

THE OLD HOMESTEAD GONE.

One more old landmark gone, forever gone! One dear familiar scene erased from earth To leave behind a scar. One less to greet Old Hadley's loyal sons who homeward turn...

moved on slowly, madame refusing to ride, but walking by my side, and supporting my burning head.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHATEAU DE LA BIDACHE.

Months had passed since I shook hands with death in the cornfield by the banks of the Oise, and the grass was tall and green on the mounds around La Fere, which marked the graves of those who fought and died there.



THE CHEVALIER DAURIAE. (Copyright, 1897, by Longmans, Green & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Auriae, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by the King of Rome to examine into a charge made against him...

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

I was learning the lesson that love comes on a man like a thief in the night, and, unconsciously to myself, madame had climbed on a pinnacle in my heart, and the thought that I had deceived myself in my estimate of her moved me to sudden anger...

Chapter II—D'Auriae next morning takes his place as usual on de Rome's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry has nearly routed de Rome's forces, d'Auriae, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded.

Chapter IV—The king takes so great an interest in you that he has charged me with a message to you. His majesty bids me say, "and his head-like eyes twinkled down on me from his painted cheeks, and then turned slyly towards madame."

I was about to make some answer, when he continued, talking as if his words were meant for madame as well: "His majesty trusts you will soon be recovered and relieve Mme. de la Bidache from the strain of watching you, and begs me to add that he is of a temper that can brook no rival in war—or love. Let me say, on my own account, that I would be well if M. le Chevalier would take a change of air."

I looked from one to another in blank amazement. At the little ape with his cruel eyes, and at madame, who was still as a stone. Then she colored to her eyelids, her hands fell clenched to her sides and she turned on d'Ayen. "Such a message, monsieur, should not have been delivered before me. I will take care that M. d'Auriae has a change of air; and, monsieur, your presence oppresses me. I beg you will not trouble to escort me farther."

Then she turned from us and passed down the ward, but d'Ayen remained. "I will kill you for this," I gasped. He looked at me with a shrug of his lean shoulders. "Perhaps—I am old. But you would do well to take my advice, monsieur," and with a bow he, too, turned and went.

I was left lost in wonder, utterly in the dark as to what this all meant, but determined to find out and bring d'Ayen to book at the first chance. I made up my mind to ask the next day. The next day came, but madame did not, and then another and yet another day of dreariness passed. At last some one told me she had gone with the court to Nantes, and that I would see her no more. Later on, when Marescot came to me, I begged the favor of his getting me the knot of ribbon he would find in the left hand breast pocket of the doublet I wore on the day I was brought into the hospital.

"You are getting well," he said, and turned away, but came back in a little while with a wrinkled smile on his lips. "I cannot find the cordial you want, chevalier."

I had half raised my head in expectancy as he returned, but sank back again at his words, and Marescot went on in his low voice, that sounded like the humming of a bee: "M. le Chevalier, that bow of ribbon has gone away, so high up that a taller man than you could not reach it—forget it. But I have news for you, which the clumsy fool who told you of madame's departure should have given you—you are to go to Bidache shortly, and stay there until you are well again. It will not be for long. After that try the tonic of the

Italian war—France will be all plowshares, now that the king is king."

"I caught him by the sleeve. "Tell me," I said, weakly, "who is madame, where is Bidache?"

"Madame is Claude de Rochemars, widow of Antoine de la Tremouille, and heiress of Bidache, Pelouse and a quarter of the Cevennes-Bidache. Where you go is her chateau in Normandy. Madame," he went on, with a ghost of a smile on his thin lips, "is kindness herself. Now, no more talk for to-day." Then he went and I lay back, as sore in mind as in body.

