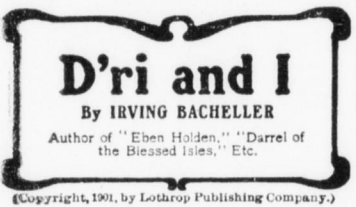




THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

Nay, cynic, cease thy prating jest And bid me not be sad. Shall we of living miss the best? Because some things are sad? Shall we forswear sweet music's charms, In dread of discords drear, Or, since the hurricane alarms, Shut out the atmosphere?

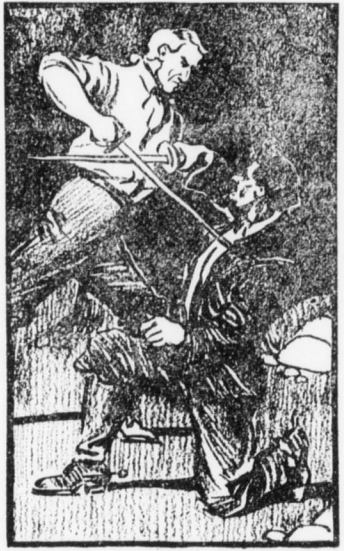


CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"He paused again, looking at the smoke-rings above his head in a dreamy manner. 'First,' my chief repeated. 'Well,' said he, leaning toward him with a little gesture, 'to me the word of a gentleman is sacred. I know you are both gentlemen. I ask for your word of honor.' 'To what effect?' the general queried.

than are desirable, but the document is nothing more than a letter to an intimate friend. I remember well she had an eye for color and a taste for description not easy to repress. When I decided to go it was near midnight. The mission was not all to my taste, but the reward was handsome and the letter of Lord Ronley reassuring. I knew I could do it, and dressed as soon as possible and walked to the Lone Oak, a sergeant escorting. There, as I expected, the big soldier known as D'ri was waiting, his canoe in a wagon that stood near. We all mounted the seat, driving pell-mell on a rough road to Tibbals Point, on the southwest corner of Wolf island. A hard journey it was, and near two o'clock I should say, before we put our canoe in the water. Then the man D'ri helped me to an easy seat in the bow and shoved off. A full moon, yellow as gold, hung low in the northwest. The water was calm, and we cut across 'the moon way,' that funneled off to the shores of Canada.

"It is one ver' gran' night," I said in my dialect of the rude Canuck; for I did not wish him, or any one, to know me. War is war, but, surely, such adventures are not the thing for a woman. 'Yis, mahm,' he answered, pushing hard with the paddle. 'Yer a friend of the cap'n, ain't ye—Ray Bell?' 'Ze captain? Ah, oui, m'sieu,' I said. 'One ver' brave man, ain't it?' 'Yis mahm,' said he, soberly and with emphasis. 'He's more 'n a dozen brave men, that's what he is. He's a joemighty cuss. Ain't nuthin' he can't dew—spryer 'n a painter, stouter 'n a moose, an' treemenious with a sword.' The moon sank low, peering through distant tree-columns, and went out of sight.



THEY WERE CLOSE UP AND STRIVING FIERCELY AS IF WITH BROADSWORDS.

They were close up and striving fiercely as if with broadswords. Long stubs of dead pine loomed in the dim, golden afterglow, their stark limbs arching high in the heavens—like mullions in a great Gothic window. When we got nigh shore over yonder, said my companion, 'don't believe we better have a grea' deal o' say. I ain't a-goin' t' be tuk—by a jugful—not if I can help it. Got me 'n a tight place one night here 'n Canada.' 'Ah, m'sieu, in Canada! How did you get out of it?' I queried. 'Slipped out,' said he, shaking the canoe with suppressed laughter. 'Jes' luk a streak o' greased lightning!' he added presently. 'The captain he seems ver' anxious for me to mak' great hurry,' I remarked. 'No wonder; it's his lady-love he's efter—faster 'n a weasel t' see 'er,' said he, snickering. 'Good-looking?' I queried. 'Han'some es a pictur,' said he, soberly. In a moment he dragged his paddle, listening. 'That air 's th' shore over yender,' he whispered. 'Don't say a word now. I'll put ye right on the p'int o' rocks. Creep 'long careful till ye git t' th' road, then turn t' th' left, the cap'n to' me.'

