

haunted wall. It was a bare, unadorned, clammy room. A rude bed on one side, a shelf for table and two or three wooden stools constituting the furniture, while the uneven punchcoons of the floor wobbled and clattered under the priest's feet.

It had been many years since a letter from home had come to Father Beret. The last before the one now in hand had made him ill of nostalgia, fairly shaking his iron determination never to quit for a moment his life work as a missionary. Ever since that day he had found it harder to meet the many and stern demands of a most difficult and exacting duty. Now the mere touch of the paper in his hand gave him a sense of returning weakness, dissatisfaction and longing.

Father Beret tottered across the forlorn little room and knelt before the crucifix, holding his clasped hands high, the letter pressed between them. His lips moved in prayer, but made no sound; his whole frame shook violently.

It would be unpardonable desecration to enter the chamber of Father Beret's soul and look upon his sacred and secret trouble, nor must we even speculate as to its particulars. The good old man writhed and wrestled before the cross for a long time, until at last he seemed to receive the calmness and strength he prayed for so fervently. Then he rose, tore the letter into pieces so small that not a word remained whole and squeezed them so firmly together that they were compressed into a tiny, solid ball which he let fall through a crack between the floor punchcoons. After waiting twenty years for that letter, hungry as his heart was, he did not even open it when at last it arrived. He would never know what message it bore. The link between him and the old sweet days was broken forever. Now, with God's help, he could do his work to the end.

He went and stood in the doorway, leaning against the side. He looked toward the "river house," as the inhabitants had named a large shanty which stood on the bluff of the Wabash not far from where the road bridge at present crosses, and saw men gathering there.

Meantime Rene de Ronville had delivered M. Roussillon's letter with due promptness. Of course such a service demanded pie and claret. What still better pleased him, Alice chose to be more amiable than was usually her custom when he called. They sat together in the main room of the house, where M. Roussillon kept his books, his curiosities of Indian manufacture collected here and there, and his surplus firearms, swords, pistols and knives, ranged not unpleasantly around the walls.

Of course, along with the letter, Rene bore the news, so interesting to himself, of the boat's tempting cargo just discharged at the river house. Alice understood her friend's danger—felt it in the intense enthusiasm of his voice and manner. She had once seen the men crouching on a similar occasion when she was but a child, and the impression then made still remained in her memory. Instinctively she resolved to hold Rene by one means or another away from the river house if possible. So she managed to keep him occupied eating pie, sipping watered claret and chatting until night came on and M. Roussillon brought in a lamp. Then he hurriedly snatched his cap from the floor beside him and got up to go.

"Come and look at my handiwork," Alice quickly said; "my shelf of pies, I mean." She led him to the pantry, where a dozen or more of the cherry pates were ranged in order. "I made every one of them this morning and baked them; had them all out of the oven before the rain came up. Don't you think me a wonder of cleverness and industry? Father Beret was polite enough to fatter me; but you—you just eat what you want and say nothing! You are not polite, M. Rene de Ronville."

"I've been showing you what I thought of your goodies," said Rene. "Eating's better than talking, you know, so I'll just take one more," and he helped himself. "Isn't that compliment enough?"

"A few such would make me another hot day's work," she replied, laughing. "Pretty talk would be cheaper and more satisfactory in the long run. Even the flour in these pates I ground with my own hand in an Indian mortar. That was hard work too."

By this time Rene had forgotten the river house and the liquor. With soothing eyes he gazed at Alice's rounded cheeks and sheeny hair, over which the light from the curious earthen lamp she bore in her hand flickered most effectively. He loved her madly, but his fear of her was more powerful than his love. She gave him no opportunity to speak what he felt, having ever ready a quick, bright change of mood and manner when she saw him plucking up courage to address her in a sentimental way. Their relations had long been somewhat familiar, which was but natural, considering their youth and the circumstances of their daily life, but Alice somehow had kept a certain distance open between them, so that her warm friendship could not suddenly resolve itself into a troublesome passion on Rene's part.

We need not attempt to analyze a young girl's feelings and motives in such a case. What she does and what she thinks are mysteries even to her own understanding. The influence most potent in shaping the rudimentary

character of Alice Tarleton (called Roussillon) had been only such as a lonely frontier post could generate. Her associations with men and women had, with few exceptions, been unprofitable in an educational way, while her reading in M. Roussillon's little library could not have given her any practical knowledge of manners and life.

Her affection for Rene was interfered with by her large admiration for the heroic, masterful and magnetic knights who charged through the romances of the Roussillon collection. For although Rene was unquestionably brave and more than passably handsome, he had no armor, no war horse, no shining lance and embossed shield—the difference, indeed, was great.

Perhaps it was the light and heat of imagination shining out through Alice's face which gave her beauty such a fascinating power. Rene saw it and felt its electrical stroke send a sweet shiver through his heart while he stood before her.

"You are very beautiful tonight, Alice," he presently said, with a suddenness which took even her alertness by surprise. A flush rose to his dark face and immediately gave way to a grayish pallor. His heart came near stopping on the instant, he was so shocked by his own daring, but he laid a hand on her hair, stroking it softly.

