THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXI. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1904. No 28

BICKEL'S JULY SALE.

Many Interesting Bargains In Seasonable Footwear.

Men's $4.00 and $5.00 fine shoes reduced to	$3.50
Men's $3.00 and $3.50 fine shoes reduced to	2.25
Men's $2.00 fine vici shoes reduced to - -	1.50
Men's $1.50 fine satin calf shoes reduced to	95
Ladies' $1.50 fine Dongola Oxfords reduced to	90
Boys' $3.00 fine patent leather shoes reduced to	2,00
Boys' $1.50 fine satin calf reduced to - -	95
Youths' $1.25 fine calf shoes reduced to - -	85
Ladies' $3.00 fine hand-turn shoes reduced to	2,00
Ladies' $1.50 patent tip shoes reduced to - -	85
Child's 75c fine Dongola shoes to - - - -	45
Infants' 35c soft sole shoes reduced to - - -	19
Ladies' fine serge slippers reduced to - - -	24

Balance of our stock of Oxfords to be closed out regardless of cost.

JOHN BICKEL,

BUTLER, PA.

—THE MODERN STORE.—

MIDSUMMER REMNANT SALE AT 1-2 PRICE

TUESDAY, JULY 26th.

THE GREATEST BARGAINS YET.

Remnants of Silks, Dress Goods, White Wash Goods, Embroideries. Ribbons, etc.

Many odd lots all over the store at Remnant Prices. Our Clearance Sale has left us a host of little lots One-half price will take them.

Millinery Remnants at Half Price and Less.

Lot of Babies' Mull Caps at half price.

Flowers that sold at 50c to $1.00, now go at 10c.

All hats at half price. Everything must go in this department and nothing to be carried over.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES POSTOFFICE BOX } 221 Send in Your Mail Orders.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN

Announces a

Continuation of Sacrifice Sale All This Month.

OUR TWENTY-THIRD SEMI-ANNUAL SACRIFICE SALE was a big success, but, as we stated in our circular of last week, we had an unusually big stock to sacrifice. We find it is still too heavy for the season yet before us. So, notwithstanding that the knife was used sharply last week, it will be thrust with a keener edge and deeper cut the balance of this month.

DRESS GOODS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
LADIES' JACKET SUITS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
LALIES' SEPARATE SKIRTS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
LADIES' COVERT JACKETS at Sacalfice Prices of last week.
RAIN AND TOURIST COATS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
WASH SHIRT WAIST SUITS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.

Table Linen, Towels, Napkins, Crashes, Cretones, White Quilts, Sheets, Sheetings, Muslins, Ginghams, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles, Cheviots, Calicoes, Portiers, Window Shades, Umbrellas, Corsets, Neckwear, Gloves, Belts, Leather Bags, Embroideries.

Then There is Millinery and Art Goods,

and hundreds of other useful, needed things included in this wonderful BARGAIN SALE.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman

PATRICIAN

THE WOMAN'S SHOE THAT'S RIGHT

June outings find added pleasure where your feet enjoy perfect comfort. Whether at sea-shore or mountains—on trap or train—woods, fields, lake side or links, a pair of Patrician Shoes will be found to possess every requirement the fastidious woman demands. An infinite variety of styles—all one quality—the best. Price $3.50. YOURS FOR SHOES.

DAUBENSPECK & TURNER,

People's Phone 633, 108 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

K E C K
E Merchant Tailor. E
Spring & Summer Suitings
C JUST ARRIVED. C
142 North Main St.
K E C K

Drying preparations simply dry up dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and sprays and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size. Ely Brothers 56 Warren St., N.Y.

The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation.

With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Ralston & Smith

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20 DIFFERENT KINDS BUT ALL

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO'S A PAINT FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Redick & Grohman

109 N. Main St., BUTLER, PA.

Trusses.

If you are ruptured this will interest you. We have the agency for the "Smithsonian Truss," which allows absolute freedom of movement and holds at the "internal ring," the only place where a truss should hold, but very few do.

When a cure can be affected with a truss, this truss will cure. Children can often times be cured with a properly fitted truss.

Satisfaction guaranteed. If after a months wear you are not satisfied, your money will be returned.

Come, or write for literature.

Don't forget our special Saturday sale, a 60c box of candy for 35c, on Saturday only.

