

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. we will the nices of the Marshal de Reiz, holto Mackim, son of the Douglas armorer, stinguishes himself in architry and is made aptain of the castle marchitry and later he is nighted for brave conduct in the tournatent. Through the plots of his enemies and he help of Lady Sybilla William is lured to lastle Crichton. Sybilla repents of her greenest and urges the young earl to regreenest and urges the young earl to rearrance with all speed. Marshal de Reiz akes Sybilla to Edinburgh and William accepts the invitation of the young ding of Scotland to visit the court. At a basquet a huge boar's head is grought in, a sign of treachery. The sarl and his brothers are arrested and imprisoned. The brothers are sentenced to be secured at one. Sybilla declares her love before the court and the two Douglasos go forth to their death. Sholto stirs up the strength of the court and the two Douglasos go forth to their death. Sholto stirs up the strength of the court and the two Douglasos go forth to their death. Sholto stirs up the strength of the court and the two Douglasos go forth to their death. Sholto stirs up the strength of the castle was in a state of the angle of the wall he stumbled upon a ladder that leaned against the little landing ledge ahove which was the door denoted on the plan. before the court and the two Douglases go forth to their death. Sholto stirs up the countrymen. The three Mackims meet, tell the Lady Douglas of the loss of her sons and learn in turn from her that Maud Lindesay and little Margaret Douglas have been kidnapped by De Retz. The Lady Douglas gives Sholto a priceless suit of armor, blesses him as her son and starts him out to search for the two girls. Sholto with his father and brother and Lord James Douglas follow the Marshal de Retz to Paris and then to Brittany. Laurence Mackim enters into service with De Retz. The search party battles with the wolves. Laurence is discovered by De Retz to be an impostor, is shown, the two girls and told that if he tries to escape or help comes the maid of Galway and Maud Lindesay will be murdered. Lau Meffraye taunts the Scottlsh maidens. Lady Sybilla finds Sholto and his companions and sends them to John of the passage and which has the door unlocked and a little passage leading within the tower. He is and most agile of all. As he had expected, he found the door unlocked and most agile of all. As he had expected, he found the door unlocked and most agile of all. As he had expected, he found the door unlocked and most agile of all. As he had expected, he found the d this maidens. Lady Sybilla finds Shoito and his companions and sends them to John of Brittany for help. De Reiz and his assistants continue in their crimes not mindful of punishment, being deceived by Sybilla as to the whereabouts of the Scotchmen. De Reiz murders several children in his search for perpetual youth. John of Brittany agrees to help in the rescue of the maidens.

CHAPTER LVII.

The Tower of Death. Throughout La Vendee and all the country

of Retz ran a terrible rumor. "The Marshal de Retz is the murderer of our children. He has a thousand bodies in hand over his mouth.
the vaults of his castles. The Duke of Brittany has given orders that they shall be scarched. His soldiers are forsaking him. and presently from a little balcony plas-The names of the dead are written in black | tered on the inner wall of the tower like and white and in the hands of the head men a swallow's nest, they found themselves of the villages. Hasten-it is the hour of vengeance! Let us overwhelm him. Rise up and let us seek our lost ones, even if we find no more than their bones!"

And terrible as had been the gathering of the were wolves in the dark forests around Machecoul upon the night of the fight by the hollow tree, far more threatening and terrible was the rising of the angry com-

In whole villages there was not a man left and mothers, too, marched in that muster, armed with choppers and kitchen knives, wild-eyed, angry-hearted, as lionesses robbed of their cubs. From the deep glens and deeper woods of the country of Retz they poured. They disgorged from the caves of the earth, whither the greed and rapacity of their terrible lord had driven them,

Schoolmasters were there, with the elder of their pupils. For many of the children had been lost on their way to school and these men were in danger of losing both their credit and occupation.

Toward Tiffauges, Champdoce, Machecoul the angry populace, long repressed, surged tumultuously and with them, much wondering at their orders, went the soldiers of the

But it is with the columns that concento do. Our three Scots accompanied these, and with them went John of Brittany himself with his councilor, Pierre de l'Hopital, by his side.

Night fell as they journeyed on, joined by fresh contingents from all the the folk of St. Philbert, fresh from the utter destruction of the house of the witch woman in Meffraye, so that not one stone was left upon another. Guided by these, the duke and his party made their way easily through the forest, even in the darkness of the night. And as they passed hamlet or cottage, ever and anon some frenzied her knees before the duke, praying him to look well for her darling, and bringing mayhap some pitiful shred of clothing or lock of hair by which the searchers might identify the lost innocent.

