular novel," said the caller.
"I am," replied the novelist.
"Well, I have a proposition by which we may both make money. Where you say 'She glued her lips to his,' why not add: Using Stycker's celebrated glue?"—Philadelphia North American.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

ledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonial free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Skillful Man.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—A western paper tells is about a tornado that struck a train, and he only man in it who wasn't hurt was the

aggage man. Mr. Crimsonbeak—Perhaps he succeded a checking, it.—Yonkers Statesman.

From Baby in the High Chair to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired sub-stitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Much from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at 4 the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

More for Her Money.

"I hear that your daughter has broken fi her engagement with the count. Is it true?"
"Yes; she ran across a chance to get a
duke at the same figure."—Chicago Journal.

Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas, Copens February 23. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful cilmate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates. Through sleepers via Frisco Line. Address J. O. Plank, Manager, Room H, Arcade, Century Building, or Frisco Ticket Office, No. 101 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

A girl thinks the wisdom of Solomon insig-nificant when compared with the smart say-ings of her first beau.—Chicago Daily News.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

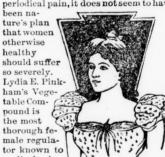
Half the men who attempt to tell you a funny story forget it.—Atchison Globe. Told you so. In one night cured. St. Ja-

The impression made by beauty is more than skin deep.—Chicago Daily News. See there. A bad sprain cured; and St. acobs Oil cured it.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of exist ence to many because it means a time of

great suffering.
While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have



medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruction of its terrors. Here is proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-How can thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice.

MISS JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for inrmation 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 east line of Franklin Housler's farm, in the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

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