

**OUR SERIAL**

**WHEN THE DOOR OPENS.**

Sometimes it's early, early—  
 Or ever the farmhouse fires  
 Send up their incense pearly  
 In wavering morning spires.  
 When the sheep in nooks of the meadows  
 Are lying still,  
 And the old wheel dreams in the shadows  
 Behind the mill,  
 Then in the hush of the dawning, in the  
 Silvery mists and the dew,  
 God opens the door a little way, and little  
 Feet go through.

Sometimes it's when the wonder,  
 The hush and the dews have fled,  
 And noontide life pants under  
 The glare of the noon overhead,  
 When the plowman's furrows are creeping  
 Over the land,  
 Or rises the whirl of the reaping  
 On every hand—  
 Or ever the swath is finished, or the long  
 Brown furrow is run,  
 The unseen door swings open wide, and  
 The strong man's work is done.

Sometimes when the lamps of heaven  
 And the homelier lights of earth  
 Burn dim in the lonely even,  
 On high, or beside the hearth,  
 When the children go, and the cheery  
 Good nights are said,  
 And naught's by the fire but a weary  
 And howling head—  
 Then opens the door where all roads end,  
 Or run they east or west,  
 And child and man and a child again go  
 In and are at rest.  
 —William Hervey Woods, in Youth's Companion.

**D'ri and I**

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Darel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

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**CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.**

He knew a little about rough fighting with a saber. He had seen my father and me go at each other hammer and tongs there in our dooryard every day of good weather. Stormy days he had always stood by in the kitchen, roaring with laughter, as the good steel rang and the house trembled. He had been slow to come to it, but had had his try with us, and had learned to take an attack without flinching. I went at him hard for a final lesson that day in the woods—a great folly, I was soon to know. We got warm and made more noise than I had any thought of. My horse took alarm and pulled away, running into a thicket. I turned to catch him.

"Judas Priest!" said D'ri. There, within 10 feet of us, I saw what made me, ever after, a more prudent man. It was an English officer leaning on his sword, a tall and handsome fellow of some 40 years, in shiny top-boots and scarlet blouse and gauntlets of brown kid.

"You are quite clever," said he, touching his gray mustache. I made no answer, but stood pulling myself together.

"You will learn," he added, smiling, with a tone of encouragement. "Let me show you a trick."

He was most polite in his manner, like a play-hero, and came toward me as he spoke. Then I saw four other Britishers coming out close in upon us from behind trees.

He came at me quickly, and I met him. He seemed to think it would be no trick to unhelm my weapon. Like a flash, with a whip of his saber, he tried to wrench it away. D'ri had begun to shoot, dodging between trees, and a redcoat had tumbled over. I bore in upon my man, but he came back at me with surprising vigor. On my word, he was the quickest swordsman I ever had the honor of facing. But he had a mean way of saying "Ha!" as he turned my point. He soon angered me, whereupon I lost a bit of caution, with some blood, for he was at me like a flash, and grazed me on the hip before I could get my head again. It was no parlor play, I can tell you. We were fighting for life, and both knew it. We fought up and down through brakes and bushes and over stones—a perilous footing. I could feel his hand weakening. I put all my speed to the steel then, knowing well that, barring accident, I should win. I could hear somebody coming up behind me.

"Keep away there," my adversary shouted, with a fairness I admire when I think of it. "I can handle him. Get the other fellow."

I went at him to make an end of it. "I'll make you squint, you young cub," he hissed, lunging at me. He ripped my blouse at the shoulder, and, gods of war! we made the sparks fly. Then he went down, wriggling; I had caught him in the side, poor fellow! Like a flash I was off in a thicket. One of the enemy got out of my way and sent a bullet after me. I could feel it rip and sting in the muscle as it rubbed my ribs. I kept foot and made for my horse. He had caught his reins, and I was on him and off in the bush, between bullets that came ripping the leaves about me, before they could give chase.

Drums were beating the call to arms somewhere. I struck the trail in a minute, and, leaning low in the saddle, went bounding over logs and rocks down a steep hillside as if the devils were after me. I looked back, and was nearly raked off by a bough. I could hear horses coming in the trail behind with quick and heavy jumps. But I was up to rough riding and had little fear they would get a sight of me. However, crossing a long stretch of burnt timber, they must have seen me. I heard a crack of pistols far behind; a whiz of bullets over my head. I shook out the reins and let the horse go, urging with cluck and spur, never slackening for rock or hill or swale. It

was a wilder ride than any I have known since or shall again. I can promise you, for, God knows, I have been hurt too often. Fast riding over a new trail is leaping in the dark and worse than treason to one's self. Add to it a saddle wet with your own blood, then you have something to give you a turn of the stomach thinking of it.