In a day or so madame's steward of Bidache arrived, bearing a letter from her, in which she placed her Norman chateau at my disposal until I was well again. They moved me here by easy stages, carrying me in a litter, as I was too weak to ride, and when I came to Bidache, and was borne to my apartments, imagine my joy and surprise at seeing there my knave Jacques, whom I thought to be either dead or home again at Auriae, and not only Jacques, but hanging on the wall my own sword, and the sight of it was like meeting a tried friend. Later on Jacques informed me that after the rout he had made the best of his way back to the old rock and stayed there, hoping for news of me. At last it came, with orders for him to hurry to Bidache, and he did so, bearing with him such things as he thought I needed, as well as a hundred pistols of rents. As for the sword, it had been given to him on his arrival by madame's orders to keep for me. I had come to a low ebb by this, and the money was trebly welcome, as it would furnish me with a couple of horses, and leave a round sum besides when I left Bidache, which I meant to do as soon as ever I was fit to travel. And now the time had come for me to depart, and I was to start that evening. For 40 crowns Jacques had picked up a couple of stout cobs at Evreux, and we meant to leave an hour or so before sundown and make for Paris, where, if the king would accept an old leaguer's sword, he would stay—if not, the world was wide. I was as far as ever from understanding the strange message that M. d'Ayen had delivered to me, and felt myself safe in going to Paris, as a general amnesty covered all our sins of rebellion—so they were called now.

So absorbed was I in these thoughts that I did not mark the rapid approach of a horseman, nor indeed was I aware of his presence until, when within a few yards from me, he reined in his plunging beast, whose bit and neck were

white with foam, and lifting his hat respectfully, inquired if I was the Chevalier d'Auriae, and on my reply exclaimed: "Madame will be overjoyed. We heard that you had already left Bidache, and my lady arrives within the hour from Evreux—pardon, monsieur, I go to give the news to the household," and saluting again the lackey dashed onwards toward the chateau.

So I would meet her within the hour. Half unconsciously I glanced down to see if my doublet set aright and my points were tied. Then I thought I would go back to the house and meet her there, and, as I did this I looked at the fall of the plumes in my hat, and finally laughed aloud at myself for a coxcomb, took my hat in both hands and marched onwards toward the gates. The porter had already been warned, and on my coming I found him there and a crowd of yokels, all in a state of high excitement. "It is three years since madame was here, monsieur," the honest fellow exclaimed to me as I came up, "three years, and now she comes without a word of warning—hola! There they are, and there is madame on the jennet she purchased from M. le Duc de Sully—he was but the Sieur de Rosny then—hola! Hola!"

The crowd joined with him in his cheers, although as yet the party was far off—not so far, however, that I could not easily make out the graceful figure on the jennet, and in the two riders who accompanied madame, apart from the half dozen servants behind, I recognized to my surprise d'Ayen, and guessed that the gray beard in the tall crowned broad-brimmed hat, with the sad-colored cloak over his shoulders, was no other than the old Huguenot, whose zeal had outrun his discretion, on the night when I saved madame from a great peril.

This guess of mine I hazarded aloud to the gatekeeper, who replied: "Yes, M. le Chevalier, that is Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, and he was also chaplain to M. le Comte before he died."

"When was it that M. le Comte died?" "Let me see, monsieur—ah, yes—four years ago, in Paris, at the time of the plague. He was a great lord, as you may know, and brother of the duke, who they say has quarreled with the king because of his conversion, and of Mme. Charlotte, the princess of Conde, who lives in the Rue Grenille."

As madame lifted her head our eyes met, and, raising my hat, I advanced

towards her, the people giving way respectfully. My ears were buzzing, and I was as shy and nervous as a school-boy, as I bowed over her gloved hand and touched it with my lips.

"Let me welcome you back to health, chevalier," she said, "and say how glad I am to be able, even for a short while, to do the honors of my poor house in person to you. News came to us that you had already left Bidache—without even a word to me," her voice dropped a little as she said this, but the tone was cool and friendly, nothing more.

"I go to-night, madame." "So soon? But I understand why, and will not press you to stay—here is one who, like myself, has longed for an opportunity to thank you in person. Mon pere," and she turned to the Huguenot priest, "this is our friend to whom we owe so much."

"In the service of the Lord one would willingly lay down life," said Palin, as he shook me warmly by the hand, "nevertheless a few hours more of the world for an old man is a grace not to be despised, and I thank the instrument that has bestowed this benefit upon me."

