Jacqueline of Golden River

by Victor Rousseau

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"FOR MY SAKE!"

Paul Hewlett, loitering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog. He follows the dog to a gambling house and meets the animal's mistress coming out with a large amount of money. She is beautiful and in distress and he follows her. After protecting her from two assailants he takes her in charge, and puts her in his own rooms for the rest of the night. He returns a little later to find a murdered man in his rooms and Jacqueline dazed, with her memory gone. He decides to protect Jacqueline, gets rid of the body and prepares to take her to Quebec in a search for her home. Simon Leroux, searching for Jacqueline for some unfriendly purpose, finds them, but Hewlett evades him. Hewlett calls the girl his sister. In Quebec he learns that she is the daughter of a recluse in the wilds, Charles Duchaine. Pere Antoine tells Hewlett Jacqueline is married and tries to take her away. Jacqueline is spirited away and Hewlett is knocked out, both escape and arrive at St. Boniface. On their sled journey to Chateau Duchaine their dogs are poisoned, and Hewlett goes snow-blind. Jacqueline recovers her memory and leaves Hewlett. Pere Antoine rescues Hewlett from death in the snow. He says Jacqueline is the wife of Louis d'Epernay, nephew of Charles Duchaine. Hewlett makes his way to Chateau Duchaine.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

—10—

I turned back and followed the corridor to the right and came to a little hall toward the rear of the building. Beyond me was an open door, and behind it I saw the dull glow of a stove and felt its heat.

I approached cautiously and looked in.

Facing me, above a cracked and ancient mirror, were two rusty broadswords, and in the mirror I saw a large oaken table reflected. Seated at it, clothed in a threadbare coat of very ancient fashion, was an old man with long, snow-white hair and a white, forked beard. He was busily transferring a stack of gold pieces from his ...

... but it was not my Jacqueline. It might have been Jacqueline's grandmother when she was a girl—this haughty belle with her high waist and side curls and her flounced skirt and aspect of cold recognition.

She did not stir as I approached her but stood still, framed in the doorway, looking at me as though I were an unwelcome stranger. My outstretched arms fell to my sides.

"Jacqueline!" I cried. "It is I, Paul! You know me, Jacqueline?"

Jacqueline inclined her head. "Oh, yes; I know you, monsieur," she answered. "Why have you come here?"

"To save you, Jacqueline!"

She made me a mocking courtesy. "I am infinitely obliged to you, monsieur, for your good will," she said; "but I do not need your aid. I am with friends now, M.—M. Paul!"

"Do you want to see me, Jacqueline?" I asked, watching her through a whirling fog.

"No, monsieur," she answered chillingly. "No, monsieur!"

"Do you wish me to go?"

She said nothing, and I walked unsteadily toward the door. She followed me slowly. I went out of the room and pulled the door to behind me. I knew that after it had closed I should never see Jacqueline again.

She opened it and stood confronting me, and then burst into a flood of impassioned speech.

"Why have you followed me here to persecute me?" she cried. "Are you under the illusion that I am helpless? Do you think the friends who rescued me from you have forgotten that you exist? You took advantage of my helplessness. I do not want to see you. I hate you!"

"You told me that you loved me, and I believed you, Jacqueline," I answered miserably, watching the color flame into her lovely face. And I could see she remembered that.

"When I was ill you used me for your base schemes," she went on with cutting emphasis. "And you—you followed me here. Have you not had money enough? Do you want more?" ...

... pretense, madame?" cried Leroux angrily. "What have you to gain by concealing the knowledge of your husband from me?"

"M. Leroux, why will you not believe that I remember nothing?" answered Jacqueline. "After my father had turned M. Louis d'Epernay out of his house, whither he had come to beg money to pay his gambling debts, you brought him back. You made my father take him back in. He wanted to marry me. But I refused, because I had no love for him. But you insisted I should marry him, because he had gained you the entrance to the seigniory and helped you to acquire your power over my father."

"Go on," growled Leroux, biting his lips. "Perhaps I shall learn something."

"Nothing that you do not already know, monsieur," she flashed out with spirit. "My father came here, long ago, a political fugitive, in danger of death. You knew this, and you played upon his fears. You drained him of his last penny, and then offered him ten thousand dollars to gamble with in Quebec, telling him of the delights of the city and promising him immunity," the girl went on remorselessly. "And for this he was to assign his property to Louis, thinking, of course, that he could soon make his fortune at the tables. And Louis was to marry me, and in turn sell the seigniory to you. And so I married Louis under threat of death to my father.

"Oh, yes, monsieur, the plan was simple and well devised. And I knew nothing of it. But Louis d'Epernay blurted it all out to me upon our wedding night. I think the shame of knowing that I had been sold to him unhinged my mind, for I ran out into the snows.

