

(Copyright, 1898, by Louis Tracy.) CHAPTER XXV.

Marie Acts.

As early as 4 o'clock, after a brief sleep, Vansittart was awake and up. Thence-forward, as the hours passed, he was all anxlety, awaiting two things: First, news from the front of movements on the German side preparatory to the anticipated attack; and, second, the return of the chasseurs from Clermont

But the hours of suspense passed-6 o'clock came, 7-and nothing happened.

At 7 Marie was in the arms of Armand having traveled the greater part of the night. From the station he took her to the Cheval

Her first exclamation was this: "But, O, Armand-is she here? Have you

got her?" "Mrs. Vansittart?"

"Yes." "We have found out where she is, but we have not got her."

"And where is she?" "At a vineyard near a place called Clermont." "How do you know? You have not seen

her?" "Yes, Marie, I have seen her." "Poor thing! She is awfully ill. One saw it already weeks ago. Does she bear it well?

Is she well, Armand?" "To me her face seemed almost like the face of a dying woman, Marie."

"O!" shricked Marie, burying her face, pierced with pity. "How gentle, how good she is! And to be treated so!" "It's hard on poor Vansittart, certainly."

"I pity her. Who is it, really, who has done it, Armand?" "O, the Emperor Wilhelm, no doubt." "Well-I can't, I can't think that!" she

said, frowning with thought. "Why not, birdie?" "Could any gentleman do such a thing?"

"No-but then he is not a gentleman." "What! aren't all kings gentlemen?" "Not by any manner of means."

"Well, I can't understand it." "That is the fact, pretty."

"He has such a noble face!"

"Who, Wilhelm?" "Yes."

"He did not do this wickedness with his face, he did it with his merciless heart and "Suppose-I only say suppose, Armand-

that all the time he knows not one word of the matter!" Armand was seeing with his eye, which is reason; Marie, with that deep, inner eye, which is instinct. The wisest man is foolish

in comparison with a woman who sees with her soul. "Suppose," she said, after a silence, "that you went to him and told him the whole truth?"

"That who went to whom?" 'That you went to Wilhelm."

"All right, I can see that you are tired | ant me to go and get hanged "O! Would he hang you, then?" "He would."

"What a wretch!"

"But there is no need. In an hour's time you will see Mrs. Vansittart here. Vansittart has sent a troop of chasseurs to fetch

So Marle was comforted, and waited. But in an hour's time Evelyn did not come, and the troop of chasseurs did not come.

At 10 o'clock they had not arrived. For Vansittart the waiting was killing. He hid himself away where no eye could watch his now craven and demoralized

despair. At 11:30 half-a-dozen of the chasseurs of the expedition, with Folliet and Montsaloy among them, arrived with blackened clothes and scorched faces. They had a tale of

piteous defeat to tell. While it was yet dark they had surrounded the farm house, secretly, as they thought. Then, finding every aperture closed, they had set to work to pick the lock of the front door. The operation, however, was neither noiseless nor very speedy, and, while it was in progress, they must have been heard from within. Finally they broke in a body into the house, only six or seven of the troops remaining without as a guard. When they entered the house they found within it not a single living being.

As they searched around in wonder the building, and they with it, went skyward in a fearful explosion. Most of the chasseurs inside and surrounding the house had been scorched and two killed. Folliet had then posted to Clermont for the gendarmerie, with the idea of bombarding the cellars, and it was the bombardment of the cellars which had retarded the return of the remaining chasseurs to Gravelotte. But they found the cellars empty. The Germans had escaped under cover of the dense darkness, presumably by distant egresses, taking their prisoner with them.

Such was the tale of defeat and disaster which Folliet had to tell. He had come in person to tell it, undertaking the bitter task as a self-imposed punishment for his failure.

Where now was hope? Evelyn had vantshed as utterly as she had vanished be-

The truth was that there was no hope -if it was not to be found in the head

and heart of Marie. She lost half an hour in useless weeping

then, when she understood definitely that



FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness after meals, Head-ache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Biotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Dis-turbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, Nervous and Trembling Sensations. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to com-plete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the sysand cure Sick Headache. For a Weak Stomach

Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN Beecham's Pills are

Without a Rival LARCEST SALE Patent Medicine in the World. 25c. at all Drug Stores.

everybody, even her god-like Armand, was at a loss what next to do, she slipped away from him, ascended to her room, put on a fainty little Parisian bonnet and her gloves, and by a back stair, stealthily, went down into the garden of the inn, thence into the village street, and at the end of it asked some one this strange query: What was the way to Metz?

