## THE OMAHA DAILY BRE: SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1898.

In the eventok klow the ramparts burned

think that I regret anything."

You regret nothing, Hilde?"

ing-and you?"

lation of the capital. Was it not possible the pointeur mounted the bastion and called

to rapidly mass the two corps of Vinoy and the class of instruction to the breech.

Ashes of Empire. -0:5:0-By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

(Copyright, 1895, by Robert W. Chambers.) tree and roof, filled the street with restless CHAPTER XIV.

### An Open Door.

The sun, imbedded in terraced banks of cloud, glimmered like a cinder over Meudon woods, the battery smoke, drifting across the southern forts, turned to pink and pearl. Soft thunder muttered among the westward redoubts; silvery electric stars pricked the haze that veiled Valerien; the river slipped past misty, mendowed shores untroubled by a keel

The house on the ramparts was very still; Bourke sat in his room by the window reading; Hare sood stood at his window howing out over the valley. Below him, the Prophet, tilted skyward, loomed, ominously swathed in its canvas winding sheet. The sentinel stood motionless on the parapet, head turned toward the hazy hills, where a thin column of smoke mounted straight up into the sky. Once a little whirlwind of bugle music from the Porte Rouge filed the street; once the wind veered and the heavy detonation of the cannonade set the sultry **B**ir a-quiver for a while.

The expectancy of evening brooded over all. over the massive ramparts, over the fresh grassy thickets on the glacis, in an imperceptible wind that freshened and cooled the face, yet scarcely stirred a leaf.

Presently there came a clatter of small sabots on the stairs outside, the discreet patter of stockinged feet, a knock, a happy whisper. It was Red Riding Hood, come for her evening visit. Harewood kissed her listlessly.

"You bring twilight with you, little one." he said, turning back her thick black curls. 'The scarlet ribbon-it is very becomingdo you know it?"

"Monsieur Bourke gave it." said the child. nestling closer to him. "Come, let us sit down, will you?"

Harewood absently drew a chair to the window: Red Riding Hood leaned against his shoulder. They looked out over the valley in silence.

"I might have been perfect," said Red Riding Hood presently, "but Mile. Hilde could not give me my lesson today."

Harewood asked without turning, "Why?" "I do not know," said the child with a little sigh. Harewood bit his lips: his heart turned sick with the futile bitterness that follows-too late, the knowledge of consequences, consequences that spread like ripples from a pebble in a troubled pool.

"MHe. Hilde will hear your lesson tomor row," he said, looking from the window. "Tomorrow," repeated the child.

He said nothing more. Perhaps he was thinking of those endless tomorrows, passing, passing, each one troubled as the spreading rings in a pool disturb the placid peace that once reigned there. And he had cast the stone.

"Look at me," said the child. He turned his head, her dark eves met his

OWD. "Is it sadness?" she asked. "Yes, little one."

She held his hand a moment, then let it. contempt. It mattered little to him where staff on the ramparts of Chatillon. drop. He scarcely noticed it. A moment little sabots down the stairs outside. An and a vicious melancholy had marked him great unfinished redoubt of Chatillon, Let hour later, a bitter hour, he followed, de- for their own. Even when he ate he ate those high officers of engineers remember- terror, too, lasting the space of a heartbeat, Yolette moved about the dining room osity he had subdued, sinister solitude he Scarcely had the investment of Paris been vinely wistful. the very silence that he dared not break.

chirping that stirred the cared birds in the shop. Linnei answered thrush, finches whistled wistful answers to the free twittering of the sparrows; a little lark rustled and ruffled; a blackbird uttered a still, thin

plaint And Hilde, who, when her own heart was free, had never understood captivity, now, when she listened, understood, and her own imprisoned heart answered the plaint of wild caged things.

To her half-spoken thought he answered; together they gathered all the feathered wild things into one great wicker cage. The parrot's pale eve was veiled in scorn; the monkey flouted freedom with a grimace, shivering and mouthing as the hundred wings beat at the wicker bars.

