

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER XVII .- Continued.

there. In the wine-cellar of the cas-

of the lord-in that wine-cellar, on the

sorth wall, is a square block of stone

ou press the lower corner on the left-

and side, of the stone under this, the

nan to pass. Going through, you close

the door by pressing the same stone,

traight half a mile through the earth

o Riders' Hollow. The passage is five

undred years old and only the family

the Zappis have ever known of it.

ith my father, and it was in perfect

was built with solidity-as one may

t all they wanted it in working order.

Ill have to get the key of the wine-

llar, or else force the lock. Can you

hich may be useful."

ng in it, on his plan.

It is necessary to do it,

There was a file in the center.

a powerful tonic had been in-

into him he felt strength and

tters over and over till he had

by heart; then he concealed them

lly, with the file, in his mattress.

that he say down and concen-

governor was almost certain to

e days; it was a pity that while

is there, all but on the spot, he

not possess himself of the key

cape. He thought over one or

lans on that basis, but they all

to his room at eleven, and that,

certainly come to find out why

were not called. That would

the pursuit; he must have the

ust Drop, Whatever Happened.

clear. So he unwillingly let go

ready.

him down to dinner again in two

idition, so I believe it will be now

lieve, for if the old Zappis wanted it

"Your part will be difficult, Fran-

lerground passage which leads

This is the way you are to get

The MARSI

MARY RAYMOND SAIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS OF ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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few people whom he had seen about self ready. the castle, Battista's gruffness and

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Benaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau, A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The son, pletro, arrive at the Chateau. The marquis before leaving for America anked Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois roes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi des leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the firl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francois lives the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois in the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisonor of the Austrians for five years in the castle owned by Pietro his singlet. The general, Alixe and Pietro his general and plan his rescue. Francois as a guest of the Austrian governacois as a guest of the Austria mangled German words, and the snif- had seen from the governor's window; the letter. perior officer who had visited the wide enough for a man's foot; he had pursy short-breathed manner, spoke of care to the window of the governor. the governor severely, puffing at him He never knew how long that part between sentences, reproving him, took; it seemed a great while, though oners dine with him. And the governor roared with de-

light, for this man was his rival and it did his soul good to see him made ridiculous. He roared, and drank to self over and stood in the dark, in the and turned and swung back the door the imitation, and the imitation re- governor's bedroom. buked his levity throatly, till the governor roared and drank again and shouted for more. And Francois, excited, exhilarated, did more; and still the governor drank as he acted. And the vaudeville went on. So that when the guard came at eleven the count was lying across the sofa, too tipsy to get to bed alone, and Francois had to wait, pretending to be heavy with wine himself, while the two soldiers put the governor to bed.

At last he was taken upstairs between them, leaning on them limply; at last his door clanged shut; he listened to the footsteps of the two dying away down the stone hall, down the staircase; then swiftly he drew out the file and the letters from his mattress; he hid the papers, wrapped tight in their oilskin cover, in his coat tle, which opens from the governor's lining; he set to work with the file to room-in old times always the room finish iron bars already three-quarters filed through. That was done and with fingers that seemed to work as rojecting slightly beyond the wall. If fast, as intelligently as his brain, he tore the bedclothes into stout strips and tied them together with square big stone above will swing out and knots which would not slip, and tied how an opening large enough for a knots in the line at intervals of a few feet which might keep a man's fingers from slipping. He had to guess how and you then will find yourself in an long the rope must be, but the bedclothes were all used and the rope was many yards-it must serve. He put the file, with two candle ends which he had saved, in his pocket; he made one end of the strip fast to an un went through it once in my boyhood touched iron bar of his window; he weighted the other end, then he looked about a moment, half to see if all of his small resources had been remembered, half in a glance of farewell to a place where he had passed hours

never to be forgotten. in, but I believe you can do it. You With that he vaulted to the window ledge and took the first knot in a firm grip and let himself out into the dark still night. His feet hung in the air, rancois, for we cannot get on withhis hand slid fast-fast-down that it you, and we shall from now live poor ladder of torn stuff; the die was nly to set you free. I send you somecast: he was going to things unknown he had taken a desperate chance and Prancois dropped the letter and might not go back. And he slipped up the long loaf and tore it down, down, from knot to knot. Suddenly he came to the last knot: he had fastened a bit of wood there so that he might know when he got to the ess pour through him. He read end. What was this? It certainly was the last knot; the bit of wood scraped his hand as he held it; but his feet did not touch ground.

