That day was to dawn-he scented it as

But there were others first to reckon with:

those others, whoever they were, wherever

bought and sold and tricked and flouted him.

satisfied revenge, enslaving him with the

The Mouse understood that he had been

men; that he had been tricked into treason.

He also understood that Harewood knew

how to help him to revenge, and that made

him docile. He comprehended that a knife

stuck into Speyer's back was poor ven-

of the whole spy system, the annihilation of

Flourens, Buckhurst and Mortier, and the

wholesale execution of the Undertakers.

Therefore, he was willing to be guided, and

Harewood, without scruple, brought the gov-

There was another feature that Harewood

had neglected to count on-the curious, un-

conscious attachment of the Mouse to him-

self. Was it gratitude for aid when the

police ran him through the Passage de

ernment a recruit.

tide for the crimson flood.

BIGUT "

Bourke and Harewood washed the battered ruffian's wounds; they were slight, men of his type, w rage that needs to be perhaps painful; but in the lower organisms glutted with vengentics a somber hate that sensibility to pain is at a minimum. It is must be hugged and cherished and brooded exhaustion that tells most heavily on on until the red day of reckening. creatures of the Mouse's species; the finer ! tortures, mental and physical, need nerves buzzards scent a thing far off-the day when for appreciation, and the Mouse had none, the specter of the red republic should rise Bourke brought him a chair; Harewood set and stalk through Paris, until the palaces the two lamps on the counter; the Mouse sank in ashes and the gutters marked high was supplied with a cigar.

"Now," said Harewood, "go on." The Mouse leaned back luxuriously; placid sense of well being and security filled they were, who had duped and mocked and his body and soothed him to the ends of his

"Messicurs." he said. "it was Major Flourens. I was at the Undertakers'. We when it served his ends, cowardly, like a were all there peaceably, like gentlemen at wolf in a pit. Bourke's brutal solution of our wine-denouncing the government. Then comes your American, Buckhurst, who to prove it, and he did, molding the Mouse whispers to one-to another-ma fol! what? He shrugged his shoulders and shifted the cigar in his thin lips. "Then," he resumed, 'your Americans, Speyer and Stauffer, began to shout, 'To the Hotel de Ville! Vive la his own. commune!' and our Major Flourens calls for the drummers of the carbineers to beat the generale through Belleville. Messieurs, in a moment we were marching, all marching and singing the 'Marseillaise.' You understand that our heads were warmed a little? Flut! Je ne m'emballe p'us."

"Go on," said Bourke, sharply. reance compared to the ultimate confusion The Mouse examined his bandaged arm, blew a discusted cloud of smoke from his

lips, shrugged, and continued: Your American, Buckhurst, said it would be easy. Everybody said so, nothing to do but march into the Hotel de Ville, make a new government, and become rich. I went messicurs-it was quite natural, was it not? Mince! They arrived, too, the fantassins of Vinoy and the Garde Mobile. I ran. It was natural.'

"Very," said Harewood, gravely. "N'est ce aps? Done-I ran. So ran the l'Ombre? Was it an instinct that moves

"The soldiers of Vinoy and the in his fury-unless the blind instinct that I dreds of tins of meat and vegetables, all knee. He could not withdraw his eyes; her Garde Mobile, for what? God knows," he forces a man to spare his own land can be the flour he could get, all the biscuits and delicate fingers fascinated him added plously. "Have I been shot, mon-called such. He sufficient from treason as preserves. He had heard things from high "One, two, three, four, and, or be abstained from cannibalism. If he had sources that appalled him, and he looked one, two three," said Yolette, counting her 'Grazed; it is nothing." replied Hare- owned a square inch of French soil he would fearfully at the lines of people beginning to stitches. He felt himself excluded from the wood. He looked anxiously at Hilde; she doubtless have fought for it tooth and nail, gather in front of the provision depots. but there was no broader impulse to make

him fight for the land that others owned-the "Are you hungry" she asked, shaking land owned by emperors and princes and was cheap. The oil was used to inflate batthe rich. Yet even he would not sell it, loons, the petroleum could not be burned in lamps. What stung him was that somebody had

Hilde and Yolette were very busy storing tricked him into deling something. This provisions in the cellar and bottling red roused the sullen rage that never dies in wine, aided by Red Riding Heod and the Mouse.

