



HE'S GOING TO.

He hasn't done much as yet. In fact, he hasn't had a chance—He's really trying hard to get in a position to advance. He knows he ought to go to school. 'Twould be the best thing he could do—But wait awhile and just keep cool—He's going to.

D'ri and I By IRVING BACHELLER Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc. (Copyright, 1901, by Letthrop Publishing Company.)

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

It was a fine day, and a tide to remember. We had a warm sun, a clear sky, and now and then we could feel the soft feet of the south wind romping over us in the river way. Here and there a swallow came coasting to the ripples, sprinkling the holy water of delight upon us, or a crow's shadow



WE HALTED, PEERING AT THE GLOW THAT NOW SPRINKLED OUT THROUGH MANY A PIN-HOLE APERTURE.

plowed silently across our bows. It thrilled me to go cantering beside the noisy Rapides du Plats or the wild-footed Galloup, two troops of water hurrying to the mighty battles of the sea. We mounted reeling knolls, and coasted over whirling dips, and rushed to boiling levels, and jumped foamy ridges, and went galloping in the rush and tumble of long slopes.

"Let 'er rip!" I could hear D'ri shouting, once in a while, as he flashed up ahead of me. "Let 'er rip! Consarn 'er picture!"

He gave a great yell of triumph as we slowed in a long stretch of still, broad water. "Judas Priest!" said he, as I came alongside, "that air 's rougher 'n the bog trail."

We came to Paleyville with time only for a bite of luncheon before dark. We could see no sign of life on the island or the "Cannock shore" as we turned our bows to the south channel. That evening the innkeeper sat with us under a creaking sign, our chairs tilted to the tavern-side.

D'ri was making a moose-horn of birch-bark as he smoked thoughtfully. When he had finished, he raised it to his lips and moved the flaring end in a wide circle as he blew a blast that rang miles away in the far forest.

"If we heppen 't' git separated in any way, shape or manner 'cept one," said he, as he slung it over his shoulder with a strong, "ye 'll know purty nigh where I be when ye hear thet air thing."

as we got aboard. "Aim straight fer th' head o' th' island. Can't ye see it—right over yer heads there? 'Member, they 's awful rough water below."

We pushed off, D'ri leading. I could see nothing of the island, but D'ri had better eyes, and kept calling me as he went ahead. After a few strokes of the paddle I could see on the dark sky the darker mass of tree-tops.

"Better light up," I suggested. We were now close in. "Hush!" he hissed. Then, as I came up to him, he went on, whispering: "T ain't bes' t' mek no noise here. Don' know none tew much 'bout this here business. Don' callate we 're goin' t' hev any trouble, but if we dew—Hark!"

We had both heard a stir in the bushes, and stuck our paddles in the sand, listening. After a little silence I heard D'ri get up and step stealthily into the water and buckle on his sword. Then I could hear him sinking the canoe and shoving her anchor deep into the sand. He did it with no noise that, 50 feet away, could have been distinguished from that of the ever-murmuring waters. In a moment he came and held my canoe, while I also took up my trusty blade, stepping out of the canoe into the shallow water.

Then he shoved her off a little, and sank her beside the other. I knew not his purpose, and made no question of it, following him as he strode the shore with measured paces, the lantern upon his arm. Then presently he stuck his paddle into the bushes, and mine beside it. We were near the head of the island, walking on a reedy strip of soft earth at the river margin. After a few paces we halted to listen, but heard only the voice of the water and the murmur of pines. Then we pushed through a thicket of small fir trees to where we groped along in utter darkness among the big tree trunks on a muffle-footing. After a moment or so we got a spray of light. We halted, peering at the glow that now sprinkled out through many a pinhole aperture in a fairy lattice of pine needles.

My heart was beating loudly, for there was the promised lantern. Was I not soon to see the brighter light of those dear faces? It was all the kind of thing I enjoyed then—the atmosphere of peril and romance—wild youth that I was. It is a pity, God knows, I had so little consideration for old D'ri; but he loved me, and—well, he himself had some pleasure in excitement.

We halted for only a moment, pushing boldly through a thicket of young pines into the light. A lantern hung on the bough of a tall tree, and beneath it was a wide opening well carpeted with moss and needles. We peered off into the gloom, but saw nothing.

D'ri blew out a thoughtful breath, looking up into the air coolly, as he filled his pipe.

"Consarned if ever I wanted t' have a smoke s' bad 'n all my born days," he remarked.

Then he moved his holster, turned his scabbard, and sat down quietly, puffing his pipe with some look of weariness and reflection. We were sitting there less than five minutes when we heard a footfall near by; then suddenly two men strode up to us in the dim light. I recognized at once the easy step, the long, lithe figure, of his lordship in the dress of a citizen, saving sword and pistols.