As they went forward the soldiers pricked on ahead and caused the people to fall to a noble boy!" the rear, lest any foreknowledge of their approach might reach the wizard and warn him to escape

The woods of Machecoul were dark and slient that night. Not the howl of a questing wolf was heard. Truly the marshal's demons had deserted him, or mayhap they were all busy at that last carnival in the keep of the castle of Machecoul. As the storming party approached nearer

and while yet they were several miles distant, they became aware of a great red light that gleamed forth above them. They could not see it, but the peasants of St. Philbert with afrighted glances told how it beaconed only after the disappearance of some little one from their homes, what strange cries were heard ringing out from that lofty tower and how for days after the smoke of a great burning would hang about the gloomy turrets of devil-haunted Machecoul. Fiercer and even flercer shone the red glare, and the faces of the soldiers were lit up so that Pierre de l'Hopital ordered them

to keep to the gloomy areades of the forest. Then by midnight the cordon was drawn so closely that none might pass in or out. And behind the soldiery the common folk lay crouched, anger in their hearts, and their cars turned toward the open windows in the keep of Machecoul, from which flared the red light of bale.

Then, covering their lanterns, the three

public to Cure Cold, the Gri PREVENT Specific PNEUMONIA ind it is the ONLY remedy to No. 3. fay that can do it. It was first adverised January. 1591 over a million bot tles have beer What bet er testimonial as to the efficacy this remedy coul we have? If you fruggist doesn' mve it send socts

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sixth earl of Douglas, falls in the niece of the Marshal de Reiz.

Kim, son of the Douglas arms.

"The marshal is preparing for flight," whispered the duke exultingly. "He is in

terring his treasures. He has been warned. But we will be overspeedy for him." And he chuckled in his satisfaction so loudly that Malise, using no ceremony with duke or variet at such a season, put his

Then one by one they crawled along the narrow passage on their hands and knees,

looking down upon a strange scene. A flight of steps led slantwise to the bottom, and at the foot of the tower, stripped to the skin, they beheld two men busily filling great sacks with a curlous cargo.

The turret had never been finished. I contained nothing whatever except the staircase. So far as Sholto could see there was not even a window anywhere. The door by which they had entered and another which evidently led into the interior of the castle, were its only outlets. The earth at the bottom remained as it had been left by the builders, who surely must have thought that no madder architetural freak was ever carried out than this shut tower of the eastle of Machecoul, with its blank walls and sordid accoutrement.

But most strange of all, the original earth had been covered to the depth of a foot or more with dark objects, the true significance of which did not appear from the distance of the little gallery where the party of five had stationed themselves The two men at work below had brought torches with them and had fastened these to these hung in heavy masses about the tower, still further diminishing the clearness with trated upon Machecoul that we have chiefly which the watchers aloft could observe what went on below.

One of the workmen was tall and spare, with the forward thrust of head and neck friend and laying her head against her arm you would not come back at all this night, seen in vultures and other unclean birds. as she leaned on the low bedstead beside for then we could have slept together." The other, who held the sacks, while the first shoveled, was on the contrary stout country round. In the van pressed forward and short, of a notably jovial, rubicund night-rail made long ago for the marshal's tower into the dark. countenance, in habit like the hostler of an daughter, little Marie de Retz, in the days inn, or perhaps a well-to-do carrier upon before the setting up of the iron altar the roads.

The two worked without speaking as if the work were distasteful. When one sack was full, both would seize their picks and dig furiously at the floor of the tower. Then when they had enough raised, they would mother would rush upon them and fall upon fall to shoveling the curiously shaped objects into the sacks again.

> whisper in his ear. These be Blanchent the sorcerer and Robin Romulart. But last week they took notice of my little Jean and praised him for

As Sholto looked down he heard a hissing

Sholto turned round, and there at his albow, having followed them in spite of all orders and precautions, he discerned the give to hear a whaup whistle?" woodman Louis Verger, whose little son had been carried off by the gray wolf.

