



THE ROSE.

I was a fairy king— You were a fay; Once in a drowsy wood, Just as 'twas day, When all the thrushes sang Their souls away.

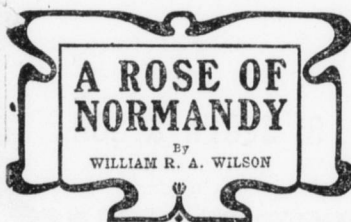
And I knelt down to you— Even I, the king!— Till your lips lifted me Into the Spring— Into the heart of it— (Did the rose sing?)

Wild rose that blossomed so, Ere came the fire— Sun-fire that withered it, (Can the heart tire?) There in the wakened wood, Elf-rose and brier.

Rose of our troth it was, And the charm wrought; When the last petal curled, Fell, and was not, You found another love, And I—forgot!

That was in fairyland— Dear, do not fret— (Who can bring back the rose With the dew wet?) 'Tis but a tale, you know, Into the yet—

—Frank Preston Smart, in N. O. Times-Democrat.



CHAPTER XV.

WHEREIN FRONTENAC ASSUMES THE ROLE OF GUARDIAN, AND TWO FAMILIAR FACES REAPPEAR.

Two years passed, and affairs of moment, affecting closely the lives and fortune of all the chief actors in this New World drama, were enacted in Quebec. For a time the new association of fur-traders, whose support La Salle had with difficulty obtained, were content with their venture and looked forward to the day when they could reasonably expect to hear tidings of the expedition's success. Their confidence resisted for a time attacks made by Duchesneau, through the crafty Jacques Le Ber and other agents against the enterprise. But little by little, as no news came and the efforts of the indefatigable intendant were unremitting, their assurance was weakened. La Salle's personality, had he been there, would have been sufficient to hold their allegiance, and Frontenac himself could doubtless have allayed their uneasiness. Affairs of state, however, had compelled him to devote all his time to their disentanglement. His relations with Duchesneau became more and more strained; the council showed itself more unruly; failure in their crops had made the neighboring farmers dissatisfied; their demands for government assistance became more clamorous, while the expected aid from the king had been delayed and was destined to prove to be little better than an empty promise.

Thus the first vague fears for the success of the expedition had become, thanks to the intendant's machinations, a settled feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest; and when a messenger finally arrived with a tale of La Salle's misfortunes and difficulties, the anger of the discontents became open. Hence the seizure of all of the available property of La Salle at this juncture. Frontenac did his utmost to placate these men, and it was only the expected arrival in September (of the year following that in which Tont and his comrades had set out from Quebec) of the king's ship that kept them from taking further active measures for securing legal redress for their losses. The possibility of an alteration in the plans of the king for his colonies; of material aid from the royal treasury; of a change in officials—all caused a suspension of hostilities on the part of the warring parties and individuals.

Once more did the cliffs and shores re-echo to the roar of cannon, as the long expected messenger from behind the horizon's rim folded its sails and anchored peacefully in the basin before the town. Again were letters read from king and minister exhorting loyal subjects to maintain amicable relations amongst themselves, and to exercise all due economy in the administration of affairs; again did the suitors swarm to the marriage market and carry away the new consignment of "king's girls." In many ways the ship's arrival had proved a disappointment. The amount of money sent had been woefully short of the sum asked for; of the 200 soldiers he had implored the king to dispatch for the proper garrisoning of the various posts, and the overawing of the savages who had given increasing signs of unfriendliness to the French, Frontenac had received but 60.

It was while reviewing mentally the general situation that the governor sat at his desk, the morning after the ship's arrival, in the great room at the Chateau, where he first dined with La Salle and Tont. A stormy session of the council the evening before and the knowledge of the impending difficulties ahead had not deterred him from a good night's sleep. Nothing seemed to daunt the nerve of steel and heart of oak that the man possessed. Danger and difficulties only made him strive the harder. The heat of battle had been his lot all his life, whether in Louis' Dutch and Italian wars, or in a campaign against the Turk. It was, then, with a feeling of renewed energy and eagerness for the fray that he surveyed the situation. "I will

govern in spite of them," he exclaimed as he struck the desk, bestrewn with papers before him, a vigorous blow with his fist. "Them" comprehended all who rendered his task difficult, from the procrastinating king and his minister across the seas, to the painted savage lurking in the forests of the New World.

