



YOU BET.

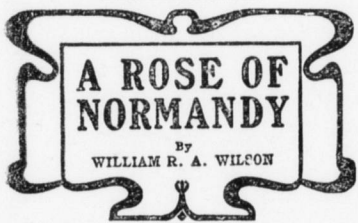
Oh, it's ever the same old bounds and rounds from dawn till the dawn again, it's ever the battle for that day's bread, the battle with fate and men, it's ever the bearing home at night the dote that the day hath won, it's ever the breathing space then sleep when the battle that day is done.

But praise God there's bees a humming And a tousel head a-come, Don't you hear her feet a-drumming All the day? Don't you know she's watching, swing ing On the gate, for you and singing? Don't you feel her fingers clinking, Don't you? Say?

Oh, it's ever the grind your soul abhors, the world's fight for bread; But yet you smile and tilt a tune till the work of the day is sped, The dusty, musty, disheartening work that it's ever your fate to do— Yes, you tilt a song and you do a step as a memory comes to you.

For you know there's bees a-humming And a tousel head a-come, Don't you hear her feet a-drumming Out to you? Don't you kneel to clasp her to you? Don't you feel a thrill run through you Sweetest that you ever knew? You Bet you do!

—By J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.



A ROSE OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

The past two years had worked a great change in Tonti. He was no longer the gay soldier of fortune, seeking in the battlefield the means of livelihood and material advancement, unsettled in purpose, selling the service of his sword for a sum of gold and a promotion, realizing that his life was probably a short, and hence preferably, a merry one. The harsh struggle with the rugged forces of nature, the primeval freshness of a new country, the close companionship through many dangers with a soul such as La Salle's, untarnished with the commoner littlenesses of the mankind he had hitherto known, and vibrating with the devotion of a noble life to a high purpose, the association day by day with Renee, whose being unconsciously revealed its manifold complexity and beauty to his wondering eyes—all had served to bring about an inner metamorphosis that he knew not of, one that if he had studied himself carefully he would not have been able to analyze. Its only revelation was in the change of thought and purpose of which he was dimly conscious. The coarse and gross qualities of the camp, the blighting contaminations of the court, all that tended to the rearing of standards unworthy of the best in man (that tiny kernel of the divine implanted first within their hearts, the stifling or cherishing of which constitutes the sum of human responsibility) had slipped from him as an old garment. New yearnings, new ends, new ideals, had arisen to take the place of the old. He realized that a field of glorious opportunity was his; that his would be the task of winning a new land, fairer, richer than the old; a task whose far-reaching consequences for good or ill were immeasurable. On the proper, loyal, high-minded achievement of his labor might depend the future greatness of a nation. The exalted passion felt for Renee that, unknown to him, had been the main source of the great changes wrought within, hopeless as it was as to its desired procurement, did not harden him with despair. It rather spurred him on in the invincible resolve to live his life, whatever it might be, so that he might remain worthy of her esteem. This it was that helped him to resist the temptation to be disloyal; to thrust from his thirsty lips the draught he could not taste without dishonor.

At length the propitious winds that carried them along so peacefully brought their little craft within sight of the distant promontory of St. Ignace of Michilimackinac. Here they disembarked and found a hearty welcome. The smallpox epidemic had subsided, but there were numerous sick and wretched ones among the Indians for Renee and her companion to assist in tending.

The day after their arrival Tonti busied himself in making certain arrangements for the storing and forwarding of any furs that might be sent by him or La Salle from the country of the Illini.

While Tonti was thus engaged, an Indian boy came to him from Renee begging that he follow him to the hut of an aged dying Ottawa. Tonti soon entered the squalid lodge and found there a priest, Renee, and one of the men.

"I have sent for you," whispered Renee, "because the sick man has called incessantly, ever since he was told of your arrival, for the French captain, saying that he had a message for you."

Tonti approached the heap of skins that served for the sufferer's bed. He lay in a stupor, occasionally arousing himself so far as to utter a moan or mutter a few inarticulate words. The sound of Tonti's voice seemed to recall him to consciousness, for he grasped his hand and spoke in a weak yet clear tone.

broad fields of the Illini. I hear the sound of the braves returning from the hunt, the shouts of the camp and the feast. I look to the rising sun and see a cloud. It grows nearer and larger. It takes the form of a bear, a beaver and a hawk. It passes over the earth and there is nothing left. The maize stalks are torn and withered. The lodges are burned; a thousand scalps are drying in the air. The village is no more. I see four Frenchmen. One is the friend of the great



"DO NOT GO."

