## The MARSHAI MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS AUTHOR of THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREADURE, ETC.

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Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney 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 Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Genpard 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 boy 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 general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis nasks Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francois meet a strange hoy 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 girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years, in the castle owned by Pietro in this, the discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plicht. The general. Alixe and Pietro plans Francois escape. Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois as a guest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy," Francois as a guest of the Hamptons, where he meets Francois af

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Finest Things. Endurance, Francois' own negro boy,

brought a note to Roanoke house on a morning five days after. It read: "My Dear Miss Hampton:

"The doctor has given me permission to ride tomorrow and I wish to ride to Roanoke house before all other places. Will mademoiselfe see me? Will mademoiselle permit me to see her for a short time alone? I await anxiously a word from you, and I am your servant.

"FRANCOIS BEAUPRE."

Mademoiselle sent a fair sheet of the hand on Francois' hands. paper with a few unsteady scratches across it, and sat down to live over Francols known of that, one wonders? have you." Lucy, waiting in that small stately study with the dim portraits and the wide vague view across the fields of the James river, heard the gay hoof voice went on: beats of Aquarelle pound down the gravel under the window, heard Fran-that-to you. I would not have said cols' deep gentle voice as he gave the it-not for worlds. I-thought you horse to Sambo, and waited one minute more, the hardest minute of all-said. But I am not ashamed. I am Then the door had opened and he stood there—the miracle, as it seems at such have known—the finest things—and moments to a woman, possibly to a man-of all the gifts and qualities worth loving.

He had made his precise bow, and she had heard his voice saying gently; "Good morning, mademoiselle," and the door was closed; and they were alone together. In a flash she fell that it could not be endured, that she must escape. She rose hastily.

"I'm sorry I must go; I

But Francois had laughed and taken her hand and was holding it with a tender force which thrilled her. He the shame and fear of a woman who has given love unasked; she was safe in his hands; she knew that. With a sigh she let her fingers rest in his and sat down again and waited.

"Dear Mademoiselle Lucy," said the deep kind voice, "my first friend in Virginia, my comrade, my little scholar-

Why did Lucy grow cold and quiet at these words of gentleness? Francols was sitting beside her, holding



He Bent Over Her Hand

her hand in both his, gazing at her with the clearest affection in his look. Yet she braced herself against she did not know what. The voice went on with its winning foreign inflections, its to the soul, alip of English now and then, and its never-to-be-described power of reach-

'See, mademoiselle," said François, "we are too real friends, you and I, to have deception between us. We will is it not, mademoiselle? Therefore I shall not try to hide from you that I heard that day those words so wonderful which you spoke to me so unwor--all the time. My heart has been full I shall be honored as no king could right between us, mon amie? Are we you others."

honor me, by those words. And because you have so touched me, and have so laid that little hand on the heart of me, I am going to tell you, my dear comrade and scholar, what is most secret and most sacred to me."

In as few words as might be, he told her of the peasant child who had been lifted out of his poverty-bound life with such large kindliness that no bond which held him to that poor, yet dear life had been broken; who had been left all the love of his first home and yet been given a home and a training and an education which set him ready for any career; he told of the big-souled, blunt, Napoleonic officer, the seigneur; of the gray, red-roofed castle, with its four round towers; of handsome silent Pietro, and of the unfailing long kindness of them all. Then, his voice lowered, holding the giri's hand still, he told her of Alixe, of the fairy child who had met him on that day of his first visit and had brought him to her father, the seigneur. He described a little the playmate of his childhood, fearless, boyish In her intrepid courage, yet always exquisitely a girl. He told of the long summer vacations of the three as they grew up, and the rides in the Jura valley, and of that last ride when he knew that he was to go to Italy next morning, and of how he had faced the seigneur and told him that he loved his daughter and had given her up then, instantly, for loyalty to him and to Pietro. And then he told her of the peasant boy in Riders' Hollow in the gray morning light after the night of last by the long curl of the black lashes he had known the peasant boy for Alixe.

