6



THE DAILY GRIND.

My son, when you speak of the work you do, there's something to keep in

My son, when you speak of the work you do, there's something to keep in mind;
No matter how little it pleases you, don't call it "the dafly grind."
Don't tell of the tasks that you dislike, nor grumble at sorry fate—
There never was work set to our hands that we had a right to hate;
It isn't the work; it isn't the hire; nor toiling from sun to sun
That counts in the eyes of them who see—it's "how is the labor done?"
As soon as you suy it's a daily grind, that moment you hate your work.
That moment be imp of indolence shows yon how you well may shirk;
That moment you ought to quit.
For the work that you do is a friend to you while you are a friend to it.
And ence you have called it a slavish task and named it "the daily grind.""
Your work is a snare that will catch your feet and cause you to yu oumst finish hat task alone.
And work that is done with a friendly ham will be a stone.

one, ork that is done with a friendly And

And work that is done with a triendy hand will charge to a stepping stone, Will carry you over the barring stream or out of the clinging slough And lift you to where you may put your hand on the work that you want to do

to do. It will help you along to the heights you seek, will bring you unto your goal-But when you declare it's "the daily grind," it will grind you both heart and soul.

-W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune



CHAPTER XV.

D'ri's narrative was the talk of the garrison. Those who heard the tell-ing, as I did not, were fond of quoting its odd phrases, and of describing how D'ri would thrust and parry with his jack-knife in the story of the bouts. The mystery of that plunge into darkness and invisible water was a trial to my nerves the like of which I had never suffered. After they had pulled his lordship out of the grave, and I knew there would be no more fighting, I began to feel the strain he had put upon me. He was not so strong as D'ri, but I had never stood before a quicker man. His blade was as full of life and cunning as a cat's paw, and he tired me. When I went under the water I felt sure it was all over, for I was sick and faint. I had been thinking of D'ri in that quick descent. I wondered if he was the man who had got away and gone down the slide. I was not the less amazed, however, to feel his strong hand upon me as I came up. I knew nothing for a time. D'ri has told me often how he bore me up in rapid water until he came into an eddy where he could touch bottom. There, presently, I got back my senses and stood leaning on broad shoulder awhile. A wind was blowing, and we could hear a boat jumping in the ripples near by. We could see nothing, it was so dark, but D'ri left me, feeling his way slowly, and soon found the boat. He whistled to me, and I made my way to him. There were oars in the bottom of the D'ri helped me in, where I lay boat. back with a mighty sense of relief. Then he hauled in a rope and anchor, and shoved off. The boat, overrunning the flow in a moment, shot away rapidly. I could feel it take headway as we clove the murmuring waters. D'ri set the oars and helped it on. I lay awhile thinking of all the blood and horror in that black night--like a dream of evil that leads through dim regions silence into the shadow of death. I thought of the hinted peril of the slide that was to be the punishment of poor courage. D'ri had a plausible theory of the He said that to the sides of it to break our speed we'd have gone down like a plummet and shattered our bones on a rocky shore. Coming fast, our bodies leaped far into the air and fell to deep water. How long I lay there thinking, as I rested, I have no satisfactory notion. Louise and Louison came into my thoughts, and a plan of rescue. A rush of cavalry and reeking swords, a dash for the boats, with a flying horse under each fair lady, were in that moving vision. But where should we find them? for I knew not the name of that country out of which we had come by ways of darkness and peril. The old query came to me: If I had to choose between them, which should I take There was as much of the old doubt in me as ever. For a verity, I loved them both, and would die for either. I opened my eyes at last, and, rising, my hands upon the gunwales, could dimly see the great shoulders of D'ri swaying back and forth as he rowed. The coming dawn had shot an arrow into the great, black sphere of night, cracking it from circumference to core, and floods of light shortly came pour-ing in, sweeping down bridges of darkness, gates of gloom, and massy walls . We were in the middle of of shadow a broad river—the St. Lawrence, we knew, albeit the shores were unfa-miliar to either of us. The sunlight stuck in the ripples, and the breeze fanned them into flowing fire. The morning lighted the green hills of my partice land with a michigan state. native land with a mighty splendor. A new life and a great joy came to me as I filled my lungs with the sweet air. D'ri pulled into a cove, and neither could speak for a little. He turned, looking out upcn the river, and sbrushed a tear off his brown cheek.

