## Che MARSH MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS AUTHOR of THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREASURE, ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS SY ILLSWORTH YOUNG COPYRIENT 1912 BY BOBBS MEDRILL COMPANY 5 2 E 2

of a few days at this place of Roan-

oke could do no harm and might lead

"I thank you very much, Monsieur

clously. "You are most good to de-

Out they rode through the sun-

stirring already at the step of lively

sharp, and nipped at the prince's fin-

gers and toes, but it was exhilaration

of steel which failure and misfortune

thing about the outside of a horse

which is good for the inside of a man"

"Most certainly. My daughter's

And before them, at that mo-

large old house, built of dark red brick

brought from England, towered sud-

denly from out of the bare trees of its

park like a monument of calm hos-

pitality. Its steep roof was set with

dormer windows; its copings and its

casements were white stone; a white

stone terrace stretched before it. At

one front, as they came, was the car-

riage entrance, and the squares of a

formal English garden, walled with

box hedges, lay sleeping before the

wide lawn fell to a massive brick wall,

spaced with stone pillars, guarding

the grounds from the flowing of the

with pleasure."

SYNOPSIS.

<section-header><section-header><section-header> to good. to be across a horse again, and the exile's spirit-the case-hardened heart onel talked fluently on. I shall have need tomorrow to write man, Monsieur le Colonel?" uation. swered blandly and felt that the

CHAPTER XXIII .-- Continued.

The female mind paid no attention to the disgression. Lucy had long ago, finally if unconsciously, put her father's personality into its right place.

"Father, is the prince really poor and alone in this country?"

"Poor-yes, I fancy-I am quite certain, in fact. Alone-that depends. a joke as he had ever made. The authorities of Norfolk received him with some distinction, the Herald ment, rose a stately picture. A states, but he is putting up at the inn -one would conclude that he was an invited guest at many of our great houses.

Lucy flew like a bird across to the fireplace. Her hands went up to either side of the colonel's face. "Father, quick! Have Thunder saddled, and ride in-quick, father-and bring the prince out here to stay with us. Give the order to Sambo, or I shall."

Colonel Hampton's eyes widened with surprise. "Why, but Lucy," he springtime; at the opposite side a stammered. "Why-but why should 1? What claim have we-'

"Oh, nonsense," and Lucy shook her head impatiently. "Who has more James river. Colonel Hampton gazed claim? Aren't we Virginians of the at the home of his people and then at James river princes in our own coun- his guest, and he cast the harness of try, too? Hasn't our family reigned his smallnesses and stood out in the in Roanoke longer than ever his simple and large cordiality which is reigned in Europe? Haven't we

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leap to the horse; the skirmish to get lord implored him to hide himself. of these things." That young Frenchman-if he should was more than one. "Entrez!" he called sharply, and then, "Come in!" sieur?" The door swung slowly and Aaron, white-aproned and white-eyeballed,

stood in it. "Marse Prince," he stated with a dig-

sire that I visit you. I will do so bring you dis hyer Marse Bopray." never broke till it broke forever at fiashing thought had the years de Sedan-grew buoyant. That "some knew,

and sprang forward and stretched out sleur?" worked its subtle charm on this fin- both hands, his royalty forgotten in

ished horseman and horse lover, and the delight of seeing a face which rehe was gently responsive as the colcalled his youth and his mother. Francois, two minutes later, found "Does it so happen, Monsleur le himself standing, bursting with loyal-Colonel, that there is in these parts | ty and pride, with the prince's hands a Frenchman of-of instruction-a clasping his, and the prince's transman whom I might use as a secretary? formed face beaming on him.

