

(Copyright, 1898, by Robert W. Chambers.) He went away laughing.

Burke reappeared at Harewood's door. "Jim, that kid is here. May she come

'Yes," said Harewood, listlessly. A moment later Red Riding Hood entered, removed her small wooden shoes, and pattered up to him in noiseless chaussons. saying seriously, "Bon Jour, Monsieur Harewood; peut on entrer, si'l vous plait?" "Indeed, you may," he said, smiling, "Have you come to pay me another little

Red Riding Hood shook her head and stood looking up at him, waiting for the kiss that was to her the most important event in her daily life. He laughed and held out his hands. She put both frail arms around his neck and raised her face. This selemn rite accomplished, the child sighed

and nestled closer to his shoulder.
"I have finished the dishes," she explained. "I then played with Scheherazade. being his favorite—and his limit, he had Then I learned my lesson. It was arithmetic. I was perfect."

"Are you sure, Red Riding Hood?"

"Yes. I repeated it to Mile. Hilde. She said it was quite perfect. I then played with Mehemet Ali, the parrot, who is my friend. I am fond of the parrot."

"Suppose," said Harewood, "that some time you were very, very hungry; would you eat Mehemet Ali?" 'No monsieur."

"Why?" "The parrot is my friend. It would be shameful.

Harewood laughed aloud, and Red Riding Hood, looking anxiously at him, laughed, too-a timid, joyless little laugh, sadder than tears.

You are right. That would not do at all, would it? We must never aid ourselves at a friend's expense-even a par-

Here ended the lesson, for Harewood found that loyalty and unselfishness were virtues which Red Riding Hood would never need to learn from him. As for lies, the child apparently had never conceived the idea of telling one. That lesson, too, had ended with a laugh and a kiss. But alas, appropriating pastry was Red Riding Hood's besetting sin, and it took all of Harewood's cleverness to explain to her the difference between mine and thine. She did comprehend at last, and gave him her promise for future abstaining, and with this was accomplished the moral regeneration of Red Riding Hood-which, after all, was no very difficult undertaking.

"I came," said Red Riding Hood, "to tell you several things. Shall I?" "By all means," replied Harewood, anxiously.

"Then I will. The first is that I was perfect in arithmetic; I have already told you that. The other is that Mile. Yolette has gone out. She has gone to the market, I think. The third is that Mile. Hilde is quite alone in the parlor."

Harewood looked at her suddenly, a faint color under his eyes. "Why do you tell me that, Red Riding

"Because," said the child, "I think she would like to have you come down." "Did she say so?"

"No." "I don't know," said Red Riding Hood, looking up into his face. Harewood put one arm around the child; his eyes were absently fixed on hers. After a few moment he said: "Do you love Hilde, Red Riding

'Yes-and you also, monsieur.' "If you do not mind-"

Harewood smiled and said:

"I want you to love me, too, ked Riding Hood-and Mile. Yolette and M. Bourke-Mile. Hilde best of all. Will you?" "I don't know," said the child, "whether

I love you or Mile. Hilde best. I must think for a day." she continued sedately, "and then I will tell you. Good-by. I am going "Good-by, Red Riding Hood," said Hare-

wood, "and will you please come again?" "Yes-tomorrow."

She trotted over to the door, put on her wooden shoes, turned and said, "Adleu, Monsieur Harewood!" and went away downstairs, tap, tap, tap, over the tiles.

Harewood shook out his coat, washed the ink stain from his hands, brushed his hair, settled his necktie, then took a dozen turns up and down the room. Presently he went to Bourke's door and opened it, but that young man was again asleep, fists doubled up like an infant's, face buried in the pillow. Harewood watched him for a moment preoccupied by his own thoughts; after awhile he turned away down the stairs, stepping softly, on Bourke's account.