When I stepped ashore my dress caught the gunwale and upset our canoe. The good man rolled noisily into the water, and rose dripping. I tried to help him. 'Don't bother me—none,' he whispered testily, as if out of patience, while he righted the canoe. When at last he was seated again, as I leaned to shove him off, he whispered in a compensating, kindly manner: 'When ye're goin' ashore, an' they's somebody 'n the canoe, don't never yer t' tek it with ye less ye tell 'im yer goin' tek it.' There was a deep silence over wood and water, but he went away so stealthily I could not hear the stir of his paddle. I stood watching as he dimmed off in the darkness, going quickly out of sight. Then I crept over the rocks and through a thicket, shivering for the night had grown chilly. I snagged my dress on a briar every step, and had to move by inches. After minding along half an hour or so, I came where I could feel a bit of clear earth, and stood there, dancing on my tiptoes, in the dark to quicken my blood a little. Presently the damp light of dawn came leaking through the tree-tops. I heard a rattling stir in the bare limbs above me. Was it some monster of the woods? Although I have more courage than most women, it startled me, and I stood still. The light came clearer; there was a rush toward me that shook the boughs. I peered upward. It was only a squirrel, now scratching his ear, as he looked down at me. He braced himself, and seemed to curse me loudly for a spy, trembling with rage and

rushing up and down the branch above me. Then all the curious, inhospitable folk of the timber-land came out upon their towers to denounce. I made my way over the rustling, brittle leaves, and soon found a trail that led up over high land. I followed it for a matter of some minutes, and came to the road, taking my left-hand way, as they told me. There was no traveler in sight. I walked as fast as I could, passing a village at sunrise, where I asked my way in French at a smithy. Beyond there was a narrow clearing, stumpy and rank with briars, on the up-side of the way. Presently, looking over a level stretch, I could see trees arching the road again, from under which, as I was looking, a squad of cavalry came out in the open. It startled me. I began to think I was trapped. I thought of dodging into the brush. But, no; they had seen me, and I would be a fool now to turn fugitive. I looked about me. Cows were feeding near. I picked up a stick and went deliberately into the bushes, driving one of them to the pike and heading her toward them. They went by at a gallop, never pulling up while in sight of me. Then I passed the cow and went on, stopping an hour later at a lonely log house, where I found French people, and a welcome that included moose meat, a cup of coffee and fried potatoes. Leaving, I rode some miles with a traveling tinker, a voluble, well-meaning youth who took a liking for me, and went far out of his way to help me on. He blushed proudly when, stopping to mend a pot for the cook at a camp of militia, they inquired if I was his wife.

'No; but she may be yet,' said he; 'who knows?' I knew it was no good place for me, and felt some relief when the young man did me this honor. From that moment they set me down for a sweet-heart. 'She's too big for you, my boy,' said the general, laughing. 'The more the better,' said he; 'can't have too much of a good wife.' I said little to him as we rode along. He asked for my address, when I left him, and gave me the comforting assurance that he would see me again I made no answer, leaving him at a turn where, north of us, I could see the white houses of Wrentham. Kingston was hard by, its fort crowning a hill-top by the river.

It was past three by a tower clock at the gate of the Weirs when I got there. A driveway through tall oaks led to the mansion of dark stone. Many acres of park and field and garden were shut in with high walls. I rang a bell at the small gate, and some fellow in livery took my message. 'Wait 'ere, my lass,' said he, with an English accent. 'I'll go at once to the secretary.' I sat in a rustic chair by the gate-side, waiting for that functionary. 'Ah, come in, come in,' said he, coolly, as he opened the gate a little. He said nothing more, and I followed him—an oldish man with gray eyes and hair and side-whiskers, and neatly dressed, his head covered to the ears with a high hat, tilted backward. We took a stone path, and soon entered a rear door.

'She may sit in the servants' hall,' said he to one of the maids. They took my shawl, as he went away, and showed me to a room where, evidently, the servants did their eating. They were inquisitive, those kitchen maids, and now and then I was rather put to it for a wise reply. I said as little as might be, using the dialect, long familiar to me, of the French Canadian. My bonnet amused them. It was none too new or fashionable, and I did not remove it. 'Afraid we'll steal it,' I heard one of them whisper in the next room. Then there was a loud laugh. They gave me a French paper. I read every line of it, and sat looking out of a window at the tall trees, at servants who passed to and fro, at his lordship's horses, led up and down for exercise in the stable-yard, at the twilight glooming the last pictures of a long day until they were all smudged with darkness. Then candle-light, a trying supper hour with maids and cooks and grooms and footmen at the big table, English, every one of them, and set up with haughty curiosity. I would not go to the table, and had a cup of tea and a biscuit there in my corner. A big butler walked in hurriedly awhile after seven. He looked down at me as if I were the dirt of the gutter. 'They're waitin',' said he, curtly. 'An' Sir Charles would like to know if ye would care for a humbereller?' 'Ah, m'sieu! he rains?' I inquired. 'No, mum.'