There he hung, swaying in blackhis mind with the new force ness, not knowing how far he might be above the earth, not knowing what to do. Only a moment, for instantly he knew that in any case he could not go back, if he would, up that slight swinging rope; he must drop, whatever happened. He bent his knees ready for the fall and let go. With a shock he landed and rolled, bruised recked on the fact that the and out of breath, but not injured; he were accustomed to take him looked up and in the dimness saw the last knot with fts bit of wood swingnotice from the governor, they ing in air twelve feet or so from the ground.

But he had no time given him to consider this point, for at that second, at the far end of the closed yard a door opened, a blaze of light poured out, and a squad of six soldiers stepped from the castle, torches in the hands of the foremost. Francois dropped, erouching into the shadows against the wall, but his heart grew sick as he realized the futility of this. The soldiers were coming straight toward

With that, a gleam on a brighter surface than the ground met his sight, below the level of the ground. His eyes, searching the darkness, made out a great butt of water, sunken by the castle wall. Instantly he slid into it, up to his neck. It was not quite full, and his head did not show in the shadows of the inside. The blaze of the torches swept close, brighter, as Francois, shivering in the cold water. glued himself to the dark side; the blaze of the torches waved, shadowy, gigantic, across the water and the castle wall; he heard the soldlers speak in short deep words; it was like an evil dream, and it slipped past, torches and dark-swinging shadows and great advantage of his own heavy tread of men and stern voices, se in the governor's room, so like a dream. The heavy door shut, he scene of action, and planned the lights were gone, everything was

ise. With infinite forethought, still. n eye to every contingency pos-More dead than alive, Francols imagine, he planned, and when dripped from the water-butt. The hardest part of his night's job, the Stice came, two days later, that int von Gersdorf wished him to part that needed all his strength of ith him that night, Francois' body and brain, was immediately beeaped madly but exultantly, for fore him, and he stood nerveless, with clicking teeth, as limp as the traditioner had the young Frenchman al drowned rat. A moment he stood so, utterly discouraged, without confiore entertaining, more winning tyrant than tonight, but the exdence, without hope. Then with his ent of what was before him made trembling lips he framed words, words ost out of the question to eat familiar to him for years, and with that, in a shock, he felt strength and perately he slid it this way and that unt's dinner. As before, the courage rising in him like a slow calm about the great stone, trying to find prescribed old wine as a tonic, ok Francois with him to get it. flood. It was not less a miracle bethere were three bottles up-the count was preparing k hard. And Francois had some it was not less a miracle because membered Pietro's letter. in not drinking with him; but many people living now might tell of

He groped his way to the shed he fling mixed with grandiloquence of with his old boyish agility he scramone of the guards; finally he grew dar- bled up its sloping roof and felt for the ing and imitated the governor's su- coping he had noticed—the coping and the window. Then he felt the crept up; it was open-wide open.

have drowned most noises. Francois



He Cried It Out Loud, Reckless.

stood quiet till his eyes had grown accustomed to the shadows, and then they searched about quickly. Ah! there they were, the governor's clothes. On a chair by his bed. With wary steps he stole across. He lifted off one or two things and suddenly there was a jingle.

"Ah!" growled the governor and flung out his hand, and the snore came to a full stop.

The hand searched the darkness a second; all but touched that of Franaway, with a deep sigh. Like a statue Francois stood, frozen to the floor, and ed spot. He saw nothing, no one; with and inside of Italy; with Mazzini in dared not look at the figure stirring in that there was a soft snapping of London; with others in other places. the bed, for fear his gaze might awake twigs and a movement in the darkness And he did not know anyone whom he the sleeper. For he slept; the sound farthest from him; a movement toward of the keys had only jarred some him. Tottering he crawled to meet it; chord in his uneasy dream. Long minress again Francois walted, and then a horse, leading another horse. with careful fingers he clasped the entire bunch of keys softly and carried the boy, leaning over without a word them into the next room.

