



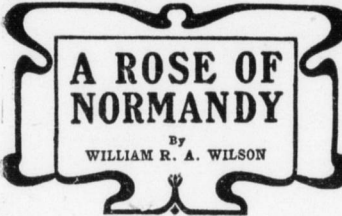
WE KNOW LITTLE WHAT WE ARE

We know so little what we are, What new unbidden self may rise, To falsify the former life, And strike the heart with wild surprise.

Desire with its myriad mood, And fate that moldeth us anew, Shall leave us but the faded wreath Of that first simple self we knew.

But Honor be our shield—and Truth, Defend our steps wherever we range! Whate'er alter, these shall save From irremediable change.

—Elizabeth French, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Perchance some such chair contains my Lily of Poltoun," muttered Tonti to himself; and as he did so, he smiled at the thought of his ever being able to give up woman in the abstract for a woman, however beautiful.

While engaged thus, he did not hear the warning sound of horse's hoofs upon the paving-stones close behind him. It was only when this sound was accompanied by a harsh human voice that he turned quickly and leaped aside, as he saw a horseman riding at full speed almost upon him.

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A CORNER OF THE CURTAIN WAS RAISED.

and warning, for the man, still half turned in his saddle, and regarding Tonti with a menacing air, did not see that his horse was about to collide with the chair and its bearers.

The horse staggered and finally stumbled, sending his rider sprawling on the pavement. He was not hurt, for he jumped up, and after his horse had risen, climbed into the saddle and was about to go on, unmindful of the damage he had already wrought.

"Diamine! You insolent fellow, what mean you by running into me and overturning yonder lady's chair?" he cried, breathless from his exertions.

"Let go my rein, you flea-bitten cur," was the insulting reply. "How dare you? I ride upon the king's business;" and, raising his whip, he made a move as though to strike Tonti across the face.

with you. Come, about face;" and so speaking, Tonti turned the horse's head and led both horse and rider back to the chair.

"It grieves me truly, madame, that this fright should have occurred to you, and I hope that you are not injured by the overthrow. Believe me, the cause of it shall be justly punished for his insolence. As the first step in that punishment I have brought him to you to force him, at the point of my sword, if necessary, to make due reparation to you and to unlock his face so that I may know whether he is worthy for a soldier to meet upon the field of honor."

While speaking he involuntarily lowered his sword a trifle. The rider saw his opportunity, and suddenly digging the spurs into his horse, he jerked the rein from Tonti's hand, and as he passed struck him a stinging blow upon the cheek with his whip, saying in a voice filled with hatred: "Thus do I brand my dogs," and was gone at full gallop down the street.

At the first sound of the man's voice, the occupant of the chair gave another little feminine shriek, and as Tonti looked after the fleeing enemy, his cheek red and tingling from the lash, choking with anger at the insult, he was vaguely conscious that a corner of the curtain was raised and a pair of eyes were regarding him furtively.

"The wretch has fled. I, however, marked well his horse and shall search the city until I find it, and then its owner. I shall fight him with a greater joy now that I have his insult to you to avenge as well as mine own," he said gallantly, sheathing his sword and picking up his hat.

"I thank you, sir, for your assistance, but do not, I beg of you, fight with that man; he is an expert swordsman and a person without honor, who would take any advantage of you, so as he could kill you," came in half-abashed and faltering earnest tones from the interior of the chair.

The voice was that of a woman, young, refined, and presumably beautiful; at least a rare beauty should properly accompany a voice as rich in its modulations and as clear as it was.

Some such thought flashed through Tonti's mind, as he bowed his head so as to bring it near the window, and spoke in a voice low enough to escape the ears of the bearers, who stood ready to proceed with the chair. "May I not be rewarded by a sight of the fair one I found in distress, and, like a true knight, have endeavored to relieve?"

There was no reply for a moment, then the curtains suddenly parted and he saw before him the smiling face of a young girl, whose beauty seized and thrilled him. Only a glimpse, and the curtains were again closed and the word of command given to the bearers.

He pressed it to his lips, and, noting the letter, exclaimed: "Mine is no illy; 'M' stands for 'Rose,' and, since the fairest are found in Normandy, I shall call her my 'Rose of Normandy' for want of a better name." And all through that night a certain lodger in the Place de la Greve dreamed of many conflicts and battles, all of which ended in his being victorious and standing on a high spot somewhere, drinking the blood of his enemies to the health of his "Rose of Normandy."

CHAPTER VI. A DARK CHAPTER, DEALING WITH A DARK NIGHT, DARK MEN, AND DARK ERRANDS.