'Ah! he is going to rain, maybe?' He made no answer, but turned quickly and went to a near closet, from which he brought a faded umbrella. 'There,' said he, as he led me to the front door, 'see that you send it back.' On the porch were the secretary and the ladies—three of them. 'Ciel! what is it?' one of them whispered as I came out. The post-lights were shining in their faces, and lovelier I never saw than those of the demoiselles. They stepped lightly to the coach, and the secretary asked if I would go in with them. 'No, m'sieu,' was my answer, 'I sit by ze drivaine.'

'Come in here, you silly goose,' said one of the ladies in French, recognizing my nationality. 'Grand merci!' I said, taking my seat by the driver; and then we were off, with as lively a team as ever carried me, our lights flashing on the tree trunks. We had been riding more than two hours when we stopped for water at a spring-tub under a hill. They gave me a cup, and, for the

ladies, I brought each a bumper of the cool, trickling flood. 'Id, my tall woman,' said one of them, presently, 'my boot is untied.' Her dainty foot came out of the coach under ruffles of silk. I hesitated, for I was not accustomed to that sort of service. 'Lambine!' she exclaimed. 'Make haste, will you?' her foot moving impatiently. My fingers got numb in the cold air, and I must have been very awkward, for presently she boxed my ears and drew her foot away. 'Dieu!' said she. 'Tell him to drive on.'

I got to my seat quickly, confident that nature had not intended me for a lady's-maid. Awhile later we heard the call of a picket far ahead, but saw no camp. A horseman—I thought him a cavalry officer—passed us, flashing in our faces the light of a dark lantern, but said nothing. It must have been near midnight when, as we were going slowly through deep sand, I heard the clang of a cowbell in the near darkness. Another sounded quickly a bit farther on. The driver gave no heed to it, although I recognized the signal, and knew something would happen shortly. We had come into the double dark of the timber when, suddenly, our horses reared, snorting, and stopped. The driver felt for his big pistol, but not in the right place: for two hours or more it had been stowed away in the deep pocket of my gown. Not a word was spoken. By the dim light of the lanterns we could see men all about us with pikes looming in the dark. For a breath or two there was perfect silence; then the driver rose quickly and shouted: 'Who are you?' 'Frien's o' these 'ere women,' said one I recognized as the corporal D'ri. He spoke in a low tone as he opened the door.

'Grace au ciel!' I heard one of the young ladies saying. 'It is D'ri—dear old fellow!' Then all hurried off of the coach and kissed him. 'The captain—is he not here?' said one of them in French. But D'ri did not understand them and made no answer. 'Out wif the lights, an' be still,' said D'ri, quickly, and the lights were out as soon as the words. 'Jones, you tie up a front leg o' one o' them hosses. Git back in the brush, ladies. Five on 'em, boys. Now up with the pike wall!'

From far back in the road had come again the clang of the cow-bell. I remember hearing five strokes and then a loud rattle. In a twinkling I was off the seat and beside the ladies. 'Take hold of my dress,' I whispered quickly, 'and follow me.' I led them off in the brush, and stopped. We could hear the move and rattle of cavalry in the near road. Then presently the swish of steel, the leap and tumble of horses, the shouting of men. My companions were of the right stuff; they stood shivering, but held their peace. Out by the road lights were flashing, and now we heard pistols and the sound of a mighty scuffle. I could stay there in the dark no longer.

'Wait here and be silent,' I said, and ran 'like a madwoman,' as they told me long after, for the flickering lights. There a squad of cavalry was shut in by the pikes. Two troopers had broken through the near line. One had fallen, badly hurt; the other was saber to saber with the man D'ri. They were close up and striving fiercely, as if with broadswords. I caught up the weapon of the injured man, for I saw the Yankee would get the worst of it. The Britisher had great power and a saber quick as a cat's paw. I could see the corporal was stronger, but not so quick and skillful. [To Be Continued.]

'He Was Ready.' 'At a certain Swiss hotel,' said an American tourist, 'when I got ready to go I tipped everybody who had waited on me to the slightest extent and was ready to drive off when an individual appeared and asked me if I had forgotten his existence. 'And what did you do for me?' I asked. 'I am the undertaker in the canton,' he replied. 'But, thank heaven, I have not needed your services.' 'That is not my fault, monsieur. For two weeks I have been ready to patch up your mangled remains and send them on to your friends with my condolence and yet you have refused to go up on the mountain and meet with a fall. It is not for what I have done but for what I should like to have done.'—Chicago Daily News.

'Same in the End.' Col. Robert A. Pinkerton was talking about old times in Chicago. 'I used to know a man there who was an ardent gambler,' he said. 'He lost his week's wages regularly in 'Dinner' Paul Hankins' game. One Saturday evening the man started home via the gambling house, as usual. A spasm of reform had struck Chicago, and the place had been pulled. The man tried to enter the door, but failed. He walked into the street and gazed inquiringly at the closed windows. Then he walked back to the door, tried it again, but it would not open, so he drew his pay envelope from his pocket, shoved it under the door, and walked calmly down the street.'—Detroit Journal.