There was a low light there, on the thin, old, brass key which he knew off from the bunch; he glanced about quickly and found the flint and steel on its table and put them in his pocket; he took down that small saber, with its well-polished scabbard, and buckled it about himself; then a thought came to him. A sheet of paper lay on the governor's writing-table as if he had been about to write a letter; pen and ink were ready. The prisoner dropped into the governor's chair and wrote:

"My dear count, I cannot run away without leaving a good-by for you and a word of thanks for the kindness you have shown me. Be sure I shall not forget our evenings together and shall be glad when I hear of your promotion, as I am sure I shall hear, heartily hope I am not going to make trouble for you. But I have to go-you will understand that. With a thousand thanks again I am, count, your grateful prisoner-Francois Beaupre."

Still the count snored. Francois, alert, stood and listened as he folded the note carefully and laid it under a weight on the table. Then he tempted Providence no longer. He slid the battered, bright, old, brass key softly into the lock, let himself into the dark stairway, relocked the door on the inside, groped his way painfully down the steep stairs into the wine-cellar, and when he felt a level floor under his feet struck a light with the governor's flint and steel. He lighted one of his candle ends. The wine-cellar, which he had left only two hours before, seemed almost homelike; It crossed to the projecting stone in the | yet." north wall, and pressed the corner of the stone below. Nothing happened. Hurriedly he pressed it again, harder, but the cold even surface of the wall stared him blankly in the face. Again he pushed-with no result. A sickness came over him. Was all his labor and peril to go for nothing? Was he to be caught again and thrust back, this time into some far worse dungeon? How had he dared to hope! The entrance was closed, overgrown, the masonry had grown solld with years

and dampness. CHAPTER XVIII.

The Peasant Gulde. He flashed out the saber and desa crack, something to loosen, some-

drill of an awkward squad at prisoner stood in the courtyard in the the water-butt had stained them a lit- dream and that Battista would unlock again. I had several chances to sell dynamite is something of a failure."

Saint-Cyr, with elever imitations of the | blackness of midnight and found him- | tle, but only a little, for they were | the door shortly and bring in his breakcarefully wrapped in the bit of oilskin fast. And with that he knew nothing in which they had come. He unfolded more till he awoke in a boat.

"the lower corner!"

prison six months ago and had seen found it; he had found a water pipe his efforts, all his despair, on the up-Francois among the others. Francois, above to help him stand on it; he was per corner. When it is a question of which Francois had by now begun to with his body bent out, and a fat wad on the coping, face flat to the wall, life and death a man is superhumanly wonder over. It seemed that just bedle, and an improvised eye-glass and a working his way with infinite delicate strong and quick sometimes, but he is fore little Battista had brought Franalso sometimes forgetful. It is an ex- cois' letter to Vicques, Pietro had reciting and confusing thing, likely, to ceived another unexpected letter, from be working for life and liberty after a Colonel Hampton in Virginia, whose among other things, for having pris- not many feet lay between the shed five years of imprisonment. Francols estate lay next the six thousand acres pushed the lower left-hand corner and of land which the Marquis Zappi had stone sill of the window; his hand like magic the great block above bought fifteen years before. Colonel swung out. With his lighted candle With a strong pull he had swung him- end in his hand he slipped through first was that the Marquis Zappi into place and turned again and faced one with authority to look after his Stood and listened, hardly daring for blackness. Narrow, low, cold blackthe first instant to draw the long ness. Quickly enough, however, with and ruin for want of management; breath he sorely needed. Then he good courage, with his heart thumpsmiled. No necessity for that caution ing out a song of hope, which he had were demoralizing to the neighborat least. The governor was snoring a kept down sternly till now, he walked. heavy aggressive snore which would at times stooping low as he must be what he could, but he had not the cause of the descent, down the secret road of the old Zappis. His candle he was busy with his own large estate. held forward, he could see a few feet ahead, but all he could see was huge blocks of rough stone, green with mold, water dripping between them. The air he breathed was heavy and a chill as of the grave. But what matfreedom?

passage might be blocked. It was years some of the stones might have fallen narrow a way. With an anxiety which eagerness now, he hurried on. He had to stop to light his second candle; again he hurried on. Would the end sible? With that he stumbled against something and fell, and the candle flew from his hand and was put out; with a hoarse groan he threw out an arm to steady himself, to rise; his mass; a glimmer came in past itlight-the end! Pushing, crashing, staggering

It was as if a giant had taken a huge epoon and scooped out the top of the earth deep, very deep. All of this great hollow was filled with trees and tangled undergrowth. It was full of

Then he stood close to them, and cois, swaying with exhaustion, saw swallow of cognac and his chilled blood leaped, and with that he had caught the bridle from the lad and was in the saddle.