Just a moment she was at a loss, looking a trifle embarrassed; then, with a merry laugh, she stepped aside and said:

"That sounds better, M. Rene de Ronville; much better. You will be as polite as Father Beret after a little more training."

She slipped past him while speaking and made her way back again to the main room, whence she called to him:

"Come here. I've something to show you."

He obeyed, a sheepish trace on his countenance betraying his self-consciousness.

When he came near Alice, she was taking from its buckhorn hook on the wall a rapier, one of a beautiful pair hanging side by side.

"Papa Roussillon gave me these," she said, with great animation. "He bought them of an Indian who had kept them a long time. Where he came across them he would not tell. But look, how beautiful! Did you ever see anything so fine?"

Guard and hilt were of silver; the blade, although somewhat corroded, still showed the fine, wavy lines of Damascus steel and traces of delicate engraving, while in the end of the hilt was set a large oval turquoise.

"A very queer present to give a girl," said Rene. "What can you do with them?"

A captivating flash of playfulness came into her face and she sprang backward, giving the sword a semi-circular turn with her wrist. The blade sent forth a keen hiss as it cut the air close, very close to Rene's nose. He jerked his head and lung up his hand.

She laughed merrily, standing beautifully poised before him, the rapier's point slightly elevated. Her short skirt left her feet and ankles free to show their graceful proportions and the perfect pose in which they held her supple body.

"You see what I can do with the colechamarde, eh, M. Rene de Ronville?" she exclaimed, giving him a smile which fairly blinded him. "Notice how very near to your neck I can thrust and yet not touch it. Now!"

She darted the keen point under his chin and drew it away so quickly that the stroke was like a glint of sunlight.

"What do you think of that as a nice and accurate piece of skill?"

She again resumed her pose, the right foot advanced, the left arm well back, her lithe, finely developed body leaning slightly forward.

Rene's hands were up before his face in a defensive position, palms outward. Just then a chorus of men's voices sounded in the distance. The river



The rapier was making a crisscross pattern of flashing lines.

house was beginning its carousal with a song. Alice let fall her sword's point and listened.

Rene looked about for his cap.

"I must be going," he said. Another and louder swish of the rapier made him plucke and dodge again with great energy.

"Don't," he cried, "that's dangerous. You'll put out my eyes. I never saw such a girl!"

She laughed at him and kept on whipping the air dangerously near his eyes until she had driven him backward as far as he could squeeze himself into a corner of the room.

Mme. Roussillon came to the door from the kitchen and stood looking in and laughing, with her hands on her hips. By this time the rapier was making

ing a crisscross pattern of flashing lines close to the young man's head while Alice, in the enjoyment of her exercise, seemed to concentrate all the glowing rays of her beauty in her face, her eyes dancing merrily.

"Quit now, Alice," he begged, half in fun and half in abject fear. "Please quit—I surrender!"

She thrust to the wall on either side of him, then springing lightly backward a pace, stood at guard. Her thick yellow hair had fallen over her neck and shoulders in a loose wavy mass, out of which her face beamed with a bewitching effect upon her captive.

Rene, glad enough to have a cessation of his peril, stood laughing dryly, but the singing down at the river house was swelling louder and he made another movement to go.

"Your surrendered, you remember," cried Alice, renewing the sword play "Sit down on the chair there and make yourself comfortable. You are not going down yonder tonight; you are going to stay here and talk with me and Mother Roussillon. We are lonesome and you are good company."

A shot rang out keen and clear, there was a sudden tumult that broke up the singing, and presently more firing at varying intervals cut the night air from the direction of the river.

Jean, the hunchback, came in to say that there was a row of some sort. He had seen men running across the common as if in pursuit of a fugitive, but the moonlight was so dim that he could not be sure what it all meant.

Rene picked up his cap and bolted out of the house.

(To Be Continued.)

LUCIA SAVED CAB FARE

A Short Tale That Illustrates the Force of Early Training

(Chicago News.)

There are lots of people in the world who get gray and wrinkled worrying so hard over how to keep young. They are the kind who buy 13-cent coffee to economize and then pay \$113 doctor bills in consequence. In short, their sense of proportion is out of order.

That has always been the trouble with Lucia Harding. From childhood to womanhood Lucia never had a dollar in sight when there were not things to the value of five times that dollar which she really needed. The worst of being poor in a genteel way is that one eternally has to pretend that one is not poor instead of being able to be comfortably and openly penniless, like the beggars and tramps who never have to bother about keeping up appearances.

Money grew easier in her father's household when Lucia attained young ladyhood, but her old habits stuck. She continued to have guilty thrills of conscience if she indulged in 10 cents' worth of candy and the dull, ill-defined agony she suffered over fashionably-made gowns and their attendant fashionably figured bills was harrowing if useless.

There is no branding iron whose effect is more lasting than the habit of painfully and necessary economy.

It took Dick Harding a whole year after he married her to understand just what was the trouble with Lucia. Then he began to educate her into the state of mind wherein she might be able to disburse money without a flickering eyelash and a contraction of the heart.