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MAY & STUART,

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Best Accommodations in town For Transient Custom.

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Rear of Bickel Building, S. Main St. Butler, Pa.

ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER XVI.

FATHER BERET'S OLD BATTLE.

THE room in which Alice was now imprisoned formed part of the upper story of a building erected by Hamilton in one of the four angles of the stockade. It had no windows and but two oblong portholes made to accommodate a small swivel which stood darkly scowling near the middle of the floor. Day after day her loneliness and helplessness became more agonizing. Farnsworth, it is true, did all he could to relieve the strain of her situation, but Hamilton had an eye upon what passed and soon interfered. He administered a bitter reprimand, under which his subordinate writhed in speechless anger and resentment.

"Finally, Captain Farnsworth," he said in conclusion, "you will distinctly understand that this girl is my prisoner, not yours; that I, not you, will direct how she is to be held and treated, and that hereafter I will suffer no interference on your part. I hope you fully understand me, sir, and will govern yourself accordingly."

Smarting, or, rather, smothering, under the outrageous insult of these remarks, Farnsworth at first determined to fling his resignation at the governor's feet and then do whatever desperate thing seemed most to his mood. But a soldier's training is apt to call a halt before the worst befalls in such a case. Moreover, in the present temptation Farnsworth had a special check and hindrance. He had had a conference with Father Beret, in which the good priest had played the part of wisdom in slippers and of gentleness more dovelike than the dove's. A very subtle impression, illuminated with the "hope that withers hope," had come of that interview, and now Farnsworth felt its restraint. He therefore saluted Hamilton formally and walked away.

Father Beret's paternal love for Alice—we cannot characterize it more nicely than to call it paternal—was his justification for a certain mild sort of corruption insinuated by him into the heart of Farnsworth. He was a crafty priest, but his craft was always used for a good end. Unquestionably Jesuitic was his mode of circumventing the young man's military scruples by offering him a puff of fair weather with which to sail toward what appeared to be the shore of delight. He saw at a glance that Farnsworth's love for Alice was a consuming passion in a very ardent yet decidedly weak heart. Here was the worldly lever with which Father Beret hoped to raze Alice's prison and free her from the terrible doom with which she was threatened.

The first interview was at Father Beret's cabin, to which, as will be remembered, the priest and Farnsworth went after their meeting in the street. It actually came to nothing, save an indirect understanding but half suggested by Father Beret and never openly sanctioned by Captain Farnsworth. The talk was insinuating on the part of the former, while the latter slipped evasively from every proposition, as if not able to consider it on account of a curious obtuseness of perception. Still, when they separated they shook hands and exchanged a searching look perfectly satisfactory to both.

The memory of that interview with the priest was in Farnsworth's mind when, boiling with rage, he left Hamilton's presence and went forth into the chill February air. He passed out through the postern and along the sodden and queachy edge of the prairie, involuntarily making his way to Father Beret's cabin. His indignation was so great that he trembled from head to foot at every step. The door of the place was open and Father Beret was eating a frugal meal of scones and sour wine (of his own make, he said), which he hospitably begged to share with his visitor. A fire smoldered on the hearth, and a flat stone showed, by the grease smoking over its hot surface, where the cakes had been baked.

"It's an outrage!" he broke forth.

"Come in, my son," said the priest, "and try the fare of a poor old man. It is plain, very plain, but good." He smacked his lips sincerely and fingered another scone. "Take some, take some."

Farnsworth was not tempted. The acid bouquet of the wine filled the room with a smack of vinegar, and the smoke from rank scorching fat and wheat meal did not suggest an agreeable feast.

"Well, well, if you are not hungry, my son, sit down on the stool there and tell me the news."

Farnsworth took the low seat without a word, letting his eyes wander over the walls. Alice's rapier, the mate to that now worn by Hamilton, hung in its curiously engraved scabbard near one corner. The sight of it inflamed Farnsworth.

"It's an outrage!" he broke forth. "Governor Hamilton sent a man to Roussillon place with orders to bring him the scabbard of Miss Roussillon's sword, and he now wears the beautiful weapon as if he had come by it honestly. Curse him!"

"My dear, dear son, you must not soil your lips with such language!" Father Beret let fall the half of a well bitten cake and held up both hands.

