

A Pair of Boots.

It was in the fall of the year that Gill de Jars quarrelled with his elder brother Tanneguy, and now it was March, months enough for a man's garments to fall into serious disrepair. That truth came home to Gill with irrefutable conviction one raw morning, when he perceived he had worn through the serviceable knee of his breeches...

very like, when you come to storm Helfenheim I may do somewhat to get me a commission and good hire. How long are the town fall, Eric, do you know?" "Northward at Konigsdorf, General Horn hath drawn the lines close."

horse pitched over, and Gill, hot with triumph, rode down upon him. The whirling crack of a bullet and a railing pain along his cheek stayed him the least instant, time enough for the Imperialist to spring to his feet, sword in hand, and before Gill could get a blow with his own rapier, deliver an ugly thrust at the black horse, flinging clear, Gill landed on his feet and struck out at his opponent, thrust, parry, and then, breaking through the other's guard by a sheer rush, he struck him beneath the ribs.

burst out, exasperated beyond endurance by the fool's slow stare. "I don't so sure that," the man repeated. The provost gave a fat snort of disapproval. "Get hence, thou moon-calf! It's a blessing we've sure ways to work than the testimony of such as thou. You now, Captain von Mandersberg, say you took this fellow on the Ausbeck road. And 'tis a bullet hath cut the skin on his cheek there, and Lieutenant Kempen reported he did fire on the man he met. Yes, 'tis proof enough you, Georg, Anton and the rest search the prison."

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manifestly guilty, and, anyway, one knave alive or dead made little difference to the captain persisted. Gill, sufficiently recovered to pull himself up on one elbow, explained to him the lay of the land, the position of man, boots and horses. "You'll find all as I say," he repeated. "You may tear me to pieces else when you come back. Only while you are gone, captain, ask them to leave me in peace, he pleaded."

as if he were his personal property. "All's in order, sir," one of the two soldiers in the cart addressed the sergeant in businesslike fashion. "Stay a bit," the latter answered. "Yonder cometh his Excellency himself." Gill scarcely heeded. He was standing with his chin high and his unseeing eyes fixed on the mass of the western gate that stood out black against the sunset. He saw neither it nor thought of it, for his mind had darted back to something that had befallen in his boyhood in far-off Dauphiny. A mongrel dog he had owned, a cur that worried sheep. One day it disappeared, and afterward Gill had found it hanging to a tree with its tongue thrust forth from its mouth. Would he be like that after he was hanged? His lips quivered and the roots of his tongue twitched at the thought.

RUSKIN CONDEMS THE WHEEL.

A cyclist applied for John Ruskin's opinion of the wheel, and got it. Eighty wisdom-bringing years have not cooled his temper nor weakened his language. "I am prepared," he writes, "to spend all my best 'bad language' in reproband of it, and I, G. S., or 7-cycles and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap, and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels, nor dangle on ropes. Nothing in the training of the human mind with the body will ever supersede the appointed God's way of walking."