

After Twenty Years

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

FROM the old Daubier house, which Victor Chevreau had rented for the summer, the gray towers of Chateau D'Arblay rose like a dim etching beyond the massed shadows of the woods. Victor Chevreau spent much time looking over at the gray towers.

His neighbors, as neighbors will, had exercised themselves to a considerable extent to determine who and what he was, but the result was not satisfying. He and his son had taken the rambling old stone house for rest and quiet after years of constant travel, but the country houses around them had small use for such modest retirement. Two men, living alone with no women folk but a few servants, and with seemingly a sufficiency of worldly store, are sure to be objects of inquiring interest, and already the strong-limbed old man with the leonine head and eyes that saw all things had figured in a score of fearful escapades in the fertile brains of the community, and had been attributed to a bewildering number of nationalities.

Theon, the son, was very different. He was young and good looking, with no notion of being a recluse, and was soon a familiar figure in the society of the locality. The years of travel had made him the most interesting of cosmopolitans, and his gentle courtesy with women and good-humored frankness with men had won him the readiest welcome.

Below the old Daubier house a yellow road wound and wandered, and lost itself in the deep woods through which it must pass on its way to the town of B—. Late in the afternoon a horseman, slim and erect, galloped along here and disappeared in the deep shades.

"Our neighbor, M. D'Arblay," remarked Theon, casually, watching the equestrian from sight. "He rides to B—."

The elder Chevreau made no reply, but presently he leaned forward and rested his massive chin firmly in his hand. Theon, watching him, saw that the lines of his face were deep and hard.

"You are not well to-day, mon pere?" he asked, quickly, for between father and son was the tenderness of women.

"You forget the day," answered Chevreau, staring blackly down the yellow road. "It is just 20 years, Theon, since—we left France."

"Pardon me!" The young man's face flushed sensitively, but the father laid a heavy hand on his knee and continued the subject so rarely mentioned between them.

"Twenty years, Theon, since they disgraced me before my country. They took my sword from me, my rank, my honor, and marched me like a criminal through the files of my regiment. And I was their colonel! My God!"

His nostrils quivered with repressed excitement, for after 20 years the old

try magnate that evening, but had it not been that a certain somebody would be there and expecting him, he would have yielded to his foolish uneasiness and stayed at home. Yet what was there to fear, in this fair country-side at least? He must be watchful when they returned to the city.

"It is in honor of M. Manton's niece, you know, mon pere"—leaning forward and laying his fingers lightly on his father's arm, while his face flushed—"what should you say if some day I should bring you a daughter?"

"Oh! that is it?" interrogated Chevreau, dryly, but he sighed a little, too. Theon was all he had, and it was hard that after all these years of comradeship a pretty face should win him away in a few short weeks. Still, it was nature.

"Boy, boy!" he smiled, ruefully, "I had almost forgotten that you could grow into a man. But be careful, Theon, be careful!"

He knew how absurdly useless was the warning, and he smiled grimly to himself, but the smile hardened to a sneer as he turned and stared again at the gray towers of the chateau, looming shadowy in the dusk.

"After 20 years! And this is a good day."

The road from B—, past the old chateau, is very beautiful. Strangers traveling through the country take the drive and exclaim at the fairness of open field and massive wood, but there is one spot where silence comes involuntarily, a long, shadowed stretch where the forest rises darkly on both sides, and twilight reigns at high noon. Here the wood to the right extends but a few rods, ending abruptly in the high cliff that follows the road for miles, and far below, in the silence of the forest, comes the subdued rush and murmur of the deep river, swirling against the rocks in its bed.

In the day it is beautiful, but at night it is awesome, and none travel past there but those whose way leads them there of necessity.

On the night that Jules D'Arblay rode to B—, the deep forest lay quiet and still, knowing that the one sound that would awaken its echoes would be the gallop of a returning horse. Jules D'Arblay always returned late, and alone. He was later than usual tonight, for he was making arrangements to leave indefinitely. As a rule he enjoyed spending his summers in the fine old chateau, but this summer he preferred to leave.