"You rode like the devil," said the disposition." letters. Would you know of such a prince. "But the Austrians had the horses. That poor Bleu-bleu! How Nothing pleased Monsieur le Col- did you get away? Where have you

"Most certainly,' he an- you, Zappi and I!" "But no, your highness, I did not prince must notice how no demand get away," smiled Francois Beaupre

could find Colonel Hampton at a loss, as if imparting a joyful bit of news. "They caught me." French master would be the very fel-And he told briefly his story of the

low. He is intelligent and well edufive years in prison, of the desperate cated, and what is more, he is a most escape, of the rescue and voyage to ardent adherent of your family, prince. America, of his wrecked health, not and , was conscious that he breathed He has talked to Miss Hampton with yet re-established. Through the ac- quickly and that his throat was dry, padded with cotton batting to guard such a vehement enthusiasm that, by count shone the unconquerable French and that the prince knew of both trouthe Lord Harry, I believe she expects galety. Another thing them was bles. to see you fly in with wings, sir-I be- which a Frenchman and a Bonaparte lieve she does," and the colonel laugh- could not fail to see-that the thought ed loudly and heartily. It was as good of his service to the house of Bona



chase. He had seen it all, watching subjects, all I could horrow or steal I the proud mother of eighteen-year-old -the shock they awaited.

the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there of their drill twice a week. "And you are the captain,

Francois smiled a crafty, worldlywise smile-or perhaps it was as if a be rough riding and jumping. Hur crowd was in an uproar, and a hunchild would seem crafty and worldly- dies were swiftly dragged out and dred men were jostling one another wise. "No, my prince," he answered, le Colonel," he said gravely, yet gra- nity of service which crowned heads shaking his head sagely. "That would could not daunt, "ole Marse sen' me not be best. I am little known, a foreigner. They think much of their old A light figure stepped before the families, the people of these parts. black and white of Aaron, and halted, So that it is better for the success lighted, wind whipped country, dozing and bowed profoundly. The light from of the company that the captain should restfully through its last winter's nap, the window shone on his face and the be of the nobility of the country. One dark immense eyes that lifted toward sees that. So the captain of the com-April on the threshold. The air was Prince Louis, and for a moment he pany is Monsieur Henry Hampton, the stared, puzzled. Was he in the pres- younger, the kinsman of Monsieur le ent? Surely this man was part of the Colonel, and a young man of great past which he had been reviewing. goodness, and the best of friends to Surely he had played a role in the me. Everything that I can do for his prince's history-where? With a pleasare is my own pleasure."

The prince turned his expressionless gaze on the animated face. "Mad-"Mon ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, emoiselle Lucy likes the young mon-

> "But yes, my prince-she likes every one, Mademoiselle Lucy. It is sunshine, her kindness; it falls everywhere and blesses where it falls. She

loves Henry-as a brother." "As a brother!" the prince repeated consideringly. "Yes, a brother. You find Mademoiselle Lucy of-of a kind

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She Found Herself Holding Francois'

Dark Head in Her Arms.

said Lucy Hampton, standing by Blue

"Lucy, you are a grandmotherly per-

"Beyond words, and most charming," Francois answered steadily, and flushed a little. He felt himself being onel more than to be master of the sit- been? Mon Dieu, but we looked for probed. With that the facile, myste- bird and watching as the negroes rious, keen mind of the prince leaped, it seemed, a world-wide chasm. "That most winning little girl of the ruined chateau of Viccues-our playmate steep.

Alixe-you remember how she stated. 'I am Alixe,' and was at once shipwrecked with embarrassment?"

"I remember." Francols said shortly, like them all to ride in wadded wool herself overcautious.

"Is she still 'Alixe'-the same Alixe?" inquired the prince, turning os- to the barriers and lifted and were tentatiously to the window. "Has she over, with or without rapping, but not grown up as sweet and fresh and bril- one, for the first round, refusing. liant a flower as the rosebud prom- Then the bars were raised six inches; ised?"

