### LOYALTY.

Two friends I have, long loved, and trusted long.
One, turning ever toward life's fairest side,
And fearing lest it slip his grasp, would

From his soul's inward eye all sight of

Bring me the world's uncomprehending praise As friendship's highest tribute; sees in shame
Of mine, or willful blunder, naught to

Deep-feit repentance; but in countless ways Finds pardon for me ever and again, Berause—I am no worse than other men.

The second, looking up toward heaven's light, Two works in stifling fog and close-drawn

fray,
"Mid want, doubt, selfish greed, where
men must pray
As, groping, they seek out lost gleams of
right;

ng my life with love's clear eyes, he

My filmsy talents, old mistakes, low ends. And when I wear earth's laurels, but com-

mends

With stern "Thou canst do better things than these."

D keen soul-reader, judge me of these

Which think you is the false friend, which the true?
-Rath Huntington Sessions, in Century.



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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 man and woman, from king's camp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him duel follows. cumps in a man and woman, from king searcy at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron loward 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 morrow'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 Mauginot (her pariaer) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had secaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescess d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, magame'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 he romes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, with says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron: Flying for their lives, the two

## CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED.

gesis all go immediately in search of ma-dama. But d'Auriac is doubtful if he could

"This settles our going out to-night," easy to discover if madame is within. After that I propose to rescue by the or-dinary means of the law."

"Would it not be as simple to have recourse to Villeroi the first thing to-morrow?" asked Belin.

"Simple enough; but the law has its delays, and if once the house is raided and madame is not there we may whis tle for our prize."
"But the wheel?" put in Pantin.

"Will break Babette, who will not know. M. de Gomeron is no fool to trust her more than the length of his hand. No-I will leave nothing to chance. I propose then to seek out the house to-morrow with Pantin's help, if he will give it."

"Most willingly," put in the notary. Thanks, my good friend. That we will find it I am certain, and that we can act. In the meantime I must ask you by all means in your power to get the search of the law after me de-

"Then M. de Villeroi must hea same certain news to-morrow," said

claimed Belin, "well, after all, perhaps your plan is the best."

"And in this search of to-morrow I will share," Palin suddenly exclaimed. But my heart was sore against him for

what he had said. "Pawdon me, Maitre Palin. This is any right. I do this alone."

Your right?" he sneered.

"Yes, Maitre Palin-my right—I go to rescue my promised wife." Palin said nothing for a moment. back the words so hastily spoken- ing himself into a street hawker. it is an old man who seeks your par-

I took his hand in all frankness, and he embraced me as a son, and then, in

awhile, Belin said: "We must be up and doing early to morrow, and d'Auriac is in need of rest. He will share my bed here to-night, and harkee, Palin! Rouse us with the dawn."

We then parted, the Pantins showing the Huguenot to his chamber, and Jacques but waiting for a moment or so to help me off with my dripping things. My valises were still lying in the room, and I was thus enabled to get change of apparel I so much needed.

When at last we were abed I found it

impossible to sleep, and Belin was at first equally wakeful. For this I was thankful, as I began to grow despondent, and felt that after all I had lost the game utterly. But the viscompte's ourage never faltered, and in spite of nyself I began to be cheered by his hopefulness. He explained to me fully how came that he was at the Rue des Deux Mondes. He wished to discuss with Palin some means for discovering me, and as the Huguenot, fearing o return to the rue Varenne after what had to happen, and yet unwilling to leave Paris, had sought Pantin's home, de Belin had determined to pass the night here to consult with him, giving out to his people that he had gone on

a business to Monceaux.

"I will see Sully the first thing tomorrow," he said, as we discussed our plans, "and if I mistake not, it is more than madame we will find at the Toison d'Or. Be of good cheer, d'Auriac your lady will come to no harm. The carmarguer is playing too great a game to kill a goose that is likely to lay him golden eggs. I'm afraid, though, he has spoilt a greater game for his master."
"How do you mean?" I asked, inter-

ested in spite of myself. "Only this, that unless you are extremely unfortunate I regard the rescue of Mme. de Bidache as certain—I am as certain that this will lead to the arrest of de Gomeron and his confederates—they will taste the wheel, and that makes loose tongues, and it may lead to details concerning M. de Biron

that we sadly need." "It seems to me that the wheel is perilously near to me as well.'

