



CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

Comes a patter, patter, patter on the stairs, and then a clatter. And it really doesn't matter, in the room just next to mine, That I'm very busy reading; at the door two eyes are peering;

D'ri and I By IRVING BACHELLER Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

We ate crackers and cheese while the landlord was telling of the west roads and the probable location of the British. He stopped suddenly, peered over my shoulder, and blew out the candle. We could hear a horse neighing in the yard.

we took the bed of it, making our way slowly for half a mile or so into the woods. There we built a fire, and gave the horses half the feed in our saddle-bags, and ate our mess on a flat rock.

"Never had no such joemightyful time as that afore," said D'ri, as he sat down, laughing, and shook his head. "Jerushy Jane! Did n't we come down that air hill! Luk slidin' on a greased pole."

Thurst knew a trail that crossed the river nearby and met the Caraway Pike a few miles beyond. Having eaten, I wrote a dispatch to be taken back by Thurst as soon as we reached the pike. Past 10 o'clock we turned into a rough road, where the three of us went one way and Thurst another.

"Welcome, gentlemen! It is the Capt. Bell!" said he, with a marked accent, as he came to me, his hand extended. "You come from Monsieur the Gen. Brown, do you not?"

"I am glad to see you—ver' glad to see you!" said he, laying his hands upon my shoulders and giving me a little shake. The two servants went away with D'ri and Seth and the horses.

The kind of life I saw in this grand home was not wholly new to me, for both my mother and my father had known good living in their youth, and I had heard much of it. I should have been glad of my new uniform; but after I had had my bath and put on the new shirt and collar the valet had brought me, I stood before the long pier-glass and saw no poor figure of a man.

The great dining-hall of the count was lighted with many candles when we came in to dinner. It had a big fireplace, where logs were blazing, for the night had turned cool, and a long table with a big epergne of wrought silver, filled with roses, in its center.

"I do wish she would die, the hateful thing!" said one. (It must be understood these words are more violent in English than they seem in French.) "The colonel is severe to-night," said another.

"The colonel—a fine baroness indeed—vieuille tyran! I cannot love her. Lord! I once tried to love a monkey and had better luck. The colonel keeps all the men to herself. Whom have I seen for a year? Dieu! women, grandpapas, greasy guides! Not a young man since we left Paris."

"Dinner over, the count invited me to the smoking-room, where, in a corner by ourselves, I had some talk with him. He told me of his father—that he had been a friend of Franklin, that he had given a ship and a cargo of gunpowder to our navy in '76. Like others I had met under his roof, the count had seen the coming of the Reign of Terror in France, and had fled with his great fortune. He had invested much of it there in the wild country. He loved America, and had given freely to equip the army for war. He was, therefore, a man of much influence in the campaign of the north, and no doubt those in authority there were instructed, while the war was on, to take special care of his property."

"Daughters of a friend in Paris," said the count. "He is a great physician. He wishes not for them to marry until they are 21. Mon Dieu! it was a matter of some difficulty. They were beautiful."

"Very beautiful!" I echoed. "They are admired," he went on. "The young men they began to make trouble. My friend he sent them here, with the baroness, to study—to finish their education. It is healthy, it is quiet, and—well, there are no young gentlemen. They go to bed early; they are up at daylight; they have the horse! they have boats; they amuse themselves ver' much. But they are impatient; they long for Paris—the salon, the theater, the opera. They are like prisoners; they cannot make themselves contented. The baroness she has her villa on a lake back in the woods, and, mon ame! it is beautiful there—so still, so cool,



HE BROKE THE SEAL AND READ IT CAREFULLY.

so delightful! At present they have a great fear of the British. They lie awake; they hear a sound in the night, and, mon Dieu! it is the soldiers coming."