"I beg your pardon, father. I know I ought to be more careful in your presence, but—but—the beastly scoundrel"—

"Bah! Doucement, mon fils, doucement." The old man shook his head and his finger while speaking. "Easy, my son, easy. You would be a fine target for bullets were your words to reach Hamilton's ears. You are not permitted to revile your commander."

"Yes, I know; but how can a man restrain himself under such abominable conditions?"

Father Beret shrewdly guessed that Hamilton had been giving the captain fresh reasons for bitter resentment. Moreover, he was sure that the moving cause had been Alice. So, in order to draw out what he wished to hear, he said very gently:

"How is the little prisoner getting along?"

Farnsworth ground his teeth and swore, but Father Beret appeared not to hear. He bit deep into a scone, took a liberal sip of the muddy red wine and added:

"Has she a comfortable place? Do you think Governor Hamilton would let me visit her?"

"It is horrible!" Farnsworth blurted. "She's penned up as if she were a dangerous beast, the poor girl. And that d——d scoundrel"—

"Son, son!"

"Oh, it's no use to try. I can't help it, father. The whelp"—

"We can converse more safely and intelligently if we avoid profanity and undue emotion, my son. Now, if you will quit swearing, I will, and if you will be calm, so will I."

Farnsworth felt the sly irony of this absurdly vicarious proposition. Father Beret smiled with a kindly twinkle in his deep set eyes.

"Well, if you don't use profane language, father, there's no telling how much you think in expletives. What is your opinion of a man who tumbles a poor, defenseless girl into prison and then refuses to let her be decently cared for? How do you express yourself about him?"

"My son, men often do things of which they ought to be ashamed. I heard of a young officer once who maltreated a little girl that he met at night in the street. What evil he would have done, had not a passing kind hearted man reminded him of his honor by a friendly punch in the ribs, I dare not surmise."

"True, and your sarcasm goes home as hard as your fist did, father. I know that I've been a sad dog all my life. Miss Roussillon saved you by shooting me, and I love her for it. Lay on, father; I deserve more than you can give me."

"Surely you do, my son, surely you do, but my love for you will not let me give you pain. Ah, we priests have to carry all men's loads. Our backs are broad, however; very broad, my son."

"And your fists are heavy, father; mighty heavy."

The gentle smile again flickered over the priest's weather beaten face as he glanced sidewise at Farnsworth and said:

"Sometimes, sometimes, my son, a carnal weapon must break the way for a spiritual one. But we priests rarely have much physical strength. Our dependence is upon"—

"To be sure; certainly," Farnsworth interrupted, rubbing his side. "Your dependence is upon the first thing that offers. I've had many a blow, but yours was the solidest that ever jarred my mortal frame, Father Beret."

The twain began to laugh. There is nothing like a reminiscence to stir up fresh mutual sympathy.

"If your intercostals were somewhat sore for a time on account of a contact with priestly knuckles, doubtless there soon set in a corresponding uneasiness in the region of your conscience. Such shocks are often vigorously alterative and tonic; eh, my son?"

"You jolted me sober, father, and then I was ashamed of myself. But where does all your tremendous strength lie? You don't look strong."

While speaking Farnsworth leaned near Father Beret and grasped his arm. The young man started, for his fingers, instead of closing around a flabby, shrunken old man's limb, spread themselves upon a huge, knotted mass of iron muscles. With a quick movement Father Beret shook off Farnsworth's hand and said:

"I am no Samson, my son. Non sum qualis eram." Then, as if dismissing a light subject for a graver one, he sighed and added, "I suppose there is nothing that can be done for little Alice."

He called the tall, strong girl "little Alice," and so she seemed to him. He could not, without direct effort, think of her as a magnificently maturing woman. She had always been his spoiled pet child, perversely set against the holy church, but dear to him nevertheless.

"I came to ask that very question, father," said Farnsworth.

"And what do I know? Surely, my son, you see how utterly hopeless an old priest is against all you British. And besides"—

"Father Beret," Farnsworth huskily interrupted, "is there a place that you know of anywhere in which Miss Roussillon could be hidden if"—

"My dear son!"

"But, father, I mean it."

"Mean what? Pardon an old man's slow understanding. What are you talking about, my son?"

Father Beret glanced furtively about, then quickly stepped through the doorway, walked entirely around the house and came in again before Farnsworth could respond. Once more seated on his stool he added interrogatively:

"Did you think you heard something moving outside?"

"No."