Sholto motioned him back and at a sign from the duke his father and he began to and dried her friend's tears, murmuring the descend. So silently did they make their while: "Ah, do not cry. Maud; my vision way down the stone steps, and so intent were the men upon their work, that in a minute Ben Gavin and Thrieve-and everything. I after leaving the little gallery, Malise stood was dreaming about it last night. Shall I behind the taller and Sholto stole like a tell you about it, sweet Maud?" shadow along the wall nearer to the little rotund man who had been called Robin Romulart.

The duke held up his hand. Sholto and Malise each took their man about the throat | Shall I tell it you, all and all? I willwith their left arms and pulled them backward, at the same time covering their mouths with their right hands. Blanchet never moved in the strong arms of Malise, but Robin, whose rotund figure concealed his great muscular development, might have escaped from Sholto had not the woodman Verger flung himself at the little man's throat and brought him to the ground.

Then the duke and the others descended and as they did so they became conscious ing you can guess. And there was of a choking mephitic vapor which clung dank and heavy to the lower courses of the

Suddenly a wild cry made all shiver. It ame from Louis Verger, who had sprung upon something that lay tossed aside in

"Silence man-on your life! Silence!" hissed Pierre de l'Hopital. "Whatever you have found, think of revenge and help us

"I have found him. He is dead! The fiends! The fiends!" sobbed Louis Verger covering a small partially charred object with the curtmantle of which he had rupidly divested himself or the purpose.

Then it came upon those who stood on the floor of the tower that they were in the from the gate house by the ford. But, somemarshal's main charnel house. These vague forms, mostly charred like half-burned wood, these scraps of white bone, these lit- | will not tell you any more, but go to sleep tle crushed skulls, were all that remained instead. of the innocent children who in the freshness of their youth and beauty had been se-

duced into the fatal castle of Machecout. And what wender that an appalling terror sat on the heart and mastered the soul of Sholto MacKim? For how did he know that he was not treading under foot at each step the calcined fragments of the fair body of and then one of the big boom beetles would Maud Lindesay?

sail whirring past us. We could hear the Twenty sacks had been filled ready for sheep crying below in the little green meadransport, and as many more lay folded in ows so lonesomely, and the snipe bleating heap in a corner. The marshal, uneasy an answer away up in the sky above their perhaps as to the suspicions against him, heads, and you said, 'It is all so empty, and anxious to remove evidence from the | wanting him! precincts of his eastle, thad ordered this ower of death to be cleared. But truly his milked them, standing at the gable end, and and behind them they seemed to hear the devil had once more forcaken him. The | we could feel the smell of their breath sweet like the scent of the flowers they had been Meffraye. order had been given a day too late. "God's grace, I stiffe. Let us get out of cating all day long. Then, after awhile, Across the wide courtyard they went. It

John, making his way toward the door.

"Wait a moment," said Pierre de l'Hopi-We must consider. We cannot let the castle from foundation to roof tree, and slay the innocent with the guilty. We must selze and hold for fair trial all who are found within. And I, Pierre de l'Hopital, will try them."

"What, then, do you propose?" said the duke, getting as near the door as possible. "Let us bring in hither the officers and what soldiers you can trust-that's not my business," answered the president. "Then we will go through the castle, and after we have secured the prisoners and made sure of sufficient pieces of justificative evidence, of which we have infinite supply in these eachs, then we may e'en permit the people to work their will!"

As it was Sholto who had first entered, was Sholto who first left the tower of death. He it was also who at the head of the first band surprised the marshal's sleepy inner guard, and helped to bind them with his own bands. It was Sholto who at the foot of the stairs of the great keep stood listening that he might know the right moment to lead the bestegers upward.

Then even as he stood thus, down the stairway there came pealing a terrible cry a shrick of a woman in the final agony, shrill, desperate, unavailing. And at the sound Sholto flew up the stone steps in the direction of the cry, not know-

g what he did, save that he went to kill. And scarce a foot behind him followed the woodman, Louis Verger, and as they fled upward the red gloom grew brighter and they seemed to be rushing headlong into a

CHAPTER LVIII.

The White Tower of Macheconl. So at the command of the Marshal de Retz they sent to bring forth Margaret Douglas and Maud Lindesay out of the White tower. where they had been abiding. Margaret had, little maid laughed merrity. gone to bed, and, as was her custom, Maud

seemed somehow a tie with home in that

'Give me your hand, Maud, and tell on!'