The Mouse, cleaned and chastened and warmly clothed, worked as he was bidden to work-not because he wished to, but because Harewood told him to do so or get out. To find himself working was an endless source of painful amazement to the Mouse

"Malheur-si ca fait pas pitie!" he would with unfeigned astonishment. But he carried and fetched and scrubbed and rubbed, living half in a daze, half in a night-And yet he was patient by nature-when vengeance needed patience. He was sly and, lighted by three meals a day and Harewood's judiciously doled out cigars. He lette, perhaps, was asleep. "Are you?" the problem needed Harewood's finer hand ignored Mehemet Ali, he tolerated Red amazed, at his will-tempting him with the balt of Red Riding Hood, he loathed Scheherazade | Bourke only stared at her until again she oppressive conviction of a knowledge suwith a loathing that turned his blood to perior and more materially powerful than used for the pleasure and profit of other him off about his business.

All day long the forts of the south pounded away at the wooded heights hand, failed, tried again, failed, and rebeyond, all day long the boulevards in the signed herself to it unwillingly. She was interior of the city echoed with the rattle of drums. There were fewer cabs and train service. Horse meat, too, began to be very, very happy." appear in the markets, but the government at first restricted its sale to certain designated shops.

Toward the middle of the week the gov- affame. ernment published an order in the Official manded breathlessly. rationing the inhabitants of Paris and aseach-100 grammes daily.

secure three days' rations at a time."

that served its purpose. But the alarming Yolette!" part was that the government flatly refused Jardin des Plantes.

her gentle favorite.

about her own little chamber, humming her open, and Yolette was in her arms. Breton songs. Through the window she wood under the uncompromising superintendence of Red Riding Hood.

"You split too large," said the child. Don't you know how?" "No," said the Mouse, sulkily.

"Then-herc-give me the hatchet. There. That's how wood should be split." "Don't let me deprive you of the pleasthe hatchet again, but the child distained to He always came around that corner. answer.

"Mince!" said the Mouse, "do they want good for a month?"

Red Riding Hood turned up her nose. "Bon," said the Mouse. "I'll die of her heart was singing, too-transfigured and glorified her face. In it the childish sweetness had changed to something more delicate and subtle, the purity of contour was almost spiritual, the curve of the scarlet lips grew finer and more exquisite. Strength, too, had shallowed the dimple that nestled in soft corners; the beauty of her yes was indescribable, her every gesture a

mress. There were moments when, as she sat hinking in her chamber, the swift tears filled her eyes and her heart failed. At such noments terror of death-his death-brought her to her knees at the bedside. But the osary was near and so was Sainte Hilde o Carhaix, mended with glue, azure-mantled, serene, still smiling in spite of a missing

Hilde sewed at times-not in the dining room where Yolette, demure and silent, istened to Bourke's opinion of everything inder the sun. He discussed ethics and morals and human happiness; he touched on

discontent and treason among the carbi-

open, for any bit of gossip that might indiate the date of the next sortie. The war office remained in a state of in

describable confusion. Everything lay at loose ends. There appeared to be no system, no order. The place was thronged by irresponsible young officers who knew verything and nothing, and who talked, talked, talked. Surely it needed no extraordinary spy system on the German side to keep M. Bismarck au courant with the daily life in Paris, with the physical and moral conditions of the French army. Every novement contemplated was discussed with unheard-of carelessaess, every secret pro-

ody who cared to listen. The vital necessity of secreey in arranging for a sortle was absolutely ignored. Is it, then, any wonder that hours before a sortie the Germans know felt this; it confused and pained him. of it and were already massing in the threatened zone?