Lucy Hampton, listening, was so thrilled with this romance of a lifelong love that she could silence her aching heart and her aching pride and could be-with a painful sick effortbut yet could be, utterly generous. There is no midway in a case between entire selfishness and entire selfiessness. The young southern girl, wounded, shamed, cruelly hurt in vanity and in love, was able to choose the larger way, and taking it, felt that sharp joy of renunciation which is as keen and difficult to breathe and as sweet in the breathing as the air of a mountaintop. Trembling, she put her other lit-

"I see," she said, and her voice shook and she smiled mistily, but very kindit was accomplished. The colonel had by. "You could not love anyone but ridden to Norfolk for the day-had that beautiful Alixe. I-I would not

And Francois bent hastily, with tears in his eyes, and kissed the warm little hands. The uncertain sliding

"I am not-ashamed-that I said were killed. I-didn't know what I glad that I-am enough of a person to -her voice sank and she whispered the next words over the dark head bent on her hands-"and to have loved them. But don't bother. I shall-get over it." The liquid tones choked a bit on

that and Francois lifted his head quickly and his eyes flamed at her. 'Of course you will, my dear little girl, my brave mademoiselle. It is not as you think; it is not serious, mon amle. It is only that your soul is full of kindness and enthusiasm and eagerness to stand by the unlucky. I am alone and expatriated; I have had a understood. She knew he understood little of misfortune and you are sorry for me. It is that. Ah, I know, I am very old and wise, me. It would never do," he went on. "The noblesse of Virginia would rise in a revolution if it should be that the princess of Roanoke house gave her heart to a French peasant. I am come to be a man of knowledge-" And he shook his head with as worldly-wise an expression as if one of Guido Renl's dark angels should talk politics. He went on again, smiling a little, an air of daring in his "Moreover, Mademoiselle Miss Lucy, there is a fairy prince who awaits only the smallest sign from

> you." Lucy smiled. "No," she said. And then, "A fairy prince-in Virginia?" "Ah, yes, Mademoiselle Miss Lucy. big, handsome prince, the right sort." still.

"Of such a right sort indeed that it the thing to make one love him more, that he is lame."

"Harry!" Lucy's smile faded his big one. "Henry, indeed. Henry, who is waiting to kill me for love of you; Henry, the best truest fellow, the manliest bravest fellow. Who rides like Henry? Who has read all the books in all the libraries like Henry? Who is respected by the old men, the great men, for his knowledge and his thinking and his statecraft almostlike Henry? Who has such a great heart and brain and such fearless courage as Henry?"

"You are very loyal to your friends,"

Lucy said, half pleased, half stabbed "Certainly. What for is gratification worth, otherwise?" Francois threw at her earnestly. There were a few English words too much for him still; "gratitude" seemed to be one. He stood up and his great eyes glowed down at not pretend, you and I, to each other- her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "two of Napoleon. These men paid great women of earth, my mother and Alixe, attention nowadays to the words of are for me the Madonnas, the crown of women," and his glance lifted to the ceiling as if to heaven, without pose, thy. I have thought of those words unconscious-a look no American for you to do," and the general would ever since, mademoiselle, as I lay ill could ever have worn. "And, voila, with this troublesome arm; ever since | mademoiselle, my little scholar will always stand next to and close to them." of a-gratification to you which cannot He bent over her hand and his lips be told. I shall remember all my life; touched it long and tenderly. "Is it He has done enough; let the boy alone,

friends always? It is indeed so for life with me.

And little Lucy felt a healing peace settling on her bruised feelings and heard herself saying generous words of friendship which healed also as she spoke them.

Then, "I must find that savage boy Henry, and beseech him to spare my life," spoke Francois at last. "My life is of more value today, that it possesses a sure friend in Mademoiselle Lucy," he said and smiled radiantly. And was gone.

