

(Copyright, 1898, by Robert W. Chambers.) wall, glaring at Buckhurst. "You d-d cut-stood looking on.

All day long the mob raged through the rifles into the masterpieces that adorned the ceiling and panel. The mobiles chopped down the resewood doors to build fires with. A carbineer went out and shot an officer's citizen, be careful," cried Flourens, officers could not hold them back. Pourke, horse, a dozen Believille creatures cut it dramatically. even Mortier could not endure it and ordered the cuisine removed to the Chamber Stauffer and a file of men."

"I'm responsible for my acts," said Buck- a mantern that somebody thrust into his mand hursied along with the soldiers who even wounded each other with her bayonard. up and a feast began so nauseating that surgents were lying about helplessly drunk. The rest of the mob had broken down the hall he will arrest him for treason." doors of the council chamber and surrounded the ministers. There they held sniff like a vulture. His hideous long neck, by the throat. Buckhurst had vanished, so them prisoners, insulting them, threatening swathed in a dirty red handkerchief, twisted also had Mortier and Stauffer. Bourke lead on a table, arms akimbo, alternately begged like two points of flame. them to resign and promised them death unless they did. The high bald head of answer before this tribunal," he said. Mortier leomed up behind the speaker's resign and began to erganize a revolutioneled rifles of the carbineers.

To Bourke the situation seemed a nightmare, too absurd, too grotesque to credit. The government of Paris was held prisoner besieged by the enemy. War without, revolution within. What would happen in twenty-four hours-time enough for any one of the thousands of German sples to carry the news to Bemarek?

As he stood there in the shattered hall, half stifled with the vile atmosphere. crowded, pushed, shoved and cursed by drunken carbineers and Belleville rufflans, a thought came to him that if General Trochu had a messenger something might be done. He looked across at the general, hoping to catch his eye. After a moment, however, he met the gloomy gaze of Jules Favre and without a moment's hesitation stopped up beside him.

"Quick!" he said. "Can I carry any message for you? I am an American cor- the flush that had left his cheeks returned.

the Napoleon barracks. They are loyal, speak now." But Flourens walked away The barracka connect with the Hotel de Ville without an answer and Mortier caught by an underground tunnel." Jules Favre Bourke's arm in an tron grip. "March!" spoke in a quiet voice, looking out of the said Buckhurst placidly. window as he spoke, his back turned to Bourke The young man heard every word. Stauffer followed heading a file of carbi-He dared not answer; he Hugered a moment, neers; Buckhurst brought up the rear, regazing about with pretended curiosity and volver poised. started toward the door. As he was passing | They decided to shoot him in the court out somebody touched his sleeve. He looked but the railings were already torn down and stepped back.

Buckhurst cocked his revolver. All eyes were fixed on the two.

in his placid voice. steadily

Buckhurst's pale eyes contracted; a spas twitched the muscles of his clean-cut jaw. and fainter. Stauffer found lanterns and It was his way of laughing.

"Get back there," he said, placing the tip

know you and your friend Harewood." "And I know you," said Bourke cooly.

If ever a face expressed murder, Buckhurst's



BIBI WAS KNEELING FIGURE.

less eyes blazed, his thin lips scarcely parted, eagerly owned up to robbery and forgery; as he said: presently."

nearer to listen; Mortier's deformed head of the period. He became reminiscent, even craned up over his desk with evil eagerness. sentimental, about New York. Then, A carbineer suddenly struck Bourke with dealy changing, his pale eyes gleamed with the butt of his rifle full in the chest and sent in ferocity indescribable as he spoke of his him reeling back against the wall. General | prison days, his jailers, and his hope that Trochu sprang forward to interpose, Jules their reckoning would come. He boasted of Favre tried to force his way to Bourke's side, women, of conquests made, of deceptions but the carbineers thrust them back practiced. At times the spasm which served savagely.

"That man is a government spy," said Buckhurst. "He has watched us at the Undertaker's. Now he comes here with secret intelligence for Monsieur Favre." "It is a mistake," began Jules Favre haughtily, but was sternly silenced by

"What do we do with spies?" suggested Buckhurst, looking up at Mortier and raising

his revolver significantly. A carbineer beside him made a lunge with his bayonet at Bourke. The blow failed to reach him because Buskhurst gave the fellow a violent push.

