

The MARSHAL by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

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SYNOPSIS. Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amazing 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.

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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.

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But the time came, six months after his return, when Francois felt the need to visit the officers of certain regiments thought to be secretly Bonapartists; when he, it was believed, could get into touch with them and tell them enough and not too much of the plans of the party, and find out where they stood and how much one might count on them. So, against the general's wish, Francois went off on a political mission. It proved more complicated than had seemed probable; he was gone a long time; he had to travel and endure exhausting experiences for which he was not yet fit. So that when he came home to Vieques, 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. Delighted with the work he had done, with his daring and finesse and success, without pity for his weakness, begging him to go on at once on another 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 and yet more for the prince's work.

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awaiting for him at the moment in 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."

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PAYMENT OF DEBT DEFERRED

Borrower Willing to Live Up to Conditions Made, but the Time Had Not Arrived. Secretary of the Treasury McCady heard all sorts of tales about the country going to the bows because of the decision to put out fifty million dollars in southern and western banks to help move the crops.

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 sore 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 Sulphur Compound on both and it did it week until both were well." Hancock's Sulphur Compound is sold by all dealers. Hancock Liquid Sulphur Co., Baltimore, Md.—Adv.



"You Have News—What is It?" the Girl Cried.

Its Result.

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

An Association Favored.

"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."

After a Good Meal.

Hostess—Another piece of mince pie, George? Just a small piece, please. George (reluctantly)—No, thank you, 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 Dr. J. C. Fletcherson. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

To Much.

Booth Tarkington was asked recently 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 corpses to remember him by?"

Unfortunate Gallantry.

To his little native town a busy man recently returned for a visit. As he had not seen the place nor its people 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:

Witte on War.

Count Witte, the famous Russian statesman, estimates that 40 per cent 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? Unless 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 is the only issue I can perceive. As when I say war, I mean a conflict which will surpass in horror the most brutal armed conflicts known to the man history and entail distress more widespread and more terrible than living men can realize."

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

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 lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says: "Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun. "There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time. "It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—my strength returned. That was about four years ago, and after continuing Postum 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 altogether now instead of coffee. "Names 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 powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers

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His Voice Was Full of Passion and Pleading.

And yet he heard those following voices calling to him, more faintly: "Come back again—oh, come back again!"

And with that the negroes had broken into a melody, and the ship moved on to the wild sweet music. Way Down Upon de Swanee 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 Vieques. He had seen his mother, with her hair whitened by those years of his prison life—a happy woman now, full of business and responsibility, yet always with a rap 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 to be made a stranger or a great man. And over and over again he had told the story of his capture and the story of his escape.

At the castle the returned wanderer 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 let him from his sight; Alixe kept him in a tingling atmosphere of tenderness and mockery and sisterly devotion, which thrilled him and chilled him and made him blissful and wretched in turns. The puzzle of Alixe was more 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 of Napoleon. These men paid great attention nowadays to the words of that peasant boy.

"As soon as you are a little stronger," they said, "there is much work for you to do," and the general would 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. He has done enough; let the boy alone, you others."

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 slip of English now and then, and its never-to-be-described power of reaching the heart.

"See, mademoiselle," said Francois, "we are too real friends, you and I, to have deception between us. We will not pretend, you and I, to each other—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 unworriedly. I have thought of those words ever since, mademoiselle, as I lay ill with this troublesome arm; ever since—all the time. My heart has been full of a gratification to you which cannot be told. I shall remember all my life; I shall be honored as no king could

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 chaffeur he added to his household this year.

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 you be lettin' me hav' 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, readily consented.

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

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

"I'm goin' to hunt rabbits in th' woods beyant."

"But that gun is no good; it has been out of order for 20 years!"

"Faith that may be, sir; but shure th' rabbits won't know that!"

"Who Wants to Be a Camel?"

A camel's hind legs will react anywhere—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 behave himself in most trying positions with equanimity, though I fear it is 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 particular vocation is Great Britain.