

LEGION

Is the name of the woman who profits by the...
Facial Soap, as the promoter and a protector of her fair complexion.

The skin of a maiden, growing up in the country, is often prone to roughness and undue redness.



Softens and soothes while cleansing, and used in conjunction with Woodbury's Facial Cream, produces the fine texture and white smooth nature skins to desire.

SPECIAL OFFER.
In case your dealer cannot supply you we will send prepaid, to any address for \$1.00 the following toilet requisites.

- 1 Cake Woodbury's Facial Soap
- 1 Box Facial Cream
- 1 " " Dental Cream
- 1 " " Face Powder

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

WASH BLUE

Costs to clean and equals 20 cents worth of any other kind of Blue. Won't Freeze, Spill, Break

Nor Spot Clothes

Wiggle-Stick around in the water.

Wiggle-Stick

Swiss measure children for fares.

Wiggle-Stick

These children for fares.

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BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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No. 1012 Broadway

CHAPTER VI.

It was the night of December 19, 1873, with a cold storm of wind and rain making life dreary in the living-room of the cottage, where not far from the flames of the stove, fire that glared more brightly than the red of the brick hearth, Margot sat in a high chair, occupied up to a big chair opposite her, and many times before her deft fingers smoothed and twisted the fax.

Had that heard again of Languedoc since he left? he inquired. Wondering what new mood had taken hold of the boy, that he should bring up matters of which she had never ventured to speak, but relieved as well to feel that she might now impart to him information she had received some time before, Margot replied, "Yes. The chateau has been closed since the month after we left, with only Tatro there as keeper; for Monsieur Etienne has returned to Paris, where he is in high favor with the Great Committee."

"Peste!" the word half sigh and half hiss, was full of vindictiveness. "Then the dagger did not slay him, after all, for all the just in his blade, that would surely have poisoned better blood, even if the thrust had not let out life."

"Jean, Jean, do not speak!" cried Margot looking across at "Stirring thou couldst never really wish to harm thy brother? I always claimed that thy mind was only because of thy manhood, brain, and with good cause, as any one with heart and feeling must admit."

"He is no brother of mine!" declared the boy, his face lit up into a fury of rage. "Never you say such a thing again, Margot. My name is not his, nor is any kin of Jean La Roche. She made no attempt to calm him; but her face was troubled as she resumed her work.

"Hark to the wind—how it pipes! Saure! What a storm!" exclaimed Pierre, rousing again from his book, and there was a rattling of the windows, while a blast roared over the cottage and sent a brisk puff down the chimney.

"It sounded a dreadful storm," Margot agreed. "So now draw her wheel farther away from the fireplace. But there is some good thing to it."

"We had the snow here, but in such a storm as this," queried Jean, who was bogging it had not reached far enough toward to affect the comfort of her whose beautiful face was so often in his thought.

"It will put a stop to the bloodshed for a time at least. The best and bravest soldiers would scarce think to fight in such weather as this," replied Margot, showing rare ignorance of facts.

"Little would they heed, so that it did not hurt their powder," asserted Jean, assuming an air of superior wisdom.

"She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment before she said, in a voice whose yearning seemed tinged with hope. "If thou'ld grow up to love a good man, Jean, thou'ldst some day make a brave soldier."

"One can be brave without being good," answered the boy, his natural wariness asserting itself, although he met her gaze with eyes smilingly.

"Your little cottage, whom we all love—has the bravery I mean. Surely thou must say its well to be a man."

Pierre to follow with the soldiers who were to construct a filter, and bear away the body to the convent of St. Sulpice, which was now Pere Huot's home.

It is not necessary to describe what Jean and Pierre saw and heard as they way through the streets, some of them half-dried with debris, and all of them bearing witness to the horrors of that day.

Jean was silent, with white face and stony eyes that stared vacantly ahead, while the soldier held his arm close to his side, and occasionally uttered a few cheering words, to which the boy seemed to pay no heed.