Margaret was gowned in a white linen

Catherine, his deserted wife, had been kind

to the girls at Pousaugus and had given to

both of them such articles of garmenture

"Tell on-haste you," commanded lit-

tle Margaret, with the imperiousness of

spoke. "It helps me to forget. I can al-

most think when you are speaking that we

out of the window we should see the Dee

running by and hear Sholto Mac-

Kim drilling his men out in the

courtyard. Why, Maudie, what is the

matter? I did not mean to make you cry.

But it is all so sweet to think upon in this

place. O. Maudie, Maudie, what would you

about Maud's neck into a sitting position,

she took a kerchief from under the pillow

will all come true, and you shall indeed see

Maud Lindesay did not reply, not having

ecovered power over her voice. So the lit-

"Yes, I dreamed a glad dream yester'een

though you can tell stories far better

"Methought that I and you-I mean

gether in the gloaming at the door of a

little house up on the edges of the moor

land, where the heather is prettlest and long-

est. And we were happy. We were walt

ing for some one. I shall not tell you who,

Maudie, but if you are good and stop cry-

stopped turning it about between your finger

you and the men who had accompanied me

were drinking in the clachan. As we sat

"And you listened and said, 'I wish he

who it was who was long away. I shall not

how, I do not think so. Ah, that is better!

Now, do not ery again! But listen else I

"Perhaps you do not want to hear the rest.

Yet-it was such a pretty dream and of good

"You do want to hear? Well, then, be

"As we sat there we could hear the

"Then the maids brought in the cows and

bumblebees scurrying home, and every now

finger,

pretty ring like those in your box, yet you noise of men coming upward to their prison

"They had let me come up to stay with back apparently of their own accord. It

would come. He is very long. It is always other closer upon the bed, "come away. The

long when he is away.' But you never said Marshal de Retz calls for you. He hath

tell you, though I know. Perhaps It was lights of the banquet burn in his hall,

old Jock Lacklands, who used to be captain the light shine out upon the night. The

of the guard, and perhaps grouting Peter very trees are red with it. The skies are

behold!

never

like the old ones-not a

I seemed to hear their loud chorus sounding ish laughter.

your

loved it more than them all and

ring on

up from the change house.

No. not

and thumb.

good!

lear Maud, you and I-were sitting

tle maid of Galloway went on unbidden.

Then, drawing herself with her hands

are again at Thrieve and that if we looker

loving childhood, nestling closer as she

as they were sorely in need of.

said little Margaret, nestling closer to her I were quite happy together.

Sholto-I"

to abide.

this and seize the murderer!" quoth Duke | they were driven out of the yard again and also was filled with the reflection of the red | table, inhuman smile. He leaned against a

the commons see this or they would suck days when it is summertime in Galloway. for him,' and I answered, 'Why, he has not been gone more than a day. Sometimes I lord, do not see him for weeks and I never fret

> clear into my head), 'Some day you will know. little one.' And you patted me on the head and went to the house-end to look into the sunset. You looked long under said, as if you had never said it before,

"Then the maidens told us that the supper scolded them, telling them that it was too affections and movements of his heart. early and that they must keep it hot against their master's coming. And to me you said again, sighing, 'It is strange that he should not come home. I cannot eat till he comes. Perhaps he has fallen into a

"Then all the time it grew darker and still no one came. Whereat you cried a litite, softly, and said, 'He might have come-I know right well he could have been here by this time if he had tried. But he does not love me any more.' And you were patting the ground with your foot, as you used to do when-well, when you went away from Trieve without coming out upon the leads to say 'Good night'-when all at once there was a noise of quick feet brushing eagerly through the heather and some one (no. not Landless Jock) leaped the little wall and caught me-me-in his arms-

cried Maud Lindesay, indignantly, and then stopped, abashed at her own folly. But the "Aha," she said, "I caught you that time

"No, he did not catch you in his arma!"

Lindesay sat awhile by her side. For so in my trap. You knew who it was in my far as they could they kept to the good and dream, though I never told you, nor so kindly traditions of Castle Thrieve. It much as hinted,"

"I, LA MEFFRAYE, WILL GLOAT OVER EACH DROP OF BLOOD THAT DISTILLS FROM YOUR NECK."

'No, not a little bit. Margaret and

Maud Lindesay drew a long soft breath

"That is a sweet dream," she murmured

'Ah! would that it were true and that

She broke off short again, for the maid

clapped her hands gleefully. "You said it!