"Don't be too zealous, my friend," he "It will be more amusing in my

throat!" he said, "you ran away from The National guards fired their a forger, a murderer, and a communist, but were sounding the assembly and the officers you dare not lay your hands on an Ameri- were shouting and the brave Breton Mobiles can citizen in Paris,"

"Captain Stauffer is a German spy!" said nets in their eagerness to be in at the death.

and writhed. His little green eyes were the way to the council chamber above; the

Flourens struck his fist against his sword and beat them with clubbed rifles until they

Milliere shouted that they must At that moment Stauffer pushed into the room at the head of a file of carbineers, ary government of his own in the midst of The tumuit increased as the soldiers cleared howls and cheers. Jules Favre, Garnier- a space around Flourens and Buckhurst and Pages, Jules Simon and General Tamisier, dragged Bourke before the table where Morthe minister of war, sat crowded into a tier sat, his grotesque head thrust forward, corner, constantly subjected to outrage and his great hairy hands gripping the edges insult and frequently covered by the lev- of the table. In the midst of the confusion Buckhurst paced up and down, his cold eyes never leaving Bourke, revolver swinging in one hand. Bourke, a little unnerved, was speaking to Flourens, glancing from time to by a mob of anarchists; the city itself was time at Stauffer, who now recognized him and honored him with scowls of hatred. "Your suspicions are nothing," said Flourens, violently. "What evidence have you?"

Bourke was silent Buckhurst began to speak again in a

measured, passionless voice: "The prisoner charges me with crime. He charges Captain Stauffer with treason. I charge him with being a spy, and this is my evidence. I saw him at the Undertaker's, and I saw him a moment ago secretly approach M. Jules Favre, deliver a nessage, receive one, and attempt to leave the council chamber. Let him deny it. "Do you deny it-" croaked Mortier, clutching the table harder.

Bourke looked at Buckhurst; that look was respondent. Don't look at me when you He drew himself up and turned to Flourens. "There is a battalion of Breton mobiles at my murder. If you can save me, you must "That criminal," he said, "is determined on

Mortier passed first with his prisoner,

up. Buckhurst stood beside him. Bourke the crowd covered every inch of pavement. To get through with their prisoner was not possible; besides they were doubtful of the "Where are you going?" said Buckhurst safest plan was to shoot him in the untemper of the crowd. Mortier said that the derground portion of the palace; Buckhurst "About my business," replied Bourke agreed, and the cortege took up its march Flight after flight of steps was passed; the the pillaging mob above grew fainter they entered that dim system of vaulted chambers and passages that lead to the

of one slim finger on Bourke's breast. "I secret catacombs of the Hotel de Ville. There was a vast underground hall, As lighted by double rows of lamps and littered he spoke he saw he had made a mistake. with packets of documents, printed forms and musty papers, later to be sorted and ar- escaped with broken heads, Flourens, Stauf- Red Riding Hood? Was she with Hilde The huissiers in charge rose in a body, prodisturb you, gentlemen. Pray keep your once threatened to be a brutal massacre had. Hilde, dear. We will find her very soon. I long tables, laid his revolver in front of unexpected. him, motioned Mortier and Stauffer to with-

> to sit in front of him. believe it, and when he noticed that Buck- a house on the ramparts during the rict at hurst was speaking he listened without un- the Hotel de Villederstanding. Buckhurst was talking of himriminals was revealed in Buckhurst. That soldier. trait is vanity. Keen, shrewd, merciless, shrewd to exhibit it to any human being

who might live to reproach him with his house. Hey! Wait! Sacre nom d'une pipe! weakness. But now it was different; this -take a drink with us, comrade. man was about to die-if necessary, by Buckhurst's own hand. So Buckhurt blabbed and blabbed on about his crimes. He "You will know me better he claimed as his own a notorious murde long wrapped in mystery. By degrees he Flourens, standing on a marble table, bent grew confidential, speaking in the easy slang him for laughter twitched his pallid face. Once Bourke asked him if he would let him go for money, but the ghastly smile of

Buckhurst's face was answer enough. "No, said Buckhurst, "you know too much. You knew too much before-and now you know I'm a d-d fool besides." He rose abruptly and went to the passageway where Mortier, Stauffer and the Carbineers were waiting. The Carbineers had found a wine bin and were rifling it and cracking the necks of the municipal claret bottles. They objected to leaving off, and Buckhurst strode into the

passage, revolver raised. In an instant Bourke turned to the huiswho stood grouped behind him and said hurriedly: "One of you run to the Breton Mobiles in the Napolean barracks Bourke, breathing heavily from the blow Hurry, or they will murder the ministers, as on the chest, stood with his back to the they are going to murder me!" The huis-

siers hesitated, then as Buckhurst's voice was heard in the passage one of them opened a door behind the table where Bourke was sitting and pointed. Bourke jumped for the door and ran as he had never run in his life. Twice, as he ran, between anseen walls holding his arm before him, he fell, but sprang up again and plunged on. his hands before his face. How long be had been running he did not know, when, rounding a corner, he saw light ahead. The floor of the passage became visible, the rough stone walls, the ceiling. Little by little the passage ascended, growing lighter and lighter as he advanced, until he staggered out into a stone paved court where soldiers were passing carrying pails and kitchen utensils, and an officer, mounted on a horse, He stammered out his tale to the officer

