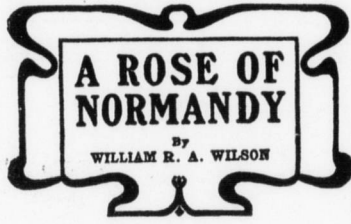




ADVICE TO A FOOL.

If the world don't do exactly as you think it ought to do, Get mad; If you meet with opposition, get a tooth-some rag to chew— Get mad; Get as mad as hops and show it; Feed your anger; fan it, blow it; Pout and let the whole world know it— Get mad; If the joke you tried to spring upon the other fellow turns, Get mad; If you get the poker's portion that invariably burns, Get mad; Play the baby, whine and blubber Like the rankest kind of lubber; While the gamins gyp and rubber— Get mad; If you step upon a nanner peel and stand upon your skull, Get mad; Never smile and make a joke of it, or folks will think you dull— Get mad; Turn and frown upon the spot Where the pavement quickly shot Up and gave you such a swat— Get mad; If you want to be a pleasure to the world you're living in, Get mad; If you'd keep the people's faces wrinkled always with a grin, Get mad; For there's nothing else so funny On this mundane sphere, my honey, As the man that's never sunny— Get mad; —Baltimore American.



CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Get up, you rogue, or I shall turn you over to the authorities for an escaped prisoner," was Tonti's reply, as he stepped back with hand leaning on his weapon, so as to have it ready for another outbreak. "Why and how do you come here, who are you, and what do you want?"

The man arose and stood facing him with a respectful air, as he replied: "Why do I come? A cornered mouse makes scant choice of holes. How? Over the roofs. My name? Jean Pompon Comarin, a votre service, Monsieur; usually called Pompon for short by my intimates, a privilege I gladly extend to you." (A muttered "Peste! much I want of your privileges" from Tonti.) "My present residence is an unknown quantity; for the past six years one of the lowermost dungeons of the Bastille. My wants? Simple; merely food and a hiding-place. I sought first to frighten you, thinking you to be as big a fool as those simple-minded children out there." He pointed out the window to the square where the crowd had been. "Then, thinking you were an ally of Colbert, I sought to kill you; finding you neither, I wish to be your friend."

For a moment Tonti stared at his companion, then, glancing at his outstretched hand and impudent smile, he placed his sword on the table, fell into his chair, and, lying back with one leg thrown over its arm, laughed until the tears blinded him and coursed down his cheeks.

"Ventre Saint Gris! but I would not have missed this exhibition, no, not for a thousand pistoles. What a face and ears and teeth and—cospetto! in a moment he is changed from a devil into a man. Then, too, his story—ha, ha! A cornered mouse makes scant choice of holes, not badly spoken. I may call him 'Pompon' if I choose; he wishes to be my friend. I am overwhelmed with honors. But look you, friend Pompon," here he sat up and his face became sober as a thought seemed to strike him, "do you not admit that you are the prisoner about to be executed that I saw but a short while back carried along by the frightened crowd?"

The man nodded. "How did you get your wrists untied?"

"Some friendly hand cut the rope while I was struggling in my escape."

"And where got you yon dagger that you seemed so anxious to present me with a moment ago?"

"The same friendly hand that loosed me slipped it into my palm as I passed by. Entering an empty building, I hid upon the roof. I crept along to this house, and looking over the edge, I saw the casement open, and hearing no sound, thought the room was vacant. Knowing that as long as darkness continued I would escape detection by any in the street below, I lowered myself in."

"Well done, Pompon; it seems that thou hast something besides popping eyeballs in that head of thine. Dime! if your plight does not appeal to me. Since when have you eaten and drunken?"

"Not since yesterday morning, Monsieur."

"Hein! then you must first of all be filled. Open your door and from the shelf get the remains of a game-pie and that bottle of wine you will find there. 'Tis all I have, but you may share."

The man obeyed; and after draining a glass of red wine, he closed the closet door without touching the pie, and, going to the window, peered forth.

Tonti. "Tis only a short time before they will be here. What shall I do with you? You are too large for my closet, and there is nothing else in which you could hide."

"Perhaps Monsieur has clothes I could disguise myself in."

"Yes, I have here," as he opened a drawer in the wardrobe, "the garb of an Italian fisherman I brought with me to Paris for a servant. But my money went; then he did also."

"An empty purse frightens away friends," Pompon remarked.

"Peste! Yes, 'tis the way of the world. Here they are, but you will need a stain of some sort for your face. Six years in the Bastille does not give the tan that the sun does on the Bay of Naples. While you dress I shall try and find something."

