

"Turn to the Right."

"Well," he said, coming back from the door, to which he had conducted them, "what have you to tell me, my friend? She is not with you?"

"She is with Mademoiselle de la Vire at Meudon," I answered smiling. "And for the rest, she is well and in better spirits."

"She sent me some message?" he asked.

I shook my head. "She did not know I should see you," I answered.

"But she—she has spoken of me lately?" he continued, his face falling.

"I do not think she has named your name for a fortnight," I answered, laughing.

"There's for you! Why, man," I continued, adopting a different tone, and laying my hand on his shoulder in a manner which reassured him at least as to my sincerity.

"Are you so young a lover as to be ignorant that a woman says least of that of which she thinks most? Pluck up courage! Unless I am mistaken, you have little to be afraid of except the past. Only have patience."

"You think so?" he said gratefully.

I assured him that I had no doubt of it; and on that he fell into a reverie, and I to watching him. Alas for the littleness of our nature! He had received me with open arms, yet at sight of the happiness which looked upon the pettiest feeling which can harbor in a man's breast. I looked at him with eyes of envy, bitterly comparing my lot with that which fate had reserved for him. He had fortune, good looks, and success on his side, great relations and high hopes; I stood in instant jeopardy, my future dark, and every path which presented itself to me a path of pain. I knew not which to adopt. He was young, and I past my prime; he in favor, and I a fugitive.

To such reflections he put an end in a way which made me blush for my churlishness. For, suddenly awaking out of his pleasant dream, he asked me about myself and my fortunes, inquiring eagerly how I came to be in St. Cloud, and listening to the story of my adventures with a generous anxiety which endeared him to me more and more. When I had done—and by that time Simon had joined us, and was waiting at the lower end of the room—he pronounced that I must see the king.

"There is nothing else for it," he said.

"I have come to see him," I answered.

"Mon Dieu, yes!" he continued, rising from his seat and looking at me with a face of concern. "No one else can help you."

I nodded.

"Turenne has 4,000 men here. You can do nothing against so many?"

"Nothing," I said. The question is, Will the king protect me?"

"It is he or no one," M. d'Agon answered warmly. "You cannot see him to-night; he has a Council. To-morrow at daybreak you may. You must lie here to-night, and I will wait my fellows to watch, and I think you will be safe."

"I will wait my fellows to watch, and I think you will be safe," I said.

"If my uncle will help, can you think of anyone else who would speak for you?"

I considered, and was about to answer in the negative, when Simon, who had listened with a scorned face, suggested M. de Crillon.

"Yes, if he would," M. d'Agon exclaimed, looking at the lad with approbation. "He has weight with the king."

"I think he might," I replied slowly. "I had a curious encounter with him last night."

"And with that I told M. d'Agon of the duel I fought at the inn."

"Good!" he said, his eyes sparkling. "I wish I had been there to see. At any rate we will try him. Crillon fears no one, not even the king."

So it was settled. For that night I was to keep close in my friend's lodging, showing not even my nose at the window.

When he had gone on his errand, and I found myself alone in the room, I am fain to confess that I fell very low in my spirits. M. d'Agon's traveling equipment lay about the apartment, but failed to give any but an untidy air to its surroundings. The light was beginning to wane, the stars shone outside, the ringing of bells and the distant muttering of guns, with the tumult of sound which rose from the crowded street, seemed to toll of joyous life and freedom, and all the hopes and ambitions from which I was cut off.

Having no other employment, I watched the street, and keeping myself well retired from the window, saw knots of gay riders pass this way and that through the crowd, their corselets shining and their voices high. Monks and ladies, a cardinal and an ambassador, passed under my eyes—these and an endless procession of townsmen and beggars, soldiers and courtiers, Gascons, Normans and Picards. Never had I seen such a sight or so many people gathered together. It seemed as if half Paris had come out to make submission, so that while my gorge rose against my own imprisonment, the sight gradually diverted my mind from my private distresses, by bidding me find compensation for them in the speedy and glorious triumph of the cause.

Even when the light failed the pageant did not cease, but, torches and drums springing into life, turned night into day. From every side came sounds of revelry or strife. The crowd continued to perambulate the streets until a late hour, with cries of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive Navarre!"

While now and again the passage of a great noble with his suite called forth a fresh outburst of enthusiasm. Nothing seemed more certain, more inevitable, more clearly predestinated than that 24 hours must see the fall of Paris.

Yet Paris did not fall.

When M. d'Agon returned a little before midnight, he found me still sitting in the dark looking from the window. I heard him call roughly for lights, and appeared by the sound of his voice that something was wrong. I rose to meet him. He stood silent awhile, twirling his small mustaches, and then broke into a passionate tirade, from which I was not slow to gather that M. de Rambouillet declined to serve me.

"Well," I said, feeling for the young man's distress and embarrassment, "perhaps he is right."

"He says that word respecting you came this evening," my friend answered, his cheeks red with shame, "and that to countenance you after that would only be to court certain humiliation. I did not let him off too easily, I assure you." M. d'Agon continued, turning away to evade my gaze.

"But I got no satisfaction. He said you had his good-will, and that to help you he would risk something, but that to do so under these circumstances would be only to injure himself."

"There is still Crillon," I said, with as much cheerfulness as I could assume. "Pray Heaven he be there early! Did M. de Rambouillet say anything else?"

"That your only chance was to fly as quickly and secretly as possible."

"He thought my situation desperate, then?"