Onontio. Another is a Black Gown. They flee before the cloud. They wander alone; they are in need of food. They cry for help, but there is none, and the cloud has swept all away. I see—I see—" but the hand relaxed its grasp, the voice sank low and ceased, a convulsive catching of the breath, and the message was delivered; the messenger had gone.

Renee quickly followed Tonti to the outer air. "What can this mean?" she asked anxiously, as she saw a look of perplexity and disquietude upon his face.

"I know not, but I fear much," was the reply. "The bear, the badger, and the hawk are three of the most powerful clans of the Iroquois. It may be that they are invading the Illini or have already done so. In either case I must hasten on my way. Perhaps my arrival may save some impending disaster to La Salle. But after all, it may be nothing but the dying delirium of an ignorant savage. Come, mademoiselle, do not be alarmed, I shall reach there in time, never fear," and he looked reassuringly into Renee's troubled face.

She was strangely agitated. "Ah, mon ami," she cried, "do not go until you learn some news of what has happened. La Salle may be dead and you will not arrive to fall a victim too. Send out your scouts that they may report to you what they learn. They can bear succor if such is needed as well as you. Or if you will go," she continued pleadingly, "take me also. Let us all go together. Is it not my duty to be where there may be wounds to heal and sickness to relieve? What would become of me were the Sieur de la Salle to be lost and you meet your death in a vain task of rescuing him?"

A great wave of feeling passed over Tonti. He struggled hard to retain his footing. Why should he not tell her now how much it meant to him that she should not expose herself to further danger, but wait for his return? Tell her all the full story of his love, promising that if he found La Salle to be lost he would quickly return and claim her for his own? If the lower country were all ablaze with savage warfare he could hardly hope with his small band to avail aught in defense or rescue; annihilation for them all would be certain. Why could he not snatch a few moments of joy before plunging into the whirlpool of danger and woe before him? But as he strove against himself the words of the dying Indian rang clear upon his ear again, "They cry for help, but there is none." His comrade, still confiding in his faithfulness, turned to him with a cry; even in his last extremity, not knowing where his lieutenant might be, he sought his aid. Should he fall him now?

Renee watched the struggle through tear-dimmed eyes and saw the victory won. Seizing her hand, he said hurriedly:

"You know not what you ask, mademoiselle. You would be the first to despise me were I to yield," and hastily raising her hand to his lips, he strode rapidly away. Renee kissed the spot where his lips had been, and, sinking to the ground, burst into tears of mingled despair and joy.

The next day when his little canoe passed through the straits, a lone figure waved adieu from the edge of the highest cliff back of the settlement, and when the tiny speck had disappeared from view repaired to the chapel, there to pray for the safety of one about to encounter great peril.

Tonti reached Fort Miami at the mouth of the river in safety and there found his men who had preceded him in a larger vessel. They were all well and had made a good-sized fleet of canoes, but were much disturbed at rumors they had heard that, during the early summer, the Iroquois had made a grand invasion of the country of the Illini and had driven them from their homes, murdering and scattering the tribes. Tonti, with this corroboration of the Indian's vision, was still more alarmed for the safety of his friend, and pushed on with all speed. They found plenty of deer and buffalo, and were thus enabled to lay in a bountiful supply of meat. As they drew near the great town of the Illini their fears were confirmed. Instead of the noise of a great encampment they found silence. The meadow below the high rock was one scene of devastation and

ruin. The charred remains of the lodges were all of human habitation that remained standing. Bones and skulls were strewn about in great abundance. The Indian graves elevated on four poles had been broken down and their contents scattered. A horde of wolves fled from the ghastly repast at their approach, while a crowd of buzzards wheeled above their heads with angry cries at being thus disturbed.

