

of the mouth corners, the very color out to nothing, and waste to air inwoman. My crying need grew to be the presence of Madame De Ferrier. It was youth calling to youth in that gorgeous winter desert.

Her windows were hoar-frost furred without and curtained within. Though I knew where they were I got notning by tramping past and giancing used to saunter through the corridor that led to her rooms, startled yet surprised if Ernestine came out on an errand. Then I would close my book and nod, and she would cour-

"Oh by the way." I would turn to remark, "I was passing, and thought I would knock and ask how Madame de Ferrier is today. But you can tell

When assured of Madame de Fersier's health I would continue: "And Paul-how is Paul?"

Paul carried himself marvelously. He was learning to walk. Ernestine believed the lie about knocking, and I felt bolder every time I told The Indian part of me thought of going hunting and laying slaughtered game at their door. But it was a doubtful way of pleasing, and the bears hibernated, and the deer were

perhaps a day's journey in the white I used to sing in the clear sharp air back upon that winter, across what befell me afterwards, as a time of perfect peace; before virgin snows melted, when the world was a white expanse of innocence.

Our weather-besieged manor was the center of it. Vaguely I knew there Ferrier. was life on the other side of great seas, and that New York, Beston, and had their being. My country, the always walked into the lodges without United States, had bought from Na- knocking, and I dwelt on this as one person Bonaparte a large western tract of my new accomplishments. called Louisiana, which belonged to France. A new state named Ohio was she answered. "Sophie Saint-Michel dian runner once or twice brought us, and the other to Castorland." from Albany, chronicled the doings of Paren Burr, Vice-President of the Chaumont said about holy Sophie, I United States, who had recently drawn inquired if she had been religious. much condemnation on himself by a

What is he like?" I inquired.

Doctor Chantry sniffed. sieces some fine day? I telt offended; for my instinct was to weld people together and hold them

'If I were a president or a king," I told him, "and men conspired to jects." break the state, instead of parleying I would hang them up like dogs." Would you?"

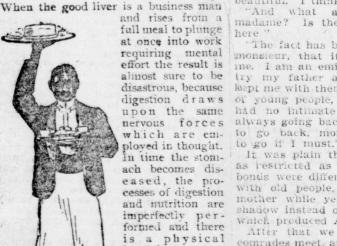
found himself, my master took no the kind of food I liked; Skenedonk trouble to learn its politics. But since and all my friends-but I scarcely history had rubbed against us in the knew them as persons until I awoke. person of Jerome Bonaparte, I wanted o know what the world was doing. | tion?" "Colonel Burr had a pleasant gentleman with him at the manor," Doctor Chantry added. "His name was Har-English stock, though having a wild night. lrish strain, which is deplorable."

The best days of that swift winter off snapping, and stood up reverently in our dining-room to read his church mother and father, my two brothers, and I sat beside them so constantly

needs a dark capping of hair, what- was inclined to press upon me.

GOOD LIVING

Ouite often results in bad health, because what is termed "good living" is usually the gratification of the palate without reference to the nutrition of the body.



imperfectly performed and there is a physical Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures

diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It which originates in the system as a con- of life.

sequence of imperfect digestion. It gives sound health to the whole body. "I wish to say to the world that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a great blessing to me," writes Mrs. Ellen E. Bacon, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to

blessing to me," writes Mrs. Ellen E. Bacon, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to September, 1897. I had doctored for my stomach trouble for several years, going through a course of treatment without any real benefit. In September, 1896, I had very sick spells and grew worse; could eat but little. I commenced in September, 1897, to take Dr. Pierce's medicine, and in a short time I could eat and work. I have gained twenty pounds in two months."

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A trick of the eyes, a sweet turning beauty. For light looks seem to fray the lashes were so dense that you noticed the curling rim they made around thing that will square our accounts." her gray eyes. Whether the gift of ocking to your core is beauty or not, I can only say she had it. And I could not be sworn what her features were; such life and expression played over

and changed them every moment. As to her figure, it was just in its roundness and suppleness, and had a lightness of carriage that I have never seen equaled. There was charm in looking at without approaching her that might have satisfied me indefinitely, if De Chaumont had not come

you going to do with it?"

De Chamont.'

told Doctor Chantry.

wiped his eyes, responding:

am going to teach our Indians."

