

WAVE PRINTS.

Where ocean-seeking rivers gently glide, To join the spreading harbor's restless flow.

While flashing gems of living sunlight glow, And ever onward laughing bubbles ride;

Behold far, far beneath the shifting tide, Clear ripple-marks the stainless sands show.

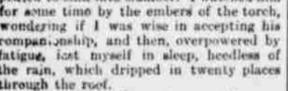
A record fair, traces faintly below, Of waves that toss and break and then subside.

So when the fitful waves of fortune break Upon the bosom of life's restless sea,

As cloud drift melts to blue without a sign, Deep written on the heart's pure scroll they make

A record plain, whose lights and shadows gleam, Eels' chilling fate, or love's warm glow divide.

—Arthur Howard Hall, in N. Y. Observer.



THE HONOUR OF SAVELLY. S. LORRY, ILLUSTRATOR.

[Copyright, 1915, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

We sat in silence for some minutes, each absorbed in his own thoughts.

The heat from the fire had warmed the hut so that the blue steam began to rise from my damp clothes.

My companion, who was not mixed up in the altercation, joined me silently, and we followed in the direction taken by the troopers.

The foragers, who, owing to the warmth of the weather, had removed their breast-plates, which were slung to their saddles,

were going at a walking pace; and it was amusing to see how the mere sight of their presence cleared the streets.

Noting, however, that they did not appear to be bent on a journey, we did not think it necessary to go out of our course, or delay our departure until they left the town.

As we walked fast and they went slowly, by the time they had reached the main square, we were not more than a dozen yards behind them.

intention to halt there more than an hour or so, which I, hoping that I would have better luck than at Lucine, intended to spend in trying to hire an animal of some kind to ride.

We stopped at the Bell Inn, near the gate, and after a deal of bargaining, which consumed a good hour, the landlord agreed to hire me his mule for two crowns.

The mule was led away amidst the lamentations of mine host, who saw his put out of pocket by a gallon or so of wine, which the troopers consumed, doubtless in honor of the prize they had taken, neglecting in the true fashion of the companies grandees to pay for it.

It was a fit lesson to the landlord, for had he not, in his enmity, hagglled for an hour over the hire of the animal, he might have been richer by two crowns and still owned his mule.

Thus it is that avarice finds its own punishment. On going off, the leader of the troop, a man whom I knew by sight and by reputation as a swashbuckler, if ever there was one, made me a mock salute, saying, in allusion to my quietness in surrendering my claim to the mule: "Adieu, Messer Feather-Cap—may your courage grow as long as your sword."

This taunt I swallowed ruefully, and immediately set about my departure. My companion, who was not mixed up in the altercation, joined me silently, and we followed in the direction taken by the troopers, pursued by the maledictions of the innkeeper, who vented his spleen on us as the indirect cause of his misfortune.

The foragers, who, owing to the warmth of the weather, had removed their breast-plates, which were slung to their saddles, were going at a walking pace; and it was amusing to see how the mere sight of their presence cleared the streets.

Noting, however, that they did not appear to be bent on a journey, we did not think it necessary to go out of our course, or delay our departure until they left the town.

As we walked fast and they went slowly, by the time they had reached the main square, we were not more than a dozen yards behind them.

At this moment we noticed the figure of a woman, apparently blind, for she was guided by a little dog attached to a string. The poor creature was crossing the pavement almost in front of the leader of the troop, and as she was right in the path of the troopers, we attempted to warn her by shouting, and she stopped irresolutely, hardly knowing which way to turn.

The troop leader, without making any effort to avoid her, rode on in a pitiless manner, and she was flung senseless to the ground. In this her hood fell back, uncovering her face, and my companion, suddenly uttering a loud cry, ran forward, and, seizing her in his arms, began to address her with every term of endearment, in the manner of a father to his child.

The troopers halted—discipline it will be observed was not great—and one of them with rough sympathy called to my friend to bear the girl, for so she looked, to the fountain, at the same time that their commander gave a loud order to go on, and to leave off looking at a fool and a beggar.

I had, however, made up my mind that there was a little work for me, and, drawing my sword, stepped up to the swashbuckler's horse, and asked for a five-minute's interview there and then.