The rain that had threatened during the day broke over the city at night, in an almost unparalleled tempest. The lightning played about the spires of Notre Dame and other churches, so that many beads were told and prayers offered for the safety of the city, in hope of warding off the vengeance of offended Deity. But there were many abroad that night on unholy errands who feared rather the devil and his crew of demons than the thunder-bolts of Heaven.

Whilst the storm was at its height, about 11 by the clock, the figure of a man carefully cloaked against the rain and recognition might have been observed making his way along a street in that famous (or rather infamous) part of Paris known as the Quartier Bonne-Nouvelle. He fought his way inch by inch against the force of the wind and rain. At times when he reached the partial shelter of a wall or projecting corner, he halted a moment to gain his breath or rearrange the cloak that the wind tried to deprive him of.

A feeble light seared from the force of the wind overlooked a narrow opening in the wall, which was filled by a barred gateway. The man stopped beneath the light, which was ingenious-

ly arranged so as to throw a shadow on whoever stood immediately below it. He hesitated a moment, and then pulled at a knob in the wall, which, evidently communicated with a mysterious bell, for in a moment another light appeared in the hands of the visitor as he let him in.

The flashes of lightning rendered the services of the dwarf's torch superfluous, so he made his way rapidly toward the house without waiting for his guide, knocked, and was immediately admitted. The brightness of the interior contrasted so strongly with the darkness of the night outside that the man was dazzled for a moment. He was led into a small waiting-room and left to himself, amid a profusion of gorgeous furnishings that seemed strange in this deserted part of the city.

But there was reason for his finding his surroundings strange and terrible, for he was within the walls of the most infamous home of crime and villainy in Paris. It was none other than the house of La Voisin, the celebrated sorceress, poisoner, infanticide; the Locusta of her day; the Toffana of France. Hither came the husband seeking to be rid of an aging wife by spell or poison, in order to espouse a more youthful beauty; the wife, longing for freedom from a rich but distasteful husband, or finding here a rendezvous with her lover. All classes of the aristocracy came as petitioners at the shrine of this arch-priestess of hell. Officers of the army desiring the death of those outranking them; magistrates, ministers of state—all met on one common level of hideous crime.

Here, too, came the first women of the court in their sedan-chairs; duchesses, ladies-in-waiting, countesses, princesses, to gain their hearts' desire, with all the faith and earnestness worthy of a better cause. Now one craved a love philter to overcome a lover's coldness or neglect; another some secret essence to preserve her youthfulness against the ravages wrought by the life of fashionable debauchery in which all lived.

In this den of infamy was celebrated the impious Black Mass, wherein the liturgical ceremonies of the Christian church were travestied and degraded by devilish ingenuity; in which children one and two years old were sacrificed to Satan as at a heathen festival. There, too, came Madame de Montespan, and in an elaborate service, with impious priest and desecrated altar, rendered full homage to the Prince of Darkness, craving his aid to win for her the love of the king, the confusion of her enemies, and the gratification of her desires.

Within a small waiting-room, the visitor awaited his turn to interview the mistress of the establishment. He removed his cloak and hat, and stood revealed to an observer as a young man of 25, tall, with dark hair and black over-arching eyebrows which seemed to scowl continually. His face was smooth, save a few hairs on the under lip, which he pulled at nervously as he stood or walked up and down the floor of the apartment. His eyes were deep-set, and gleamed with the light of the unquenched fires of dark desire within their depths. His cheekbones rather accentuated the deep-seatedness of his eyes; a sensuous mouth betrayed the voluptuary, while a receding chin gave a mixed impression of instability and waywardness. A finely curved aquiline nose showed good birth, and hands, white and well cared for, demonstrated a life of idleness and pleasure. A certain air of ease and lack of self-consciousness in all his movements indicated association and even familiarity with those in authority. On the whole, he seemed a fair sample of the well-bred courtier of his day.

At length, just as a distant clock chimed 12, a door opened and another dwarf appeared, and approaching him asked for his name.

"Le Comte de Miron," was the reply made in a low voice.

Again the dwarf disappeared, but returned shortly, and motioning to the young man, led the way into the adjoining room.