"One, two, three, four, and, one, two, and

conversation; he looked out of the window Fuel and candles he bought, too, but he and chafed. Had he seen the glance that could purchase no oil, although petroleum Yolette stole at him-the instant dropping of the blue eyes when he moved-perhaps he might have felt less injured. He did not he listened in silence as she began again One, two, three, four, and one, two, and one, two, three." He watched her slender fingers guiding the flying needle; those slim fingers were in her confidence; she seemed to be gossiping with every rosy tip, every polished nail. Her head was the slightest bit averted; the whiteness of her neck daz-

After a while Yolette dropped the embroid ery into her lap and sighed. Her arms rested on the arms of ber chair. One hand dropped quite close to his shoulder. exclaim, regarding his apron and sabots regarded it with rising interest. It was white and delicately veined with blue; it looked very smooth and young and helpless. After a moment he took it naively. It was mare. He was not resentful, however; he then that a series of thrills shot through knew his skin was safer there than in his limbs, depriving him of sight, hearing Belleville; but the degradation of manual and a portion of his other senses. He was toil crushed him to a state of gloom only vaguely aware that the hand he held was responsible for this; he held it tighter. Yocared nothing for Yolette or Hilde, he inquired aloud. "What?" naked Yolette,

turned her head to the window. They sat water. Bourke he revered because that there in absolute silence. A lethargy, a young man had mastered him: Havewood delicious numbness settled over Bourke. He be followed, when Harewood did not drive would have been contented to sit there for centuries.

> Presently Yolette tried to withdraw her very young.

"We will live in New York," said Bourke omnibuses now; the government was con- speaking in a trance. After a silence he stantly seizing horses for artitlery and added, "in a brownstone house. We will

"Who?" said Yolette, faintly. "Who! why, you-you and 1-"

Yolette turned quickly; her cheeks were "What do you mean?" she de-

"Are you-you not going to marry me?" uming control of every butcher shop in faltered Bourke. His expression was abthe city. Bourke returned that night, surd. They had both risen; she stood, leanbringing with him a printed card, showing ing a little forward, one hand resting on her the number of people in their house, their chair. The silence was absolute. After a names, and the amount of meat allowed little she swayed, almost imperceptibly, toward him; he toward her. He dared not "It looks serious," he said, handing the touch her again-yet now he found his arms card to Yolette. "We are also obliged to around her waist, her head close to his. It frightened him into speech-a stammering, The name of the Mouse did not appear on pleading speech that had a burden not the card. They invented a name for him at all complicated: "I love you! I love you,

When he kissed her she rendered him his to nourish Scheherazade at its expense and klss innocently. His courage revived, and even suggested sending her to the Zoo in the he told her things that only she had a right to hear. That, perhaps, is the reason why "Never!" cried Hilde, putting both arms Mehemet Ali withdrew from the sofa back around Scheherazade's neck, but the lioness to the gloom under the sofa. Perhaps, too, no longer responded and Hilde looked at that was the reason why Hilde, entering her sorrowfully, mourning the change in the room from the rear, paused, turned, and glided back to her white bedroom, It was Thursday, October 27. Harewood where, with Saint Hilde of Carhaix, she had gone as usual to the war office. Bourke began a duet of silence. She had been and Yolctte sat in the dining room examin- waiting there an hour, possibly two hours, ing the week's accounts. Hilde moved before the door creaked, swayed, and swung

"My darling! My darling!" laughed Hilde, could see the Mouse painfully splitting fire- tearfully, "I am very, very happy-don't ery-why should we?'

All day long they sat there, arms and fingers interlaced, and night darkened the room before they kissed and parted, Yolette to her own room, Hilde to the front door, where now she always lingered until Harewood came back from the city.

She stood there dreaming, her eyes fixed ire," sneered the Mouse, as she handed him on the corner by the Prince Murat barracks.

One by one the signal lamps broke out along the bastions. The stars, at first so brilliant, faded in the cloudless sky. She could see no haze, no vapor, but the air appeared to thicken around each star till it atigue, but there is nobody to weep." He tarnished, grew dull, and at last vanished shrugged his shoulders, picked up another in midheaven. A sudden shaft of cold struck log and chopped on. Hilde smiled to her- through the street, and now around each seif, watching the comedy from her cur- lamp and lantern and flaring gas jet a gostained window. The happy light in her samer eclipse began to form that grew irithe song on her lips-the song that | descent and more palpable every momen Once a patrol passed, lanterns swinging-a shrouded, cloaked file of silent men, trudging through the darkness with never a drum tap to echo the clump, clump of their clumsy boots.

