

## LOVE'S CLOCK.

O, the hours of Love may be many or

So they be gay, But the Clock of Love-one-two, one-But two-

Ticks out the time alway. Nought recks Love of the hours that fleet, Borne on the winds of sighs. But the Clock of Love has grown dis-

creet, And old and wise. Tick-tock, tick-tock, The Clock Is old and wise.

Each hand that points to the hours of

Love Is a Cupid's dart: Each tick that bids to the tryst of Love

Is the pulse of a beating heart. And forward and back the pendulum

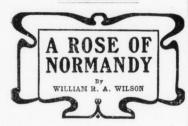
swings, Ever for joy or woe, For the Clock of Love has seen many things. And he should know. Tick-tock, tick-tock, The Clock-

And he should know

Then one and two and three and four, And seven and eight, The hour hand circles the dial one

nore— o, dreary and long the wait!
 Love may quarrel at Time's delay— Straight move the hands and slow, For the old Clock knows that the golden day Too soon may go.

day Too soon may go. Tick-tock, tick-tock, The Clock Has seen them go. --Wallace Irwin, in Criterion.



CHAPTER I.

I A PRISONER ESCAPES SOLILOQUY IS INTER-IN WHICH A AND A RUPTED.

The sun shone fair in France one bright June day in the year of our Lord, 1678, and the thirty-fifth of the reign of that Louis whom men called "Great." And nowhere was the sun-light fairer than in the capital city where the presence of a conquering and pleasure-loving monarch and his bewildering court attracted the braves and gayest of all Europe.

The streets of Paris resounded on the self-same day to the prancing and pawing of war horses, the gay fanfare of trumpets announcing the return of a victorious general from the Nether-lands, or the rumbling of the great coach of state as the king himself hurried on to take part in some fan-tastic dance or ballet at the palace, stopping, perchance, at the cathedral door to offer thanks with all true loyal subjects and join in some great Te Deum" sung in honor of another battle won.

Amidst such confusion the ordinary affairs of life and state went on as though naught but the humdrum plans of a peaceful nation were afoot. People lived and died a natural death (occasionally); they ate, drank, and slept through it all. The dead were buried and the living blest, much the same as they had been since first the church spire and the dark-robed pries had superseded the old savage faiths Even the millstones of justice (that is to say, the king) ground silently and with their accustomed fineness, while the ax, the rope, and the wheel did their kind work in sending prisoners of state to a country where lettres de cachet were unknown.

His most christian majesty believed in the deterrent effect the sight of the final act in the drama of a criminal's life had upon all good citizens. He likewise wished at times that his peo-ple, even those of the lower classes should be amused. Accordingly he achieved these two ends by frequent public executions in the Place de la Greve. This, being a commodious square hard by the Pont Notre Dame, was well adapted to a large audience, while the balcony of the Hotel de Ville at its southern end afforded an excellent pedestal on which the king and the beauties and gallants of his court could show themselves whenever an execution of especial importance took place. On the day with which this narra-tive opens the morning had worn away until the sun with vertical rays beat down upon the heads of the spectators There had been three instructive and successful executions thus far. The first wretch was broken on the wheel. the second hanged, and the third torn to pieces by horses. The king and court party in the gallery had departed after repeated half-suppressed expressions of ennul at the end of this third act, and there remained but one poor devil of a nameless fellow to be dispatched by the knife. A raised platform occupied the center of the square. About it was drawn up a double line of soldiers, some armed with halberds, others with muskets, who kept the people from crowding too near. From the scaffold a narrow lane was kept open by a company of archers to a cart. on which the condemned had ridden to the scene of their execution, and on which they awaited in sllence their turn. Every other available inch was occupied by a deuse mass of perspiring, jostling humanity, who good-humoredly enjoyed the scene, despite the heat and press.

one was of comparatively high rank He had, in the collection of the taxes, made the fatal mistake of trying to cheat the king as well as the com-mons. But as the preparations went on for the dispatch of the fourth and last, an uneasy feeling spread about among the throng. Although few knew accurately his crime or even name, yet many felt him entitled te their sympathy because he was not a noble whom they could admire for his magnificence and hate for his selfish arrogance, but one of themselves, a man of the people, who for some un-known cause had incurred the displeasure of the king or one of his creatures.

On the outskirts of the crowd, not far from the cart on which the remaining unfortunate sat, stood a small group of spectators conversing in tones so low that the near-by soldiers could not hear them.

"What think you, friend Picon," said a muscular fish-wife to a swarthy butcher fresh from the neighboring shambles, "has it come about that M. le Ministre Colbert can arrest, con-demn, and behead whom he pleases?" The man addressed scowled at the armed men guarding the prisoner, and muttered: "Devil take them!" Then turning, he replied in a low guttural voice: "They say yon fellow is no criminal, but has been hounded to the galleys and the Bastille, and from the Bastille to the block by the hate of my Lord Colbert."

