

THE OTHER FISH IN THE SEA.

A youth who loved a pretty maiden, And worshiped all she wore, When she refused him, hung his head And hopelessly and sadly said: That he could love no more.

"The world," he wailed, "contains no

Whose charms may make me glad; The skies may never more be fair, Her like remains not anywhere, The world is bleak and sad."

It chanced that while his heart was bleeding
He traveled far away,
And in a quiet little place
He met a maiden with a face
That gladdened all the day.

He suddenly forgot the beauty
For whom his heart had yearned,
And sighed to win the other maid
Who threw his first love in the shade,
His breast with ardor burned.

But cruel fate was still against him, Once more he was denied; Then, sitting down, he said: "I ne'er Shall find another half as fair, My fondest hopes have died."

In God's good time he had to travel To other scenes once more, And so he met a maiden who By far outshone the other two That he had loved before.

Most graciously she smiled upon him, And he at once forgot His former yearnings and despair, He'd found the fairest of the fair— Or so, at least, he thought.

'Tis ever thus; we think the charmers We gaze upon to-day Are all there are beneath the sky, But they are everywhere, so why Sit down in hopelessness to sigh?

From Bath to Monterey From Batn to Monterey,
From Adelaide to Perth Amboy
Are ladies who can still destroy
Our hopes or lift us up to joy
When we are turned away.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

At the dinner the count had much o say of the scenes of excitement in Albany, where he had lately been The baroness and her wards were re splendent in old lace and sparkling jewels. Great haunches of venison were served from a long sideboard was a free flow of old Madeir and Burgundy and champagne and cognac. Mr. Parish and the count and the general and Moss Kent and M. Pidgeon sat long at the table, with cigars and coffee, after the rest of us had gone to the parlors, and the big room rang with their laughter. The young Marquis de Gonvello and Mr Marc Isambert Brunel of the Compagnie, who afterward founded the great machine shops of the royal navy eer of the Thames tunnel, and Pierr Chassinis, Jr., and I waltzed with the ladies. Presently I sat down near the baroness, who was talking in French with Therese Le Ray, the count

"Pardon my using French," said th baroness, turning to me, "for I believe you do not use it, and, my friend, it is a misfortune, for you miss knowing what good company is the Ma'm'sell-

"And I miss much pleasure and may hap a duel with the marquis," I said, laughing; "but I beg you to proceed with your talk. I have learned many words since I came here, and I love the sound of it."

"We saw British soldiers to-day." she continued to Ma'm'selle Le Ray in French. "They crossed the road near us on their horses."

Louison came over and sat by them uniform, baroness continued, "but I knew they were English; you cannot mistake

"And what do you think?" said Louison, eagerly. "One of them threatened

to kiss me."

"Indeed, that was terrible," said
Ma'm'selle Le Ray. "You must have
been afraid."

"Yes," said she, smiling, "afraid he would n't. They were a good-looking

"I do not think he was speaking of you at all," said the baroness. "He was looking at me when—" "Ciel!" exclaimed Louison, laughing

That is why they turned suddenly and fled into the fields.

fled, too-perhaps as suddenly as the Britishers-to save myself the dis-

grace of laughter.

The great clock in the hall abovestairs tolled the hour of two. The shuck ladies had all gone to bed save the tial." baroness. The butler had started upstairs, a candelabrum in his hand. Following him were the count and Mr. about the house in the dark. They also the baroness in the dark. They also the baroness in the dark. They are the count and Mr. about the house in the dark.

D'ri, his clothes wet, his boots muddy, for it had been raining. Before he could speak I had my arms around "Guns, did ye say? Jerushy Jane!

he muttered, leaning over on one barones

save yer life, I did, an' they was tight up t' me all the way."

"Poor fellow!" said the baroness, who stood at the door. "Help him in t once and give him a sip of brandy."
"Tuk me prisoner over there 'n the

woods thet day," said he, sinking into a chair and leaning forward, his head on his hands. "They tuk 'n' they toted me over t' Canady, an' I tuk 'n' got away, 'n' they efter me. Killed one on 'em thet was chasin' uv me over 'n the Beaver medders on the bog trail. Hoss got t' wallerin' so he hed t' come down. Riz up out o' the grass 'n' ketched holt uv 'im 'fore he c'u'd pull a weepon. Tuk this out uv his pocket, an' I tried to git the hows out o' the mire, but did n't hev time."