"You were saying something when I went out. Pardon my interruption."

Farnsworth gave the priest a searching and not wholly confiding look.

"You did not interrupt me, Father Beret. I was not speaking. Why are you so watchful? Are you afraid of eavesdroppers?"

"You were speaking recklessly. Your words were incendiary; ardentia verba. My son, you were suggesting a dangerous thing. Your life would scarcely satisfy the law were you convicted of insinuating such treason. What if one of your prowling guards had overheard you? Your neck and mine might feel the halter. Quod avertat dominus." He crossed himself and in a solemn voice added in English:

"May the Lord forbid! Ah, my son, we priests protect those we love."

"And I, who am not fit to tie a priest's shoe, do likewise. Father, I love Alice Roussillon."

"Love is a holy thing, my son. Amare divinum est et humanum."

"Father Beret, can you help me?"

"Spiritually speaking, my son?"

"I mean can you hide Mlle. Roussillon in some safe place if I take her out of the prison yonder? That's just what I mean. Can you do it?"

"Your question is a remarkable one. Have you thought upon it from all directions, my son? Think of your position, your duty as an officer."

A shrewd polemical exp[illegible] beamed from Father Beret's [illegible] and a very expert physiognomist might have suspected duplicity from certain lines about the old man's mouth.

"I simply know that I cannot stand by and see Alice—Mlle. Roussillon—forced to suffer treatment too beastly for an Indian thief. That's the only direction there is for me to look at it from, and you can understand my feelings if you will. You know that very well, Father Beret. When a man sees a girl he loves her; that's the whole thing."

The quiet, inscrutable half smile flickered once more on Father Beret's face, but he sat silent some time with a sinewy forefinger lying alongside his nose. When at last he spoke it was in a tone of voice indicative of small interest in what he was saying. His words rambled to their goal with the effect of happy accident.

"There are places in this neighborhood in which a human being would be as hard to find as the flag that you and Governor Hamilton have so diligently and unsuccessfully been in quest of for the past month or two. Really, my son, this is a mysterious little town."

Farnsworth's eyes widened and a flush rose in his swarthy cheeks.

"Hang the flag!" he exclaimed. "Let it lie hidden forever. What do I care? I tell you, Father Beret, that Alice Roussillon is in extreme danger. Governor Hamilton means to put some terrible punishment on her. He has a devil's vindictiveness. He showed it to me clearly awhile ago."

"You showed something of the same sort to me, once upon a time, my son."

"Yes, I did, Father Beret, and I got a load of slugs in my shoulder for it from that brave girl's pistol. She saved your life. Now I ask you to help me save hers, or if not her life what is infinitely more, her honor."

"Her honor!" cried Father Beret, leaping to his feet so suddenly and with such energy that the cabin shook from base to roof. "What do you say, Captain Farnsworth? What do you mean?"

The old man was transformed. His face was terrible to see, with its narrow, burning eyes deep under the shaggy brows, its dark veins writhing snakelike on the temples and forehead, the projected mouth and chin, the hard lines of the jaws, the iron gray gleam from all the features—he looked like an aged tiger stiffened for a spring.

Farnsworth was made of right soldierly stuff, but he felt a distinct shiver flit along his back. His past life had not lacked thrilling adventures and strangely varied experiences with desperate men. Usually he met sudden emergencies rather calmly, sometimes with phlegmatic indifference. This passionate outburst on the priest's part, however, surprised him and awed him, while it stirred his heart with a profound sympathy unlike anything he had ever felt before.

Father Beret mastered himself in a moment and, passing his hand over his face, as if to brush away the excitement, sat down again on his stool. He appeared to collapse inwardly.

"You must excuse the weakness of an old man, my son," he said, in a voice hoarse and shaking. "But tell me what is going to be done with Alice. Your words—what you said—I did not understand."

He rubbed his forehead slowly, as one who has difficulty in trying to collect his thoughts.

"I do not know what Governor Hamilton means to do, Father Beret. It will be something devilish, however—something that must not happen," said Farnsworth.

Father Beret, like most men of strong feeling who have been subjected to long years of trial, hardship, multitudinous dangers and all sorts of temptation, and who have learned the lessons of self control, had an iron will, and also an abiding distrust of weak men. He saw Farnsworth's sincerity, but he had no faith in his constancy, although satisfied that while resentment of Hamilton's imperiousness lasted he would doubtless remain firm in his purpose to aid Alice.