The rumors were indeed true. While making an attack on the eastern white settlements another portion of the ferocious Iroquois confederacy had gone westward to annihilate their red enemies. No signs of human life were there left to tell of the disaster that had befallen. Tonti hastened with his men on down to the widening in the river near which Fort Creve-Coeur had been erected. This, too, was a ruin, although destroyed by other hands than the Iroquois. The uncompleted vessel still stood on the stocks, on whose side was scrawled, "Nous sommes tous sauvages." This told the story of further treachery and desertion on the part of La Salle's followers. Leaving the most of his party at this spot, Tonti continued his journey with Pompon and a canoe full of picked men. They descended the river until they reached the Mississippi, but no traces of La Salle were to be found. As they progressed they could discern the spot where the retreating Illini had camped on one side of the stream, while on the opposite side their foes had kept a sharp watch over their retreat. Returning again, they rested with their entire force at the site of Fort Creve-Coeur. The autumn was rapidly passing, so they finally determined to go back to Fort Miami and take up winter quarters, sending out search parties in all directions to try and discover any trace of La Salle and the remnant of his men.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHOWS THAT THE LIFE OF AN EXPLORER IS FAR FROM TAME.

After Tonti's departure for Quebec, La Salle had proceeded to occupy his force as best he might until his return. The building of a vessel progressed but slowly, owing to continual dissatisfaction and unrest among his men. Thinking to find a work that would engage all their strength and time, he set out with one of the more trustworthy, the young Sieur de Boisrondet, together with two Recollet friars, Father Membre and Father Ribourde, and ascended the river to the spot where lay the great city of the Illini. He had long felt that if the height overlooking this town could be fortified and held, an impregnable fortress would be secured which would serve not only as a menace to all the Indians of the region, but would become an admirable storehouse for the furs that could be collected. While thus engaged at the town of the friendly Illini, one of the men who had been left behind at Fort Creve-Coeur arrived, bringing the disastrous news that the entire force remaining there had mutinied, destroyed the fort, and taken to the woods to lead the free roving life of the coureurs-de-bois that they all so much desired. Thus were these three Frenchmen and the two priests left alone. They made their quarters in the Illini town. There was now no hope of fortifying the rock even, until Tonti's return.

Thus passed the spring. With the early summer came the news that carried dismay to the hearts of all their savage allies; the ferocious Iroquois were on the march to attack them. Confusion reigned. The white men were instantly accused of being Iroquois spies, and the approaching attack was attributed to their doings. For a time it looked to all as though in the heat and excitement of the moment they would be sacrificed to the fear and anger of the frightened savages. But La Salle boldly proclaimed that the whites were friends of the Illini, and to prove this said they would join them in their defense against the oncoming enemy. This served to stop any active measures against the French, although they were still viewed with suspicion.

A few days later the advance guard of the attacking force appeared, and hurried preparations were made to resist. The squaws and children were hurried down the river to an island, where they were left with a small force to guard them, while the main body of the warriors remained to meet their foe. The faces of the braves were greased, their bodies painted, and the night spent in dancing their wardances, singing their war-songs, and working up their courage to meet the coming battle. The scouts brought in ever-increasing reports of the size of the force that was making ready to fall upon them. La Salle offered to mediate between the two nations, so advancing with two of his companions, he held out a belt of wampum as a sign of peace. When the Iroquois commenced firing on them La Salle sent the others back, and proceeding alone; soon entered the Iroquois lines. He inquired haughtily what they, the allies of the French, meant by coming on a warlike errand against the Illini, who were the children of the great Onontio and who were under his special protection. He stood unflinching amid a group of bowing, threatening savages. One brave, intoxicated with dreams of blood and murder, struck at him with a knife, but the blade that was intended for his heart, striking a rib, glanced off, inflicting an ugly flesh wound. Another seized his hair with one hand, and with the other made the motions of scalping him. La Salle, without weapons or any means of defense, boldly chided them for their behavior, and demanded a council of the chiefs. This was held, and he repeated his demands that the Illini be left in peace, threatening the Iroquois with the wrath of France if they were harmed.

After a long and tedious season of harangues from many of the chiefs they brought forth six packages of beaver skins and placed them before La Salle. The chief orator then presented them to him and explained their meaning. The first two were to declare that the children of the great Onontio (the Illini) were not to be eaten. The next was a plaster to heal La Salle's wound. The next was oil to anoint himself and his French companions for a long journey. The next announced that the sun was bright and traveling good. The last required that the whites should withdraw from the Illini camp, and go home to Quebec. La Salle thereupon thanked them for their gifts, but asked when they themselves were going to depart, and leave the Illini in peace. This raised a storm of angry feelings, and murmurs were heard on all sides that they would yet eat the flesh of the Illini. La Salle then kicked over the pile of beaver skins, saying that he would not receive them if they were going to eat the children of the great Onontio.