D'Ayen, between whom and myself there had passed no greeting, now spoke in a voice that fairly trembled with anger.

"I was not aware that I should have the pleasure of meeting you here, M. le Chevalier. It will surprise the king," he added, in a lower tone to madame.

I made no answer, but the memory of his warning and my determination to settle with him came up in full force. Madame, however, spoke.

"M. d'Ayen, when, by the order of the king, you were directed to escort me to Bidache, there was nothing said about your right to dictate to me who shall be my guests. Remember, monsieur, that your company is forced upon me, and let me add that you are a trifle too paternal."

D'Ayen paled under his rouge, and, muttering something, remained back a pace.

Madame signaled a lackey to dismount and offer me his beast.

"I cannot allow you to walk, and we will reach the house quicker in this way, besides I want to hear all your news. My friends," and she turned to the people, "come to Bidache; it is long since we have met, and I would have you there to make merry as of old—come, chevalier."

In the cheers which followed, she touched her horse lightly on the shoulder with her whip and galloped on, Palin and I on either hand, and the suits behind. In a little she slackened pace, saying with a laugh: "We are going too fast to talk, chevalier, and I am a woman, you know, and must hear my own voice if nothing else—so you are quite well and strong again."

"I am, madame, thanks to your kindness, which Alban de Breuil can never forget."

Her color deepened slightly. "It is the other way, chevalier, the debt is on my side."

"I have done nothing—and the repayment was too much."

"I am sorry you think so," looking straight between her horse's ears.

"I did not mean that—I have already said I can never requite your kindness, and if madame ever needs a stout arm and a good sword, it is my hope she will call on that of Auriae."

"Perhaps I may some day," she answered, "for the blood of my fathers runs strong in me."

TOYS OF THE POOR.

Herein is a Pathetic Little Contrast Between Two Children and Their Play.

Behind the grated gate of a large garden, at the end of which appeared the whiteness of a country house splendid in the sun, a handsome child was standing, dressed with coquettish simplicity.

Luxury, freedom from care, the habitual sight of wealth, gives such beauty to these children that you would believe them to be made of other clay than that which forms the children of moderate circumstances or poverty.

By his side on the grass was a costly plaything, as spick and span as its owner; varnished, gilded, clothed in a purple robe, covered with plumes and glass beads. But the child paid no attention to his favorite plaything. This is what he was looking at:

On the other side of the gate, in the road, among thistles and nettles, there was another tot, dirty, pitiful, face smeared with soot, a pariah child. An impartial eye would discover his beauty if, as the eye of a connoisseur divines an ideal picture under a coating of coach varnish, he should clean it of the disgusting oxidation of extreme poverty and neglect.

Through the symbolical barrier separating two worlds, the open road and the country house, the poor child showed to the rich child his own plaything, which the latter examined greedily as a rare and unknown thing. Now, this toy, which the dirty urchin teased, shook about and poked at in a wire box, was a live rat. The parents, through economy, no doubt, had taken this plaything from life itself.

And the two children laughed in brotherly fashion, and their teeth were of an equal whiteness.—Boston Journal.

According to Orders.

Friends of the condemned secured a writ of suspension at the last moment, and the western sheriff was hurriedly telegraphed: "Suspend." The next day the prisoner's counsel arrived. "Where is the prisoner?" he asked.

"Over at the undertaker's," replied the sheriff. "I suspended him according to orders."—Philadelphia North American.

Heroic Treatment.

Patient—What remedy would you advise for sleep walking, doctor?

Dr. Bluff—Amputation of the feet sir.—N. Y. World.

KNEW HE DID WRONG.

Ex-Cashier Steele Justifies About the Affairs of the Chestnut Street National Bank.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10.—The government rested its case yesterday in the trial of William Steele, cashier of the wrecked Chestnut Street national bank, charged with conspiracy with President Singlerly in the misapplication of the funds of the institution and making false reports of the bank's condition to the comptroller of the currency. Before closing the case the prosecution examined several witnesses, among them three of the bank's directors. These directors admitted that they had never made personal examination of the bank's affairs. They had at times been informed that President Singlerly had overdrawn his account, but they had every confidence in the president's financial ability to settle in full.