'Had Sturred Her Looks.' There was a young man who once went to a dinner party, where he was seated between a noted beauty and a noted poetess. Looking to right and left, he said, naturally enough: 'An' I not lucky to be placed between beauty and talent?' The poetess did not like the young man's remark, and she said, haughtily: 'Not so ver' lucky, for you possess neither the honor nor the other.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE BALL PROBABLY RIGHT.

Settled On the Number Which Might Have Brought Gain Instead of Loss. George Ade was describing a Monte Carlo experience, relates the New York Tribune. 'In the big, gilded, ornate halls,' he said, 'women in beautiful gowns swept to and fro, and each gambling table was surrounded with players and onlookers, four or five rows deep. 'I saw a young man in American clothes, and a boy in American clothes. 'I'm going to play. I'm going to risk five francs. I'm going to risk it on my age,' said the young woman. 'She ran her eye over the three columns of yellow numbers on the table, and she set a silver five franc piece on 18. 'Rien ne va plus,' said the croupier. And the little white ball whirled round, dropped, clattered about a bit, and rested, finally, in the No. 28. 'Gosh hang it, I've lost,' said the American girl. 'Eighteen doesn't win a thing.' 'Say, Minnie,' said her little brother, 'it's a pity you didn't bet your real age. You'd have won then, wouldn't you?'

'Applied History.' 'Dear dad,' wrote the boy from college. 'We are studying current history, and I am getting to understand it finely. By the way, my creditors are bothering me considerably, so please send me \$200 in addition to my usual allowance.' 'My dear son,' was the reply. 'Your creditors have also been harassing me. I am, therefore, glad that you are so familiar with current history, as you will understand what I mean when I say that, until they are satisfied I will have to take charge of your custom house.'—Pittsburg Post.

'The Adirondack and How to Reach Them' is a nice folder with maps and references to localities, hotels, boarding houses, mountains and rivers in the great wilderness of Northern New York known as the Adirondack Mountains. If you visit this region once, you will be sure to go again. A copy of 'The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them' will be mailed free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a two cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York. Too many young men look upon education as a sort of loophole through which to escape work.—Chicago Sun.

Write to S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., Kansas City Southern Ry., Kansas City, Mo., for information concerning free Government Homesteads, New Colony Locations, Improved farms, Mineral lands, Rice lands, and Timber lands and for copy of 'Current Events,' Business Opportunities, Rice book, K. C. S. Fruit book. Cheap round trip home-seekers' tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month. The short line to the 'Land of Fulfillment.'

Jupiter, with his six moons, if the planet is inhabited, must be a lovely place for lovers.—Boston Globe. I Always Had a Headache but since using Dr. Pushech's-Kuro it has disappeared entirely. This is the best medicine I ever used and I have informed many in Clayton about it. Robert Gold, Clayton, Wash.

A great deal depends upon the dressing when it comes to women and salads. Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. The more we put into life the more we get out of it.

ALL BROKEN DOWN.

No Sleep—No Appetite—Just a Continual Backache. Joseph McCauley, of 144 Sholto street, Chicago, Sachem of Tecumseh Lodge, says: 'Two years ago my health was completely broken down. My back ached and was so lame that at times I was hardly able to dress myself. I lost my appetite and was unable to sleep. There seemed to be no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills; but four boxes of this remedy effected a complete and permanent cure. If suffering humanity knew the value of Doan's Kidney Pills they would use nothing else, as it is the only positive cure I know.' For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic. It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money. Prices: S. C. Wells & Co., 4 No. 226 St. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

Why Not Both? Celery King. Josh Billings, the quaint philosopher whose maxims are full of homely wisdom, once said: 'The longer I live the more I believe a good set of bowels are worth more than a good set of brains.' Celery King helps make good bowels. 25c.

Money? MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A LITTLE MONEY? Send four dollars to William F. Nye, the old and reliable manufacturer of New Bedford, Mass., and receive in return, freight prepaid to your town, one Gross of Fine Sewing Machine Oil, 25c. Sample FREE. In any household, at five cents per bottle—profit on a gross \$250. Write to us about this. W. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass.

No man amounts to much unless he can prove it.—N. Y. Times. In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease. Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful, Smarting, Hot, Swollen feet. At all Drug-gists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Some men want to make hay even when it is raining.—N. Y. Times.

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CHAPTER XXII. Herein is the story of the adventures of his lordship's courier, known as Mme. St. Jovite, on and after the night of November 17, 1813, in Upper Canada. This account may be accepted as quite trustworthy, its writer having been known to me these many years, in the which neither I nor any of my friends have had occasion to doubt her veracity. The writer gave more details