He burst into a loud laugh. "Corpo di Bacco! Here is Messer Feather-Cap with his courage grown. Here, two of you bind him to the mule."

But the men with him were in no mood to obey, and one of them openly said: "It is always thus with the ancient Brico." "Do you intend to give me the pleasure I seek," I asked, "or has the ancient Brico taken off his heart with his corsivet?"

CHAPTER V. D'ENTRANQUES SCORES A POINT.

Before I had gone fifty paces, however, I became aware that there was some law left in Monteverchi, for a warning cry made me look over my shoulder, and I saw a party of the city guards, who had discreetly kept out of the way when Brico and I crossed swords, hurrying towards me.

The same glance, however, showed me that the ancient was already in their hands and was being dragged along with little regard to his comfort; and I felt sure that now, as the troop was gone, the citizens would wreak their vengeance on this hen-roost robber, and he would be lucky if he escaped with life.

As for me, the catpols being out, they no doubt reasoned that they might as well net me. To stop and resist would only result in my being ultimately overpowered, and perhaps imprisoned; to yield over to the other side, just as the police reached, and, in the shake of a drake's tail, I resolved to run, and to trust for escape to my turn for speed.

So I set off at my roughest pace, followed by the posse, and the rabble who but a moment before were cheering me. More than once I felt inclined to turn, and end the matter for myself; but the risk of setting my back to the wall, and my best effort a hundred feet of what looked like the face of a rock, before I could reach level ground.

There was not even a goal track. My agility was, however, spurred on by hearing shouts behind me, and preferring to risk death in attempting the descent rather than fall into the hands of messer the podesta, I chanced the venture, and, partly by holding on to the tough broom roots, partly slipping, and aided by Providence and Our Lady of San Spirito, to whom I hurriedly cast up a prayer, I managed to reach the bottom, and fell, exhausted and breathless, into a cistern hedge.

I was too beaten to go another yard, and, had my pursuers only followed up, must have become an easy prey. As it was I heard them reach the breach, where they came to a stop, all shouting and babbling at the same time. One or two, bolder than the others, attempted to descend the ledge of rock, down which I escaped, but its steepness damped their courage.

They, however, succeeded in loosening some of the debris so that it fell over the cliff, and a few of the stones dropped very close to me; but by good hap I escaped, or else this never would have been written. One great block, indeed, just passed over my head, and I vowed an altar-piece to Our Lady of San Spirito, who alone could have diverted that which was coming straight to my destruction; and I may add I duly kept my word.

After a time the voices above began to grow fainter, and to my delight I found that the citizens, thinking it impossible I should have escaped like a lizard amongst the rocks, were harking back, and ranging to the right and left. I waited until all sound died away, and cautiously peeped out. The coast was clear. I had recovered my wind, and, without more waste of time, I rose and pressed on in the direction of the hills, determined to chance no further adventures near the town.

In fact, I crested more incident in the past few hours than into the previous five-and-thirty years of my life, and my sole object, at present, was to reach Florence without further let or hindrance. Keeping the vineyards between me and the town, I avoided all observation, and, at a small wayside inn, filled a wallet which I purchased with food and a bottle of the rough country wine, so that there might be no necessity for my visiting a human habitation during the remainder of my journey.

With the wallet swung over my shoulder, an hour or so later I was ascending the slopes of Mount St. Michele, cursing the fallen pine needles, which made my foothold so slippery that I slid rather than walked. It was late in the evening before I halted and ate my dinner under an overhanging rock, sheltered from the north wind by a clump of pines. When I finished I rolled myself up in my cloak, and, fatigue, together with a good conscience, caused me to sleep as soundly as I could wish; but I was up before the sun and continued my way, determined to reach Florence by evening. I took no particular notice of the view, where I could see to my right the Prato Magno, and to my left all the valleys of the Greve; but kept my eyes before me, intent on my thoughts.

At length, when passing Impruneta, where the Black Virgin is, Florence came in sight. There was a slight haze which prevented me from seeing as clearly as I could wish; but I plainly made out the houses on the banks of the Arno, Arnolfo's tower, the palace of the Signory, the cathedral, the Bargello, and the unfinished Pitti palace, whilst beyond rose the convent-topped hill of Sanario, where the Servites have their monastery.