You said it!" she cried. "You called him

Sholto. Now I know, and I am so glad, for

he is nearly as good to play with as you.

"Why are you suddenly grown so sad,

"It came to me, dear Margaret," said

maids in a dreadful place without a friend.

with her face to the pillow and her small

"Lend me your silver cross," she said.

'I lent the little gold one that was Wil-

liam's to the Lady Sybills, and she hath not

Maud returned her the cross and she took

it and held it in the palm of her hands,

looking long at it. Then she repeated one

by one the children's orisons she had been

taught and after that she made a little

'Lord of mercy, be good to two maids

who are lonely and weak, and shut up in this

place of evil men. Keep our lives and our

souls and our bodies from harm. Make us

not afraid of the dark or of the devil. For

Thou art the stronger. And do not forget

to be near us this night, for we have no

other friend, and sorely do we need one to

It was true. More bitterly than any two

in the whole world these maidens needed a

friend at that moment. For scarcely had the

childish accents been lost in the night

ellence when the outer door of the white

tower was thrown open to the wall and on

the steps of the turret stairs they heard the

But first, though the inner door of their

chamber was locked within, the bolts glided

opened and the bideous face of La Meffraye

looked in upon them with a cackle of fiend-

'Come, sweet maidens," she cried glee-

fully, as the frightened girls clasped each

need of your beauty to grace his feast. The

selves fair for the eyes of the great lord to

Then behind La Meffraye entered Gilles

"Make ready in haste-you are both to go

instantly before my lord, who abides your

oming!" said Gilles de Sille. "Poitou and

will wait without the door and La Meffraye

here shall be your tirewoman and see that

you have that which you need. But hasten,

So they brought the Scottish maidens

down from the White tower into the night

They walked hand in hand. Their steps

did not falter, and as they went they prayed

to God to keep them from the dangers of the night. Astarte, the she wolf, who must have

kept guard beneath, stalked before them,

hobbling crutch and cackling laughter of La

for my lord cannot be kept waiting!"

de Sille and Poltou, the marshal's servants

All is red. Come-up-make your-

love and deliver us. Amen."

prayer of her own. This is the prayer:

Let us say a prayer to God to keep us."

" how that we are but two helpless

She broke off short in her turn, seeing ground.

And I shall not mind him a bit!"

something in her friend's face.

hands clasped in front of her.

Maudie?" she asked.

given it back again."

and looked out of the window of the White

We hoped

Then Margaret Douglas turned and knelt pearls of youth and beauteousness die in-

back to their pastures, doucely and sedately, and waned above. Saving for that window templated the two victims at his case. just like folk going to holy kirk on Sabbath | the whole castle was wrapped in gloom and silence, and if there were any awake within at last. "You are truly happy, being young. Then you said, 'I am weary of waiting the precincts they knew better than to spy and have no need to be made young again. upon the midnight doings of their dread

The little party passed up the great stair-"Then you answered (it has all come so the inscribed wooden door by which Lau-lear into my head), 'Some day you will rence had entered the Temple of Evil before "You would not like to die?" suggested

As Gilles de Sille opened it for the maids | tion, o enter the skirt of Maud Lindesay's robe, your hand and when you came back you blown back by the draft of the chamber, fluttered against the cheek of Laurence He is long a-coming. I wonder what can | MacKim, as he lay on his face in the niche of the wall. At the light touch he you know I can, for I shall be very rich came to himself and looked about him with And if what they say is true, and I am was ready to put on the table, whereat you a strange and instant change in all the

With the coming in of the maidens fears seemed utterly to forsake him. A clarity said, 'You are not hungry, are you?' And of purpose, an alertness of brain, a strength I answered, 'No,' though I was indeed very of heart unknown before took the place of hungry (in my dream, that is). Then you the trembling bath of horror in which he had swooned away.

It was like the sudden appearance of two white angels, walking fearless and unditch or some eagle may have pecked out scathed through the grim dominions of the ords of hell.

Incarnate good had semehow entered the house of the demon, ringed though it was n the slender periphery of a maiden's oody, and evil, resistless and strong before, seemed in the moment to lose half its

CHAPTER LIX.

