"You must be stern with the others:

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

She turned, smiling, her beauty flashing up at me with a power quite

only a step between me and—God knows what!

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

She had drawn her glove quickly

and held out her hand, white and beau-

tiful, a dainty finger in a gorget of gems. That little cold, trembling

hand seemed to lay hold of my heart

planned that trial for me.

And you-you have been in love?"

and know their sorrows."

loves, our very souls.

you must not let them tell you,"



## 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 nonth from 30 to 35 and £6 a month after hey reach the age of 50.

Since my twentieth birthday I had tried th no success to win a bride; heart had been returned with thanks cruel ladies in endless ranks. t, instead of the balm that the jilted

The acks.
The state came down on me with a tax,
And I saw my savings disappear
At the rate of £12 every year.
It came a bit expensive, for
I wasn't a wealthy bachelor.

Fearing my purse wouldn't stand the

drain,
At the age of thirty I tried again:
Bought new clothes of the latest style,
Practiced a fascinating smile:
But—why, I cannot understand—
Nobody wanted my heart and hand;
And the state, in its brutal, callous way,
Doubled the tax it made me pay.
Pounds to the number of twenty-four
I paid for being a bachelor.

My fiftieth birthday found me still My fiftieth birthday found me still A single Jack in search of a Jill; Hairless, hopeless, dull and stout, Troubled, too, with a twinge of gout. And for all my exertions I could no Find any one willing to share my lo But did the state feel sorry for me?
No; it multiplied my fine by three. Seventy pounds and a couple more I paid for being a bachelor.

I write these lines with a borrowed quill On the back of an unpaid tailor's bill. As clever readers will doubtless guess, The local workhouse is my address. It seems the only refuge for A cruelly harried bachelor.

←London Daily Chronicle.



### 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. He backed away, hesitated, for he had seen my hat and gown. But I made after him with all the fury I felt, and soon had him in action. He was tired, I have no doubt: anyway, I whirled his saber and broke his hold, whipping it to the ground. That was the last we saw of him, for he made off in the dark faster than I could follow. The trouble was all over, save the wound of the corporal, which was not as bad as I thought. He was up, and one of them, surgeon, was putting stitches in his upper arm. Others were tying four men together with rope. Their weap-ons were lying in a little heap near by. One of the British was saying that Sir Charles Gravleigh had sent for

them to ride after the coach.
"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" said the man "Never seen no sech wil'cat uv a woman es thet air."

I looked down at my gown: I felt of hat, now hanging over one ear. Sure enough, I was a woman.

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. "But, I beg of you, don't tell the ladies I was ever a woman."

Judas Priest!" said D'ri, as he flung his well arm around me

# 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. But in that brief been the wiser. But in that brief sally I had killed the madame; she could serve me no more. I have been of this matte to tell all just as it happened, to put upon it neither more nor less of romantic color than we saw. Had I the skill and license of a novelist, I could have made much of my little mystery but there are many now living who remember all these things, and then I am a soldier, and too old for a new business. So I make as much of them as there was and no more.

In private theatricals, an evening a the Harbor, I had won applause with the rig, wig, and dialect of my trip to Wrentham Square. So, when I pro-posed a plan to my friend the general, urging the peril of a raw hand with a trust of so much importance, he had no doubt of my ability.

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

"Grace au ciel! le capitaine!" said the, running to meet me.

I dropped my lantern as we came face to face, and have over been glad of that little accident, for there in the dark my arms went around her, and our lips met for a silent kiss full of history and of holy confidence. Then she put her hand upon my face with a gentle caressing touch, and turned her own way.

I am very, very glad to see you," I

'Dieu!" said her sister, coming near, we should be glad to see you, if it

I lighted the lantern hurriedly. 'Ciel! the light becomes him," said Louison, her grand eyes aglow.

But before there was time to answer I had kissed her also. He is a bold thing," she added,

turning soberly to the baroness.

thing," I answered. "Forgive me. should not be so bold if I were notwell—insanely happy."

"He is only a boy," said the baron-

ess, laughing as she kissed me.

"Poor little ingenu!" said Louison, patting my arm. Louise, tall and lovely and sedate as ever, stood near me, primping her

bornet. "Little ingenu!" she repeated, with a faint laugh of irony as she placed the dainty thing on her head.

"Well, what do you think of him?" said Louison, turning to help her.

'Dieu! that he is very big and dreadful." said the other, soberly. "I should think we had better be going."