As I looked there was little of admiration in my heart, although the scene was fair enough; but I could give no mind to anything save the fact that I was at last within measurable distance of D'Entranques, and that in a few hours my hand was like to be at his throat.

With these thoughts there somehow mingled up the face of madame, and the scene of our last meeting. I put this aside, however, with a strong hand, and determined to think no more of her, although no such recollection could be anything but pleasant and sweet. Until I met her I had managed well enough without womankind, and for the future I would have bright eyes alone. Yet I knew I was the better man for holding the privilege of her friendship. However, she had passed out of my life, and across the seas I would have other things to think of than the memory of my platonic friendship with Doris D'Entranques.

It was close upon sunset when I entered the San Piero gate, and found myself in Florence, and in a difficulty at the same time, in consequence of my wearing a sword. I luckily, however, remembered that La Palisse, the French leader, was then in the city, and explaining that I was from the army at Arezzo with a message to him, inquired particularly his abode, which I was told was in the palace of the exiled Medici in the Via Larga. It so happened that La Palisse was in constant communication with Tremouille, and this and my confident bearing imposed upon the guards. I supplemented my argument with a couple of crowns, and they let me pass without further delay. It will thus be seen that whatever the regulations may have been, they were easily broken. Indeed I found later on

that they were, even at that time, a dead letter, and that the zeal of the guards was merely inspired by the prospect of making something out of me, which they did on this occasion. I knew Florence very well, having been there under circumstances very different to the present; but as I hurried along the crowded streets, I began to feel I was somewhat uncertain as to whether the roads led. I judged it prudent, however, not to make inquiries, but kept my eyes on the sharp lookout for a hostel suitable to my purse, which was diminishing at a fearful rate. I stopped for a while at a street stall to satisfy my hunger with a cake of wheat and a glass of milk, a wholesome, but unpalatable beverage, and entered into conversation with the stall-keeper. It came out that I was in a difficulty about a lodging, and the man promptly told me where one could be procured, and added to his kindness, seeing I was apparently a stranger to the place, by directing his son, a small bare-legged urchin, to guide me to the house, which, he said, was an old palace on the Albizzi, that had passed into the hands of the banker Nobili, and was rented out in tenements.

Heaven only knows through what by-lanes and alleys the imp led me, chattering like an ape the whilst; but at last we reached the house which lay in the street di Pucci. An arrangement was soon entered into with the person in charge, and I paid in advance for two weeks. The smallest asked for the room I took. I selected the room, because there was in it some furniture, such as a bed, a table and a couple of chairs, which, I was informed with some emphasis, had been seized from the last tenant in default of rent. I sent the boy away rejoicing, and was surprised to find the housekeeper did not depart as well; but this worthy soon made it clear to me that a further payment was requisite on account of the furniture. I was too tired to haggle, so paid him the three broad pieces he wanted and bid him get me some candles. He returned after a little delay with what I needed, and I may say at once that under a rough exterior I found this man, with all his faults, was capable on occasions of displaying true kindness of heart.

I would like to pay him this tribute, for subsequently, as will be seen, we had a grave difference of opinion which ended in disaster for him. At the time this happened I could not but condemn him strongly, for in order to further a plot in which he was engaged, he tried to induce me to crime, and when, by a happy chance, I was able to frustrate his design, joined in an attempt to murder me. I fully believe, however, now that I look back on affairs coolly, that, in common with others of his age, he thought it no wrong to adopt any means to further a political plot, whilst in the everyday observance of life he displayed, in an underhand manner, much virtue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY ONE MAN.

The Pathetic Scene Which Followed the News of a Splendid Victory.

The following touching sketch is written by Kate Whiting Patch, author of "Middleway."

"Extra! Extra!" ring the shrill voices of the newshoys. "Nother victory! Extra, extra!"

A young girl, hurrying through the darkening street, pauses a moment to catch the glad tidings; then, choosing the smallest of the ragged urchins who instantly gather about her, she slips her pennies into his grimy hand and eagerly seizes a paper.

Ten minutes more and she is flinging open the door of a quiet room, where a grave-eyed woman sits by the window gazing out into the autumn twilight.