And so they went slowly along, until in a narrow street, where they stood passively free from evidences of the assault, the two passed before the heavy, iron-studded door of a gloomy, one-story building, whose shutters and windows were not much wider than the loop holes of a fortress.

Murder lifted the ponderous brass knocker to let it fall with a dull clanging; and a few moments after the door was opened cautiously, while through its crack a single eye, under a shaggy brow, scrutinized him with manifest suspicion.

"Open up, Martin. I, with the young man here, are waiting for you," cried Murrier, pushing through the doorway, and drawing Jean after him.

"As Jean stood upon the threshold of the dimly lit room—as he stood leaning against the side of the doorway, in the doorway, and the sound of roaring waters in his ears, he heard, even through this, Pere Huot's voice, as he said, in a low, hoarse tone: "Holy Mother, my son, that is thee safe and unharmed, after this awful night!"

"Then a tremulous hand was laid lightly upon his forehead, and a murmuring of other voices came to him; and one of them stirred Jean's benighted senses strangely, half dreading as he was from all he had suffered and seen."

Lifting his eyes, he saw before him a light which seemed to have shined from out the darkness of the night, and was thin and careworn, with tumbled locks falling over the pale forehead; and the gray blue eyes were bent upon him with a sympathy which aroused all his wretched faculties.

"Pierre, my Pierre!" he cried, springing forward, and his eyes were fixed on a gasping soul, as he felt a coldness upon the breast of Bonaparte, whose arms were around the limp form, and toward which it strove for harm.

"(To be continued.)"

Little Willie's father, a kind man, had taken him to the circus. It was the child's first experience, and with his eyes bulging he watched the various animals and the crowd of people.

"Papa, is she an angel?" he cried, springing forward.

It was Murrier who said this, and his dark face was full of pity as, after glancing at the bench, he added, "It has been sent here to find you."

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He stopped; for Jean, now awake, sat up and stared at him.

"Good morning, young man!" he said, and he repeated the phrase in a low, hoarse tone, as if he were speaking to himself.

"Jean, making rapid rise to his feet, staggering as he did so.

"Are you hurt, young man?" inquired the farmer, anxiously looking at the other's eyes.

And he turned to Pierre, who also had risen, and stood nearest him.

"Yes, I am sorry—in our hearts," with this he drew the cover from what lay upon the bench.

"Poor man!" muttered Murrier, his eyes resting on the man's white face.

"The devil himself was unchained last night, and he spared neither the strong nor the weak!" murmured Jean, and Murrier, noticed that he had uttered touched him upon the arm to attract his attention.

"Young man!" and the soldier now spoke in the calm, white face, and came with me. My colonel has been told you are brought to him."

Jean glanced at Murrier, then his eyes again sought the open door as he said slowly, "Pierre and I are going to take Margot to her home."

"Are that I have I am ordered to take you," and Pierre also to come."

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The Fat Year

There is a wizard at work on the hillside, and a vast number of the people are flocking to the door of the forest, and there is a steady stream of the people, and there is a steady stream of the people, and there is a steady stream of the people.

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QUEER OLD FUNERAL CUSTOM

Ceremony in County Wexford, Ireland, in the Centuries Old.

In the district known as "Barony of Forth," in County Wexford, Ireland, it is to be found a race of working, industrious peasants, living in thatched cottages with whitewashed walls, which by their perfect whiteness at once arrest the attention of the visitor.

These people differ in many respects from the inhabitants of the other parts of the same county and have habits and customs peculiar to themselves. They are strong believers in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. When a funeral takes place two wooden crosses are provided. One is placed by the cemetery at some distance from the grave, and the other is placed by the side of the road. Here prayers are said for the deceased, after which one cross is deposited in a barrow, back or under it.

The procession then goes on its way, and after the interment the other cross is placed on the head of the grave. This is done by the cemetery at some distance from the grave, and the other is placed by the side of the road. Here prayers are said for the deceased, after which one cross is deposited in a barrow, back or under it.

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