In the shadows of trees, in a lonely about his seat in the saddle, about the up and the broad-brimmed soft hat drawn down. The slim figure, outlined against the cool pink vastness of the morning sky was clad like an ordinary young peasant-yet! There was poise, sure grace, which seemed unlike a peasant, which seemed like-"Have we far to go?" Francois de-

manded suddenly in French.

The head turned swiftly; black exaggerated lashes lifted and under them were the blue eyes he knew. "Alixe."

He cried it out loud, reckless, forgetting everything. But she did not forget. In an instant her hand was on his mouth, and she was whispering in terror.

"Francois, dear Francois, be careful,

heart was playing mad music. No and toes. need now of cognac. Then they were hugging him without shame. Pietro condition than at first, was there; Pietro was rubbing the heavens, no earthquake or lightning; worked in a fever, in a chill, he re- and Francois wondered if he had heard beginning all over again. aright that Alixe called him "little Bat- I hated to part with my dogs, but don suffragettes?" Then he set down the candle end on tista." Wondering very much at ev- as our country is too hot for them I

And it was with a new feeling; with

"If you will press the lower corner a desire and a hope to live. Pietro sat on the left-hand side," Pietro said- watching him and brought him warm milk and held his head up as he drank And he had been concentrating all it, like a woman. Then, in quiet, slow Hampton wrote with two requests. The should come to Virginia, or send some property. The land was going to rack the uncontrolled slaves on the place hood. Colonel Hampton had done power of a master, and moreover he The marquis should come or send a qualified agent at once. The next object of the letter was to ask that the marquis should receive

and entertain the nephew of Colonel thick; through his wet clothes he felt Hampton, Mr. Henry Hampton, who, sailing on Colonel Hampton's ship, the tered the road, when the road led to Lovely Lucy, would bring this letter to the marquis. The ship would go Suddenly it came to him that the first to England and discharge there her cargo of tobacco, and after that it since Pietro had been through it; was to be at the service of young Mr. Hampton, to visit such countries of -it would take very little to close so | Europe as he might choese, for six months. Mr. Hampton had many letwas physical pain, with breathless ters to people in England, but none elsewhere, and Colonel Hampton would be obliged if the marquis would receive him at his estate of Castelforte never come? Was any mistake pos- and let him see something of Italy from that point of vantage. The marquis might then, if he thought good, return to Virginia in the Lovely Lucy, and either set matters on a firm enough footing to be left, or elsehand went through a yielding, prickly which the colonel considered the better plan-stay with them and become a country gentleman of Virginia. The colonel had heard that there had been through, he came into a strange place. political trouble in Italy, but hoped that at this time the country was at peace and the marquis comfortably es-

tablished in his own castle. All this the young marquis, an ex-He of five years from his native land, vague shadows in the glimmer of the had read at the chateau of Vicques. He earliest dawn. Francols, standing had considered deeply as to what he there sobbing, ghastly with paleness, might do about Carnifax, his estate in with matted hair and wild-staring eyes Virginia. He could not go himself, cois, then fell limply, the head turned and gasping mouth and wet torn for he was in close connection with clothes, was a fit demon for the haunt- the work of Italian patriots outside could send.

So the matter stood when the big in another second the shadows had little Battista had brought Francols' utes after the snoring was in full prog- shaped into figures-a peasant boy on letter to Vicques. And when Alixe had appealed to him to take Francois' liberation on his shoulders, with the thought of the secret passage and the put something into his hand, and Pran- vaguely outlined plan of escape had come to him the recollection of Colwriting-table. Francois slipped the that it was a flask. He took a long onel Hampton's letter and the long sea voyage to Virginia. So when Mr. Henry Hampton landed

at Calais, a tall and very handsome and very silent young man took quiet possession of him and told him that lane, the peasant boy stopped his he was the Marquis Zappl and that Mr. horse suddenly and made a short ges- Hampton was to go with him to the ture toward the flask sticking out of chateau of Vicques in the Jura. There Francols' coat pocket. His strength was a certain gentle force about this was going again; it was exactly the young marquis which made opposiright moment. Another swallow of tion to his expressed wish something brandy and he rode on with fresh like banging one's head against a courage. But something in the ges- stone wall. Mr. Henry Hampton had ture of the peasant boy; something planned going direct to Paris, but he went to Vicques. And on the Journey touch of his hands on the rein, gave down the Marquis Zappi opened out Which is cause and which is effect? Francols a curious undefined shock, in a plan which richly rewarded him for Sociologists and temperance lecturthe growing daylight he turned toward his pliability. Mr. Hampton had some- ers may think they know but they the silent rider. The coat collar was what clearer ideas on Italian politics don't -Philadelphia Record.