America to save your neck. You're a thief, and he had not finished before the bugles came tumbling into the parade. In ten min-"If that young man is an American utes they were entering the funnel; their carried away with the onset, held tightly to

Bourke. "If there is a Frenchman in the. And they were in at the death, for, even when Bourke entered the underground half Mortier, at the word "treason," began to they had a dozen half-drunken Carbineers stairs were stormed, the halls carried by the "If Citizen Stauffer is accused he must bayonet. He saw the Mobiles burst into the

through the throng of eager, sympathetic fall easy victims to the German armies."
faces that pressed on every side. "Then," said Bourke despairingly, "the

'Dame, Itowns:soon finished. Speyer went nto the beirse." Somebody said he had a mandate of arrest for you and also for M. Harewood, A carbineer told me that the commune was proclaimed, and that your use was to be reserved for the carbineers' headquarters, He added that you and M. Harewood weres known as suspects of the commune, had that they would catch you ooner or later, Then, monsieur, they bekan to bring out your papers and portfolios. These they placed in an ambulance, along with books and clothing and some cans of preserved meat. It was then for the first time that I, standing in the crowd behind the row of bayonets, saw Mile. Hilde in the his fist and swore that the day should hallway among all those bandits. What happened after that I cannot say, for there came a soldier galloping who cried, 'Treason! We are b trayed at the Hotel de Ville! -and the carbineers ran out of the house like rats-this way and that way, until their captain, Speyer, shouted for them to charge and drive back the crowd." The man

paused; then added: "After that, monsteur, we ran for our lives, and that is all I know." Bourke cast one glance around the crowd at the door, beckened to the spokesman, whose name was Maillard, and who, in days of plenty, had supplied the street with bread-then he led Yolette into the house, motioning Maillard to follow. Yolette sank on the sofa, stunned, unable yet to comcouncil chamber, burl the insurgents out prehend the catastrophe. Maillard stood, but desk, his little diseased eyes, burning with hilt and shouted. "All accusations shall be howled for mercy. He saw the pale-faced the other. The thick steech of the oil filled in one hand, holding a petroleum torch in Insanity, roamed restlessly over the cham- answered before me. Bring the prisoner Ministers withdraw, protected by the bayo- the dismantled room. The floor was littered nets of the brave Bretons; ne witnessed the with table linen, kitchen utensils, and over-

The spokesiften of the group wiped his ace on his sleeve, shrugged, and continued: accesting the so-called Captain Speyer "It is impossible," said General Trochu, with reddening face lowered in mortification, "I am responsible before God for the defense of this city. I dare not provoke an open conflict with these insurgents under the muzzles of the Prussians' guns." Bourke bowed. The anxious governor of Paris returned his salute in silence. Then

an orderly conducted Bourke to the street, the great doors closed, and he walked out into the darkness utterly discouraged.

It was not yet dawn when he entered the house on the ramparts. The sentinel saluted him gravely and asked what news there was. A Hourke's answer he shook come when Belleville would be summoned to a bloody accounting. Yolette's terror and grief when she saw

Bourke enter alone completely unnerved him. The terrible fatigue of the day, the strain, the shock he himself had undergone when Buckhurst arrested him at the Hotel de Ville and the constant haunting anxiety about Harewood, tortured him till had eaten nothing since breakfast. Mail- and I know our captain footed the church. lard brought him a basin of hot soup and a bit of bread.

When he had finished he rose unsteadily and went to the door. Dawn had scarcely begun-a horrible, yellow light crept out of horizon, dulling the lamps on the Bourke, "or do you want to run away empty bastions, tipping the bronze muzzle of the | handed." Prophet, touching the surface of the road puddles with sickly reflections.

Scarcely knowing where he was going, he steal in this part of his earth. Is there, started out again, stumbling through the Mon Oncle?" rank, dead grass of the glacis toward the Porte Rouge. The gate was closed, but from the ramparts he looked off over the Rue d'Ypres." desolate landscape to the south. And as he l looked a shafe of flames shot out of the hazy half light; another and another, and the hollow beeming of cannon filled his ears. The forts of the south were awaking; the game of death had begun again.