no country luk this 'un, don' care where As the oars lay still, we could hear in the far timber a call of fife and drum. Listening, we heard the faint familiar strains of "Yankee Doodle." We came ashore in silence, and I hugged the nearest tree, and was not able to say the "Thank God!" that fell

The feel of the

from my lips only half spoken.

air.

Michigan.

trees and the brooks.

CHAPTER XVI.

south. River and stream had a way of telling him whence they had come

at dusk and told our story, the gen-

of embarrassment on his sober face. "Seems so we come ashore 'bout here," said he, dropping the middle

We got our bearings, a pair of boots for D'ri, and a hearty meal in the cabin for D ri, and a heary mean in the cabin of a settler. The good man was unfa-miliar with the upper shore, and we got no help in our mystery. Starting west, in the woods, on our way to the

with an eagerness I could not conceal. It went as follows: "My Dear Count: If this letter reaches you, it will, I hope, relieve your anx-lety. We are alive and well, but where? I am sure I have no better idea than if I were a baby just born. We came here with our eyes covered after a long ride from the river, which we crossed in the night. I think it must have taken us three days to come here. We are shut up in a big house with high walls and trees and gardens around it-a beautiful place. We have fine beds and everything to eat, only we miss the boult-labalisse, and the jokes of M. Pidgeon, and the fine old claret. A fat Englishoman who waddles around like a big goose and who calls me Mumm (as if I were a wine-maker!) waits upon us. We do not know the name of our host. He is a tall man who says little and has hair on his neck and on the back of his hands. Dieu! he is a lord who talks as if he were too lazy to breathe. It is 'Your Lordship this' speak well of him, because he is going to read this letter: it is on that condition I am permitted to write. Therefore I say he is a great and good man, a beau-ulful man. The baroness and Louise send love to all. Madame says do not worry; we shall come out all right: but I say worry! and, good man, do not cease to worry until we are safe home. Tell the cure he has something to do now. I have worn out my rosary, and am losing faith. Tell him to try his. Your affecharbor, we stopped here and there to listen, but heard only wood-thrush and partridge-the fife and drum of nature. That other music had gone out of hearing. We had no compass, but D'ri knew the forest as a crow knows the He knew the language of the bark and what he called "the lean of the timber" told him which way was and where they were going, but he had no understanding of a map. I remem-ber, after we had come to the harbor eral asked him to indicate our landing place and our journey home on a big map at headquarters. D'ri studied the map a brief while. There was a look 'bout finger of his right hand in the vicin-ity of Quebec. "Then we traveled aw-a-a-ay hellwards over 'n this 'ere direction." With that illuminating refaith. Tell him to try his. Your affec-tionate, LOUISON." mark he had slid his finger over some leagues of country from Quebec to

"She is an odd girl," said the count They met us with honest joy and no as I gave back the letter, "so full of fun, so happy, so bright, so quick-allittle surprise that evening as we came into camp. Ten of our comrades had returned, but as for ourselves, they ways on her tiptoes. Come, you are tired; you have ridden far in the dust. thought us in for a long stay. We said little of what we had gone I shall make you glad to be here.' A groom took my horse, and the count through, outside the small office at

led me down a wooded slope to the lakeside. Octagonal water-houses, painted white, lay floating at anchor near us. He rowed me to one of them for a bath. Inside was a rug and a table and soap and linen. A broad panel on a side of the floor came up as I pulled a cord, showing water clear and luminous to the sandy lake-bottom. The glow of the noonday filled the lake to its shores, and in a moment I clove the sunlit depths-a rare delight after my long, hot ride. At luncheon we talked of the war,

and he made much complaint of the northern army, as did everybody those days. "My boy," said he, "you should join

Perry on the second lake. It is your only chance to fight, to win glory."

