

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Your mother was old and feeble, Her life-work was done, you know; The friends of her youth had vanished, She was ready and glad to go. You ought not to grieve so deeply— These were easy words to say. For 'twas somebody else's mother Who had gone o'er the silent way. "Yes, 'twas hard to lose your baby, But think of the trouble and care She is saved; the sin, the suffering; You ought to be willing to bear The pain, since for her 'tis better— Such easy words to say. When 'twas somebody else's baby Who had gone o'er the silent way. But when 'twas my own dear mother Who lay so still and white, The loving lips all silent, In the eyes no welcoming light, Then where were those words of wisdom That I had been wont to say? When 'twas somebody else's mother Who had gone o'er the silent way? When I missed from my arms my baby I knew it were better so; She was safe—but the pain, the longing, That only we mothers know, And all I could feel; no echo Of others, brought me comfort When my baby went over the way. Oh, friends, such words are empty When the heart is bruised and sore With the shock of our bereavement. We know it well before, But we only feel the anguish; We have no words to say Of wisdom and resignation. When our own go over the way. So offer only silence, The sympathizing tear, The clasp of the hand, the blossoms To strew o'er the form so dear. These bring to the sad heart comfort Beyond aught one can say. When somebody else's dear ones Have gone o'er the silent way. —Kate Woodward Noble, in Carleton's Every Where.



[Copyright, 1897, by Longmans, Green & Co.]

SYNOPSIS.

d'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against d'Auriac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a woman, from king's camp at Le Ferre, prisoners. d'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of De Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac is told he will hang if found alive at close of tomorrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of De Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Magniot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from De Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is betrothed to Babette. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says De Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Fleeing for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with De Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas; d'Auriac escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Bellin, a friend, d'Auriac secures from him a servant, Ravalliac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. d'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fortnight, de Bellin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in Paris. d'Auriac has suspicions aroused concerning later Ravalliac; later witnesses meeting with De Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by de Bellin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. d'Auriac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. De Gomeron places him in what Babette, who is here, assures him is the safest room in the Tolson d'Or. After a time with a mighty effort he manages to raise himself to a sitting posture.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Although the new position I had attained did not, in any way, advance me toward freedom, yet it gave me a sense of personal relief. It was able to raise my knees a little, and sitting down thus, with my body thrown a little forward, to ease the strain of the cords, I began to think and go over in my mind the whole scene of the tragedy from the beginning to its bitter end. I had no doubt as to the personality of Babette. I was not likely to forget her voice. I had heard it under circumstances that ought to have stamped it on my memory for all time; and if I had the faintest doubts on the matter they were set at rest by the fact that she was so well known to De Gomeron—she probably had been a camp follower on our side—and also by the still more damning fact that her house was known as the Tolson d'Or. The name had been distinctly mentioned by her, and its meaning was clear to me when I thought of the dreadful scene over de Leyva's body. As for De Gomeron, I knew him well enough to understand his game. The whole affair, as far as he was concerned, was a sudden and rapid resolve—that was clear. I argued it out in this way to myself, and as I went on thinking it was almost as if some one were reading out a statement of the case to me. It was evident that the free lance was to the last moment in hopes that the king would yield to Biron's intercession on his behalf. When that was refused he may have had some idea of gaining his end by force, but was compelled to hurry his coup by the knowl-