Yolette came to the door and waited there a few moments with her sister. "Come," she whispered at last, "do you not know that dinner is waiting?" Neither moved to go. Presently Yolette spoke again: "What is it, little sister?" Hilde was silent. knew it," said Yolette, under her breath. Hilde turned slowly. "You knew it?" she motioned.

"Yes." (To be Continued.)



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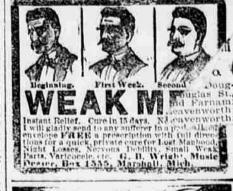


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when, and where Harewood moved, There was a tub in the bird store and

Flourens and his "legion," now known as here the Mouse was ordered to bathe in the the "carbineers"-had, at the instigation of hot water that Bourke brought laughing. Buckhurst, Speyer and Stauffer, descended Later, his wounds redressed, the Mouse sat Buckhurst done this? For plunder. Why shy and suspicious, but a heavy dinner dispaid to foment disorder. Was this the first sample? Did the pockets of the Undertakers nage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Woman Who Waits. That very night, unknown to Harewood, sortle was attempted from the gates of the south-a sortie, as usual, inadequately supported by artillery. About midnight the cannon on the southern forts aroused him. Bourke came into his room, and together they looked out into the night, where, above the Issy fort, the sky reflected dull crimson

Mouse could protest he had whipped a hand- the darkness. After a while Bourke went back to bed ful of coins out of his pocket. Among them Harewood, too, slept soundly, fulled by the swelling harmony of the cannonade. The grumble of the guns ceased with the night. "Where did you get that?" demanded In the morning they knew that the troops had failed at Chatillon. They knew also that the raid on the Hotel de Ville had proved a ridiculous flasco, so ridiculous that the government allowed Flourens to retire cost two like that to start me marching for to his Belleville fastness undisturbed, and the Hotel de Ville; it will cost twenty in drink mournfully to the commune with his carbineers. It is probable that the government believed it had its hands full without inaugurating civil strife in Belleville under presence of German gold meant among the the muzzles of the Prussian guns. This inertia or cowardice of the government was the beginning of that disastrous temporiz-

learning whatever he wished to learn.

carbineers of Flourens. Fightre! They- | live things to continue to protect whatever he others-ran after us-the line and the they save from destruction? Each had saved the other in sorest need; and now the Mouse's inclination moved him to move

down to be fed. He wore an old suit of Bourke's clothes, his clean shirt made him sipated suspicions, and, later, a mattress and blankets in the corner of the bird store aided the Mouse to sleep a sleep of repletion pleasantly tinctured with dreams of car-

ing later ciminally indulged in by Thiers. "Bismarck pays them to weaken and which cost Paris the commune, So Major Flourens flourished his heels in Paris by turning Frenchmen against the security, and Buckhurst, emboldened by the government's apathy, refused admittance at the Undertakers' to reporters or government officers, while Speyer and Stauffer whispered

> The week passed slowly for the Mous-He was waiting for revenge. It passed more swiftly for Bourke; he was in love, As for Hilde and Harewood, the days appeared and vanished like April rainbows He was with her in the evenings. In the mornings he hauntedlithe war office, ears

Harewood, always welcomed among mer



THE MOUSE LEANED BACK LUXU-RIOUSLY.

he had little imagination. going to rain?" "No," he replied.

It was the first time she had ever asked him to stay. He sat down hastily and realized it. She went to a table, sorted some silks, chose a needle or two and presently looked at him over her shoulder as though surprised to see him there. He

apparently did not hear him, and, after a moment, he decided not to repeat the re-Presently she returned to her chair. scated herself, threaded some needles and began to smooth out the embroidery on her

transubstantiation, on agriculture, on logic But he never spoke of love. Possibly his opinions were valuable; probably not, for

'Must you go?" asked Yolette, innocently.