six inches in mid-air is a large space Francois, hearing his own heart when one must jump it. Caperton beat, attempted to answer in a par- Bayly went at it first; his mother ticularly casual manner, which is a dif- watched breathless as he flew forficult and sophisticated trick. He fail- ward, sitting erect, intense, his young ed at it. "They say--I think-she eyes gleaming. Over went his great has-oh, but yes, and-1 think"-he horse Traveler, and over the next and stammered and the prince cut short the next-all of them; but the white his sufferings. "Ah, yes! I see that heels had struck the top bar twiceit is with you, as with Monsteur Hen- the beautiful, spirited performance ry, a case of devoted brotherhood. You was not perfect. Harry Hampton love her as a brother-you will not came next; all of the kindly multitude boast of her. gazed eagerly, hoping that the boy to

"You have done well, Chevaller whom life had given less than the Beaupre. You have done so well that others might win this honor he wantwhen the time is ripe again-it will ed. The first bars without rapping; not be long-for Strasburg must be the second; and a suppressed sound of wiped out in success-that I shall send satisfaction, which might soon be a for you to help me, and I shall know great roar of pleasure, hummed over that you will be ready. I see that the field. Black Hawk came rushing, the star which leads us both is the snorting, pulling up to the third jump. fries sheriff court by Miss Annie Beckonly light which shines for you. It the jump where Lucy stood. And as ett Burns of Cheltenham, the only surholds your undivided soul, Chevaller he came a little girl, high in a car- viving granddaughter of the Scottish

"I have studied enormously, my official backbone and author. In the field-one second-two seconds-the free, and, at last, the rush of the prince. All known books on warlike great grassy paddock at Bayly's Folly lines shot to the angle-then it came

quietly while his mother and the land- have studied. Ah, yes! I know much Caperton Bayly-first lieutenant, and Black Hawk, rushing, saw the other the most finished horseman in the Vir- coming and swerved at the last mo-Louis Bonaparte, with an exhaustive ginia country-had invited the gentry ment-too late. The animals collided, be allye-if ever he should meet him military education, a power of appli- from miles about to feast with her and not with full force, yet for a moment again Prince Louis would not forget. cation and absorption beyond most to watch her son and his friends show it looked like nothing but death for It was psychological that he should men in Europe, let the gleam of a how the Chevalier Beaupre had made riders and mounts. Harry Hampton have been thinking this when a knock smile escape. He listened with close them into soldiers. They came in was thrown backward to the level sounded deferentially on the door of attention while Francois told of his shoals, driving from far off over bad field; Black Hawk galloped off, frantic the room. But picturesque coinci- organization of the youth of the neigh- roads in big lurching chariots, or rid- and unhurt, across it; Aquarelle, one dences happen in lives as well as on borhood into a cavalry company, and ing in gay companies, mostly of older saw, lay on the very edge of the drop men and girls and young boys, be- and was scrambling to her feet with Mon- cause all of the gilded youth were in liveliness enough to assure her safety; of Francois there was no sign. In the ranks that day.

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When the drill was over there was to half a minute the breathless still to reach the scene of the accident. placed in a manner of ring. "This one is very close to the bank,"

It was two minutes, perhaps, before Caperton Bayly, with a negro boy at his heels, with Jack Littleton and Harry Wise and a dozen other lada racing back of him, had plunged over the drop of land where Francois had disappeared. Two minutes are enough sometimes for a large event. In that two minutes Lucy Hampton, without conscious volition, by an instinct as simple and imperative as a bird's instinct to shield her young, had slipped from her horse Bluebird and flown across the level and down over the steep bank till she found herself holding Francois' dark head in her arms and heard her own voice saying words she had never said even to herself. "I love you, I love you," she said,

and if all the world heard she did not know or care. There was no world for her at that minute but the man lying with his head against her heart -dead it might be, but dead or alive, dearest. "I love you-love you-love you," she repeated, as if the soul were rushing out of her in the words.

With that the luminous great eyes opened, and Francois was looking at her, and she knew that he had heard. And then the training of a lifetime, of centuries, flooded back into her, and placed the bars. "If a horse refused womanly reticence and maidenly and turned sharp and was foolish, he shame and the feelings and attitude might go over. And the bank is which are not primeval, as she had been primeval for that one mad moment. She drew back as she felt him son," Clifford Stewart-who was antrying to lift himself, and left him free other girl-threw at her. "You would

and was on her feet, and then with a shock she was aware of another presdressing gowns, and to have a wall ence; turning she looked up into the angry glow of her cousin's eyes. He them." And Lucy smiled and believed was not looking at her, but at the man who, dazed, hurt, was trying painfully The excited horses came dancing up to pull himself up. Harry Hampton glared at him.