"There is the edict, of course," said de Belin, "but madame's evidence will absolve you, and we can arrange that you are not put to the question at

nce."
The cool way in which he said this would have moved me to furious anger against him did I not know him to be so true a friend. As it was I said sharply: "Thank you; I will take care that the

wheel does not touch me.' "Very well," he answered; "and nov

I shall sleep-good night." He turned on his side and seemed to drop off at once, and as I lay through the weary hours of that night I some-times used to turn to the still figure at my side with envy at the peace of his

### CHAPTER XVII.

MAITRE PANTIN SELLS CABBAGES.

At last, just as my patience was worn to its last shred, I saw the glaze in the window begin to whiten, and almost immediately after heard footsteps or the landing. This was enough for me and unable to be still longer, I sprang out of bed and hastened to open the door myself. It admitted Jacques, and a figure in whom I should never have that it could be no other than Pantin Jacques bore a tray loaded with re freshments and Pantin held a lantern for it was still dark, in one hand, and something that looked like the folds of a long cloak hung in the loop of his arm. The noise of their entrance woke de Belin. With a muttered exclamation I did not catch he aroused himself, and the candles being lit we proceeded to make a hasty toilet. As I drew on my boots I saw they were yet wet and muddy, and was about to rate Jacques when Pantin anticipated: "I told him to let them be so, monsieur-you have a part to play-put this over your left eye." And with these words he handed me a huge patch. Then in place of my own hat, I found I had to wear a fraved I went on, "there is but one thing to do cap of a dark sage-green velvet with a arecrow lo king white feather stick ing from it. Lastly, Pantin flung over my shoulders a long cloak of the same color as the cap, and seemingly as old. It fell almost down to my heels and was fastened at the throat by a pair of leather straps in lieu of a clasp. "Faith!" exclaimed the viscompte, as

he stood a little to one side and surveyed me, "if you play up to your dress ou are more likely to adorn than rais the gallows Jacques spoke of.

Then Pantin and I started off on cur search for the Toison d'Or. As he closed the entrance door be

hind him carefully and Jacques turned the key, I looked up and down the rue des Deux Mondes, but there was not a soul stirring.

All Paris was asleep. Above us the sky still swarmed with stars, though a pale band of light was girdling the horizon. Here and there in the heaving mist on the river we saw the feeble glimmer of a lantern that had survived through the night and still served to mark the spot where a boat was moored. All around us the outlines of the city rose in a brown silhouette, but the golden cross on the spire of Notre Dame had already caught the dawn, and blazed like a beacon against the

gray of the sky overhead. We pushed on briskly, and by the time we had reached St. Jacques we were warm enough, despite the chilliness of the morning. At a stall near the church, and hard by the Pont Notre Dame, Pantin purchased a quantity of vegetables, bidding me to keep a little ahead of him in future, and guide him in this manner as far as I knew. Whilst his features twitching nervously. At in this manner as far as I knew. Whilst last be turned to me. "It is what I have he was filling his basket I turned up hoped and prayed for," he said, hold-ing out his hand, "forgive me—I take

and observed that he kept on the side of the road opposite to me, and ever and again kept calling out his wares in a monotonous sing-song tone. Thus far, and for a space further, I knew the road, and observing that Pantin was able to keep me well in view, increased my pace, until at last we came to the cross street near which I had met the jealous Mangel and his wife. Up cross street I turned without hesitation, now almost facing the tall spire that had been my landmark, and I began to think I would be able to trace my way to the Toison d'Or without difficulty when I suddenly came to a standstill and faltered, for there were half a dozen lanes that ran this way and that, and for the life of me I could not tell which was the one I had taken a few hours before, so different did they look now to what they had appeared by moonlight. As I halted in a doubting manner, Pantin hurried up, and, there being one or two near me began to urge me to buy his cabbages I made a pretense of putting him off, and then the strangers, having passed, I explained I had lost my bearings. "I see a wineshop open across the road, chevalier—go in and call for a flask and await me," he answered rapidly.