The way was pointed out to her, and she took it without any idea of the difficulies and dangers she would have to surmount that day before reaching her destination. There were the French lineshere were the German lines: these had to be passed. At the first she met with jests, but escaped contact. At the second she was oughly kissed several times on the mouth by a sentinel and then ordered back on the road she had come.

But with every defeat the wild fluttering at her heart with which she had set out lessened. Her will congealed within her. She escaped from the kisses of the sentinel, weeping no longer with fear, but with rage. At every step she grew bolder.

She made a wide detour and crossed the Moselle. By the eastward gate, through which the market people of Lorraine streamed to bring their produce to the citilel, she entered Metz. But instead of the five miles from Gravelotte, which she had thought to travel, she had traveled fifteen, She was faint now, and pale, and very weary. It was late in the afternoon. Her eyes had in them the wistfulness of the pitgrim.

Her object was to speak personally, face to face, with the emperor of the Germans. Several times, now, she stopped dead, appalled by the bigness of the enterprise She remembered the difficulties she had encountered, once when she wished to speak to Mr. Vansittart. And this was an emperor. If she had run with the footmen and they had wearied her, how could she contend with horses?

To her immense surprise and joy destiny so ordered it that she found not the least difficulty in speaking with Wilhelm. She had asked the way to the Hotel de Ville, and as she came to it there was Wilhelm just descending the marble stairway outside the entrance portal, surrounded by officers. A moment and Marie's heart gave one transcendent bound; the next she had darted agilely up two steps, pressed through the throng of men and, hardly recognizing her own voice, was speaking: "I wish to speak to your majesty. Pray

She fell on her knees before Wilhelm. At once a favorable omen came from the mperor-he answered her in French. "Well, now, what is all this, mam'selle?"

pray!'

he said. "I want to speak to you, sir." "Well, you have invaded my presence, willy-nilly. Speak on, mam'selle." "Your majesty! Mrs. Vansittart is

dying! She is very ill!" Withelm turned as white as a corpse.

Then flushing into scarlet wrath: "Here, drag this wench from my presence; you men! How dare you let her come here to annoy me?"

Marie sprang upright. Several hands caught at her shoulders, pulling her back-"I will speak!" she cried. "O, it is a shame—Mrs. Vansittart—"

"Be silent, you!" exclaimed Wilhelm. "I am not going to be!" shrilled Marie, at the same time throwing herself bodily down on the steps like an obstinate child. 'I thought you did not know about it. took you for a gentleman-and I came to ell you that it was your man-a man called Ritterburg M. Folliet says-who carried her

off-O, O, let me go-will you?" Now it was out-Wilhelm had heard itchapter and verse. He had been able to guard his ears from an army, but not from the shrillness of a woman's tongue. His right hand dropped with a gesture of abanionment.

"Unhand her!" he cried out. "Leave the wench alone with me. Now, woman, speak your full." Marie, speaking in sobs from behind her

handkerchief, began to pour out her tale. "I thought-your majesty didn't knowbecause my husband says no gentleman would-have done it. And I thought-I'd come and tell you-it was a man called Ritterburg-so M. Folliet, the detective says. And she is dying! She is very ill! And she is my friend-so good-and sweet. And I-don't think your majesty knows, to judge from your face. And the men Mr. Vansittart sent to get her last night-have been blown up-and there isn't any hope at all-and Mrs. Vansittart will die-except your majesty-"

She stopped, choked with sobs, and Wilhelm stood looking at her and said nothing. The next day, for certain, there was to be a battle; if only for that day the mind of Vansitiart could have been kept in a state of paralysis; the fool of a girl should have

waited at least a day-This was not quite what Wilhelm was thinking, but it was not remotely dissimilar rom what he was feeling. Where are you from," he asked suddenly

"From Gravelotte, sir." "Then you had better get back to Gravelotte as quickly as you can." "And will your majesty-"