"We will settle this later," he brought out through his teeth. "I hope can kill you." And Lucy cried out: "Shame!" she cried. "He has just saved your life!"

"Damn him!" said Harry Hampton. 'I do not want my life at his hands. I hate him more for saving me. Dama him!' And Francois, clutching at a bush,

things reeling about him unsteadily, looked up, friendly, wistful, at the boy cursing him.

With that there was an influx of population; the whole world, apparently, tumbled down the steep bank, every one far too preoccupied with help for the hero to remark Harry mine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old American Coins.

"Oh, all that's necessary," explained

Mrs. Adams, "is to bow low when you

are ushered into the presence of the

Thus coached in court etiqueite the

little milliner betook herself to the

Revere house and sent word to the

As she was ushered into the pres-

ence of that lofty person, she bent

low, and, with a sweeping courtesy,

"May the Lord make us thankful for

The Slash.

Paul Poiret, the famous French

dressmaker, was asked by a New York

reporter if he thought woman's pres-

ent mode of dress made for morality.

Poiret replied. "I deal in beauty."

"I do not deal in morality," M.

what we are about to receive!'

duchess and say, 'Your Grace,'

Bobbie Burns' Granddaughter. An action has been entered in Dum-

Hampton's grim humor.

Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warning of kidney weakness. Kidney disc. cills thousands every year. Don't neglect a bad back. If your ba

s lame\_if it hurts to stoop or lift\_ here is irregularity of the secretions aspect your kidneys. If you suffer hear aches, dizziness and are tired, nerv and worn-out, you have further proof. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine ret edy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

A KENTUCKY CASE Marton, Ky., says "Kidney disease had made me an invalid. I was in bed for weeks at a time and often wished that death would come and end my misery. I could hardly hold my arms abo head at time the kfdney times and Befo a well man in's Kidney Pills alone cured me Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S HIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y. For Coughs and Colds **Hale's Honey** 

of Horehound and Tar is unrivaled. Pleasant to the tastesoothing and healing-absolutely de-pendable. Sold by all druggists.

Try Pike's Toothache Drops

AND IT WAS SO ORDERED

Lady's Suggestion Met All the Requirements of Man's Complaint, as He Had Worded It.

A very large lady with a very large hat was sitting in the theater directly in front of a mild-mannered gentleman, who, for the greater part of one act, was unable to get a glimpse of the stage. At last, unable to endure his enforced blindness any longer, he bent forward and whispered:

"Excuse me, madam, but would you" mind removing your hat?"

"Why should I remove my hat" retorted the lady. "Because," protested the man, "I

can't see the stage, and I want to laugh with the rest of the audience. "Well," replied the lady, turning

away again, "you watch my shoulders and when I laugh you laugh."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorits family laxative. Adv.

#### Comparisons.

"I have a runabout at my place." "That's nothing. I've a gadabout at

## Neighborly, Anyway.

"Is he an apostle of humanity?" "Is he? He has 12 children and won't let one of them take music lessons."

enough house room and servants to make him as comfortable as in a palace? But that isn't the most important. It is a shame to us all, father, that no one has invited him before. that a strange gentleman of high station should have to lodge at an inn. Why hasn't Cousin George Harrison asked him to Brandon? And the Carters at Shirley, and the people at Berkeley-what do they mean by not asking him? But we won't let Virginian hospitality be stained. We will once, will you not, father dear?"

The touch on his cheek was pleasant to the vain and affectionate man. but the spirit of the girl's speech, the suggestion of the courtesy due from him as a reigning prince, to this other prince forlorn and exiled, this was pleasanter. He pursued his lips and smiled down.