When I was near tumbling with a kind of rib-ache and could hear no pursuer, I pulled up. There was silence about me, save the sound of a light breeze in the tree-tops. I rolled off my horse, and hooked my elbow in the reins, and lay on my belly, grunting with pain. I felt better, having got my breath, and a rod of beech to bite upon—a good thing if one has been badly stung and has a journey to make. In five minutes I was up and off at a slow jog, for I knew I was near safety.

I thought much of poor D'ri and how he might be faring. The last I had seen of him, he was making good use of pistol and legs, running from tree to tree. He was a dead shot, little given to wasting lead. The drums were what worried me, for they indicated a big camp, and unless he got to the stirrups in short order, he must have been taken by overwhelming odds. It was near sundown when I came to a brook and falls I could not remember passing. I looked about me. Somewhere I had gone off the old trail—everything was new to me. It widened, as I rode on, up a steep hill. Where the tree-tops opened, the hill was covered with mossy turf, and there were fragrant ferns on each side of me. The ground was clear of brush and dead timber. Suddenly I heard a voice singing—a sweet girl voice that thrilled me. I do not know why, save that I always longed for the touch of a woman if badly hurt. But then I have felt that way having the pain of neither lead nor steel. The voice rang in the silent woods, but I could see no one nor any sign of human habitation. Shortly I came out upon a smooth roadway carpeted with sawdust. It



**GODS OF WAR! WE MADE THE SPARKS FLY.**

led through a grove, and following it, I came suddenly upon a big green mansion among the trees, with Doric pillars and a great portico where hammocks hung with soft cushions in them, and easy-chairs of old mahogany stood empty. I have said as little as possible of my aching wound; I have always thought it bad enough for one to suffer his own pain. But I must say I was never so tried to keep my head above me as when I came to that door. Two figures in white came out to meet me. At first I did not observe—I had enough to do keeping my eyes open—that they were the Milles, de Lambert.

"God save us!" I heard one of them say. "He is hurt; he is pale. See the blood running off his bootleg."

Then, as one took the bit, the other eased me down from my saddle, calling loudly for help. She took her handkerchief—that had a perfume I have not yet forgotten—as she supported me, and wiped the sweat and dust from my face. Then I saw they were the splendid young ladies I had seen at the count's table. The discovery put new life in me; it was like a dash of water in the face. I lifted my hat and bowed to them.

"Ladies, my thanks to you," I said in as good French as I knew. "I have been shot. May I ask you to send for a doctor?"

A butler ran down the steps; a gardener and a stable-boy hurried out of the grove.

"To the big room—the Louisa-Quinze," said one of the girls, excitedly, as the men came to my help. The fat butler went puffing upstairs, and they followed, on each side of me.

"The colonel!" one of them whispered, listening.

"The colonel, upon my soul!" said the other, that sprightly Louisa, as she tiptoed to the window. They used to call her "Tiptoes" at the Hermitage.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

The doctor came that night, and took out of my back a piece of flattened lead. It had gone under the flesh, quite half round my body, next to the ribs, without doing worse than to rake the bone here and there and weaken me with a loss of blood. I woke awhile before he came. The baroness and the fat butler were sitting beside me. She was a big, stout woman of some 40 years, with dark hair and gray eyes, and teeth of remarkable symmetry. That evening, I remember, she was in full dress.

"My poor boy!" said she, in English and in a sympathetic tone, as she bent over me.

Indeed, my own mother could not have been kinder than that good woman. She was one that had a heart and hand for the sick-room. I told her how I had been hurt and of my ride. She heard me through with a glow in her eyes.

"What a story!" said she. "What a dare-devil! I do not see how it has been possible for you to live."

"She spoke to me always in English of quaint wording and quaint accent. She seemed not to know that I could speak French."

An impressive French tutor—a fine old fellow, obsequious and bald-headed—sat by me all night to give me medicine. In the morning I felt as if I had a new heart in me, and was planning to mount my horse. I thought I ought to go about my business, but I fear I thought more of the young ladies and the possibility of my seeing them again. The baroness came in after I had a bite to eat. I told her I felt able to ride.

"You are not able, my child. You cannot ride the horse now," said she, feeling my brow; "maybe not for a year long time. I have a large house, plenty servant, plenty food. Parbleu! be content. We shall take good care of you. If there is one message to go to your chief, you know I shall send it."

I wrote a brief report of my adventure with the British, locating the scene as carefully as might be, and she sent it by mounted messenger to "the Burg."

"The young ladies they wish to see you," said the baroness. "They are kind-hearted; they would like to do what they can. But I tell them now; they will make you to be very tired."

"On the contrary, it will rest me. Let them come," I said.

"But I warn you," said she, lifting her finger as she left the room, "do not fall in love. They are full of mischief. They do not study. They do not care. You know they make much fun all day."