He sat erect and proudly handed me a sheet of paper. I opened it, and read as follows:

To Capt. Elias Wilkins, Royal Fusillers: My Dear Captain: You will proceed at one across the river with a detail of five men mounted and three days' rations, men mounted and three days' rations, and, if possible, capture the prisoner who escaped early this morning, making a thorough search of the woods in Jefferson county. He has information of value to the enemy, and I regard his death or capture of high and immediate importance. I am informed that the young desperado who murdered my Lord of Pickford in the forest below Clayton June 29, escaping, although badly wounded, is lying at the country-seat of the Baroness de Ferre, a Frenchwoman, at Leraysville, Jefferson county, N. Y. It would gratify me if you could accomplish one or both captures. With respect, I Leraysville, Jeneson coad, would gratify me if you could accomplish one or both captures. With respect, I am, your obedient servant, R. SHEAFFER,

General Commanding.

"They 'll be here," said D'ri. They Il be here jest es sure es God-'fore daylight, mebbe. But I can't fight er dew nothin' till I 've hed some vittles." "You shall have supper," said the

paroness, who, without delay, went to the kitchen herself with a servant to ook after it. The butler brought a pair of slippers and a dry coat while I irew off the boots of my good friend. Then I gave him my arm as he limped to the kitchen beside me. The baroness and I sat near him as he ate.

"Go upstairs and call the gentle men." said she to the butler. "Do not nake any disturbance, but say I should ike to speak with them in the dining

'Is thet air hired man o' yours a Britisher?" D'ri inquired as soon as the butler was gone.

"He is-from Liverpool," said she. "Thet 's the hole 'n the fence," said "Thet 's where the goose got

away. "The goose! The geese!" said the baroness, thoughtfully. "I do not understand you."

"Went 'n' blabbed, thet 's whut he

done," said D'ri. "Mebbe wrote 'em a letter, gol-dum his pictur'."

"Oh, I perceive! I understand," said she; "and I send him away to-mor-

'Neek's broke with hunger," said "Never threw no vittles 'n my



F WAS MY PART TO UNHOUSE A COLONY OF THE LONG WHITE-FACED HORNETS.

basket with sech a splendid taste tew em es these hev.'

The baroness looked at him with show of worry

"I beg your pardon," said she, "did you say the neck of you was broken?" I explained the idiom.

"Ain't hed nothin' t' eat since day yistiddy," said D'ri. "Juda I'm all et up with hunger." With old Burgundy and biscuit and venison and hot coffee he was rapidly

"I 'm wondering where I will hide you both," said the baroness, thou

"Hed n't orter hev no rumpus nere, "Hed n't orter hev no rumpus nere,
'n' go t' shootin' 'n' mebbe spile yer
house 'n' furnicher," said D'ri. "'T
ain't decent er 't ain't nice. We 'd
better mek tracks an' put a mild er 'twixt us 'n' here 'fore we hev any trouble. 'T ain't a-goin' t' be no Sunday school. Ef they can, they 're a-goin' t' tek us dead er 'live. Ef they ever tuk us we would n't be wuth shucks, nuther on us, efter court-mar-

Parish, supporting the general be-tween them. The able soldier had tween them. The able soldier had overrated his capacity. All had risen to go to their rooms. Of a sudden went. No, I shall permit you not to go to their rooms. Of a sudden went were startled by a loud rap on the front door. A servant opened it, and inmediately I heard the familiar voice including the service of the startled by a loud rap on the front door. A servant opened it, and including the service of the startled by a loud rap on the startled by a D'ri.
"Is there anybody here by the name with ting me on the shoulder, "le brave ting me on the shoulder, "le brave o' Mister Bell?" he asked.
I ran to the door, and there stood

could speak I had my arms around him, and he sank to his knees in my ambrace. He was breathing heavily.

"Tied out that is given in the did he call me? Mon Dieu!

embrace. He was breathing heavily. "What did he call me? Mon Dieu! Grushy Jane! It is not I," said the

hand. "Come through the woods 't Again I explained the difficulty.

"Ain't very proper-spoke," said D'ri, apclogetically. "Jest wan' t' say et them air guns er likely t' come handy here 'most any minute. Give us guns,

'n' we 'll sock it to 'em."
"We shall sock it to them, we shall indeed," said she, hurrying out of the "We shall make them to run for their lives.'

They were all in the dining roomthe men of the party-save the general, who could not be awakened. Guns and pistols were loaded. I made a novel plan of defense that was unani-mously approved. I posted a watch at every window. A little after dawn the baroness, from behind a curtain, saw a squad of horsemen coming through the grove.

"Ici! they have come!" said she, in a loud whisper. "There are not four; there are many."