Here were found the same rich hangings and priceless tapestries. High carved chairs, their seats banked up with varicolored silken pillows, were arranged against the wall on three sides of the room. A dim light came through the center of the ceiling from an unknown source, and was suffused throughout the apartment by means of glass prisms, forming a softened yet serviceable glow. In the middle of the floor stood a small fountain of translucent marble, whose tiny jets of perfumed water rendered the air as agreeable to the nostrils as the other furnishings attracted the eye. The musical cadence of a lute, played by a hand invisible, always soft and low, but sometimes dying away to the faintest attenuation of sound, greeted the ear of the newcomer. Across the further end of the room were stretched silken curtains. From behind these hangings issued a soft voice commanding the young man to advance. He did so, and knelt directly in front of the mysterious drapery. From his close proximity he discovered that the silk was almost transparent, so that the form of a woman could be faintly discerned, yet not with sufficient clearness to enable one to recognize her face.

"What seek you of the Powers of Darkness?" demanded the voice.

"I seek first, most powerful Priestess, a charm to win the hand of one, Renee d'Outrelaise, friend and companion of Mademoiselle, whose lovely person I desire. Next, the means for a sure and speedy death of a relative whose heir I am. And lastly, I crave thy aid to nerve my arm and protect my body in a duel I shall shortly fight with a foreign soldier."

"Truly, thy wants are many and

great. What offering have you to make before the devil's shrine?"

"Ten thousand lives;" and, as he spoke, he drew from his bosom a bag of clinking gold and stretched it forth. A hand protruded itself through the curtains and seized it. There was silence for a moment or two, as the priestess examined the contents. All seemed satisfactory, for in a moment the hand reappeared bearing a tiny charm of silk an inch square attached to a fine gold chain.

"Take this," was the command. "Gain but a single hair from the head of her whose hand you seek to win, inclose it in this silken bag, and wear it. Within a year the girl is yours."

The Comte de Miron seized the chain eagerly and placed it about his neck. Again the hand appeared from behind the curtain. This time it held a small phial containing a rose-red fluid. "Drop one drop daily into your relative's wine. He will soon begin to droop and weaken, and before this precious liquid is used up he will die, and no leech can save him nor distinguish his malady."

The young man took the poison. A moment later the hand was again before him, this time holding two pieces of thin, strange-looking metal about the shape of a pistol.

"See these at midnight before the duel, one on your right sleeve to give your sword-arm strength and cunning, the other over against your heart to protect your body."

So saying, the voice ceased and the bits of metal fell into his outstretched palm. A slight noise at his elbow caused the comte to start and turn in that direction, when he beheld the same dwarf that had ushered him into the room standing with his cloak and hat ready. He quickly donned these, and after being led toward the wall by his deformed guide, a secret door sprang open and an instant later he found himself standing in the Rue de Beauregard, with the rain still falling in torrents about him.

Through the same storm that broke about the head of the young Comte de Miron, as he went about his nefarious errand, another cloaked figure of a man might have been seen hurrying to a midnight appointment in another portion of the city. This person, too, feared neither God nor devil. As he passed Notre Dame, he stopped a moment in the shadows, and looked up through the murk at the massive structure in admiration of the inherent strength and power that enabled it, inanimate though it was, to fling defiance to the lowering thunder clouds, and stand unshaken before the buffeting of wind and rain.

[To Be Continued.]

Favorite Card Game of Japanese.

A favorite card game of the Japanese is played as follows: One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, and each part printed on a separate card. The host of the evening has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one; the hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their hands face upward on the "tatami," or thick mat of rice straw, on which they sit. As the first half of the proverb is read, the holder of the second half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbor's cards, seizes it and gives him one of his own. It is a very simple game, but it affords great entertainment to the players; for the quicksight and keen-witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbors, and this leads to much laughter and many good-natured sarcasms.—Westminster Gazette.

Dying Thoughts of a Cowboy.

One day a party of townspeople were camping in the hills beside a raging river till it should be safe to cross, says the Boston Transcript. They saw a rough man struggling amidstream with a very small chance of ever reaching shore. It was an exhausting time, even for those who helplessly looked on. When the man at last saved himself and had been ministered unto, the psychologist of the party asked: "What were you thinking of while you were in such danger?"

"I thought," said the honest cowboy, "that I had \$100 to my credit and did not want to die with all that money unspent."

Whereupon he forsook his job, gathered his little fortune, made for town and blew it all in ere 36 hours were past.

Babu's "Secret Passion."

"It is with faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time past a secret passion has been firing in my bosom internally with loving for your—daughter."

So begins the letter of a love-stricken Babu, quoted by the Penang Gazette. The writer continues: "My educational capabilities have abandoned me and here I now cling to those lovely long tresses of your much-coveted daughter like a mariner shipwrecked on the rock of love. As to my scholastic calibre, I was recently rejected from the Rangoon College, and I am now masticating."—London Mail.

Not Enough for Two.