"Go into the first cabaret on the Rue de la Tanagerie, and whisper in the ear of the cabaretier the words 'Remember sixty-four,' tell him what you want, and he will give it to you."

Tonti heard this with a look of surprise, but wasted no time. He soon returned with a bottle of the desired dye. Pompon meanwhile had exchanged his prison garments for those of a Neapolitan peasant. A touch here and a twist there from Tonti soon made him right. The stain which Pompon skillfully applied, and a red kerchief about his head so arranged as to hide in a great measure the scar on his forehead, altered his appearance so that Tonti himself was astounded.

"Mille tonnerres!" he exclaimed, "I defy even your jailer to recognize you now. When they come you can play the servant, busy in the dark corner there polishing my sword. I shall pretend that you are dumb. If spoken to, make signs, and do not be surprised if I address you in Italian. Now take your place and we can talk until the party arrives. Tell me your story. 'Twill help pass the time."

So saying, he tipped his chair back, and with his feet on the table looked the comfortable listener that he was. Pompon, after placing the bottle of wine and a glass near his elbow, retired to the corner indicated, and, taking the sword, began to rub it vigorously.

"Since Monsieur wishes it," he began, "I shall tell him what I can. That is small enough return for his saving my life now. I was born in



YOU ACTED YOUR PART TO PERFECTION.

Provence, not far from Marseilles. A child born in the new moon will encounter great perils in life' is a well-known Provencal saying. It was surely true in my case, for my whole life can be best described in one sentence—'Out of the pan, into the coals.' Not to weary you, I shall skip the early years up to the time I entered the service of M. Fouquet."

"The late superintendent of finance?" interrupted Tonti in some surprise.

"The same. For ten years I was one of his confidential servants. When M. Colbert, as intendant, set about to ferret out something by which he could cause M. Fouquet's downfall, I was employed to watch M. Colbert. He was too strong for us. You know the rest; how M. Fouquet was finally disgraced and confined in the fortress at Pignerol. Whether he be dead or no (le bon Dieu rest his soul!) I know not. Colbert wished to be revenged on me for having thwarted his plans so long, but could do nothing until he got one of his creatures, an innkeeper Feriol, to swear that I had tried to induce him to join me in a plot to murder the king. This was excuse enough, so after five years' imprisonment in the Bastille, I was sent to the galleys in the hope that I would be killed. After three years of that life I escaped, was recaptured, and sent back to the Bastille. That was six years ago. They tried their utmost there to incite me to violence so that they could have a new excuse to execute me. They dared not kill me without some cause, for many of M. Fouquet's friends are alive still, and wield sufficient power to make it hazardous for even Colbert to attempt anything like that without some shadow of legal right. They finally succeeded, however. A fellow-prisoner, a feeble old man whose cell adjoined mine, was so ill-treated before my very eyes that I grew reckless and killed his assailant in my rage at their inhumanity. Hence my condemnation and attempted execution to-day."

"Well done, mon brave," cried Tonti. "Just what I should have done myself. A feeble old man—sangué di Dio! It makes by blood boil to think what my poor old father may be this moment suffering. He incurred the displeasure of the king and mazarin, and was imprisoned while I was away on my first campaign. No word can I get of him. No, not even the place of his imprisonment. Ah! Louis!

Louis! you accept the oath of the son to fight for you, to die for you, and yet the nobler father lies languishing in some slimy dungeon, his services unrewarded, his very name forgot. Mon Dieu! and if it were not for my oath and my father's last words to me that in the years to come the king would need the service of every loyal heart and wrist, I vow by Saint Denis, and the finger bone of holy Sainte Anne I saw at Rome, I would try my sword whether or no it could pierce the stone you wear in place of a heart—Ha! I hear the sound of soldiers on the stairs. To work, Pompon, and may Saint Anthony of Padua carry us through in safety!"

A loud knock at the door and a gruff voice crying, "Open, in the king's name!" He hesitated, then began to sing. A second call, more peremptory than the first, followed.

"Hola!" he exclaimed in a loud tone, "I believe I heard some one at the door. Entrez! whoever you are." And thus speaking, he turned his head and looked over his shoulder at an officer of the guards who stood in the doorway, while the heads of three soldiers were seen behind him.

"Diamine!" he cried in well-feigned surprise. "Soldiers! And led by my old friend Bertrand. Sit here, mon ami, and tell me how you came to find me out."

The officer addressed, as fine a specimen as any in the king's service, gave him his hand and shook it heartily, laughing as he did so.