He sat down on the crisp dead grass of the talus, aching head clasped in his hands. To think of Hilde in the clutches of Speyer and Ruckhurst almost drove him mad. He shrank from going back to Yolette. He could not bear to see her grief. He thought of Harewood. How could be face him when he returned? One thing he realized-that he must make an effort to find Hilde at once, whatever happened to the government n the meantime. The American minister ould not aid him, for there was no responsible authority to apply to in Paris except General Trochu, and Bourke had already seen enough of that official.

Suppose he should go to Belleville? It quarter: anarchists and kindred rufflans prowl late and sleep late. He rose to his eet and looked out agross the dim city. Far tway in the north he saw the somber profileof Montmartre and the heighths of the Buttes Chaumont. Before he started he him. vent back to the house and rook a revolver went noiselessly down the stairs again and hastened out into the city. There was nobody afoot in the streets but himself.

the Boulevard St. Michal. In the gardens | closer. of the Luxembourg he saw lights moving. where Sisters of Mercy were passing among the wounded, who lay in the temporary hos pital behind the palace. As he passed the river the gunboats, one by one, battle lanterns set, swung noiselessly below at their moorings, sinister, shadowy bulks on the dark side.

He noticed the absence of life on the market wagons, no omnibuses, no pedestrians. Even the sparrows had vanished; nothing of life awoke with dawn; the simeasured booming of the guns in the southern forts. That, too, was inaudible when he turned into the ancient Faubourg du ning of the revolutionary zone.

On the high mountains the vegetatio limit is sharply marked by stunted growth.

then rocks. On Mount Aventin the vegetation growth of anarchy was marked by fifth. The streets recked with it, the unutterably foul canal St. Martin, ran filth, the very balconies sweated it as the evil gray mist lifted above the canal, higher, higher, exposing the mean, naked, treeless streets that arm, he hurried down the street and entered twisted and coiled round and round the the maze of somber lanes and alleys that heights where, crowned and enthroned, sat

anarchy, hatching murder. out under a sudden burst of rain. streets grew darker again; the rain raged Bourke following, and began to skirt the furiously for a minute or two, then changed

There were no street lamps lighted with petroleum, there was not a flicker of light from the long, grizzly rows of houses, but he knew his way, and he found It, even in the darkest alleys, even through dark passages that recked like the holds of a per-

And at last he came to the Church o Menilmontant. Almost at once he saw wha had been done by the insurgents. The state ment of General Trochu had led him to be leve that the church had been turned in: a fortress and strongly barriended. Th truth is that almost nothing had been ac omplished toward fortifying Manilmontan Across the street stood a rambling, partle finished barricade of paving stones. Two nouses had been converted into barracks fo the carbineers; this was patent to anybod; partly because of the two empty sentr boxes before each house, partly on accounof the two houses, on which was painted:

CASERNE DE LA COMMUNE. On the church a similar strip of rain coaked canvas hung, bearing the legend:

and a red flag, that the rain had soaked almost black, hung from the church door to the steps.

There was not a soul to be seen at the barricade; the sentry boxes protected no sentinels; the church was dark and silent. Bourke crept forward and mounted the He walked along the where it crossed the sidewalk. Here the wall of paving stones was higher; he could lift himself into the balcony of the house against which the barricade ended. This he did cautiously, then crouched there, watching a lantern that somebody in the house had lighted.

The lantern swung to and fro; somebody was moving downstairs; a shadow fell across the threshold and a figure stepped into the street. By the light of the lantern he could see the uniform-the crimson reverses, the gilded shoulder knots faced with the scarlet that indicated an officer of rank the strange words that Hilde utteredin the Carbineers.

The officer stood a moment inspecting the barricade by the flickering lantern light, came he walked beside it as they here her then turned, and crossing the street, entered to the Rue d'Ypros. The delirium incr. ase. the church. It was Speyer. Bourke waited she spoke of Harewood, of love, of lost couls a moment before he rose from the balcony. started for the place-we numbered perhaps | breast, hands nervously clasped behind him. He had no plan, no idea. What to do, new | wood as though he lay in death on the case accompanied Bourke to the door of his that he had crept into the hornets' nest, was of hell. a problem too intricate for him. And as he And Bourke walked teside. And he un-"I am sorry, monsieur, believe me, I am crouched there, hesitating, something in the derstood. covered with shame to confess my helpless- open window behind him caught his eye-a get back. Then the artiflerymen yonder, ness at this moment," he said. "But I can dark mass huddled above the window ledge who were exercising with the Prophet, came do nothing yet, absolutely nothing, until the Then, to his horror, he saw eyes watching over the street to see what the Carbineers revolt is stamped out. And," he added sadly, him in the shadow—and the shadow itself seemed to expand and glide toward him Quick as thought he had his revolver lev-

at her heart, eyes helplessly roaming broiled in the horrors of civil strife, will figure climbed out of the window and made toward him.