He told me then of the impending battle and of Perry's great need of men. I had read of the sea-fighting and longed for a part in it. To climb on hostile decks and fight hand to hand was a thing to my fancy. Ah, well! I was young then. At the count's table that day I determined to go, if I could get leave.

Therese and a young Parisienne, her friend, were at luncheon with us. They bade us adieu and went away for a gal-lop as we took cigars. We had no sooner left the dining room than I called for my horse. Due at the Harbor that evening, I could give myself no lorger to the fine hospitality of the count. In a few moments I was boundforest shadows. A little way on I overtook Therese and the Parisienne. drew rein, coming back and stopping beside her. The other went on at a walk.

"M'sieur le Capitaine, have you any news of them-of Louise and Louison?" she inquired. "You and my father were so busy talking I could not ask you before.'

"I know this only; they are in captivity somewhere, I cannot tell where." "You look worried, M'sieur le Capitaine; you have not the happy face, the merry look, any longer. In June you were a boy, in August-voila! it is a man! Perhaps you are preparing for the ministry.' She assumed a solemn look, glancing up at me as if in mockery of my sober face. She was a slim, fine bru-nette, who, as I knew, had long been a confidante of Louison.

AMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1905 A them—eh bien, we shall know what is, necessary." I told him how I had met them that, night in Canada and what came of it. "The add a number of it. "The add and what came of it. "The are a crule people, the Eng-lish," said he. "I am afraid to find, them will be a matter of great diffi-culty." The former called to me as I passed. "But the letter." he interrupted, feel-ing in his pocket. "The letter is non-mucch. It is from Tiptoes—from Louison. It was malled this side of the river wills a none letter. I read the add and live only with the there is a great and well, the were shull in went as follows: "Mo haded me the letter. I read the value are count. If this letter reaches it went as follows: "Mo have fore server thing the everything in a bigs to come here. We are shull in the add caret. A fat Englishwoman whis the anso of our host. He is a tail many the and on the back of his hands. Dieul her and. Theorem end here as the source of the read have around like a big goose and who than on the back of his hands. Dieul her and. Theorem end here the source of the source of the read have no bedies and the find in the ame of our host. He is a tail many the and on the back of his hands. Dieul here as and. There eases for you the and on the back of his hands. Dieul here as the low of the source of the sa for who tails shift were too have the and on the back of his hands. Dieul here as the low of the source of his as if he were too have the and on the back of his hands. Dieul here as the low of his as the were too have the as been and est of the source of his hands. Dieul here as the low of his hands. Dieul here as the low of the source of his as great and good man, a basilities and here as the low of the source so the source of his as great and good man, a basilitie and here heres. We are all here as the low of the source source and region the source here were here here the source of his as great and good man, a basilitie and here aso h

I read it thrice, and held it for a moment to my lips. Every word stung me sweet pain that afflicted its with the author. I could feel my cheeks burning.

"Ma'mselle, pardon me; it is not I she refers to. She does not say whom. "Surely," said Therese, flirting her hip and lifting her shoulders. whip 'M'sieur le Capitaine is never a stupid You-you should say something man. very nice now. "If it is I-thank God- Her misery

is my delight, her liberation my one purpose.

"And my congratulations," said she giving me her hand. "She has wit and beauty, a true heart, a great fortune, and-good luck in having your love. I raised my hat, blushing to the roots of my hair.

"It is a pretty compliment," I said. "And-and I have no gift of speech to thank you. I am not a match for you except in my love of kindness and-and of Louison. You have made me happier than I have been before."

"If I have made you alert, ingenious, determined, I am content," was her answer. "I know you have courage." "And will to use it."

"Good luck and adieu!" said she, with a fine flourish of her whip; those people had always a pretty politeness

of manner. "Adieu," I said, lifting my hat as I rode off, with a prick of the spur, for the road was long and I had lost quite half an hour.