These things move slowly on paper. but the greeting was to me painfully short, there being of it not more than a minuteful, I should say. On our way to the lights they plied me with whispered queries, and were in fear of more The prisoners were now in the coach, and our men-there were 12-stood on every side of it, their pikes in hand. The boats were near, and we hurried to the river by a tote way. Our schooner lay some 20 rods off a point. A bateau and six canoes were waiting on the beach, and when we had come to the schooner I unbound the prisoners.

"You can get ashore with this bateau," I said. "You will find the horses tied to a tree."

'Wha' does thet mean?" said D'ri. "That we have no right to hold them," was my answer. "Ronley was in no way responsible for their com-

ing.' Leaning over the side with a lantern, while one of our men held the

bateau, I motioned to the coachman. "Give that 'humberreller' to the butler, with my compliments," I whis-

pered. Our anchors up, our sails took the wind in a jiffy.

'Member how we used ye," D'ri called to the receding Britishers, "an' ef ye ever meet a Yankee try t' be 'lite tew 'im."

Dawn had come before we got off at the Harbor dock. I took the ladies to an inn for breakfast, wrote a report, and went for my horse and uniform. Gen. Brown was buttoning his suspenders when they admitted me to his

What luck, my boy?" said he. "All have returned safely, including



WE WENT RIDING THAT AFTER-

the ladies," I replied quickly, "and I have the honor to submit a report."

He took a chair, and read the report earefully, and looked up at me, laugh-

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

'Ah, then I should not have enjoyed your compliments or your friend-

hip," was my answer. He laughed again heartily.

"Nor the demoiselles'," said he. "Ingratulate you. They are the loveongratulate you. liest of their sex; but I'm sorry they're

"Time enough I have decided that one of them shall become an American," said I, with all the confidence of

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

"M'sieur de Lambert?" I exclaimed. "M'sieur de Lambert. Came yesterday, via Montreal, with a fine young nobleman—the Count Esmon de Brov-el," said he. "You must look out for nim; he has the beauty of Apollo and

the sword of a cavalier." "And I no fear of him," I answered soberly, with a quick sense of alarm.
"They rode over in the afternoon with Chaumont," he went on. "It seems the young ladies' father, getting o news of them, had became worried. Well, you may go and have three days for your fun; I shall need you present-

Breakfast over, I got a team for the ladies, and, mounting my own horse, rode before them. I began to consider a very odd thing in this love experi-ence. While they were in captivity I had begun to think less of Louison and nore of Louise. In truth, one face had faded a little in my memory: the other. somehow, had grown clearer and sweeter, as if by a light borrowed from the soul behind it. Now that I saw Louison, her splendid face and figure appealed to me with all the power of old. She was quick, vivacious, subtle, cunning, aware and proud of her charms, and ever making the most of them. She, ah, yes, she ould play with a man for the mere pleasure of victory—if she were not in had returned to me; for how long? I loved me, and I might as well condered. Her sister was quite her fess. But no; I was not ready.

"Both a bold thing and a happy | 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 1 felt it to my finger-tips. I could not help loving her, and, indeed, what man with any life in him feels not the power of such a woman? That mornon the woods-pike, I reduced the ing. problem to its simplest terms: one was a physical type, the other s spiritual.

'M'sieur le Capitaine," said Louison as I rode by the carriage, "what became of the tall woman last night?" "Left us there in the woods," I answered. "She was afraid of you."

"Afraid of me! Why?" "Well, I understand that you boxed

her ears shamefully. A merry peal of laughter greeted my

words.

'It was too bad; you were very harsh." said Louise, soberly. "I could not help it; she was an ugly,

awkward thing," said Louison, could have pulled her nose." "And it seems you called her a geante also," I said. "She was quite

offended." 'It was a compliment," said the girl.

'She was an Amazon—like the count's statue of Jeanne d'Arc." "Poor thing! she could not help it," said Louise. "Well." said Louison, with a sigh of

"What will he say?" said the bar-

We were out of the woods now, and could see the chateau in the uplands.

CHAPTER XXIV.

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. There was a

merry word between the kisses of one

daughter; between those of the other

Deiu! what a lover—you must have been!"

Then she presented me, and put

her hand upon my arm, looking proud-

ly at her father.
"My captain!" said she. "Did you

ever see a handsomer Frenchman?

"There are many, and here is one," said he, turning to the young count,

who stood behind him—a fine youth, tall, strong-built, well-spoken, with blond hair and dark, keen eyes. I ad-

mit frankly I had not seen a better

figure of a man. I assure you, he had the form of Hercules, the eye of Mars.

