

AIM HIGH.

"Aim at the sun," the proverb says, "If you would cleave the sky. And, though your arrow miss the mark, It yet shall higher fly. Than if content with lower aim; And thus success shall be More easy when you next shall try Your skill at archery."

Who honor, fame or wealth would win Must set their standard high; And for the ladder's topmost round Strive long and earnestly. Not all may reach the highest peak, Not all the prize may gain; But, in the conflict, each may hope The victory to obtain.

Aim at the sun! Oh, be it ours To strive the best to win! The field is wide, and he who wills The lists may enter in. God helpeth those who help themselves, But spurns the willing slave; The prize is his who nobly strives— For fortune crowns the brave.—Edward Grafton, in S. S. Times.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Aurillac, 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 Pere. D'Aurillac, 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'Aurillac, 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 a felon."

Chapter II—D'Aurillac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death. Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Aurillac, 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 Rone's corpse, and Babette stabs Maugnot (her partner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous scene Henry with a retinue, among whom is a fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Gomeron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV—D'Aurillac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him daily, and even he is well enough to be taken to the Normandy chateau. Here he learns from Maitre Palin, the madame's chaplain, that the king is about to force upon the woman a very distasteful marriage with M. d'Ayen. With Jacques, his steward, d'Aurillac resolves for the avowed purpose of preventing their marriage.

Chapter V—D'Aurillac'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 permission, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Gomeron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter VI—Led by Nicholas, d'Aurillac goes by night to where de Gomeron is stationed. Standing beside a broken park they hear something of the outline of a plot against the king. Burning with revenge, Nicholas flies through the window at de 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'Aurillac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas, d'Aurillac 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'Aurillac 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.

Chapter X—Maitre de Belin, a friend living in Paris, the chevalier secures from him a servant, named Ravalliac (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 sponsor.

Chapter XI—Maitre Palin appears in Paris in attendance upon Madame de la Bidache, comes to see d'Aurillac and outlines to him a plan for the madame's escape into Switzerland. D'Aurillac crosses the river, meets d'Ayen, who throws him his glove, which almost forces him into a duel on the spot. Forced by the danger to himself of such a disturbance on the street, he flees, climbing the garden only by clinging into the river and swimming to his own side.

Chapter XII—D'Aurillac has his suspicions aroused concerning his new servant, Ravalliac. Later he witnesses a meeting of the servant and de Gomeron. D'Aurillac thereupon returns him to his former service under de Belin.

Chapter XIII—M. de Belin introduces d'Aurillac at court, and before the king he charges Biron with being a traitor to France and the king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours in which to quit France.

Chapter XIV—Upon leaving the Louvre d'Aurillac is joined by de Belin, who gives his signet to be shown to the forestier at his castle of Mourmouton in Champagne, where he may find refuge until his pardon has been secured. In the meantime the king has ordered marriage of Mme. de la Bidache to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that the flight occur that night if the madame is to be saved.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

I took the ring he gave me and slipped it on, and then our hands met in a hearty clasp that expressed more than words. It was at this moment that Susette announced Pantin, and the little notary came in, with his quick, short step.

"I am late, messieurs, I know," he said, "but I was not at home when Vallon arrived, or else I had been here sooner."

"You are in ample time for what we want, Pantin," I said, "though there is no time to waste. I am leaving Paris to-night and will not return to the Rue des Deux Mondes, but start from here. My business concerns the safety and honor of Mme. de la Bidache, and when I say that I know I can rely on you. Is it not so?"

"It is, monsieur." "Well, then, should anyone ask for me, say I have gone you know not where. You do not know, as a matter of fact, if Jacques, my servant, returns, bid him go straight to M. le Comte. He will get orders from him." "I understand perfectly, monsieur,"

"There is yet another thing. Hasten to Maitre Palin and bid him await me now outside the Porte St. Denis with two spare horses; he will understand what I mean. And now, my friend, adieu. This will pay what I owe you"—and I thrust a half dozen pistols into his hand.

But he resolutely refused. "No—no—M. le Chevalier."

"But Dame Annette?" interposed Belin.

"Um!" said the notary scratching his chin—"that is another matter. I had for the moment forgotten I was a married man. Very well, monsieur, I will take the money, not that I need it, but for the sake of peace; and now there is little time to lose. I go to do all you have asked me to, and rest assured, messieurs, it will be faithfully done."

"I have no doubt of that, Pantin." "We had better make a start, too," I said, and Belin shouted for the horses. We stayed for a moment or so after the notary's departure, during which time Belin urged me to take Vallon and a couple of men with me to my trust; but fearing no complications, I refused, saying that this was a matter that were best done with one hand. Belin would have come himself, but that his friendship with me being known, it was necessary for him to avoid all suspicion of his being in the affair.