"He said—that Harry loved me! What nonsense!" Lucy whispered to herself. And the broken-hearted one was smiling.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Once More at Home. In fewer words, with less told, Francois' straightforwardness metamorphosed the angry lad Harry Hampton into a follower more devoted than he had been even in the first flush of enthusiasm for his rescued prisoner. Again the boy dogged his footsteps and adored him frankly. And Francois, enchanted to be friends again with his friend, wondered at the goodness and generosity of the people of this world. It is roughly true that one finds life in general like a mirror; that if one looks into it with a smile and a cordial hand held out one meets smiles and outstretched hands in return. Through all his days it had happened

so with this child of a French village. So that when the day came at last when he stood once more on the deck of the Lovely Lucy, loaded with her cargo of tobacco for foreign ports, Francois felt as if he were leaving home and family. The long green carpet of the rolling lawn of Roanoke was crowded with people come to tell him good-by. All of his soldier boys were there, the lads trained by him, one and all ready to swear by him or to-die for him. Lucy and Harry stood together, and the servants were gathered to do him honor, and people had ridden from all over the county for the farewell. His eyes dimmed with tears of gratehis escape—and how, by hand on the fulness, he watched them as the gangbridle and seat in the eaddle, and at plank was drawn up and the sails caught the wind and the ship swung slowly out into the stream.

"Come back again-come back again," they called from the shore. Francois heard the deep tones of the lads and the rich voices of the ne groes and he knew that some there could not speak, even as he could not So he waved his hat silently, and the ship moved faster and the faces on the lawn seemed smaller farther away.



Full of Passion and Pleading.

and yet he heard those following voices calling to him, more faintly: "Come back again-oh, come back

And with that the negroes had the distant tip of it. roken into a melody, and the ship moved on to the wild sweet music. Way Down Upon de S'wanee Ribber, the negroes sang, and the ship was at the turn of the river. The stately walls of Roanoke house, the green slope crowded with figures of his friends the sparkling water front-the current had swept away all of the picture and he could only hear that wailing music of the negroes' voices, lower, more fitful; and now it was gone. He had left Virginia: he was on his way to friends. And for all his joy of going, he was heavy-hearted for the leaving.

The weeks went slowly at sea, but after a while he had landed, was in France, was at Vicques. He had seen his mother, with her hair whitened by those years of his prison life-a happy woman now, full of business and re sponsibility, yet always with a rapt look in her face as of one who lived in a deep inner quiet. He had talked long talks with his prosperous father and slipped into his old place among his brothers and sisters, utterly refusing Of the true noblesse, that one. A fine, to be made a stranger or a great man. And over and over again he had told "Who?" demanded Lucy, smiling the story of his capture and the story

of his escape. At the castle the returned wanderer is no matter—ah, no, but perhaps just picked up no less the thread dropped so suddenly seven years before. The general, to whom the boy seemed his boy risen from the dead, would hardly "But yes, indeed, mon amie," and let him from his sight; Alixe kept him François patted the little hand with in a tingling atmosphere of tenderness and mockery and sisterly devotion, ity. Alixe went on, which thrilled him and chilled him and made him blissful and wretched in turns. The puzzle of Alixe was more life?" unreadable than the puzzle of the sphinx to the three men who loved her, to her father and Francois and Pietro. The general and Francois spoke of it guardedly, in few words, once in a long time, but Pietro never spoke. Pietro was there often, yet more often away in London, where the exiled Mazzini, at the head of one wing of Italian patriots, lived and conspired. And other men appeared suddenly and disappeared at the chateau, and held conferences with the general and Francois in that large dim library where the little peasant boy had sat with his thin ankles twisted about the legs of his high chair, and copied the history

> that peasant boy. "As soon as you are a little strong er," they said, "there is much work come in at that point with a growl like

distant thunder. "He is to rest," the general would order, "He is to rest till he is well.

er his return, when Francois must be crosswise heavenly messenger gripped sent to visit the officers of certain the mind of Alixe, and she said what regiments thought to be secretly she hated herself for saying, and saw Bonapartist; when he, it was believed, the quick result in the downcast could get into touch with them and misery of poor Francois' face. And tell them enough and not too much of then the same cruel, wise angel turned the plans of the party, and find out his attention to Francois. "If she where they stood and how much one thinks that, let her," whispered the might count on them. So, against the perverse one. "Let it go at that; say general's wish, Francois went off on a | yes.' political mission. It proved more complicated than had seemed probable; he and repeated, "That you should love was gone a long time; he had to travel | Pietro-yes-that is what I have and endure exhausting experiences for wished for all my life, which he was not yet fit. So that when he came home to Vicques, two months later, he was white and transparent and ill. And there were some of the mysterious men at the chateau to meet him, delighted, pitiless. De- sun shone gally in London. It filtered lighted with the work he had done, with his daring and finesse and suc- tains which shaded the upper windows cess, without pity for his weakness, begging him to go at once on another breeze lifted the lace, and sunlight mission. The general was firm as to that; his boy should not be hounded; he should stay at home in the quiet old chateau and get well. But the boy was restless; a fever of enthusiasm was on him and he wanted to do more | hold the Napoleonic curl! See how he and yet more for the prince's work. At this point two things happened:

Pletro came from London, and Franer secret errand, broke down and was ment windows, their old leaded little panes of glass glittering from every was the year when the body of Napoleand far off, five miles away, at the had resolved, in that steady mind mother greeting Pietro below in the great kitchen, then the two voicesthe deep one and the soft one-talking. so long? And then Pietro's step was flew across the lines: coming up the narrow stair, and he was there, in the room.

back to Virginia."

chill and an ache in his heart at the thought of yet another parting.

and Miss Hampton say they will not be ill-judging, had given to Louis Phil- shadowy, bird-haunted lawn. man at the wedding." Francois smiled. placed in the Invalides. Every memfor another year or two. Then you exiled king, his father, a gloomy and will be well and perhaps by then the lonely old man whom the son did not prince will have real work for you. forget through years spent away from his free hand and a plain gold ring And you must have strength for that him. ime., Your mother says I am right." With that his mother stood in the doorway, regarding him with her calm for the thought of this adherent in eyes, and nodded to Pietro's words. So Virginia was pleasant to him. it came about that Francois went back shortly to Virginia.

On the day before he went he sat in the garden of the chateau with Alixe, He considered a moment and wrote Next Wednesday—that is the wedding on the stone seat by the sun-dial where quickly as if the words boiled to the they had sat years before when the pen. "The baton awaits you. Come. general had seen him kiss the girl's 1 make an expedition within three hand, in that unbrotherly way which months, and I need you and your faith which could not escape even preoccuhad so surprised him.

to the end of the world." "Not for the first time," Alixe an wered cheerfully.

"Perhaps for the last," Francois threw back dramatically. It is hard to have one's best-beloved discount one's tragedies. And Alixe laughed and lifted a long stem of a spring flower which she held in her hand, and brushed his forehead delicately with

"Smooth out the wrinkles, do not frown; do not look solemn; you always come back, Monsieur the Bad Penny: you will this time. Do not be melodramatic, Francois."

Francois, listening to these sane sentiments, was hurt, and not at all inspired with cheerfulness. "Alixe," he said-and knew that he should not say it-"there is something I have wanted all my life-all my life. "Is there?" inquired Alixe in com-

monplace tones. "A horse, per exemple?" He caught her hand, disre garding her tone; his voice was full of passion and pleading. "Do not be heartless and cold today, Alixe, dear Alixe. I am going so far, and my very oul is torn with leaving you-all."

It takes no more than a syllable, at inflection at times, to turn the course of a life. If Francois had left his sentence alone before that last little word; if he had told the girl that his soul was torn with leaving her, then it is hard to say what might have happened. But-"you all"-he did not wish then to have her think that it meant more to leave her than to leave the others. Alixe readjusted the guard which had almost slipped from her, and stood again defensive.

"I won't be cruel, Francois; you know how we-all-are broken-hearted

to have you go." Francois caught that fatal little word "all," repeated, and dimly sow its significance, and his own responsibil-

"I wonder if I do not know-what it is-that you have wanted all your Eagerly Francois caught at her

words. "May I tell you Alixe, Alixe?" "No." Alixe spoke quickly. "No, let me guess. It is-it is"-and Francois, catching his breath, tried to take the word from her, but she stopped him. No. I must-tell it. You have wished -all your life"-Alixe was breathing rather fast-"that-I should care for-Pietro."

A cold chill at hearing that thing said in that voice seized him. Very still his eyes down, he did not speak "Is-is that it?"

