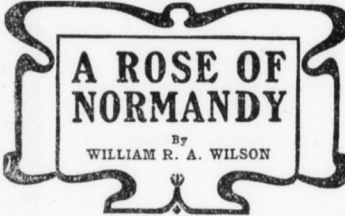




THE UNCROWNED KING.

Or God or Mammon, as he serves Straight to his goal he cuts his way. Perhaps on some vast continent His hand was closed but yesterday. "Aye, yesterday," you say. "But Death—" Because one died is all life done? The uncrowned monarch never dies. The sun hath set—there springs the sun! Nor shall his power be the less If in his childhood's bygone peace The gutter cradled him, nor may A stuttler birth his strength increase. He is, For good or ill, he is; And woe to those who blindly cling Unseeing to the ancient thrones, And reck not of the Uncrowned King! —Clinton Dangerfield, in the Century.



CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

This resolute action and brave words changed the frightened soldiers, who came forward and begged her to command them. She accepted their services and ordered them to fire the cannon, not only to prevent the savages from storming the walls, but also to warn any outlying settlers. The Indians, always loath to attack a fortified place and not knowing the precise strength of the garrison, lingered near the edges of the clearing. She then quieted the women and children, and, choosing four of the former, furnished them with long sticks and bade them walk up and down just inside the palisade with the end of the stick showing above, to deceive the enemy into thinking them to be sentinels. All seemed to become enthused with her spirit. She was everywhere, one moment encouraging the sick, another giving directions for the defense, another superintending the preparation of food for her tiny garrison. Luckily one of the cows, escaping the Indians, came to the gate and lowed for admission. This was a great acquisition, as she would furnish milk for the sick and the children, and, if the siege were prolonged, would insure a supply of meat sufficient to last a considerable period. Just at sunset a canoe appeared from the river, containing one of the farmers and his family, who had eluded the redskins. Some reinforcement must be sent them, but Renee could prevail upon neither of the soldiers to go, so after leaving them at the gate she marched boldly down to the landing place. The savages, thinking this to be some ruse intended to draw them on to an attack, remained quiet. On the way back the boldness with which

dry wood and piling them up ready to be placed along the outside of the palisade and then ignited. Once more Renee was called upon to exert all of her influence to keep alive the waning courage of the garrison. One counseled that they all try to slip away in the darkness, another suggested anew his plan of assembling in the blockhouse and perishing together by exploding the magazine. To all of these Renee presented a scornful reply. "Are you men and fear to die when you have all the means of defense about you? And you," she cried to the women, "have you no faith? Are none of the prayers we have daily offered to avail anything? Surely le bon Dieu would not have allowed us to escape the destruction the rest have met with, only to deliver us into the hands of the enemy at last. Have courage, mes amis! Help will yet come."



CHAPTER XVIII. DEALS MAINLY WITH A GAME OF CHANCE IN WHICH FRONTENAC SHUFFLES THE CARDS. Tonti was welcomed by Frontenac with great rejoicing. The many tales of death and disaster, industriously circulated by La Salle's enemies, had caused many moments of anxiety to the comte's mind, and he had come to fear lest, after all, they might be true, and he had lost both friend and future fortune. Accordingly after dinner, the night of Tonti's arrival, they drew near the table, on which was laid the only map that Frontenac possessed of the western wilds. Having spread this out carefully before him, he turned to Tonti, saying: "Come, mon ami, to your narrative! I am consumed to know each step of your perilous journey." Then did Tonti commence and relate in full all that had happened to the hapless party in its wanderings, pointing out from time to time on the map the course of their progress. Frontenac interrupted him often with eager questionings, with exclamations of rage and alarm at moments of peril, and with chuckles of delight and roars of giant laughter as he learned how difficulties had been overcome or enemies duped. "Parbleu!" he exclaimed, "a worthy blow! And with your iron fist. A Mohegan chief?" "Yes, beset in the street at Montreal by a half score drunken Iroquois as La Salle and I passed by. They went too far in their tormentings and tried to cut his ear with a hunting knife. I could not stand it and went to his aid. They fled, spitting out broken teeth as they ran, leaving the Mohegan brave with us. He begged permission to accompany us. It is he, Akiesko by name, who, with Pompon, has braved the dangers of our return to Quebec." "That droll Pompon! His wit and cunning must have helped you many times." "Certainment! Had it not been for him we should never have returned. His quick eye it was that saw something was amiss on Christmas eve, as we sailed from Fort Frontenac across the lake, and perceived the rocks the treacherous pilot, bought with Duchesneau's gold, was driving us straight upon. He it was who, following La Salle's tracks in the snow, found him gazing at the great falls with the assassin creeping close behind him, and who fired the shot that pierced the brain of the wretch and sent him tumbling into the abyss as he was about to strike our leader his death-blow. He it was, too, when on the banks of the river of the Illini La Salle informed us that one must remain and hold the fort with the men, while the other two must force their way back to Quebec for aid, that volunteered to accompany me. I can also witness to his cunning when, our journey eastward half completed, we were caught by the Hurons and would have perished miserably, both he and I and Akiesko, had he not had the lucky thought of feigning madness and leading the whole tribe a merry dance about the village, affording us an opportunity to escape. Ma foi! at times I believe he holds something more than brains within his head; methinks he has a devil! He also anointed his face that night with phosphorus paste so that when the savages followed him into the woods he turned upon them, his features all aglow in the dark, and they fled, giving him time to rejoin us. Then, too, the contents of his leather pouch afforded an antidote to the poison La Salle had eaten with his food, placed there by another of the intendants' accursed agents among our men."