Thus with a fresh vigor and determination to face his most belligerent enemy boldly, he ordered a servant to admit any seeking audience with him. Imagine his surprise when he beheld before him not the intendant bringing to his attention some fresh point of dispute, or the cringing form and whining voice of Jacques Le Ber as he offered a new complaint from the trading community, but rather the face, pale and severe, of Madame Bourdon, who had again been placed in charge of the feminine portion of the ship's cargo. She was accompanied by a veiled, girlish figure, clad in the plainest garb, who retired to one side of the room upon entering, leaving her conductress to approach the governor alone.

Frontenac, on seeing Madame Bourdon, immediately arose and welcomed her kindly, receiving from her hand a letter, which he opened forthwith and proceeded to read, after glancing at the signature. A look of surprise and pleasure passed over his features as he recognized the handwriting and name of his wife.

Anne de la Grange-Trianon, Comtesse de Frontenac, had in her sixteenth year become enamored of the dashing famous young soldier who had succeeded in reaching the rank of Marechal de Camp by the time he was 26. Though the match was opposed by her father because of her suitor's lack of large means, she was wedded to him one fine day at the little church of Saint Pierre aux Boeufs, which had the privilege of uniting couples without the consent of their parents. A year of happiness followed, then love fled, at least, on her part. She found him wayward and headstrong; he found her possessed of an imperious temper, and a restless craving for excitement. They separated, maintaining for each other a profound respect, although on his part it was really a tender feeling. She was always proud of his success, but when he left for the New World she preferred to remain behind. Her influence at court was sufficient to be of inestimable service to her absent husband on more than one occasion. For a time the friend of mademoiselle, she finally retired to the arsenal, the former residence of Sully, with Mile. d'Outrelais, a distant cousin of Renee (the two branches of the family were on unfriendly terms), whom she made her life-long companion. There, styled by their admirers "Les Divines," they set up a court for themselves by the aid of their beauty and abundant wit which attracted many, and gave the tone to the best company in Paris.

The letter read as follows: To Louis de Buade, Comte de Palluau et Frontenac: I commend to your protection and care the young girl who bears this to you. She is Renee d'Outrelais, a relative of my beloved friend, and protégée of mademoiselle, who has kept her in seclusion with her for two years. News of her beauty being noised abroad, she has now resolved to see her and having done so become infatuated. Fearing for her charge the same fate that befell Mile. de la Valliere and others, mademoiselle has found means of sending her out of the country as the only sure way of her escaping him. Hoping to render her position safer as well as humor the child's desire to turn temporarily a religieuse she has asked me to intercede with you in her behalf, believing that in a couple of years she will have become effaced from a certain memory and can then return in safety. I rely upon your discretion and power to care for her. She has chosen the name of Soeur Amelie. Do not let her real name be known. All is well for you here. His majesty, despite your enemies, has confidence in you. My respects to you and all good wishes for your success and prosperity. ANNE DE FRONTENAC.

No words of love were there, yet the governor's eyes lingered with pleasure on the signature. She still was proud to use his name. He glanced at Madame Bourdon as if for further explanation.

"Mademoiselle was committed to my keeping before sailing, with strict orders that she should be placed in your care. She refused to leave her cabin except at night throughout the voyage. She is somewhat paler than when she left France, but otherwise she is well. I have discharged my duty and will leave her future disposition to your excellency." And with a bow Madame Bourdon retired.

Frontenac walked slowly over to the window near which the stranger stood, and approaching her said kindly: "Come, ma chere, it seems that my wife has asked me to aid you, which I shall gladly do. Will you not sit down that we may talk matters over?" And taking her hand, he led her with gentle courtesy to a chair, and drawing his own near, sat down. The young girl thanked him in a low voice, and throwing back her veil revealed her features for the first time to her companion. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, as the freshness of her rich beauty became apparent. "I can well understand the alarm of mademoiselle."

An hour they talked. He strove to learn as much of her history as she cared to reveal to him, and endeavored by the fatherly tone and interest he displayed to reassure her of his kindly thought and wish. He realized her helpless state and saw that she was unhappy, and as he talked he revolved in his own mind several plans for her future care. Then, as the subject perplexed him somewhat, he arose and paced thoughtfully up and down. He could not think seriously of allowing her to be lost in a religious life. It was necessary, therefore, to find some family in which to place her that would be congenial and tend to dissipate her melancholy. Glancing out of a window in his perplexity, he saw the figure of a woman passing the square in front of the Chateau. "The very

person," he exclaimed, and calling to his servant, he bade him run and inform Madame Bizard that he wished to speak with her. An arrangement was soon made.