Harewood took the cage; Hilde walked beside him, in ecstasy at the thought of freedom given by those who know that something else is sweeter. There was a shrub in flower on the glacis-some lateblooming bush, starred with waxen blossoms, breathing perfume. Under this they

placed the cage. When Hilde opened the cage a feathered whirlwind circled about her head; there came a rush of wings, a thrilling whir-r! and she clasped her hands and stepped for Out over the valley the bird flock ward. rushed, bore to the left, circled, rose, swung back on a returning curve, but always rising higher, higher, until, far up in the deepen ing evening sky, they floated, and chose their course due south.

She watched them driving southward. She could tell the finches by their undulating flight, the thrushes, the clean-winged starlings She sighed contentedly. She had opened the door of pity when love opened the door to her heart.

"Look," whispered Harewood, "there is one little bird that will not leave us." "It is dead-God forgive me," faltered Hilde. A rush of tears blinded her. She knelt beside it on the grass-a frail mound

of fluff and feathers, silent and still. "Freedom and death-life is so sweet-so sweet," she whispered. "And somewhere in the south, where the others have gone, there is summer, eternal summer-life-life." "Winter is close," he answered, somberly. With an unconscious movement he drew her to him. He bent and searched her changed face.

The wind, too, had changed. There was frost somewhere in the world, and the solemn harmony of the cannon swelled with the swelling breeze, and the breeze stirred a broken feather on the dead bird's stiffening wing.

## CHAPTER XV.

The Anatomy of Happiness. That night they closed the empty bird store; Harewood lifted the wooden shutters

into place and locked them. Hilde carried the monkey into the dining room and installed it in a warm corner. Mehemet Ali,

walls of Paris the deplorable system was in- as the bloom on a purple plum. augurated and invariably followed in all subsequent operations around Paris, fighting without a fixed objective, forcing new troops not sufficiently habituated to fighting, and on the contrary, when a serious object was in view, operating with insufficient numbers and inadequate artillery. On the 18th of September, when Viney's corps fell back, the Prussian investment be-

Ducrot to crush the few thousand men of [

gan, the various railroads were cut and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the last train from Paris for Rough left the St. Lavare station From every direction the German masses poured into the country; the prince of Saxony advanced from the north, saluting St Denis with a thousand trumpets: the prince of Prussia rode up from the south through Fontenay aux Roses and woke Aunay woods with the hurrahs of his horsemen

Two vast crescents formed the circle: the ring was soldered at Versailles in the cast; the other gap closed at St. Germain. Then on the 19th of September Ducrot was

attacked in the south, flanked, driven pell altered voice, unconscious of the axiom and mell under the ChatiHon redoubt, where the its irony-unconscious that he stood there, great forts of Vanves and Montrouge the mouthplece of his sex, volcing the dog shielded him. At 4 o'clock the few cannon- mas of an imbecile civilization. She bent cers spiked the last guns in the unfluished her head. Her white face rested on his Chatillon redoubt and retired. Clamart, shoulder. All the million questions that Villejuif and Meudon swarmed with Prus- | stir and flutter in a love-wrung heart awaksian cavalry. Night came and Paris knew ened, trembled on her lips, all that she that its southern key had been stolen when would know, all that she should know, all



IN HER EYES

the parrot, viewed these proceedings with the Prussian flag crept up the shattered that she feared Yet of the million ques-Ftions she could not utter one, least of all he passed his pessimistic days. Weariness So was lost the southern key to Paris, the the eternal question, more surely asked and answered in silence. With her love came scending the worn stairs silently, fearing to the weekness of some one else. Curiber-and be remembered.

oferte moved about the dining room courted, and bit when it was denied him, completed when the humiliating interview As for the man beside her, he stood tarnishes the name of Gambetta and makes

with the next sortie, and if our troops get wood smiled at her and drew her to him. "When did he go?" he asked. through we must go, too. "Today," replied Red Riding Hood. "He "How about getting back?" asked Hare-Is a brave soldier." wood.

"Chance It."

tinge of irony.

do you think ?"

possible."

Harewood, reddening.

Harewood was silent.

Yolette," began Bourke.

"You're naturally considering Hilde and

"Naturally," replied the other with

correspondents or we are not. We can do

nothing here, that's certain. If we try to

take risks and try to get through the lines

we stand every chance of early and uncom-

fortable decease. But it's what we're paid

for. If we follow the next sortle we may

get through with whole skins. That's more

to my taste and fairer to the journals. If

we stay here it is true we can chronicle

the siege and watch for a hole in the Ger-

man lines, but I think we ought to resign

or stay, resign and turn free lance. What

"I won't leave-for the present," said

"Good," replied Bourke, promptly.