The trees rose high and met in thick arches over the road, shutting out the light of the stars. The trees and the little bushes were the only things of the forest not asleep in the vastness of the night, and they stirred and whispered, nodding wisely to one another and shivering awesomely in the silence.

Down the hard road came the wholesome reality of steady hoof-beats, and the quivering bushes held themselves to listen as horse and rider came nearer through the black shadows. At one step the low grass rustled, and two restless eyes gleamed at the dark outline approaching. The slim, straight shadow sat fearlessly erect and unconscious of danger.

From out of the roadside something rose and struck viciously at the head of the rider, hissing angrily: "After 20 years, Jules D'Arblay!" something fell heavily, without a cry, and then the leaves rustled as the startled horse was backed through the blackness by a commanding hand, still black, toward the steep cliff, for a riderless horse is a betrayal, and if a drunken man rides over a cliff in returning from town it is no one's fault but his own. The air quivered with the human scream of a terrified beast, and the deep river splashed solemnly as it received its burden.

The timid bushes shivered and covered again, bending fearfully to one side as the man returned, and a still, warm thing was carried heavily through them, its nerveless limbs limply brushing them in its progress.

The wind stopped to hear his heavy breathing as the bearer of the burden strode on. Then it fled up swiftly, frightened, to tell the tree-tops what it had seen, and the good old trees tossed their long arms in sorrow over the treachery of man to man, and let the stars peep wonderingly through, so that their clear light shone fair and steadily on the still face.

As one who does so against his will, the one who bore him glanced down in stern aversion at the dead man. The limp thing half slipped from his loosened grasp; the distant stars quivered and shrank, as a great cry rang out and up to them, lingering and sobbing in the tree-tops like the wail of a stricken woman.

"Oh, my God! My God!" The little bushes rustled pitifully, and through the parted arms of the solemn trees the stars shone tenderly, even on this one who knelt shivering on the ground, staring dumbly into the face of the dead.

On the following day a passing traveler found two bodies in the wood by the cliff, young Theon Chevreau, stretched carefully out on the tender grass with his cloak wrapped smoothly about him, and the strange old man, his father, with a bullet in his temple, lying face downward as he had died, his head on his son's breast.—Good Literature.

Japs Communicate by Kite.
The Japanese recently flew a large kite into the Russian lines. The kite was covered with photographs showing the treatment of Russian prisoners in Japan. It was evidently intended to attract the Russian soldiers.

Thoroughly Subdued.
"Is he henpecked?"
"So thoroughly that he speaks to his wife as politely as he does to his stenographer."—Town Topics.

BACK TO POKER PLAYING.

Advice of a Long-Suffering Wife to Her Husband When He Substituted the Violin.

The man, who lives in a detached, if modest home of his own in Brooklyn, began to believe one night a couple of weeks ago that he didn't know how to play poker, relates the New York Sun. He had just dropped the equivalent of about a month's pay in defense of his four nines. The other fellow had four queens.

"This," remarked the man, "is where I sulk for the rest of the route. Gimmieled out with four nines in my mitt, hey? Here is where I make a standing pole-vault into the discard and poke no more."

Reaching home, he took his patient wife's hand in his hands and told her that, after a searching analysis of himself, he had found that he wouldn't do. Wherefore, he added, every soumarkee that he pulled down from his legitimate labors in the future was to be devoted to the proper purposes and uses of himself and his heirs and assigns, now and forever.

She expressed her great relief and joy. On the following day, in conformity with his resolution henceforth to find his amusement at home of nights, he rummaged around among the second-hand stores, and finally found the fiddle, with the bow and case, that he wanted, paying all of four dollars for the outfit.

In his early youth this man had been able to scrape so passably on the violin that his playing hadn't depreciated the value of real estate in his boyhood neighborhood more than 35 or 40 per cent.

He was determined, therefore, to resume his fiddling, after a hiatus that had endured for many years, as one of the methods whereby he might divert himself and his wife at home, and also keep his mind from dwelling upon the insidious game of draw.