edge that he had obtained from his confederate or spy, Ravalliac. It had worked out well enough for him. My disappearance, my dead horse—poor Couronne!—all these would point to me as the author of the abduction, and give De Gomeron the time he wanted to perfect his plans. The man I had run through would never tell tales, and so far the game lay in the Camarguer's hands. And then about madame. As I became calmer I saw that for his own sake De Gomeron would take care that her life was safe, at any rate for the present, and whilst there was this contingency there was hope for her, if none for me, as I felt sure that what with the king and madame's relatives of the Tremouille on one hand, and Sully and de Bellin on the other, things would go hard with De Gomeron, whatever happened to me. Hour after hour passed. I shifted my position, and strange to say, slept. How long I slept I know not; but I woke stinging with pain, and found this was due to my being bound as I was, and in a little the agony became almost insupportable, and I was on the verge of going into a delirium, only righting my falling senses by a mighty effort of will. I had lost all count of the time, but guessed it was advanced in the day by this; and my eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness that I could manage to see the faint outlines of the cell in which I was imprisoned. I tried to make out its extent with an idle and useless curiosity, and then, giving it up, and utterly hopeless, leaned my head on my upraised knees, and sat thus waiting for the end. I longed for death to come now—it would be a happy release from my pain. Suddenly there came a grating noise as the bolts outside were moved. Then the door of the cell swung open with a groning, and there was a blinding flash of light that, for the time being, deprived me of the powers of sight, though, with a natural instinct, I shut my eyes to the flash as it came. Then I heard De Gomeron's voice saying: Remove the gag—I have something to ask monsieur. As I felt two cold, hard hands fumbling with the knots of the gag, I managed to open my eyes, though the light still pained me, and saw the tall figure of the free lance, his drawn sword in his hand, standing in the open doorway, and kneeling beside me was Babette. The hag caught the loathing in my glance, and laughed to herself as she wrenched at the knots, and De Gomeron, who was evidently in no mood to delay, hurried her efforts with a sharp "Quick!" "It is done," she answered, and rose to her feet, swinging the silken bands of the gag she held in her hand. "Then have the goodness to step back whilst M. d'Auriac and I discuss the position." Babette did as she was bidden, muttering something, and De Gomeron, advancing a pace, addressed me: "Monsieur, I have come to make you an offer, and I will not waste words. I am playing to win a desperate game, and I shall not hesitate to play any card to win. My offer is this: I ask you to sign a formal document, which I shall bring to you, holding me guiltless of any design against either you or Mme. de la Bidache. In return I will set you free in ten days after you sign this paper. During that time you must consider yourself my prisoner; but you will be better lodged than now. Should you refuse to accept this offer there is nothing left for me but to leave you here to die." He spoke in slow, measured accents, and the vault of the roof above me gave back the man's words in a solemn echo. The light of the lantern stretched in a long, yellow shaft up the spiral stairway beyond the door, and half in this light and half in shadow stood the witchlike figure of Babette, leaning a little forward, as if striving to catch each word that was spoken. In the silence that followed the free lance's speech, I could almost hear the blood throbbing in my temples; and for the moment I was deprived of all power of words. It was not from fear, nor from any idea of accepting the offer, but a thought had come to my mind. I would oppose craft with craft, and meet the fox in the skin of a fox. "Give me 24 hours to decide," I answered, "and free me from these cords. I cannot think for the pain of them." "Pardieu!" He laughed. "The knots have been well tied; but 24 hours is a long time." "Yet you are willing to accommodate me for ten days, better lodged. Ventre-bien! M. de Gomeron, do you think I can scratch my way out of this?" He did not answer me, but stood for awhile biting at the ends of his thick moustache. Then he suddenly called to Babette: "Cut the cords." She came forward and obeyed. Words cannot convey the sensation of relief as the cords fell from me; but for the time being so numbed was I that I was powerless to move. "You have your desire, monsieur," said De Gomeron, "and I await your decision. It will save me trouble if you inform Babette whether you agree or not. In the former event we shall have the pleasure of meeting again; in the latter case I take the opportunity of wishing you as happy a time as a man may have—in the future life. In the meantime I will see that some refreshments are sent to you—adieu!" He turned and stepped out of the cell, and stood for a moment whilst Babette picked up the lantern and followed him. "Monsieur will not want the light to aid him to think," she laughed; and then the door was shut. I heard the silken clank of the chain, the turning of the great keys, and I was alone and in darkness once more. Dark it may have been; but, thank God! I was no longer like a trussed fowl, and betook myself to rubbing my numbed limbs, until finally the chilled blood was warmed and I was able to stand, and then, in a little, gained strength to grope my way backward