'Voyons, comrade," they protested, "we governor of Paris can offer me no aid in are descring, too. Don't be selfish, but lend a hand."

They let themselves down to the barricade, one after the other, then turned and motioned Bourke to follow.

"What did you do with your uniform?" asked one of the men. "You're lucky to find those clothes."

"Zut" said the other, "we can sell out uniforms at the temple and buy blouses." There was something not altogether unfamiliar to Bourke about the two carbineers. He looked into their hard faces. The one expressed sedden, sensual brutality, the other vacant victousness. Suddenly it came to him. they were the Mouse's pals, Mon Oncle and Bibi la Coutte.

"Are you coming with us, or are you go ing to stand there all day?" asked Mon Oncle.

Bibi added: "The Captain will be looking for us in ten minutes to help on that d-d barriende. "Listen," said Bourke, with sudden in-

spiration. "I am not going to desert empty handed. Are you?" "Hey?" demanded Bibl, vacantly, "There's his aching head seemed ready to burst. He nothing to pocket in that barracks there, "Captain Speyer?" saked Bourke.

> "No-Stauffer." "Is Speyer your Captain?" asked Mor Onele. "Will you wait till I finish?" blustered

"I'll take anything on God's earth," said Bibi solemnly, "but there's nothing left to

"Yes, there is," said Bourke, savagely, "There's that girl the Speyer stole in the "What do you want of her?" asked Bibi

genulne astonishment. "Want! You want the reward, don't you?" 'Reward!" muttered Mon Onele, "Is that why Speyer stole her? I thought he was

"Zut!" said Bibi. "Of course it was for a reward. But I don't see how we are to get her, as she's in the church yonder." "Of course she's in the church," interrupted Bourke, impudently, but his voice

fortune-"of course she's in the church, and all we'll have to do is to wait until Speyer omes out with his lantern "And crack his skull," blurted out Bibi,

shook in spite of him at such unhoped-for

ascriv. "and-" "And walk into the church and get herey?" suggested Mon Oncle. Then Mon Oncle and Bibl began to dis oute about the reward, utterly ignoring

Bourke. The latter saw that his troubles was not yet daylight. Perhaps dawn would would only begin, even if he could get Hilde be the safest time to venture through that out of Speyer's hands. He said nothing, however, until Bibi suddenly squatted down behind the barriende and Mon Oncle followed him, dragging Bourke to the ground. "He's coming now," whispered Bibi, picking up a jagged bit of stone. "Wait-I'll fix

Snever, swinging a lantern, entered the from Harewood's dismantied desk. Then he barriende and started toward the barracks of the carbineers. He hummed a tune as he walked, and dangled his lantern this way and that, stepping minerally over the pud-He went by way of the Luxembourg and dies of rain water and drawing his capucin

struck Speyer a terrible blow with a heavy struck Speyer a terrible blow with a heavy weeks use for 20 cents. JOHN H. stone. The lantern fell—that is all Bourke BURY, 127 West 12d st., New York. saw-except something lying in the street and Bibi kneeling above it. Presently Bibi ame back, holding the lantern, still lighted. single spot of blood blotched the glass. Without a glance at Bourke, he beckoned boulevard. There were no carly vehicles, no Mon Oncie, and they toth entered the church. Before Bourke could rise they reappeared at the door, vehemently disputing them there, but they had their way, and

again disappeared. Hourke crouched behind the barricade, revolver cocked, eyes on the church door. Hi heart was suffocating him with its double ceating. Second after second dragged by, And now came the lantern light again nearer and nearer the door. Bibi stepped out alone, then a child-a little girl came linging to a woman-Hilde! Mon Oncle, still disputing with the sentry, brought up

As they passed the barricade, Bourke say Mon Oncle glance fearfully around, but Bibi moved him forward, and, seizing Hilde's honeycomb the quarter like holes in a rabbit warren. Bourke followed them. The first faint flicker of daylight that twice Bibl looked over his shoulder sus had been struggling through the mist died pictously; Mon Oncle was always on the alert. So they crossed the Anarch'st quarter, interior of the city, where already a few scople were stirring and where the morn ing light, in spite of the rain, giznmered on wet streets and closed shutters.

