

CHAPTER XXIII Ashes of Empire.

out ambulance lings or hoist the colors of brought another crust. neutral nations over their houses, hoping in the November wind, although the inhabitants of the wretched city began to regard | schedules to pass the time. the Prussian siege guns as myths. In all the weeks of fighting that had passed since the first Unlans cantered into Versailles. not a single cannon shot from the Prussian lines had been fired against the city. Now the people no longer believed in the Prus-

Yet with the opening days of November there came into the streets of Paris something new, something mysterious, intanglble, vaguely dreadful. It was reflected in the thin, pinched faces of the people; it lurked in the hollow eyes of the soldiers-It was everywhere, in the cold gray waters of the Seine, in the sad twilight of the lampless streets, in the brooding November clouds. It was not fear; it was not despair. It was the fear of despair.

The boulevards were no longer frequented; the cafes, the vital sparks of life to boulevard and street, were now closed at 10 o'clock. With the closing of the cafes the last sign of animation left the streets, and at 10 o'clock the city lay in darkness, save for the dark figures on the ley ramparts, clustered to watch the flash of some great gun, the far flare of the shell, the monotonous rockets climbing to the zenith from the forts of the south,

But the sickly light of dawn now fell on crowded streets instead of empty ones, for everywhere at the doors of butcher stalls hand, waiting to draw their meager rations

balloon manufacture.

One by one the last gas jets were cut off eaten one by one, their bones boiled for and public buildings lighted with candles broth, even their skin scraped and steeped and petroleum, until even these gave out. The police existed no longer, the national guard was supposed to perform police duties. body spoke of surrender-unless it were M. outside world except when a rare spy evaded where, napkin in hand, he could discuss the Prussian lines-or by balloons and human brotherhood and the wickedness of pigeons. Once or twice spies, sent from the resistance-where he could wipe his fat provinces, crept into Paris, a few pigeons hands and lips and button his great coat and

no balloons ever returned. the fire of the German outposts. Some were God help such as he-in France, in the never again heard from, some were lost at western world-abroad and at home. For sea, some fell in Belgium. A number, how- the foulest thing that creeps on earth is ter." ever, descended in the southern provinces, the creature who besmirches the motherwhere Gambetta was performing prodigies- land in evil days and days of need-although to his own satisfaction—and occasionally de- that motherland be less sinned against than luding Paris with foolish announcements of sinning. success for the French arms in the south and the imminent arrival of the army of

the Loire before the walls The army of the Loire! What heights of hope, what depths of despair marked its brief career! On the ramparts the starying soldiers looked out into the south for the army that never came; in the filthy streets starving women and sick children



"UPON US HAVE PITY." listened for the sound of its cannon. Ru mors grew to certainties; the army of the Loire had hailed Issy; its cannon had been heard in the west-in the south; its rockets signaled victory and rescue from the east! Then the freezing streets echoed with din of galloping batteries; sudden columns of cavalry filled the outer boulevards, tramping past in eager silence; endless masses of infantry swung through the icy streets with the startling out-crash of drums echoing and re-echoing from window to pavement, while the great guns beomed on the point du Jour, and the forts took up the burden from Vanyes to St. Denis and from Romainville to the battery of the Double

Then, after the sortic came the ambugates, the ragged crowd looking on, freezshadow-haunted chamber.

were reduced to the miserable scrap of buzzards watching the agonized city until record the details.

thirty grammes for adults and fifteen grammes for children. White broad had dis-From the 1st of November the situation appeared; there was no flour left. A hard, in Paris became more alarming day by day, dry morsel of black bread was rationed During the beginning of the siege the fear daily to the people, scarcely enough to susof bombardment had driven people to hang tain life until the dawn of another day

The newspapers published schedules of that the German cannon might spare build- prices from week to week; the poor, shiverings so protected. Over the dismal freezing ing in the bitter November dawn, steed streets thousands of dingy, tattered flags, hour after hour, ragged, sick, ankle deep in mere rags for the most part, still fluttered slush, patiently awaiting their rations of lean horseflesh and reading the weekly

