CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.



A CONFESSION.

Do you remember, little wife, How years ago we two together Saw naught but love illumine life In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you remember how we two Would stare into each other's eyes, Till all the earth grew heavenly blue, And speech was lost in happy sighs?

be you another thing recall, That used to happen often then; low, simply passing in the hall. We'd stop to smile and kiss again? Hov

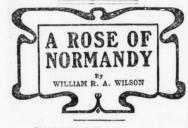
Do you remember how I sat And, reading, held your hand in mine, Caressing it with gentle pat-One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall while at the play Through hours of agony we tarried The lovers' griefs brought us dismay: Oh, we rejoiced when they were mar-ried.

Ah me, 'twas years and years ago When all this happened that I sing, And many a time the winter snow Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now-oh, nonsense! let us tell; A fig for laugh of maids or men! You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well-We're ten times worse than we were

-W. J. Henderson, in Century.



CHAPTER XVI --- CONTINUED.

The governor came daily, and strove with real distress to encourage the sufferer. Madame Bizard appeared frequently too, telling her of the outside world and urging her to a quick convalescence. But somehow the desire to recover was lacking in the patient. It was as though a spring had snapped within her leaving inertia instead of energy, and a desire to slumber on in forgetfulness rather than the determination to resume the weary load of life again. But her release was not to be, and as she slowly began to regain ground she found relief and her chiefest pleasure in the companionship of the nuns who nursed her. Their life in its seclusion and usefulness appealed to her heart, and gradually the fancy for a religious life became strengthened to a determina-Her own existence would always be a blank, and could she do better than to fill out her remaining years in the service of God? He had evidently had a purpose in permitting her to live, almost against her will.

When she first told Frontenac of her decision he stormed and swore he would ship her back to France; then as he saw that she remained unshaken in her resolution, he finally suggested compromise to which she agreed. This was that she was to remain with the nuns for two years as a donnee or religious helper who has taken no vows. If, after this novitate she still persisted in her purpose, he would offer no objection to her entering the sisterhood. He hoped that in so long a period events would alter conditions in France so that she could be sent home in safety.

It was indeed the Comte de Miron whom Renee had seen as she looked out of the window. Tonti's sword-point in entering his breast had touched a rib and, glancing upwards, had wounded the lung tissue severely, barely missing the heart. The copious hemorrhage that followed well-nigh strangled him. His faithful coachman finding that he still breathed had taken him to a house on the outskirts of Paris, called a leech and summoned one of the Comte's friends, whose name he had given him before the duel for use in any such emergency. Together they combated the enormous loss of blood and weakness that fol

urged him to continue in his attenhoping that the young Comto might be thus thrown with Lieut. Bizard in a friendly way and ultimately win him over to the side of the intendant.

Frontenac before long became conscious of a new force that was aiding his enemy, insidiously undermining his influence among many of his adher-ents. He was at a loss to account for this, and it was some time ere he suspected the stranger. Finally, several discoveries confirmed his suspicions, and he realized that in the person of the young man there lay a useful ally for the intendant and a dangerous enemy to himself. He was powerless to do anything, however, as the Comte. although an acknowledged friend of Duchesneau, was still louder in his professions of friendship and respect for the governor and the colony, so Frontenac was obliged to bide his time until by some overt act or word he would lay himself liable to legal interference.

The mischief that he made became so great that the governor was desperate. At length an audacious speech made by the Comte de Miron one evening was reported to him. He saw his opportunity. The Comte was brought before the council, and several witnesses testified to having heard him boastingly remark that there was nothing like righting one's wrongs oneself, and that when the English cut off the head of Charles I. they did a good thing, besides several utterances of a similar tenor. He was, therefore, cused of speaking ill of royalty in the person of the king of England, and uttering words tending to sedition. The intendant and his followers in the council did their utmost to protect their ally, but in vain. Frontenac's influence carried the day and he was adjudged guilty. The governor forced the council to impose the most humil-iating penalty possible, in order to discourage any others from taking up the cause of Duchesneau. According-up to me decourd incominguing for ly, he was dragged ignominiously from prison by the public executioner and led by a rope around his neck, with a torch in hand, to the gate of the Chateau, there to beg pardon of the king:

thence to the pillory of the lower town where he was branded on the chee with a fleur-de-lis and set in the stocks for half an hour; then he was led back to prison and placed in irons. This was to be repeated three times.