"Be silent! Here, some of you see this oung woman taken safely through the lines in the road to Gravelotte. You, Schlegel, find out at once where a man named Ritterburg is now and let me know by sundown."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"In the Emperor's Carriage." Not a word did Marie speak of her exedition at Gravelotte; on her arrival there she fell a-faint into her husband's arms, but he thought her overcome by the fi-fate of Evelyn, as before. Only, late at night, she wept out the facts to him. "Ah, I thought there was something up," he said. "These expeditions of yours,

Marle-"I did it for the best," Armand. "I know, birdie. But the very worst night have come from it. As it is, nothug at all will come. I told you the man vas a ruffian."

to the ground. As though the avenger of "Well, I suppose," said Marie, "though it is very strange-I don't know-he was advancing body. In another minute Evelyn not altogether unkind to me. At first he broke into a terrible rage. But afterward-And Armand! I saw him give such a sidelong look into my eyes, and then at my lips; it made me blush."

"H'm! He doesn't know who it is you belong to, evidently, "I told him my husband said no gentle-

man would have done it; so that was one for him to swallow!" "But the ruffian! Didn't he say anything? Didn's he even attempt to excuse

himself in any way? Make any sort of promise?" 'No. Not a word. When I was going

end! It is not a mustache, it is a wea-

So, babbling together, they at last fell asleep, and Marie's last murmur was:

"Poor Mrs. Vansittart!" It was the intention of Armand to take her out of the neighborhood by early morning; for there was no doubt that either at dawn or sunrise some hostile movements ! would begin, and that long before midday the whole locality would be rolled in war.

least the beginning of actual fighting and | man military authorities. hung on in Gravelotte till the sun was high and the clocks pointed to 8. At that late dulged in by the leaders, General Kreuzhour, however, there was still no sign of | nack was leading a host of 200,000 men from anything in the way of blows.

Vansittart was riding slowly about half a low and his careworn face all faded, but order to secure the release of his wife. with a certain toughness characteristic of him he stuck to his guns. In his heart, however, as he rode there was nothing else than black and blank despair. He was merely doing his duty. His life was in ruins about him.

Armand, wandering and loitering here with Marie before their departure, saw and thought at first they were back in their approached him.

And Mistress Marie is running from the fire and smoke? Well, good voyage. And wandering senses, and he sprang up to thanks, thanks, endless thanks for your clasp her in his arms with an alertness

a frown. He can frown, I can tell you, the black skull cap, which was of the shape And such a mustache, with hard tags at the worn by condemned criminals in Saxony, had been fastened a band of white paper bearing these words in red ink:

"To Mr. Vansittart, with the Emperor Wilhelm's compliments."

An hour later, after Wilhelm's messengers has been feasted, they returned. They took with them Ritterburg, and a letter from Vansittart-and a specimen of Armand's engine of fire. Vansittart, in the letter, declined to hang Ritterburg, though he admitted that he should be glad to hear But he had an intense curiosity to see at that he had been shot by the proper Ger-

Whilst these courtesies were being in-Diedenhofen across the Moselle. Within three hours the left flank of the French mile out of Gravelotte in company with some | army was turned, and men were murmureight or ten persons. His eyes were hol- ing that Vansitiart had betrayed France in

## CHAPTER XXVII.

A Reverse.

When, late at night, Jerome awoke to find Evelyn bending over him, it was with difficulty he realized his surroundings. He summer home in the Adirondacks, and "What!" said Vansittart, assuming a gazed with wonder at the queer old-fashwoeful blitheness, "is this goodbye, then? loned furniture of this village public house,

But Evelyn's sweet voice restored his

to ask him, he said, 'Be silent!' with such around the man's neck was a rope, and on | where his personal staff were wont to as- | take the Germans in flank if you will permit semble, there was a forgotten sentry on

The man was a chasseur of the Eighteenth, our old friend Pierre Laronde, whose promised promotion had been forgotten in the rush of events since the memorable ride of the Five Thousand. He dispel that column you return a colopresented arms when he recognized Vansittart in the gloom.

"Where are all the officers of the staff, soldier?" said the millionaire. "Gone off to the picnic at La Chapelle,

our excellency." "Have they all gone?"

"Well, your excellency, General le Breton was here until half an hour ago. I reminded him of my promised commission and he went, too."

"Why was your commission promised?" "Because I cut the wires that night at

Longuyn." "Is your name Pierre Larende?"