He listened in silence to Farnsworth's story. When it came to an end he began to offer some but half relevant suggestions in the form of indirect cross questions, by means of which he gradually drew out a minute description of Alice's prison, the best way to reach it, the nature of its door fastenings, where the key was kept, and everything, indeed, likely to be helpful to one contemplating a jail delivery. Farnsworth was inwardly delighted. He felt Father Beret's cunning approach to the central object and his crafty method of gathering details.

The shades of evening thickened in the stuffy cabin room while the conversation went on. Father Beret presently lifted a puncheon in one corner of the floor and got out a large bottle, which bore a mildewed and faded French label, and with it a small iron cup. There was just light enough left to show a brownish sparkle when, after popping out the cork, he poured a draft in the fresh cup and in his own.

"We may think more clearly, my son, if we taste this old liquor. I have kept it a long while to offer upon a proper occasion. The occasion is here."

A ravishing bouquet quickly imbued the air. It was itself an intoxication.

"The brothers of St. Martin distilled this liquor," Father Beret added, handing the cup to Farnsworth, "not for common social drinking, my son, but for times when a man needs extraordinary stimulation. It is said to be surpassingly good because St. Martin blessed the vine."

The doughty captain felt a sudden and imperious thirst seize his throat. The liquor flooded his veins before his lips touched the cup. He had been abstaining lately; now his besetting appetite rushed upon him. At one gulp he took in the fiery yet smooth and captivating draft. Nor did he notice that Father Beret, instead of joining him in the potation, merely lifted his cup and set it down again, smacking his lips with gusto.

There followed a silence, during which the aromatic breath of the bottle increased its dangerous fascination. Then Father Beret again filled Farnsworth's cup and said:

"Ah, the blessed monks little thought that their matchless brew would ever be sipped in a poor missionary's hut on the Wabash! But, after all, my son, why not here as well as in sunny France? Our object justifies any impropriety of time and place."

"You are right, father. I drink to our object. Yes, I say, to our object."

In fact, the drinking preceded his speech, and his tongue already had a loop in it. The liquor stole through him, a mist of bewildering and enchanting influence. The third cup broke his sentences into unintelligible fragments; the fourth made his underjaw sag loosely; the fifth and sixth, taken in close succession, tumbled him limp on the floor, where he slept blissfully all night long, snugly covered with some of Father Beret's bedclothes.

"Per casum obliquum, et per indirectum," muttered the priest when he had returned the bottle and cup to their hiding place. "The end justifies the means. Sleep well, my son. Ah, little Alice, little Alice, your old father will try, will try!"

He fumbled along the wall in the dark until he found the rapier, which he took down; then he went out and sat for some time motionless beside the door, while the clouds thickened overhead. It was late when he arose and glided away shadowlike toward the fort, over which the night hung black, chill and drearily silent. The moon was still some hours high, but smothered by the clouds; a fog slowly drifted from the river.

Meantime Hamilton and Helm had spent a part of the afternoon and evening, as usual, at cards. Helm broke off the game and went to his quarters rather early for him, leaving the governor alone and in a bad temper, because Farnsworth, when he had sent for him, could not be found. Three times his orderly returned in as many hours with the same report. The captain had not been seen or heard of. Naturally this sudden and complete disappearance, immediately after the reprimand, suggested to Hamilton an unpleasant possibility. What if Farnsworth had deserted him?

Hamilton sat for some time after Helm's departure, thinking over what he now feared was a foolish mistake. Presently he buckled on Alice's rapier, which he had lately been wearing as his own, and went out into the main area of the stockade. A sentinel was tramping to and fro at the gate, where a hazy lantern shone. The night was breathless and silent. Hamilton approached the soldier on duty and asked him if he had seen Captain Farnsworth, and, receiving a negative reply, turned about puzzled and thoughtful to walk back and forth in the chill, foggy air.

Presently a faint yellow light attracted his attention. It shone through a porthole in an upper room of the blockhouse at the farther angle of the stockade. In fact, Alice was reading by a sputtering lamp a book Farnsworth had sent her, a volume of Ronsard that he had picked up in Canada. Hamilton made his way in that direction, at first merely curious to know who was burning oil so late, but after a few paces he recognized where the light came from and instantly suspected that Captain Farnsworth was there. Indeed, he felt sure of it. Somehow he could not regard Alice as other than a saucy holden, incapable of womanly virtue. His experience with the worst element of Canadian French life and his peculiar cast of mind and character colored his impression of her. He measured her by the women with whom the coureurs de bois and half breed trappers consorted in Detroit and at the posts eastward to Quebec.