"I shall go to the Louvre," he said, "and engage d'Ayen at play. Pimental and others will be there, and, if I mistake not, M. le Baron will have a sore head for his wedding," and he chuckled here.

Then I settled the score with mine host, and mounting our horses we rode back the way we came. It was at the Magasins that we wished each other good-by, and with a last grip of the hand, and a last warning to hasten to Mourmouton, Belin turned towards the Louvre, whilst I went on towards the Tuileries, keeping the northern road and not the more frequented street along the river face.

There was a strong moon, and the night was as clear as crystal. One side of the street was in shadow, illuminated here and there by the dim light of a few lanterns set high up in niches in the old and mass-grown walls of the buildings. The houses here were old even for this part of Paris, and with their sloping roofs and many gables rose in irregular outlines on either side—outlines, however, so softened by the moonlight, in which they seemed to quiver, that it was as if some fantastic creation of fairyland had been set down here—a phantom city that would melt into nothingness with the warm rays of the morning sun.

As I lay in the distance it still occurred as if I could hear the hum of the city behind me, but here it was quiet and still, and the iron-shod hoofs of Couronne rang out with a strange clearness into the night.

I had now come to the gardens of the Tuileries, and putting Couronne at the wall which was just being raised around them found myself within a quarter mile of our place of meeting. The turf was soft and level here, and I let Couronne go at a half gallop, keeping the chequered shade of the huge trees, which whispered strange things to each other in the breeze. At this moment it seemed as if I heard the smothered neigh of a horse. I knew the sound well, for often had my old Norman tried to serve me in this way through the scarf by which his jaws were bound together when we lay in ambush. With a touch of my hand I stayed my beast and stopped to listen. Beyond me stretched the avenue, at the end of which stood the great lime trees. I could see nothing but the ghostly line of trunks lit up here by the moon, there standing out black against the night, or fading away into a lacework of leaves and branches, and the sullen creaking of the boughs overhead. "It must be her horse or Palin's," I said aloud to myself; and then, the complicity came to me clear and sweet from the spire of St. Germain.

I lifted my hat for an instant with a silent prayer to God for help, and then shook up Couronne. Ere the last notes of the bells had gone I was under the limes. At first I could see nothing; there was no one there, and my heart grew cold at the thought that some danger had overtaken my dear one.

"Madame!" I called out. "It is I—d'Aurillac."

Then a figure in a gray mantle stepped out from the shadow of the trees, and I sprang from the saddle and held out my hand.

"I knew it was you, chevalier," she said, "but I wanted to make certain and waited until you spoke."

"I hope I have not kept you waiting?" "Indeed no, I had but just come across from the Louvre when you arrived."

"Then you did not come riding?" "How could I? I have been in the Louvre, and am expected to be at the coucher of Mme. Catherine in a half-hour"—and she laughed slightly. The thought of that smothered neigh flashed through my mind like lightning. "We must trust ourselves to Couronne," I said. "Palin will be at the Porte St. Denis. There is no time to waste—come."

Then it seemed that she hesitated, and flinging back her hood looked me full in the face. In the moonlight I saw her, white as marble, and she suddenly put out both her hands, saying:

"I trust you utterly, d'Aurillac." Man is not made of stone; and I loved this woman as my life. There was that in her voice, in the pitiful appeal of its tones, that broke down all my false pride. I cannot say how it happened, but in a moment my arm was round her waist, and I drew her toward me—she nothing resisting.

So for a time we stood in a silence, and then I kissed her.

"Come, dear," I said; "and with the morning we shall be safe."

Of her own accord she put her arms about my neck and pressed her lips to mine, and then I lifted my darling to Couronne's saddle bow.

Had I but taken de Belin's offer—if Jacques were but with me then!

My foot was in the stirrup, my hand on the reins, when there was a sudden flash, a loud report, and my poor horse fell forward, floundering in the agony of death.

I just managed to snatch Claude from the saddle and staggered back, and then with a rush a half dozen men were on us. They were masked to a man, and made their attack in perfect silence; but as my sword flashed out of my scabbard I recognized the tall figure of the capuchin and thrust at him fiercely, with a curse at my folly in coming alone.

Things like these take a short time in doing, and should take a shorter time in telling. I ran one man through the heart, and with a gasp he fell forward and twisted himself like a snake round my blade. Then some one flung a cloak over my head, I was overborne by numbers and thrown. Two or three men held me down; there was an iron grip at my throat, and a man's knee pressed heavily on my chest. I made a frantic effort to free myself; the covering slipped from my face, and I saw it was the capuchin kneeling over me, a dagger in his hand. His mask had fallen from him, and his face was the face of Ravalliac.

