



UNINTERESTING PEOPLE.

They live in a quiet sort of way, in a quiet sort of a street; They don't meet a great many people, nor

Impress the people they meet. The newspapers never mention their names; The world doesn't care what they do, they never go in for anything much, and their intimate friends are few.

He never has had a favorite club. Though somebody said he might. For a fat little nose on the window pane Awaits him every night; And eight little fingers and two little thumbs

Undo all the work of the comb, As he sits in the quietest sort of a way In his quietest sort of a home.

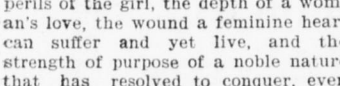
She doesn't belong to a woman's club. She hasn't a single fad. She spends her time with a blue-eyed lass And a mischievous little lad.

She never unraveled a Problem of Life; She doesn't know lots of things; She plays with the "kids" and works all days And most of the time she sings.

He isn't like most other husbands at all. She isn't like most other wives; And they never attempt to make a change

In the course of their quiet lives; But once in a while they dress the "kids" And go to spend the day In a nice little country spot.

In a nice little quiet way. —Maurice Brown Kirby, in Collier's Weekly.



A ROSE OF NORMANDY

By WILLIAM K. A. WILSON

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Renee then opened her heart to her companion, and the iron-gray head of the doughty warrior was bent in wondering interest at the recital of the perils of the girl, the depth of a woman's love, the wound a feminine heart can suffer and yet live, and the strength of purpose of a noble nature that has resolved to conquer, even though it be by flight.

Tonti took several strides up and down the room, then turning to his companion, exclaimed:

"Pardon, mon ami, but I am distracted and know not what I say. Hear me, and decide if I have not reason for my madness. I meet a beautiful woman in Paris. I worship and adore her. She is friendly. I leave France; and my comrade, he whom I have sworn to aid and defend, conspires to my honor a mighty secret, tells me that he loves the same woman, and that he has every reason to believe that he can win her. Two years later I approach a besieged seignior in the wilderness and find her, the woman I love and whom I left across the seas, as the defender of the post. I meet her here; she will not even recognize me. You talk of her and tell me she desires the convent and the veil. Mon Dieu! what am I to believe?"

"You have never told me of your love?" asked the comte in return. "I could hardly do so after my friend and companion had honored me with his confidence, little dreaming of my own feelings toward her," replied Tonti, proudly.

Frontenac watched the young man musingly. "One can never know a woman's mind. If Madame Bizard were here—"

"Madame Bizard?" cried Tonti. "She has never known her?" "Certainly! It was to her charge that I confided the girl when she first came."

"Misericorde!" ejaculated Tonti. He then related to the governor the details of the attempt to entrap him through the agency of that woman before he had left Quebec.

Frontenac opened his eyes and whistled softly. "She then has reason to dislike you. She offered to become your dishonorable friend; you repulsed her, she accordingly became your dishonored enemy. I see," he muttered to himself after a moment's thought.

"See what?" exclaimed Tonti. "Nothing," was the mysterious reply, "except the sunlight advancing along the floor, which reminds me that time passes. Perhaps I may find a solution to your riddle some day."

After Tonti had left the room Frontenac sat awhile buried in thought. At



"I HAVE DONE THE BEST I COULD."

length his brow cleared, his lips parted in a smile, and he laughed at some idea that occurred to him. He evidently relished his little joke, for the next week the mere sight of Tonti or Renee in the distance was sufficient to set his sides a-shaking. The savor of his jest was so enjoyable that it kept him in excellent humor at the next council meeting, so that for the first time since the arrival of Duchesneau there was absolutely no friction. His merriment even followed him into sleep, and he found himself awaking with a laugh on more than one occasion.

He sent for Renee one day, and taking her hand in his great palm, said kindly: "Ma chere, I have been considering the request you made me, and am persuaded that you are right. I believe indeed it is for your best happiness that you should go. I will send you to Montreal with the nun that accompanies you, there to await the arrival of the rest of the expedition that I am dispatching to the relief of La Salle, and which will be large enough to protect you. Then," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "I know you will not find in the woods another rascal as base as you believe M. Tonti to be."

To Tonti he said in farewell: "I have been thinking over your predicament of mind, and can give you no solution now. Time will determine all things and set matters right. Now banish all thoughts of love, and back with all speed to your comrades. I have made arrangements for the most important load of all to be shipped from Montreal. When you arrive there you will receive it. Guard it with your very life, and convey it in your own canoe, as it will prove indeed to be a treasure for La Salle."