The door of the parlor was open. Scheherazade lay on the sofa, eyes closed, tail trailing on the floor. The lioness opened one eye when Harewood entered, immediately closing it, however, when she saw who it was. Harewood had never taken any notice of her; therefore, as a self-respecting lioness she snubbed him. Hilde was not in the room, but he heard her voice not far away. probably in her own bedroom. She was singing to herself, as she often did over her

Of all the saints in Brittany Sainte Hilde, Sainte Hilde, Is blessed evermore—

he dropped into a chair, smiling at Scheherazade and listened to Hilde's voice Pachik, pachik, ma fach bihan, Kes d'he saludin d'he c'hampr

Ha tach d'e houd ober komplimant Hilde!" he called suddenly; "Si d'ac'h, ma dousig Hilde!' There was a silence; then Hilde's in utter astonishment:

"M. Harewood! Who taught you speak Breton?" The next instant she was at the door flushed and wondering, her needlework in

"Saludan ma dous a diabell," he said

laughing. "I learned Breton in Morbihan, "Hennez zo eum den a galite" she answered saucily, also laughing. "Who ever

would have believed that an American could speak the Benton tongue?" heard you singing about Sainte-Hilde and the little page, and all that, so I thought I'd like to hear more of it. Could you work just as well here, mademoiselle-and sing.

"I don't know," she said, seating herself and passing her needle through a bit of flannel. She looked up at him once, then dropped her lids, and began to sew. After silence she looked up again, saying

"Yolette and I are Bretonnes. Did you "I think I suspected," he replied, smiling

"Yolette's eyes-they are the rare Breton lue. Besides your songs are always Finis terre songs-and you know how few French ple can speak the Breton language. You and Yolette often speak it when you are

She watched him, shyly, a little indignant

that he knew so much more than she could

have expected. "Really," she said, "it would be only just if I understood English-when you and M. Bourke talk together so rapidly-tr-r-r-r! C-r-r-r!-in your English tongue! I am displeased, monsieur. I shall talk no more Breton with Yolette."

and myself."

consternation.

you going?'

bled eyes.

ursts-" she began.

vhy do you go near It?"

her cheeks turned scarlet.

CHAPTER IX.

The Prophet.

"Will you sing something in Breton for me if I sing you a beautiful little English song. Hilde?"

Hilde laughed outright.

"Yes-if you sing first." "Here goes then! It's a song I'm very fond of," and he began to drone out "Jim

Crow. "Horrid!" exclaimed Hilde, putting both hands over her ears. "How can you make

such sounds-like June beetles around a candle. "Isn't it pretty?" demanded Harewood, a little disconcerted. He hadn't much voice, but he was fond of music and proportionately soulful when he sang. "Jim Crow"

sung it with an enthusiasm that set Hilde's "Anyway," he said, "it isn't as dingdong

as the French songs." Henriette etait fille

D'un baron de renom.
D'une illustre famille
Etait le beau Damon.
Il etait fait au tour.
Elle etait jeune et belle,
Et d'un parfait amour.
Ils etaient le modele.

"I don't know anything to compare with that for imbecility." he said.

Hilde was laughing so gayly tha Scheherazade woke up, cast a reproachful glance at them both, and loped off into the garden. This made Hilde laugh the more and Harewood, catching the infection laughed too, not knowing exactly why.

"We are very ridiculous," said Hilde gathering up her needlework. Her checks were aglow with delicate color, her eyes brilliant and fairly dancing with mirth. After an interval the sudden soberness which always follows laughter soon came upon them. Hilde resumed her sewing. Harewood leaned back in his chair, watching her wistfully.

Dreaming there in the silent room, where bars of sunlight lay across the carpet, and drowsy flies buzzed along the window panes there came to them a sense of peace, of stillness, of desire fulfilled, something they had never before known nor even wished for She began speaking to him quite natur ally, indolently occupied with her needle now and then raising her head to look at him, resting her clear eyes on his with confidence. Such moments are rare in life, but they come to all at times, when everything seems but the continuation of familia conditions, long established, an unchanging regime, pleasant, even in tenor, without trouble, without desire. She told him of the convent, of the death of her uncle, of her hopes, her fears. She spoke of Brittany, of Carhaix, of the Pardon of the Birds, and of Sainte Anne d'Auray. She painted for him in quaint phases the chapel of Morlaix, the coast of St. Gildas, the Icelanders, and the

and she sang the "Ar Vinorez" deliciously Carmel,

Na vo ket dimet ar vinorez Ken vo bet pardon ar Carmel— She told him naively of Ker-Is, that city of Ahes, daughter of Gradion, the king. "Qu'y a-t-il dans la ville d'Is-si la jeuesse est tellement joyeuse-et si j'entends

blessing of the fleet. He asked her to sing,

She recited the Gwerz of Count Gweto and her eyes filled at the moment of peril. 'Seigneur Dieu ma fille, comment fera-ton!" and the reply:

le biniou.'

