



WOULDN'T YOU?

Wouldn't you like to go to-day and browse On a hillside slope where the winds caress...

Little France A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN THE GREAT LORD HAWKE WAS KING OF THE SEA... CARUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Meanwhile old Jabez had been steering the brig with consummate seamanship. With every appearance of endeavoring to hold her close to the wind...

"Send the men to the starboard battery, Mr. Stanhope," he said quietly, as he realized that he had approached the supreme moment...

Once more the eight six-pounders barked out. In a cloud of her own smoke the Boxer rounded on her heel again, bringing the wind aft again...

But the captain of the liner had foreseen the skillful endeavor. A less able seaman might have attempted to emulate the Englishman's motions...

In spite of the promptness with which Grafton's order had been carried out, the advantage gained thereby, the brig was still within easy range of all but the lightest guns of the French ship...

A tempest of iron came hurtling aboard the brig. She was like an egg-shell under a trip-hammer. From a trim and saucy little vessel she was reduced in the twinkling of an eye to a wreck...

A little wind, and the brig wallowed slowly ahead through the water. "Good God!" exclaimed Grafton, who had come off scatheless, dazed at the failure of his effort...

It had been a gallant attempt. Indeed, the only possibility of escape had been that he had tried. It had failed owing to the preparedness and good judgment of the French captain...

The French could plainly see that there was no boat left on the Boxer; therefore, in a few moments, a heavy cutter was swung from the davits of the liner and lowered into the water...

"You speak French, monsieur?" asked the officer of Grafton, who stood in the gangway to receive him. "Yes, sir," answered the American, bowing.

CHAPTER III. ENEMIES ARE FRIENDS.

THE change from the broken and shattered brig to the spacious and magnificent ship of the line was startling. The latter was a brand-new ship fresh from the ways...



THE DRAWBRIDGE.

could devise—and France easily led all nations in the fine art of naval construction at that time—had been lavished upon Le Thesee. The practical ability of the designers, exhibited in many novel and useful contrivances, had been re-enforced and not obscured by a lavish display of polished metal work...

As Grafton came through the gangway he was met by an officer and conducted aft to the high poop deck, upon which a brilliant group of officers were collected about a tall, splendid-looking man in the prime of life...

"The fortune of war, monsieur, has made my small vessel the prize of your magnificent ship."

"You are a bold man, young sir, and in many instances—perhaps most—your gallant attempt to escape by running off before the wind would have been successful," returned the French captain, magnanimously...

Grafton once more, "will you give me the name of your brig?" "H. B. M. brig Boxer—at least she was his this morning. She is yours now, monsieur."

"Where from and whither bound, monsieur?" "From Gibraltar to Portsmouth." "On what errand?" "With dispatches, sir."

"And you are the son of—?" "Admiral John Grafton, monsieur, who commanded the colonial armed ship Shirley."

"At the siege of Louisburg in 1745?" "The same, sir." "Did your father ever tell you of the engagement he and one or two other private armed ships had with a French frigate seeking to enter the harbor?"

"La Renomme!" interrupted Grafton in great surprise at the other's knowledge. "Certainly, monsieur, often. 'Twas that fight, indeed, that won his king's approval and gained him the commission which was in turn passed on to me."

"My faith, sir!" exclaimed the French captain, smiling, "'twas a hot fight indeed! I never have seen a better. He well deserved the commission he won. No wonder that you did not quail before a ship of the line, young man! You have in you the mettle of your father."

"Did you know my father, sir?" asked Grafton, in great surprise. "I have heard him speak from the iron throats of his guns, sir."

"Then you are—?" "I was the captain of La Renomme." "And your name is—?" "Guy de Caetnampreu, Comte de Kersaint de Kerguelen, Capitaine de Vaisseau of His Most Christian Majesty Louis XV, whom God protect, and very much at your service, monsieur. Here is no case of prisoner and enemy, gentlemen. The father fought me, I befriend the son. Is it not just, messieurs?"