and forward in the cell as an exercise. No thought of ever agreeing to De Gomeron's terms ever crossed me. I had, however, resolved to make a dash for freedom when he came to me again. I should pretend to agree, and then win or lose all in the rush. Anyway I would not die here like a rat in a trap. I almost chuckled to myself as I thought I was in a fair way to outwit the free lance. He was a fool, after all, though, at the same time, I could not but admit that his move to get me to admit his innocence was a skillful one; still, it was a plot which might overreach itself. My captors had eased me of my belt, which was so well stuffed with pistols. They had not, however, had time or opportunity to search me further and had left my clasp knife, which lay in my pocket, as I have said, together with a dozen or so of gold pieces I had kept there to be at hand. I pulled out the knife, and, opening it, ran my fingers along the blade. It was three inches or so in length, but sharp as a razor; and with it one might inflict an ugly wound in a struggle. I mapped out my plan mentally. When De Gomeron came again I should feel him as he entered, arm myself, if possible, by snatching his sword, and then cut my way out or be cut down. I had no doubt that I might be able to effect the first part of the programme. In those days I was as strong as a bull, and there were few men, especially if they were unprepared, who could have stood a blow from me. It was in act two that I might come to grief. At any rate it should be a final and quick ending to the business, not the long-drawn-out agony I would otherwise have to endure. Now that I think of it, it was a poor enough plan, and it was lucky that, under providence, another way was shown to me. Such as it was, however, it was the only thing that occurred to me at that time, and it would not be for want of effort on my part that it would fail. The more I thought over it then the more I was convinced that it was my sole chance, and I grew impatient for the moment when I should put my design into execution. Twenty-four hours was long to wait, and I raved at myself for having fixed such a time. Morbleu! I might have had the sense to make it five, or three, or two hours! I little guessed as I paced the cell impatiently how many hours had passed since De Gomeron left me, and that it was impossible to measure time in that loathsome dungeon. As I sat brooding, the profound silence was once more suddenly disturbed by the sudden jarring of a bolt. It was not, however, the door of my cell that was opened, but a little wicket about a foot square, and through this there flashed again a blinding light, and the face of Babette peered in. So malign was its aspect that I shuddered in spite of myself, and then, in a fury I could not control, shouted out: "Out of my presence, hag! Begone!" "Oh, ho!" she laughed, "a time will come when monsieur will go on his two knees and pray to Babette—to good Babette—to kind Babette—in a day or so it will be thus—and she laughed shrilly. "But I go as you wish, to carry your refusal to the captain." She made a movement as if to go; but cursing myself at very nearly having spoiled it all, I burst out: "Stay!"—and she looked back. "Monsieur?" she grinned through the wicket. "See here," and in my eagerness my voice was hoarse and thick, "500 crowns if you free me from this, and 1,000 more if you will do the same for madame." "Will monsieur add a palace in the moon to this?" "I give you the word of d'Auriac! Fifteen hundred crowns is a fortune. They will be yours in six hours from the time you free us. Think of it—1,500 crowns." Never have I seen avarice blaze so in a face as in hers. As I dropped out the last words she shook her head from side to side with the swaying motion of a serpent. Her eyes glittered like those of an asp, and between her half-parted lips she hissed rather than spoke to herself: "Fifteen hundred crowns! It is the price of a barony—I, who have taken life for a half pistol!" "You will save two lives for this," I pleaded. But the she devil, though sorely tempted, was faithful. What De Gomeron's power over her was I know not. I could add nothing to my offer—I had laid my all on the hazard, and it was not to be done. "Pouff!" she mocked, "you do not go high enough. You do not promise the palace in the moon. But I waste my time. Is it 'Yes' or 'No,' for the captain?" There was another chance still, and I would risk that. I made a step nearer the opening. "Give me something to drink, and I will answer at once." "Ah! ha! monsieur requires some courage. Here is a flask of Frontignac, but it is expensive, and monsieur, I am afraid, has left his belt outside his room; the Frontignac is five crowns."



"REMOVE THE GAG."