"Ah, good evening, gentlemen," said he, quietly. "How are you?"

"Better than—than when we saw you last," I answered.

D'ri had not moved; he looked at me with a sympathetic smile.

"I presume," said his lordship, in that familiar, lazy tone, as he lighted a cigar, "there was—a—good room for improvement, was there not?"

"Abundant," said I, thoughtfully.

"You were not in the best of health yourself that evening."

"True," said he; "I was in bad fettle and worse luck."

"How are the ladies?"

"Quite well," said he, blowing a long puff.

"Ready to deliver them?" I inquired.

"Presently," said he. "There are—some formalities."

"Which are—?" I added quickly.

"A trifle of expenses and a condition," said he, lazily.

"How much, and what?" I inquired, as D'ri turned his ear.

"One thousand pounds," said his lordship, quickly. "Not a penny more than this matter has cost me and his majesty."

"What else?" said I.

"This man," he answered calmly, with a little gesture aimed at D'ri.

My friend rose, struck his palm with the pipe-bowl, and put up his knife.

"Ef ye 're goin' t' tek me," said he, "better begin right off, er ye won't hev time 'fore breakfast."

Then he clapped the moose-horn to his lips and blew a mighty blast. It made the two men jump and set the near thicket reeling. The weird barytone went off moaning in the far wastes of timber. Its rush of echoes had begun. I put my hand to my sabre, for there in the edge of the gloom I saw a thing that stirred me to the marrow. The low frims were moving toward us, roof and branch, their twigs falling. Gods of war! it made my hair stand for a jiffy to see the very brush take feet and legs. On sea or land I never saw a thing that gave me so odd a feeling. We stood for a breath or two, then started back, our sabres flashing; for, as the twigs fell, we saw they had been decorating a squad of the British. They came on. I struck at the lantern, but too late, for his lordship had swung it away. He stumbled, going to his knees; the lantern hit the earth and went out. I had seen the squad break, running each way, to surround us. D'ri grabbed my hand as the dark fell, and we went plunging through the little pines, hitting a man heavily, who fell grunting. We had begun to hear the rattle of

boats, a shouting, and quick steps on the shore. We crouched a moment. D'ri blew the moose-horn, pulling me aside with him quickly after the blast. Lights were now flashing near. I could see little hope for us, and D'ri, I thought, had gone crazy. He ran at the oncomers, yelling, "Hey Rubel!" at the top of his lungs. I lay low in the brush a moment. They rushed by me, D'ri in the fore with fending sabre. A tawny hound was running in the lead, his nose down, baying loudly. Then I saw the truth, and made after them with all the speed of my legs. They hustled over the ridge, their lights flashing under. For a jiffy I could see only, here and there, a leaping glow in the tree-tops. I rushed on, passing one who had tumbled headlong. The lights below me scattered quickly and stopped. I heard a great yelling, a roar of muskets, and a clash of swords. A hush fell on them as I came near. Then I heard a voice that thrilled me.

"Your sword, sir!" it commanded.

"Stop," said I, sharply, coming near.

There stood my father in the lantern-light, his sword drawn, his gray hair stirring in the breeze. Before him was my old adversary, his lordship, sword in hand. Near by the squad of

British, now surrounded, were giving up their arms. They had backed to the river's edge; I could hear it lapping their heels. His lordship sneered, looking at the veteran who stood in a gray frock of homespun, for all the world, I fancy, like one of those old yeomen who fought with Cromwell.



THERE STOOD MY FATHER IN THE LANTERN LIGHT, HIS SWORD DRAWN.

"Your sword, sir," my father repeated.

"Pardon me," said the young man, with a fascinating coolness of manner, "but I shall have to trouble you—"

He hesitated, feeling his blade.

"How?" said my father.

"To fight for it," said his lordship, quietly.

"Surrender—fool!" my father answered. "You cannot escape."

"Tut, tut!" said his lordship. "I never heard so poor a compliment. Come in reach, and I shall make you think better of me."

"Give up your sword."

"After my life, then my sword," said he, with a quick thrust.

Before I could take a step, their swords were clashing in deadly combat. I rushed up to break in upon them, but the air was full of steel, and then my father needed no help. He was driving his man with fiery vigor. I had never seen him fight; all I had seen of his power had been mere play.

It was grand to see the old man fighting as if, for a moment, his youth had come back to him. I knew it could not go far. His fire would burn out quickly; then the blade of the young Britisher, tireless and quick as I knew it to be, would let his blood before my very eyes. What to do I knew not. Again I came up to them; but my father warned me off hotly. He was fighting with terrific energy. I swear to you that in half a minute he had broken the sword of his lordship, who took to the water, swimming for his life. I leaped in, catching him half over the eddy, where we fought like madmen, striking in the air and bumping on the bottom. We were both near drowned when D'ri swam out and gave me his belt-end, hauling us in.