Whether the spring or the return of

De Chaumont drove me out, I could

ne longer stay indoors, but rewed all

day long on the lake or trod the

counts. De Chaumont was in Madame

"These French have no hearts,"

"But they find the way to ours!"

lose myself from the uneasy pain

There may be people who look over the scheme of their lives with entire

complacence. Mine has been the out-

to furnish evidence that there is an-

other fate than the fate we make our-

selves. In that early day I felt the

unseen has tighten around me. I was

nothing but a young student of un-

known family, able to read and write,

change and build myself.

to talk a little English, with some

My master told me a few days later

that the count decreed Madame de

Ferrier must go back to France. He

intended to go with her and push her

claim; and his daughter and his

daughter's governess would bear them company. Doctor Chantry and I con-

templated each other, glaring in mut-

ual solemnity. His eyes were red and

watery, and the nose sharpened its

"As soon as arrangements for com-

fortable sailing can be made. I wish

I were going back to England. I shall

If I saved a hundred and twenty-

five years I could not go anywhere;

for I had nothing to save. The worth-

less world was mine. I could build a

shelter, and take food and clothes by

my strength and skill. My boat or my

strong legs carried me to all bound-

I did not know what ailed me, but

again to

sick, and

chased by these thoughts to the lake,

if to show me what I had thrown away

to haunt the cages of men, one of those strange sights which is some-

times seen in that region appeared up-

on the mountain. No one can tell who

lights the torch. A thread of fire ran

the sky, and stretched its reflection, a

of an island so densely overgrown,

You know the deadly consequences

if a house is badly drained. Only

a madman or a criminal would him-

self incur the risk, or subject others

to it, for one unnecessary minute.

But do you realize the danger of

a badly drained body? Are you aware that it poisons the blood, the

Constipation is Bad

Drainage

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CONSTIPATION

Twenty-five Adult Doses

25 Cents

very fountain of life?

A CONTRACT

glowing furnace, across the water.

up like an opening seam, broadened,

and threw out pink ravelings.

I determined not to go

De Chaumont's house. I

my mother woods opened

I can go, but the fund is started."

ome of such strange misfortunes as

which followed me everywhere.

You have more courage than

Ernestine herself made the first breach in that sacred reserve. The quickening woods. Before old Pierre ld woman met me in the hall, courtesied, and passed as usual. I turned behind the broad ribbons which hung down her back from cap to heels, and

"Oh, by the way, Ernestine, how is Madame de Ferrier: I was going to

And Ernestine courtesied again, and pened the door, standing aside for me Madame de Ferrier sat on a bear-

skin before the hearth with Paul, who climbed over her and gave her juicy There was a deep wood fire, kisses. upheld by very tall andirons having cups in their tops, which afterwards when I took to the frozen take and I learned were called posset cups. She saw those heights cround me. I look was laughing so that her white teeth was laughing so that her white teeth showed, and she made me welcome like a playmate; remaining on the rug, and bidding Ernestine set a chair for me near the fire. "It is very kind of you to spare me

some time, monsieur," said Madame de Ferrier. She aumonished Paul-'Don't choke your little mother.' I told her boldly that nothing but Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Or- the dread of disturbing her kept me leans were cities in which men moved from knocking every day. We had

"I am not studying night and day. the last added to the roll of common- and her mother were my teachers, wealths. Newspapers, which the In- and they are gone now, one to heaven

Remembering what Annabel de

"The Saint-Michels were better than religious; both mother and daughter "Aaron Burr was here once" said were eternally patient with the poor count, whose troubles unsettled his reason. They had no dear old Ernestine, and were reduced to the hardest labor. I was a little child when we What is even the President of a came to America, yet even then the federation like this certain to fall to spirit of the Saint-Michels seemed to

> "I wish I could remember when I was a little child." "Can you not recall anything?" "I have a dim knowledge of ob-

"What objects?"

"St. Regis Church, and my taking first communion; and the hunting, the Despising the country in which he woods and water, boats, snowshoes, "What is your first distinct recollec-

"Yes, yours, madame. I saw it above mon Blennerhassett, a man of good me when you came into the room at

She looked past me and said: "You have fortunately missed some were Sundays, when my master left of the most terrible events that ever happened in the world, monsieur. My service. Madame de Ferrier and Paul-Cousin Philipe and I, were in prison and Ernestine came from their apart-ment to join in the Protestant ritual, were taken, and we were left." I understood that she spoke of the

that the Catholic priest who arrived Terror, about which was eager to at Easter to dress up the souls of the know every then unwritten detail. household found me in a state of Doctor Chantry had told me many things. It fascinated me far more I have always thought a woman than ancient history, which my master

"How can you go back to France, day. That life was like a strange nightmare. Yet there was our chateau. Aont-Louis, two or three days' journey east from Paris. The park was so beautiful. I think of it, and of Paul.'