"Now you know all, monsieur, for I remember nothing more until I found myself traveling back with M. Hewlett in the sleigh. You say I was in New York. Well, I do not remember it.

"And as for Louis d'Epernay, I know nothing of him—but I will die before he claims me as his wife!"

And then I had the measure of Leroux. He laughed and he beat down her scorn with scorn.

"You have underestimated your price, madame," he sneered. "Since you have learned so much I will tell you more. You have cost me twenty thousand dollars, and not ten; for besides the ten thousand paid to your father Louis got ten thousand also, upon the signing of the marriage contract. So swallow that, and be proud of being priced so high! And the seigniory is already his, and I am waiting for him to return and sell me the ground rights for twenty-five thousand more, and if I know Louis d'Epernay he will not wait very long to get his fingers round it."

"Listen to me, Simon Leroux," said Jacqueline, standing up before him, as indomitable in spirit as he. "All your plots and schemes mean nothing to ...

"Monsieur!" She Gasped.

Hewlett is forced to leave the chateau and begins new adventures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINE GONE; 931 SOLDIERS PAY

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF STOCKMEN BY ADDING MUCH MEAT TO 1918 OUTPUT

Not a Very Good Place for Hogs—Clean Pens and Abundance of Exercise Will Do a Great Deal Towards Protecting Hogs From Cholera.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

American dressed-meat production, including lard, amounted in 1918 to 20,129,000,000 pounds—a quantity never before approached in magnitude by the livestock industry of this or any other country. The corresponding figure for 1917 was 16,317,300,000 pounds.

Three-fourths of this enormous increase was in pork and one-fourth was in beef.

The meat surplus in 1918 was so great that extra export demands made little impression on it, although 1918 export shipments of meat and lard nearly doubled the 1917 figures, rising from slightly less than one and three-fourths billions pounds to slightly more than three billion pounds—and these figures do not include shipments to American military forces abroad. ...

... became more costly; hence the high prices. But the unprecedented prosperity of the people as a whole enabled them to afford the increased cost. In fact, laboring people probably consumed more meat during the past year than in prewar times."

Quantity Increases "Remarkable."

"The total number of cattle slaughtered in 1918 is estimated at 15,750,400," says the bureau, "as against 13,723,900 in 1917. Their average weights were practically the same for both years, and the beef produced from them was 6,086,000,000 pounds in 1917 and 7,641,000,000 pounds in 1918. This was a remarkable achievement, as it hardly would have been credited that beef growers could increase their production a billion pounds in one year. ...

How Shortage Became Surplus.

GRASSES OF UNITED STATES

CRIPPLES SHOULD BE KILLED

WAYS TO PREPARE POULTRY

LIVE STOCK NOTES

APPLIED THE WRONG COLOR

Unfortunate Misapplication of Indianapolis Young Lady Who Was Trying to Look Her Best.

One particular hot day a pretty North side girl whose crowning glory is quite Titianly inclined—a young man recently—in ... suggestion that they decided to take in the picture show and, incidentally, have a little visit. ...

PESTILENCE CAUSED BY WAR

Generally Understood That the Influenza Epidemic Was a Direct Result of Great Conflict.

PERSONS OF ROYAL DESCENT

WRIGLEY'S

5c a package before the war

5c a package during the war

5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!

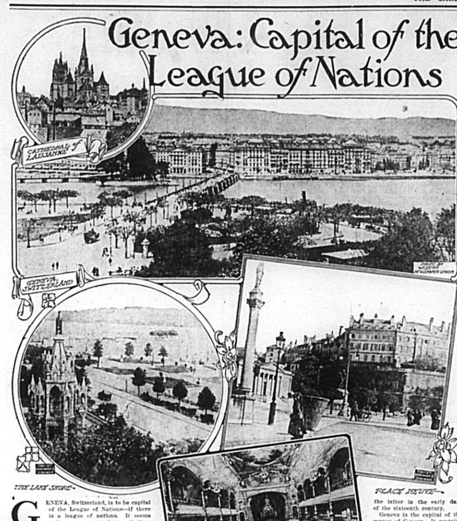
One Treatment with Cuticura Clears Dandruff

KIDNEYS WEAKENING? BETTER LOOK OUT!

25 Cents Will buy a Big Package of POSTUM CEREAL weighing over a pound, net.

What are you paying for coffee?

Geneva: Capital of the League of Nations



THE LAKE SHORE — VICTORIA HALL, WHERE LEAGUE WILL MEET — PLACE NEUVE

GENEVA, Switzerland, is to be capital of the League of Nations—if there is a league of nations. It seems rather an appropriate selection. The city is cosmopolitan and has historical, literary and philosophical traditions in keeping with the purpose of the league. Switzerland has preserved its neutrality in a way to be above suspicion. And finally the Swiss Confederation is in itself a sort of League of Nations. From the practical viewpoint the city of Geneva is attractive, not too large, and centrally located for many of the members of the league.