My elation gave way to sober thought presently. I began to think of Louise -that quiet, frank, noble, beautiful, great-hearted girl, who might be suffering what trouble I knew not, and all silently, there in her prison home. A sadness grew in me, and then I sud-denly saw the shadow of great trouble. I loved them both; I knew not which I loved the better. Yet this interview had almost committed me to Louison. [To Be Continued.]

LORD BRAMPTON'S SPEECH.

Saved His Client's Neck, but Its Description Was Not Faithful to the Facts.

A story with pathetic interest is told by Lord Brampton in connection with a man whom he defended. The man was charged with wife murder, and his two children were in court. dressed in black and sobbing violently. A verdict was given in the prisoner's favor. But the interest in the case did not end there, says the London

'You made a touching speech, Mr

Hawkins,' said the old inhabitant. "'Well,' I answered 'it was the best

could do under the circumstances.

you would have painted the little home

in such glowing colors if you had seen

what I saw last week when I was

driving past the cottage. No. no: I

think you would have toned down a

" 'Why,' said the old inhabitant, 'the

little children who sobbed so violently

in court this morning and to whom

you made such a pathetic reference

were playing on an ash heap near their

cottage, and they had a poor cat with a string around its neck, swinging

backward and forward, and as they di-

'This is the way poor daddy will go

" This is the way poor daddy will

"'Such, Mr. Hawkins, was their ex-cessive grief.'"

He Couldn't Forget It.

of the geography class, was deeply in

terested in learning the points of the

have in front of you the north; on your right, the east; on your left, the

west. What have you behind you?' After a moment's reflection, Charlie

exclaimed: "A patch on my pants."

And to make the information more

compass. Said the teacher:

At school, little Charlie, being one

"'What was it?' I asked.

"Yes,' he said, 'but I don't think

committed.

bit.

go.''

so they sang:

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED. ITS MERIT IS PROVED

What It Was That Made the Welsh Rabbit Taste So Very Queer.

A lady walked into a grocer's shop one day with her sleeves turned up to her el-bows and a fighting light in her eyes, says the Kansas City Independent. "This here," she observed with a sniff, as she banged a piece of yellow substance on the counter, "is the soap that makes ev'ry washin' day a kind of glorified bean feast; the soap that gets all the linen as white as snow and as sweet as a hazel-nut by dinner time, and lets the happy housewife spend the rest of the day play-in' with the children, and here am I, been scrubbin' three mortal hours with that lump, and ain't got as much lather out of it as I could get from a brickbat." "I beg your pardon," remarked the grocer, courteously, "but it isn't the soap. Your little boy came in here yesterday for half a pound of both soap and cheese; that's the cheese." "The other thing," came the reply. "Yes, the other thing, then." "Yes, the other thing, then." "Yes the ther thing," came the reply. "I was layin' awake half the night won-derin' what it was made the Welsh rab-bit we had for supper taste so funny."

You think that an opportunity must necessarily be something great and un usual; but the fact is, the stepping-stone to the place above you is in the very thing you are doing, in the way you do it, it does not matter what it is.—Success Magazine. Magazine.

The Mayflower was a very small ship. In selecting her the pilgrims are now thought to have had in mind their num-bers as pilgrims, merely, rather than their numbers as ancestors.—Puck.

Sawdust is now used by some Paris restaurants as a dressing for cutlets, in-stead of breadcrumbs. It costs only 30 cents a sack-and the cutlets must taste like 30 cents.—Boston Globe.

SCREAMED AT NIGHT.

Baby Scratched Until Face Was Raw and Bleeding-Eczema Cured by Cutleura.

"For over two years my little baby girl suffered with a raw, itching and painful eczema on her head and face, the pain rausing her to scream day and night, and my wife could get no rest. We tried sev-eral doctors, but without success. Unless we kept her hands tied she would scratch until her face was like raw beef. One cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuti-cura Ointment completely cured her, healing her face without mark or blem-sh. (Signed) W. J. Morgan, Orchard Town, New Lambton, New South Wales, Australia."