"Quick, mother, a light!" rings the impetuous young voice. "I have news from the war. Another victory, and only one man lost!"

A glad cry falls from the mother's lips as she hurries to the table and with trembling hand lights the small lamp. Both faces are eager, strained, as the younger woman reads rapidly the joyful news.

"Only one man lost"—she pauses and the other exclaims "Thank God!" but the paper has slipped from the daughter's hand, the joy has faded from her eyes, the color from her lips. Another instant and the sheet is in the mother's hands. The sudden fear that clutches at her heart tells her the truth before her eyes fasten upon the fatal words—the name of the lost man.

The clock ticks relentlessly in the corner, the fire dies out and the ruddy embers turn gray; the light of the little lamp sinks lower and lower, flickers and is gone. Still the two women cling to each other in the darkness; the silence is unbroken.

Only one man? Only their whole world!—Chicago Evening News.

The Power of Adaptation. Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was one day to dine with Lord Melville. Just before the company arrived, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same. They had been carrying on the conversation in this manner for ten minutes or more when Lady Melville joined them. Her friend said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" exclaimed Lord Guilford, "bless me, I thought you were dumb!"—Detroit Free Press.

Life. He gets most out of life who gives most to it. Some people put out their hands to life, while others stretch forth their arms. There are people who spend their days in some little town or village, and yet live in the great expanse of a wide world; while others travel from city to city, and from country to country, yet live only in the narrow little circle of their own immediate surroundings.—Truth.

Colonial. Mr. Ferry—You say this secondhand chair is in the colonial style? Mrs. Ferry—Correct. "Well, it seems to be pretty well colonized."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

They Were Up-to-Date.

Tetis McFadden—Ray, we is disappointed. The last chapter of dia book says dat de beautiful barceon lived to be an old woman and was highly respected. We don't want nothin' about no old woman. Wat we wants is de new woman, an' if youse can't give us somethink about de new woman, give us our nickel back and we'll buy chestnuts. See!—Washington Post.

Its Effect on Trade. "How are things moving along in the restaurant business these days?" "Well, I notice that since the Dreyfus verdict came in I don't have any more orders for fried frogs' legs."—Chicago Tribune.

God gives a man his tools, but he must acquire his trade.—Ram's Horn.

Ayer's Pills advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman's face and the text: "Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists."

Buckingham's Dye advertisement: "Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the hair."

"The Prudent Man Setteth His House in Order." Hood's Sarsaparilla advertisement: "Your human tenement should be given even more careful attention than the house you live in. Set it in order by thoroughly renovating your whole system through blood made pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then every organ will act promptly and regularly. NEVER DISAPPOINTS."

Cascarets advertisement: "A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people." G. W. BOWMAN, Baird, Mass. CASCARETS CATHARTIC TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER. Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Grievous, Weakens or Grips the Stomach. CURE CONSTIPATION. Holding Ready Company, Chicago, Montreal, San Francisco. Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to C. W. M. Tobacco Habit. NO-TO-BAC



Itching Burning Scaly Blotchy Humors Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

Cuticura

The itching and burning I suffered in my feet and limbs for three years were terrible. At night they were worse and would keep me awake a greater part of the night. I consulted doctor after doctor, as I was travelling on the road most of my time, also one of our city doctors. None of the doctors knew what the trouble was. I got a lot of the different samples of the medicines I had been using. I found them of so many different kinds that I concluded I would have to go to a Cincinnati hospital before I would get relief. I had frequently been urged to try CUTICURA REMEDIES, but I had no faith in them. My wife finally prevailed upon me to try them. Presto! What a change! I am now cured, and it is a permanent cure. I feel like kicking some doctor or myself for suffering three years when I could have used CUTICURA remedies. H. JENKINS, Middleboro, Ky.

Speedy Cure Treatment

Bathe the affected parts with HOT water and CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply CUTICURA Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly take CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood. This sweet and wholesome treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning, and scaly humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail. Price, Ten Cents; or, Soap, 25c., Ointment, 50c., and Resolvent (half size) 50c. Sold throughout the world. For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Write to the Proprietors, CUTICURA REMEDIES, 111 N. W. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn. "How to Cure Itching, Scaly Humors," mailed free.