The recent severance of a long existing friendship between two titled English women of no little social prominence, but with whose names Mrs. Grundy had been busy, is explained in this wise by Mr. George Grossmith. After they had both defied public opinion for some time, one said to the other:

"Now, my dear, we must part forever, for you have no character left, and I have not enough for two."—Denver Republican.

THE LOST CHORD FOUND.

Cheerfully Supplied by Long-Suffering Victims of a Neighborhood Nuisance.

He was a young man in lodgings and he was learning to play the cornet. There was no disputing the earnestness and perseverance of this embryo cornetist, relates London Tit-Bits.

Every evening during the late heat wave he threw his window open and blew away at the "Lost Chord." It was ever the "Lost Chord."

In the commercial-room of the hotel opposite the "knights of the road" sat, scribbling off their orders and hurling anathemas at the head of the young man player.

Finally they held a council of war and determined on his destruction. "Cutting off a window cord, they rang for the boots and ordered him to take it across to the musician, with the following note:

"Dear Sir: Make no more trouble over your 'Lost Chord.' We send you a substitute which we hope you will find long enough."

"We will arrange with the coroner and guarantee a decent burial."

The doleful notes of the "Lost Chord" were not heard in that street afterwards.

Heartless Husband.

Mrs. Bryde—Oh, John, this is terrible. The cat had a fit in the kitchen and ruined the pie I had ready for dinner!

Mr. Bryde—Haven't you got the sequence of events turned around?

"Haven't I? Oh! you cruel wretch!"—Cleveland Leader.

Do You Use Your Own Judgment?

Lion Coffee is a package coffee, that reaches the homes of the people just as it left the factory where it is roasted and packed.

The beans are picked and carefully selected at the plantation, then shipped direct to our factories to be prepared for home use.

The most scrupulous care is taken with every process, and the utmost cleanliness enforced in every operation. Men and machinery employed in making Lion Coffee ready for the market are chosen on account of their excellence and fitness for the work.

Some of the results of this scrupulous treatment of Lion Coffee are a delicious flavor, perfect purity, and a uniform strength and quality.

All loose (or bulk) coffee is open to doubt to put it mildly. The buyer does not know the seller does not know where the bean came from, or how it was roasted, or where and when; how many hands handled it, what kind of hands they were, what contamination it received from dust, insects, dirt, etc.

Lion Coffee is pure, fresh and clean—that much is certain. Loose coffee—there isn't anything at all certain about it except that wise housewives will not buy it!

All grocers know the above to be true. There may be a very few left who will try to persuade you another way.

If they do, just ask them how they account for the increasing popularity of Lion Coffee in millions of homes for the past quarter of a century!

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.—Barrow.

Don't Get Footsore! Get Foot-Ease.

A wonderful powder that cures tired, hot, aching feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Ease. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The crosses that we make for ourselves are not the ones that win us crowns.—The Commoner.

Red Cross Ball Blue should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

All that a man hath will be give for his automobile.—Buffalo Express.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Many a silk gown conceals a starved heart.—N. O. Picayune.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brewster's REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity?

This popular success of LION COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There is no stronger proof of merit than continued and increasing popularity.

If the verdict of MILLIONS OF HOUSEKEEPERS does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE, it costs you but a trifle to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make you a PERMANENT PURCHASER.

LION COFFEE is sold only in 1 lb. sealed packages, and reaches you as pure and clean as when it left our factory. Lion-head on every package. Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.



LASTING RELIEF

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says: "My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I took Doan's Kidney Pills and experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

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\$25.00 Cream Separator



FOR \$25.00 we sell the celebrated CREAM SEPARATOR, capacity, 200 pounds per hour; 200 pounds capacity per hour for \$25.00; 300 pounds capacity per hour for \$30.00. Guaranteed. A full trial. Guaranteed. A full trial. Guaranteed. A full trial.

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means a day of hard labor to housekeepers. But there is great satisfaction in seeing the line full of clean clothes. You can always rest assured that the clothes will be snowy white if you use

RED CROSS BALL BLUE

It is pure and is guaranteed not to injure the most delicate fabrics. Good housekeepers everywhere endorse it and one trial will be sufficient to convince you of its merits. Sold by grocers everywhere. Large package 5c.



The fattest landlord in Philadelphia says: "Celery King is said to be good for thin folks, but it is good for fat people too. It has cured me of biliousness, and I feel like a youngster." All druggists sell it.



FOR WOMEN troubled with illis peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvellously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local sores, cures leucorrhoea and nasal catarrh. Factice is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for all ailments. TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES. For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box. Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free. THE R. PATTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

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