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Ashes of Empire. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Copyright, 1893, by Robert W. Chambers.) | And again she whispered: "Your happiness that is all my love for you has meant." CHAPTER XVI,-Continued. Harewood went to the bed and sat down; and, an hour later, when Bourke knocked, the question that at last had been answered he opened the door and took his comrade's for him. It was so simple, so clear now; hands affectionately in his, saying that he had he ever doubted it; doubted that he would go with the troops; that he was glad loved?" And where was fear now-where and proud that Bourke had chosen Yolette was self-distrust-despair? They had vanfor the woman he would marry, wishing him lished utterly, if they had ever existed. As luck and happiness. He spoke lightly of the yet the awakening to understanding had sortle, expressing his satisfaction at a not touched him with the subtler passion

Before Bourke left he spoke again of dan- scarcely dared to touch her mouth, the ger, but Harewood smiled and folded up his mouth that had been his for the asking, for maps gayly.

"Did you notice the crowds around the bak- lashes on the cheek troubled him. eries and butcher shops today?" 'Yes," replied Bourke. "Yolette says that prices are going up, and many people are her own great happiness, she listened to the buying supplies for months ahead. I think words, so long awaited, so long despaired; I'll lay in a store of tinned stuff, vegetables the words that told her his love was to be

"And if Speyer troubles you, what will awake, yet swooning. Her head had fallen you do?" "I don't know," said Bourke. "If it would be safer for Yolette and Hilde, I suppose we would be obliged to move. But it won't gether, to love, to hold, to cherish, to come to that. Jim: they can't turn us out, and, as for their blackguardly threats about Yolette and Hilde, it's too late now to carry them out. The Prussians are here, and

nobody can leave the city, willingly or unwillingly." Harewood lingered restlessly at the door, as though he wished to say something more. Bourke understood and nodded gravely. "I needn't say, Jim, that I'll do all I can."

while life lasted. Harewood knew this.

"All I can" meant, for Bourke, devotion

"Nothing could happen in the few days I'll be away, and if I can't get back as soon "I will do what I can," repeated Bourke. After a silence they shook hands. Harewood returned to his room, closed the door, locked it and flung himself face downwa on the bed. But he could not even close his eyes, and when Red Riding Hood knocked he sprang up and unlocked his door with the relief of a half stifled man. They exchanged their kiss solemnly. He sat down again on the beside and took the child in his arms. For an hour he told her stories, wonderful tales of the east and west, legends of north and south, chronicles

of God. And the burden of every tale was Twilight spun its gray web over all, sounds grew softer, the child slept in his arms. He laid her among the pillows lightly, then went his way down the dim stairs, flight after flight, until he came to the closed door. Again it opened for him, as it had opened once before, noiselessly, and he entered. On the niche in the wall Sainte Hilde of Carbaix stood, leaning at an angle, for when she had fallen feet and pedestal had been shattered on the tiles. Under her hung a rosary. He looked around slowly. Behind the cur-

knew the voice for his own. But she knew it. What else should she hear-hear all day, all night, but his voice-always his voice. She came to him through the twilight and laid both hands in his.

"You are going away?" she said.

tain by the dim window something moved.

She had not heard him say so, there in the hall. She knew it as women know such things. "Yes," he said, "I am going away." "Tomorrow?"

waited in a terror that dried lip and eye Her knees trembled. A chill crept to her breast. She waited for a word-a single word, that meant salvation. She shrank be fore silence, for silence was her sentencea sentence without hope, without appeal. After a long while her hands fell from his. She moved backward a step. Her head

brushed the hanging rosary and set the

brass cross swinging like a pendulum tim-

She waited for him to speak again. She

ing the sands of life. The sands of her life were running quickly now-too quickly.
"You heard?" he asked. "It was you-on

and recede under her hand.

tight lips.

knees.

the stairs there?" "That Bourke loves Yolette?" "Yes." She reached out in the darkness, needing

support. The white wall seemed to waver

"And Yolette," whispered Harewood with

There was a crash, a tinkle of porcelain

on the tiles. Sainte Hilde of Carhaix had fallen again at his feet. There was something else breaking, too-close beside hima woman's heart in the twilight. "And Yolette," he repeated. She said: "Do you love Yolette?" His hot head swam; he groped for a chair and leaned on it heavily. Then he sat down

his clenched hands over his eyes, knowing

nothing, hearing nothing, not the quiet sob

in the darkness, not the faltering footsteps,

not the rustle of her knees on the tiles beside him. Two hands drew his hands from his eyes, a silken head rested on his