The man while passing through the terrible ordeal of the day had seen the face of Madame Bizard in the crowd, who smiled and nodded encouragingly They had become great friends, and the Comte was glad to find one kindly glance. The room in which he was confined was on the ground-floor of the Chateau. Scarcely had he thrown himself exhausted upon the bed placed beneath the little grated opening that admitted air and light, when a sum-mons at the door engaged his guard's attention for the moment. Just at this juncture the prisoner felt something drop on his chest from above, and saw that a tiny parcel had been thrown in through the window. He quickly opened it and recognized a key fitting his fetters, wrapped in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Escape to-night at 11; there is worse in store for you. You will find all the doors unlocked." There was no name signed, but he recognized the

At dark his jailer left him and was replaced by four trusty soldiers of Frontenac. They examined his irons and then left him to himself, a seem-ingly half-unconscious being, huddled upon the bed near the door, which was fastened upon the inside by an iron cross-bar. After their conversation be-gan to flag they stacked their arms, took the one light in the room to a further corner, leaving the bed in a half shadow, and proceeded to pass away the time with cards. The prison-er hearkened to a distant clock in the Chateau striking ten and heard the sounds of closing the building for the night as the inmates retired. Care-fully he inserted the key into the lock of the iron on his right hand, which was freed; then into that of the left. and it was liberated also. Slowly he rith closed eyes the group of soldiers in the corner attentive to their game, and withdrew his legs from the encircling fetters. He waited impatiently for the clock to sound 11 and wondered what he would do if he found his information false. Perhaps it was all a trap to induce him to attempt to escape! He would chance it. Eleven o'clock struck; the players laughed guardedly Eleven o'clock at their game. He arose, and with one bound seized the four guns. •The rattling noise attracted the attention of the soldiers, who started up only to find their prisoner freed and with one of the guns pointed at them. Before they recovered from their astonishment he had slipped the bolt; the door swung open. Speeding down the corridor, he found the doors that barred his way were all unfastened. He heard the shouts of alarm raised by the soldiers; the last door opened into the night air: he was free! The next day all Quebec was astir with search-parties hunting for the escaped prisoner; he was not found. The day after it was learned that Madame Bizard had disappeared also.

Madame Bizard, Duchesneau the north. Often two or more of these patches met, coalesced, then moved ahead again, growing more wary as the river was approached, hiding behind rotting logs and beneath tangled underbrush all the day and issuing forth at night to resume the broken At last the outer edge of ourney. the pest reached the brink of the St. Lawrence and peered furtively from behind the parted foliage for any sight of life upon the surface of the water, then retreated into the darkness, there to skulk in fiendish preparation. Along the shore it sped opposite Quebec and down the river towards the

One night the settlers heard the moaning of the wind and the splash-ing of the spring rain, and smiled and thought how needful it was for the But men tender, growing crops. neither smile nor tend crops when the red plague is abroad. That night the stream was crossed and the unseen scourge spread itself through the miasmatic bogs, hiding within the dark recesses of the virgin woods, all si-lent, mysterious, noxious. Then when all the clearings had been surrounded and the darkness of a cloudy night had rendered it a fit season for things foul and infernal, the pestilence lying dormant in the hidden places of the land awoke.

There was the silence of death without; no wind stirred the leaves; the very wild-beasts had fled in terror, leaving their haunts vacant and dumb; the earth seemed to shudder as if in horror of the grewsome flood her surface would have to drink that night. A red light flashed its glare upon the darkness; a savage yell broke the tension of the awful mo-ment; a woman's scream pierced the very heart of nature; a stream of blood gleamed near the flames-the red plague had come, and the woods were filled with the flitting forms of human demons as the bloodthirsty Iroquois rushed to the attack.

After her recovery Renee had given herself over to her new work with an enthusiasm that the nuns applaud ed. Until she regained her strength she was kept employed with her needle. Eventually she was permitted to carry out her great desire, that of nursing the sick. Soon the fame of "L'Ange," the beautiful nurse, spread through all the town and many tales were told of her angelic sweetness by the poor fellows after their recovery. She was kept busy with her merciful ministrations, for the hand of disease lay heavy on the place that winter, and many settlers, their strength reduced by the scarcity of provisions. due to the crop's failure of the previous season, fell victims to numerous diseases and were brought to the nuns for their gentle care.