Their intention was, obviously, to gain the ekeries of the southern quarters by the fanbourgs and outer boulevards. Bourke's time had come, and he glided more closely a their heels until Bib) turning prudently o inspect his trail, saw Bourke standing a is clear with leveled revolver. Mon Occie shipped out a knife and Bourke shot him lead at his feet. Bibl in an ecstacy of fury struck Hilde a murderous blow, turned and can for it, ran hard for his life; and Bourke shot at him as he ran, standing as still and emposed as though he were shooting at a target. Every bullet struck its mark, but the miserable creature ran on, headlong until the last shot sent him spinning and reeling | specialty. nto a tree, at the feat of which he crashed ! down, doubling up like a dead rabbit. Then Bourke knelt and lifted Hilde in his

arms. Over her eyes the blood was pouring from an open cut. Her white face fell back on his shoulder as he rose on one knee in a circle of citizens and soldiers who had gathered from heaven knows where and now stood staring at Bourke and Hilde, "Where is your post?" asked Bourke of a National Guardsman who bore the num-

the Rue d'Ypres. "Send for a stretcher," chorused the crowd, and the soldier hurried off to his post down the street, where already two men of the hospital corps were hastening

ber 252 on his cap. "I want a stretcher to

toward the group. "Has the fighting begun in Belleville?" asked another soldier, turning over the dead body of Mon Oncle with his foot and a owling at his earbineer uniform.

"It has ended as far as I am conce ned." said Bourke. As he spoke he felt a little hand seek his; Red Riding Hood, pale and composed, stood beside him.

"Have they killed Mile. Hilde?" she asked. "No," said Bourke, "see, she is opening her eyes-see! -little one."

Then Red Riding Hood began to cry at strange, senseless words that meant nothing at first to Bourke. When the stretcher -lost through love. She spoke of Hare-

Bucklen's Aruten Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts sores, ulcers, salt rheum, feve tetter, chapped hands, chibbains corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

MUNYON'S PATIENTS TESTIFY.

They Gladly Tell of Th .r Restorns tion to Health.



Mr. R. J. Blythe, 1325 Market street, Denver, Cel. says: "Was miserable from dyspepsia. Nothing would digest. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure cured me."

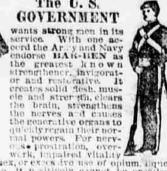
Mrs. Jenuie Hickey, New Rockford, Eddy Co., N. D., says: "Suffered from rheumatism and kidney trouble. Consuited Munyon's Guide to Health; purchased the necessary Manyon Remedies and cured myself."

Mr. Edmond Pail, 1721 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, Cal., says: "Suffered with rheumatism and could senseely walk, Had no faith in doctors. Decided to try Munyon's Rheumatism Cure and it completely cured me."

was cursed."

Mrs. Ferguson, 142 7th street, San Francisco, Cal., says: "Suffered many years with an aggravated case of catarrh. Munyon's Remedies quickly cured me."

Guide to Health and medical advice absolutely free. Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch st.,



ei her sex, or execs ive use of or tolered, it p stilvely cannot be excelled. One box will work venders. Six will cure BAR-BEN is for sale by all druggists, 60 1abets, 50 cent. One to two months' treatment.
"If out and mail us the diagnosis sheet in each." Fill out and mill us the diagnosis sheet in each box, it is we will give your case special attention without extra charge. BAR-BEN is prepared by Highmer O. Benson, Ph. D. B. direct from the formula of E. E. Harton, M. D. Cloveland's most emisent specialist. Mailed in closed pick go on receipt of price DRS. BARTON AND BEN-ON.

91 Bar-Ben Block, tleveland, O.



## **Patronize** Home Industries

lowing Nebruska Factoric

AWNINGS AND TENTS. OMARA TENT AND RUBBUR

BREWERIES

OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION Carload shipments made in our own sator cars. Blue Hibben, Elite Export, xport and Family Export delivered to al

OWAHA BOILER WORKS. JOHN R. LOWREY Prol Botters, Tanka and Steet Ton Work Special facilities for doing repairs, etc. Tel. 1252

EAGLE CORNICE WORKS. Manufacturer of Gayanized Iron Cornices, Galvanized Iron Skylights Tin. Iron and Sinte Roofing. Agent for Kinnears Steel Ceiling.

CRACKER FACTORIES.

DYE WORKS SCHOEDSACK'S TWIN CITY DYD

PLOUR MILLS

S. F. GILMAN. Flour, Meal, Feed, Bran, 1913-15-17 North 17th Street, Omaha, Nch. C. E. Black, Moniger, Telephone 192.

THON WORKS.