"Out of the mouth of babes," he remarked, and drew his brows together as if under stress of large machinery behind them. "My little girl, you



He Considered the Invitation for a Silent Moment.

have rather a sensible idea. I had overlooked before, that"--- he cleared his throat and black Aaron standing tray in hand across the room, jumped and rolled his eyes-"that," he continued, "a man of my importance has duties of hospitality, even to a foreigner who comes without introduction into the country."

"Aaron, tell Sambo to saddle Thunder," he ordered.

. .

the inn, looked at his visitor from be- man; the young Frenchman-Beaupre tween half-shut eyelids, and measured him, soul and body. He considered memory; had been in that tenacious the invitation for a silent moment. memory since an afternoon of 1824, This was one of the great men of the' when a runaway schoolboy prince had country. The prince had already slipped over the Jura, and played with

"Your are welcome to Roanoke, prince," he said.

CHAPTER XXIV.

the heritage above others of southern

Brothers. Colonel Hampton's study was dark from floor to ceiling with brown oak wainscoting and was lightened by a dull brightness of portraits. An ancestor in a scarlet coat, the red turned yellow and brown with time; an ask him. You will ride to Norfolk at ancestress in dimmed glory of blue satin and lace and pearls; a judge in

his wig and gown, gave the small room importance. A broad window looked through bare branches, lacyblack against sky, across a rolling country and groups of woodland. On the morning of the first day of

April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte stood at this window, staring at brown fields and trying to trace a likeness between this new world and the ancient country which he called his; France, where, since he was

seven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks; France, which had freshly exiled bim; France, the thought of which ruled him, as he meant one day to rule her; France, for whom he was eating his heart out today, as always, thousands of miles

from her shores. He recalled the happy life at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and the work and play and soldierly training which all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one end-to serve France-a service which did not at that time mean sovereignty, for the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was alive and the head of the house of Bonaparte. He thought of his short career, his and his well-beloved brother's together. with the Italian Insurgents against the Austrians, and the lonely man's heart longed for his own people as he went over again that time of excitement and sorrow, ending with the older boy's death at Forli and his own illness and narrow escape from capture. "What a mother!" he cried aloud,

tossing up his hands with French demonstrativeness, as the memory came

to him of the days in Ancona when he lay at death's door, hidden in the very room next that of the Austrian gen eral, saved only at last by the marvelous mother's wit and courage. The journey through Italy to France, that was drama enough for one life. Recognized at every turn, betrayed never, and ending with-Prince Louis smiled his slow dim smile-a fitting ending indeed to days whose every minute

was adventure. He thought of the Prince Louis, in his dingy parlor at landlord of the inn, the old cavalry--that was the name; it was set in his men.

as no letter awaited him as he had Napoleon had held-and then the found himself telling his plans, his him and he must go home. hoped from his uncle, Joseph Bona- alarm! That was a fine sight-the parte, with the American introduc- dash of the youngster through the the usefulness that might be on the the new and very fashionable cavalry of the titled lady she applied to the pretty sure sign that the man who tions for which he has asked. A visit startled mob of Austrians; the flying way.

'Mon Aml," Cried Louis Bonaparte. parte had been a sustaining pride,

and the hope of future service an inspiring hope. Superstition and gratitude laid hold together on the prince's troubled mind. He threw himself back into Colonel Hampton's leather arm-chair, throne-like in impressiveness and size;

the mask of impassivity closed on his colorless featues. "Sit there, Monsieur," he ordered. 'and tell me your life.'

Simply, yet dramatically as was his gift, the young man went over the tale which he had told to Lucy Hampton, that and more. And the prince listened to every word. He, too, had the French sensitiveness to theatrical effect, and his over-wrought imagination seemed to see the hand of destiny visibly joining this story to his. Here was a legacy from Napoleon; an instrument created by his uncle, which he, the heir, should use. There was

a long silence when Francois had fin-

ished, and Louis' deep-pitched voice broke it. "'One day perhaps a marshal France under another Bonaparte,' " he repeated thoughtfully. "It was the accolade, the old right of royality," and gazed, if reflecting, at the other man's face.