He blew in an additional \$1.50 for the purchase of strings, keys, bridge, tail-piece and chin rest for his four-dollar Strad and carried the gear, together with the instrument, home with him on his way from the office. His patient wife's eyes gleamed with happiness.

"I am so delighted," she said, ecstatically, "that you are going to take up your music again! It seems so queer, doesn't it, that I have never heard you play."

"Yep," said he, cheerily, "but you've got something to live for just for that reason. Once a violinist, I get a violinist, y'know. When I lay this how-gad-rigged up, I'll be hurling out some sweet strains that'll make you think of your happy girlhood days down by the creek—just you wail!"

After an hour's work in getting the fiddle strung up, he rosined the bow and drew it across the strings.

It was a pretty squeaky start. His wife's countenance fell just a little. He tuned up the instrument again, and then he was off in a bunch with what purported to be the "Flower Song."

His wife's face went blank before he had saved seven bars. Then a wounded antelope expression crept into her eyes. He, however, was too busy with his rendition of the "Flower Song" to notice this.

His wife softly stole into the next room, and raising a window, leaned out into the cold air as far as she could, and wondered what she had ever done to deserve it.

Bringing his performance to a wabby, horrid and precarious close, he rested the instrument on his knee and looked around for tumultuous applause. He found himself alone in the room.

"The music has probably affected her so," he said to himself, "that she has gone into her room to weep her tender little heart out, poor child! I'll have to stop playing so pathetically, she's so sensitive. It's unfortunate that I've got so much overwhelming expression at my finger tips."

So he hastened into the other room, where he found his wife still leaning out of the window. Her figure was not, however, being shaken by convulsive sobs. In fact, she turned quite a calm face upon him.

"Well, little one," said he, folding her in his fond embrace, "what d'ye think of your man as a violin player?"

She gazed at him sadly and released herself from his grip.

"Heaven forgive me for giving you such advice, Jack," she said to him, in a voice filled with anguish, "but—Jack, go and play poker."

Japanese in New York.
The number of Japanese on the Atlantic coast is small, compared with that on the Pacific coast. There are about 2,000 Japanese in the Greater New York and its surrounding states; about 200 are Christians. In New York city there are 20 stores and business offices representing the large companies in Japan; and 20 students in Columbia university and 11 in the Union Theological seminary and many in the different schools. The great number of the 2,000 are students, whether they are in school or temporarily occupying some positions. The others are merchants, artisans, architects, engineers, etc. Those who are temporarily cooks or butlers are ambitious and discontented with servitude. All the Japanese thirst for knowledge and culture.—Christian City.

Superstition in England.
In Painswick churchyard (between Stroud and Gloucester, England) there are 99 yew trees. Although the hundredth has been planted many times, it is a peculiar fact that it always dies. A local superstition says that "when the hundredth tree lives after it has been planted, the world will come to an end."

WILL "HIT THE TRAIL."

Visitors at the Next World's Fair Will Have a Change from "Midway" and "Pike."

One "went down" the Pike in St. Louis and "took in" the Midway at Chicago—but it will be "hit the trail" at the next world's fair at Portland, says the Journal City Star.

All of these familiar sights which have come to be expected of every well regulated "amusement street" will be a part of the Trail, and many new startling novelties are promised.

While the march of progress has changed the character of the shows, the methods of doing business will remain the same. The harsh-voiced speller will cry out to use the best speller, and get most of the people. Many of the shows, probably most of them, at the Lewis and Clark exposition will be of real educational value, but does the speller emphasize this fact? Not he. He knows that the people want to be amused.

"Have you saw Cora?" he bellows, and the crowd stops a moment and smiles at his bad grammar, and wonders who Cora is. And then he proceeds to tell them of her marvelous feats of digestion.

"You come on, John," says the little woman in a last year's bonnet. "We've seen enough of them shows."
"Well, we haven't saw Cora, have we?" and the big man laughs and buys two tickets.