In fact, the enthusiasts say that considering Geneva's past, its long history full of struggles and suffering through which it won its freedom, it would appear that from all time this city has been predestined to become the capital of the intangible kingdom of all free peoples, united to defend, not only their rights and liberty, but also the rights and liberty of others.

The requirements for a location stipulated fifteen hundred meters along the edge of the lake, embracing large properties; a port for hydroplanes, facing the Alps and having access by land and water. Within the walls of the small territorial district of Geneva, amid the country adorned with parks and decked with gardens, several estates were available to the representatives of the different nations.

The parish of Genthod, about four miles out from the town, perhaps the more readily fulfills these conditions. Genthod, one of the oldest villages, was a part of the bishop of Geneva's property. In 1535 it became the property of the republic and is inclosed in the land that the Bernese took from the duke of Savoy. An unusually beautiful spot, looking down upon the lake from time immemorial, it has been a chosen place for the Genevans.

In the tenth century the noblemen replaced the country house of their forefathers by beautiful estates; gardens were laid out and planted. Two of these estates with the houses intact, rendered all the more beautiful by the passing of time, with avenues and venerable woods, were first chosen. The Creux de Genthod belongs to the family de Saussure and the de Pourtales estate. The Bartholoni estate adjoining was added; it is occupied by a large modern house called the Chateau-Rouge. On the other side is the property of Edward Naville, the Egyptologist, temporary president of the International Red Cross.

Spacious grounds that belonged to the estate of the naturalist and philosopher Charles Bonnet, were also secured. Incidentally, one of the eighteenth century houses on the Bonnet property was taken stone by stone to Geneva and scrupulously reconstructed. Crowning this long hillock with its gentle slopes is a plateau inclined toward the Jura mountains, the crest line which fills the horizon.

This presents a magnificent panorama for a distance of over a mile along the lake shore, and a mile and a half inland, half of the township of Genthod, bounded on the north by the Versoix river and on the south by a road and crossed by the Geneva-Berne railroad and the route to Lausanne.

The most ancient of these estates, and the most symmetrical, is the Creux de Genthod. It was built by Ami Lullin, theologian, professor and collector of rare manuscripts. Blondel, the great French architect, drew the plans. In 1723 he planned the gardens and park. This house became the property of the naturalist, Horce Benedict de Saussure, who married the granddaughter of Ami Lullin. De Saussure's house adjoined that of his uncle, Charles Bonnet. De Saussure, filled with a passionate love for the high Alps, the outline of which he gazed at every day, went exploring, climbing Mont Blanc, writing his "Voyages dans les Alpes" (1779-1786). His daughter, who became Madame Necker de Saussure, grew up in this delightful atmosphere. Charles Bonnet continued to carry out his study of nature, and when he lost his sight gave up his time to philosophical problems, strengthening his scholars' belief in an after life. Haller used to come from Berne to work with him. Learned men and scholars came from all parts of Europe to visit them.

In this way the small circle of Genthod, passionately interested in scientific culture and Christian philosophy, became a European center in direct opposition to the one at Ferney, where Voltaire derided the austereness of Geneva and tried his best to destroy it.

After the death of Charles Bonnet his property returned to the de Rive family, which was connected with Madame de Stael (1776-1817). Her house is near Genthod, and Corrinne came often on fine summer days to sit on the terrace of the philosopher and writer.

The de Pourtales house was built about 1730 by Jean Louis Saladin, a diplomat of Geneva attached to the court of Louis XV, who as a mark of appreciation gave him his full-length portrait in oils. The de Saladin house is on a height and commands a wide view of the lake. It is to be seen in the center of two broad avenues with its simple gray front, its semicircular outbuildings, all magnificently located. Beyond the fields that slope gently are the trees of the Creux de Genthod, the rare species that Ami Lullin had collected at a great cost, chestnuts that were brought from Lyons in carts, immense vistas of foliage, wonderful tree architecture infolding the old French garden.

Along the walks where the two scholars meditated, around that house of pure lines, the meeting place of so many distinguished men, a breath of European thought seems to float in this Genevan atmosphere, say the enthusiasts. An intimate communion seems to unite all these grand and simple homes to the grand old trees, the gentle distant slopes behind which appear the Alps, the long, clear stretch of lake. To all this vista, at the same time so big and so complete that it would seem impossible to destroy this incomparable harmony—certainly these homes and historical grounds will remain as they are and the new buildings will be erected inland on the plateau.

Geneva is an old, old city. Its origin is lost in antiquity, but it was of sufficient importance in Caesar's time to be mentioned in his "Commentaries." It was early the seat of a bishopric. It was one of the capitals of the Burgundians. In the sixth century it passed to the Franks. In the eleventh century it became incorporated with the German empire. About that time the temporal was added to the spiritual power of the bishops. The dukes of Savoy began to encroach on the temporal power and at the same time the burghers took a hand in affairs. The struggles between the dukes of Savoy and the citizens ended in favor of the latter in the early days of the sixteenth century.