gasped, "but-be honorable; it is my sister." BEECHAMS

"Whatever is for your happiness," she

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Impaired Digestion

He looked up slowly, trying to understand chance for action and a certainty that all that should endure while life endured; he would go well. He spoke of an easy return was so sure, so quietly happy. Then, when to Paris, once the German lines were rup- his hand fell lightly on her head, and when tured and a free passage established; he her face was raised to his, and when she prophesied his own early return, smiling saw at last in his eyes that his body and carelessly when Bourke stammered his soul were hers—ah, then he knew the mysthanks and wishes and fears. They sat to- tery and meaning of eternity, which is gether consulting maps, sketching routes shorter than the shortest atom of a second,

and probable lines of investment, until the and longer than the sleep of death. late sunlight sent its level crimson shafts. There was a spot of moonlight in the far down the carpetless hallway, and the room; her face was paler. His lips touched shadows reddened in every corner. . . the exquisite contour of cheek and brow; he his pleasure, for an idle smile. The divine

"You had better look to yourself," he said, curve of the parted lips, the shadowed Her eyes unclosed; she looked at him listlessly, crushed to his breast. Stunned by and meats, you know. If there should be forever and forever; this love she lived for a famine things might go badly with us." | She scarcely comprehended; she seemed

> back a little, lips parted, eyes never moving from his own. "Forever and forever, together, always to-

Ah, Hilde-"to honor"-that is what he is saying; can you not hear? Her eyes enthralled him; her closing lip hid their heavenly sweetness. He kissed her mouth.

honor-

"Life of my life, heart of my heart, breath of my breath, forever and forever, to love to hold, to cherish, to honor." Her eyes unclosed. "All that was yours at our first kiss," she

They were standing by the window where the moonlight barred her body and transfigured a face so pure, so exquisite that the hot tears of repentance blinded him and he could not see until she dried them, grieving at his grie, whispering consolation, forgiving with a caress, a pale smile, that mirrored the adoration in his When two souls meet the purer aboyes. sorbs the other and stains of life are washed away. Into her spirit had come the strength and knowledge that is needed to bear the burden of a lesser spirit; she it was who was to lead, henceforth, and he knew it. Young, yet world-worn, he sought of saints and martyrs and those well loved her guidance, he craved her spiritual purity. She wept a little, standing very still, when he told her that he must go with the troops -that either he or his comrade must act as a breadwinner for them both. He made it clear to her that it would not be honor able to accept money and make no effort He told her that he wished to do this for his comrade because the sacrifice was necessary. As he spoke he longed to believe that his unselfishness might make him more worthy of her, and she divined his thought and smiled through her tears, saying he

was brave and noble and good. He said that his comrade was all that. He made her promise not to tell Yolette until he re-"Hilde," he said, aloud. He scarcely turned because if Yolette and Bourk that they were betrothed Bourke would insist on sacrificing himself.

"He wouldn't let me go: he is so gener

ous. Hilde, my darling, I must do this

thing for his sake-for Yolette's sake."

"Yes, I shall weep no more." He smiled with that perfect happiness that self-sacrifice brings. "Does Yolette love him?" "I don't know." "And-did you think I loved Yolette, weetheart?" "Yes, did you?"

Their eyes met. "And now," she sighed, trembling with happiness. His arms encircled her slender body. whispered, "My Hilde-" then stopped. For there came a tapping at the open win-

He turned his head slowly. The window

'No," he said.

"And-now?"

opened, a face looked in. It was the Mouse, haggard, bloody, blinking at them with his blind eye. CHAPTER XVII. A Recruit for the Government. When Hilde saw the Mouse she uttered a

ery of fright. Harewood stared at the tat-

tered creature with disgust. "Get out," he

"Let me come in, monsieur," whined the

Mouse. "They are following me." "Following you?" Harewood stepped to the window. "Who? The police?" "The troops," muttered the Mouse, under his breath. "Hark! You can hear themin the Rue Malaise."

Harewood listened.

Shall I bring water?"

"Yes, and call Bourke."

wrist.

"I hear them. Come in."