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۱	Cabbage (each)	ä			8 (
H	Cabbage (each) Butter (per kilo)	9			
	Potatoes (per bolsseau)				
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Nobody except the very rich could dream of paying such prices. The poor, trembling in the cutting sleet, read the schedules as they waited hour after hour until their turn came in the long file. Then wrapping the bit of frozen bone and flesh in their rags, they crept back to fireless homes. And no one murmured; no one complained; no one thought of surrender. Here and there in the line some women, weak with starvation, fell down in the snow; here and there some young girl, cheeks flaming with fever, screamed out in sudden delirum and staggered off into the city-raving of warm fires and white bread and the mercy of God. The rest looked on in silence; the shivering line closed up; the next old woman hobbled away with her food, mumbling and muttering of battles to come and the honor of France.

There was no fuel left for the poor; mothers burned their furniture to save their babes from freezing; the green wood from interminable lines of women stood, card in the Bois de Boulogne and the forest of Vigcennes gave out little heat and a great deal of smoke for those who could afford to buy There were few cabs and fewer omnibuses
it. Bands of rufflans sacked the government
woodyards at night, scarcely recoiling before houses for artillery and cavalry; the people the bayonets of the national guard; troops needed food. Factories had closed every-where, save where the Cail steel works or watched the gardens of the rich for the flamed, turning out cannon. Most of the gaunt cats that had almost disappeared railroad stations stood silent and empty; from the famine-stricken city. The animals the Orleans station, however, served for in the zoological gardens, with the exception of the lions and tigers, were killed and

to gather the last shred of nourishment. Yet, in the frightfully stricken city no-There was no communication with the Renan, dining comfortably at his cafe, found their way into the besieged city, but | go out into the desolate streets to ponder on his dexterity in hair-splitting debate, and The balloons left Paris at night to avoid the degeneracy of his native land. Now,

## CHAPTER XXIV.

In Hilde's Chamber. succeeded her brief delirium. Yolette's first transports at sight of Hilde and Bourke to Hilde.

But now the good Sister of Mercy had gone to the hospital again and Yolette sat all day long at Hilde's bedside, watching her sister grow better and stronger.

The scar on her forehead healed, promising to show, however, as a tiny white crescent; the reaction from the horror of that October night left nothing of nervousness mained—the tenderness, the wistfulness, duty to her, to Yolette, to Bourke. fears and who waits.

When, in the last weeks of November, she was well enough, she told Bourke how Speyer and his carbineers had forced her nto an ambulance, how they had traversed the distracted city, how Flourens had met Speyer and his detachment and had ordered him to place Hilde and Red Riding Heod in the fortified church, where already dezen frightened gray nuns had been im-

What fate Flourens designed for the gray nuns Bourke could not conjecture; what fate had been reserved for Hilde be dared not imagine. He told her nothing of the murder of Speyer except that he was dead; he never spoke of the fate of Mon Oncle or of Bibi, nor did she ever mention it, although both Hilde and Red Riding Hood had seen the killing of those eminent ruf-

Bourke read in the newspaper that the government troops were hunting for Flourens and Buckburst and that for the moment the carbineers had slunk off and mixed in with their equally ferocious fellow citizens of Belleville. The Undertakers' club, however, continued, and, as this was really the head and heart of Flourens' battalions of bandits and the government weakly per- in his dark room at night, and yet, often mitted its doors to remain open, it was lances, file after file, treading the frozen clearly only a question of time when Flourroads to the battleground. And the return! ens and his carbineers should once more re--the creaking wagon loads of dying, the appear on the scene and raise the red flag stench of musty blood-soaked straw, the of revolt. Puckhurst, it was known, in almost constant downpour, semetimes rain, spectral regiments tramping through the company with a creature named Sapla and sometimes snow, more often driving sleet ing, starving, dumb with misery, yet ready mysterious secret society that pretended to frozen dust drove through winds so bitter for another sortic when the dull governor represent the entire national guard and that sentries froze at their posts and every of Paris could stir from the shadow of his called itself the Central Committee. Nat- dawn broke on such scenes of suffering urally, it was a revolutionary group, an Little by little the rations of horse meat obscure band of cutthroats, who sat like ceinte, that the newspapers scarcely dared