When a girl acts is if she were tied to the end of a comet and tries to look as if she were only buttoning her gloves, most likely she is just become engaged.— N. V. Press. most likely she is just N. Y. Press.

Special Excursions to Southwest, Feb. 7 and 21, March 7 and 21, 1905, via Kansas City Southern Railway,

To Port Arthur, Beaumont, Tex.; Lake Charles, Galveston, Houston, San Antonio, Tex., and all other points on K. C. S. Ry., for tickets with 21 days limit and priv-ilege of stopping off en route on both go-ing and return trip. For literature describing "The Land of Fulfillment" the country along the K. C. S. Ry. or for further information re-garding these excursions, write to S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

"A rub with alcohol is a great beauti fier," says a physician. In Maine the ruh 'comes when you try to get the alcohol.--Portland Advertiser.

Help Yourself with Pusheck's-Kuro.

Help Yourself with Pusheck's-Kuro. This wonderful new remedy is proving a blessing to many thousands. A few hundred of the testimonials received have been reproduced in book form, and the illustrated booklet will gladly be sent for the asking. All of the many complaints that come from nervous disorders, poor digestion, overwork, excitement, malaria or unhealthy occupation are quickly and permanently cured by Pusheck's-Kuro. This remedy can be had at most drug-gists' for \$1.00 or direct from Dr. C. Pusheck, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Pusheck offers all medical advice free, and your whole life may be made happy by corresponding with him. with him.

There should be no objection to a man smoking cigrrettes if he is alone and hap-pens to have a grudge against himself.— Chicago Sun.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Cincinnati Woman Tells

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound Completely Cured Her.



The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not meduce and more list. could not produce such marvelous re-sults among sick and ailing women.

Sults among sick and ailing women. Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "About nine months ago I was a great suf-ferer with womb trouble, which caused me severe pain extreme nervousness and fre-guent headaches, from which the doctor failed to relieve ma. I tried Lydia E. Pink-hant's Vegetable Compound, and within a short time felt better, and after taking fiva-bottles of it I was enti-sly cured. I therefors' beartily recommend 5 our Compound as a splendid uterine tonic. It makes the monthly periods regular and without pain; and what a blessing it is to find such a remedy after so many doctors fail to help you. I am pleased to recommend it to all suffering women."— Mrs. Sara Wilson, 31 East 34 Street, Cincin-nati, Ohio.

nati, Ohio. If you have suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness of the stom-ach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhœa, flooding, nervous prostration, dizzi-ness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, ex-citability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weak-ness, some derangement of the uterus or ovarian trouble. In such cases there is one true and true remedy—Lvdia one tried and true remedy-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



SOUTHERN CONDITIONS AND **POSSIBILITIES.**

In no part of the United States has there been such wonderful Commercial, Industrial and Agricultural development as along the luces of the Ilinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Yalley Railroads in the States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, within the past ten years. Cities and towns have doubled their pop-ulation. Splendid business blocks have been erected. Farm lands have more than doubled in value. Hundreds of industries have been established and as a result there is an unprece-dented demand for

Day Laborers, Skilled Workmen,

No use talkin'. said he, in a low

cat drowned in a well, that turns up again as lively as ever. Any news of the baroness and the young ladies?" "Come, get off "A letter," said he. your horse. I shall read to you the let-

AT LUNCHEON WE TALKED OF THE

WAR

neadquarters, but somehow it began to

ravel, passing quickly from mouth to

mouth, until it got to the newspapers

raw recruit. Gen. Brown was there

that evening, and had for me, as al-

ways, the warm heart of a father. He

heard our report with a kindly sym-

Next morning I rode away to see

the Comte de Chaumont at Leraysville.