I nodded, and bidding him begone

in a loud tone, swaggered across the street, and entering the den, it could be called by no other name, shouted for a litre of Beaugency and flung myself down on a rough stool with a clat ter of my sword and a great showing of the pistol butts that stuck out from my

The cabaret had just opened, but early as I was I was not the first customer, for a man was sitting, half asleep, half drunk, on one of the foulsmelling benches, and as I called for my wine he rose up, muttering: "Beaugency! He wants Beaugency. There is none here," he went on, in a maudlin manner turning to me, "at the Toison

I almost started at the words, but the landlord, whose face appeared from be-hind a cask at my shout, and whose countenance now showed the utmost anger at his old client's speech, sud-denly seized him by the neck and hustled him from the room. "The drunken knave," he said, with a great oath, "to say that I kept no Beaugency. Here, captain," and he handed me a litre, with a much-stained glass, "here is cellars," and he looked knowingly at

Not wishing to hold converse with the fellow, I filled the glass, and then,



SUDDENLY SEIZED HIM BY THE BACK

flinging him a crown, bade him drink the rest of the bottle for good luck. The scoundrel drank it there and then, and on as he had done so returned t

"It is good wine, eh, captain?"
"It is," I answered dryly, but he was not to be denied.

"Monsieur is out early, I see." "Monsieur is out late, you mean," made answer, playing my part and longing for Pantin to return.

"Ho! ho!" he roared. "A good joke Captain, I do not know you, but tell me your name, and curse me if I do not drink your health in Arbois the day you ride to Montfaucon.'

"You will know my name soon enough," I answered, humoring the fellow, "and I promise to send you the Arbois the day I ride there. I may tell you that it was to the Toison d'Or I was Beaugency and your company are se good, compere, that shall make this ny house to call during my stay in the Fauborg St. Martin." And at that moment I caught sight of Pantin. "There is another crown to drink to our friendship, and, mind you, keep as good a flask for me against my return at noon. Au revoir. I have a busi-

ness at my lodging."

The wretch overwhelmed me with thanks and stood at the door watching me as I crossed over the street with a warning glance to Pantin, and strolled slowly onward. A little further on I turned to my left, keeping well in the middle of the road to avoid the filth and refuse thrown carelessly on each side and as I turned I saw that my man had gone in. I was certain of one thing, that the Toison d'Or was not far off, and whilst I picked my way slowly along, Pantin came up to me with his sing-song whine.

"Have you found it?" I asked in a low

"No." he sang out.

At this moment a figure rose up from the steps of a house, where I had no-ticed it crouching a few steps from me, and swung forward.

"Hola! 'Tis monsieur le capitaine—

has your excellency tasted the Beau-gency—the dog poison? I tell your ex-cellency, there is but one house in the Fauborg where they sell it—the Toison d'Or.'

"Go and drink some there, then." and I tossed him a piece of silver.

He picked it up from the road where it had fallen, like a dog snatching at a bone, and then stood surveying the coin which he held in the open palm of

"You might," he said, "they ing himself into a street hawker. I wouldn't serve me," and then with went slowly, stopping every now and drunken familiarity he came close to again to see if Pantin was following, my elbow. "I'll show you the Toison thing to plug stones at.—Up to Date.

d'Or. It is there-the second turn to the left and then straight before you. As for me—I go back to taste Grigot's Beaugency—his dog poison," he repeated with the spiteful insistence of a man

in his cups.
"The fool in his folly speaketh wisdom," Pantin muttered under his breath, and then the man, staggering from me, attempted to go back whence he had been flung. But either the morning air was too strong for him, or else he was taken with a seizure of some kind, for ere he had gone ten paces he in the slime of the street.

At any other time I would have stopped to assist the man, but now I could only look upon his condition as direct interposition of Providence, and I let him lay where he had fallen.
"Come, Pantin," I cried, "we have

found the spot." Following the direction given by our guide, we found he had not deceived us. and in a few minutes I was standing at the entrance of the blind passage at

one end of which was the Toison d'Or. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

# TRANSIENT FAME.

Only the Very Few Live Long in the Memory of Man-Many Bitter Disappointments.

The cold fact is that the great mass of reputations, in literature as elsewhere, are small affainrs, and transient at that -comets rather than stars, and not especially brilliant while they remain above the horizon. Like "our little systems" of theology, metaphysics or what not, "they have their day and cease to be," and while they last they generally cause less stir than did the little systems.