"Monsieur le Marquis," quickly answered Grafton, who had not spent some years of his life at court for nothing, "I thank you for your hospitality and I congratulate you upon the source from which it flows. I accept it gladly—roses and thorns as well."

vate baggage sent off to the Trucel! My steward, who is aboard the Boxer, will attend to it." "Your men shall be attended to as if they belonged to me," responded the French captain, graciously, "and your private belongings secured. Meanwhile, will you step into my cabin that we may discuss further our common interests and friendships? Monsieur St. Laurent," he added, turning to his executive officer, who held the rank of capitaine de fregate, "will you throw a prize crew on the doughty little Boxer—a hard hitter, indeed—and bid her follow us into Brest under a jury-rig when she can. On second thought, monsieur, lie by her for a few hours until she is fit to go ahead. We would better convey her in. I should not like to lose her for all she is but a small prize."

CHAPTER IV. THE GARDEN AND THE ROSE.

THE Chateau de Josselin, a place not unknown to history, lay hard by the seashore a few miles from the town of Brest toward which it turned its landward side. It was a building of great antiquity and had been in the possession of the family of de Rohan from feudal times. One face looked seaward over the wild crags, where the stormy waves of the Bay of Biscay broke in ceaseless onslaught, beating themselves into the white foam of sea agony upon the stern shores.

At the foot of the keep or principal tower, which was built upon the sheer edge of a precipitous headland, there was a deep indentation in the cliffs, which, if one possessed sufficient skill and knowledge to thread the narrow passage twisting between the roaring breakers, afforded a safe harborage for boats and small coasting vessels. It had been long unused, of course, owing to the spacious harbor of Brest close at hand, but in old days it had been a favored haven of the adventurous lords of Rohan—and sometimes of their enemies as well.

Landward the main chateau overlooked a singularly pleasant garden filled with ancient fruit and shade trees, the whole inclosed by a high wall from which, and better still from the high tower, a full view of Brest, its fortifications, its naval station, its harbor and its shipping could be obtained. It was to this castle that Philip Grafton was conducted upon the evening of the arrival of Le Thesee in the harbor.

The Marquis de Chabot-Rohan, or, to give him his familiar title, de Chabot, the heir and successor to the dignities of the de Rohans in those parts, and consequently the master of rich and extensive possessions, kept up a princely estate in the old chateau, and it pleased him still to perpetuate the ancient usages and customs of his house so far as he could. The castle itself seemed to be maintained as a mediaeval fortress might have been. The ditch surrounding it on the landward side, instead of being dry and grass-grown, as was the custom, was kept well filled with water; the drawbridge—the sole means of crossing the moat—was raised and lowered at appointed hours; and close watch and ward were kept by the feudal retainers of the house at the gateway and on the walls. To seaward the walls were so high and so strong that the castle, placed on the very edge of the beetling cliffs, was believed to be impregnable.

"To Be Continued." Fatal Oversight. "Young Watkins and his bride have already quarrelled," remarked the society reporter, "although they have only been married two weeks."

Significant Comparison. Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known theologians in New England a quarter of a century ago, was attending a conference in one of the New England cities, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" "Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon, calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

Not to Be Greedy. A teacher in a private class in a West Philadelphia school was explaining the petition in the Lord's Prayer: "We ask for our daily bread," she said, "to teach us that we are not to be greedy, but only prudent in providing for our wants, and that we are to have great confidence in the providence of God." After she was through she asked one boy why he did not say, "Give us this month our bread." To her astonishment he quickly replied: "Because it would get stale and moldy."

GROCERY MAN AND COOK.

Exchange Left-Handed Compliments and Come Out About Even.

"Better let me bring you a nice egg-plant this mornin'," said the grocery man to the pretty cook, according to the Chicago Daily News. "Then you can make your own eggs, Evelina. What do you do with 'em all?"