He opened the side door of the garden notioned the Mouse into the empty bird store, and followed, calling back to Hilde to bring a lamp. When Hilde entered a moment later the lamp lit up a ragged figure, lying flung across the floor. There was

Harewood took the lamp and knelt beside the inert mass. The yellow light fell on ne unclosed eye, ivory white, sunken, sight-

"He's been pricked by a bayonet; he's

been running hard. Ask Bourke to come,"

blood on his cropped head, on his fist and

whispered Harewood. He set the lamp on the floor and lifted the Mouse's arm. "Ugh! He's been shot, too," he added.
"Poor thing—poor thing," faltered Hilde, anding with small hands tightly clasped.

A moment later Bourke entered, carrying

a pitcher of water. Hilde and Yolette followed with some cloth for bandages, a bowl and another lamp. The Mouse was sitting up, supported by Harewood, his ragged back resting against the shop counter, his legs thrust out on with rage; "do you take me for a spy?" the floor. He swallowed all the cognac Bourke gave him without comment, winked solemnly with his sound eye, gasped and Mouse's uninjured hand. up. He recognized Hilde and Yolette at once, and a flicker of amused malice came into his face, which changed

hought he was about to faint again.

want to see it." It was difficult to quiet him. The horror paid traitor to his own land. of his previous introduction to Scheherazade | Then fury seized him and he cursed until had left an impression never to be obliter- Harewood threatened him savagely. He ated. However, he was in no condition for understood but one thing—he had been duped further fright, and at last Hilde's pity and by some one—he had been played, imposed Harewood's amusement reassured him. upon, perhaps mocked. And this a criminal "They punched me full of holes," he ex- never forgives. There was no righteousness

"HAVE I BEEN SHOT, MONSIEUR?"

Garde Mobile, and-I am here." Harewood laughed outright. Bourke coked seriously at the Mouse. So there had been a revolt in Lelleville. from Belleville to seize the Hotel de Ville proclaim the commune. Why had had Speyer urged it? Bismarck's spies were

bulge with Prussian gold? "Who beat the generale in Belleville?" lemanded Bourke suddenly. "The drummers of the carbineers," replied he Mouse, with a wink. "By whose orders?"

"Pardi-the orders of Major Flourens

"Did the carbineers march?" "Yes, and 2,000 of the Belleville aristocacy," said the Mouse, impudently. "Oh. like yourself?" "Oui, monsieur." Bourke walked over to him and before the flashes as gun after gun boomed through

onsieur."

future," he added.

Frenchmen."

was a gold piece bearing on one side the Prussian double eagle, on the other the portrait of Wilhelm, Koenig. Bourke. The Mouse seemed genuinely surprised, "Captain Speyer gave it to me," he replied, placidly; "all gold is good now. It

Bourke looked at him intently, then patiently, he began to point out what the people-he spoke simply and slowly, explaining to an undeveloped intelligence. "It is distributed by German spies," he

"What's that to me?" replied the Mouse sullenly. All the hatred of the rich flamed up in his single eye; he set his lips and incered at Bourke. "Frenchman against Frenchman. What is that to me? It is what I want. I, the Mouse!

Harewood shot a disgusted glance at him,

but Bourke, subtler in his appreciation of

"Very well; Frenchman against French-

men, spoke again patiently.

age of today's newspapers."

man, rich against poor, if you will, but not "It is none too soon," growled the Mouse, with an evil light in his single eye. "Then," said Bourke, "If you are in such haste for money, go out to the Prussian lines. They will pay you well for a pack-

"No," said Bourke, with a sigh of relief.

"You're a decent casse-geule," he said; "listen to M. Bourke." An hour later the vague intelligence however so suddenly that Harewood the Mouse, deformed and crippled from his birth, was enlightened enough for him to "The lion!" gasped the Mouse. "I don't see that he had been the very thing that even his distorted nature shrank from-a

"Dieu de Dieu!" shouted the Mouse, red Harewood rose and gravely took the ject aired, every plan shouted aloud to any-

> wherever he went, found no difficulty in This knowledge he used; he bought hun-

"Do you think," said Yolette, "that it is A silence ensued. There seemed to be no further excuse for lingering; he rose unwillingly and picked up his accounts.

"Perhaps I had better go," he said. She