



THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

In one of the states of the Argentine Republic bachelors have to pay a fine of \$1 a month up to the age of 30, \$2 a month from 30 to 35 and \$5 a month after they reach the age of 50.

Since my twentieth birthday I had tried with no success to win a bride; My heart had been returned with thanks by cruel ladies in endless ranks.

I write these lines with a borrowed quill On the back of an unpaid tailor's bill.

D'ri and I By IRVING BACHELLER Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

As I stood by, quivering with excitement, I saw him get a slash in the shoulder. He stumbled, falling heavily. Then quickly, forgetting my sex, but not wholly, I hope, the conduct that becomes a woman, I caught the point of the saber, now poised to run him through, with the one I carried.

"Who be ye, I'd like t' know?" said the man D'ri.

"Ramon Bell—a Yankee soldier of the rank of captain," I said, stripping off my gown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I felt foolish for a moment. I had careful plans for Mme. St. Jovite. She would have vanished utterly on our return; so, I fancy, none would have been the wiser.

I borrowed a long coat, having put off my dress, and, when all was ready, went with a lantern to get the ladies.

"I am very, very glad to see you," I said. "Dieu!" said her sister, coming near, "we should be glad to see you, if it were possible."

"Both a bold thing and a happy thing," I answered. "Forgive me. I should not be so bold if I were not—well—insanely happy."

Leaning over the side with a lantern, while one of our men held the bateau, I motioned to the coachman.

"What luck, my boy?" said he. "All have returned safely, including the ladies," I replied quickly, "and I have the honor to submit a report."

"What a lucky and remarkable young man!" said he. "I declare, you should have lived in the Middle Ages."

"It is quite an undertaking," said he. "You may find new difficulties. Their father is at the chateau."

"I should think it—it might have been a coquette," said I, lightly. "Why, upon my word," said she, "I believe you misjudge me. Do you think me heartless?"

antithesis—thoughtful, slow, serious, even-tempered, frank, unconscious of her beauty, and with that wonderful thing, a voice tender and low and sympathetic and full of an eloquence I could never understand, although I felt it to my finger-tips.

"M'sieur le Capitaine," said Louise, as I rode by the carriage, "what became of the tall woman last night?"

"It was a compliment," said the girl. "She was an Amazon—like the count's statue of Jeanne d'Arc."

"I hope, this afternoon, you will let me ride that horse," said she. "On one condition," was my reply. "And it is—"

There was a dignity in the manners of M. de Lambert to me formidable and oppressive. It showed in his tall, erect figure, his deep tone, his silvered hair and mustache.

"Dick Wintersmith, representative from Kentucky, was one of the drollest wits in Washington," said "Phil" Thompson at the Waldorf the other night.

"Dick looked it thoughtfully over. 'What's this for?' he asked of the little Frenchman."

"Many folk who work every day in the year who use the phrase 'pounds sterling' are aware of its origin? Probably not one in a thousand.

"You must be stern with the others; you must not let them tell you," I went on.

"But do not make it bitter for the poor men. Dieu! I am one of them, and know their sorrows."

"Captain, you are a foolish fellow," said she, with a little shudder. "And I—well, I am cold. Pardieu! feel my hand."

"We must—ride—faster. You—you are cold," I stammered.

"More sacred than the power of kings," I said. "Preacher!" said she, with a smile.

"I do wish you would publish this letter so that others suffering as I have may see it and be helped. For many months awful sores covered my face and neck, scabs forming, which would swell and itch terribly day and night, and then break open, running blood and matter."

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THE TEACHER'S FOE

A LIFE ALWAYS THREATENED BY NEUROUS PROSTRATION.

One Who Broke Down from Six Years of Overwork Tells How She Escaped Misery of Enforced Idleness.

"I had been teaching in the city schools steadily for six years," said Miss James, whose recent return to the work from which she was driven by nervous collapse has attracted attention.

"I was prostrated mentally and physically, sent in my resignation and never expected to be able to resume work. It seemed to me then that I was the most miserable woman on earth. I was tortured by nervous headaches, worn out by inability to sleep, and had so little blood that I was as white as chalk."

"After my active life, it was hard to bear idleness, and terribly discouraging to keep paying out the savings of years for medicines which did me no good."

"Between the two," said the home-grown philosopher, "I prefer the has-been to the going-to-be man."

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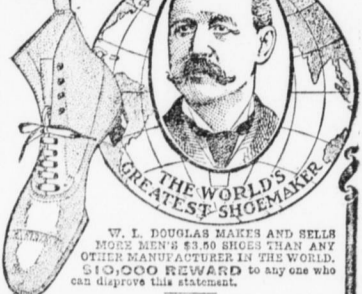
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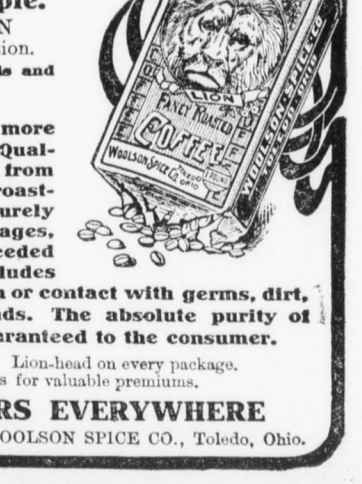
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