Heightened color told how much it meant to Francois Beaupre to hear those words spoken by the prince.

'My prince, I will tell you-though it may be of little moment to knowthat it is not for my own advanceaparte rule France. It is only so, I tion-it pricks the blood; a monarch my prince, are the hope of the house ed for the time. of Napoleon.'

With a quick step forward he threw himself on his knees before the quiet figure in the throne-like chair; he seized the prince's hand and, head bent, lifted, and his brilliant look was shot went back to the agitation and effort with a tear.

in happiness."

Prince Louis had his mother's warm

The brotherly touch on Francola' methods, his efforts to fit himself for

I am right?"

Francols turned his swiftly chang-

he spoke in a low tone. "When a knight of the old time carried the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so."

And the silent prince understood.

CHAPTER XXV.

### How Lucy Told.

The prince was gone. There had been festivities and formalities, great dinners, gatherings of the Virginia nobility to do honor to his highness at Roanoke house and elsewhere; everywhere the Chevaller Beaupre had been distinguished by his highness' most marked favor. And Lucy Hampton's eyes had shone with quiet delight to see it and to see the effect on her father. For the colonel, confused in his mind as to how it might be true, reluctantly acknowledged that there must be something of importance about this Chevalier Beaupre, that a prince should treat him as a brother. He believed that it would be best to

treat him-he also-at least as a gen tleman. So the French lessons were continued and the Jefferson troop was encouraged, and Francols was asked often to Roanoke house. And as the months rolled on he tried with every thoughtful and considerate effort to express to the little lady of the manor ment that I care. It is the truth that his gratitude for the goodness of her would throw away a hundred lives family. It troubled him more than a if I had them, to see the house of Bon- little that the early friendliness and intimacy of Harry Hampton seemed to believe, that France can become great be wearing off. The boy did not come once more. We need heroes to lead so often to Carnifax, and when he us, we Frenchmen, not shopkeeper came he did not stay for hours, for kings such as Louis Phillippe; if it has days sometimes, as was his way at not a bero the nation loses courage, first. He was uneasy with his friend, and its interest in national life. But and his friend wondered and did not the very name of Napoleon is inspira- understand, but hesitated to push a way into the lad's heart. "He will of that name on France's throne, and tell me in time," thought Francols, our country will wake, will live. You, and, sure of his own innocence, wait-

Meantime he was going home. Going, much against the advice of the the out-of-door life in the mild Vir- seemed opportune. kissed it with passion. There was a ginia climate should be continued perline of color in each check as his face haps for two years more, before he the story:

"If I may die believing that I have he could not wait; he must see his old of Europe. Desiring to have some helped to win your throne, I shall die home, his mother, his father, and all headgear suitable for her inland heart, and this went to it. He put his from the blue of Alixe's eyes. He to come to her apartments at the hand on the other's shoulder, famil- longed to hear her clear voice with Revere house, then the principal hotel larly as if the two were equals, kins its boyish note of courage. It would in New England.

put new life into him, that voice. It shoulder was withdrawn, and with gen- he had left them all at a day's notice but she was a province-bred little heard his name and the name of his three other children, about a ruined the dignity, with a glance, the prince to go to Pietro in Italy-to a living woman of a democratic country and historic home. It was well to have castle; he saw France Beaupre take lifted him to his feet, and Francois death of five years, to many undream- knew not the "egg-dance conventions" influential frieeds, more particularly reverently in his hand the sword which stood happy, dazed, before him. He ed of happenings. The fever was on of Court society. Accordingly, desir

riage, a charlot as one said then, flourpoet, claiming "to have herself, as the ished her scarlet parasol in the air, nearest of kin, declared executrix of ing face toward the speaker, drawn and lost hold of it, and it flew like a certain hitherto unconfirmed personal with a feeling which swept over him; huge red bird into the course, close estate of the said Robert Burns," This for a moment he did not answer. Then to the hurdle. And Black Hawk, is a sequel to the recent announcestrung to the highest point of his ment that the Liverpool Athenaeum thoroughbred nerves, saw, and a hor had sold for £5,000 the two volumes went to battle," he said, "he wore on | for of the flaming living thing, as it of Burns' poems and better known as his helmet the badge of his lady and seemed, caught him, and he swerved the Glenriddell manuscripts, and that at the bar and bolted-bolted straight they were likely to go to America, an for the steep slope. announcement which brought strong

