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LARKS.

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a-singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase, winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

—Katharine Tynan in "The Wind In the Trees."

Rosa of Tannenburg.

A Story Begun by a Father and Ended by a Daughter.

The castle of Tannenburg was like all castles of its time, strongly fortified and surrounded by high walls and a deep moat. In an upper room, one warm summer day, Rosa and her father sat together. The knight had just come home from the wars, badly wounded, and Rosa, a fair haired girl of 17, sat by him working over her gayly colored tapestry.

"Father," she said, "tell me the story of how you got the chain round your neck."

Rosa had heard the story a hundred times before now, but she never tired of hearing it any more than the old knight of telling it.

"When I was a page at court," began the knight, stroking his long, gray beard, "a great tournament was given in honor of a French prince who came to visit the emperor. There I saw your mother for the first time, and so lovely was she that she was elected to be the queen of beauty, and was to give the prize, a golden chain, to the victor. I loved her from the moment I saw her, and her beauty gave me such strength and daring that I came out first in the games, much to the chagrin of the young baron of Odenwald, who opposed me fiercely in the tourney. He was, like myself, a suitor for the hand of the queen of beauty, and when I finally won her for my bride he swore that he would have revenge on me."

"But," interrupted Rosa, "his castle is only 15 miles from us, and he has done us no harm yet."

"Yes," answered her father; "that was many years ago, and he has now a young wife and two children, but he still hates me bitterly, and"—

A loud clamor in the courtyard interrupted the story, and on looking out of the window to their consternation they saw the very man they were speaking of, the baron of Odenwald, and his soldiers marching up to the castle doors. The knight's soldiers were still at the wars, and the few old men left to guard the castle had been easily overpowered by the fierce baron.

Rosa screamed with terror. She heard the tramp of armed feet coming up the stairs. In came the haughty baron of Odenwald and ordered his men to bind and carry off the wounded and helpless knight of Tannenburg. In vain were Rosa's tears and prayers. The unfortunate knight was hurried off, Rosa turned out of the castle, which was looted and then locked up, and the poor girl left weeping and disconsolate.

All night she wandered through the dark pine forest till she came to a charcoal burner's hut, where she was taken in and kindly treated. Days passed by, and Rosa longed to see her father once more and perhaps help him to escape. Accordingly one day she stained her face with brown berry juice, changed her own pretty dress for a peasant's coarse cotton gown, and with a large basket of mushrooms on her arm started off for the castle of Odenwald.

The sentinel, seeing only a harmless little peasant girl, let her pass over the drawbridge and through the castle gates. She walked up to the porter's lodge, where the porter's wife stood in the doorway scolding her children. The baron of Odenwald was extremely fond of mushrooms, and the basketful was soon bought and paid for by the porter's wife.

"Will you not stay with me and help me look after the children and cook the food for the prisoners?" she asked after a few moments' chat with Rosa. "I need a young, strong girl like you, and I will give you a new dress every year if you will stay."

Rosa accepted the offer eagerly, and her duties, none too light, began that very day. She had to light the fire in the morning, dress the children, help the porter's wife cook the most unsavory soup for the prisoners of the castle and do many things. One day the porter came to his wife and told her that he was obliged to go away with the baron for some days and that she would have to take the prisoners' food to them besides cooking it.

"No, indeed," replied his wife. "There are murderers and thieves in those cells, and I will not go near them."

"Let me go," begged Rosa. "I will do it for you."

"Very well," said the porter, rather surprised at her request; "come with me and I will show you how to unlock the doors."

Together they went down a winding flight of stone steps, opened a door heavily bolted and barred and down a long, dark corridor dimly lighted by the porter's lantern. On one side were small stone cells, behind whose iron gratings wild, cruel faces gleamed in the light of the passing lantern. Hideous oaths and fearful laughter followed them, and Rosa shrank, frightened, to the porter's side.

"Do you fear them?" he said. "They cannot possibly escape. This man, however, is good and gentle, and you can go right into his cell." He stopped in front of one of the gratings and held up his lantern. Rosa's heart beat fast and loud. There on a wretched heap of straw lay her father, asleep, pale and emaciated. She longed to call to him, but remembered that she must be silent before the porter, and they left him sleeping and walked back through the long corridor, bolting the heavy door behind them.

The next day Rosa took into the prisoners the bowls of unappetizing soup, pushed one under every grating and finally came to her father's cell. Unlocking his door, she pushed in and knelt by the sick man's side. "Father! father!" she cried. "Rosa!" exclaimed the knight, recognizing his daughter in spite of the brown stain and rough dress. He took her in his arms and together they wept over their terrible misfortunes. Then Rosa told her father all her adventures since she had been carried off, until the sound of the great bell of the castle, coming dim and muffled through the thick dungeon walls, warned her that it was time to go back to the porter's wife.

Twice every day Rosa brought food to the prisoners and thus saw her father. Escape, however, was not possible. The walls were too well guarded, and as the days slipped by the poor knight grew worse and Rosa despaired.