'Neither will I while these young girls are

here alone. Of course, I knew you'd say

that. Our papers will have to wait until

we can get a chance to send in our resigna-

tions and reasons. That can't be helped.

It was a practical mistake for us not to go

out of the city when we had the opportu-

Harewood's face was set and pale, his

"I never imagined

"So am I. Now, Jim, we are either war

the advance guard? The moral effect of bright, the dust an the street gleamed like such a stroke would have been stupendous. powdered rubies; n long, mousy shadows As the child spoke her dark eyes glowed, But in this first engagement under the stretched across the grass, soft and velvety for at last he had been justified in his daughter's eves-this squalid, drunken When Harewood had finally locked the father, glorious in the shining garments of

shutters he climbed up and unbooked the resurrection-a home-made uniform with sign of the shop. Hilde watched him without epaulets. War, the great purifier, had come speaking. He lifted the signboard to his with blessings to Red Riding Hood and the shoulder and carried it into the darkened child of chance, whom chance allotted to

shop. To Hilde it was the last scene in her father, sewed gilded braid and brave the prologue of h" drama-the drama of a buttons on her father's clothes, that he new life just beginning. She went into might be fine among the fine; that he might no longer be ashamed among men; that she no longer need be silent when standing upside down against the wall. men spoke of honor and virtue and brave "It is one of my landmarks," she said; deeds and the soldiers of France. "they are all going now, one by one. Yes-terday my Sainte-Hilde of Carhaix fell and "He will fight until he dies," said the

child seriously. broke on the tiled floor, and I shall miss "Pray God he may not die," said Hilde the birds, too." She added hastily: gently. am glad that they flew away; you must not

from our journals in that case and risk "He will die," replied Red Riding Hood selling our stuff outside if we can't get it with that quiet conviction that makes chil- | through beforehand. That's the only honor-Harewood, standing close beside her, said: able course I see-either get out of the city dren sometimes feared.

After a long while, she answered, "Noth-Late that night Harewood, sleeping on his tumbled bed, was awakened by Bourke.

"Jim, there's a man at the door below; "What have I to regret?" he said in an Red Riding Hood's father is dead."

"Dead?" repeated Harewood. "He was drunk-he fell from the draw-

bridge at the Porte Rouge." Harewood threw on his coat and went gravely to the little room where Red Riding Hood lay asleep. "Little one," he whispered. She felt for his hand in the darkness, clasped it in both of hers and pressed her wet face to the pillow.

"It was a brave death-a soldier's death," he whispered. She wept; it was the one pleasure her father had ever given her, his Jim ?' death. She thought of the man himself and wondered why she wept. Harewood, too, wondered, and she answered his unasked question:

"I weep because I have nothing to weep for. Go, now, and leave me with my happiness.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

#### Betrothed.

slowly. In Paris the days succeeded each other with few incidents and moderate excitement. Suspense had given place to certainty. The city was completely hemmed in by an unseen enemy, unseen save for the rassment was increasing. He reddened and stood up. smoke of burning villages on the horizon, yet that enemy had as yet done nothing Notre Dame and the Tuileries were still

standing, cabs, cars, omnibuses ran as usual, and the boulevards and cafes were thronged.

True, there had been a few alarms in the interior of the city. A petroleum storeon the stairs. house caught fire on Montmartre through accident, a chemical factory blew up in the Rue de Vaugirard and killed some people. Everybody was certain that these fires were of incendiary origin, but probably nobody knew the truth-unless Speyer you loved Hilde, I would go. If you wish and Stauffer knew it. There was practiit I will go tomorrow." cally no news from the provinces. Now and then a daring messenger managed to

heart sank under an overwhelming rush of elude the Prussian pickets and creep into shame; shame for himself, shame because the city, but, except for that, Paris was he could not answer the confidence of his absolutely isolated from the rest of France comrade, bitter shame that he should be as far as receiving news was concerned. willing to accept a generous man's sacrifice, But the Parisians could send news by a man who loved for the first time in his pigeons and balloons. They sent some- life and who loved honorably. Bourke conthing else, too-a balloon loaded with 200 tinued almost timidly: pounds of M. Gambetta, destined to fill the that Yolette was anything to me; I never Midi with his fanfare and gasconading, des- thought of that sort of thing. It came be tined to flop in the Prussian dragnet and fore I knew it, Jim. You see, I never be-blind himself and his fellow victims with fore cared for a woman." Harewood's the turmoil of his own flopping, destined strained glance met his questioningly and