I could not call out; I was held too tight; and the villain lifted his poniard to strike, when a voice, the voice of de Gomeron, said: "Hold! We will put him out another way."

"This is the quickest and surest," answered Ravalliac, but the reply was brief and stern:

"Carry out my orders—gag him and bring him with us."

"To Babette's?" "To Babette's; there is the oubliette; quick, there is no time to lose."

"O, ho!" laughed Ravalliac, "that is good; M. le Chevalier will be able to drown his sorrows under the Seine; but he will take a long time to die."

"You villain!" I gasped; but like lightning the gag was on me, and then I was blindfolded. I could see nothing of madame, though I tried my utmost to get a glimpse of her. Then I was bound hand and foot and lifted by a couple of men. After being carried a short space I was thrust into a litter, and as this was done I heard a faint cry from Claude; and I groaned in my heart, for I was powerless to help.

The litter went forward at a jolting pace, and from the echo of hoofs around it I gathered that there were at least a dozen mounted men about me. Sometimes I heard a brief order given by de Gomeron, and the sound of his voice made me certain that madame was with us. If so there might still be hope, and I lay still and tried to follow our route by the movement of the party, but I could see nothing; and after a time my brain began to get confused, for we turned this way and that, up side streets, down winding roads, until the thing became impossible.

Once we were challenged by the watch and my captor answered boldly: "M. de Gomeron, of the marshal's guards, with prisoners for the chatelet; let us pass in the king's name."

I heard the words and strove to call out, but the gag was too secure. At any rate I had learned one thing—we were going in the direction of the chatelet. Who, then, was Babette? I had heard the name once before on the night that I lay wounded before La Fere, and an inspiration seemed to come on me; and I was certain that the night hag and de Gomeron's Babette were one and the same.

Then we jolted on for about another half hour—we must have passed the chatelet by this—when suddenly the litter took a sharp turn to the right and after going a little way was put to the ground.

After a half hour or so I was dragged out and I heard a woman's voice:

"This way, my lambs; the gentlemen's room is below, very far below, out of all drafts," and she laughed with the same pitiless note in her voice that I had heard once before, and I knew it was the murderess.

Down a winding stair we went, and I remained passive, but mentally counted the steps and the turns. There were five steps and three turns, at each of which there was apparently a door, and then we stopped. There was a jingling of keys, the harsh grating noise of a bolt being drawn back, and Babette spoke again:

"Monsieur's apartment is ready—'tis the safest room in the Toison d'Or." Then I was flung in heavily as I was and the door boited behind me.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE HAND OF BABETTE.

I lay for a time where I had been flung, overwhelmed with the disaster. Then a frenzy came on me, and, but for the gag in my mouth, I could have screamed out curses on my folly in allowing myself to be trapped like a wildcat. Now that I think of it, in the madness of those moments, I did not pray to the God who had so often and so repeatedly helped me; yet in His mercy and goodness I was freed from my straits, as will be shown hereafter.

In the meantime I was so securely bound that it was all but impossible to move, and the bandage over my eyes prevented me from seeing anything. I watched and twisted like a serpent on the wet flags, where I lay, and in the violence of my struggles gradually moved the bandage, so that my eyes were at last set free, and then, exhausted by my efforts and half choked by the gag, I became still once more and looked around me. For all I could see I might have been as before—I was in blank, absolute darkness. Into the void I peered, but could make out nothing, though I could hear my own labored breathing and the melancholy "drip, drip" of water as it oozed from above me and fell in sullen drops on the slime below.

As I strained into the velvet black of the darkness, it came to me, some fiend must have whispered it, that I

was blind. My mind almost ceased to work at the thought, and I remained in a kind of torpor, trying in a weak manner to mentally count the drops of water by the dull splashing sound they made in falling. Ages seemed to pass as I lay there, and the first sense of coming to myself was the thought of Claude, whom I had lost, and the quick agony of this made my other sufferings seem as nothing. There is a misery that words, at least such words as I am master of, cannot picture and I will therefore say no more of this.

A little thing, however, now happened, and but for this I might have lain where I was until I died, so entirely impressed was I with the idea that I was sightless. In utter weariness I turned my head to one side, and saw two small beads of fire twinkling about a yard or so from me. They were as small as the far-away stars, and they stared at me fixedly. "This is some deception of the mind," I thought to myself, when suddenly another pair of fiery eyes appeared; then there was a slight shuffling, and all was still. But it was the saving of me. Sight and hearing could not both deceive. I knew what they were, and I knew, too, that I was not blind. From that moment I began to regain possession of my faculties and to think of means of escape.