I got to my feet soon. My father came up to me, and wiped a cut on my forehead.

"Damn you, my boy!" said he. "Don't ever interfere with me in a matter of that kind. You might have been hurt."

We searched the island, high and low, for the ladies, but with no success. Then we marched our prisoners to the south channel, where a bateau—the same that brought us help—had been waiting. One of our men had been shot in the shoulder, another gored in the hip with a bayonet and we left a young Briton dying on the shore. We took our prisoners to Paleyville, and locked them overnight in the blockhouse.

The channel was lighted by a big bonfire on the south bank, as we came over. Its flames went high, and made a great sloping volcano of light in the darkness.

After the posting of the guard, some gathered about my father and began to cheer him. It nettled the veteran. He would take no honor for his defeat of the clever man, claiming the latter had no chance to fight.

"He had no foot-room with the boy one side and D'ri t' other," said he. "I had only to drive him back."

My father and the innkeeper and D'ri and I sat awhile, smoking, in the warm glow of the bonfire.

"You're a long-headed man," said I, turning to my comrade.

"Kind o' thought they 'd be trouble," said D'ri. "So I tuk 'n ast yer father

t' come over noeshe-z with hef a dozen good men. They got three more at the tavern here, an' lay off 'n thet air bateau, waitin' fer the moose eat. I called it did n't want no more slidin' over there 'n Canady."

After a little snicker, he added: "Hed all t' was good fer me thet last time. 'S a leetle tew swift."

"Gets rather scary when you see the bushes walk," I suggested.

"Seen what was up 'fore ever they med a move," said D'ri. "Them air bushes did n't look jest es nat'ral es they 'd orter. Bet ye they 're some o' them bushwhackers o' Fitzgibbon. Got loops all over their uniforms, so ye c'd stick 'em full o' boughs. Jerushy! never see nuthin' s' joemight-ful cur'us 'n all my born days—never."

He stopped a breath, and then added: "Could n't be nuthin' cur'us 'n thet."

CHAPTER XXI.

We hired team and wagon of the innkeeper, and a man to paddle upriver and return with the horses.

I had a brief talk with our tall prisoner while they were making ready.

"A word of business, your lordship," I said as he came out, yawning, with the guard.

"Ah, well," said he, with a shiver. "I hope it is not so cold as the air."

"It is hopeful; it is cheering," was my answer.

"And the topic?"

"An exchange—for the ladies."

He thought a moment, slapping the dust off him with a glove.

"This kind of thing is hard on the trousers," he remarked carelessly. "I will consider; I think it could be arranged. Meanwhile, I give you my word of honor, you need have no worry."

We were off at daybreak with our prisoners; there were six of them in all. We put a fold of linen over the eyes of each, and roped them all together, so that they could sit or stand, as might please them, in the wagon-box.

"It's barbarity," said his lordship, as we put on the fold. "You Yankees never knew how to treat a prisoner."

"Till you learnt us," said D'ri, quickly. "Could n't never ferget thet lesson. Ef I hed my way 'bout you, I 'd haul ye up t' th' top o' thet air dead pine over yender, 'n let ye slide down."

"Rather too steep, I should say," said his lordship, wearily.

"Ye would n't need no grease," said D'ri, with a chuckle.

We were four days going to the harbor. My father and his men came with us, and he told us many a tale, that journey, of his adventures in the old war. We kept our promise, turning over to the prisoners a little before sundown of the 16th. Each was given a great room and every possible comfort. I arranged soon for the release of all on the safe return of the ladies.

In the evening of the 17th his lordship sent for me. He was a bit nervous, and desired a conference with the general and me. De Chaumont had been over to the headquarters that day in urgent counsel. He was weary of delay and planning an appeal to the French government. Gen. Brown was prepared to give the matter all furtherance in his power and sent quickly for the Englishman. They brought him over at nine o'clock. We uncovered his eyes and locked the door, and "gave him a crack at the old Madeira," as they used to say, and made him as comfortable as might be at the cheery fireside of the general.

"I've been thinking," said his lordship, after a drink and a word of courtesy. "I never saw a man of better breeding or more courage, I am free to say. You may not agree it is possible, but anyhow, I have been trying to think. You have been decent to me. I don't believe you are such a bad lot, after all; and while I should be sorry to have you think me tired of your hospitality, I desire to hasten our plans a little. I propose an exchange of—"

He hesitated, whipping the ashes off his cigar.

"Well—first of confidence," he went on. "I will take your word if you will take mine."

"In what matter?" the general inquired.