"Allez dans la chambre blanche prendre de beaux atours!' All the pathos and mystery of the Bro



PLACING "THE PROPHET" ON THE RUE D'YPRES.

paused in her sewing and intoned for him the "Vespers of St. Gildas." "O, Vierge glorieuse Marie!" until he emed to hear the sea bells tolling off the

cilffs and the long coast swell washing. rocking, washing, where the surf curls in a flurry of settling silver sands. "There is something more in Brittany," he said, vaguely uneasy-"something besides the waves and the bell buoy and the vespers

of the sea. At Treguier they have a song called 'Little Madeleine,' or 'Madeleinic.' "Madelinik," she said, her face lighting up with an imperceptible smile. "It is really chansonnette for the inn, with its gay re

"Ho! foit j'y vais; Ho! foit! je n'y vais pas!" It is very easy, monsieur, to see where you spent your evenings in Treguler." He laughed and hummed the dashing

"Ho! fe! graon; ho! fe! no naon!" until she caught the spirit and joined her clear voice to his, and they sang the chanson of little Madeleine until between laughter and tears Hilde sank back, both white hands losing her ears in protest.

At the same moment Yolette appeared, market basket over her arm, a picture of amazement.

"What on earth is all this about little Madeleine?" she cried. "Never-never have seen such children-never! never! And monsieur, may I ask who taught you my

Harewood confessed his knowledge, while Hilde, becoming very serious, opened the basket and made a mental invoice of its

contents. "No," said Yolette, "I did not forget, but do you know they are a little too dear. The butcher said it was because the Germana

"I think," said Harewood, "that things to send its shells into the bastlons of Mont- France must face the music alone." are going to be a little dearer in Paris. Of rouge, and this conclusion comforted him course, everybody says that we have food until he fell aslesse to dream of a cloudless Paris fournals would exhibit less hysteria enough to last a long time, even if the Germans should blockade the whole departlay white and dead; and he awoke, trembment, but it will make things more expenling in every line. He turned over and they've captured Moltke, they've innocusive and I only wish to say that you must tried to go to sleep again, but he could not. lated the Red Prince with typhus, they've not be too indulgent to Monsieur Bourke dreading a sleep that might bring back announced the mutiny of every regiment in such dreams.

She started toward the kitchen, but fore-the path that led to the solution of a paused to say: "O, I forgot to tell you question. Awake, sometimes asleep, the The soldiers are marching into the Prince question repeated itself-it was repeating Murat barracks and a company of sailors itself now, more persistently, more monothave brought a cannon and are mounting it onously, than ever. The question was on top of the ramparts across the street." "Hilde," and Hilde remained an enigma, "If they fire, it will break every window not because he could not solve the enigma, in the house, won't it?" exclaimed Hilde in but because he would not. As he lay there he felt that the time was coming when it Harewood frowned and started for the would be impossible to evade an explanation with himself. He shifted his head rest-"Hark!" said Yolette, "the people are lessly and opened his eyes in the darkness, cheering outside. I can hear the drums in and before he knew it he had faced the

the barracks. Can you? Hilde, where are question at last. What had happened to him? What was Hilde had started with Harewood, but now going to happen? Why should thoughts of she hesitated, looking at Yolette with trou- Hilde occupy him constantly? Was it be "Yolette means the cannon. The soldiers "If-if they fire the cannon-and it renounced the idle amusment of inspiring talking about it; the morning papers say affection in a young girl? Why had he re-"Of course," said Yolette gravely. "Then consciously, seeks the same amusement, and if conscience intervenes, is it not easy to 'The Prophet!' " Hilde looked blankly at her sister, then sat down and bent swiftly over her sewing. pretend that the woman was perfectly aware She had not been thinking of her own safety, of the game? Or, if the result does turn will not need to prophesy." but Harewood's, and when she realized that out grave for the woman, a man can always

It is merely a matter of chance, this amuse-When Harewood reached the front door he ment, which may or may not be harmless. stood amazed. The Rue d'Ypres, that broad, A selfish man takes the risk, risking nothsunny street, usually as quiet and deserted ing himself.