> end of the month that the great series of battles began along the Marne, culminating in the frightful slaughter at Champignya victory for France perhaps, because the Germans had failed to hurl Ducrot's troops across the Marne and destroy the bridgesbut the victory was a sterile one, and the laurels fell on heads too weak with sick-

Then, on December 5, came the news Loire was destroyed-news sent by letter,

useful to inform

When, in the early days of October, Bourke's foresight had provided tins of preserved meat and vegetables as a reserve in time of famine Hilde and Yolette had laughed at such precautions. But now these cans and tins of provisions had become the only food of the little household. Even while fliide was ill Yolette obstinately re-fused to take any of the delicacies provided "The Chief of the General Staff, by Bourke. The marauding carbineers had only begun to loot the cellar when the news of their defeat at the Hotel de Ville sent them packing, therefore the provisions remained practically untouched up to the day when Bourke refused to renew the government card that entitled the little household

three sdults and a child. Yolette baked little biscuits in the kitchen. Red Riding Hood made soup. And now that Hilde was well enough to come down stairs, they had dinner in the dining room again, where, from their store of fuel, a good fire burned in the grate, and a candle sent its cheerful yellow rays into the chill of the black hallway. The shadow that fell on the house did not come from the battle clouds gathering swiftly in the south, nor from the sleet, the bitter cold, the rain, nor yet from the spectacle of the splendid, desolate city, naked and famished. filthy and diseased. There was something tle pallor, that made her silence heartbreaking and her forced smiles terrible. Bourke knew. At such moments he would begin: "You see, Hilde, my theory is this: Jim, finding that Le Bourget was threatened.

their moment should arrive to fatten on its and that that city has been reoccupied by German troops.

"If, nevertheless, your excellency Judges it advisable to convince yourself by one of back!" your officers. I will not fail to furnish him with a safe conduct to go there and return. "Permit me, general, to express the high consideration with which I have the honor to be your very humble and very obedient

"COUNT VON MOLTKE." The news stunned the people; at first nobody credited it. The governor began osten tatious preparations for another sortie, alas! against the very village he had abandoned when it was in his own hands-Le Bourget, But it was not until the end of December to rations of horseflesh and black bread for that he was ready to begin, and then the cold became so frightful that 900 men froze on a single night in the trenches, and during the last ten days of the month 20,000 soldiers were carried to the hospitals. The

attack on Le Bourget was abandoned. The moral and material sufferings of the miserable people of Paris were terrible beyoud description. The mortality among children reached a figure that seemed unbelievable-2,500 in a single week. There was no milk for them, they could not swallow the black bread, the flesh of horses and mules, so they died, some from fevers, many from the cold, many from starvation.

In December, toward Christmas time, the else that touched Hilde's face with the sub. I first signs of discouragement appeared among the people. Deluged with false dispatches, manufactured by the wholesale and printed in the government's official journal, the poor people at last became aware of the bitter deceptions-the false news of victory struck out for himself, and wriggled through followed inevitably by tardy avowals of the Prussian lines, somewhere between the disaster. Their hopes, each day reborn, each fort de la Briche and St. Denis. That's night dead, their momentary joy and pride



back to her lips, exquisite whiteness to neck succeeded uneasy foreboding-anger that and brow. But in the dark eyes Bourke Harewood should have dared risk death raw that the last spark of childhood had died when by all ties of honor and manhood he out forever; only the sadness of woman re- was bound to Hilde until he had fulfilled his

he had not fulfilled, of the wrong he had should be paid one day or the next, on appalled him; he thanked God that Yolette childish voice:

had taken possession of him. Selfish he had lived; his death, if death had overtaken him, whatever be the verdict of church or state He could say this, almost aloud, as he lay starting awake from dreams of his comrade

the veteran Blanqui, was already deep in a or flerce ley storms, where sheets of fine among the ragged troops beyond the en

