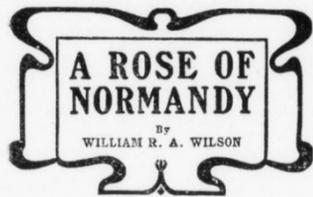




LOVE'S CLOCK.

O, the hours of Love may be many or few, So they be gay, But the Clock of Love—one-two, one-two—



CHAPTER I. IN WHICH A PRISONER ESCAPES AND A SOLILOQUY IS INTERRUPTED.

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."

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 Netherlands,

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.

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.

On the day with which this narrative opens the morning had worn away until the sun with vertical rays beat down upon the heads of the spectators.

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,

It was to be noticed by a careful observer that neither pity nor concern was anywhere manifested for the three already executed, even though

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 commons.

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.

While this conversation had been going on and the condemned man was being helped down from the cart, the sun's brightness gradually lessened,



HIS ATTITUDE WAS ONE OF DEJECTION.

were being quenched. Soon others noticed it, and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the cause of the sudden change.

The light did not increase, but became more and more obscure, and that nameless terror which often seizes a great multitude and forces them to attempt to flee manifested itself.

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.

High up in the most weather-stained of a row of gable-ended houses that overlooked the square wherein the above scene of terror was enacted sat a man.

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.

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 elbows upon the table, leaning his head upon his hands,

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 battle against great odds passes away.

"Ma foi! mon brave, here we are at the bottom of the ladder again whence we started ten years ago. What matters it, though! When the king needs us again, he will remember us.

"Ma foi! 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.

"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."

John Jacob Astor, at a dinner in Philadelphia, talked about Niagara. "Every one who goes to Niagara," he said, "hears some absurd, ridiculous and inapt remark there.

"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 smile of the confirmed joker.

There was good news of Tonti's surprise, for the suddenness of the apparition, its means of entrance, together with the grotesqueness of facial expression visible, were all calculated to startle even the bravest of soldiers.

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Acid from Sweets. That was a fair retort of a pretty girl, annoyed by the impertinence of a conceited beau at a wedding party.

of a human being, while saliva 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.

"Mordoux!" 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 became possessed of devils the good Abbe Renaudot told me of?"

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 eyes 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 surrounding skin.

"Who, since the falls were discovered, 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 smile of the confirmed joker.

"What are you?" said I. "An electrical engineer?" "No," he answered. "A milkman."—San Antonio Express.

There was 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 his neighbor:—

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.

GRIP'S UGLY SEQUEL. KNEES STIFF, HANDS HELPLESS, RHEUMATISM NEAR HEART.

Mrs. Van Scoy Experiences Dangerous 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, rheumatism, 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 anemia or scantiness of blood; another had horrible headaches, was nervous and couldn't sleep; another was left with weak lungs, difficulty in breathing and acute neuralgia.

Mrs. Van Scoy makes a statement that supports this claim. She says: "I had a severe attack of grip and, before 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.

"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 impressed 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.

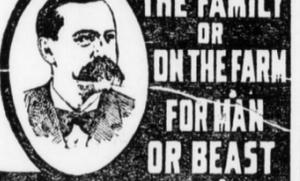
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