Bourke answered: "I have not spoken to incidentally to aid in the disgrace and destruction of a brave incapable more sinned her, I don't believe she would listen to me; against than sinning, the innocent, fat- I scarcely dare think of it; you see, Jim, brained scapegoat of a frenzied nation-Ba. I'm not attractive." zaine. If there ever existed such a thing as a patriotic demagogue, partly genius,

He broke off abruptly: there was a swish of a skirt on the landing above; the sound of partly mountebank, Gambetta must remain a door gently closing. "They don't understand English, the unique example, and yet the court-

martial of Bazaine has left the stain that motioned Harewood; "go on." "Yes, they do-Hilde does," muttered

Bourke.

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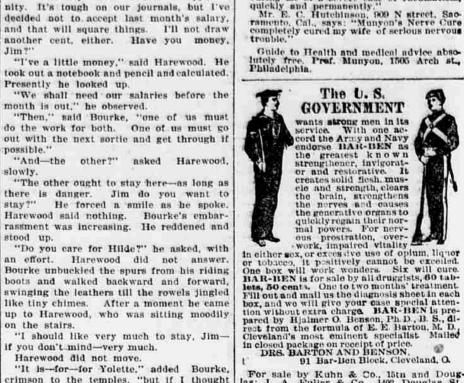
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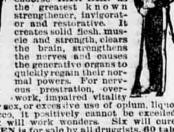
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passes to the hallway and out to the bird store, where Hilde knelt among the wicker

When she saw him she rose to her knees. hiding her burning face in her hands. He bent close to ber and touched the flushed checks between the hands. One by one he sealed lids pressed the lashes tightly to her check

"Why have you hidden away all day?" he said.

Presently she answered: "Can you ask?" He raised her from her knees; her eyes were still closed, but her white hands stole around his neck. There was silence. When at last he released her and the quiet tears a stealth, almost a menace in the slow had dried in her eyes, without falling, she went to the open door and stood there, looking out into the west. Earth came back to her slowly through the heaven of their kiss-sounds grew through the music of his voice; she heard the cannonade's dull triple throb, she saw green tree tops stirring tables, bread and wine, however, were in the sun.

He came and stood beside her. Love's lassitude hung heavy on her limbs. He city had ample provisions for months to took her unresisting hand-that little hand; so small, so smooth, fragrant and fraught with mystery, a cool white blossom with five slim petals tight with pink. The beauty of fife was upon her, the

loveliness of the world was in her eyes-the world so kind to her-so kind to all-to all! In the red west a flaming belt of haze girdled the horizon; in the north plumed clouds suspended from the zenith hung motionless; the glass of the stream mirrored a single tree.

When their silence grew too heavy, too sweet for such young hearts, they broke it, and it broke musically, with the melody of half-caught questions-a sigh, a little laugh re-echoed pure as the tinkle of two crystal glasses touched discreetly. The softest drumming of the guns stirred the pulsating air like the distant drumming of a partridge; the gemmed azure, veiled with haze, swam and shimmered with its million brilliant atmospheric atoms-tiny points of tierco white dusting the blue like diamond

When the sun ... as very low and the level meadows ran molten gilt in every harrow, the sparrows, gathered for the night on