"And what about this country.

and rises from a madame? Is there nothing beautiful "The fact has been impressed on me, monsieur, that it does not belong to me. I am an emigre. In city or counalmost sure to be try my father and Counsin Philippe disastrous, because wept me with them. I have seen nothing digestion draws of young people, except at balls. We upon the same had no intimate friends. We were nervous forces always going back. I am still waiting to go back, monsieur-and refusing

> It was plain that her life had been as restricted as mine, though the bonds were different. She was herded with old people, made a wife and mother while yet a child, nursed in shadow instead of in the hot sunshine which produced Annabel de Chaumont. After that we met each other as comrades meet, and both of us changed like the face of nature, when the snow

went and warm winds came. This looking at her without really approaching was going on innocently when one day Count de Chaumont rode stomach and other up to the manor, his horse and his attendant servants and horses covered eliminates the effete poisonous matter with mud, filling the place with a rush

felt extremely welcome in this world. And though a man ought to be wel-come in his own house, especially when he has made it a comfortable refuge for outsiders, I met him with the secret resentment we bear an in-

He looked me over from head to foot with more interest than he had

ever before shown. We are getting on, we are getting Is it Doctor Chantry, or the little: madame, or the winter housing? Our white blood is very much in evidence. When Chief Williams comes back to the summer hunting he will not know

his bov." "The savage is inside yet, monsieur,"
I told him. "Scratch me and see." fast, having no appetite.

Perhaps in the bottom of my heart I expected somebody to be sent after me, bearing large inducements to return. We never can believe we are not valuable to our fellows. Pierre or Jean, or some other servants in the house, might perforce nose me out. I resolved to hide if such an envoy approached and to have speech with nobody. We are more or less ashamed of our secret wounds, and I was not going to have Pierre or Jean report that I sat sulking in the woods on an island.

It was very probable that De Chaumont's household gave itself no trouble about my disappearance. I sat on my hemlock floor until the gray of twilight and studied Latin, keeping my mind on the text; save when a squirrel ventured out and glided bushy trained and sinuous before me, or the marble birches with ebony limbs, drew thank you for taking me into your me to gloat on them. The white birch trait, may compel a preference in us that we cannot control; especially when we first notice these traits in a stead of hely binding a lovely countries. Madame de Ferrier's hair "He has learned gratitude for little favors! That is Madame de Ferrier's noon. Her poor cousin, the poplar, often so like her as to descive was of exactly the right color." instruct the eye, always grows near That's Doctor Chantry's work. He her like a protecting servant. The is full of benevolent intentions-and poor cousin rustles and fusses. But never empties himself. When you have my calm lady stands in perfect beauty

learned all your master knows, what among pines straight as candles, never tremulous, never trivia'. All alabaster and ebony, she glows from a distance; Good. You have a full day's work as, thinking of her, I saw another before you. Founding an estate in the figure glow through the loopholes of wilderness is nothing compared to the woods.

It was Madame de Ferrier.

VIII.

A leap of the heart shot through me and blurred my sight. The reality of Madame de Ferrier's coming to seek me surpassed all imaginings.

could get audience with his house ac-She walked with quick accustomed step, parting the second growth in her de Ferrier's rooms, inspecting the way, having tracked me from the boat. wafer blotched letter. He did not ap-Seeing my lodge in the ravine, she pear as depressed as he should have been by the death of his old friend. paused, her face changing as the lake changes; and caught her breath. stood exultant and ashamed down to the ground.

He took off his horn spectacles and "Monsieur, what are you doing ere " Madame de Ferrier cried out. "Living, madame," I responded. Slipping between islands in the "Living? Do you mean you have re water paths that wound as a meadow turned to your old habits? stream winds through land. I tried to

"I have returned to the woods, madame.

"You do not intend to stay here?" "Perhaps." "You must not do it!"

"What must I do?" "Come back to the house. You have given us much anxiety." I liked the word "us" until I remempered it included Count de Chaumont. "Why did you come out here and hide yourself?"

My conduct appeared contemptible. looked mutely at her. "What offended you?"

knowledge of history, geography, mathematics, and Latin. Strength and scope came by atoms. I did not know then as I know now that I am a slow "Nothing, madame. "Did you want Doctor Chantry to ame himself hobbling around in search grower, even when making gigantic of you, and the count to send people effort. An oak does not accumulate out in every direction?" rings with more deliberation than I 'No. madame.'