"It is, your excellency." "I remember now."

scribbled imperative commands to the respective brigadiers.

When these were dispatched he bethought lowing note:

Headquarters, Gravelotte, 10 p. m.—De-lighted to hear of your success, but have good reason to believe that Kreuznach's march is a feint. The emperor will probably attack our front in force tonight. Come to me here with whole staff at once. but first send out orders for immediate con-



WENT SKYWARD IN A FEARFUL EXPLOSION."

presence here. Are you off to Paris?" "I am going to join Mr. Folliet at Clermont," said Armand. "Ah," sighed Vansittart and turned his had regained its normal balance,

face away. At this point they heard an unexpected sound behind them, a trundling sound, and looking round they saw near to them, com- | As it was, they belived him to be broken ing from the direction of Gravelotte, a gun | down and half-demented. They were forcarriage drawn by two horses, but without getting the wonders of the past in the deany gun on it. Instead, there was a massive cubical box-a strange object to the

conservative eyes of the old campaigners. "Stay," said Vansittart, "is not this-yes it is-your engine of flame. I ordered one leading it to victory, the kaiser was silto be sent for experimental use. By nightfall, monsieur, all Europe will know that the victory of this day was due to the

genius of Armand Dupres." He said it with a visible touch of enthusiasm, and even Armand's eye brightened. "If it does its work, Mr. Vansittart-" he

"It will do its work, monsieur. It has been tested, and I have telegrams of its which Jerome and Armand were now ready absolute efficiency from the manufacturing to do full justice firms and the war office. If I have not discussed the matter with you since you have been here-if I have seemed ungrateful-you must put it down to my-my-trouble." His Chapelle. At this hour, 9 p. m., a comvoice broke, and he added, "I-I am not fit | plete cordon is established, whilst the Sev-

for anything." "Wir heissen euch hoffen!" said Armand 'So says the German poet." "Well, then, I will 'hope'-if I can. But-

what is that?"

He pointed across the field. "That" was a body of horsemen, some thirty, Germans, coming toward him from the direction of Metz. Uplifted in their midst | there fluttered on the morning breeze a white flag of truce. They were escorted by a French officer.

They came forward at a rather slow pace for the reason that one of their number-a short, squat man, with a fat neck-was on foot. He was in front of all, and his dress was peculiar. It was a black robe reaching to his feet, and on his head was a skull cap. Then after a minute's breathless surprise, Vansittart rising in his stirrup, could see that in the midst of the horsemen was an

open carriage, and that leaning back in the carriage was a woman. "In the name of God, what is it?" he cried, his face lighted with wildly inquisitive scrutiny.

His heart was thumping against his ribs as though he should die. The troop approached, approached in silence which was absolute. A minute—two! Vansittart's field glass was at his eyes. Suddenly, with a cry, he dropped it to the

ground, and at the same instant had leaped

blood was after him he flew to meet the was sobbing on his shoulder. Her new hiding place on the German side of the Moselle was known to some men high in the German counsels. During the night Wilhelm had discovered it and sent a mes-

senger ordering her immediate conveyance art of fawning tonight. to Metz. The whole party, Marie holding Evelyn's thin hand in the carriage, proceeded to the Cheval d'Or. The carriage was blazoned with the royal arms of Hohenzollern. It

was Wilhelm's own private landau. The man dressed in the long black robo was Carl Gottlieb Ritterburg. When Van- his temper. sittart had come near him he had seen that

I that showed the efficacy of nature's only centration of all available troops on Mars La restorer. Through pale and attenuated from the strain of recent events, his mind

Could the French troops have seen him at that moment they would have shouted "Vive l'Empereur! with all the old vigor. lays, the uncertainties, the weaknesses of

few doubtful hours. And, whilst the army of France swayed in its allegiance to the one man capable of ently preparing the most terrible and effective blow yet struck in fair fight during the campaign. Of both these elements of disaster Jerome was happily unconscious. He only knew that Evelyn, whom thought dead, was alive, nay more, tremul-

last shade of resentment in Jerome's mind ous with joy in his arms. Mme. Vansittart and Marie had long been superintending the preparation of a meal to

A message had arrived from Daubisson. It read: "As announced at 3 p. m., Y have surrounded Kreuznach's corps at La enth, Eighth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth divisions will march forthwith to take up positions for an early assault.