"Peste! what villainy will not that rascal stoop to in order to gain his ends! But how about our noble friend La Salle? You say you left him at this point on the river of the Illini, after building a fort you named 'Creve-cœur'? Why call it the Fort of the Breaking Heart?" "Ah! mon ami, our commander named it that, out of the depths of his own grief and discouragement, after overcoming dangers and difficulties that would have turned back any other man a dozen times. Mon Dieu! now that you have me upon the subject of the friend I have learned to admire and love as my own brother, I can talk all night without stopping. What think you, after the final wreck of our little vessel and its stores at the mouth of the Niagara river by our unfaithful pilot, and the desertion of a goodly portion of his men, did he despair? Mordieu! no. A shrug of the shoulder, a firm pressure of the lips, a straightening and stiffening of his body, as though to withstand an attack, were all the signs of the disappointment he showed. His voice was the gayest and the load upon his back was the heaviest of us all as we climbed up the steep bank and through the snowdrifts, bearing what remained of our supplies to a place of safety. Treachery met him at every hand; the very men whose burdens he had tried to lighten and whom he had watched and tended through sickness and starvation turned against him, thwarting his plans and crippling his resources. Even now, while I sit here, he is grappling with danger and disaster. Is it any wonder that for such a leader Pompon, Akiesko, and myself gladly risked our lives to return to Quebec for aid?" "With the eye of a general he has planned the winning of all that great land for the king and holy church, and has decided upon the spot to be first seized and held. A short distance up the river from the point where I left him is a giant rock, impregnable if once securely fortified, that will serve as the beginning of a new empire for France, and will preserve it against Indian and white man alike, besides forming the center of a vast trading enterprise. This plan, if successfully carried out, will give us the key to the whole situation. Ah! Ciel! M. le Gouverneur, if you do not give me aid, and that soon, his great heart will break. When final disappointment comes to natures such as his, there is no other end."

Tonti spoke with feeling as he leaned toward Frontenac in his earnestness. "Bravo!" cried the Comte, and his huge hand came down with a clasp upon Tonti's as it rested on the table. "You do not disappoint my first estimate of you. You are indeed a worthy associate for the courageous La Salle. With a score of men like you two, I could conquer and hold the entire new world." Thus they talked and planned to meet the great demands that the emergency required for the successful issue of the great enterprise until day dawned. And as they strove, the patient heart of their comrade alone in the wilderness with a handful of mutinous men yearned for the succor so desperately needed, and his eyes beheld above the forest tree-tops the breaking of another day of hope and endeavor undimmed. Meanwhile Renee was welcomed heartily by the nuns, who attributed the intense nervous excitement under which she was laboring to the dangers to which she had so recently been exposed. She quickly sought solitude in order to think out some plan of action. She had learned from one of the women standing by all that had occurred at the gate of the seignory after she had fainted, and her heart was filled with rage and shame. The poisoned lie told by Madame Bizard had done its work, Tonti, the ideal, the hero; Tonti, the gallant and brave; Tonti, the fairy prince, the possible lover the chance of meeting whom had rendered her exile bearable, was dethroned, and she saw in him only an ordinary man, impure, base, deceiving, an enemy to be avoided. Although no words of love had passed between them, yet the remembrance of the budding passion that she had recognized within her breast scorched her brain anew. As long as he was far distant she had been able to try bravely to overcome her disappointment, but his proximity had aroused within her a sense of danger and a desire to flee. Banished from her home through a peril she could not combat, she found herself surrounded by fresh hazards. She had fled to the convent to escape the Comte de Miron, and now like a hunted animal she sought a new refuge as another enemy appeared in view. The rumored presence of the escaped comte as leader of a band of the murderous Iroquois rendered her unsafe except while under the direct protection of Frontenac. The arrival of Tonti, whom her unsettled imagination pictured to her as having abandoned his comrades in the wilderness, was a menace even under the sheltering walls of the fort. That night she attended a meeting of all the nuns and heard a letter read from one of the priests at Michillimackinac brought by a messenger who had joined Tonti at Fort Frontenac, in which was depicted the pitiful condition of the Indians and whites who were suffering from an epidemic of smallpox, and imploring the aid of two nuns to assist the three already there. The message, frank though it was in relating the hardship and dangers inevitable to one responding to this Macedonian cry for help, came to her as the trumpet-call to duty as well as an avenue of escape. The superior announced that they would be able to spare but one nun for the work, and would appeal to the donneses for a volunteer to accompany her. Only one responded; it was Renee, who arose and offered herself for the service. She hurriedly sought Frontenac the