He watched Tonti's figure grow smaller and smaller in the distance, and finally turned away with a sigh and the enigmatical remark, "I have done the best I could. If they do not find themselves, it will not be my fault."

As they paddled up the stream on the return voyage, the men kept time to an old chanson that they sang lustily. Tonti did not join in the song. His mind and heart were filled with a strange perplexity. He had been unable to see Renee again during his stay in Quebec, and rumors had reached him that she had left again for some distant point on an errand of mercy. Her refusal to recognize him still rankled in his heart. He knew not what he could have done to merit her disapproval. He had intended speaking to her of La Salle and telling her of his bravery and determination

thinking that she would be content to talk to him, and thus, although it were to discuss the excellencies of his rival, he would find a certain sweet satisfaction in being with her. Then, too, what would his comrade think when he told him that he had seen her, and yet brought no message from her? A feeling of weariness passed over him, that weariness of living that comes at times to every man, as the result of baffled endeavor or hope deferred, that clogging effect of our imperfect human nature upon the ever-buoyant spiritual. But the thought of the patient, steadfast heart awaiting him, that wavered not nor faltered, although surrounded on every hand by foes open and secret, by the giant obstacles of nature, and the checks of chance and circumstance, quickened Tonti's fortitude and purpose, until his paddle cleft the water and tossed its glistening spray as gallantly as any voyager.

Renee waited at Montreal the arrival of the party with a feeling of relief and happiness. The voyage from Quebec had been made without discomfort, and as long as the leagues were left behind her spirits had risen, and she had given herself up to the enjoyment of the healthful, vigorous life about her. At length it was announced that the fleet had arrived, and her escort was in waiting. She thereupon repaired with her companion to the river-side to embark, with a light heart, full of hope for the long journey before her. Upon nearing the designated place she caught the glint from the paddles of a group of canoes that had already started, and saw the one remaining craft that awaited their arrival. On reaching the landing, she beheld the leader engaged in conversation with one of the fur-traders. He turned toward her, and she recognized in him the man from whom she had fled. She saw him start and flush, as though with feigned surprise. She stood rooted to the spot in astonishment and anger. How he could have learned of her proposed expedition she could not comprehend, as she had taken great care at Quebec that her destination should not be known; no one but the superior and Frontenac knew, and she did not believe that either of these would betray her. The presumption of the man who, knowing her aversion to him, had forced his society upon her was insufferable. But nothing could be done now. The remainder of the canoes had already departed and there was no escape, so summoning to her aid all the pride of a race that for generations had conquered or suffered, as the case might be through their haughtiness, she disregarded the doffed cap and proffered arm, and took her appointed seat without a word.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THE PERILS OF THE DEEP ARE MET, AND POMPON CLIMBS A TREE.

Through the long sunny days, past cape and river-mouth, flower-fringed bank and wooded islands, the expedition hurried on without let or hindrance from human foe or Nature's adverse whim. Renee contented herself with conversing in low tones with her companion, whilst Tonti from his position in the bow neither spoke nor turned his head. On landing he superintended carefully the erection of the bark hut that sheltered the women for the night and made all ready for their occupancy. Their meals were cooked and served as daintily as the rude means available would allow, the Mohagan hunter in some mysterious manner always providing fresh fowl or fish or tender bird to tempt their appetite. To him and to Pompon who served them Renee was all graciousness; but Tonti, who cared for every detail and who, unknown to them, slept before their door each night, received no thanks. He did not attempt to force himself upon them, maintaining always a respectful distance and a demeanor full of deferential courtesy. Delightful as these attentions would have been from the Tonti she had first known, they became under the circumstances anything but agreeable, almost unbearable; for it seemed to Renee that, perceiving, as he must, her repugnance for him, he was choosing the most successful way to torture her and render her miserable. And so the bitterness in her heart for the man she had once loved increased.

At length the distant glimpse of the walls of Fort Frontenac was hailed with delight as being the end of the first stage of their long pilgrimage. They landed amid the welcome of guns and shouts of men. Tonti provided the commanding officer's house for the use of Renee and the nun, and detailed one of the mission girls to wait upon them. A slight delay was necessary here in order to transfer the contents of the canoes to a small 20-ton vessel that was placed at the disposal of Tonti. With this the men were to sail directly across the lake to the Niagara river and haul the goods to the fort before Tonti reached it. This would save some time. He preferred to coast along the southern shore of the lake with his party in their canoe, a procedure less dangerous as well as one of greater comfort for his passengers. While these matters were being arranged, Renee and the nun wandered about the Indian settlement near the fort, viewing their mode of living with much interest, as this was the first glimpse of an Indian camp that they had ever had. They were received with kindness, and sought to relieve the sufferings of two or three of the old men of the tribe who were bedridden.

