

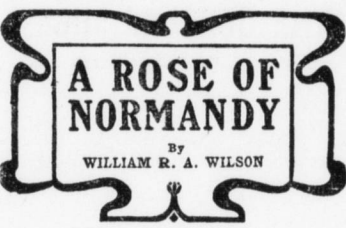


HOME-COMING.

How beautiful it is to come To the dear home once more...

But if, Ah! meet on coming home, When summer days are done...

God pity all such homes that bow In mourning o'er their dead...



CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

The two men retired to the other end of the lodge and conversed in low tones concerning their future disposition...

Toward night the noise of the returning braves was heard and the hum of many voices telling of their success came to the ears of the waiting French...

The warrior, too, made a sudden spasmodic movement of surprise as he stared at him. He speedily repressed this emotion and bowed gravely with a ferocious gleam in his eye...

"Well, friends," he said with a demonic smile, "we are well met. You, monsieur, who thought me dead 2,000 leagues away, and you, mademoiselle, who had forgotten me and who are more beautiful than ever even in your convent garb..."

"Have done with your insolence," replied Tonti, haughtily, "and send us on our way to Fort Niagara with all possible speed."

oned, and which I believe will convey a lasting impression to your mind...

"Coward!" hissed Tonti, beside himself with rage, as he advanced with shaking fist upon his enemy.

The Comte de Miron now threw aside his mask of courtesy, and white and trembling, faced his foe.

Then turning to Renee he continued vindictively: "Your lover shall be the sport to make an Indian holiday..."



"YES, BUT I LIED."

I have so long waited and yearned for, the ripening fruit that I have watched from afar, shall be mine, mine, and you shall learn that it is better to be the squaw of an Iroquois chief...

A snarl as of some maddened animal goaded beyond endurance escaped from Tonti, and with a spring he had clutched his adversary by the throat...

Tonti's breast heaved from the sudden fierce exertion, and as he stood held by each out-stretched arm, his figure tense from the effort to free himself, he flung defiance at his adversary.

"Hell-hound! fiend! renegade! do you seek to terrify me with your menacing words? Am I a child to be frightened by the sight of your ugly face?"

"Silence, vain braggart! Escape? Thanks for the word; it reminds me that I must separate you lest you kill one another and I shall find you cold in each other's arms."

"Ah! M. Tonti," she exclaimed in an alarmed tone, "what shall we do? Why have you a second time provoked this man and roused the hatred of one who cannot stoop too low to gain his ends?"

"Have done with your insolence," replied Tonti, haughtily, "and send us on our way to Fort Niagara with all possible speed."

ed so well. It was but an instant, for he quickly passed his hand before his eyes and recovered himself.

Before Renee could reply the comte entered, followed by a squaw. Hardly had she seen the prisoners before she uttered a cry, and Tonti stared in bewilderment into the face of Madame Bizard.

Madame Bizard then seeing Renee for the first time, rushed to her and clasped her arms about her, weeping violently. This action displeased her lord, for he advanced and, grasping her roughly by the shoulder, pulled her away...

They passed to the adjoining house, which had been hastily prepared for its new occupant. Some attempts had been made at cleaning the place, a large number of skins and rugs having been spread about.

"Ah! mademoiselle," she murmured, "you are so good to pity an unfortunate castaway like myself, I have sinned deeply, but I have been cruelly punished. Since seeing you I have had time to reflect and realize how great a wrong-doer I have been."

Renee then rapidly sketched the events that had led up to their journey and the adventures encountered since then.

"How brave he is, and how noble! My love told me that he was good and worthy—"

"Yes, but I lied. My heart was full of bitterness at finding him so much better than I; for his teaching me that a man's honor was even stronger than a woman's."

"And his wife and child abandoned in Paris?" eagerly asked Renee, as she clutched the woman by the arm, her breath waiting on her reply.