"What explanation will you make to "None, madame." I raised my head. "I may go out in the woods without asking leave of Count de Chaumont." "He says you have forsaken your books and gone back to be an Indian." I showed her the Latin book in my hand. She glanced slightly at it, and continued to make her gray eyes pass through my marrow.

Shifting like a culprit, I inquired: "How did you know I was here?" "Oh, it was not hard to find you shoulders. after I saw the boat. This island is not large.'

have to save twenty-five years before But who rowed you across the lake. madame "I came by myself, and nobody except Ernestine knows it. I can row a boat. I slipped through the tunnel, lessness of civilization rushed over me. When I was an Indian the bound-

"Madame, I am a great fool. I am not worth your venturing." "You are worth any danger I might encounter. But you should at least go

back for me." "I will do anything for you, madame. But why should I go back?you will not long be there.' "What does that matter? The important thing is that you should not

lapse again into the Indian.' "Is any life but the life of an Indian open to me, madame?" She struck her hands together with a scream. "Louis! Sire!"

Startled, I dropped the book and it

sprawled at her feet like the open

missal. She had returned so unexflame wavered, paled by daylight, but pectedly to the spirit of our first meetshielding itself with strong smoke, and ing. leaned from ledge to ledge. I saw "O, if you knew what you are! Durmighty pines, standing one moment | green, and the next, columns of fire. ing my whole life your name has been

until a mountain of fire stood against you would sometime come to your own. Believe in yourself!' I seemed almost to remember and Flecks of ash sifted on me in the perceive what I was—as you see in boat. I felt myself a part of it, as I mirage one inverted boat poised on felt myself a part of the many sunsets another, and are not quite sure, and another, and are not quite sure, and which had burned out on that lake. the strange thing is gone.

Before night I penetrated to the heart Perhaps I was less sure of the past because I was so sure of the present. even in spring when trees had no cur- A wisp of brown mist settling among tains, that you were lost as in a thou- the trees spread cloud behind her sand mile forest. I camped there in What I wanted was this woman, to a dry ravine, with hemiock boughs hide in the woods for my own. under and over me, and next day rolcould feed and clothe her, deck her led broken logs, and cut poles and with necklaces of garnets from the evergreens with my knife, to make a rocks, and wreaths of the delicate sand-wort flower. She said she would this medicine is Miss Jennie Beamer, their ages ranging from three to eight rather make Paul a woodchopper than of Boyle, Ont. Miss Beamer says: or ten years, there was an atmosphere a suppliant, taking the constitutional "Some years ago I became very ill, of cheerfulness which was felt as soon It was boyish, unmannerly conduct; but the world had broken to chaos a suppliant, taking the constitutional around me; and I set up the rough oath. I could make him a hunter and refuge with skill. Some books, my a fisherman. Game, bass, trout, pickfish line and knife, were always in the erel, grew for us in abundance. I saw boat with me, as well as a box of this vision with a single eye; it looked tinder. I could go to the shore, get a so possible! All the crude imaginings of youth colored the spring woods with vivid beauty. M- face betrayed me, and she spoke to me coldly.

"Is that your house, monsieur?" I said it was. 'And you slept there last night?" I can build a much better one."

'What did you have for dinner?" 'Nothing.' 'What did you have for breakfast?'

"Nothing." Evidenly the life I proposed to myself to offer her would not suit my

She took a lacquered box from the cover of her wrappings, and moved down the slope a few steps. "Come here to your mother and get your supper."

I felt tears rush to my eyes. sat down, spread a square of clean fringed linen upon the ground, and laid out crusty rounds of buttered bread that were fragrant in the springing fragrance of the woods, firm slices of cold meat, and a cunning pastry which instantly maddened me. was ashamed to be such a wolf. We sat with our forest table be-

tween us and ate together "I am hungry myself," she said. A glorified veil descended on the world. If evening had paused while that meal was in progress it would not have surprised me. There are half hours that dilate to the importance of centuries. But when she had encouraged me to eat everything to the last crumb, she shook the fringed napkin, that meal was in progress it would not

breakfast out of the water, and cook gathered up the lacquered box, and it myself. Yet all that day I kept my said she must be gone. "Monsieur, I have overstepped the bounds of behavior in coming after you. The case was too urgent for con-

sideration of myself. I must hurry back, for the count's people would not understand my secret errand through the tunnel. Will you show yourself at the house as soon as possible?" I told her humbly that I would.
"But let me put you in the boat,

madame." She shook her head. "You may follow, after I am out of sight. If you fail to follow"-she turned in the act of departing and looked me through. I told her I would not fail.