"I have made full arrangements and thes cannot be altered in any way, but I will keep you informed of events, so that you may understand movements of troops which might otherwise seem inexplicable to you. Jerome read the second paragraph twice and smiled contemptuously. It was his first conscious intimation of the new aspect of affairs.

"Daubisson speaks of a German force surrounded at La Chapelle," he said to Armand. "How comes it that the Germans are established in that village, in the very heart of our left flank?"

"Exactly because they desired to get there Daubisson thinks they have lodged themselves there to enable him to smash them with ease at daybreak. That is just what Daubisson would think and what they know he would think." "Then this successful attack by Kreuz-

elsewhere?" "That is how I regard it." come direct from Metz. Where are these

corps stationed that Daubisson speaks of moving tonight? Surely not at the front? He hastily searched among his papers for the daily parade state of the army. last supplied to him was three days old. Evelyn watched her husband, saw his lips tighten and his brows knit. 'What is it, dear?" she cried, coming to "Only this, my sweet, that the worst curs

feeds them. I am going to teach them the "But what has happened?" "Simply this: That a few days of neglect on my part has made my staff forget their duty. By heaven, it will not occur again!"

are those most ready to bite the hand that

Jerome, after regaining his senses, had lost He went outside. In the next building,

Strange things happened at that period.

Leave corps of observation only look after Kreuznach. Guns and cavalry must be massed ready to move with daybreak. I have already dealt with brigades mentioned in your second dispatch. to you for implicit obedience, irrespective of any conditions that may have arisen since your last communication with me.

JEROME K. VANSITTART. "Laronde," he said, "here is your first nission as captain of my staff. See that t is well performed." Pierre Laronde required no second bid-

ding. Daubisson was six miles away, with difficult country intervening, but within thirty minutes he was in possession of Vansittart's message. Shortly before midnight Daubisson arrived. His unfeigned joy at Vansittart's reappearance on the active list dispelled the

t the apparent neglect shown to him by his associates. Daubisson eagerly detailed the steps he had taken to fulfill Vansittart's orders, and oncluded by saying:

"Perhaps we may have to attack Kreuzach tomorrow, after all." Before the other could answer a sudden coar of musketry came through the still night air from the direction of Metz.

It was sharp and continuous, betokening a very lively affray at the French outposts. Even as they listened the fighting area widened until the crackle of small arms spread through an extended section of Daubisson was as impulsive as he was

brave. Tears came to his eyes as he realized the frightful nature of the error in which he nearly involved the whole of the magnificent army under his command. He came near to Jerome and said, in a voice deep with emotion: 'Monsieur, if you retain my services I

shall perhaps learn something of generalship by the close of the war.' 'General," cried Vansittart, "one cannot

have all the virtues. Believe me, I depend wholly upon your splendid co-operation. But if Daubisson's mistake had been seen in time, it still required to be rectified.

At several points the French front was rapidly driven in before reinforcements nach is simply a prelude to a larger effort could arrive. Le Breton's brigade, strengthened by two others hurried up from the rear, was able to hold back the assault de-Jerome started to his feet. "It must, livered from Metz along the main road. But it was a fierce and uncertain combat, in which small knots of men sought out their enemies in the darkness, and fought with equal ferocity and determination. Three-quarters of a mile further north,

where the French line was weaker, the German advance was rapid and unchecked. The watchers in Gravelotte were able to discern the progress of this attack by the gradual approach of the sounds of combat. Although several staff officers had been sent flying to bring up regiments from the rear, there was no appreciable pause in the nemy's advance.

Matters began to look serious about 1 o'elock. to himself

At this moment Pierre Laronde growled "I must back my luck even if I get snubbed."

He came to Vansittart and said 'I think, sir, I could lead a couple of squadrons of chasseurs across country and and Verdon we can keep the French fast | flaxseed for druggists.