"Batter cakes, sweet cakes, custards an' omelettes mostly," replied the cook. "Don't you ever make eggnog?" "I don't know what it is," declared the cook. "I've heard tell of it, but I couldn't say whether it was baked or fried."

"It ain't neither," said the grocery man. "It's billed. If you go to fry a eggnog you spoil it. I'd sooner eat it raw. Where was you Thursday night?" "Stayed in an' sewed buttonholes on my dishcloths," said the pretty cook. "What was that for?"

"To make 'em look pretty—same reason you've got your mustach curled. I think a man looks well curlin' up his mustach with curlin' tongs—like a girl."

"I never seen a girl curl her mustach myself," said the grocery man. "I wasn't to blame for this, though. It was the barber. He got me tied in the chair so's I couldn't move an' gagged me so's I couldn't holler an' then got out his hot irons an' done the job. I didn't want him to do it."

"I s'pose not," said the pretty cook. "Sure thing I didn't. I knowed I was beautiful the way I was. My natural looks make me enough trouble with the girls."

"I don't think they ought to blame you for 'em," said the cook. "You can't help your face. I had an uncle once that looked something like you—not quite as bad, maybe—but he was sensitive about it all the same, which you ain't."

"He ought to have had his face amputated if it was as bad as that," observed the grocery man. "Or he might have gone to one of these face foundries an' had it recast. I knew a feller once they called Nosey, an' he saved his money an' went to a professor an' got his beak trimmed down so he didn't hardly have enough left to smell fried onions. Then they got to callin' him Pug, an' he went back to the professor an' wanted to know if he had any of the old material left to put back again. The professor done the best he could an' the job looked all right, but Nosey died of heart failure less'n a month after that. He was scared to death for fear somethin' would make him sneeze."

"You'd better see one o' them professors," observed the pretty cook. "Why would I?" asked the grocery man. "My nose is all right as far as it goes an' it goes as far as I want to foller it."

Disenchanted Don. A novel illustration of the saying: "Listeners never hear any good of themselves," comes from the London Tatler. An Oxford don, more highly esteemed for intellectual activity than modesty, was asked to speak into a phonograph. A little later the machine was turned on again, and he was requested to listen to his own voice. He listened in silence, then turned to the company. "It is very strange," he said, in a tone of mingled surprise and resentment. "I can't understand it, but through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bumptious and affected manner!"

Why He Was Skeptical. Parson Brown—Why do you doubt the genuineness of Green's conversion? Deacon Smith—Because he never says anything about what a shameless wretch and miserable sinner he used to be.—Chicago Daily News.

GIRL AND WOMAN.

CARE NEEDED AT THE CHANGE FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

Many a Life Spent in Suffering Because Troubles Were Allowed to Develop At This Time. Every mother of a growing girl should remember that there will come a time when her daughter will be a girl no longer but will share with her the blessings of womanhood. Unless nourishment keeps pace with growth the foundations of a life of suffering are laid at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did not get proper care at the first critical time in my life and for seventeen years I suffered as a result. I had dizzy spells, felt a constant fear that something dreadful was about to happen and was afraid to go out alone. My breathing was very short and I had palpitation of the heart so badly that I could not go up stairs nor walk even moderately fast. I was so nervous that I could not sit still. At different times for years I was under the care of the best physicians in Detroit and I tried a number of advertised medicines. Nothing helped me until, on the advice of a neighbor, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I felt relieved before the first box was finished and I kept on taking them until I was cured.

Last winter my little girl had rheumatism and I gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she got well right away. My niece was thought to be going into consumption and, upon my advice, she tried the pills. They cured her cough and she is now well and strong. My entire family are enthusiastic over Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and we cannot say enough in their praise.

These pills effect such cures because they go to the root of the disease. Other remedies act on the symptoms—the cause of the trouble. They have proved themselves to be an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from impure blood and weakened nerves—two fruitful causes of nearly all the ills to which humankind is heir. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables.

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