DAVIS & COWGILL, IRON WORKS. fron and Brass Founders. Manufacturers and Jobbers of Muchieral repairing a specialty. Inckson street, Omana, Net.

MATTRESSEE

OMAHA BEDDING CO. nich grade Mattresses, 1111

KATZ-NEVENS COMPANY. Mfrs. Clothing, Pants. Sairts. Overalls.

VINEGAR AND DICKLES.

WILLIAM PERIFFER. For a soid, substantial vehicle of any descrip-on, for repainting or rubber tires on new or old heels, the heat place is lith and Leavenworth

Largest factory in the west Leading induces of Omaha, Kansas City, Lancoln and St. Joseph handle our goods, 1908 Farnam Street.

A. D. T. Co.; merkengers furnished; bag-gage delivered. 1302 Doug as St. Tel. 177.





"HE STAMMERED OUT HIS TALE TO THE OFFICER." flight as ridiculous as it was preciptate. Night had fallen swiftly, and in the fright- from the Hotel de Ville. ful uproar and confusion the insurgents ranged for the archives of the city of Paris, fer, Buckhurst and Mortle, among them. But the Bretons hal some hundred or so of testing, as Buckburst and his soldiers on- the Carbineers proponers, and now, as other tered. "Nonsense," said Buckhurst, "we loyal battalions began to arrive, the minis-

seats." Then he sat down at one of the turned into a farce as grotesque as it was shall go to the governor of Paris at once, Bourke pushed his way out mto the crowd. Bourke listened to the footsteps of the arrived on the scene, carried torches with thority enough in Paris tonight to punish Carbineers as they retreated into the adjoin- the long butts resting in their stirrups, but this outrage, but if there isn't, I'll try it ing chamber. He looked at the huissiers, the darkness seemed denser for the few scatwho gazed back at him, fascinated by the tered lights, and Bourke was glad of the scarcely heard him. The despair of his posi- the Boulevard St. Micnel. As he stopped at tion, the healthy and natural horror of death the Cafe Cardinal to swallow a little brandy, ze that he was about to die-he could not Carbineers under Captain Speyer had sacked soon have her again."

"What house?" said Bourke, pushing

"I don't know," replied the cavalryman, vanity, although he was too reticent, too He added mischievously, "you needn't look officer of the gun squad met him with an so frightened my friend-unless it was your anxious shake of the head.

But Bourke had already vanished.

CHAPTER XXII.

Bourke Does What He Can. the Rue d'Ypres, but the red glare of torches sooner. And is it true that they carried off lighted up the ramparts and cast lurid re- Mile. Hilde Chalaia?" flections across the fronts of the shadowy houses opposite. A constantly increasing captain, Speyer, who did that, Monsieur, crowd of people surrounded his house. He will you place a sentry at my dcor? I am hastened on, pushing, struggling, forcing a going to see the governor of Paris." path through the throng to his own door. The flare of petroleum torches fell red on gun captain. They saluted each other, and, scores of somber faces. He saw Yolette near as Bourke hurried on, he heard the order the doorstep, surrounded by half a dozen give, the trample of a file, and the double men, some of whom he recognized as neigh- , jar of grounded rifles on the ramparts. When Yolette heard Bourke's voice

hidden on his shoulder. Somebody in the crowd said: "It's her sister. She can't be found."

"Hilde?" gasped Bourke.

Yolette trembled violently and raised her

rations renewed," she said. "When I returned, they-they had done this. I cannot find Hilde." "I saw them," said a man in a blue a revolution at the Hotel de Ville, and that we were to have the commune. Many of us fifty-when, sapristi! the bayonets of the Carbineers filled the streets—two companies, monsieur, with drums and bugles sounding, and their captain, Speyer, shouting to us to

there was nothing to de. The man spoke cautiously, appealing to in Paris than he abruptly broke off all ment, and a man leaped softly into the the crowd to corroborate him. Bourke, his negotiations in which we could honorably balcony, whispering, "Don't shoot, comrade, arm around Yolette, who seemed too daz- participate. You see, he believes his allies it's all right." zled to understand, listened with a sick fear are here in Paris, and that we, once em- | Before Bourke could understand another

order from the Hotel de Ville-so, monsieur,

stampede of Flourens and his cohorts-a turned furniture. In every corner lay heaps of curtains, bedelothes, and towels, Outside in the rain an enormous crowd | tied up for removal when the carbineers had | Temple and began the ascent of the silent, stood and watered the fight in the palace. | been interrupted in their work by the news | foul, greasy streets that marked the begin-