While this conversation had been going on and the condemned man was being helped down from the cart, the sun's brightness gradually lessened, and more than one spectator involun-tarily looked up to see what cloud obscured the light. But there was nothing visible in the clear sky. Yet little by little did the noon-time brilliancy fade away, as though the eternal fires



HIS ATTITUDE WAS ONE OF DE-JECTION.

were being quenched. Soon others noticed it, and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the cause of the sudden change. They too, seeing no cloud, became uneasy, until their fear spread through the crowd, making it surge to and fro. A few of the women crossed themselves and others mut-tered a prayer, "Le bon Dieu is angry," some one said. "This man must be innocent," another shouted. Through it all the soldiers never faltered, but went steadily on with the preparations for the final execution. The prisoner had started up the hu-man lane towards the scaffold. Halfway to his destination, he was halted while the lines of soldiery who had been driven together by the pressure of the multitude forced the people back. No one but the soldiers watched the prisoner, who, after a glance at the darkening sky, smiled grimly, then watched keenly the turn of events. The light did not increase, but

came more and more obscure, and that nameless terror which often seizes a great multitude and forces them to attempt to flee manifested itself. Only one more terrifying element was needed to change the assembly into panic-stricken, stampeding mob. Nor was this wanting, for the wall of a building that was being dismantled on one side of the square, now occupied by a clinging crowd of spectators, sud-

athlete: a man of muscle and sinew. yet without an ounce of superfluous fat. His long black hair clustered about his wrists as he sat with bows upon the table, leaning his head upon his hands, one of which was gloved. Something more than the tan of sun and air darkened his cheeks, while the black eyes, the curved nostrils that expanded and contracted as he breathed, and the scornful lip, all proclaimed him to be other than a renchman.

His attitude was one of dejection and disappointment, yet in his eye was that inextinguishable glimmer of hope that lightens up the face of every true soldier after the first shock of a bat-tle against great odds passes away. It soon spread, and from a glimmer it became a glow that overran his counte-nance, until he burst forth into a laugh, and, raising his head and lean-ing back, he spoke aloud to his sword, which he took up in his ungloved hand:

"Ma foi! mon brave, here we are at the bottom of the ladder again whence we started ten years ago. What mat-ters it, though! When the king needs us again, he will remember us. If there be an expedition against the Mediterranean pirates undertaken, it will be a summons for Capt. Henri de Tonti to attend his majesty's convenience for the purpose of fitting out and leading that expedition. And there will be a year or two of fighting, and a wound, with a plaster to patch it up with when we return in the shape of another order on the treasury for 300 livres, and the promise of a place in the guards—and then, forgetful-ness. Or perhaps 'twill be land duty against the half-drunk Dutchmen. Then it's powder and bang at a distance, and sword thrust and parry when we have charged the works, like this, en garde!-or this-or that-or that-mon Dieu! avec mes compli-ments, Messieurs," and, springing to his feet, he fenced with an imaginary adversary, now parrying, now thrust-ing, until, ending with a fierce on-slaught that pierced his enemy to the heart, he bowed mockingly and sat down.

"Ma fol! then it's powder and wigs, slim waist and curved ankle when we return, for nothing pleases me more than to see again a French-woman after a foreign campaign. Those stupid Dutch oxen, with their big eyes and clumsy feet, may please Mynheer, but -cuistre! none of them for me. What right have I, a battered soldier of fortune with neither penny nor power, to talk of women, or wigs, when I have but a single louis d'or between me and the street! Come, mon coeur, and let us face the situation. My rent is not due for a week come Tuesday: that will take half; with the remainder I can get bread and wine enough to last for that period. Dame! ten days are sufficient in which to conquer a province, marry a widow with fat money bags, or run into some lucky adven-ture that will give me gold enough to live like a prince for another month. But, peste! how dark it grows, and yet it is only midday"—and going to the window overlooking the square, he glanced anxiously about him. "Ha! another execution is afoot," he continued to himself half audibly. "Some petty noble who has displeased the king, or a poor farmer rebelling against Colbert's taxes. An eclipse too! That augers well for me. 'Twas an eclipse that I watched just before my appoint-ed captaincy at Messina. Again, the shooting stars appeared the last night of my captivity after Libkso and warned me of my release. It means a change of fortune; and, as any change can but be for the better. I welcome its arrival. Mordi! but the crowd is frightened; like the sheep I used to see outside Naples when a boy, as the thun-der startled them from their grazing-Ha! they break through the lines of guards-Cor Dieu!-the prisoner escapes-he flees-what fools and cow-ards to go mad over a falling wall and a blinking sun."