One morning the castle was filled with noise and busy movement. The news that the baron was to return that evening with a large company of guests flew from mouth to mouth. So excited were they all that the nursemaid forgot her precious charges, the baron's two little sons, who were playing in the courtyard while she gossiped with the scullery maid over the coming event.

A bright blue and yellow butterfly flew across the yard and away went the two children after it. The butterfly settled for a moment on the edge of the bucket dangling over the well. The eldest of the children clambered up, stretched out his little hand to reach the gay plaything, lost his balance and fell in. The baroness at the window saw and fainted at the sight. Men and maids rushed up, and among them Rosa. Down in the dismal depths of the well they peered and saw that the little fellow's coat had caught on a sharp stone projecting half way down the well. Rosa saw that the coat was already beginning to tear, that there was no time to be lost, and, jumping into the bucket, told the men to let her down gently till she reached the boy. Soon the child was safe in her arms and the bucket, with its occupants, carefully brought up to the mouth of the well.

It was not many hours after that the Baron of Odenwald, sitting in the great hall of the castle with his guests, heard the story of his son's narrow escape from death and Rosa's plucky act.

"Bring the girl here!" he commanded, and Rosa was brought in, her rough peasant dress contrasting with the gay costumes of the knights and ladies in the hall.

"Girl," said the baron, "you saved my son's life. Ask what you will of me and I will give it to you."

"Baron of Odenwald," answered Rosa boldly, "there is one favor I will ask of you. Give up your prisoner, the knight of Tannenburg, to me."

"No, no! Not that!" frowned the baron.

A murmur went around the hall from the guests, "Your word, your honor!" and the baron turned pale with chagrin and rage. By his order the wounded knight was brought up from the dungeon. Astonished and almost blinded by the bright light, he gazed around him, while Rosa quietly put her hand in his.

"My daughter, what does this mean?"

"His daughter!" murmured the guests once more.

The whole story then came out. A reconciliation was effected between the knight and the baron and the property of the former restored to him.

Some days later Rosa and her father sat together in an upper chamber of the castle, the knight with the glow of returning health on his face, Rosa in a pretty little silk gown and the brown berry stain completely disappeared.

"Father," said Rosa, "this is a happy ending after all to the story of the golden chain."

"Yes, dear," answered her father. "I began the story, but it was my brave little daughter who brought it to this happy termination."—Pittsburg Press.

The athletic woman is the woman of the day. The past twenty years has seen wonderful progress in this respect. That this tendency will result in a more robust womanhood, better able to bear the burdens and duties and pleasures of life, there can be no question. But this result will be accomplished by the building up of those women already in reasonably robust health, and the killing off of their weaker sisters. Athletics will make a naturally strong woman stronger and healthier; they will make a naturally weak, sickly woman weaker and more sickly, and if indulged in to excess, may result fatally.

A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs peculiarly feminine, cannot hope to recover her general health through athletics, so long as she remains locally weak. A woman suffering in this way is unfitted to bear the strain of athletics just as much as she is unfitted to bear the duties and burdens of wifehood and motherhood. There is a sure, safe, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the organs concerned in wifehood and maternity, making them strong and healthy and vigorous. It soothes pain, allays inflammation, heals ulceration and tones the nerves. It fits a woman to indulge in, and be benefited by, athletics. All good medicine stores sell it.

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The statement that Mr. Major owes his life to . . . . DR. CHASE'S Kidney Liver Pills

Dr. J. T. A. Gauthier, of Valleyfield, Que., writes: "I, the undersigned, certify that the contents of this letter, in regard to the cure of Mr. Isadore Major, by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, is correct."

Here is Mr. Major's letter: "After 20 years of suffering from backache and kidney disease I owe my life to Dr. A. W. Chase. I had tried an endless variety of remedies to no avail, and on the recommendation of a friend began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two pills that night and two next morning gave great relief, and I continued their use until now I am completely cured. My friends are surprised and pleased to see me well again, for I spent hundreds of dollars in vain trying to get cured. Before using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills my back ached so I could not put on my shoes and couldn't lift 20 lbs. My shoulders were sore, I had headaches and a bad taste in the mouth. These troubles are now entirely gone and what I say I am ready to prove. I have told my friends of my wonderful cure, and many have been greatly benefited by using these pills."

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In Chancery

Before the Master of the Rolls

ALBERT E SMITH, Complainant
and
EBENEZER WILFRED SMITH and DAVID ACORN, Defendants

To David Acorn, of Providence, Rhode Islands, U S A,—

Take notice that Albert E Smith has commenced a suit against Ebenezer Wilford Smith, and you in Her Majesty Court of Chancery, of Prince Edward Island, by a bill filed in that Court, on the 28th day of September, A D, 1899 and you are hereby required, within twenty one days after the date of this notice, inclusive of the day of such date, to defend this action by causing an appearance to be entered for you thereto at the office of the Registrar of said court, at Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, and in default of you so doing, the said complainant may proceed therein and a decree may be made as prayed.

Datedthis sixth day of October, 1899.

WILLIAM A WEEKS, Registrar

RATTENBURY & TWEEDY, Solicitors for Complainant
235

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