next morning to obtain his consent. She found him busily engaged at his desk, but he brushed everything aside as she entered and arose to meet her with a smile. "Bon jour, ma chere mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "I am relieved at having you back once more under my eye. I was wrong to expose you to the peril that you have so fortunately escaped. I promise you I shall be more careful in the future and shall keep you safe beneath the guns of Quebec and allow no more pilgrimages into the wilderness." "Pardon me, my protector, if I seem willful," responded Renee, "but I have one boon to ask of you that you must grant or I die," and she fell upon her knees, stretching forth her hands appealingly. "Ma foi! my fair petitioner, it would ill become my strength to refuse aught to one in such extremity. But come," he continued in a kindly tone, as he raised her, and leading her to a chair, insisted on her being seated. "Tell me of your troubles, for that you are in great distress I can well see. Remember I am devoted to your interest, and you may need an older head to solve some of your problems." The fatherly note in his voice, his gentle insistence, came as an infinite relief to Renee's troubled mind. Here was strength for her weakness, counsel for her perplexity. The extreme tension she had been under rendered her woman's heart susceptible to these kindly words, and she buried her face in her hands and wept violently. Frontenac drew his chair near and strove to quiet her with compassionate words and light stroking of her hair, as a father would comfort an unhappy child. Gradually the sobs ceased, and Renee told him of her decision. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed in astonishment, "leave the security of the fort for the thousand perils of the wilderness? Impossible! It would be the rankest folly." [To Be Continued.] The Main Thing. "A village client of mine had been trying through me for seven years to collect a claim against the government," said the lawyer, "and at last the claim was allowed and I received a check for \$8,000. As the man was poor, I knew that this would be a great windfall for him, and it was with considerable exultation that I put the check in my pocket and started for the house. The man himself was away somewhere, but as his wife answered my knock, I showed her the check and called out: "'At last, Mrs. Davis—at last!'" "'What is it?'" she asked. "'The claim has been allowed, and here is a check for \$8,000.'" "'Yes, I see,'" she answered, 'but please don't talk quite so loud or you will wake the baby up!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Secret of Happiness. The man who can drill his thoughts so as to shut out everything that is depressing and discouraging and see only the bright side even of his misfortunes and failures, has mastered the secret of happiness and success. He has made himself a magnet to draw friends, cheer, brightness, and good fortune to him. Every one is pleased to meet him. His presence is like a sunbeam on a dull day. There is no accomplishment, no touch of culture, no gift which will add so much to the alchemic power of life as the optimistic habit—the determination to be cheerful and happy no matter what comes to us. It will smooth rough paths, light up gloomy places, and melt away obstacles as the sunshine melts snow on the mountain side.—O. S. Marden, in Success Magazine. Was the Real Bad Man. Prof. O. L. Waller, the government's irrigation expert, has traveled over almost every foot of American soil, and in this way has gathered together many reminiscences of odd places and odd persons. "A vanishing type," said Prof. Waller recently, "is the bad man of the middle west. We rarely meet with him now. He is almost extinct." "It was some years ago that I came upon my last bad man. He sat on a small stone under a tree." "Where is your house?" I said to him. "'House?' the bad man snorted. 'Do ye think I'm one o' that sort? I sleep in the prairie. I eats raw buffalo and I drinks out of the Mississippi.'"—Fuel. Pat's Valor. Seeing no other way of earning a livelihood, Pat took to highway robbery. He bought a pistol, and meeting a traveler, stopped him with the correct formula, "Yer money or yer life." Seeing Pat was green, the traveler, said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed!" replied Pat, who forthwith handed over the pistol and received the money in exchange. "Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out!" "Blaze away, my hearty!" replied the Irishman, "niver a taste o' powder there's in it."—Minneapolis Journal. The Good Old Times. According to one of the old English chronicles, royalty, in 1234, had nothing for a bed but a sack of straw. Even in the time of Queen Elizabeth at least half of the population of London slept on boards. Blocks of wood served as pillows. The sleeping chamber of the queen was daily strewn with fresh rushes. Carpets were unknown. Henry VI. immediately on arising tossed off a cup of wine. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were, of course, unheard of at that time. Sugar was to be had only in drug stores, and then by the ounce. These were the good old times.—Scientific American.

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