The Sacrifice to Barran-Sathanas. And as Laurence MacKim, crouched in the lim obscurity of the curtained doorway coked forth, this is what he saw:

Maud Lindesay and Margaret Douglas advanced into the center of the temple, where was a slab of white marble let into the floor. As if by instinct the two maidens stopped there and stood hand in hand before the iron altar and the vast shadowy image which gloomed above them, and appeared to reach forward in the act to clutch

message which Laurence could not hear.

contrast with his haggard, corpse-like face,

Gilles de Sille and Poitou bowed silently

"Here are the dainty maids from the far

land; no beggars' brats are they. No strays

silly village innocents who follow La

Gilles! Hasten not the joy! Let these

deed, but let them die slowly and deliciously.

And in the last blood of an ancient race let

Then La Meffraye approached the maids

and would have touched the dress of the

little Margaret, as if to order it more

daintily for the pleasing of her master's

Whereat Le Meffraye laughed till

"Ah, my proud lady, she said, "in

over each drop of blood that distills from

your white neck. Aha, you shall change

your tone when at the white throat apple,

knife. Then you will not thrust aside La

Meffraye. Then you shall cry and none shall

like some inferior imping devilkin before the

hobbling to the doorway of the marshal's

chamber, where she crouched, nodding and

Gilles de Retz stopped at the corner of

he platform and looked long at Maud and

Margaret, where they stood on the great

central square of marble. It was the little

"Dear messire," she said, sweetly and al-

most confidently, "you have a little girl of

your own. I know, for I have played with

her. I love her. Therefore you will not

hurt us. I am sure you will not hurt us.

You are going to send us back in a ship to

our own country, because it is lonely here, where Maud and I know no one!"

great master of evil, La Meffraye retreated,

Then she will spurn you from her

rusty black cloak quivered and rustled.

before him as men who have done their

commissions and who retire to await fur-

ther orders. But La Meffraye stood her

footprint upon wet sand,

grant our prayer!"

like an unclean thing.

knees.

laughter.

nald who spoke first.

went in a long string, one after the other, tide of light which cob.d and flowed, waxed pillar of strangely twisted design and con-

"Life is sweet to you, is it not?" he said "O, but I am very old," said the maid gaining some confidence from the quiet of his voice. "I am nearly 8 years old. And ase of the keep and presently halted before our Maudie here, she is-O, a dreadful age

Gilles de Retz, with a certain soft insinua-

"O, no," said Margaret Douglas, "I am going to live long and long-till everyone in the world loves me. I am going to help everyone to get what they most desire. And Princess of Galloway, I shall marry and be a very great lady. But I shall never marry anyone who is not a Douglas. The marshal nodded.

"I do not think that you shall marry any one who is not a Douglas," he said, with a certain grave and not discourteous irony in his tones.

lost all fear in the very act of speech. "Yes, and Maud is going to marry Sholtoand they will be so happy, for they love each other so. I know it, for she told me so tonight, just before you sent for us to come to your feast. That was kind of you to remember us, though it was past bedtime. But now, good marshal, you will send us back, will you not? Now, look kind tonight. You will be glad afterward that you were good to two maids who never harmed you, but would be ready to love you if you were kind to them."

"Hush, Margaret," said Maud Lindesay. "It is useless to speak such words to such is the only remedy that posia man.

The Marshal de Retz turned sharply to

"Ah, he said, with a curious bite in his words, "then, my young lady, you would not love me, even if I should let you go!" "I should hate and abominate you for ever dise!" quoth Maud Lindesay, giving him defiance in a full eye volley.

'So," he said calmly, "I am indeed likely to help you into Paradise this very night That is, unless St. Peter of the keys makes up his mind that so outspoken and tricksome a maid had best take a few thousand years of purgatory-as it were, en passant! A sudden lowering passion at this point altered his countenance.

"No," he thundered, standing up erect from the pillar against which he had been leaning, and his whole voice and bearing changing past description. "It is enoughlisten! I will be brief with you. I have brought both of you here that you may die I cannot expect of you that you will understand or appreciate my motives, which are indeed above the knowledge of children This is a temple to a great god, and he demands the sacrifice of the noblest and most innocent blood. I do you the honor to believe that it is here to my hand. Also, your deaths will cause a number of people, both in Scotland and elsewhere, to sit easier in their seats. Lastly, I had sworn that you should die if your friends from Scotland came to trouble me. They have come, and Gilles de Retz keeps his word-as doth the great master which he serveth!"