Alice, unable to sleep, had sought forgetfulness of her bitter captivity in the old poet's charming lyrics. She sat on the floor, some blankets and furs drawn around her, the book on her lap, the stupidly dull lamp hanging beside her on a part of the swivel. Her hair lay loose over her neck and shoulders and shimmered around her face with a cloudlike effect, giving to the features in their repose a setting that intensified their sweetness and sadness. In a very low but distinct voice she was reading, with a slightly quavering intonation—

"Stop, sir; not another step!"

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose,
Que ce matin avoit desclose
Sa robe de pourpe au soleil,

when Hamilton, after stealthily mounting the rough stairway which led to her door, peeped in through a space between the slabs and felt a stroke of disappointment, seeing at a glance that Farnsworth was not there. He gazed for some time, not without a sense of villainy, while she continued her sweetly monotonous reading. If his heart had been as hard as the iron swivel balls that lay beside Alice he must still have felt a thrill of something like tender sympathy. She now showed no trace of the vivacious sauciness which had heretofore always marked her features when she was in his presence. A dainty gentleness, touched with melancholy, gave to her face an appealing look all the more powerful on account of its unconscious simplicity of expression.

The man felt an impulse pure and noble, which would have borne him back down the ladder and away from the building had not a stronger one set boldly in the opposite direction. There was a short struggle with the seared remnant of his better nature, and then he tried to open the door, but it was locked.

Alice heard the slight noise and breaking off her reading turned to look. Hamilton made another effort to enter before he recollected that the wooden key, or notched lever, that controlled the cumbrous wooden lock hung on a peg beside the door. He felt for it along the wall, and soon laid his hand on it. Then again he peeped through to see Alice, who was now standing upright, near the swivel. She had thrown her hair back from her face and neck; the lamp's flickering light seemed suddenly to have magnified her stature and enhanced her beauty. Her book lay on the tumbled wraps at her feet, and in either hand she grasped a swivel shot.

Hamilton's combative disposition came to the aid of his baser passion when he saw once more a defiant flash from his prisoner's face. It was easy for him to be fascinated by opposition. Helm had profited by this trait as much as others had suffered by it, but in the case of Alice, Hamilton's mingled resentment and admiration were but a powerful irritant to the coarsest and most dangerous side of his nature.

After some fumbling and delay he fitted the key with a steady hand and moved the wooden bolt, creaking and jolting, from its slot. Then flinging the clumsy door wide open, he stepped in.

Alice started when she recognized the midnight intruder, and a second deeper look into his countenance made her brave heart recoil, while with a sinking sensation her breath almost stopped. It was but a momentary weakness, however, followed by vigorous reaction.

"What are you here for, sir?" she demanded. "What do you want?"

"I am neither a burglar nor a murderer, mademoiselle," he responded, lifting his hat and bowing, with a smile not in the least reassuring.

"You look like both. Stop where you are!"

"Not so loud, my dear Miss Roussillon. I am not deaf, and, besides, the garrison needs to sleep."

"Stop, sir; not another step!"

She poised herself, leaning slightly backward, and held the iron ball in her right hand ready to throw it at him.

He halted, still smiling villainously.

"Mademoiselle, I assure you that your excitement is quite unnecessary. I am not here to harm you."

"You cannot harm me, you cowardly wretch!"

"Humph! Pride goes before a fall, wench," he retorted, taking a half step backward. Then a thought arose in his mind which added a new shade to the repellent darkness of his countenance.

"Miss Roussillon," he said in English and with a changed voice, which seemed to grow harder, each word deliberately emphasized, "I have come to break some bad news to you."

"You would scarcely bring me good news, sir, and I am not curious to hear the bad."

He was silent for a little while, gazing at her with the sort of admiration from which a true woman draws away appalled. He saw how she loathed him, saw how impossible it was for him to get a line nearer to her by any turn of force or fortune. Brave, high headed, strong as a young leopard, pure and sweet as a rose, she stood before him fearless, even aggressive, showing him by every line of her face and form that she felt her infinite superiority and meant to maintain it. Her whole personal expression told him he was defeated, therefore he quickly seized upon a suggestion caught from a transaction with Long Hair, who had returned a few hours before from his pursuit of Beverley.