"More lies. I could find nothing bad enough to say about him. I hated him for the deep humiliation he had caused me, and loved him all the time for his nobility of heart."

But Renee heard not the wail of regret nor the woman's determination to redeem her wrong. Her eyes streamed with a strange peaceful light of happiness.

That night a solemn council of all the chief men of the tribe was held in one of the largest houses, to decide as to the disposition of the prisoners.

"My brothers, it is not many moons since we recovered you from the hands of the French. We returned, but with how many less than when we set out to let the fatherless children and the weeping squaws tell. One of our prisoners is a Mohagan dog; he is ours to torture, but as to this white chief, hear me. Some have accused me of being still a Frenchman; learn this, then: I know this man. He is a friend of the great Onontio at Quebec whose soldiers drove your braves back and shot them as they fled."

A murmur of assent went round. The prisoner's fate was sealed.

(To Be Continued.)

Pure Food.

Mayor Baum of Saginaw was talking about pure food. "We are getting pure food now, thanks to good legislation," he said.

"In the course of that picnic of long ago, you see, refreshments were passed about. A young lady gave the boy a piece of bread and butter, and then she took out a pot of jam."

"Will you have some jam on your bread, Johnnie?" she asked him.

"Not me, miss. I work where they makes it,"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Suppressing a Talkative Bore.

No class of men are annoyed by bores more persistently than physicians. One of them picked out Dr. Walter G. Gilday for his victim and insisted on a consultation, although the doctor bluntly informed his would-be patient that the disease he complained of attacks only fools, fops, fanatics and old women of both sexes.

"But I wish also to consult you upon a little project I have formed," persisted the bore. "I have an idea in my head."

"Have you?" interposed the doctor, with a look of surprise. "Then you shall have my opinion at once. Keep it there. It may be some time before you can get another, and nature abhors a vacuum. Your health demands that you keep silent."—N. Y. Herald.

Got an Invitation.

Philadelphia miss—Who was your grandfather?

Denver miss—James Jims, Esq., P. P. U.

Philadelphia miss (dazed)—We should be delighted to have you visit us. Please don't neglect us if you ever come to our city. Goodby!

Denver miss (shortly afterward)—Well, Mr. Interrogation Point, what do you want to know?

Little brother—What do the letters P. P. U. stand for?

Denver miss—Professional perambulating propeller of unicycles.

Little Brother—Woo! What does that mean?

Denver miss—It means a man who pushes a wheelbarrow for a dollar a day.—N. Y. Weekly.

Trying the Bride's Temper.

On the day of a Chinese marriage uninvited friends and neighbors, or even perfect strangers, are allowed to come in and see the bride, and they may make any remark about her, or to her, they please. Sometimes things horribly rude and disgusting are said. To try her temper a man will say: "Fetch your husband a cup of tea." If she does so, all will say jeeringly: "What an obedient wife you are!"

Not So Far Out of the Way.

During Gov. Rollin's administration a representative to the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the state was presented to the governor for the first time.

The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one "Most High." "He who had made everything from nothing."

"Well, governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man up in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."—Boston Herald.

He Was Not Satisfied.

In a certain clothing store in this city it has been the custom for the employees to treat customers with more courtesy than is usually the case in large stores.

"No," answered the man in a surly manner. "I didn't get suited; I got hatted and shooed."—Philadelphia Press.

AWFUL NEURALGIA. Mr. Porter Thought He Should Go Mad But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN...

CURES CONSTIPATION. Relief that comes from the use of pills or other cathartics is better than suffering from the results of constipation...

Don't Get Wet! TOWER'S SLICKERS will keep you dry as nothing else will, because they are the product of the best materials...

Lane's Family Medicine. A cure for constipation, and the headache, backache, sideache and general debility that come from constipation stop when the bowels do their proper work.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Stagnation...

A casual perusal of current literature will indicate that one need not be logical in order to be sociological.—Puck.

900-DROPS CASTORIA. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitcher.

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