I took my detail of six men above stairs. Each had a strip of lumber we had found in the shop, and each carefully raised a window, waiting the signal. I knew my peril, but I was never so cool in my life. If I had been wiser possibly I should have felt it the more The horsemen promptly deployed covering every side of the mansion. They stood close, mounted, pistol and saber ready. Suddenly I gave the signal. Then each of us thrust out the strip of lumber stealthily, prodding the big drab cones on every side. Hornets and wasps, a great swarm of them, sprang thick as seeds from the hand of a sower. It was my part to unhouse a colony of the long, white-faced hor-Goaded by the ruin of their nests, they saw the nodding heads below them, and darted at man and horse like a flight of arrows. They I'ut their hot spurs into flank and face and neck. I saw them strike and fall: they do hit hard, those big-winged Vespae. It was terrible, the swift charge of that winged battalion of the air. I heard howls of pain below me, and the thunder of rushing feet. The horses were rearing and plunging, the men striking with their hats.

I heard D'ri shouting and laughing at his window.

"Give 'em hell, ye little blue devils!" he yelled; and there was all vidence that they understood him.

Then, again, every man of us opened his window and fired a volley at the scurrying mass.

One horse, rearing and leaping on his hind legs, came down across the back of another, and the two fell heavily in a rolling, convulsive heap. One, as if blinded, bumped a tree, going over on his withers, all fours flashing in the air. Some tore off in the thickets, as unmanageable as the wild horse More than half threw their riders Not a man of them pulled a trigger they were busy enough, God knows Not one of them could have hit the sky with any certainty. I never saw such

a torrent of horsehair and red caps. "Whut! Been on the back o' one o em hosses?" said D'ri, telling of it a ong time after. "'D ruther o' been shet up 'n a barrel with a lot o' cats rolled down hill. Good deal better er my health, an' I 'd 'a' luked more ke a human bein' when I come out. Them fellers-they did n't luk fit t with nuthin' er nobody when we led 'em up t' the house-nut one

Only one Britisher was brought down by our bullets, and he had been the mark of D'ri; with him a rifle was never a plaything. Five others lay writhing in the grass, bereft of horse deserted by their comrades. The smudges were ready, and the nets D'ri and I put on the latter and ran out, placing a smudge row on every side of the Hermitage. The winged aghters were quickly driven away. Of the helpless enemy one had staggered off in the brush; the others lay groaning, their faces lumpy and one-sided A big sergeant had a nose of the look and diameter of a goose-egg; one carried a cheek as large and protuberant as the jowl of a porker's head; and one had ears that stuck out like a puffed bladder. They were helpless. We disarmed and brought them in, doing all we could for their comfort with blue clay and bruised plantain. It was hard on them, I have often thought, but it saved an ugly fight among ladies, and, civil, but if yo uever know half as no doubt, many lives. I know, if they much as Will Carleton does you'll had taken us, D'ri and I would never

I have saved myself many a time by strategy, but chose the sword always if there were an even chance And, God knows, if one had ever a look at our bare bodies, he would see no sign of shirking on either D'ri or me.

CHAPTER X.

The shooting and shouting and the tramp of horse and man had roused everybody in the big house. Even the general came down to know what was the matter. The young ladies came, pale and frightened, but in faultless attire. I put an armed guard by the prisoners at the door, under command of D'ri. Then I had them bare the feet of the four Britishers, knowing they could not run bootless in th brush. We organized a convoy—the general and I—and prepared to start brush. for the garrison. We kept the smudges going, for now and then we could hear the small thunder of hornet-wings above us. There is a mighty menace in it, I can tell you, if they are angry.
"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" said D'ri,

as he sat, rifle on his knee, looking at his prisoners. "Never thought no-body c'u'd luk s' joemightyful cur-us. s mek a man humly t' hev any ble with them air willy-come

He meant wasps I had had no opportunity for more than a word with the young ladies. I hoped it might come when I went in for a hasty breakfast with the baronthe count, the general and Mr. Parish. As we were eating, Louison came in hurriedly. She showed some

What is the trouble, my dear?" said the baroness, in French.

"Eh bien, only this," said she: "I have dropped my ring in the brook. It is my emerald. I cannot reach it." "Too bad! She has dropped her ring in the brook," said the baroness,

in English, turning to me.
"If she will have the kindness to take me there," I said to the hostess, rising as I spoke, "I shall try to get it for her."

M'sieur le Capitaine, you are very obliging," said she. Then, turning to Louison, she added in French: "Gc with him. He will recover it for you."