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among the noisy feathered inhabitants of the follows: bird store, dreaming, perhaps schemingfor he had the sly, slow eye of the Oriental. He bit Harewood when that young man locked, and at last he raised her head to was bearing him to the dining room, and when dropped diplomatically sidled under his. But she would not look at him, her a sofa. From this retreat he made daily doubtless Germany-coerced by Europeexcursions, mounting all the furniture by aid of beak and claw, sullenly menacing

those who approached. Scheherazade had not recovered from he

fright. The characteristics of the big house ringing in his ears, and the next day all cat had almost disappeared; she cowered Paris knew that it was to be a struggle to when approached, she slunk when she the death. moved; there was a blankness in her eyes, Stung again into action, Viney, supported by the forts, hurled a division of the Thirturning of her head. Already in these early teenth corps on Villejuif and carried it. days of the siege milk was becoming too ex-On Sentember 30 Chevilly and Choisy-le-Roi pensive to buy for a lieness; meat also had were attacked. Again the fatal lack of suffiincreased so swiftly in price that Yolette cient artillery nullified the advantage gained

First-An indemnity

Third-The cession of Cochin China

the eastern forts.

would have accepted.

was frightened, and haunted the market at Villejuif. The sphere of action had wistfully, scarcely daring to buy. Vege scarcely been enlarged at all. From the ramparts of Paris these first en plenty; so were proclamations from the gov gagements under the walls were scarcely ernor of Paris assuring everybody that the visible to the people-ecarcely audible, save for the thunder from the supporting forts. come. Most people thought that the in-A high rampart of dun-colored mist crease in the price of meat was only temstretched from the Montrouge fort to Arporary-a mere flurry caused by the concueil: beyond it, denser volumes of smoke summation of an event that was not yet poured up into the sky from l'Hay. At entirely credited-the actual advent of the moments the wind brought the crackle of

Prussian army before Paris. the fusillade through lulls in the cannon din The arrival of the Germans was like : -scarcely louder than the crackle of a bontheatrical entrance; the audience was all fire. This was all that the Parisians could Paris, the orchestra, a thousand cannon. see or hear from the southern bastions. They turned up by batteries, west, south Great crowds of women and children and finally north, as the vast circle of steel watched the infantry passing through the closed closer, closer, and finally welded with Forte Rouge; the cavalry sang as they rode the snap of a trap. Then, when the city and between dense masses of excited people; outer ring of forts were in turn themselves the cannopeers swung their thongs and encircled by a living iron ring, when the chanted gayly: full thunder from the battery of the Double Gai! Gai! serrons nos rangs Crown was echoed from St. Denis to Mont-Esperance

Valerien, from Saint Cloud to Charenton, De la France Gal! Gal! serrons nos rangs, En avant, Gaulois et Francs! and again from the southeast northward to Gait St. Denis, Paris began to understand. o the air of "Gai! Gai! Marions Nous!" The first futile curiosity, the foolish terror and the franc-tireurs took up the song savand fear of instant bombardment, died out agely: as the weeks passed and the crack of the

Quoi! ces monuments cheris, Prussian rifled cannon had not yet awak-Histoire De notre glorie. S'ecroulerhient en debris, Quoi! les Prussiens a Paris! ened the hill echoes of Viroflay. The silly proclamations urging the instant tearing up

of pavements, the fortifying of cellars, the nd the people roared back the chorus: asuring of a water supply, were forgotten. People began to realize that it takes months Gai! Gai! serrons nos rangs! to perablish siege batteries-that for every Hilde, standing at the door, heard them gun capable of throwing a shell into Paris singing at sunrise, caught the distant glint the Germans would have to send to Gerof bayonets, saw the sun, white and fierce. many. Fear vanished; how long it would crinking the polished surface of helmet and

take to convey heavy cannon from Berlin across France to the Seine! And would not breastplate. At night, too, lingering on the steps, she the convoys be cut off by the franc-tireurs, heard the movement and murmur of marchby the provincial armies now organizing, ing masses; she saw the rockets drifting by an uprising of outraged people? Surely through the sky, the jeweled string of sigthe very land, the elements themselves, nal lamps swinging like a necklace from would rise and destroy these barbarians and the Port Rouge battlements. All day long their wicked cannon. Trochu, the sombre the Rue d'Ypres rang with the clang of mystic, the Breton governor of republican bugles and the vibrating crash of drums; Paris, moved on his darkened way, a flash all day long the cannoncers of the Prophet of tinselled pomp, a shred of pageantry, the drilled and maneuvered and played at firlast paladin riding back into the gloom of ing, but the night came and found the the middle ages, seeking light, fleeing light, Prophet's lips still sealed and the long, wrapped to the eyes in the splendid mantle bronze fetish motionless, reaching toward heaven in its awful attitude of prayer.