"Indeed," he went on presently, "I think the invasion is not far away. They tell me the woods in the north are alive with British cavalry. I am not able to tell how many, but, Dieu! it is enough. The army should inform itself immediately. I think it is better that you penetrate to the river tomorrow, if you are not afraid, to see what is between, and to return by the woods. I shall trouble you to take a letter to the Gen. Brown. It will be ready at my hour."

"At six?" I inquired. "At six, certainly, if you desire to start then," he replied. He rose and took my arm affectionately and conducted me to the big drawing-room. Two of the ladies were singing as one played the guitar. I looked in vain for the Misses de Lambert. The others were all there, but they had gone. I felt a singular depression at their absence and went to my room shortly to get my rest, for I had to be off early in the morning. Before going to bed, however, I sat down to think and do some writing. But I could not for the life of me put away the thought of the young ladies. They looked alike, and yet I felt sure they were very different. Somehow I could not recall in what particular they differed. I sat a time thinking over it. Suddenly I heard low voices, those of women speaking in French; I could not tell from where they came.

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"Eh, bien," said the other, with a sigh. "I suppose it is very nice. I do not dare to think of it."

"Nice! It is heaven, Louise! And to see a man like that and not be permitted to—speak to him! Think of it! A young and handsome man—the first I have seen for a year! Honestly I could poison the colonel."

"My dear sister, you are very terrible," said one of them, and then the shutter came to, and I heard no more.

A full moon lighted the darkness. A little lake gleamed like silver between the tree-tops. Worn out with hard travel, I fell into bed shortly, and lay a long time thinking of those young ladies, of the past, of to-morrow and its perils, and of the farther future. A new life had begun for me.

CHAPTER VII.

The sun was lifting above the tree-tops when the count's valet called me that morning at the Chateau Le Ray. Robins were calling under my windows, and the groves rang with tournaments of happy song. Of that dinner-party only the count was at breakfast with me. We ate hurriedly, and when we had risen the horses were at the door. As to my own, a tall chestnut thoroughbred that Mr. Parish had brought over from England, I never saw him in finer fettle. I started Seth by Caraway Pike for Ogdenburg with the count's message.

Mine host laid hold of my elbow and gave it a good shake as I left him, with D'ri, taking a trail that led north by west in the deep woods. They had stuffed our saddle-bags with a plenty for man and horse.

I could not be done thinking of the young ladies. It put my heart in a flutter when I looked back at the castle from the wood's edge and saw one of them waving her handkerchief in a window. I lifted my hat, and put my spurs to the flank with such a pang in me that I dared not look back again. Save for that one thing, I never felt better. The trail was smooth, and we galloped along in silence for a mile or so. Then it narrowed to a stony path, where one had enough to do with slow going to take care of his head, there were so many boughs in the way.

"Jerushy Jane!" exclaimed D'ri, as he slowed down. "The air 's a gran' place. Never had my karkiss in no sech bed as they gin me las' night—softer 'n wind, an' hed springs on like them new wagins ye see over 'n Vermont. Jerushy! Dreamed I was flyin'."

"I had been thinking of what to do if we met the enemy and were hard pressed. We discussed it freely, and made up our minds that if there came any great peril of capture we would separate, each to take his own way out of the difficulty."

We halted by a small brook at midday, feeding the horses and ourselves out of the saddle-bags.

"Ain't jest eggzac'ly used 't this kind uv a sickle," said D'ri, as he felt the edge of his saber, "but I 'll be dumed if it don't seem ef I 'd orter be ruther dang'rous with that air 'n my hand."

[To Be Continued.]

WAS A LONELY PRINCESS.

When a Girl Rumania's Queen Played with Children Created by Her Imagination.

When Carmen Sylva, the poet-queen of Rumania, was the little princess of Wied in her father's castle on the Rhine, she used to sigh because she was a princess; and she has herself told how she longed to be a village child like those that she saw every day.

Since she could not get out to play with them, she invented plays of her own, and in these plays, the trees of the big castle park were her playmates. Every day she performed whole fairy plays, in which one tree was the wicked giant, another the fairy prince, and so on.