THEY HAVE FIRED, "THE PROPHETY" as a country road, was thronged with people, were silent and attentive, watching a swarm of laborers gathered around the bastion. A company of sailors from the fleet stood lean- He asked himself whether he was in danger punished and submerged because of the fault ling on their rifles in front of a strange, of caring seriously for Hilde, but he could hapeless structure that towered into the air above the heads of the crowd, one long steel arm stretched out stark against the sky. Beyond it, on the rusty rails of the narrow-gauge track, stood a car truck, painted blue, and on this truck lay a gigantic cannon.

The gun carriage had already been placed on the circular track, sunk into the cement selow the ramparts, the terrassiers were shaving the terrace, sodding it along the glacis, and piling sacks filled with earth across the angles of the epaulment. The rotten gabions and packed barrels that supported the gun terrace were being removed and new ones substituted. Locksmiths and carpenters worked in the bomb proofs and the tinkle of chisel and thud of mallet came up half smothered from below.

Down the street drums were rolling sonorously from the court of the caserne and now, bugles sounding, rifles glittering in the un, a company of infantry issued from the sallyport and marched solidly on to the Porte Rouge, their red trousers a long, undulating line against the green of the

glacis. Suddenly above the crowd the great derrick began to move, three chains dangling from its single rigid arm, the little rusty engine staggering under the spasms of steam jets. Slowly the cannon swung up into the air, turning as the steel arm turned, further, further, lower and lower, Then in the stillness a boatswain's whistle sounded, once, twice; the crowd swayed forlering cheers:

vard, and thousands of voices rose in thun-"Vive la France!" All that night Harewood lay restlessly on his bed thinking of the future, which until he first met Hilde had held no terrors for him. Now it was different. The menace of a siege meant something more than excitment and newspaper despatches, it meant danger, perhaps famine, perhaps annihilaion, to a city that had suddenly become important to him-because Hilde lived there He had never seen a siege. His ideas on the ubject were founded on histories. He ould not believe that any army would be able to absolutely isolate such a city as Paris-itself nothing but a gigantic citadel with its double armor of fortresses and ramparts, its suburbs, railways, forests and rivers. He believed that even if a German army sat down before the walls it could never sustain such a position against hunger, against the sortles of the hundred thousand of troops, against those new armies that everybody said were forming in the south at Bordeaux, at Tours, at Rouen, from the war ports to the Loire. In common with the great mass of the Parisians he never doubted that, as soon as the Germans anpeared, the bombardment would begin; bu he doubted the ability of a Prussian artilleryman to send shells into Paris from a gun outside the range of Mont Valerien. Nevertheless he was not satisfied with the Rue d'Ypres as a haven of safety for Hilde at such a time. It was practically on the city ramparts, it was close to

the gates. Porte Rouge, and closer still to the barracks, and he knew that if the German cannon troubled the city at all the fire would be concentrated on the fortifications, the gates, the magazines and the barracks, Lying there in the darkness he could hear

from the ramparts the marine sentinels' challenge as they walked the rounds; the stir and the movement of horses, the dull creaking of wheels. He thought of the four great forts that covered the country beyond the Vaugirard secteur, Montrouge, Vanves, lvry and Vicetre. If the Germans attempted to seize Meudon, there was the fort of Issy; if they advanced toward Creteil, the fort of Charenton blocked the way. Could they hold St. Cloud with Mont Valerien looming like a thunder cloud in the north? Could they seize Sevres, under the

All this was clear to Harewood as he lay from the Porte Rouge to the Prince Murat | there in the dark, but it did not satisfy him parracks. In front of the house the people as it had once. Moreover, whereas a few days ago he was certain that he himself risked nothing, now he was far from sure. not reply. Had he been simply curious to know how far he could go? Had it been

vanity, after all, or a lower incentive? His face grew hot with shame and selfresentment. He was mentally vindicating Hilde-defending her against himself, but he did not know it. He thought it was himself that he was vindicating. This mental protest of innocence left him calmer and less restless, and after a little he fell Whatever he dreamed must have asleep. been pleasant, for the morning sun, stealing into the 100m, illuminated his face, young peaceful, touched with a smile as innocent as the woman he was walking with in dreamland.