"There's always more coming, you know," Harding would say to this abnormal young wife of his. "We aren't going to the poorhouse next week. I still collect my dividends, and the landlord can't turn us out, because we own the house, you recollect. If I could see your recklessly spend \$10 at a bargain sale on something you didn't need and never could use, it would cheer me up, Lucia. I'd know you were a real, human woman then."

Harding never dared tell his friends about his wife's failing—he knew they wouldn't believe him.

To do her justice, Lucia tried. She was pretty and she loved pretty things, but she could not rid her soul of its blight—and did not enjoy buying them. She struggled faithfully, because she knew it would please Dick. Her modest pride when she got to the point where she bought two matinee tickets and took a friend out to luncheon the same day was counterbalanced by her papering the house with cheap paper when she really wanted imported stuff at \$2 a roll. The cost appalled her and she economized, was scolded by her husband, and hated the rooms fervently, as did every one else. That seemed to be a turning point with Mrs. Harding, and for some months she behaved like any normal woman with plenty of money and not a soul to object to her spending it. Harding thought she had seen light at last.

Then came a day when she went to the north side to luncheon with an important personage. Lucia celebrated by wearing a new \$100 visiting costume and a French hat, with no

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES

of the HOBBY-HORSE and the WOOLLY DOG.

Listen all and straight I'll tell Of strange adventures that once befell.

ONE night when the house was dark and still, These adventures did begin, Of the hobby-horse and the woolly dog, And the trumpeter made of tin: What time they went a-hunting, For to see what they could win.

Slyly through the door went they, Slyly through the house, Hoping they might find a deer; But found, instead, a mouse.

"Now let us hunt!" the dog he barked; The hobby-horse ran fast; The trumpeter raised up his horn, And blew a merry blast.

The dog he barked; the horse he ran; The trumpeter blew his horn; And over the house they hunted the mouse From midnight until morn.

Through kitchen and through dining-room,— For woods they had the chairs,— Through parlor and through hall they chased, And down the cellar stairs.

The hobby-horse knocked down a chair; The dog fell in a pail; The trumpeter reached for the mouse, But only touched its tail!

They hunted the mouse all over the house, Until they nearly dropped; They thought at last they had it fast, When in a hole it popped!

Then back to the nursery they crept, As the day was coming in— The hobby-horse and the woolly dog And the trumpeter made of tin.

This is the tale I heard them tell Of a strange adventure that once befell.

Reproduced from "Baby Days" by Courtesy of The Century Co. Copyright, 1903, The Century Co. All Rights Reserved.

merous other costly gewgaws. When she started home she got as far as downtown when it began to rain. It poured bucketfuls and it blew in all directions. She ran into a sheltering door and waited while the gust sprayed her with wet till she was limp, melted, drenched, ruined as to toilet. Finally she succeeded in getting a street car, and the brutal occupants made her sit in an outside seat. When she finally got home her husband was there. He looked at the wreck and exploded.

"Why under creation didn't you get a cab—half a dozen cabs?" he shouted. Lucia looked mildly shocked. "A cab clear out there?" she asked in the scandalized, economical voice of her girlhood days. "Why, think what it would have cost! It was only 5 cents on the car—I would have been a goose to take a cab." She swept upstairs, sweetly ignoring the \$200 worth of clothing she had ruined by saving \$2.

Then Harding knew it was no use.

Bed Time
I take a pleasant herb drink, the next morning I feel bright and my complexion is better. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. It is made of herbs, and is prepared as easily as tea. It is called Lane's medicine. All druggists sell it at 25c and 50c. Lane's Family Medicines moves the bowels each day. If you cannot get it, send for free samples. Address, Orator Woodward, LeRoy, N. Y.

For Good Groceries
Go to Branson & Ragan's, and after once trying their groceries you will use them all the time.

Question Answered.
Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for indigestion or biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of appendicitis, nervous prostration or heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop for- mentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headache and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. You can get this reliable remedy at Dr. Soase's drug stores. Price 25c and 75c.

DR. J. F. COOK

Has come to the conclusion that all profession of the healing art outside of the vegetable kingdom is a failure. When your system is run out without pure blood. You will only find vitality in the vegetable kingdom. Poisonous drugs nor doctors' knives nor thunder and lightning will not remove the cause, but lay the foundation for all kinds of disease. Those poisons go into your bones, and kill the life of them and create all kinds of diseases, cancerous tumors, consumption, dropsy, bone diseases, etc. You must bear in mind that his medicine is not a poisonous tonic, nor a stimulant, nor temporary relief which you get from poisonous drugs, where the results are sure death sooner or later. Do not blame the medicine, when it takes an effect and stirs up the poisons of disease in the system. You must not expect to be cured in a few days, for your sickness or disease has been a long time coming on, and it will take a long time to get it out of your system. It will take months or a year to build a new body from the bones up. This is what the people do not understand. They are used to being humbugged. His medicines are composed of Nature's Herbs—what the human system requires. When the ailments get sick they will help themselves to those herbs, for they have the instinct, and the people have not, so we have to make a study of it. It has been a life study with Dr. Cook. Do not get weary; this life is too short and too sweet to worry out of this world.

Dr. Cook Cures All Kinds of Diseases
301 Liberty Street, Salem, Oregon.