"It pains me, I assure you, Miss Roussillon, to tell you what will probably grieve you deeply," he presently added; "but I have not been unaware of your tender interest in Lieutenant Beverley, and when I had bad news from him I thought it my duty to inform you."

He paused, feeling with a devil's satisfaction the point of his statement go home to the girl's heart.

"The Indian, Long Hair, whom I sent upon Lieutenant Beverley's trail, reported to me this afternoon that his pursuit had been quite successful. He caught his game."

Alice's voice came to her now. She drew in a quivering breath of relief.

"Then he is here—he is— You have him a prisoner again?"

"A part of him, Miss Roussillon. Enough to be quite sure that there is one traitor who will trouble his king no more. Mr. Long Hair brought in the lieutenant's scalp."

Alice received this horrible statement in silence, but her face blanched and she stood as if frozen by the shock. The shifty moon glimmer and the yellow glow of the lamp showed Hamilton to what an extent his devilish cruelty hurt her, and somehow it chilled him as if by reflection, but he could not forego another thrust.

"He deserved hanging, and would have got it had he been brought to me alive. So, after all, you should be satisfied. He escaped my vengeance and Long Hair got his pay. You see, I am the chief sufferer."

These words, however, fell without effect upon the girl's ears, in which was booming the awful, stormlike roar of her excitement. She did not see her persecutor standing there. Her vision, unhindered by walls and distance, went straight away to a place in the wilderness where, all mangled and disfigured, Beverley lay dead. A low cry broke from her lips. She dropped the heavy swivel balls, and then, like a bird, swiftly, with a rustling swoop, she went past Hamilton and down the stair.

For perhaps a full minute the man stood there motionless, stupefied, amazed, and when at length he recovered himself it was with difficulty that he followed her. Everything seemed to hinder him. When he reached the open air, however, he quickly regained his activity of both mind and body and looked in all directions. The clouds were breaking into parallel masses with streaks of sky between. The moon hanging aslant against the blue peeped forth just in time to show him a flying figure which, even while he looked, reached the postern, opened it and slipped through.

With but a breath of hesitation between giving the alarm and following Alice silently and alone he chose the latter. He was a swift runner and light footed. With a few bounds he reached the little gate, which was still oscillating on its hinges, darted through and away, straining every muscle in desperate pursuit, gaining rapidly in the race, which bore eastward along the course twice before chosen by Alice in leaving the stockade.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT CHAIRS.

The Seats Used by the Egyptians In Early Historic Times.

Seats more or less resembling stools—that is, seats without backs—were in general use among nations possessing a certain degree of civilization in prehistoric times. What those were like in the early historic period we know from an examination of Egyptian monuments, from a study of Greek vases or from Eutrurian or Roman antiquities that are stored in European museums. The Egyptian deities are seated generally on granite blocks, the backs of which are raised a few inches only, giving a distant resemblance to a chair. That the Egyptians had seats more comfortable for domestic use is possible, but we have every reason to suppose, although they possessed a high degree of civilization, that their idea of home comforts was not that of modern times.

The common people probably sat on blocks of stone or wood or sprawled about on the ground with some sort of carpet that also served for a bed. The Etrurians, ancient inhabitants of Italy before the arrival of the Romans, appear to have preferred the reclining posture, in which they are usually represented on the sarcophaguses in the museums.

HINDOO FANATICISM.

Self Inflicted Tortures of Religious Zealots of India.

Self inflicted torture by Hindoo zealots is common in India. One man will lie upon his back, place a piece of soil upon his lower lip, plant in it a mustard seed and not rise from his position until the seed has become a plant of size. Another will make his couch upon spikes; a third walk with his boots filled with similar delights; yet another keeps his hands clinched until the nails grow through his palms and out at the back of his hands, while others distort their legs and arms into atrophy. The extent to which Hindoo fanaticism will go, or native belief extend, was shown by a case reported in the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore a year or so ago. The natives of Trevandrum were found worshiping as a god come among men a man who had taken up his residence under a tree on the bank of a river. For the first week or so he ate a plantain and drank some milk twice or thrice a week. Then he gradually enlarged the intervals, till after three or four months he took no food at all, but passed his time huddled before a fire, seeing no one, hearing no one. Exposed to cold and wet, to heat and dust, he sat thus without food for three years, "wrapt in divine contemplation." At the end of the three years he died, never having spoken to, or heeded, a soul from the time he first appeared until the spirit passed from his body.