Bourke woke up, regretfully, saying What the deuce are you grinning about in your sleep? Get up, Jim. I'm going to St. Cloud to see what's in the wind. You'l come, too, won't you?" "Yes," said Harewood. "I suppose the

trains are running yet. What's the news?" While he was bathing and dressing Bourke ran over the morning papers, reading aloud the telegraphic dispatches. "Hello-what do you think of this? When

the Germans entered Laon some crazy French soldier ran to the citadel and flung torch into the magazine."

"Read it," said Harewood, lathering his face for a shave. "Here it is: 'Through the cowardice or

treachery of the governor of Laon, the duke of September, at the head of the enemy's cavalry division. It was raining artificer unlocked the breech, the two loadheavily. Suddenly a frightful explosion shook the city to its foundations. The citadel had blown up, killing more than 100 of our soldiers and 350 Prussians. Thi awful catastrophe was the work of an old French soldier, a veteran of the Crimes and of Italy, who, not having the courage to surrender the place to the Prussians crept into the magazine and set fire to it blowing himself and everybody there to The duke of Mecklenbourg was pieces. wounded. Our General Theremin was killed. The German troops, recovering themselves cried that they were betrayed, and, flinging themselves upon our unarmed Mobiles, mas sacred them in the streets and at the house doors. The slaughter was swift and merciless. But who, remembering the horrible

his deed? Honor to the dead!" Harewood, raser poised, face lathered, tared at Bourke. "It's simply ghastly," he said. "It brings he whole business out more plainly, doesn't it? Laon is only a few days' march from Paris. I can't realize that people are doing

courage of that heroic madman, can pro-

nounce one word of blame or of regret for

things like that while you and I sit still and scribble rot to the journals." "I don't know that we've had such an easy time of it," said Bourke. "Mars-la-Tour was no foot ball game, Jim. And as for you-you've given the Prussians chances enough to shoot your idlotic head off,

haven't you?" "Nonsense!" said Harewood, returning to his shaving. "I mean that there's a vast difference between us and those poor devils of soldiers out there. That citadel business chills me to the marrow. Go ahead

with your newspapers, Cecil." Bourke continued reading aloud, skimning through the mass of proclamations, edicts, appeals from hospitals, charities, until he was tired. "There's pething new," he said, throwing

down the journal; "it's merely the same crisis growing more acute hour by hour. As far as I can make out the Germans are somewhere between here and Laon, the French fleet has done nothing, the Mobiles are a nulsance, the national guards are raising h-l in Belleville, an army is form Garibaldi is coming to France. That's a fair synopsis of the whole business. As for

were stealing everything in the north. I cannon of Point-the Jour? No. He could the United States interfering, it's not likely; pointeur affixed the lanyard. Mounted on told him it was nonsense. | Dot see how a German battery would be able | Italy's gratitude it not to be counted on; the gun carriage, high against the sky, the

"I wish," observed Harewood, "that the Hilde looked up at him without enswering. All her shyness had returned with the return of Yolette. Her sister smiled and glanced at the basket, saying, "I think the dinner will be nice—even without pigeons."

such dreams.

He thought of Bourke, slumbering peacefully in the next room; he thought of Red Riding Hood and of Yolette, also asleep, but for a long time he avoided the path of thought which he had so often shirked beput on his coat, standing up for Bourke to the Bavarian and Saxon armies. Look at put on his coat, standing up for Bourke to brush him.

> "That's a big cannon they've mounted down there," he observed, looking out of the window. "Come on, Cecil, breakfast must be waiting."

> As they descended the stairs Hilde and Yolette stood at the front door looking at the cannon across the street. "Good morning," said Yolette brightly,

'Messieurs, have you seen The Prophet?" "Which particular prophet do you mean? I'm a little in that way myself," said going to have a most delicious bowl of cafe au lait in a minute or two."

cause, in a moment of unselfishness, he had have named it 'The Prophet;' everybody is it can throw shells as large as a man and nounced it? Every man, consciously or un- that it will be terrible for the Prussians." "Oh," said Harewood, "so they call it

"All the same," said Yolette, "I hope it

They stood a moment looking at the great diplomatic-hair splitting with his conscience, exercising around it, then Yolette laughed to which men's consciences so easily adapt lightly and summoned them to breakfast, less eyes, tearless and resigned. Even the sister's slender waist.