Madame Bizard was rejoiced at being thrown into such intimacy with the daughter of a gentleman. No explanation was given of Renee's presence in Quebec; that she was a ward



DREAMS OF HOME.

of the governor was sufficient. The girl herself was glad to reach the refuge of a new feminine friend. Madam Bizard was quartered in a house near the Chateau, convenient for Renee to make frequent calls upon her guardian, who soon became very much attached to her. She was to him the closest link to that world of fashion and gaiety from which his official position exiled him. It seemed a comfort for her also to talk with him of mademoiselle, her family, and her child-life in Poitou. Even his conversation, which touched mainly on persons whose names she had merely heard, was pleasant to her ears. Shrinking from the admiring glances of those she met, she went out but little, save for a stroll with Madame Bizard at dusk, or a brisk morning walk alone before the sleepy city was awake. Thrown thus upon her own resources in a great measure, she passed most of her time in-doors, playing on her lute, embroidering an altar cloth or reading and re-reading the scanty store of books Frontenac lent her.

Madame Bizard often sat and talked, retelling to her all the gossip and events of the town. She dared not speak ill of the Comte, but her predilection for Duchesneau and his partisans led her to vent her feelings in acrimonious aspersions on all who were allied with the governor. Best of all, Renee liked to question her friend about the strange vast land she had come to; its history and its people; the tales of adventures in its wilds; the rugged life of its pioneers; the martyrdoms of its missionaries. And as she listened, her heart glowed within her and she wished that she too were a man and might set forth to hew a way through the great unknown that civilization might follow; or yet again the hazy, half-formed plan suggested itself to her mind that even a woman's weak hands through her gentle ministrations in hours of sickness and plague might win a path to heathen hearts for the glorious truths of her religion.

Madame Bizard had several times touched upon La Salle's exploring expeditions but had spoken of no member of it other than its leader. Him she denounced as a thief, a liar, and a swindler. Renee listened eagerly, not daring to question her companion closely, fearing lest the sound of the beating of her heart would be overheard; and bent her face low over her work or turned away her head that the glow on her cheek might not disclose the fact that her interest in the subject was other than that of a stranger. Finally, one day she essayed to make some inquiry as to the personnel of the party. Madame Bizard, whose fund of local gossip was low at the moment, quickly branched off into a full description of the chief members of the enterprise.

"There was one young man, ma chere," she said, "who deserves to be eaten by the savages. His name is Henri de Tont, and he occupies a position next to that of the leader. Had he remained in Quebec I should have considered it my duty to warn you of him, for a more dangerous person for a young girl to meet I cannot imagine. He behaved scandalously here, coquetting with all the women of the place. It is a pity; they say he has a wife and child he abandoned in Paris. We women are so weak that it would be small wonder if some of us were to believe the honeyed words spoken by one who, I will admit, is so handsome, gallant, and possessed of so winning a manner."

Renee, pale and agitated, made her needle fly faster as her companion rattled on. She dreaded what the woman would say next, yet longed for her to proceed.

"He will never come back here, I know," continued Madame Bizard, "for he ought to know that my husband would shoot him down the instant he arrived. Yes," she went on, as she saw Renee give a start, "he even tried his wiles on me, the miscreant! Of course, one cannot blame a man for desiring to be friendly, and for seeking the acquaintance of a woman of my position, who, although I repeat it myself, is said to be at least passably good-looking. He should, however, have paid attention to the ordinary proprieties of civilized people, and should not have so outraged my feelings by actually making love to me, and the night before his departure urging me to flee with him to the wilderness."

An exclamation from Renee interrupted her, and she saw that the girl had pricked her finger with her needle and stained the fabric she was working with a drop of blood.

"There is a man," the woman continued, much to Renee's relief, "who has all of his virtues and none of his faults, who came on the same ship with you; I wonder you did not see him. He is called 'le Comte,' and is staying with the intendant. I have met him several times when at the palace and have seen him in the distance while walking. I want you to meet him. M. le Gouverneur will not object to your receiving a friend of the intendant. I have in fact invited him to call, and, mon Dieu!" she cried with a blush of pleasure as she glanced out of the window, "here he is coming to the house this moment." Renee looked in the direction pointed out to her and saw the figure of a young man approaching. He lifted up his face toward the window; the sunlight smote it. Renee uttering a cry of terror fell back in a swoon. She had recognized the Comte de Miron.

CHAPTER XVI.

RELATES THE EVENTS THROUGH WHICH A BIRD IN THE HAND BECAME TWO IN THE BUSH.