test the Austrians and to have a keen sympathy for the long, horoic, losing fight-so far losing-of those devoted men who were counting their lives as nothing for a united Italy. The scheme of helping to rescue a prisoner out of an Austrian fortress was an adventure such as made his eyes dance. Mr. Hampton was twenty-one and full of romance, romance as yet ungratified. So, Pietro told Francols, this long explanation over, the Lovely Lucy was anchored at an unimportant island outside the port for which they were bound, and Francois and the others were to go on board and set sail promptly for some port of France. There the general, Alixe, Pietro and little Battista were to be put ashore, and Francois was to sail across to Virginia with Mr. Hampton and take possession for Pietro of his American estates.

than his uncle; he knew enough to de-

Francois, lying in bed with his eyes glowing like lanterns, listened. But as his friend finished he broke out,

with a sharp pain in his voice, "Pietro! I want to see my mother." And Pietro was silent, laying a quiet hand over the unsteady one. Without a word he sat so and let the sick man think. The line of red which came into the pale cheeks told that he was thinking intensely, and at last, with a shivering sigh which went to the other's heart:

"You are right, Pietro," he said. "It is a wonderful plan for a broken man. It is like you to do everything right without a word said. The sea voyage, the healthy life in Virginia—that ought to make a man of me again soon, ought it not, Pietro?"

Pietro could not speak as he looked at the wrecked figure, but he nodded cheerfully.

"As for your place, I'll have that in order in a month, and in a year it will be a model for Virginia; and then I'll come home."

Pietro smiled. "Come home and fight for the prince-for our Prince Louis. . Do you

remember that afternoon at the chauteau, Pietro, and the strange boy, and how he fascinated us and how-" the weak voice stopped at every syllable, but slipped on again cheerfully. The familiar charm of the boy Francois was strong as he talked. "And how he was not to be frightened by any danger of an old wall-" and Francois stopped, smiling.

"And how you saved him," Pietro added.

"That was a chance," said Francois quickly. "But, Pietro, do you remember how Alixe turned on you, because had done it? Droll little Alixe!" "She always scorned me because I

was not wonderful like you, Francois. You were always the hero," Pietro said gently, and pressed the skeleton hand under his own.

Francois' eyes blazed up at him then as they had done so often in boyhood. Not that, Pietro. You do not understand. It was because Alixe wished always to see you first. I was older and had a certain quickness-she wanted you to have my poor facility as well as all of your own gifts."

Pletro smiled his kind quiet smile. "My Francois, I have no gifts. And if Alixe is more proud of you it is right, for you are a pride to all of us and I am the last to grudge one particle of honor or love to you. Francois"-Pietro's deep voice stopped, and then he went on in his straightforward, simple way-"Francois, it is not possible for me to tell you how glad I am to have you, my brother, back from the dead.

And weak, nerve-wrecked Francois, holding tight to Pietro's hand, turned his face to the wall and cried.

Now that the end of effort was over. the strain of the long years showed their effects in a collapse; the stretched chord had fallen loose, relaxed as if it might never make music again. When the time came to leave the sailboat of Luigi and go aboard the Lovely Lucy, the effort was oo much for the man who, two nights before, had shown the nerve and agility of an acrobat. When he must leave the boat and make the change, he fainted, and, wrapped in a blanket, ghastly white, unconscious, the little Battista carried his light weight up the ladder of the American ship.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nagging Wife-drinking husband.



Strong Spirit of Affection That Binds Them Together Has Long Been a Matter of Note.