It pleased and flattered me, the strategy of this wonderful young creature. She led me, with dainty steps, through a dewy garden walk into the trail.

"Parbleu!" she whispered, "is it not a shame to take you from your meat? But I could not help it. I had to see you; there is something I wish to say." "A pretty girl is better than meat, I answered quickly. "I am indebted

to you. "My! but you have a ready tongue," said she. "It is with me a pleasure to listen. You are going away? You shall not return—perhaps?"

She was trying to look very gay and indifferent, but in her voice I could detect a note of trouble. The flame of passion, quenched for a little time by the return of peril and the smoke of gunpowder, flashed up in me.

"It is this," she went on: "I may wish you to do me a favor. May I have your address?"

"And you may command me," I said as I gave it to her.
"Have a care!" she said, laughing.

"I may ask you to do desperate things—you may need all your valor. The count and the baroness—they may send us back to France."

us back to France."
"Which will please you," I remarked.
"Perhaps," she said, quickly. "Mon
Dieu! I do not know what I want! I
am a fool. Take this. Wear it when you are gone. Not that I care—but—it will make you remember."

She held in her fingers a flashing emerald on a tiny circlet of gold. Before I could answer she had laid it in my hard palm and shut my hand up-

"Dieu!" she exclaimed, whispering, "I must return—I must hurry. Remember, we did not find the ring."

I felt a great impulse to embrace her and confess my love. But I was not quick enough. Before I could speak she had turned away and was running. called to her, but she did not turn or seem to hear me. She and my opporunity were gone.

We stowed the prisoners in the big coach of the baroness, behind a lively team of four. Then my horse and one

for D'ri were brought up.
"Do not forget," said the baroness,
holding my hand, "you are always welcome in my house. I hope, ma foi! that you will never find happiness until you return.'

The young ladies came not to the step where we were, but stood by the count waving adieux. Louison had a smile and a pretty word of merry French for me; Louise only a sober look that made me sad, if it did not speak for the same feeling in her. The count was to remain at the Hermitage, having sent to the chateau for a squad of his armed retainers. They were to defend the house, if, by chance, the British should renew their attack. Parish and his footman and the general went with us, the former driving. D'ri and I rode on behind as the coach went off at a gallop.

[To Be Continued.1

A Farmer's Revenge.

Will Carleton, while traveling reently in a stage coach among the into a literary conversation with a prosperous farmer. In the course of conversation the farmer, who had no suspicion of the author's identity, quoted from Mr. Carleton's poems to illustrate some point he was trying to make. "Oh, that's from Carleton!" said the poet, "and I never have been in the habit of believing half he said." The farmer eyed him for a moment, somewhat contemptuously. "Well, stranger," he retorted, slowly, "I don't know you, nor I don't want to be unknow twice as much as you do now.

-Boston Transcript.

The Bishop "Bit." A distinguished Irish archbishop was one day walking along St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, when he saw a ragged little boy endeavoring to reach up and ring the front door bell of a house, but it was just too high for him. Seeing the difficulty the child was in, his grace stopped and very kindly rang it for him. The little urchin looked up at him with grateful eyes, seized the archiepiscopal hand in his and said. Now, come along quick and hide till we see the feller open the door and not find us."-Tattler.

He Was Wondering.

A Scotch doctor who was attending laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and re ording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin that mysel'. Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."-Argonaut.

"Yes," at Last.

"Miss Mabel," said the persistent suitor, "I can't help speaking to you again. It is true you have said 'No' very emphatically to every proposal—" "Not at all," interrupted the sweet girl, "I said 'Yes' last Tuesday. "Last Tuesday? Er-I wasn't here

"No, but Jack Hansom was."-Phila delphia Press.

It Was Good. Tt Was Good.

Chloe, our maid of all work, had the true Ethiopian's fondness for "good eating," and, like so many of her race, she often used language more lofty than appropriate. One day Chloe's mistress made an extremely good pudding for dessert. Chloe took a generous taste of the pudding, smacked her lyps and said with evident satisfaction:

"My, oh! ef dat don't taste melodious!"—Lippincott's.

False Report.

False Report.

"I have been told," said Mrs. Oldcastle,
"that your daughter has been doing some
wonderful things in pyrography."
"Oh, no," replied her hostess, "she
am't been there at all. The last letter
we had from her she was in Pittsburg,
and thought she'd go right through to
Washington."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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"Yes," said Newliwed, "my wife and I are housekeeping now. She prepared our first dinner last night with her own fair hands." "How was it?" saked Bacheller. "Well, the auts and raising were fine."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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