And speaking thus he turned away from the window, threw himself down into a chair placed in front of the other casement, which he opened, and sat half dreamily watching the still datkening sky. He sprang up with a ry of amazement, as he saw the

of a human being, while salrva dripped incessantly from the corners of the mouth down the chin. The ears, of unusual size originally, had been clipped so that only the lower two-thirds remained. A scar, starting be-tween the eyes at the root of the nose, ran upward until it was lost in the lose, ran upward until it was lost in the tangled masses of his reddish-brown hair. His eyes, which were the most remarkable feature of all, in addition to their stare were of that rare and curious shade of gray which changed in expression according to the mood of the owner; then they seemed to gleam alternately with the mad fires of the hopeless maniac, and again with the all-but-quenched rays of reason of an idiot. All of these physical peculiarities were accentuated by the crea-ture, as he stood with arms akimbo, feet well apart, eyes almost starting from their sockets, tongue protruding, and ears slowly moving up and down.

"Mordioux!" cried Tonti. "What have we here? Some gargoyle strayed from his post on the stone corners of Notre Dame; or is it a new court jester; or one of the Gadarene swine that be-came possessed of devils the good Abbe Renaudot told me of? Ha, ha! or best of all, one of the progeny of that hell-bound Mazarin or my Lord Colbert—hola! none of that, or out of the window you shall go as you came, only head first." This last exclamation was induced

while a most diabolical grin overspread

by a sudden movement of the fantastic creature before him. During the first part of Tonti's speech the little man had stood playing the idiot, but as soon as Colbert's name was mentioned, he suddenly changed his expression. The gray eyes lost their look of madness and gleamed with a light of in-tense hatred. Suddenly drawing a small dagger from his person, he threw it in the face of Tonti, who stood about three paces off. The sol-dier had often seen that look in an adversary's eye in duel and battle, and he knew well it portended some sudden action. Instinctively he raised his hand to ward off the impending danger, as he saw the movement of the man's arm. The weapon glanced through the air, and struck the up-lifted palm of his left hand. Instead of piercing it, as one would have expected from the force with which it was thrown, it stopped with a metallic clink and fell with blunted point to the floor. Quick as thought, the young soldier sprang to his sword, seized it, and came at his treacherous visitor, who stood awaiting his approach without making the slightest movement. Tonti presented the point against his breast, exclaiming:

"Now then, my fine fellow, if you have any more such compliments to give me, kindly do it now, and I shall show you in return how we spit a chicken for roasting in my native town.

The man glared at him a moment, then with a sudden effort reorganized his features completely. This was as much of a surprise to Tonti as the attack had been, for in an instant the protruding tongue and fangs disappeared, the eves became less prominent and lost their wildness, and the whole man was changed; even the scars seemed to lose their whiteness and become more like the surround-A supplicating look came ing skin. to his face, and as Tonti's swordpoint was dropped in his amazement, the man fell on his knees, murmur-ing: "Pardon! Pardon!" [To Be Continued.]

Thought from Niagara.

John Jacob Astor, at a dinner in Philadelphia, talked about Niagara. "Every one who goes to Niagara, e said, "hears some absurd, ridic he said, ulous and inapt remark there. You stand and gaze at the falls, profoundly moved, unspeakably impressed, and than, all of a sudden, something fatuous is said, and the effect of all that gran-deur is dissipated forever.

"Who, since the falls were discov-ered, has been allowed in peace to drink in their superb beauty? Not I for one.

"The day I first saw Niagara a man touched my arm as I looked up at those white waters. I turned to the man. He had the silly and vacuous

## GRIP'S UGLY SEQUEL KNEES STIFF, HANDS HELPLESS, RHEUMATISM NEAR HEART. Van Scoy Experiences Dangerous Mrs.

After-Effects from Grip and Learns Value of a Blood Remedy. The grip leaves behind it weakened

vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves-a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheuma-tism, nervous prostration. and even consumption.

The story told by scores of victims of the grip is substantially the same. One was tortured by terrible pains at the base of the skull; another was left tired, faint and in every way wretched from anæmia or scantiness of blood; another and horrible headaches, was nervous and couldn't sleep; another was left with weak lungs, difficulty in breathing and acute neuralgia. In every case relief was sought in vain until the great bloodbuilder and nerve-tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was used. For quickness and thoroughness of action nothing is known that will approach it.

Mrs. Van Scoy makes a statement that supports this claim. She says:

"I had a severe attack of grip and, be-fore I had fully recovered, rheumatism set in and tormented me for three months. I was in a badly run-down state. Soon after it began I was so lame for a week that I could hardly walk. It kept growing steadily worse and at last I had to give up completely and for three weeks I was obliged to keep my bed. My knees were so stiff I couldn't bend them, and my hands were perfectly helpless. Then the pains began to threaten my heart and thoroughly alarmed me. "While I was suffering in this way I

chanced to run across a little book that told about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements in it im-pressed me and led me to buy a box. These pills proved the very thing I needed. Improvement set in as soon as I began to take them, and it was very marked by the time I had finished the first box. Four boxes made me a well woman." Mrs. Laura M. Van Scoy lives at No.