We are not safe yet. We have a vil- pies on his back. He had the mother say, "How can you desert me now?"lage to ride through-see, there is a dog with him in good condition. He Lieut. George F. Waugh in World's house. It is almost time for them to had been three days (two of them Work. lacked the governor, that was all. He be awake. Ride fast. It is two miles without any food) making 12 miles rather than sacrifice these dogs and They were racing again over the he had frozen his feet and hands so

thin hands in a futile useless sort of I sit on the sled; I pushed it for at than 22 children were burned to death face. Alixe, her peasant hat off now, another 300. Running became such and gas grates, and during the year bent over them, lovelier than ever be- a habit that when I got to Cordova many women have met a similar fate. fore, not minding her boy's dress, and and started to go down the street I -Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph. smiled at him, wordless. There was found myself unconsciously running. cause there was no sign in the thing that would give. And while he a huge man also who took the horses, I really had to learn to walk from the

repertoire of the Jura, with bood was changed into wine. So the den papers. The wet from his bath in cided that it was without doubt a that they would not work together subdue a few men without the use of

MAN'S LOVE FOR THE DOG them, but I could not think of do-

When I boarded the boat at Valdez, where I left two of my dogs, my leader, Psyriak, tried to get up the gangplank after me, but when they would The day before I reached Chitna I not let him he stood there until the met a trapper carrying five little pup- boat pulled out, whining, as much as to

Timely Admonition.

The death of a child as a result of soft ground, the horses' unshod feet badly as a result that I am afraid he its clothing catching fire from an open making little noise, and Francois' was bound to lose some of his fingers grate has moved Coroner Jamison to admonish parents that the safetly of I like to think that I finished my their loved one is imperiled by the galloping down the sand of a lonely 1,000-mile trip in 21 days with the tolerance in homes of unscreened beach, and with that there was a little same five dogs with which I started, grates and gas stoves. Year after group of people and a boat drawn up; and that not one of them had even a year the advent of cold weather has and they had pulled in the horses, and sore foot during the entire journey, marked the beginning of a long list Francois felt himself lifted off like a In fact, before I started Psyriak had of fire fatalities, probably the most child and lying like a very little, cut his left hind foot, which made it agonizing form of death, and yet, in worn-out child in the general's arms; necessary to mucklock it, but when I spite of such warnings, the unscreenand the general was crying, swearing, finished my journey he was in better ed grate is the exception and not the rule. In the months of January and Not once during the whole way did February of the present year no less way, and holding them by turns to his least 500 miles and ran beside it for as a result of the use of open coal

Real Feminine Power.

"So you don't approve of those I Lon-

"I don't know much about them." up his end with singing and a like help in fearful need. As it was a shelf and with trembling fingers erything, the voices grew far away decided to give them away. I broke replied Miss Cayenne, "but I can't with a dance or two out of the once a long time ago, the water of his drew off his coat and drew out the hid and the faces uncertain, and he de-

love, and one evening he determined to ask the momentous question. gan, "that in the relations which will some days exist between us the thought of-er-money might assume undue proportions. I should hate to think that any discussion as to my salary would give rise to any painful scenes." stances, would I allow such a little thing as that to come between us."-Illustrated Sunday Magazine. HEADACHE AND BILLOUS ATTACKS
Caused by Malaria removed by the use
of Elixir Habek cure for such aliments,
"Myself and whole household had suffered very much for some time with
Malarial Fever. 'Elixir Babek' has
cured us perfectly, so that we enjoy at
present the best of health."—Jacob Ebserly, Fairfax Court House, Va.

present the best of health."—Jacob Eberly, Fairfax Court House, Va. Elixir Babek 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcels Post prepaid from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

"It seems strange to me that so many operations are said now to be absolutely necessary," "Of course they are. Don't doctors have to live?"

Accounted For.

Too Insignificant.,

Young Mr. Ellis was very much in

"It occurs to me, Agnes," he be-

"Believe me, Alan," said the girl,

"that never, under any circum-

Defined. "What are your sons doing at pres-

"One of 'em's up to New York practicin' law and the other's right here at home makin' a livin'."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invig-orate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

The Sort.

"What breed of dogs would you suggest to guard the henyard?" "Setters."

A food for sore lungs. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Cure coughs, by relieving the soreness—5c at Drug Stores.

Some men wait for things to turn up, and some others turn them up while they wait.

LOSING HOPE **WOMAN VERY ILL**

Finally Restored To Health By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bellevue, Ohio. - "I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-



pound. My back acheduntil I thought it would break, I had pains all over me. nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and run down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pink-

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The one which she should most zealously guard, is her health, but it is the one most often neglected, until some ailment peculiar to her sex has fastened itself upon her. When so affected such women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has been wonderfully successful in restoring health to suffering women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened. read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.





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