There is an angel of perversity who possesses our souls at times. He makes us say the unkind thing when we wish not to; he tangles our feet so that we fall and trip and hurt ourselves and our dearest-and behold long after we know that all the same it was an angel; that without that trouble we should have gone forever down the easy wrong way. We know hat the perverse angel was sent to warn us off the pleasant grass which was none of ours, and by making things disagreeable at the psychological moment, save our souls alive

But the time came, six months aft- for right things to come. Some such awaiting for him at the moment in

And Francols lifted mournful eyes

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Summoned.

On the morning of May 9, 1840, the in intricate patterns through the curof a house in Carlton gardens, and the and breeze together touched the bent head of a young man who sat at a writing-table. A lock of hair had escaped on his forehead and the air touched it, lifted it, as if to say: "Beis like his uncle!"

But the pen ran busily, regardless of the garrulous breeze; there was much cois, on the point of leaving for anoth- to do for a hard-working prince who found time to be the hero of ballill. He lay in his bed in his room at rooms, the center of a London season, the farmhouse, the low upper chamber and yet could manipulate his agents looking out-through wide-open case throughout the garrisons of France, and plan and execute a revolution. It uneven angle-looking out at broad on the First was brought from St. fields and bouquets of chestnut trees, Helena to Paris, and Louis Bonaparte high red roofs of the chauteau of Vic- which never lost its grip on the reason ques. And gazing so, he saw Pietro on of being of his existence, that with old Capitaine, turn from the shady ave- the ashes of the emperor his family nue of the chestnuts and ride slowly should come back to France. For to the house. With that he heard his months the network had been spread, was tightening, and now the memory which held its friendships securely always, took thought of a Frenchman talking, a long time. What could his living in Virginia. As soon as his letmother and Pietro have to talk about ter was finished to his father-the pen "The sword of Austerlitz must not

be in an enemy's hands," he wrote to see to it, and they were necessary. So "Francols," Pietro began in his di- his father. "It must stay where it I did it." And then, "chevaller, read rect fashion, "I think you must go may again be lifted in the day of dan-back to Virginia." ger for the glory of France." His let-Francois regarded him with startled ters were apt to be slightly oratorical; eyes, saying nothing. There was a it was moreover the fashion of the day to write so

you; the people want you; and Harry General Bertrand, well-meaning, and harnesses, went strolling up the married unless you come to be best lipe the arms of the emperor, to be Francois-you are not doing well here. aroused, and to the heir it was a trumou constantly and you are ready; but France, to reclaim that insulted sword. want to see it?" you are not fit. You must get away He wrote on, finished the letter to the

Then he drew out a fresh sheet of paper, and his faint smile gleamed; finger. "There," he said, "that will be

"Chevalier Francois Beaupre," he headed the letter, and began below, "My friend and Marshal of Some Day." in me. Our stars must shine togeth-"Alixe," said Francois, "I am going er to give full light. So, mon ami, join me here at the earliest, that the emperor's words may come true.

"LOUIS BONAPARTE."

Across the water, in Virginia, two years had made few changes. On the June day when the prince's letter lay in the post office of Norfolk the last of the roses were showing pink and red over the gardens in a sudden breeze. The leaves of the trees that arched the road that led to Roanoke house were sappy green, just lately fully spread, and glorious with freshness. Their shadows, dancing on the white pike were sharp cut against the brightness, And through the light-pierced cave of shade a man traveled on horseback from one plantation to another, a man who rode as a Virginian rides, yet with a military air for all that. He patted the beast's neck with a soothing word. and smiled as Aquarelle plunged at the waving of a bough, at a fox that ran across the road. But if an observer had been there he might have seen an who tends to be fleshy should walk that the man's thought was not with for at least an hour every day and horse or journey. Francois Beaupre, do it regularly and systematically. As riding out to give a French lesson to she gets accustomed to the exercise Miss Hampton at Roanoke house, as she should increase the number of he had been doing for four years, all | miles she walks a day until she is dounconscious as he was of the letter ing five miles.

Norfolk, was thinking of the event to come to which that letter called him. "Lucy! Oh, Lucy!" A voice called from the lawn, and in a moment more the colonel was upon them. "Lucy," he began, "somebody must arrange about the new harnesses; my time is too valuable to be taken up with details. Uncle Zack says they are needed at once. It has been neglected. I do not understand why things are so neglected."