Week after week followed with dreams of home, of green fields and trees and brooks, interspersed with glimpses of sad, patient, sympathetic faces of nuns and the rustling of their holy garments, which seemed like the sound of angels' wings, and Renee awakened to a realization that the former were but dreams and the restful assurance that the latter were always near to comfort and protect her. Some spoke of ship fever contracted on the voyage during which two members of the crew had died, notwithstanding the fact that she had been ashore a full month before falling ill. Others shook their heads and whispered something about a strange disease, lately found among the Indians, that seized upon the mind as well as the body. All agreed that it would need every effort to strengthen the weakened frame and renew the brain that seemed to rally most tardily. In reality it was the double blow of the news of her lover's unfaithfulness, and the sight of the man she feared and whom she believed to be dead, coming as it did after the fatigue of her long voyage and close confinement of her stuffy cabin, that proved too great a shock to the nervous system of the young girl.

[To Be Continued.]

Every Little Helps.

The Hon. Michael J. Murray of Boston tells an amusing story at the expense of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. One day a graduate of the Harvard medical school met the president on the street for the first time since his graduation. While in college he became well acquainted with President Eliot, and the latter readily recalled his name upon the chance meeting.

"I have something to say to you, President Eliot," remarked the graduate. "Yesterday I made a will, and after I had disposed of all my worldly goods I had inserted in the will another clause. By that clause I left my brain to the Harvard medical school."

"Well," was the answer, "I thank you." Then without meaning any sarcasm, the president continued: "Every little helps."—Boston Herald.

Getting It Over with.

"Miss Dasher," said Mr. de Bore, as he rose to go, "may I give myself the pleasure of calling on you again Monday evening?"

Miss Dasher gasped, but recovered herself quickly. "No, Mr de Bore," she said, sweetly, "I am very sorry, but I am to join a theatre party on Monday evening."

"Then may I come Tuesday evening?"

"Ah—er—no, I shall be out of town on Tuesday evening."

"Then perhaps you will be at liberty on Wednesday evening?"

"Why, really, Mr de Bore. I—no, I have an important engagement on Wednesday."

"Well, then how about Thursday?"

"O, my goodness! Come Monday!"—Cleveland Leader.

Heretofore Foll.

Two men had dined together, and after dinner had sat too long over their coffee, their liquor, their brandy, and so on. When it came time for them to go home, they were in a very bad way. Helpless, in fact. They leaned on one another, going with linked arms, but each, as a reed to lean on, was rotten. "Finally they fell, and, with a loud splash, they rolled into a full gutter. A police officer appeared and grabbed the upper man by the collar. "No, no. Save my friend. Never mind me. I can swim."—San Antonio Express.

Supplied.

"I wonder if there would be any demand in your town for my goods?" said the drummer to the chairman of the vigilance committee of Red Gulch after they had struck up a conversation on the train.

"Melbe," answered the chairman. "What might you be selling?"

"Hanging-lamps."

"Well, pard, I don't see where you could do any business in the Gulch. We just had the town outfitted with brand-new electric-light poles."—Judge.

Concentrated Goodness.

"Curious about old Grumps. He never turns an applicant for charity away, but he shuts him off as soon as he begins to talk, hands him a coin and tells him to go."

"Yes; he seems to be full of the condensed milk of human kindness."—Chicago Tribune.

NEW ROUTE TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Through Trains from Chicago.

With the opening of the line across southern Utah and southwest Nevada, known as the San Pedro Route, a new country has been opened, which in area is large enough for a good sized empire, the natural resources of which are practically untouched. This region has until now been without railway facilities, and the laws of trade and transportation are such that rapid development is now assured. The Tonopah and Goldfield mining camps are to be reached by branch lines, and there is strong possibility that other mineral districts will be discovered and developed as a result of this new enterprise.

The facilities with which Southern California and this newly opened portion of Nevada can be reached in future are indicated by the announcement from the passenger department of the Chicago & North-Western R'y that a daily service of through Pullman tourist sleeping cars on this route is to be inaugurated between Chicago and Los Angeles in a few days, which will doubtless lead to a large influx of people looking for opportunities to establish themselves in this new country, where homes are cheap, work is plentiful, and men of vim and grit are in demand—something unknown in the densely populated cities of the east.

There is some beautiful scenery along the new route, particularly in what is known as Rainbow Canon; and the citrus fruit region of Southern California is reached near San Bernardino, the road leading from that point through Riverside and Pomona, and other towns in one of the greatest orange growing districts in the world.

It is expected that with the opening of the Southern California tourist season this fall a large amount of travel will be handled via this route, for the management of the new road, fully alive to modern travel requirements, have put in effect a very handsome service of modern vestibule trains, with high class dining service and other travel comforts, which connect at Salt Lake and Ogden with through service from the East, and give a new and interesting route by which first class tourist travel can reach the sunshine and flowers of this New World Riviera.