Geneva is the capital of the canton of Geneva. It contains possibly 60,000 people—a little over 100,000 with its suburbs—and the canton has a population of about 135,000. There are 22 cantons, with a total population of about 3,350,000. The Romans made themselves masters of the country in the first century, B. C. Their dominion lasted about four centuries. A succession of masters followed. When it became a part of the German (Holy Roman) empire in the eleventh century it was a hodge-podge of petty states ruled by dukes, counts, bishops and abbots, together with little city-states. The beginning of the confederation of cantons was in the thirteenth century.

In 1276 Rudolph of Hapsburg, Holy Roman emperor, secured control of the duchy of Austria and threatened the liberties of the Swiss. To resist its aggressions the three forest cantons of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden in 1291 entered into a league. In the fourteenth century five other cantons joined. The house of Hapsburg found the mountaineers invincible. At the close of the middle ages the connection of Switzerland with the German empire came virtually to an end. The confederation was enlarged by fresh accessions. In the sixteenth century, as stated, Geneva shook off the authority of the dukes of Savoy and of the bishops. After the reformation in the peace of Westphalia (1648) Switzerland was formally declared independent of the German empire. In 1798 the French occupied the country and established the Helvetic republic. In 1803 Napoleon restored the cantonal confederation and new cantons were added. The congress of Vienna in 1815 decreed the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland.

Geneva, of course, at once suggests noted men and famous events—John Calvin, Rousseau and others; the Geneva convention, the Alabama claims, etc.

Modern Geneva is an exceedingly attractive city. It is beautifully situated at the southwest end of Lake Geneva, which here narrows and pours out into the Rhone, which is shortly joined by the Arve. The Rhone is crossed by nine fine bridges which join the old town on the left bank, with the principal residence quarter of the foreign colony on the right bank. There are many fine structures of interest. The College de St. Antoine, founded by Calvin, has nearly 2,000 students, over half of whom are foreigners. Geneva is noted as an educational center. The Cathedral of St. Peter is Byzantine in character and is said to have been built in 1124. The botanical gardens are interesting. There are several museums, including the Musee Ratin; the Fol museum, with collections of Greek, Roman and Etruscan antiquities; the Atheneum, devoted to the fine arts, and the Museum of Natural History, containing de Saussure's geological collection. The Ile Jean Jacques Rousseau attracts many visitors. Tourists are shown the house of Calvin, on whom the possibly chief historical fame of the city rests.

Lake Geneva is one of the beauty spots of the world. It is about 45 miles long and is eight miles wide at its place of greatest width. Its northern and western shores afford striking views of Mount Blanc and its chain. The lake is very deep and a beautiful dark blue.

New boulevards encircle Geneva; they are laid out along the lines of the old fortifications which were demolished in 1851. Handsome villas crown the surrounding heights. Altogether the tourist seldom visits a more attractive city and one more interesting historically.

GET THE "HIKING" HABIT

A hike through the country is good for body and soul. It gives the body a workout that is bound to be beneficial, it exercises muscles that are all too seldom used nowadays, and it gives an opportunity for really seeing the beauties of the country instead of hurrying through at forty miles an hour and knowing only that you've ... nature, makes you intimately acquainted with the birds and the flowers and the peace that cannot be found in the cities.

And then, too, there's a bit more fun in walking than in scurrying around in cars. Take, for instance, the delightful sensation, after covering ten or twelve miles and telling ... this farmer say, with all the awe in the world, "Good Lord, you'll win the bet, won't you?"—Omaha News.

Lost Without a Chew.

The folks at home are so much concerned about the morale of the army and navy it sometimes becomes almost a joke with the boys. We had a musician in our band at Great Lakes who consumed a great deal of chewing tobacco. One day when his supply was ... urday afternoon when he could get to town for more, he remarked: "I don't know what I'd do if I ever get to sea or some other place and run out of chewing. Do you know, chewing tobacco is the only thing that keeps up my morale?"—Exchange.

Seems So.

"No one is all bad."

"Possibly not. But some people have a preponderance of badness ..."

Curious Cities in the World

The KITCHEN CABINET

SUNDAY NIGHT LUNCH.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR DINNER.

FOR SUMMER COLDS

What is Castoria

UNCLE SAM a SCRAP chew in PLUG form MOIST & FRESH

Banner Lye is easy to use

ASTHMA — DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

INDIGESTION Caused by Acid-Stomach — EATONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

Wonder Pile Support

Lift off Corns!

Mothers use Frey's Vermifuge for the Children

Proof that Some Women do Avoid Operations

Every Sick Woman Should Try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND Before Submitting To An Operation

Cleveland City Hospital School for Nurses