"I have seen to it, father. They will be ready in a week," Lucy answered. Then the colonel noticed Francois. 'Good day, chevalier," he spoke condescendingly. "Ah-by the way"-he put a hand into one pocket and then another of his linen coat. "They gave me a letter for you, chevalier, knowing that you would be at Roanoke house today. Here it is"-and Lucy saw a light leap into Francois' eyes as they fell on the English postmark.

And Lucy spoke quietly again. " did ask you, father, but you did not



'You Have News-What Is It?" the Girl Cried.

At that moment an uneven step came down the slope and Francols flashed a smile at Harry Hampton and He raised his head and stared into retreated to the other side of the sum-Pietro went out. "I have a letter the street. It was enough to decide mer-house with his letter; while the from Harry Hampton. The place needs his expedition for this summer that colonel, murmuring complaints about

Harry Hampton stood by his sweetheart with a boyish air of proprietorletro went on again. "Moreover, boy, ber of the Bonaparte family was ship, radiant, as he had been through these two years of his engagement. "I You are too useful; they want to use pet call. He could hardly wait to go to have it," he announced. "Don't you

"Wait, Harry;" the girl glanced at Francols. But the lad caught her waist. "Look," he said, and opened glittered from it. With a quick movement he slipped it over the little third on to stay pretty soon, and then Uncle Henry shall not badger you about harnesses. He has made me wait two years because he needed you, but I won't wait much longer, will I, Lucy? day, Lucy.'

With that Francois turned around. His face shone with an excitement pled lovers.

"What is it chevalier? You have news-what is it?" the girl cried. For a moment he could not speak Then: "Yes, mademoiselle, great news," he said. "The prince has sent for me. And I am well and fit to go. I have lived for this time; yet I am grieved to leave you and Harry, my

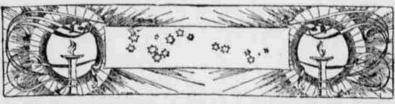
two old friends." "But, François, you cannot go before Wednesday," Harry Hampton cried "We cannot be married without out.

you." And Francois considered. "No, not

before Wednesday," he agreed. That last French lesson in the summer-house on the banks of the smoothflowing James river was on a Saturday. On Monday the Chevaller Beaupre rode over from Carnifax and asked to see Miss Hampton.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Women and Exercise. Most women, whether they be fleshy or thin, walk far too little. The wom-



WOULD DO FOR THE RABBITS

Old Gun Effective Enough Since the Animals Did Not Know of Its Condition.

Colonel Preston of Grand Beach, Me., tells this story about a new chauffeur he added to his household

Pat's knowledge of auto mechanics is surprising, but like many another man he despises his vocation and yearns to be a sportsman. The colonel possesses a collection of firearms of which he is proud and this has been a continual attraction for Pat, who spends much of his spare time gazing in admiration at the guns in their glass cases and gently fingering them with loving care when permitted to polish them.

One day he came to the colonel very bashfully and inquired, "Colonel, dear, would yez be lettin' me hov th' loan av this wan for this afternoon?"

The piece was an old muzzle-loader of Civil war days, and his master. thinking that Pat wanted to play a joke on some one, and knowing that the gun could not possibly be fired, with equanimity, though I fear it is readily consented.

Toward evening he observed Pat arrayed in full automobile toggery, trudging off toward the woods with the gun on his shoulder.

"Where are you going, Pat?" asked the colonel,

"Shure, sir, an' O'm goin' ter hunt rabbits in th' woods beyant." "But that gun is no good; it has

been out of order for 20 years!" "Faith thot may be, sir; but shure th' rabbits won't know that!"

Who Wants to Be a Camel? A camel's hind legs will reach any

where—over his head, round his chest, and onto his hump; even when lying down an evil disposed animal will shoot out his legs and bring you to a sitting posture. His neck is of the same pliancy. He will chew the root of his tail, nip you in the calf, or lay the top of his head on his hump. He also bellows and roars at you, whatever you are doing-saddling him. feeding him, mounting him, unsaddling him. To the uninitiated, a camel going for one with his mouth open and gurgling horribly, is a terrifying spectacle; but do not mind him, it is only his way. "I heard." says Count Gleichen, "of one or two men having a leg broken from a kick at various times, but it was the exception and not the rule, for a camel is really a very docile animal, and learns to be have himself in most trying positions only the result of want of brains."