THE LADIES' TAILOR.

He Flourished In France Three Centuries Ago.

The ladies' tailor does not belong to this century or to the last; 300 years back he flourished in France. The court beauties employed him during the reign of the last of the Valois. Mme. de Sevigne gives an elaborate description in one of her letters of a gown made for Mme. de Montespan and mentions the name of the tailor Langlee, the son of one of the servants in the household of Anne of Austria. Indeed, women were not allowed in those days to enter into competition with men in the production of outer garments, even for their own sex. It was Louis XIV. who looked favorably on woman's work for her own sex and granted letters patent to the sempstresses to form themselves into a corporation, though it was not made easy for them, and they only, after all, made up ladies' own materials, even as far back as that. By the aid of the poupees which went the round of society exhibiting the passing modes Le Roy found favor with the belles in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and when we see, as we may do now at the Crystal palace, even the silk bodices that were made then we cannot but very much wonder that they were more fitted for a tailor's board than for feminine fingers, so hard, so thick, so heavy were they.—London Queen.

Bible Translation.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Bible was current in some forty languages—today in some 400. It is necessary to use sixty different sets of types to print in these many tongues, while some fifty languages require to be printed in more characters than one to be legible to all races and creeds in that particular country. Again, to translate the Bible into one foreign tongue is in itself a work of more than a lifetime very often. What must be then the labor required to learn some barbaric tongue which has no writing, no characters or alphabet of its own and to supply all deficiencies before the task of translation can begin? Moreover, the Biblical metaphors and similes have to be altered and made comprehensible to untutored minds. One translator, Henry Nott by name, spent twenty years in Tahiti to learn the language, after which he spent another twenty years in translating the book into the Tahitan tongue.—London Chronicle.

A Singular Coincidence.

One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1880 Mrs. K., a northern woman, said to her husband: "I don't know why it is, but all the afternoon I have been thinking of our old friend, Emma, in Natchez, Miss. We have not heard from her for several years. I believe that I will write to her." She did so. The letter was mailed that evening. It would reach Natchez on the next Tuesday. On Tuesday morning Mrs. K. received a letter from Emma, dated Sunday afternoon, commencing: "My dear Mrs. K., I don't know why it is, but I have been thinking of you all the afternoon and concluded that I would write to you. It has been several years since I have heard from you." Hence these two ladies, one in the far south, the other in central Illinois, were thinking of each other, writing in almost the same language and evidently at the same moment.

Where It Is Always Leap Year.

In one part of "all the Russias," the province of Ukraine, it is always leap year as far as the female privilege of proposing is concerned. It is said to be customary there when a young woman falls in love with a man for her to go to his father's house and in the most tender and pathetic manner plead with the young man to take her as his wife. She promises the most submissive obedience to his will if he will but accept her. If the young man says, "I beg that you will excuse me from this," she tells him that she is resolved not to depart until he shall promise to take her for better or worse. She accordingly takes up her abode there and remains until he is wooed and won or until he ends the siege by fleeing to parts unknown.

Smoothing Trouble at Sea.

"Once, crossing the Atlantic," said an old traveler, "a tremendous row arose among the sailors. They fought down in the forecastle like a pack of wild beasts. Luncheon was going on at the time, and the first officer left the table to see if he could quell the disturbance.

"He had only been gone a little while when the hubbub began to die down. Everything was quiet when he returned. The captain called across the saloon to him in an approving tone:

"'Things seem to be smoother now.'

"'Yes,' returned the first officer; 'we have ironed the sailors, sir.'"

Minerva and the Flute.

A recent historian suggests a reason why the flute is not popular with ladies. "Minerva in ancient Greece," he says, "began to play the flute, thinking it such a beautiful instrument she needs must learn it. But one day, looking in a mirror while she was playing, she saw to her horror that the act of blowing the flute communicated a very inelegant distortion to her face, and in a pet she threw the instrument away. Perhaps the feelings of the fair sex toward the flute have been insensibly influenced by a similar consideration."