Ambiguous.

"I must compliment you on the remarkable lightness of your bread," said the woman customer.

"Thank you," rejoined the baker. "It is my aim to turn out the lightest bread in the city."

"Yes," continued the woman customer, "and if you get it much lighter it will take two of your pound loaves to weigh 16 ounces."—Stray Stories.

Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., being a model of the educated Christian home and by its thorough faculty and course of instruction prepares girls for life. Write at once for Book of Information.

Severe Surgery. The following conversation recently took place in India: Physician with his ear to the patient's breast)—There is a curious swelling over the region of your heart, sir, which must be relieved at once.

Patient (anxiously)—That "swelling" is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.—Medical Record.

Doctor Brigham Says

MANY PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womanhood is not because it is a stimulant, nor because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructive ever discovered to act directly upon the generative organs, positively curing disease and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due.

If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience it can be relied upon to effect a cure. The following letter proves it.

Dr. S. G. Brigham, of 4 Brigham Park, Fitchburg, Mass., writes: "It gives me great pleasure to say that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very efficacious, and often prescribe it in my practice for female ailments."

"My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for uterine trouble some time ago, and my youngest daughter is now taking it for a female weakness, and is surely gaining in health and strength."

"I freely advocate it as a most reliable specific in all diseases to which women are subject, and give it honest endorsement."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, bloating (or flatulency), leucorrhoea, falling inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that bearing-down feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. No living person has had the benefit of a wider experience in treating female ills. She has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice if she wants to be strong and well.

CLOTHES WHITE AS SNOW

and as beautiful as when new will always result if you use the genuine RED CROSS BALL BLUE

on washday. No other bluing is growing so fast in popular favor. It is made of the purest ingredients and will not injure the most delicate fabrics. All good grocers sell it. Large package 5c. Don't be misled. Insist on getting the genuine Red Cross Ball Blue.

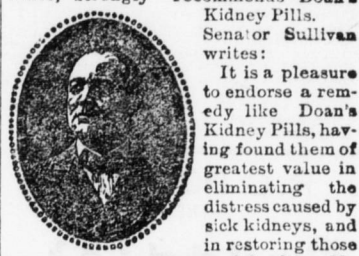
PRICE, 25 Cts. TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA. I don't feel Anti-Gripine in a doctor who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DON'T CURE. F. W. Diemer, H. D., Manufacturer Springfield, Mo.

SENATOR SULLIVAN

Says He Has Found Doan's Kidney Pills Invaluable in Treating Sick Kidneys.

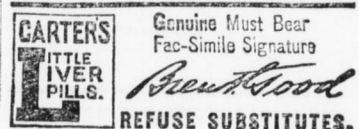
Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, of New York, Member of Congress from the Eighth New York District and one of the Democratic leaders of New York State, strongly recommends Doan's Kidney Pills.



Senator Sullivan writes: It is a pleasure to endorse a remedy like Doan's Kidney Pills, having found them of great value in eliminating the distress caused by sick kidneys, and in restoring those organs to a condition of health. My experience with your valuable remedy was equally as gratifying as that of several of my friends. Yours truly, (Signed) TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

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.



WET WEATHER WISDOM! THE ORIGINAL 1822 TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER BLACK OR YELLOW WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES



This Makes Monday Bright and Fair There is an old saying that man works from Sun to Sun but woman's work is never done. This idea was well enough perhaps, in the year 1714 when it was first made public, but if woman's work is never done now it is generally her own fault.

Take for instance, the matter of washing clothes—there is no longer any reason to dread "wash day" or to call it "blue Monday" unless you persist in scrubbing your clothes on a washboard over a steaming tub of hot, dirty water and follow all the rest of the old fashioned nonsense the same as they used to do the family washing when Noah was a small boy.

Of course if you do your work in that out-of-date kind of way, there won't be any rest for you here and not much comfort in life either, because you will always be busy.

Now, between ourselves, in the matter of washing clothes—what's the use of making a drudge of yourself when with a Majestic Rotary Washing Machine, which costs little and lasts long, you can almost make a pastime of what used to be the darkest day in the week.

Write for a circular to the Richmond Cedar Works, Richmond, Va.

The Hay Baler which is in a class by itself. "ELI" PRESSES bale fast and best market. Largest stock. Complete horse and steam power. 20 ft. and over. Many features unequalled. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DON'T CURE. Collins Plow Co., 903 Hampshire St., Quincy, Ill.

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