My friend nodded; and scarcely less depressed on my account than on his own, evinced so much feeling that it was all I could do to comfort him; which I succeeded in doing only when I diverted the

conversation to Madame de Brühl. We passed the short night together, sharing the same room and the same bed, and talking more than we slept, of madame and mademoiselle, the castle on the hill, and the camp in the woods, of all old days in fine, but little of the future. Soon after dawn Simon, who lay on a pallet across the threshold, roused me from a fitful sleep into which I had just fallen, and a few minutes later I stood up dressed and armed, ready to try the last chance left to me.

M. d'Agon had dressed stage for stage with me, and I had kept silence. But when he took up his cap, and showed clearly that he had it in his mind to go with me, I understood him. "No," I said, "you can do me little good, and may do yourself much harm."

"You shall not go without one friend," he cried fiercely.

"Tut, tut!" I said. "I shall have Simon."

But Simon, when I turned to speak to him, was gone. Few men are at their bravest in the early hours of the day, and it did not surprise me that the lad's courage had failed him. The defection only strengthened, however, the resolution I had formed that I would not injure M. d'Agon, though it was sometime before I could persuade him that I was in earnest, and would go alone or not at all.

In the end he had to content himself with lending me his back and breast, which I gladly put on, thinking it likely enough that I might be set upon before I reached the castle. And then, the time being about seven, I parted from him with many embraces and kindly words, and went into the street with my sword under my cloak.

(To be Continued.)

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Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Expect every man to do his duty, and with all your expectation expect to be disappointed.

Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

If time is money, why can't a man pay his barber with the time he spends waiting for his turn?

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Pickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Never joke the man who is always joking everybody else. There isn't anybody in the world more sensitive to ridicule.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

A Paris physician who lived to the age of 107 ascribed to his longevity to placing his bed so that it stood north and south, in the direction of the great magnetic currents.

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A bear weighing 300 pounds, with an old rusty 25-pound trap attached to one leg, was recently captured at Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

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SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

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The Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces so as to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph.

GENTLEMEN.—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Nutri- & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. JEAN VALCOURT, (Signed.) General Merchant.

Wotton, P.Q.

John Friend, baker and confectioner, has fresh pastry on hand every day. All sorts of cakes. Parties and balls supplied at reasonable rates. No. 117 Dundas street.

The new Fire Kindler is not a luxury but a necessity.

THE CIGARETTE TABOOED.

A National Association Formed That Will Prove Very Popular.

CHICAGO, June 11.—At a large gathering of the enemies of vice, and particularly of cigarettes, in this city yesterday afternoon steps were taken for an organized fight against the papery weed. As a result of the meeting the National Cigarette Association was formed, which is planned for a world-wide institution.

This organization is formed under the auspices of the National Missionary Evangelical Association, and steps will at once be taken to spread the new society all over the country. The officers of the association for the first year are: President, Mrs. E. V. Waite; vice-president, M. L. P. Cutting; secretary, Mrs. M. P. Patterson; national organizer and lecturer, Mrs. M. E. D. Gilmore.

An endorsement of the city council's boycott on smuggled cigarettes was voted down, with the protest appended that all cigarettes, smuggled or otherwise, are poisonous, and their manufacture should be suppressed.

An event in Ottawa.

Baby Flora's Case Causes Much Talk and Surprise.

THE MOTHER MAKES A POSITIVE DECLARATION.

The following case, while it is in many ways wonderful and remarkable, does not furnish the quality of news that the gossip mongers and sensational readers look for.

The event is recorded for the special benefit of mothers who have babies to care for.

Baby Flora is now 6 months old, and belongs to a well-to-do family universally respected in the gay capital. For many weeks the child was not expected to live; medicine seemed to aggravate the case, and made the little one weaker.

The anxious mother was informed one day that possibly Flora's diet had much to do with her sickness; the lady who made this suggestion at the same time recommended a trial of Lactated Food, which she had used herself with grand results for her babies.

A change in baby Flora's diet was immediately made, and in a few days a happy change was observed. The eyes became brighter, the weak stomach could retain and digest some nourishment, and sweet sleep seemed to give new strength.

All medicines were discarded, and the Lactated Food was regularly given. In five weeks time baby Flora was happy, healthy child, bright and cheerful, and a joy to every member of the family.

To-day, Flora's mother declares positively that Lactated Food saved her baby's life; she is enthusiastic in its praise, and recommends it to all her friends who have babies.

Mothers who have weak, frail and sickly babies, should derive comfort and hope after reading of little Flora's case. Lactated Food certainly "Saves Babies' Lives."

Dividend for Fall Stockholders.

CHICAGO, June 11.—A 10 per cent dividend on stock of the World's Columbian Exposition was distributed Saturday, representing about \$800,000. Of this amount between \$600,000 and \$700,000 went to individual holders of stock and the remainder to the city of Chicago. A final dividend of 2 per cent may also be declared. There are a large number of claims pending against the exposition, and also some claims in favor of the exposition against concessionaires and others.

If you must draw the line at Lard

and have, like thousands of other people, to avoid all food prepared with it, this is to remind you that there is a clean, delicate and healthful vegetable shortening, which can be used in its place. If you will

USE COTTOLINE

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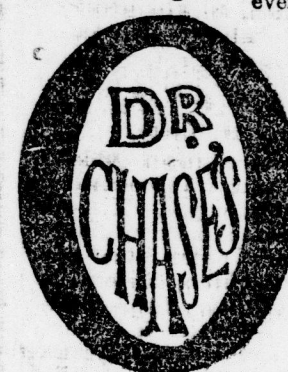
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PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

REFERENCES.

Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Kitto. Hamilton—R. G. Deane, King City—Wm. Walker, & Co., Bellville—R. Templeton, druggist, Tottenham—James Scanlon, J. Reid, Barrie—H. E. Garden.

The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggists. Price 60 Cents.

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