when you left for the butcher's?" Yolette's pallid lips motioned "Yes." With an effort Bourke spoke again. "Will you stay here quietly with M. Mailnly want to shoot a man. Don't let us ters left the Hotel de Ville, where what lard until I come back? I am going to find

and he will get her back." To Maillard he said: "Get your wife to draw with their men and beckoned Bourke There were no acreet lamps lighted; a few of come and stay here. I may be gone until the cavalry, escorting General Ducort, who morning. God knows whether there is au-

alone. As he passed into the street, not daring to sight of a condemned man. Even when lantern he still held, to guide himself across linger, not daring to look at Yolette, he saw Buckhurst had begun to speak, Bourke the bridge and 'Proag's Jusky alleys toward Maillard's young wife in the crowd that still

occupied his thoughts. He could not real- be heard a soldier say that a company of her sister will be safe and that she will To the people who looked at him with

self. For now the dominating trait of most through the group that surrounded the leave the house in your keeping. Do what you can.' Before he returned into the city he crossed daring, he was not above the weakness of "it was somewhere on the Rue d'Ypres." the street to the bomb proofs, where the

> "Not a word, not a word, M. Bourke, I am overwhelmed with this terrible thing. They showed me a forged order from General Trochu. I could only fold my arms and let those brigands search your house. Now they tell me that the government still exists, that the commune is routed, that the revolu-It was pitch dark when Bourke reached thou is ended. I only wish I had known it

> > "Yes," said Bourke, quietly, "it was their "I will do so at once, monsieur," said the

to rise on masse and hurl themselves again "I had gone to the butcher's to have our on the Hotel de Ville. During his interview with General Trochu Bourke saw the stream of staff officers constantly arriving with bad news from Belle ville, and leaving with urgent instructions blouse. "I heard people say that there was to General Ducrot, commanding the only reliable and efficient corps in Paris. General Trochu, head bent on his medaled

were doing, but Captain Speyer waved an "this revolt may cost France dear. Our negotiations with M. Bismarck were going well, but no sooner did he hear of this riot eled; there came a gasp, a sudden move

"Yolette," said Bourke, gently, "where is

waited around the door. "Go in," he said, "tell Mile. Yolette that

wistful, kindly eyes, he said; "This helpless girl is your neighbor. I

It was midnight when Bourke was she took one uncertain step forward. The | ushered into the presence of General Trochu, next moment her white, frightened face was governor of Paris; it was 1 o'clock in the morning when he went out into the street. "What is it?" he said. "Speak to me, stunned by the shameful avowal that the Yolette. Don't tremble so. See, you are government was without authority in the safe. Nothing can harm you, my darling," | distracted city," and that the general-in-chief of the armies of Paris was unable to aid him to rescue Hille from the insurgent car-Nows had arrived that Flourens The same voice spoke again: "The Car- and his legion, retreating from the flasco at bineers sacked the house. There was nobody the Hotel de Villie, had seized and barthere except Mile. Hilde and the little ricaded the Church of Menilmontant; that Believille was a seething cauldron of revolution; that the whole quarter was preparing

(To Be Continued.)

Samuel II, Cole, Kallspel, Mont., says: "Suffered greatly with rheumatism. Wrote Munyon for advice. Medicine came and I

The U. S.

For sale by Kuhn & Co. lata and Doug-las; J. A. Fuler & Co. 1402 Douglas St. and Graham Drug Co. 15th and Farmam; King Pharmacy, 27th and Leavenworth; Perion's Pharmacy, 21th and Leavenworth; E. J. Szykora, South Condus, and all other druggists in Omaha South Condus, Council



By Purchasing Goods hade at the

CORNICE WORKS G. F. EPENETER.

AMERICAN BISCUIT AND MEG. CO. Wholerase Cracker Manufacturers, OMAHA, NEB.

WORKS, 1521 Farnam St. Dying and cleaning of garments and goats of every description. Cleaning of fine garments a

LINSEED OIL

WOODMAN LINSEED OIL WORKS. the holled improod on, a d process ground linear, cakes, ground and screened that seed for drug glats.

UMAHA, NEH.

OVERALL AND SHIRT PACTORIES.

BRIEF PACTORIES J. H. EVANS. NEBRASKA SHIRT COMPANY. Exclusive custom shirt taliors 151; Farnam

HAARMANN MINEGAR CO. Mustards, Colory and Workestershire Sauce. WAGONS AND CARRIAGES.

CIGAR MANUFACTURISTS