"Mon Dieu! Captain de Tonti, where did you come from? You were far from my thoughts, mon ami, when I entered. I knew not that you lodged here. I am after different game. I am on a hangman's errand. That accursed criminal that escaped in the crowd in the square below is supposed to be in hiding somewhere near, and I am detailed to give all the houses in the vicinity a careful search. Have you seen or heard anything of the rascally rogue?"

"Not I!" said Tonti. "Neither rogue nor stranger have I seen this day. No one has been here save my servant Jacopo and myself. We two are a jolly company. He has no tongue, hence cannot answer back when I scold him. Wait until I tell him to fetch another glass. Hola! Jacopo!"—then he muttered an Italian phrase that was unintelligible to his companions. At this the supposed servant arose, and, placing a second glass on the table, retired to his corner without uttering a sound. Bertrand looked at him sharply, then turned to Tonti and said:

"Where got you yon pirate? From one of your Mediterranean campaigns?"

Tonti noticed his glance, but said nothing until he had carefully filled his friend's glass and then his own.

"Ma foi! You would call him pirate in truth did you but know his history. Some day I shall tell it you. It is too long to begin now. Dame! but I believe I did hear some slight sound on the roof an hour or more ago. I thought it but the scurrying of rats; they are plentiful enough here, God knows. Perchance, though, he whom you seek is up there. Let your men search the roofs and chimneys while you tarry here with me until their return."

The temptation was strong, and Bertrand, after giving an order to the men, sat down with his chair facing the open door so that he could see if any one appeared in the passageway.

"How like you my lodging?" cried Tonti, merrily. "I regret that the tapestries and hangings are down to be cleaned to-day, while the carved furniture has all been sent to be polished for a levee I intend to hold next week. Then, too, see what a view to two directions. Fresh air is healthful, my leech tells me, while the higher up one lives, the nearer Heaven. How now, man, why so sad?" he continued, as he saw that his companion did not enter into the spirit of his talk.

"Ah me!" sighed the burly guardsman. "Tis the same old tale: a pretty face; an insolent fellow's sneer; a quarrel; a duel."

"Mordoux!" exclaimed Tonti, in mock horror. "Know you not of the king's edict against duelling? For shame, a guardsman too!" and giving way to a burst of merriment, he laughed and beat the table with his fist.

"You would have done the same yourself," replied his friend, ruefully. "Such features! Such eyes! Such teeth! What mischievous glances, and what a slender waist!"

"Come, tell me all about it," argued Tonti, as he realized the necessity of keeping the guardsman interested until the return of his men. "Is she court-bred?"

"No. Methinks a flower from Brittany or Poitou."

"Tall, fair, and gentle-born?"

"Yes, and regal as a queen."

"Her name?"

"I know not; only this: she has the protection of Mademoiselle, the adoration of all true men and the hate and envy of all the court ladies."

"So wondrous beautiful," mused Tonti. "Then the king will get her."

"No. For Mademoiselle loves not her royal cousin overmuch at present, and will see to it that he gains no sight of her. I have seen her but once myself, and that at a distance. 'Tis but few have even that privilege."

Tonti waited until they had time to gain the street when he laughed gayly at his companion.

"Parole d'bonneur! mon cher, Pompon, but you acted your part to perfection. I shall recommend you to M. Racine for a place in his next tragedy; or perhaps the king would have you in a masque or ballet."

"Your speech, too, was excellent, Monsieur," responded Pompon. "Yes, know that love, bravery, and necessity make men good orators. But tell me one thing, Monsieur. That guardsman called you Capt. de Tonti. Is that your name?"

"Certainment," was the reply. "Henri de Tonti, captain in the king's forces in his Italian campaigns."

"You spoke of a father being in captivity," persisted his questioner.

"Yes, my father, Lorenzo Tonti, was a Neapolitan banker, but siding with the people in a rebellion, he was compelled to flee to France. He proposed to Mazarin a plan of insurance that would fill the empty coffers of the king, if successfully conducted. The Cardinal, anxious to have all the credit himself, carried out my father's plans only in part. Failure was the result, and the anger of a hateful minister and a mortified king was visited upon him. He was imprisoned while I was away on my first campaign. I have searched and pleaded for information of his whereabouts in vain. Thinking I might gain favor with the king and thus influence him to release my father, I have accepted post after post of danger and difficulty and been victorious. But appeals to his justice and generosity have alike been to no purpose. A second trial was made of my father's scheme by Mazarin before his death. They adhered to his plan strictly and were successful. The king's treasury was full enough to commence a foreign war; his minister was rewarded; the brain that contrived and the hand that planned were allowed to remain languishing behind a prison door."