So he rode, esquired by Faith, dreaming Since those early practice shots that had of saints and guests of chivalry, pondering shattered the window glass the Prophet had miracles. As a figure for a Gobelin tapestry General Trochu would have been usefui; in

no other capacity, save perhaps in a cloister, east and west at the monotoncus commands, would he have been of use in the nineteenth sweeping the points of the compass with the When on the 17th of September the Prusemooth movement of a weather vane turning in a June breeze.

sian advance guard was signalled and sa-Harewood, looking the dusty wooden shutters for the last time, turned to watch luted by the forts of the west and south, General Vinoy's brave corps passed the gates and advanced to Cretail. The affair was not the Prophet as it swept to the west, stopped, serious-nothing was serious then. And yet sank at the breech as a horse sinks on his that was the very time when a crushing haunches. For the hundredth time he success might have electrified the whole na-tion into such resistance that the end of the gun captain took up his mechanical call: success might have electrified the whole nawar would not have arrived with the capitu- "Elevation at 1,500, at 2,000, at 2,500," and

There had been a time in earlier days when at Ferrieres between Jules Favre and Bisthrilled, yet thoughtful, following his he whistled the "Marseillaise"-when he marck became known to the public. Had thoughts through the dim labyrinths of his croaked "Vive l'Empereur." Now for a Jules Favre carefully considered the mat- heart, that beat deeply, heavily, against her year he had been mute, brooding in silence ter, had he offered terms, for example, as yielding breast. What had happened he scarcely comprehended. He only knew that

love is sweet. The beginning was already so long ago, so dim, so far away. When Second-The dismantling of one or two of had it been? Had they not always loved? And if the beginning of love was already half forgotton, the end loomed vaguer still, Fourth-The cession of a few ironclads. the distant future promised nothing yet; a veil of mist, rose-tinged, exquisite, al-But it was not to be. The poor repre-

catch; Favre, self-effacing, patriotic, unthough behind the veil something was alequal to his task: Trochu, sombre, fervidiv entative of the republic left the Prussian ready stirring, a shape-nothing-because he good, living amid hallucinations, a monueadquarters with Bismarck's harsh voice refused to see. Yet it was there. Hilde ment of martyred indecision-will some felt its presence, unconsciously shrinking in historian or writer of fiction-they are her lover's arms, and again the questions

stung her lips. "Is it love-love for me? these great names? And while the Is it truly love? Is it forever? Is it truth romancer or historian-whichever you will and faith and constancy, forever and for--is about it, let him regild the name of ever "' Her breathless lips parted, but no questions passed them, and they were sealed Renan, as he sits feeding himself at the check bones, and lips compressed. Like again in silence. Tortoni's in the starving city, splitting

Hilde and Harewood moved once more to the door. Night stretched its starlined tent from the zenith; the moon, en- fat white fingers are spread out on either meshed in a fathomless film, hung in a knee, the nails offensively untrimmed. He eyes, immovable in accusation. And once,

Bourke came through the hall with Yolette, talks much, and familiarly, about our pointed at the pointing figure in the mirror. bidding them hurry, for dinner was over. Saviour-and eats, eats, eats. Then they went away close together, and their voices were lost on the dim glacis created for himself a name. It only took a where the scented shrubbery spread its per- few weeks to create it. He followed

fume through the shadows. Hilde glided silently to her chamber; Harewood waited for her, standing by the table where Bourke's and Yolette's plates had already been removed. Red Riding



SAID THE CHILD SERIOUSLY.

not speken; yet all day long its gigantic Hood came to the kitchen door with a shy mass, thrust out over the ramparis, swung "good evening," and, when Hilde had re turned and seated herself, the child brought dinner and served it with the adoration

that serves a shrine. Twice Hilde kissed her, for she needed the love of all, now her, for she needed the love of all, now the pigeons; we might send them in the that she had given a love, infinite and innocent; a love that embraced the world and life and death.