"You forgot my pockets," I answered; "there are two pistols—hand me the wine." "The money first"—and she stretched out her hand. Like a flash I closed my fingers on her wrist and drew in her hand to the full length of the arm. "If you scream, if you utter a sound, I will tear your arm from its socket." The answer was a shriek that might have been heard a half mile away, and then a foul oath and a howl of pain. It was hardly a knightly deed, but there was too much at stake to mince matters, and on her scream I gave the prisoner's arm I held a wrench strong enough to show that I could keep my word. As the shrill echoes of her cry died away I could hear her breathing heavily on the opposite side of the door, and she struggled mutely and with surprising strength to free herself. There was no answer to her call for help—there must have been many a shriek for help that had rung through that terrible dungeon and died away unanswered but for the mocking echoes. And Babette knew this, for she ceased to utter a sound after that one long scream, and fought in silence like a wolf at bay. At last she leaned exhausted against the door, and I felt that half my game was won. It had been an unexpected thought, and I had jumped at the opportunity Providence had thrown in my way. "Do you hear?" I said. "Open the door, or"—and I gave another half turn to her arm. She who could inflict such suffering on others was of those who were unable to bear the slightest pain themselves. She moaned in agony and called out: "Free me, and I promise—I promise anything." I only laughed and repeated my order, relieving the strain on her arm, however, so that she could slip back a half pace or so from the wicket. Then I heard the great lock open and the chain put down, and Babette's voice trembling with anger and pain. "It is open." [TO BE CONTINUED.] Soldiers Traveling. "When soldiers in the service of the United States are traveling their comfort is pretty well looked after," says F. F. Horner, general passenger agent of the Nickel Plate. "The government requires the railroad company to provide sleeping cars for the officers and also for the privates if it is possible to procure the cars. The thirteenth regiment, which left Buffalo a few days ago, was carried in tourist cars, three men to a section, two occupying the lower berth and one the upper. Of course, if men are to be carried in very large numbers on short notice such arrangements would be impossible, but even then we would have to provide them with the ordinary day coaches. The volunteers who answer the present call will be carried in tourist cars if their journey lasts through a night. Otherwise they will go in day coaches. I don't think any other country on earth looks after its soldiers so well. When I was soldiering we considered a freight car perfectly satisfactory. We generally had to walk. Being packed into a freight car on a hot summer day was rather uncomfortable, and the men usually secured ventilation by knocking holes in the sides of the car with the butts of their rifles. When the officers remonstrated, the boys would say they were just making loopholes to shoot the 'Johnnies.'"—Buffalo Commercial. Slow Eating. The prevalent idea that slow eating is very favorable to digestion is largely fallacious. The important point is not that we eat slowly or fast, but that when we do eat we chew with energy. Of course, when the haste is due to some mental anxiety, that may injuriously inhibit the secretion. Slow eating begets a habit of simply masticating the food without really masticating it, while the hurried eater is inclined to swallow his food before proper mastication. Hence, hurried eating is bad, but rapid mastication is advantageous. It concentrates our energies on the act in question, and hence more thoroughly accomplishes it. Moreover, energetic chewing stimulates the secretion of saliva in the most favorable manner. These various points are so commonly misunderstood, at least by the laity, that they demand our frequent attention.—Journal of Mental and Nervous Diseases. Two Men. Two men stood in the office of one of the big West End hotels the other evening, and each asked for the key to his room at the desk. The first man was red and overfed and overimportant. "Gimme my key," he said, in a loud voice. "Hurry up, too." The other man was tall and thin, and a trifle pale. "I'd like my key, if you please," he said, softly. "Thank you." The first man was from New York, a stock broker, I believe, and worth nearly \$100,000. The other man was from New York, too, and his name is John Jacob Astor.—Washington Post. Thrown Away on Him. Jackson—Well, what did your wife say to you when you got home so late last night? You know you were afraid she'd scold. Fairleigh—My wife's a jewel. She didn't scold a bit. In fact, she didn't even ask me where I had been or what had delayed me; but, late as it was, she sat down at the piano and began to play and sing. I tell you she's one in ten thousand. "What did she sing?" "Tell me the old, old story."—Chicago Evening News. Indebted. Dollie Footlites—I wonder to whom I am indebted for this lovely bouquet? Millie Windgiantse—To the florist, I reckon.—Indianapolis Journal.

ONE VAST WHEAT FIELD.