In my vest pocket was a small clasp knife. If I could but get at that I could free myself from my bonds. That at any rate had to be the first step. I began to slowly move my arms up and down with a view to loosening the cords that bound me; but after some time spent in this exercise, realized the fact that the ropes might cut through me, but that they would not loosen. Then it struck me, in my eagerness to be free, that I might get at the knots with my teeth; and by a mighty effort I raised myself to a sitting posture, only to remember that I was gagged, and that it was of no avail to think of this plan. There are those who will smile perhaps if their eyes meet this, and put me down in their estimation for a fool for my forgetfulness. That may or may not be; but I have written down exactly what happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

O'DONNELL'S DEATH.

Fearlessness of the Dauntless Irishman Who Became Famous in Spain.

In the early part of this century three brothers named O'Donnell left their native country, Ireland, and went to live in Spain, where they all had extraordinary careers. One died in 1867, after he had become the duke of Tetuan, though he was better known as Gen. O'Donnell; he was one of the most brilliant military men of his time. The youngest brother was cut off in his youth, but nothing in the lives of the others is so strange as the story of his death.

In 1832 there was war in Spain regarding the succession to the throne, and young O'Donnell declared himself for Isabella, who was soon proclaimed queen; but before that time O'Donnell fell a prisoner to Gen. Zumalacarreay, a leader of the Carlist forces. The young Irishman looked upon this as almost a piece of good luck, for the Carlist leader was an old schoolmate. The two friends celebrated this meeting after a separation of years as a festive occasion, and as they ate supper together and drank toasts to old times Zumalacarreay said:

"Your captivity will be brief, my friend. I am just about to send off a flag of truce to your general to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, so that you may expect to be free to-morrow."

The flag of truce was sent, but the result was terribly unexpected. The general of the Christians (that was the name given to Isabella's party) answered the Carlist envoy by saying:

"I will show you how I treat rebels," and forthwith he had all his Carlist prisoners brought out and shot down before eyes of the Christians, and the officer had no better news than the story of their death to take back to his chief. The next morning Zumalacarreay came into his tent where his prisoner was breakfasting. He sat down in silence.

"What is the matter?" asked O'Donnell. "Have you slept badly, or was your chocolate burnt?"

"I am immensely disturbed," was the answer, and he told how the Carlist prisoners had been shot, and added: "I must make reprisals. My friend, in one hour's time you must be shot, no matter how I feel about it."

O'Donnell set down his cup after finishing his chocolate and said:

"Yes, that is a matter of course; you must not distress yourself about it; I would act in the same way myself. Now give me a couple of cigarettes and writing material, for I must write a letter, which I will trouble you to take care of after my execution."

As he was finishing the letter the guard came to take out the prisoners. O'Donnell got up at once, shook hands with the man who was both his friend and his enemy, lit another cigarette and walked out to be shot.—N. Y. Sun.

Mistaken.

Artist (showing his latest picture to a friend)—What do you think of it? Friend—Admirable—very realistic—brilliant technique—it actually makes my mouth water.

Artist—Why, what do you think it represents? Friend—Represents? Still life, of course—scrambled eggs in a frypan.

Artist—Scrambled eggs, you blanked fool! It's a sunset in the desert!—Heitere Welt.

Afternoon.

Chollie—Don't you think it was bad fawn in you last night to drink too much wine? Rounders—Didn't think about form then, but I must admit the bad taste of it now.—Philadelphia Record.

A remarkable coincidence.

"Somehow I'm awfully stupid to-night," remarked young Borum, languidly, the other evening.

"Indeed you are," retorted Miss Cutting, somewhat impulsively.

"Do you really mean that?" asked the young man in surprise.

"I merely indorsed your remarks; didn't you just now assert that you were stupid?" she queried.

"Yes," he responded, "but I only said so without thinking."

"And up to the time you spoke of it," she replied, "I only thought so without saying it."—Chicago Evening News.

Another Men-at-Arms.

Recently at the tower of London a visitor who was admiring one of the suits of armor remarked to an attendant that the Englishmen of the middle ages must have been a robust lot.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the guide, with the cheery and rising emphasis on the "sir." "The armor looks large, sir, but you'll find that the waist measure on nearly all these suits is only 25 or 30 inches, sir. That's a very small man, sir. My word for it, there isn't a suit in the room that would be large enough for one of the queen's guardsmen."

—Chicago Record.

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Uses Pe-ru-na For Colds in His Family and Grip.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

Pe-ru-na is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every state in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALEM, MAY 9, 1898. The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord. It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Society Women

and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regretfully watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more distressing every day. Every woman knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves—these are the secret of health and beauty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood—and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was down-hearted and melancholy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start. A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong."—Bushnell (Ill.) Record.

The genuine package always bears the full name. At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price 50¢ per box by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

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