One day Renee had allowed the nun to return to the fort ahead of her and was sauntering along the edge of the lake. She finally stopped at a point overlooking the water and stood gazing at the scene spread out before her. The distant buildings of the fort and the curling smoke from the fires of the Indian encampment were the only

signs of human habitation visible. Behind her, a few yards distant, was the dark green of the primeval forest, while in front on one side stretched the watery wastes of a great sea. Her thoughts passed over the restless surface of another greater sea to the land of her birth, and a feeling of loneliness came over her as she realized her isolated position, and she wondered at the strange vicissitudes of the life that le bon Dieu had led her through. The recollection of that bright day at Choisy came to her afresh, when in her girlish eagerness she had penned the words of the song she had sung; penned them to the throbbing of a heart newly awakened to the first tender thrills of a strange, new passion that seemed to satisfy all the yearnings of her nature and made all things new. "Until he comes," she murmured in a saddened, dreamy retrospect. Ah! why had he not come—or rather, why had he who had come not proved worthy? Was love, then, all a dream; were no men deserving; was there not one who would merit all that rich store of heart and mind that she felt was hers to give? Would he come to her in this vast wilderness? Ah! when and who?

"I am come," spoke a familiar voice in a hesitating tone, and then stopped. She wheeled quickly about and saw Tonti standing a few paces behind her. She had been so busied with her own thoughts that she had not heard him break through the cover of the wood and approach. On his back was a huge load of small balsam boughs that he had cut. He threw them down beside him, and, removing his cap, continued:

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, if I have frightened you. I have been gathering fresh material for your bed hard by. I fear you have rested ill on the solid matted mass you found already there."

Renee's eyes blazed. "Do you not know, monsieur, that your attentions are distasteful to me, that I would rather sleep upon the bare ground than upon a downy couch that you had prepared?" she said.

Tonti was startled at her heat, and his cheek reddened. He answered, however, in a calm voice:

"I am come, as I was about to tell you, to thank you for a service rendered me, and to ask you to hearken to the few words I have to say. Will you not listen to me?"

"I can hardly choose but hear," was the disdainful reply, "since you are standing in the only path by which I can escape."

The young man stepped to one side, leaving the way open, and said with a serious haughtiness in his voice: "I do not wish to detain you against your will. 'Twas but a simple civil request I made, and one that I felt I had a right to expect would be granted."

Again Renee broke forth: "Right! What rights have you over me that I am bound to respect?" Then feeling herself the ungraciousness of her speech, she continued more quietly: "Go on; I will listen." "I wish to thank you, then," began Tonti, "for your assistance in my escape from Paris. It was admirably planned and all the arrangements were perfect. I feel I owe it to you that I was not detained in France as the result of the unfortunate ending of my duel with the Comte de Miron." [To Be Continued.]

Wit of an Australian Bishop.

A certain bishop, happily still with us, though retired from the cares of his colonial diocese, was famous throughout Australia no less for his quaint conceits than for his spiritual vigor and eloquence. When one of the clergy described a wealthy parishioner as a careless, indifferent sort of a man, who cared only for his garden during the day and his billiard room at night, he said: "Garden! Billiards! Don't call him careless; he evidently minds his peas and cuses." To the rude question of a dissipated passenger board ship, "Why do you wear that thing?" (a cross,) he replied: "For the same reason that you wear a red nose—as a mark of my occupation."—Strand Magazine.

Wandering Wag.

In a good many western states where one railroad has gobbled up most of the available right-of-way land in the immediate vicinity of a town, the railroads subsequently building thither have to build their stations at the nearest available point to the place. An instance of this is found at the town of Oswego, Kan. The other day a traveling post office inspector from Philadelphia was getting off of a Frisco train at that place. When he had driven a mile or so from the station, and was beginning to get into the straggling suburbs of a village, he called out to the driver of the bus: "Say driver, is this the nearest town to that station where I got off?"—Baltimore American.

Clear as Mud.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is the meaning of the word "equinox?" Mr. Chugwater—It comes from "equus," horse, and "noxious," bad. Bad for horses. Will you never learn to use your own mind?—Chicago Tribune.

Meant Him.

Bess—I really thing May is in love with you. Jack—Really? Why? "I heard her remark yesterday that homeliness in a man is not really a drawback, but a sign of character."—Philadelphia Press.

Good Substitute.

Mrs. Youngish—Oh, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my new muff. Mr. Youngish—Well, that's all right. Give him the cat!—Smith's Weekly.

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