"That of the ladies and their relief," said he. "A little confidence will—"

"Grease the wheels of progress?" the general suggested, smiling.

"Quite so," he answered lazily. "To begin with, they are not 30 miles away, if I am correct in my judgment of this locality."

There was a moment of silence.

"My dear sir," he went on presently, "this ground is quite familiar to me. I slept in this very chamber long ago. But that is not here nor there. Day after to-morrow, a little before midnight, the ladies will be riding on the shore pike. You could meet them and bring them out to a schooner, I suppose—if—"

He stopped again, puffing thoughtfully.

"If we could agree," he went on. "Now this would be my view of it: You let me send a messenger to the ladies. You would have to take them by force somehow; but, you know, I could make it easy—arrange the time and place, no house near, no soldiers, no resistance but that of the driver, who should not share our confidence—no danger. You take them to the boats and bring them over; but, first—"

[To Be Continued.]

By Installments.

A man had his purse stolen, and, unfortunately, it contained a good deal of money he could ill afford. One day to his great surprise, he had a letter from the thief, inclosing a small portion of his property. The mysterious letter ran as follows: "Sir, I stole your munny. Femawse is noring at my consense, so I send sum of it back. When it nors agen, I will send some maw."—Smith's Weekly.

Dyspepsia of Women

ABSOLUTELY NEEDLESS AGONY Caused by Uterine Disorders and Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.



Mrs. M. Wright

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by a derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes a disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine-tonic effects also.

As proof of this theory we call attention to the case of Mrs. Maggie Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after everything else had failed. She writes:

"For two years I suffered with dyspepsia which so degenerated my entire system that I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I felt weak and nervous, and nothing that I ate tasted good and it caused a disturbance in my stomach. I tried different dyspepsia cures, but nothing seemed to help me. I was advised to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and was happily surprised to find that it acted like a fine tonic, and in a few days I began to enjoy and properly digest my food. My recovery was rapid, and in five weeks I was a well woman. I have recommended it to many suffering women."

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement, or has such a record of cures of female troubles, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Patient's Difficulty.

Doctor—But surely you can locate the Patient—That's just it, doctor; I can't. I'm so thin that I can't tell whether it's in my chest or in my back.—New Yorker.

For Quick Relief from Rheumatism Pains, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Weakness, Catarrh, or Blood and Nerve Diseases use Pushek's-Kuro. It has no bad after effects, is perfectly safe, does not contain any injurious ingredients, relieves those who are overworked or exhausted, dispels headache, induces restful sleep. You can depend upon it every time. No other medicine like it.

Good Excuse for the Moon.

"Science has proven," said the professor of astronomy, "that there is no water at all in the moon. Now, what do you deduce from that?"

"That there is some excuse," replied the freshman, "for its getting full so regularly."—Philadelphia Press.

A wise man said: "Yes, stick to your friends, even until they stick to you." And to this let it be added, for the benefit of the impulsive: Put not too much faith in preventives at 15 cents per.—Indianapolis News.

The Japanese may not be great artists, but they certainly know how to change maps.—Chicago Chronicle.

DYSPEPSIA YIELDS

A NINE YEARS' VICTIM FINDS A REMEDY THAT CURES.

For Two Years Too Weak to Work—A Dozen Doctors Had Tried to Check Disease. Treatment That Succeeded.

All sufferers from weakness or disorders of the digestive organs will read with lively interest the story of the complete recovery of Mrs. Nettie Darvoux from chronic dyspepsia which was thought to be incurable.

"To be ailing for nine years is not a very pleasant experience," said Mrs. Darvoux, when asked for some account of her illness. "For two years I was critically ill and could not attend to my household duties, and at one time I was so weak and miserable that I could not even walk. My trouble was chronic dyspepsia. I became extremely thin and had a sallow complexion. I had no appetite and could not take any food without suffering great distress."

"Did you have a physician?"

"Yes, I took medicine from a dozen different doctors, but without getting any benefit whatever."

"How did you get on the track of a cure?"

"A book about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was thrown in our doorway one day. My husband picked it up and read it through carefully. He was so impressed by the statements of those who had been cured by that remedy that he immediately bought three boxes of the pills and insisted on my taking them."

"Did they help you at once?"

"I began to feel better the second day after I started to use the pills and by the time I had taken the three boxes I was entirely well. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure even when doctors fail, and they cure thoroughly, for a long time has passed since my restoration to health and I know it is complete and lasting."

The surest way to make sound digestion is to give strength to the organs concerned. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new vigor to the blood. No other remedy yields such radical results.

Mrs. Darvoux lives at No. 497 Sixth street, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists in every part of the world. Dyspeptics should send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for a new booklet entitled "What to Eat and How to Eat."

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