Something was done lately in com-memoration of Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839), "the most popular English song writer of his age" after Tom Moore. His lyrics were known in every drawing-room 50 years ago, but how many in our generation had ever heard of him? Somebody the other day called attention to the fact that Philip James Bailey, author of the brilliant, if erratic, "Festus" (1839), is still living. This was a surprise to the superfluous veterans who had read the book and remembered it. Yet these two were in their time larger figures than most of our living poets. So perishable and perfidious a thing is fame. The young writer whose heart swells with innocent joy at beholding his first effusions in print may fondly fancy himself on the high road to immortality. He is a pathetic spectacle to his seniors, re-

minding them of the Old man in a boat, Who cried "I'm afloat, I'm afloat!" Alas, many have floated on what seemed a full tide of renown, only to be stranded before their voyage had run a lifetime.—Lippincott's.

Gladstone's Courtesy. In general society perhaps the most engaging quality of Mr. Gladstone was his old world courtesy to everyone. It was not put on or put off. It was invariable, universal and consistent. He had the ceremonious manner of the ol school. Towards intellectual inferior his manner was deferential; careles lived in the presence of the unseen Like the Puritans of old, he saw th nim earthly distinctions were of no ac On the rich and the eloquent, on the nobles and dignitaries, he looked down with contempt, for he was rich in a treasure that thieves cannot break through nor steal; he was eloquent in a language revealed to him from or earlier creation than any inscribed in the college of arms, and the priesthoo of his life was conferred by an imposi tion of a mightier Hand than the suc-cessor of St. Augustine. With this panoply of spiritual armor, which shut him off from the large majority of prosperous and worldly minds, he eagerly sought information from babes and sucklings .- Harper's Weekly.

An Ingenious Trap. The mother of a nobleman who once represented a division of Manchester in the English parliament had a maid who seemed to childish eyes extremely old The children of the family longed to know her age, but were much too wel bred to ask a question which they felt would be painful; so they sought to attain the desired end by a system of ingenious traps. The boy chanced in a lucky hour to find in his "Book of Useful Knowledge" the tradition that the aloe flower blossomed only once in 100 years. He instantly saw his oppor tunity, and, accosting the maid, asked, insinuatingly: "Susan, have you often

A Confession.

Mrs. Mellish—Since we are married, Harold, you hardly ever tell me that you couldn't live without me, as you used to before our wedding. Mr. Mellish-Well, of course, you

didn't make me hold up my right hand and swear every night before going to bed, then, that I hadn't told a lie to you during the day .- Chicago Evening

They Will Tell.

"What do you think will be the out-come of the war?" said Mrs. Darley to Mrs. Eastlake. "I shall not make up my mind until I

hear what the college graduates have to say about it in their commencemen essays," replied Mrs. Eastlake .- N. Y

A Boy's Idea.

Mother-Harold, now God made everything to be of some use in this world. Now, what did he make a ca

Harold-So a boy would have some

Railroad Across the English Channel, Railroad Across the English Channel.

The English Parliament is considering the plan of connecting that country with France by railway. Engineers say a roadbed can be laid on the bottom of the English channel, and by mounting trestlework on wheels, so that it projects above the water, the railway can be operated. This seems beyond belief, but it is perhaps no more remarkable than some of the cures accomplished by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in bad cases of dyspeps'la, indigestion and constipation. This is an age of wonderful achievements.

waiter in a Dilemma.

It was in one of the large downtown restaurants that the short little woman and her tall husband went to dinner one night. "Will you have oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare. "Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. "And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded and, as he handed his order to the waiter he said: "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the table cloth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got very red. Then he came around to John's side and, speaking sotto voce, said: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock boiled or fried?"—Chicago Chronicle.

Chronicle.

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"Cuba seems to adopt our industries quite readily." Yes, I'm told Cuban tobacco is already being produced in Cuba to some extent."—Detroit Journal.

No Reciprocity.—'I could tell you as amusing incident about my visit to the British museum." said the friend who had traveled, "which you are welcome to publish if you don't use my name." "The British museum," coldly replied the editor of the Boomville Terror, "has never sent me any complimentaries, so far as I can remember, and it isn't going to get any free advertising in this paper."—Chicago Tribune.

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The pen may be mightier than the sword; but it is always the pen that tells you so.— Town Topics.

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