I had my life, and a great reason to be thankful, but there were lives dearer

than my own to me, and they were yet in peril. Those dear faces haunted

me and filled my sleep with trouble. I rode fast, reaching the chateau at

luncheon time. The count was reading

came running to me, his face red with

hand in both of his, "I thought you

"M'sieur le Capitaine!" he cried, my

"And so I have been-dead as a

in a rustic chair at the big gate.

and began to stir the tongue of

pathy.

in peril.

excitement.

were dead."

'Tell me-how were they taken?" I was leading my horse and we were walking through a deep grove.

"Eh bien, I am not able to tell," said he, shaking his head soberly. "You remember that morning-well. I have 20 men there for two days. They are armed, they surround the Hermitage, they keep a good watch. The wasp he is very troublesome, but they see no soldier. They stay, they burn the smudge. By and by I think there is nothing to fear, and I bring them home, but I leave three men. The baroness and the two girls and their servants they stay awhile to pack the trunk. They are coming to the cha-It is in the evening; the coach eau. is at the door; the servants have start-Suddenly-the British! I do not ed. know how many. They come out of the woods like a lightning, and bang! bang! bang! they have killed my men. They take the baroness and the Misses de Lambert, and they drive away with them. The servants they hear the shots, they return, they come, and they tell us. We follow. We find the coach; it is in the road, by the north trail. Dieu! they are all gone! We travel to the river, but--" here he litted his schulder and each the term ifted his shoulders and shook his head

dolefully-"we could do nothing." "The general may let me go after them with a force of cavalry," I said. 'I want you to come with me and talk to him."

"No, no, my capitaine!" said he; "it would not be wise. We must wait. We do not know where they are. I have friends in Canada; they are doing fone, as 'he bow hit the shore, "ain' their best, and when we hear from

'Alas! ma'm'selle, I am worried. have no longer any peace."

"Do you miss them?" she inquired, a knowing look in her handsome eyes "Do not think me impertinent." 'More than I miss my mother." said.

"I have a letter," said she, smiling. "I do not know—I thought I should show it to you, but—but not to-day." "Is it from them?"

"It is from Louison-from Tiptoes." "And—and it speaks of me?" "Ah, m'sieur," said she, arching h?r

brows, "it has indeed much to say of

"And-and may I not see it?" I asked eagerly. "Ma'm'selle, I tell you I—I must see it."

"Why?" She stirred the mane of her horse with a red riding-whip. "Why not?" I inquired, my hear

peating fast. "If I knew-if I were justified-you

know I am her friend. I know all her secrets.

"Will you not be my friend also?"] interrupted.

"A friend of Louison, he is mine." said she.

"Ah, ma'm'selle, then I confess to cu—it is because I love her."

"I knew it; I am no fool," was her answer. "But I had to hear it from you. It is a remarkable thing to do, "But I had to hear it from but they are in such peril. I think you ought to know.

She took the letter from her bosom passing it to my hand. A faint odor of violets came with it. It read:

binding, Charley continued in a shame faced manner: "I knew you'd see ? "My Dear Therese: I wish I could se ou, if only for an hour. I have so muc to say. I have written your father of our I told mamma you would."-Argonau

"On the same evening," writes Lord

Brampton, "I was dining at the coun-try house of a Mr. Hardcastle, and The oyster famine at Baltimore is offset y the story that a beer famine is prevail-ing at Milwaukee.—Cincinnati Commernear me sat an old inhabitant of the ing at Milwa cial-Tribune. village where the tragedy had been

"You

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles, Your druggist will refund money if Pazo DINTMENT fails course in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

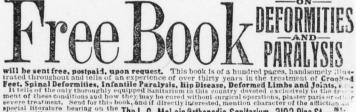
And now it has been suggested that the spot on the sun is simply a freckle.--Chi-cago Chronicle.



Parties with small capital, seeking an oppor-tunity to purchase a farm home; farmers who would prefer to rent for a couple of years before purchasing; and day laborers in fields or facto-ries should address a postal card to Mr. J. P. Merry, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Dubuque, Iowa, who will promptly mail printed matter concerning the territory above described, and give specific replies to all inquiries.







special literature bearing on the The L.C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, 3102 Pine St. x.out