A gasp went up from the three hunprotests from Lord Roseberry, Dr. Wildred, four hundred people; the boy liam Wallace and others .- Westminwas dashing to death; no one stirred; ster Gazette, every muscle was rigid-the spectators were paralyzed. Not all. Francois from his babyhood had known Robert Morris, the financier of the how to think quickly, and these boys Confederation, early in 1783, arranged were his pride and his care; he had with Benjamin Dudley to strike off thought of that possible danger which some "pattern pieces" that could be Lucy had forseen; when the jumping placed before congress. On April 2

began, mounted on his mare Aquarelle, Dudley delivered to Morris some he was posted near the head of the pieces, which were in reality the first slope, not twenty yards from the hur- coin struck having the name "United dle, to be at hand in any contingency. States coin." The particular speci-When Harry's horse bolted, one touch mens are known to numismatists as put Aquarelle into motion. Like a the "Nova Constellatio Paterus." line of brown light she dashed at right They were of silver and denominated angles to the runaway-a line drawn the "mark" and "quint." The first to intercept the line of Black Hawk's coins struck by the United States

flight. There was silence over the mint were some half dimes, in 1792



duchess.

said

#### DUCHESS MUST HAVE SMILED | was a customer of hers, and who had spent some time at foreign courts.

Little Milliner Faithfully Obeyed Instructions That She Thought Had Been Given Her.

Mr. Lane of Washington was not only a page in the senate in the days of Webster and Clay, but, through the fact that his uncle kept a book store where these statesmen were accustomed to while away their leisure hours, came to know them intimately on their social side, declared that Webster, while not given to story-tell-Norfolk doctor, who warned him that ing, had one favorite little joke that he was not yet well or strong, that he would tell whenever the occasion

This, according to Mr. Lane, was

There arrived at Boston a certain of a Bonapartist agent in France. But duches from one of the great nations the unforgotten faces. He longed to travels constructed, she sent for the watch the black lashes curl upward most prominent milliner in the city

her fiance, she asked: The local milliner was sent all awas seven years now and more since flutter at the distinction shown her,

There was to be a celebration for should deport herself in the presence troop of which Francols was the un- wife of one of the Adamses, who carries it has lost his grip .-- Puck.

**Too Previous** Office Boy-is this waste puper, sir?

Poetical Editor-No, I haven't write ten on it yet.

#### His Faith.

"Do you believe in love at first alght? "Oh, yes, but personally I have more

faith in the second look."

#### Feminist Aphorism.

"We, of the weaker sex, are strong er than the stronger sex, because of the strong weakness of the stronger for the weaker sex."-Boston Transcript.

A Bargain.

"I saw this coat in a window yes terday and I got stuck on it immediately.

"You certainly did if you paid more than \$4."

A good many of us who cast bread upon the waters keep the angel cake for our own use.

Better a fool who knows nothing than one who knows too much.



less cooking-

# Post Toasties

The factory cooks them perfectly, toasts them to a delicate, golden-brown, and sends them to your table ready to eat direct from the sealed package.

Fresh, crisp, easy to serve, and

Wonderfully Appetizing

Ask any grocer-

Post Toasties

"'How does my new dress show up?" "'Up almost to the knee,' the young man replied. "Those white silk stockings with gold clocks are beautiful." Sign.



Then, apropos of the slashed skirt, he told a story. "A young lady in a white dinner gown," he, said, "stood under a blazing electrolier, and, swinging round before