It was an eye to command-women;

for I had small reason to admire his

courage when I knew him better. He took a hand of each young lady, and

"Dieu! it is not so easy always to agree with one's father," said Louison.

We went riding that afternoon-

Therese and her marquis and Louison

and I. The first two went ahead of us

we rode slowly, and for a time no word was spoken. Winds had stripped the timber, and swept its harvest to the

walls and hollows, where it lay bleaching in the sun. Birch and oak and

maple were holding bared arms to the

and stress. I felt a mighty sadness wondering if my own arms were quite seasoned for all that was to come.

of the rose in her cheek, its odor al-ways in her hair and lace. There was

"Dieu! of the dead summer," I con-

"Believe me, it does not pay to think," she interrupted. "I tried it

For the first time I saw a shadow in

"Many will love you, and-and you

right one-and-and-he loves me al-

I had kept myself well in hand, for

clever girl came near taking me, horse, foot, and guns, that moment. She

once, and made a sad discovery."
"Of what?"

"Of what?"

tinued.

face away.

kissed it with admirable gallantry,

only tears and a broken murmur.

Louise, clapping her hands.

"We must—ride—faster. You—you—are cold," I stammered. egret, "if I ever see her again I shall She held her hand so that the sungive her a five-franc piece." light flashed on the jewels, and looked There was a moment of silence, and

down upon it proudly. she broke it. "Do you think it beautiful?" she "I hope, this afternoon, you will let asked. me ride that horse," said she.

"Yes, and wonderful," I said. "But, "On one condition," was my reply,
"And it is—?" mark me, it is all a sacred trust—the beauty you have."

"That you will let me ride yours at the same time." "Sacred?" "More sacred than the power of

"Agreed," was her answer. "Shall we go at three?" kings," I said.
"Preacher!" said she, with a smile. "With the consent of the baroness and—and your father," I said. "Father!" exclaimed the two girls.

"You should give yourself to the church." "I can do better with the sword of "Your father." I repeated. "He is steel." I said. ow at the chateau."
"Heavens!" said Louison.

"But do not be sad. Cheer up, dear but do not be sad. Cheer up, dear fellow!" she went on, patting my el-bow with a pretty mockery. "We wo-men are not—not so bad. When I find the man I love—" "I am so glad-my dear papa!" said

Her voice faltered as she began fussing with her stirrup.

turned with a look of inquiry, changing quickly to one of admiration.
"I shall make him love me, if I

can," she went on soberly.
"And if he does?" I queried, my blood quickening as our eyes met. "Dieu! I would do anything for him,"

said she. I turned away, looking off at the brown fields. Ah, then, for a breath, my heart begged my will for utterance. The first word passed my lips when there came the sound of galloping hoofs and Therese and the marquis. "Oh, papa," said Louison, as she greeted him, "I do love you—but I

"Come, dreamers," said the former as they pulled up beside us. "A cold dinner is the worst enemy of happi-

"And he is the worst robber that shortens the hour of love," said the

marquis, smiling.

We turned, following them at a swift gallop. They had helped me out of that mire of ecstasy, and now I was glad, for, on my soul, I believed the fair girl had one more to her liking, and was only playing for my scalp. And at last I had begun to know my own heart, or thought I had.

D'ri came over that evening with a letter from Gen. Brown. He desired me to report for duty next day or two. [To Be Continued.]

# Fixing the Blame.

"Dick Wintersmith, representative from Kentucky, was one of the drollest vits in Washington," said Thompson at the Waldorf the other night. "I remember at one time he and his wife were walking down Pennsylvania avenue when a little Frenchman, a member of the legation, who and fell. It was slippery and he fell all over the pavement in the most ludicrous way.

"Mrs. Wintersmith laughed, whoreupon the little Frenchman, picking himself up, rushed at Dick and presented him with his card.

The merry-hearted girl beside me was ever like a day of June—the color "Dick looked it thoughtfully over.
"'What's this for?' he asked of the

"Alas, you are a very silent man!" said she, presently, with a little sigh. "Only thinking," I said. little Frenchman.
"'Your ladee there," snorted the I'renchman in a tower of rage, 'she laugh at me. She laugh at me when I fall on zee pavement down. I, sir, demand ze sateesfaczione!'

"Dick quietly handed him back his card. "You go to this lady's brother and

demand zee sateesfaczoine, said he 'She ain't no blood kin of mine."—N. Y. Herald.