Very well. Try it, captain." "Major, sir, if you please. General Daubisson gave me a step for bringing your

your dispatch." "Did he? I agree with him. If you

Montsaloy found the troops for Laronde and they clanked off along a lane. But they soon quitted the high road and made for a tree-crowned hill beyond which the Paris.

conflict raged. Laronde knew quite well that with 200 sabers he could do little against a compact German division of 8,000 or 10,000 infantcy. He counted wholly upon surprising the enemy and creating a panic, thus giving the French infantry a chance to rush the Ger-

mans at the point of the bayonet. Pierre's lucky star was certainly in the ascendant that night. He and his comrades came upon the second German brigade at the moment it was deploying to support He dashed into the house and hastily the fighting line. Some farm buildings gave the chasseurs splendid cover until they were right in the midst of the Prussian regiment, and in a few seconds the orderly himself of Daubisson and he wrote the fol- and compact mass became a torrent of disorganized humanity, fleeing in abject terror before the furious charge made by the chasseurs.

Fighting by night is an eerie and tick lish business at the best. The awesome effect of the mounted arm is magnified tenfold when maddened horses thunder from out the darkness. Nor had Laronda forgotten to send a trooper to the commander of the French infantry to inform him of the expected charge, so that he might take advantage of it if successful. In fifteen minutes one at least of the Ger-

man columns was shattered into atoms, its officers and men urged in hopeless rout, its leaders stampeded by their own troops, and its fragments rushing wildly to Metz for safety. So Pierre got his colonelcy with comparative ease, though none marveled at his good

The struggle went on through the night with no very certain results. Three of the eight columns launched by the kaiser made good their lodgment on the left bank of the Moselle-those operating on the north, where they were supported by Kreuznach's strong corps.

When day broke the French left and cen-

ter had been swung back, with the result

fortune more than he did himself.

that the French line now formed a crescent of which the left rested near Verdon on the Meuse, the center lay at Gravelotte and the right touched the Moselle six miles south of Metz. .Clanking to and fro over the stone floor of a room in the Hotel de Ville at Metz,

to the statements made to him by various members of his staff. The dogged persistence of Kreuznach' division in reaching and holding La Chapelle, followed by the rapid march of the German columns to the new front on the Meuse, constituted the first real German success of

"A man without, your majesty, who says

the emperor of Germany listened attentively

his name is Hans Schwartz, asks audience of your majesty. He says he is in possession of most important intelligence affecting your majesty's interests vitally." The emperor paused in his walk. "Show him in," he said.

the war.

kempt, but confident as ever in demeanor, entered. "Well, you rascal, what is it?" The em peror's tone was such that few men would have cared to face him boldl". But Hans Schwartz, what between the pain of his shattered wrist and the collapse of his pro-

In a moment Hans Schwartz, pallid, un-

jects, was in desperate plight. "I have news for your majesty's ear alone," he said, glancing defiantly around at the officers scattered through the apar ment.

"Of what nature?"

"You villain! Seize him, some one, and have him shot at daybreak with his associ-

"I am Hans Schwartz, who helped Ritter

burg to capture Madame Vansittart. I-"

Several officers sprang forward, but Schwartz stood his ground. "I tell you," he shouted, "that I can enable you to conquer France fairly in the open field within a week. Can you not listen to me? You can always have me shot at

your pleasure!' The man's determined attitude, his contempt for danger, and the earnestness of his tone impressed the kaiser if they did not convince him.

"Quite true," he said, with a sarcasti smile. "Leave me with this fellow, gentlemen, and have a guard in readiness to march him off." General von Gossler protested. There might be danger to the imperial person. Though the emperor laughed at the idea, the

chief of the staff carefully searched Schwartz for concealed weapons before he was satisfied. Then he left the two alone. "I have kept up communication with Paris by means of my pigeons," said Schwartz, and even when the French police seized the house where some German friends were established, they did not discover that my birds were trained in two sections, to fly

to and from two places in Paris to my house

near Gravelotte. "Yes," growled the emperor. "I was wounded in a scuffle at this house aptured, held prisoner for some days, and escaped during the excitement following Mme. Vansittart's arrival at Gravelotte, and the attack by your majesty's troops. I hid all night and today in the wood on my farm and tonight visited my forgotten birds. One of them had just arrived home from Paris, and bore a message written in a cipher which I alone understand."

"Ha!" Wilhelm was obviously interested. "It contains news which all the world will know in three days, but which may be worth much more than I have asked by your majesty at this moment."