The young ladies came in presently. They wore gray gowns admirably fitted to their fine figures. They brought big bouquets and set them, with a handsome courtesy, on the table beside me. They took chairs and sat solemn-faced, without a word, as if it were a Quaker meeting they had come to. I never saw better models of sympathetic propriety. I was about to speak. One of them shook her head, a finger on her lips.

"Do not say one word," she said solemnly in English. "It will make you ver' sick."

It was the first effort of either of them to address me in English. As I soon knew, the warning had exhausted her vocabulary. The baroness went below in a moment. Then the one who had spoken came over and sat near me, smiling.

A perplexing problem it was, and I had to think and suffer much before I saw the end of it, and really came to know what love is and what it is not.

Shortly I was near the end of this delightful season of illness. I had been out of bed a week. The baroness had read to me every day, and had been so kind that I felt a great shame for my part in our deception. Every afternoon she was off in a boat or in her caleche, and had promised to take me with her as soon as I was able to go.

"You know," said she, "I am going to make you stay her a full month. I have the consent of the general."

I had begun to move about a little and enjoy the splendor of that forest home. There were, indeed, many rare and priceless things in it that came out of her chateau in France. She had some curious old clocks, tokens of ancestral taste and friendship. There was one her grandfather had got from the land of Louis XIV.—le Grand Monarque, of whom my mother had begun to tell me as soon as I could hear with understanding. Another came from the bedchamber of Philip II. of Spain—a grand high clock that tolled the hours in that great hall beyond my door. A little thing, in a case of carved ivory, that ticked on a table near my bed, Moliere had given to one of her ancestors, and there were many others of equal interest.

Her walls were adorned with art treasures of the value of which I had little appreciation those days. But I remember there were canvases of Correggio and Rembrandt and Sir Joshua Reynolds. She was, indeed, a woman of fine taste, who had brought her best to America; for no one had a doubt, in the time of which I am writing, that the settlement of the Compagnie de New York would grow into a great colony, with towns and cities and fine roadways, and the full complement of high living. She had built the Hermitage—that was the name of the mansion—fine and splendid as it was, for a mere temporary shelter pending the arrival of those better days.

She had a curious fad, this hermit baroness of the big woods. She loved nature and was a naturalist of no poor attainments. Wasps and hornets were the special study of this remarkable woman. There were at least a score of their nests on her front portico—big and little and some of them oddly shaped. She hunted them in wood and field. When she found a nest she had it moved carefully after nightfall, under a bit of netting, and fastened somewhere about the gables. Around the Hermitage were many withered boughs and briars holding cones of wrought fiber, each a citadel of these uniformed soldiers of the air and the poisoned arrow. They were assembled in colonies of yellow, white, blue, and black wasps, and white-faced hornets. She had no fear of them, and, indeed, no one of the household was ever stung to my knowledge. I have seen her stand in front of her door and feed them out of a saucer. There were special favorites that would light upon her palm, overrunning its pink hollow and gorging at the honey-drop.

**[To Be Continued.]**

**Milinery Botany.**

Miss Johnson was an excellent teacher, but her taste in dress, especially head-dress, was so peculiar that even her adoring pupils could not fail to notice it. The verdure which appeared upon Miss Johnson's hat one season was so gaudy that several wondering comments were made by the boys. "I'm going to ask her what the green stuff is," said one boy, valiantly, in spite of the vigorous objections of his companions. "She won't mind, and next nature-study class I'm going to ask her, and see who's right." So, red in the face but stubborn, he rose at the end of a lesson on wayside flowers, in response to Miss Johnson's general request for any questions which might have come up since the last lesson. "I'd like to know about that green stuff on your hat," he said, bluntly. "John Aiken, he says it's beach grass, but I say it's onion sprouts."—Youth's Companion.

**Persuasion That Brought Confession.**

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the magistrate, addressing the dete-mined looking female parent of a small and dirty boy. "Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

**How did you persuade him?**

"How did you persuade him?" queried his worship. "Well, first I gave him a good thrashing," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper and took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he'd confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

**He Was Kind.**

A district visitor was talking to a man who had recently been in that species of "trouble" which is associated with high walls and iron bars. "And was the prison chaplain kind to you, my man?" she inquired, tenderly. "Kind, miss? Why, bless you, he couldn't have been kinder to me if I had been condemned to be hanged."—Smith's Weekly.

**His Career.**

Lord Stonybrooke—It's time, Clarence, that you were thinking about a career. Dutiful Son—I will be guided by you, father. Shall I go into the church study for the bar, enter the army, or marry an heiress?—Smith's Weekly.

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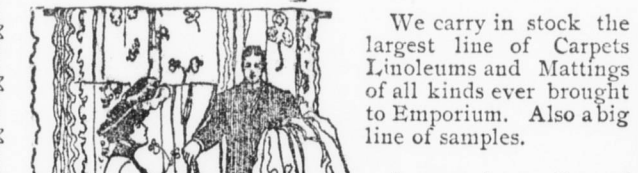
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