Origin of "Pounds Sterling." How many folk who work every day

"A fool!" said she, laughing.
"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?" in the year who use the phrase "pounds sterling" are aware of its origin? Probably not one in a thousand. Yet the adjective "sterling," or face.
"No; but you are young and—and "No; but you are young and—and beautiful, and—"
"What?" she broke in impatiently, as I hesitated. "I long to know."
"Men wi!l love you in spite of all you can do," I added.
"Captain!" said she, turning her which, apart from its commercial sense, has come to indicate worth and genuineness, has a curious historical significance, and is a distinct survival of times when England did not weigh so heavily in the balance of power as she does now. In the fourteenth century the trade of the known world can choose only one—a very hard thing to do—possibly." "Not hard," said she, "if I see the was, almost without exception, in the hands of the Hanseatic league, Within this league there were many towns most of which coined money, some using better metal than others. Lubec, a Baltic city, made the best money, and the English merchants I was full of doubts that day; but the who even then knew a good thing when they saw it, used to contract for spoke so charmingly, she looked so payment in the "moneys of the Easter pleasure of victory—if she were not in spoke so charmingly, she looked so had no need of argument to make me feel her charms. With her the old doubt had returned to me; for how long? I loved me, and I might as well contains, and has all its original force.—

In spoke so charmingly, she looked so payment in the moneys of the Baster in th sy to lings"—Easterlings being their name
She for the Baltic merchants. Shortened Liverpool Post

went on.
"Ciel!" said she, laughing, "one might as well go to a nunnery. May not a girl enjoy her beauty? It is sweet to her." NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Who Broke Down from Six Years of Misery of Enforced Idlene

"I had been teaching in the city schools steadily for six years," said Miss "Desperately," I answered, clinging by the finger-tips. Somehow we kept drifting into fateful moments when a James, whose recent return to the work from which she was driven by nervous word even might have changed all that collapse has attracted attention. "They were greatly overcrowded, especially in the primary department of which I had has been-our life way, the skies above us, the friends we have known, our charge, and I had been doing the work of two teachers. The strain was too much for my nerves and two years ago irresistible. I shut my eyes a moment, summoning all my forces. There was the crisis came.

"I was prostrated mentally and physically, sent in my resignation and never expected to be able to resume work. It emed 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. "How did you get back your health?"

and pulled me to her. As my lips touched the palm I felt its mighty magic. Dear girl! I wonder if she "A bare chance and a lot of faith led me to a cure. After I had suffered for many months, and when I was on the very verge of despair, I happened to read an account of some cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements were so convincing that I somehow felt assured that these pills would help me. Most people, I think, buy only one box for a trial, but I purchased six boxes at once, and when I had used them up, I was indeed well and had no

need of more medicine.
"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enriched my thin blood, gave me back my sleep, restored my appetite, gave me strength to walk long distances without fatigue, in fact freed me from all my numerous ailments. I have already taught for several months, and I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Miss Margaret M. James is now living at No. 123 Clay street, Dayton, Ohio. Many of her fellow teachers have also used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are enthusiastic about their merits. Sound digestion, strength, ambition, and cheerful spirits quickly follow their use. They are sold in every drug store in the world.

## Matter of Choice.

"Between the two," said the homegrown philosopher, "I prefer the has-been to the going-to-be man."
"Because why?" queried the youth.
"Because it is so much easier to shut the has-been up," explained the philosophy dispenser.—Chicago Daily News.

## GRATEFUL TO CUTICURA.

For Instant Relief and Speedy Cure of Raw and Scaly Humour, Itching Day and Night for Many Months.

"I do wish you would publish this let-"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 right, and then break open, running blood and matter. I had tried many remedies, but was growing worse, when I started with Cuticura. The first application gave me instant relief, and when I had used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Contment, I was completely cured. (Signed) Miss Nellie Vander Wiele, Lakeside, N. Y."

A fine way not to get too good an opinion of your administrative capacity is to take the children on a picnic and try to make them behave like human beings.—N. Y. Press.

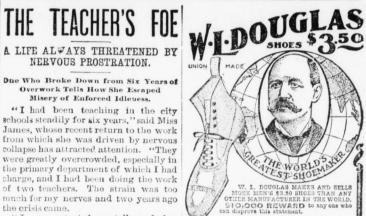
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To love one girl exclusively is an insult to the rest of them—and they always resent it.—Life.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A winner can always borrow.-Troy



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