"Red Riding Hood's father has gone with the Thirteenth battalion," she said, looking across at Harewood. "I begin to think our little one will always be with us." The sortic is made and the German lines plerced.

it stink a little, too "Hilde understands English?" repeated The courage and splendid fortitude that Harewood in dull surprise. He had not brightened the gloom of the year of punisheven suspected it; suddenly he realized that ment, the terrible chastisement of a guilty he had learned nothing of Hilde-absolutely nation, was displayed by the army and the people. The leaders, the politicians, the nothing, except that she loved him. Bourke slipped his riding crop into his boot, picked look elsewhere for eulogy. Thiers agitated by senile convulsions, Gambetta bawling men in high places, the government must

nonsense, Rochefort brilliant and useless as her skirt," he said. "Jim, shall I go with "It was Red Riding Hood; I think I saw a will-o'-the-wisp-and quite as easy to the next sortie?"

Harewood turned and mounted the stair way with his comrade "Come into my room in an hour; I'll tell you then." he said, and left Bourke at the

synonyms-be pleased to gild the letters of head of the stairs. When Harewood entered his room he went straight to the mirror. A mirrored face

(To be Continued.)

can steel is better than that found els

date ships built in the United States.

For Men,

where. Russia buys armor for her ships of

All Styles. All Dealers

war here and intends to have some up-to-

looked back at his own-a face, young, firm, a little pale, with tightened muscles under painted pictures, scenes began to pass, platitudes with De Goncourt. See him as he

swiftly and more swiftly, gliding before his eats! His chin is fat, his belly fatter, his eyes; and behind each scene he saw the shape of his own face, he saw his reflected

corner, a tarnished rim of tinsel, pale as a preaches universal brotherhood; he is on stung to torture by his eyes' fixed consilvery withered leaf. As they stood there good terms with humanity. Incidentally he demnation, he raised a menacing hand and "Coward!" But the mirrored shape was

In the beginning of his career Gambetta voiceless.

Rochefort's methods with equal success. He was very popular in France. He was a

The best salve in the world for cuts, talented lawyer. Again and again 'n the bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, Corps Legislatif he showed himself to be not only an orator, but a statesman of a corns, and all skin eruptions, and positivel certain kind. In the beginning of the cures piles, or no pay required. It is guar-

revolution he was useful; he was the hyphen anteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale that connected the parti avance and the by Kuhn & Co. bourgeoisie. He was opposed to Trochu. He sailed away in his balloon to Tours, where Steel rails made at Sparrow's Point, Md he felt that his sphere of action ended only are now being sent to Russia, Australia, with the frontier. He was mistaken. His Brazil, Mexico, India, Nova Scotia, the We colleagues proved useless. He set up a Indies and other places. Forty thousand dictatorship that ended by sterilizing and tons of these rails have been ordered for making ridiculous his former energy. the Transsiberian railway, another evidence "Did this young tribune of the people rethat the czar is of the opinion that Ameri-

member that the greatest glory God can accord to man is the glory incomparable of saving his country? Had he a soul sublime enough for such a mission? And the purity of his intentions, the simplicity of his life, the elevation of his character-were they so notorious that he should be deemed worthy of such an honor?"

Let France answer her own.

Women and The third sortie ended in the fire-swept streets of Bagneux, and, for the third tim Children. since the slege began, the army of Paris retired to the city, having accomplished nothing except a few thousand deaths, highly commended by "Ollivier Militaire." Bourke, hurrying back to the city, had atempted to telegraph this news by way of Bordeaux. Then, when he had spent the remainder of the day in similar and equally vain attempts, he gave it up and went back to the house on the ramparts, where he found Harewood, pockets stuffed with unsent dispatches, pacing the hallway and "It's just as I told you," he said when he saw Bourke; "we're cooped up for good. If

you are no worse off than I am." Harewood, a little ashamed of his selfish

over his dispatches. "We can't run the lines," he said; "we can't send these by pigeons, even if we had

He flung his own dispatches into a corner and lit a cigarette.

"As war news purveyors," he observed, "you and I are useless, my son, until a child listened with downcast eyes. Hare- Then we must be there; we must go out By Purchasing Goods Made at the Foliowing Nebraska Factories:

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"I've tried," said Bourke; "it's no go."

smoking furiously.

you had listened to me and gone on to Versailles-"