"There is an awful creature," said Hilde, 'who calls himself the Mouse and who came | dled cattle, trampling by on either side. into the hallway early this morning and asked for Monsieur Harewood."

Mouse, and Yolette insisted until Harewood. police?" exclaimed Yolette, horrified. "That's just like Jim," said Bourke, who

had enjoyed the story keenly. Hilde said nothing. Her changing face was turned to Harewood.

"What did he want with me?" asked Harewood, carelessly. "Money?"
"No," said Hilde, with a strange little shudder. "He said: "Tell him to go to the 'Undertakers" if he ever needs help." "The Undertakers!!" gasped Yolette.

"It's not what you think; it's a sort of a club in Belleville, a nest where the elite of the cut-throats congregate," said Harewood, much amused. "I suppose the creature is grateful to me for hiding him. don't think I shall accept his invitation." "Gratitude is rare in that species," observed Bourke, cautiously. "I fancy he'd cut your throat for a franc, Jim."

"Probably he would," laughed the other. Hilde listened in silence. When Bourke slung his binoculars over his shoulder and said he was going to St. Cloud with Harewood. Yolette insisted on putting up for them a little luncheon. Hilde aided her, silent, preoccupied, deftly tying the small parcels and wrapping up two half bottles of red wine. At the front door Bourke stood, telling Yolette not to keep dinner waiting. as they might stay away all night, and, as Harewood started along the hallway to join his comrade, Hilde began carelessly:

"Of course, Monsieur Harewood, you are not going to the-the 'Undertakers?' "Why, no," he said, surprised, "we are going to St. Cloud." "But-I mean-you are never going-are

There was a silence. He looked at her without stirring, one hand on the door. thrilling, tingling, leaping through every close to him-Hilde, who would not resist. nor move-for her sake. The enchantment

mouth, the white hands idle by her side, held him fascinated. Bourke called impatiently, and came as though aroused from a dream. dazed eyes she moved toward the door, holdng the little packet-Harewood's luncheon. "Time to start," said Bourke, with a

of her bent head, the curve of her scarlet

cheerful smile. "Are you ready?" "Yes," said Harewood, shortly. He took the luncheon from Hilde's listless hands, thanking her and saying goodbye, then followed Bourke out into the

Rue d'Ypres. When they had gone Yolette went back into the garden, where, slate in hand, Red evident that something preyed upon his Riding Hood sat, accomplishing multiplica- mind tion. Hilde lingered by the door, watching the sailors, rifles en bandouliere, drilling with "The Prophet." From the bastion the short commands of the officer came clearly to the ear. "La hausse a quinz cents metres. Premiere piece, feu! La hausse a deux milles metres! Premiere piece, feu!" Then, pretending that the gun had been of Mecklenbourg entered the city on the 9th fired, the two cannoniers in the center swabbed the piece as the brigadier and

nine-tenths of its value.

pointeur rested both hands on the breech, while behind him two cannoniers imperceptibly swung the enormous gun fron right to left. Then he straightened up, both hands raised, the movement ceased, the captain verified the elevation, the aids pointeur seized the lanyard. "First piece, fire!" And the pantomime recommenced, a suc

cession of figures trotting backward and

forward, suddenly rigid, then an abrupt gesture, a command, and the dark blue figures trotted to and fro again. Hilde looked at the barracks beyond the Rue Pandore, where, through a brief interval of iron railing, she could see the line of infantry marching and wheeling to the sound of bugles. Down at the Porte Rouge a solid column of wagons poured over the pont-levis-vehicles of every size and shape, piled with furniture, bedding, grain, cabbage, or bales of hay and potato sacks. The country people and the inhabitants of the suburbs were coming into the city in constantly increasing numbers, bringing with them furniture and live stock. Farm Bourke gayly, "and I prophesy that we are wagons, piled high with bedding, on which sat children or old women, holding the family clock, crowded against furniture vans "Anyone can prophesy that," said Hilde; from Paris, loaded with the bric-a-brac of prosperous suburban merchants; oxen huddled behind smart carriages driven by serv ants in livery, cows, sheep, even turkeys and geese pursued a dusty course through the gates, and over all rose the cries of the teamsters, the lowing of cattle, the ominous murmur of disheartened things, fleeing from that impending tempest that was rolling on from somewhere beyond the horizon. In the eyes of the men there was more of

have recourse to those little exercises of silent gun, at the squad of sailors who were despair than of terror; the old people were dumb, peering through the dust with hopeleading the way with her arm around her children, laughing up into their wistful mothers' eyes, grew sober, and sat on the heaps of bedding, staring down at the hud-