It was natural that this course of life should fan the enthusiasm of the child for story-telling; and in her eleventh year she had begun to write poetry, while her fourteenth birthday saw her busy over a drama.

By the time she was 20 she had written enough poetry, plays and stories, including several novels, to make books that would fill a long shelf; but she showed these to nobody, and it was not until Prince Karl, of Rumania, took her to that land to be his queen that she began to publish any of her work.

"He Lost." A lady who gave particularly dull parties, on one occasion invited two young officers stationed in the neighborhood. Only one attended, the other being on duty.

"Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular, and is generally used in the plural number, and it agrees with me."—Smith's Weekly.

Long-Felt Want. "Now, some patent medicine man ought to get up a 'Regulator for Chills and Fever,'" suggested the deep thinker.

The Feeble Lad. Indulgent Mother—John, I wish you'd quit sending that boy around on all sorts of errands. He's not a bit well lately and hardly able to get back and forth from the practice meets of his athletic club.—Baltimore American.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture gives to Salzer's Oats its heartiest endorsement. Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1904 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1905, if you will.

Speltz or Emmer, above illustrated, gives 80 bushels grain and four tons hay besides per acre. It's wonderful. Salzer's cereals are pedigree seeds, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

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SEND 10c IN STAMPS and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and you will get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. [K. L.]

After a man once loses his reputation it is pretty hard for him ever to lose it again.—Judge.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The man who struggles unsuccessfully against fortune is apt to feel that he has been robbed of the decision.—Fuck.

ALL CROPS GOOD IN WESTERN CANADA.

"Potatoes the Finest I Ever Saw."

Owing to the great amount of interest that is being taken in Western Canada, it is well to be informed of some of the facts that are bringing about the great emigration from portions of the United States.

The Canadian Government have authorized agents at different points, and the facts related in the following may be corroborated on application. At the same time they will be able to quote you rates, and give you certificates entitling you to low rates on the different lines of railway. The following letter copied from the North Bend (Neb.) Eagle, is an unsolicited testimonial, and the experience of Mr. Austen is that of hundreds of other Americans, who have made Canada their home during the past seven or eight years:

"I presume some may be interested to know how we have progressed... 's year in the Canadian North-West. We have no complaint to offer. We have had a good year, crops were good and we have had a delightful season. I threshed from my place 8,650 bushels of grain. My oats made 65 bushels per acre and weighed 42½ pounds per bushel. My wheat made 31½ bushels per acre and is No. 1 quality. My barley made about 20 bushels of good quality. My crop is a fair average of the crops in the Edmonton district.

"All crops were good here this season. Potatoes the finest I ever saw, and all vegetables adapted to the climate. We have had a very fine fall but no exception to the rule as the fall season is, I think, the most pleasant of the year. We have had no snow yet (Nov. 9), and have been plowing and working the land preparing for an early seeding next spring. Last night the mercury dropped lower than any previous night this fall and this morning there is a crust of frost on the fields sufficient to prevent field work. No doubt many would imagine that Alberta had put on her winter overcoat before this and that the people were wrapped in furs, but it is only a question of time when this country will not be looked upon as an iceberg, but a country fit for the best of mankind to live in.

"We are now assured of a transcontinental railway, which is to be built to the Pacific during the next five years. The Canadian Northern road is graded to within seventy-five miles of Edmonton. It comes from Winnipeg, and will reach us next summer, so with one railroad already at hand, the second to reach us in less than a year, and the third to penetrate our city and open up this country to the west across the Rockies to the coast within five years, we surely have reason to believe that the country is progressing.

"Very respectfully, "L. J. Austen."



LASTING RELIEF.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says: "My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Cures all Coughs

Doesn't it stand to reason that as Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has cured consumption, it will naturally cure that cough of yours? Your money back, if it doesn't. Try it to-day. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00

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