When Madame de Ferrier disappeared beyond the bushes I sat down and waited with my head between my hands, still seeing upon closed eyelids her figure, the scant frock drawn around it, her cap of dark hair under a hood, her face moving from change to change. And whether I sat a year or a minute, clouds had descended when I looked, as they often did in that lake gorge. So I waited no longer but followed her.

The fog was brown, and capped the evening like a solid dome, pressing down to the earth, and twisting smoke fashion around my feet. It threw sinuous arms in front of me as a thing itself; and when I reached my boat and pushed off on the water a vast mass received and enveloped me. More penetrating than its clamminess was the thought that Madame de Ferrier was out in it alone.

I tried one of the long calls we some times used in hunting. She might hear and understand that I was near to help her. But it was shouting against many walls. No effort pierced the muffling substance which rolled thickly against the lungs. Remembering it was possible to override smaller craft, I pulled with caution, and so bumped lightly against the boat that by lucky chance hovered in my track. "Is it you, madame?" I asked.

She hesitated. "Is it you, monsieur?"

"I think I am lost. There is no shore. The fog closed around me so soon. I was waiting for it to lift a

"It may not lift until morning, madame. Let me tie your boat to mine." "Do you know the way?" "There is no way. We shall have to feel for the shore. But Lake George is narrow, and I know it well."

"I want to keep near you." "Come into my boat, and let me tie the other one astern." She hesitated again, but decided,

'That would be best.' I drew the frail shells togetherthey seemed very frail above such depths—and helped her cross the edges. We were probably the only people on Lake George. Tinder lighted in one boat would scarcely shown us the other, though in the sky an oval moon began to make itself seen amidst rags of fog. The dense eclipse around us and the changing light overhead were very weird.

Madame de Ferrier's hands chilled mine, and she shook in her thin cape and hood. Our gaments were saturated. I felt moisture trickling down my hair and dropping on my should-

She was full of vital courage, resisting the deadly chill. This was not a summer fog, lightly to be traversed. It went dank through the bones. When I had helped her to a bench, remembering there was nothing dry to wrap around her, I slipped off my coat and forcibly added its thickness to her

"Do you think I will let you do that, monsieur? (To be continued.)

WASTING AWAY.

The Sad Condition of Many Young Girls.

Mothers Should be Very Careful When Their Daughters Complain of Headache, Fickle Appetite, Dizziness or Heart

Palpitation. Many mothers neglect the health of their growing daughters. Not wilfully, of course, but because they think the occasional headaches from which they suffer, fickleness of appetite and pale cheeks are the natural result of the merging of girlhood into womanhood. This is a serious mistake. There is no period in a girl's life when she needs more attention, and unless So the mass diverged, or ran together cherished by my family. We believed the little troubles are successfully treated, more serious ones-perhaps decline and consumption-are sure to follow. What every young girl needs at this period is a tonic medicine that will give her a rich, red blood, strong nerves, and bring her safely through a critical period in her life. For this purpose there is no other medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of girls throughout Canada owe their present health and happiness to this medicine, and thousands of others who are suffering would soon be strong if they would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Among the many young ladies who have proved the great worth of where there were sixteen children, and my friends feared I was going interrible headaches, my appetite was with incurable diseases and suffering poor and I grew very thin. I became at times more or less pain. A number so weak that I could hardly walk. I of the children were cripples, and all remained in this condition for several months, during which time I tried sev- beds; but not one unhappy or disconeral medicines, but none helped me in the least. Then my mother got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me. As I continued the use of the pills, the severe headaches left me; my appetite returned and I gained in weight. In thought of self. was soon enjoying perfect health, and have since continued to do so. I attribute this entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will be glad if some other weak and ailing girl will profit by my experi-Pale and sallow cheeks, dizziness,

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as one entered, notwithstanding to a decline; I was pale, suffered from fact that these children were afflicted in the ward were confined to their tented face was there among this little group. And why? Simply each mind was absorbed and intent upon something outside of itself,

> and occupation. There was little Hunane Swine V, Stack Marker and Caif Deborner. Stops awine of all ages from roothing. Marker 83 different ear marks, all sizes, with name blade. Extracts Hornes. Testimonials free. Price 81 50 or send \$1 for trial. 1ft works, sandbalance. Pat d U.S. May 6, 92 for 17 yrs. Canada Dec. 17.

in which it found pleasure, amusement

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