Cashier Steele's testimony in general was an admission that he knew all the time of the condition of the bank and excessive loans being made to Singlerly. He said this condition was known by the directors and also by the officials in Washington. His testimony with regard to the officials at Washington was ruled out. Mr. Steele laid particular stress upon the fact that he never benefited in any way whatever by the manipulation of the bank's funds by Mr. Singlerly, and that he never attempted or intended to withhold the true condition of the bank from the directors and the officials at Washington. He admitted that he knew it was illegal to make such excessive loans as were made to Singlerly. The defense closed its case and District Attorney Beck made his first address to the jury, in which he withdrew one of the counts in the indictment, that of personal misapplication of funds.

A PAIR OF WRECKS.

Series of Fatalities on a Railroad in Elk County, Pa.

Dubois, Pa., Dec. 10.—Three persons killed, three wounded, and the mother of one victim dying of the shock caused by her son's death, is the result of two wrecks on the Clarion River railroad near Portland Mills, in Elk county. A train loaded with pulp wood was being hauled down the steep grade near Portland Mills and the rear end was left on top of the hill, owing to the slippery tracks. While the front end was descending, the rear of the train became unmanageable and dashed down the hill, crashing into the front section. Both sections were wrecked and brakeman Thomas Broshelman, on the front section, was killed. An engine with a crew of five men was ordered back to clear up the wreck.

The work was completed and while the train was returning the engine jumped the track and rolled over an embankment. Of the crew on board at the time the engineer, Harry Carman, was fatally injured and died a few minutes after being extricated. Foreman Daniel Myers was rescued and has since died and three brakemen, Sowers, Cassid, and McKnight, were all badly injured. When Carman's invalid mother was acquainted of her son's death, she lapsed into unconsciousness and her death is momentarily expected.

POWDER MILLS EXPLODE

Three Men Killed and Eight Injured—Three of the Latter May Die.

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 10.—Three men were killed and eight injured, three of them probably fatally, by the explosion of a press mill and four grinding mills in the Dupont powder works yesterday. The dead are: Robert Melhenny, 45 years old, married, leaves widow and four children. John Wright, 50 years old, married. John Moore, 40 years old, married, leaves widow and five children.

Immediately after the explosion every Wilmington physician who could be communicated with was summoned to the scene of the explosion, to render aid to the wounded. The explosion occurred in the press room of the Hagley works. A car load of powder that was being wheeled into the room was accidentally overturned and the powder caused a friction that set the powder afire. The explosions quickly followed, all the powder that was in the press room going off in five successive detonations.

Boers Defeated by Tribesmen.

London, Dec. 10.—The Cape Town correspondent of the Mail says the campaign instituted by the Boer government against Chief McPefu, of the Magatos tribe, proved a complete fiasco. The chief outmaneuvered the Boers and is now in a splendidly fortified mountain stronghold where he has assembled a large army. Gen. Jonbert, the commander of the Boer expedition sent against the chief, is returning to Pretoria. The Boers have been guilty of wholesale butchery of women, children and unarmed natives.

Murderer Captured.

Liberty, Mo., Dec. 10.—Ernest Clevering, who murdered Henry Allen and fatally wounded his cousin, Della Clevering in a church near Missouri City Thursday night, was lodged in jail here Friday. A posse of farmers captured the murderer at the house of his grandfather. Clevering has a gun shot wound on his head and admits he tried to suicide after his escape from the church.

Blow a Car from the Track.

Salt Lake, Utah, Dec. 10.—This section was visited by a severe wind storm Thursday night which did considerable damage. Between this city and Ogden a loaded freight car on the Oregon Short Line was blown from the track while the train was in motion.

Sixty Died on the Voyage.

Barcelona, Dec. 10.—The Spanish steamer Buenos Ayres, from Manila, arrived here Friday with repatriated Spanish troops on board. There were 60 deaths on the steamer while on her voyage from the Philippines to Spain.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Houser's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU, President.

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