Prince Albert, Sask., Aug. 17, 1898. William McCreary, Esq., Immigration Commissioner, Winnipeg, Man. Sir: We, the undersigned delegates from Kansas and Nebraska, U. S. A., in reporting the results of our trip to Dauphin, and subsequently to Regina, Prince Albert and the middle Saskatchewan country, beg to say that our tickets were limited to 21 days, and as we had other large regions to visit, we could only spend a short time in the Dauphin country. We examined, however, the principal cultivated areas in the southern part of township 25, range 19—the great wheat fields of Wishart, Buchanan, Owen, Smith, Ross, Sinclair, the Whitmores, Drinkwaters, etc., and, subsequently others to the north, and never, in our experience, have we seen finer grain. The whole country is watered by numerous streams flowing from the slopes of Riding Mountain, and excellent well water is found everywhere, at from 9 to 18 feet. Extensive forests of spruce and tamarack cover the northern parts of the mountains from which timber is manufactured in Dauphin and elsewhere, and sold at from \$12 a thousand at the mills. Wild hops and wild fruits are abundant, and ripen in the open air. Vegetation throughout is surprisingly luxuriant, and, without hesitation, we would rank the whole region amongst the best grain-growing areas of the continent. The output of wheat last year was about 75,000 bushels, but this year it is estimated at over a million. Westward lie the homestead lands which now, and when fresh surveys are completed, will afford comfortable homes to thousands of diligent families. The great Gilbert Plains, also, were unable to visit, where grain-growing has been conducted with the best results for years, and which will become a vast wheat field as soon as a branch railway reaches there. Settlement is speeding in all these regions, reminding us indeed of the early days in our own States; and, as we have examined, since our visit to Dauphin, a portion of the great country lying south and east of Prince Albert, we can readily imagine the tide of immigration which will soon flow into the Canadian West. (Signed) GEORGE S. BENNETT, Hall's Summit, Kan. S. W. BENNETT, Hall's Summit, Kan. E. F. BROOKS, Westphalia, Kan. JOHN FLANNERY, Stuart, Neb. This is the time of year for those who own bicycles to store up wind for their pneumatic tires.—Olean (N. Y.) Times. Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous. No man can resist rattling a little money he has in his pocket.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat. To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure 23c. Don't use cannon to kill chipping birds.—Olean (N. Y.) Times. THE constantly recurring monthly suffering gives women the blues! How hopeless the future appears, month after month the same siege with menstrual pain! Comparatively few women understand that excessive pain indicates ill-health, or some serious derangement of the feminine organs. A million women have been helped by Mrs. Pinkham. Read what two of them say. MRS. LIZZIE COLEMAN, of Wayland, N. Y., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For years I suffered with painful menstruation and falling of womb. The bearing-down pains in my back and hips were dreadful. I could not stand for more than five minutes at a time when menstruation began. But thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my sufferings are now a thing of the past. I shall gladly recommend your medicines to all my friends." MISS C. D. MORRIS, 3 Louisburg Square, Boston, Mass., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me wonderfully. I was troubled with headache, backache and that weak and tired feeling. I cannot say enough in praise of your medicine for it has done me so much good. I shall recommend it to all my friends who suffer." Despondency is a disease. Nervousness and snappishness come with it. Will power won't overcome it. The feminine organs are connected by nerves with the brain and all parts of the body. These organs must be healthy or the mind is not healthy. All low-spirited or suffering women may write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and receive her advice free of charge. Don't wait until your life is wrecked by neglect and suffering. Get advice in time. "A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES SAPOLIO WESTERN FARMS. A beautifully illustrated paper called "The Corn Belt" is published every month and contains a quantity of interesting information about the farm lands west of the Mississippi River. Pictures of all sorts of farm scenes in Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska. Personal experiences of farmers who went to those states from the East years ago. The handsomest farm paper published. Send 25 cents for a year's subscription to THE CORN BELT, 260 Adams St., Chicago. Think of the Future. Don't Rent. Establish a Home of Your Own.

FREE TO MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS.

The New Cure for Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles. Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of Swamp-Root, the great Kidney remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and has truly wonderful powers in curing kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid diseases. Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease, and is so deceptive that thousands have it without knowing it. Thousands owe their health and even life to Swamp-Root, and thousands more who to-day think themselves beyond help, can be made well by the use of this great remedy. Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful in every case, that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention this paper when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug-stores. The Modern Battle. Said the famous general to his chief of staff: "Are the correspondents ready?" "They are, sir!" "Have they been informed that I have a new uniform?" "Yes, general." "Have the photographers done their duty?" "They have, sir." "Then let the battle go on."—Boston Transcript. Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Opens February 23. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates. Through sleepers via Frisco Line. Address J. O. Plank, Manager, Room 11, Arcade, Century Building, or Frisco Ticket Office, No. 101 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Few men can keep their good resolutions and a diary at the same time.—Chicago Daily News. Winter Resorts of Florida on East and West Coast are now open, including Tampa Bay Palace, Hotel Bellevue and other Grand Spots on Gulf Coast beyond the first line most conveniently reached via Plant System. Apply to L. A. Bell, 205 Clark Street, Chicago. Doctor—"I would advise you to take a walk every morning before breakfast." Sappy—"But, doctor, I—ah—never get up until after breakfast, y'know."—The Rival.