To Hilde, however, the distant wagon train, half hidden in dust, was scarcely Shouts of laughter interrupted her. Bourke visible, except where it wound through the begged Harewood to introduce his friend, the gate. Even there she could not distinguish features or age or sex, for the Porte Rouge a little red, explained who the Mouse was. was too far away, and the foliage of the "And you helped him to hide from the chestnut trees hid a great deal. How much she divined is not certain, but she turned away into the house, a new weight on her heart, a sudden heavy foreboding.

In the bird store the canaries were singing lustily in the sunshine; Rocco the monkey cracked nuts and ate them with fearful grimaces at Mehemet Ali, the parrot, who looked at him enviously, upside down. Hilde dropped some fresh melon seeds into the parrot's china cup, renewed the water in all the cages, stirred up the squirrel's bedding, and sat down, her dimpled chin on her wrist.

She thought of Harewood, of the first time they had entered the bird store together. she knew it, he had bent and kissed her, and, wonder of wonders, she had kissed him. Why? The eternal question—always returning—why? Why? It wearied her to think, and what was the use? Until he had kissed her she had always supposed that such a kiss was sin. The sisters at the state of the such a kiss was sin. The sisters at the convent said so. Now she did not know-she knew nothing except that they had kissed each other. She had not resisted. She had never thought of resisting. In his presence she was satisfied and yet frightened, contented, yet restless. She never tired of watching him. She was curious, too, about him, wondering what his thoughts were, Twice since that first day he had looked at her in the same way, with the same unexplained question in his eyes-a question that left her breathless, confused, dazed. Sadness, too, came later, and wistfulness, a fatigue, a weakness, that made her eyes grow tired and her limbs heavy.

She went slowly into her bedroom only to stand before the faience Sainte-Hilde, think-Again that swift emotion sent the blood ing, thinking. She had never asked Sainte-Hilde of Carhaix for aid because she did vein, yet, even then, he reasoned-even not know what to say, and when she tried to think the gold and azure mantle of the own emotion—even then when a fierce sainte distracted her attention. How often lesire to take her in his arms-this girl so had she counted the links in the chain around Sainte-Hilde's china neck; how often He stood there dumbly, one hand twisted had she striven to understand the placid set in the door handle, daring neither to speak smile on her polished face yet always thinking of something quite different-of Harewood-and the kiss-and the question, unanswered, in his eyes.

And, as she stood musing in the twilight of her chamber, suddenly the room swam, hrough the hallway toward them. At the the floor seemed to fall beneath her, a sound of the voice Hilde raised her head frightful explosion shivered every window pane in the house

Hilde reeled, clutching at a chair; Yolette crept in, pale, shaking in every limb. "It is nothing," she gasped; "they have fired 'The Prophet.' The Prussians are in Meudon woods!"

(To be Continued.)

Just to Ense His Conscience. Chicago Post: The sick man suddenly sat up in bed. His end was near and it was

"I cannot die this way," he said hoarsely "I must break away from my evil associa tions. This career of prevarication must cease before I am called to my last ac-

They thought he was wandering in his mind and they humored him when he called for a pencil and some paper. quick!" he cried after scribbling a "Take this to the office. It is few lines.

my resignation."
It seems hardly necessary to explain that ers hoisted in a dummy shell, and the aide he was the cable editor of a yellow journal

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It is impure ingredients that make other soaps shrink

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have some injurious ingredient-

enough to shrink wool; enough to

Whenever soap touches the skin, or

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careful people must do that. But you are wrong in putting

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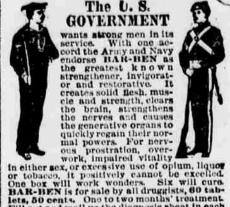
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