"Let us have it, then." "An absolutely overwhelming communist novement has been organized. Within three days, perhaps sooner, there will be a general rising; the city will be sacked, the king and queen driven from Paris, if not killed, and a republican government proclaimed, with leaders anxious and ready to make peace with you on very favorable

terms. "Can you prove this?" "Beyond a shadow of doubt. Here is the ipher. I will explain it to you.' Schwartz produced a scrap of flimsy pa

per and read a message, of which his ex-

planation to the emperor was an accurate

summary. "But how am I to know that this is re liable? Who are your authorities for the statements made? They are almost incredible without substantiation. "I am faint," said Schwartz, sinking into

a chair. "Give me some wine and a morsei of food and I will tell you everything. My wound has weakened me, and the difficulty of crossing the French lines has quite exhausted me." So within a few minutes of ordering him

be shot, the emperor was waiting o Schwartz, and helping him to such eatables as were in the room. Whilst the spy ate and drank he talked and the emperor listened.

Half an hour did the wondering staff remain in the antercom before the kalser called them, and there was an eagerness in his manner, a settled purpose in his words, that had long been absent from the imperial methods and utterances. "With our present troops between here

in their new position," he said to Von Goss

O, yes, I am sure of that." "Good. We have 150,000 reservists gathering at Diedenhofen?"

"They are now all mobilized, and completely equipped for the field?" "Fully. They are under orders to march

morrow at daybreak." "Then send additional instructions that they are to take the shortest route to

"To Paris, your majesty!" "Yes, I said Paris, not Berlin."

"Who will lead them?" "I, myself. I will issue a proclamation from the French capital within a fortnight, as my march will be positively unopposed. But above all else, you and Kreuzuach must hold Vansittart fast on this bank of the Meuse. If he retreats, attack him. Do not leave him night or day. It is matterless what happens so long as he is unable to bring a large body of troops to Paris before

Wilhelm had got his opportunity, and he was not slow to take it.

## (To be Continued.)

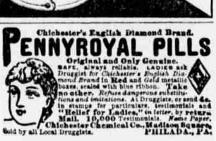
with protruding piles brought on by constipa-tion with which I was afflicted for twenty jears. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from



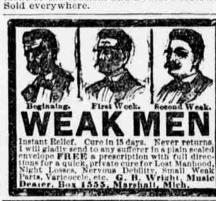
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ... NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug DR. LEONHARDT'S

Cures the Pill Habit. Constination, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervous Ills. Action not followed by coativeness. Doubt it? Try it. Sample free. Druggists, 25c, or address ANTI-PILL CO., Lincoln, Neb. TEN WEEKS FOR TEN CENTS.





Use and Facial Soap Facial Cream Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial and Tooth Powder have the indorse-ment of the Medical and Dental Profession.



ES' SAFE

## Successfully prescribed by the highest Medici pecialists. Price 1:00 for v4 capsules. Sold by a ruggists, or Pest free, P. O. Box 2081, N. Y. Patronize Home Industries

A safe and powerful remedy for function

ubles, delay, pain, and irregularities,

(CHAPOTEAUT)

ARIOGNE

By Purchasing Goods Made at the Following Nebraska Factories:

BREWERIES.

OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION.

Carload shipments made in our own re-frigerator cars. Blue Ribbon, Ellite Export, Vienna Export and Family Export delivered to all parts of the city.

BOILERS. OMAHA BOILER WORKS. JOHN R. LOWREY, Prop. Boilers, Tanks and Sheet Iron Work.

CORNICE WORKS.

EAGLE CORNICE WORKS.

Manufacturer of Galvanized Iron Cornices Galvanized Iron Skylights. Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing. Agent for Kinnear's Steel Slate Roofing.

Ceiling. 108-10-12 North Eleventh street.

G. F. EPENETER.

Manager. Telephone 592.

FLOUR MILLS. S. F. GILMAN. Flour, Meal, Feed, Bran, 1013-15-17 North 7th street, Omaha, Neb. C. E. Black,

IRON WORKS.

Manufacturers and Jobbers of Machinery General repairing a specialty. 1501, 1503 and 1505 Jackson street. Omaha Neb LINSEED OIL.

Manufacturers old process raw linseed ii, kettle boiled linseed oil, old process ground linseed cakes, ground and screened OMAHA, NEB.

DAVIS & COWGILL, IRON WORKS. Iron and Brass Founders.

WOODMAN LINSEED OIL WORKS.