An Ex-Sheriff Talks.
Scott City, Kan., March 20th.—(Special)—Almost every newspaper tells of cures of the most deadly of kidney diseases by Bright's Kidney Pills. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Bladder troubles, in fact any disease that is of the kidneys or caused by disordered kidneys is readily cured by this great American remedy.

But it is in curing the earlier stages of kidney complaint that Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing their greatest work. They are preventing thousands of cases of Bright's disease and other deadly ailments by curing Kidney Disease when it first shows its presence in the body.

Speaking of this work Ex-Sheriff James Scott of Scott County, says:
"I have used eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and must say that they are just the thing for Kidney Disease. We have tried many kidney medicines but Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best of all."

One cannot understand why women are so desperately anxious to enter professions and trades which obviously are suited only to men, while they allow men to supersede them in others that seem by right to belong to women alone.—Bystander.

What Is Pusheck's-Kuro?
It is a new remedy, compounded on an entirely new scientific basis, combining and harmonizing the curative principles of special medicines. There is an absolutely fixed law of cure—no experimenting. Nature intended a cure for every ill. This is not a common remedy; it is radically different from anything else and never fails to cure the diseases for which it is intended. Other medicines may have failed—you have not tried the right one—take Kuro.

WHAT IT WILL CURE.
All weakness, aches and pains, exhaustion, nervous and general debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, all Diseases and Impurities of the blood, Scrofula, Eczema and all kinds of acute and chronic Catarrhs—no matter where located or which organ is affected—loss of appetite, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, diseases of the Kidneys, or Liver troubles, Weakness or Missed Heart diseases, etc. Pusheck's-Kuro is the best all-around invigorator, tonic and restorative in the world for men, women and children. If your druggist hasn't it, mail \$1.00 to Dr. C. Pusheck, Chicago. Write for illustrated book.

"It's purty hard sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "to sympathize with one man's wrongs without havin' another man claim you's tryin' to interfere with his rights."—Washington Star.

FOR WOMEN.
Much That Every Woman Desires to Know Is Found in Cuticura—
"Cuticura Works Wonders."

Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording constitutional treatment for weakening discharges, ulcerations, inflammations, itching, irritations, relaxations, displacements, pains and irregularities peculiar to females, as well as such sympathetic affections as anaemia, chlorosis, hysteria, nervousness and debility.

The fact that riches cannot buy happiness doesn't influence a man to remain poor.—N. Y. Times.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Fake Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Of course, the water wagon may seem a little dry, but just think of the lust you will accumulate!—Indianapolis News.

When St. Jacobs Oil
Hurts, Sprains, Bruises

The muscles flex, the kinks untwist, the soreness dies out. Price 25c. and 50c.

WOMEN NOT TRUTHFUL

This Statement Has Been Unjustly Made, Because Modest Women Evade Questions Asked By Male Physicians.



An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful; they will lie to their physician." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

It is any wonder, then, that women continue to suffer and that doctors fail to cure female diseases when they cannot get the proper information to work on?

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To her they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients, through her correspondence with them than the physician who personally questions them.

If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge. The fact that this great boon, which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands A Woman's Ills.

At the marriage of Miss Drybread and Mr. Haman, at Sandwich, L. I., by Rev. Mr. Mustard, it is naturally to be presumed that a hasty luncheon took the place of the usual wedding breakfast.—Indianapolis News.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, itching feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The greatest miracle is the casting out of the devil of self.—Chicago Tribune.

A QUICK RECOVERY.
A Prominent Officer of the Rebecca Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills For It.
Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner, a local officer of the Rebecca, of Topeka, Kans., Room 10, 813 Kansas avenue, writes: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills during the past year, for kidney trouble and kindred ailments. I was suffering from pains in the back and headaches, but found after the use of one box of the remedy that the troubles gradually disappeared, so that before I had finished a second package I was well. I, therefore, heartily endorse your remedy."

A FREE TRIAL—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents.

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The New Boon for Women's Ills.
Suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, Cause of Diseases in Women, will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing:
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