Often calls came from the outlying eigniories for nurses to go and attend those too ill to be removed to the city These were cheerfully answered by the nuns, Renee going several times herself. It was in response to one of these demands in early spring that she begged permission of Frontenac to go. The comte hesitated an instant, because the seigniory to which she was summoned lay some ten leagues up the river, farther off than any previous call had been. But as there was no special reason for fearing immediate trouble with the Indians, and he could send a goodly party to escort her, he could not find it in his heart to refuse her urgent request.

The little settlement to which she went consisted of half a dozen farms, each with a house of the farmer upon it. At a spot centrally located was the home of the seigneur, flanked with various buildings, among which was a blockhouse where was kept the powler and other warlike munitions, including a small cannon. This was built to serve as the last defense against an attacking force. About the group of buildings was a palisade, with a bastion erected at each corner. In times of trouble with the Indians the families retired to this enclosure, abandoning temporarily their homes. The seigneur and his wife had spent the winter in Montreal, leaving affairs in charge of the head farmer. Through improper management two of

her on, yet keeping a pace behind sc as to guard her. The distance was but short, and the Indians, seeing they could not capture them, stopped and began to fire. The bullets whizzed by the ears of the fugitives, but they remained unhurt. The woman reached the gate before them and would have shut it in their faces had not Renee called to her to wait. Once inside, the two fastened it securely. Rence hastened to find the men, but no one was in sight. There was little time to lose, so after sending the boy to find them she set about herself to inspect the defenses. It had been so long since any danger had presented itself that they had been allowed to get out of they had been allowed to get out of repair. She found that several of the palisades had fallen down, leaving openings through which the enemy could easily enter. By this time the boy had returned, bringing with him only his brother and the octogenarian, both of them willing but feeble hands

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both of them willing but feeble hands The soldiers and the women were not to be found. With encouraging words Renee made use of the material she had, and with their assistance soon raised the fallen palisades into posi-tion again. She then directed one of the boys to fire at the Indians from the loopholes, while the other beat a drum violently. She then went to the blockhouse where the ammunition was stored and there found the two soldiers huddled up in a dark corner with the women folks, one hiding his head, the other with a lighted match in his hand. "What are you doing?" Renee cried.

"I shall light the powder and blow us all up," was the reply.

"You are a miserable coward! Leave this place!" was her contemptuous command.

Finding herself thus deserted of all expected aid. Renee's spirit rose, so. throwing aside her head-gear, she put on a man's hat and, seizing a gun, called to the two boys, saying: "Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Re-member that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king. I, too, am of gentle blood and will serve with you." [To Be Continued.]

Rebelled at Last.

He was a suburban amateur gardener, whose pride in his tiny garden was apt to bore his friends.

The other day he had taken a visitor round his retreat, expatiating at length on the four rose trees, pocket shrubbery, half-inch fountain jet, with its little basin and pair of gold and the summer-house which fish. would almost admit two persons at once. The long-suffering endured it all without retort, until he was asked to admire a 20-foot "vista." Then the worm turned.

"The 'grounds' are certainly very handsome," he 'said, "but I think you might improve them considerably." "How so?" questioned the owner, divided between gratification and wounded pride.

"Well, if I were you," suggested his critic, blandly, I should take a strip off that flower-bed-say four

inches wide-turf it over, and convert it into golf links!"-Stray Stories.

Fell Down Again.

Mr. Makinbrakes was congratulating the hostess on the success of the reception.

"It's astonishing," he said, "to see how many nice people you have suc-ceeded in getting here this evening, though, of course, it isn't at all aston-ishing. They-they've got to go somewhere, you know, and-well, what I mean is that-as I was saying to that well-known doctor over there by the-er-artificial palm-I can't remember his name just now-I was saying to him that the refreshments alone would compensate one for coming here, even if—because they really are surprisingly good. Mrs. Thompson-Johnson, I mean --and I shouldn't have said surprisingly, either, because, when it comes to refreshments, everybody knows you are-don't you think 'Parsifal' is just a little too sombre, Mrs. Johnson?' -Chicago Tribune.

> The Doctor Was Out. was a maid who h been with



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lowed. On convalescing, his friend, learning of the king's expression of satisfaction in the supposed death of the Comte, hurried him away to an estate in Brittany. There they abode together for many months, riding and hunting.