Sea Furnishes Their Living. In Norway and Sweden 36 persons out of every 1,000 live by seafaring. The next best average in this particu lar vocation is Great Britain.

PAYMENT OF DEBT DEFERRED Borrower Willing to Live Up to Conditions Made, but the Time Had

Not Arrived. Secretary of the Treasury McAdon heard all sorts of tales about the country going to the bowwows because of the decision to put out fifty millies

dollars in southern and western banks to help move the crops. "To hear the tales of calamity that was to befall the United States," said the secretary, "one would think there was nothing to it. It reminds

one of Tom and John. "Tom, who had lent John five dollars, one day asked, 'John, ain't h time you paid me that five dollars?"

"'Tain't due yet,' said John "But you promised to pay me when you got back from New York. "'Well, I ain't been thar yit'-

Sunday Magazine.

BEST REMEDIES FOR SORES AND ULCERS

Mr. C. A. Butler, of Salem, Va, writes: "I can safely say that Hancock's Sulphur Compound is the best remedy I ever used for sores. One of my little boys, eight years old, had a solid sore all over his face, we tried different kinds of medicine, but none seemed to do any good. Our son, nineteen years old, had a sore on his leg for three months and nothing did him good. We used Hancock's Sglphur Compound on both and it did its work quickly and it was not over a week until both were well." Hancocks Sulphur Compound is sold by all dealers, Hancock Liquid Sulphur Co. Baltimore, Md.-Adv.

Its Result.

"How does the new rug you got for the bottom of your motor car work?" "Oh, it is quite automat-le."

"Aren't you afraid politics will get into big business out your way?" "I'm hoping it will," replied the man who refuses to be scared: "maybe it will improve politics."

An Association Favored.

After a Good Meal.

Hostess-Another piece of mine ple, Georgie? Just a small piece! Georgie (reluctantly)-No, thanks, I could chew it, but I couldn't swallow it.-London Opinion.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chart Hillitahrs.
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

To Much. Booth Tarkington was asked recessfy for an original sentiment by way

of autograph. He replied: "If you had asked me for my autograph. I would have sent it to you gladly. But to ask for a specimen of my work, that is a little too much Would you ask for a doctor for one of his corpsea to remember him by?

Unfortunate Gallantry. To his little native town a man recently returned for a visit. As he had not seen the place nor its poo ple for a long time, he was kept pretty busy greeting old friends. Among those whom he encountered was an elderly spinster, who beamed upon

him with: "Oh, Mr. Smith! I am sure )ou

don't remember me!" "Remember you!" gallantly asclaimed the city man, quite carried away by his wish to be friendly. "All if I could forget you, Miss Discul-Why, you are one of the landmarks of the old town!"

Witte on War.

Count Witte, the famous Russian stateman, estimates that 40 per cest of the total income of the great powers is absorbed by their armies and navies. Of the consequences he writes: "When and how will it all end? Usless the great states which have set this hideous example agree to call a halt, so to say, and knit their subjects into a pacific, united Europe, war the only issue I can perceive. And when I say war, I mean a conflict which will surpass in horror the niosi brutal armed conflicts known to he man history and entail distress more widespread and more terrible than he

UPWARD START fter Changing from Coffee to Postum

ing men can realize."

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body. This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee troubles and a Tenn lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

use of coffee it burt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstruck no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun. "There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me

"Almost from the beginning of the

The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth was literally starving; was so weak! could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me ! hot cup of Postum. I drank part of !! and after an hour I felt as though had had something to eat - [ell strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Post um in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, today I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady. "I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it alto gether now instead of coffee." Name given by the Postum Co.

Battle Creek, Mich. Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble der. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream

and sugar, makes a delicious bever age instantly. 30c and 50c ting The cost per cup of both kinds ! about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum--sold by Grocers