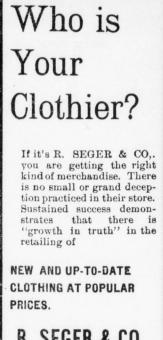
20 Thorpe street, Danbury, Conn. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally well adapted for any other of the diseases that follow in the train of grip. They are sold by all druggists.

LONG ISLAND SOUND

ATLANTIC OCEAN

LONG ISLAND

Sound and Bays.





It was to be noticed by a careful cobserver that neither pity nor conthree already executed, even though

denly fell with a crash and a great cloud of dust.

During the confusion the prisoner with an eye alert for any opportunity to escape, was partly torn, partly dodged away from his captors, and was soon lost in the tumult. As he was borne along, he passed a hercu-lean butcher and a fish-wife struggling in the jam. The latter, with a smile of satisfaction, ran the keen edge of a small knife over the cords that bound the fugitive's hands, and he was free. High up in the most weatherstained of a row of gable-ended houses that overlooked the square wherein the above scene of terror was enacted sat a man. His room was on the top floor under the eaves, whose side walls were formed by the slanting roof. Two windows admitted both light and air; one of them opened upon the square, the other upon the Rue de la erie. The only furniture besides bed was a table, three chairs of Tanerie. the rough wood and fantastically carved, and a small-sized cupboard, half wardrobe, that occupied most of the space at one end of the room.

On the table rested a glove and a sword, such as the gentlemen of the court wore, while a plumed hat lay on the floor where it had been carelessly dropped. The sole occupant of the room was seated in the largest chair beside the table. He was about eight and twenty, clad in an attire that proclaimed him to be at once the soldier and the courtier, and his clear eye and check bronzed by many a league of ocean wind and southern sun betrayed a man not long returned from active service. A little above hang like a half-shut door, revealed the average in height he was, but three glistening fangs that resembled

opening of the window suddenly obtructed by some opaque body. By the

time he stood upright, this body re olved itself into a pair of human legs that, after dangling a moment in the air, found lodgment on the sill, and before the young soldier could move or utter another sound, the figure of a man descended into the room and stood before him.

## CHAPTER II.

SHOWS HOW AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD ALMOST MAKES A DISCOV-ERY, AND THE FIRM OF TONT AND COMPANY IS, FORMED.

There was good need of Tonti's surprise, for the suddenness of the apparition, its means of entrance, to-gether with the grotesqueness of facial expression visible, were all calculated to startle even the bravest of soldiers. The figure was that of a man a little over five feet in height, whose age might have been anywhere between 30 and 45, clad in the black clothes that only condemned wear on their way to execution. His features were small and sharp, with a look of min-

gled cunning and resoluteness. In places the skin was disfigured with the marks of smallpox that in some lights secured to extend themselves over the  $\epsilon$ ntire face. The scars above and below the eyes were so plentiful that in their healing they had apparently drawn down the lower and raised the upper lids, so as to present the wild staring eyes of a madman.

The mouth was large and of plebeian shape, and the lower jaw, seeming to hang like a half-shut door, revealed

straight-limbed and suple as a Grecian more those of a wolf than the teeth Chicago Journal.

smile of the confirmed joker. 'It seems a shame,' he said, 'to

see all this going to waste.' "'What are you?' said I. 'An elec-trical engineer?'

'No,' he answered. 'A milkman.' -San Antonio Express.

" Made a Great Laugh."

There are conversational "bluffers' who are sometimes reduced to such straits that they make a pretence of being entertaining on the good things they have forgotten. Simeon Ford tells of one who, at a dinner, said to Ford his neighbor:-

"Did I ever tell you of a famous good thing I once said to Mark Twain? Well he was alluding to my former occupation as an oculist, in which he aid it was no wonder I had failed. since a man must be blind indeed be fore he would apply to me. Well of course, that was very good, but I floored him completely with my reply. I can't recollect just now what is was, but you can depend upon it that it was capital and made great laugh at the time."-N. Y. Times.

## Acid from Sweets.

That was a fair retort of a pretty girl, annoyed by the impertinence of a conceited beau at a wedding party 'Do you know what I was thinking of all the time during the ceremony? he asked.

"No, sir: how should I?" "Why, I was blessing my stars I was not the bridegroom.'

"And I have no doubt the bride was doing the same thing," said the girl. and left him to think it over again .----