As spring came his faithful confidant went to Paris to see if it were safe for him to come to life again. He returned in a month with bad news. One of the Comte's numerous peculations in the state funds, which he had committed while secretary to Colbert, had come to light, rendering it hazardous for him to appear again in Paris or even remain in France, for if by any chance he were apprehended it mean the loss of his head. Accordingly, they laid their plans and he was hurried aboard the next ship that sailed for New France. This happened to be the one on which Renee traveled. Both of them seeking to escape ob-servation seldom left their cabins. Hence it was that each was ignorant

of the other's presence. Bearing a letter to Duchesneau from a friend, the Comte presented himself at the palace immediately upon his arrival. Staying at the palace he soon became acquainted with all of Duches-neau's friends and agents. It was there that he met Madame Bizard, who had come to make her regular report to the intendant, of all she had learned He had refrained from going about the city to any great extent, hence had never seen Renee; and it was while on an errand for Duckesneau that he had caught a glimpse of Madame Bizard's

CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWS HOW CLOSELY THE FOR-TUNES OF LOVE AND WAR MAY BE INTERWOVEN. Thinking it strange, she gazed in the direction from whence the noise came, and was surprised to see a wom-

If the French had dangers and disturbances within the citadel of Quebec, the white settlers and seigneurs out-towards the house. "The Iroquois!" side the protection of its guns were menaced by perils even more deadly. The great red plague had broken out face at the window, and, remember-ing her invitation to call, had stopped. Well supplied with money, which he spent carelessly, he soon made many friends. Seeing the impression the shad, call he interest in the southward it came there throughout the forest, stealing friends. Seeing the impression the shad, call he interest is the southward it came there throughout the forest, stealing friends. Seeing the impression the shad, call he interest is the southward it came there throughout the forest, stealing friends. Seeing the impression the shad, call he interest is the southward it came there through sunlight and there through sunlight and the southward it came is an instant, seized her hand, exclaim-ing, "Run, mademoiselle, run! Here is he saw some 50 or 60 painted savages the save here the break from cover. As they sped to family for years and years and the southward it is east the break prove here word. young man had made upon the suscep- trace, gliding steadily onward towards | wards the gate, the brave boy urged |-Smith's Weekly.

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servants employed about the seigniory had fallen ill with scurvy and were in good chance of dying from sheer neg-lect, hence the urgent message for help sent to Quebec.

When Renee arrived there she found besides the sick men a couple of half-grown girls, two boys, sons of the seigneur, aged 10 and 12, and an old

man of 80, also the wife of one of the farmers, who stayed to do the cooking, and two soldiers loaned by Fron tenac to guard the seigneur's posses sions in his absence. The other de pendants were scattered about on the outlying farms with their families, all hands at work as befitted the season. Renee managed within a few days after her arrival to secure some order out of the confusion, and her attention to cleanliness and matters of diet soon howed good results in the improved condition of her patients. The little

spare time she had for herself she isually spent in walking down to the landing place or strolling along the bank of the stream. One afternoon while standing with the younger of the two boys looking up and down the river, while he played at skipping stones, she noticed several times a sound as of the muffled reports of fire-

came, and was surprised to see a wom-an suddenly emerge from the woods

the doctor for years, and the habitual expressions of those years could not be easily laid aside. When the doctor died she remained at the house. An old friend of the

doctor, who had been abroad and had not heard of his death, called and was admitted.

"I would like to see Dr. H," he said. "I'm sorry," said the maid, "but the doctor is dead!" Stricken by this dread intelligence,

the visitor sat silent for some minutes After waiting some time the maid ventured timidly-

"Will you-will you-wait?"-Lippincott's Magazine.

Determined to Be First.

A mother of three little boys who had gone to the country to spend the summer received the following postal from the eldest:

"Dear Mother: "I wanted to be the first to write to you, so wrote this be-fore I left home, and will mail it when we reach Livingston. We are all well and sound.

筆彩 "Excuse the writing, because you keep coming into the room. Your lov-ing son, William." 隆岩

ing son, William." The mother had said she would send a dime to the one who wrote the first, and Master William had determined to beat his brothers, so he literally "took time by the forelock."-Lippincott,s.

The Old One.

A clergyman was preaching on the "Parable of the P+odigal Son," and when it came to killing the fatted calf he endcavored to heighten the interest by the following touch: "Not a calf, but the calf: the old

- family for years and years and years.'

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