He was thereupon driven from the lodge in which the council was held. He offered again to mediate, without success. He then withdrew, sent for the rest of his party, and knowing that to remain would mean a certain and terrible death for them all, set out in a leaky canoe for Fort Miami. They were obliged to land and repair the leaks. While thus engaged, Father Ribourde wandered away from their camp to meditate at the setting of the sun. He was never seen again by the eyes of the French. A number of Iroquois who had followed the course of the party since leaving, surprised him while engaged with his devotions in the timber near by, and cleft his skull with an ax, killing him without sound or struggle on his part. Thus died the only heir to a wealthy Burgundian house, who had renounced the comforts of this world to carry to heathen ears the truths and consolations of the church. Noble martyr of the faith, true soldier of the cross, he braved a thousand dangers, fired by a holy zeal, meeting his death at the hands of those he had come so far to bless. After searching vainly to find trace of their companion and spending two days in the vicinity in the vain hope that he would return, they at last renewed their journey, reaching Fort Miami without further accident. They determined then to go up the west side of the lake toward Michilimackinac. They had not proceeded far when their canoe was rendered unfit for further service, and they proceeded the rest of the way on foot. Food became exhausted, and they were verging upon starvation when a band of friendly Pottawatomies found them and took them to their home. Here a messenger whom Tonti had dispatched to search for tidings of his friend found them in the middle of the winter.

La Salle had finally succumbed to the vicissitudes of the past months and lay for many weeks ill with a wasting fever, tended by the faithful Boisrondet and Father Membre. He sent the messenger back to Tonti, assuring him of his safety, and begging him to remain where he was until the spring, promising to rejoin him there as soon as he was able to make the journey. Tonti sent word over the ice to Michilimackinac telling Renee of his discovery of La Salle and of their plans.

[To Be Continued.]

To Prevent Mistakes.

Stranger (at village hotel)—Years ago I knew everybody in this town. I wonder what has become of a young fellow that used to loaf around the livery stable and play checkers—my, how he could play checkers!—his name, I think, was Berryham—

Landlord—That's my name, I'm the chap.

"You don't say! Then you must have known a prim young school teacher, a Miss—"

"Mister, before you say anything more I may as well tell you I married a prim young school teacher."

"O, I beg your pardon!"

"What for, sir?"

"Why—er—say, do you know what ever became of a young squirt named Chiggers that clerked in Pummy's grocery store?"

"I haven't thought of him for 17 years. I don't know where he is now. Good deal of a nunsquill, wasn't he?"

"He was—and he hasn't any more sense now than he had then. I'm Chiggers. Shall we call it a stand-off?"

—Chicago Tribune.

Naval Courtesy.

Ernest Vedel, a Paris literary man, was once a lieutenant in the French navy. At one time he commanded a small warship charged with the duty of preventing the entrance of foreign vessels into a Siam harbor. A Scandinavian ship, with a Siamese commodore who called himself Armand Duplessis de Richelieu, attempted to enter by the alleged authorization of the French minister at Bangkok. M. Vedel wrote a note in these terms: "If you don't desist, I shall open fire." Then he learned that Mme. Richelieu was with her husband, and he tied the note to a magnificent bouquet. The commodore with the illustrious name desisted, and thanked the polite lieutenant profusely for the flowers.

Sure of Her.

Hobb—Bob's sentiment for Miss Swellsome is cooling. Nobb—What makes you so sure of it? "He orders her flowers by 'phone now, instead of ordering them himself."

"That isn't conclusive evidence; maybe they're engaged."—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Irreverent.

A woman of Scotland when asked if she had understood the sermon to which she had just been listening replied: "Wad I hae the presumption?"

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It quickly removes that Bearing-down Feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, Dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, flatulence, melancholy or the "blues" and headache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this medicine always cures. Kidney Complaints and Backache, of either sex, the Vegetable Compound always cures.

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Poor Imitation. Arrested for larceny, the cashier of a St. Louis restaurant claimed absent-mindedness in explanation. He said that one morning while he was reading about the delicta of life insurance officials he unconsciously abstracted seven dollars from the till. The judge asked him why he did not take the entire contents.—Boston Budget.

She Thought of Him. She—Oh, Mr. Forem, how do you do? I was talking to Mrs. Newdore just now, and I couldn't help thinking of you. He—And was she discussing me? "Not exactly." She was commenting on the weather, and just asked me if I could imagine anything more tiresome and disagreeable.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Men wouldn't go to sleep in church, either, if they had to hold their heads up in order to keep their hats on straight.—Cleveland Leader.

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