Pompon listened attentively with a strange light in his eyes. When Tonti had finished speaking he said slowly and with a tone of conviction:

"My gray-haired prison friend was your father."

"Ah, Cielo!" exclaimed Tonti, starting up. "The one for whom you slew the jailer?"

"The same."

With one leap Tonti seized his arm roughly, and eagerly inquired: "And he, where is—"

Pompon shook his head sadly. "It was for no purpose. I saved him from a beating, but it was too late. I heard of his death ten days later."

"His death?" cried Tonti in despair. "Yes; starvation."

All energy seemed to depart from the young man's frame and his chin fell upon his chest in grief. "My father dead!" he murmured. "A prison life; an outcast's burial! How bitter the wage for a faithful servant."

The first shock of his emotion past, he raised his head, while his eye flashed in sudden anger.

[To Be Continued.]

Made His Nurse Tell Her Age.

"I've got an 8-year-old boy at home that will make either a metaphysician or a detective—I'm not sure which," remarked a downtown lawyer, as he entered his office the other morning. "The kid's just getting over an attack of measles, and has hard work amusing himself. Yesterday his mother and the nurse were in the room, and he spoke up sudden, much to the embarrassment of his mother: 'Say, ma; I know how old nurse is.' 'His mother thought the nurse might be confused; but she wasn't. 'How do you know so much, Willie?' she asked.

"Well, I asked you once how many years you have been nursing, and you said five. Then when you forgot that I asked you how old you was when you went to the training school, and you said 18. Then by and by, I asked you how long you was in school, and you said four years. Now, 18 and four and five are 27—see?" —N. Y. Tribune.

Advantages of Polygamy.

A young Mormon woman, modest and intelligent with clear, honest, gray eyes, deplored the prohibition of polygamy. "We lose something the last generation had," she said. "Our family would have seemed lopsided with only one mother. And was it not worth something to us children that we had to divide everything—even our father?" She said she would not object to marrying a polygamist if she loved him, though she confessed she would a little rather be the first wife. When asked if he would be willing to have his daughter marry a pluralist, her father said he would prefer it. She would be conforming to the laws of the church, besides which she would be marrying a tried man, one already proven to be a good husband.—Leslie's Magazine.

Wanted Them All.

A well-known author was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said, pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, wealth, of course, beauty, grace—"

"Yes," said his fair listener, sympathetically. "you poor man, you do want them all."—Tit Bits.

Wise Woman.

"Now for two dollars," announced the test medium. "I'll sell you a philter that will make your husband love you to the exclusion of all others."

"I don't think I'll invest," said the practical housewife, "but if you have a philter that'll make him bring home some of his salary on pay days I'll allow you a percentage on the amount realized."—Pittsburg Post.

Balcom & Lloyd advertisement with decorative border. Text: WE have the best stocked general store in the county and if you are looking for reliable goods at reasonable prices, we are ready to serve you with the best to be found. Our reputation for trustworthy goods and fair dealing is too well known to sell any but high grade goods. Our stock of Queensware and Chinaware is selected with great care and we have some of the most handsome dishes ever shown in this section, both in imported and domestic makes. We invite you to visit us and look our goods over.

LABAR'S advertisement with decorative border. Text: LOOK ELSEWHERE BUT DON'T FORGET THESE PRICES AND FACTS AT LABAR'S. \$30 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at \$25. \$40 Sideboard, quartered oak, \$30. \$28 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at \$21. \$32 Sideboard, quartered oak, \$25. \$25 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at \$20. \$22 Sideboard, quartered oak, \$16. A large line of Dressers from \$8 up. Chiffoniers of all kinds and prices. We carry in stock the largest line of Carpets Linoleums and Mattings of all kinds ever brought to Emporium. Also a big line of samples. A very large line of Lace Curtains that cannot be matched anywhere for the price. Art Squares and Rugs of all sizes and kind, from the cheapest to the best. Dining Chairs, Rockers and High Chairs. A large and elegant line of Tufted and Drop-head Couches. Beauties and at bargain prices. The finest line of Sewing Machines on the market, the "Domestic" and "Eldredge". All drop heads and warranted. A fine line of Dishes, common grade and China, in sets and by the piece. As I keep a full line of everything that goes to make up a good Furniture store, it is useless to enumerate them all. Please call and see for yourself that I am telling you the truth, and if you don't buy, there is no harm done, as it is no trouble to show goods. GEO. J. LaBAR.