He bowed in the direction of the vast shadowy figure, which to Laurence's eye appeared to turn toward his niche with a leer, as if to say, "Listen to him! What a

The maids stood silent, not comprehending aught save that they were to die. Then suddenly Gilles de Retz cried out in his loudest military tones, "Henriet, Poitou, De Sille, bind these maidens upon the iron altar that Barran-Sathanas may feed his eyes on their beauty and rejoice!" And as they stood motionless upon the

square of white marble the servitors came forward and led them to the great altar of "And he asked if you had missed him and them. After the first check in his hideous their bodies crosswise upon the vast grid, horrible place in which they were doomed you made a sign to me not to speak, just as incantations Gilles de Retz had returned to the bars of which were as thick as a man's you used to do at Castle Thrieve, and his own chamber in which after his exit. arm, arranging them so that their heads the light gleamed brighter and more fiercely hung without support over the bar next the red than ever. As the maidens stood on the shadowy image. As they bound them rudely hand and foot marble square La Meffraye went to the door

and called certain words within, some the long and beautiful hair of Maud Lindesay escaped from its fastenings and fell Then, with an assured carriage and down till it reached the great bath of red haughty stride, came forth the marshal, his porphyry which extended underneath the gray hair and blue-black beard in strong whole length of the altar of iron.

Then through all the Temple of Evil from which the momentary glow of youth there ensued allence. Not a sob or a moan half-restored had already faded, as fades a escaped from the doomed maidens, and the feet of the assistants fell silent and soft as the paws of wild beasts upon the ebon floor (To be Continued.)

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Malleable glass is now used in fill decayed Earthenware sleepers are in use on some and pickings from the streets-no, nor yet of the Japanese railroads. Several New York bakers were fined \$25 Meffraye from the play fields through the each for violating the sanitary bakeshop

woodlands to the paradise of our Lord laws. Since the introduction of pneumatic rub ber tires on the London cabs many of the cab horses wear large Swiss cowbells or their necks.

In accordance with the terms of his will our master bathe and find the new life he Reuben J. Smith, who died at Amesbury seeks. Hear us, O Barran-Sathanas, and Mass., recently, is to be buried in a tomb recently completed, the body being placed in a chair in a sitting position, the door of the tomb being then locked and the

key destroyed. The boatwomen of China have no need to agitate for women's rights—they possess them. The boatwoman, whether she be a single woman or a wife or a widow, is the eye. But Maud Lindesay thrust her aside them. head of the house-that is to say, of the boat. If she is married the husband takes the useful but subordinate place of deck "Ah, my proud lady, she said, "in a hand or bow carsman. She does the steer-little, in a very little, you, too, will be lag, makes bargains with the passengers calling upon La Meffraye to save you, to collects the money, buys supplies and in

pity you. But I, La Meffraye, will gloat general lords it over everything. Does anyone know the origin stition that attaches to the singing of the cricket on the hearth the continuance of "good juck" to the household? Perhaps it which your sweetheart would have loved to has traveled to us all the way from Japan, kiss, you feel the bite of the sharp, slow touching England on the way, for Lufendio Hearn in his "Exotics and Retrospe tells us wonderful and entertaining things of how for generations the Javanese have made a custom of keeping singing insects ! nees."
"Out!" said Gilles de Retz, briefly, and the house. To them these insects are what the Hunet, the thrush, the canary bird or the nightingale are to other nations that have yet so much to learn from Japan.

The fear of being buried alive haunts many people, and while authenticated cases chamber, where she crouched, nodding and of such burial are few, it does happen and chuckling and mumbling inaudible words, there are sometimes occasionally narrow esmingling them ever with her dry, cackling capes. A bill has been introduced into the New York legislature requiring that in cem-cteries where there are more than 100 burials a year mortuaries be established where bodies may be kept until there are unmistakable signs of decay. Germany has a similar law and action of the same nature is being urged in England. The chances of premature burial are, of course, exceedingly slight, but a supposed case was reported a few days since from Wisconsin. A woman, who supposedly died a week or more ago at Marion, O., has not been buried yet be cause of the failure of the body to show the full evidences of death. A young man at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., who was thought to be dead, was being washed by the undertaker The marshal smiled upon her his inscru- when he suddenly came to life.

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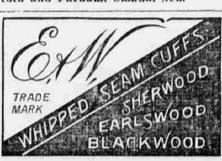
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