> Combat after combat was delivered unde the walls of Paris, but it was not until th

that Orleans had fallen and the army of the under a flag of truce from Moltke-a grim letter, devillah in its courtesy:

"VERSAILLES, Dec. 5, 1870.-It might your excellency (General Trochu) that the Army of the Leire has been defeated near Orleans | nocently,

destroyed by the lying government, led them more surely and more swiftly toward despair than if they had been told the

The month of De the rue d'Ypres. Bourke often went into the cellar to count the sticks of wood remaining. They were easily counted. Provisions might last for several weeks yet, but th

last candle had been burned and the last drop of oil used up. All day on December 31 he wandered about the sombre boulevards, which, in happier times of peace, had swarmed with holiday shoppers for the New Year. Now nothing remained of the crowds, the splendid gowns. Under the Grand hotel a sick man sold little cakes at exorbitant prices; a few old women peddled wooden toys: that

is all. He found, in a shabby store, one or two little gifts for Yolette and Hilde. For Red Riding Hood he bought a tiny box of bonbons and a pair of shoes. It was all he

could afford. So they celebrated the New Year together, trying to be cheerful, forcing themselves to talk, until the thunder of the forts, culminating in a series of terrific crashes, drowned their faint voices and left them silent, each to dream the same dream, each to think of the absent one and pray a little, too, for their comrade, wherever he might be on that first sad day of the new year. As for Red Riding Hood, she always had something to pray for, and late that night she crept into Hilde's room and said her prayers for France and for the repose of her father's soul, who had

Upon us have pity, upon our land of France, upon our city, upon our soldiers, pity, intercede for papa who is dead-for General Trochu and General Bourbaki and General Chanzy-and the army of the

"Amen," whispered Hilde. The child tose from her knees; Hilde drew her into the gone; the last tin of provisions had been bed and warmed the cold little body against her own. The cannonade grew louder: to ward midnight all the southern and eastern forts were firing. An hour later the batteries at the Point-du-Jour joined in, swelling the majestic volume of the cannonade until the floors of the house seemed to sway and tremble in the splendid rhythm of the guns' deep thunder. "Can you not sleep?" "No," said Hilde. After asked the child. a silence the child spoke again.

"Mile. Hilde." "Yes, little one."

'Was it Our Lady of Paris who gathered the cannon balls in her veil of lace when they fired at the city hundreds and hundreds of years ago?"

"I don't know," said Hilde faintly, Presently the child said, "I should like to hear about St. Genevieve and about St. Hilde of Carhaix."

"Can you not sleep, Red Riding Hood?" 'Yes, but you have tears on your face,' 'They are often there now, little one.' "Since he went away, Mile, Hilde?" "Since he went away.

The child's arms sought Hilde's neck their faces touched now "Hear the cannon," whispered the child they are very loud tonight. Do you think our Lord Jesus is listening to the cannon?

Hilde did not reply. The child spoke again, as though to herself: "He is somewhere up there near the stars, you know. The cannon cannot hurt ness and starvation to bear the weight of | Him. He is sorry for us when we are cold and when the Prussians shoot our fathers.

When we sin He is sorry, for we go to hell unless-unless-"Hush." murmured Hilde, "sleep little The child whimpered.

"St. Hilde of Carhaix, witness for me! I do not know," sobbed Hilde. O. God! O. God!-to have him back!-only to have him

"There is some one knocking," said the

CHAPTER XXV. The Beginning of the End. The knocking was repeated; Hilde sat up

gled hair at the dim outlines of the door. "Who is it?" she asked, trying to steady

There came the shuffle of feet, a sound of whispered consultation. Suddenly a far from the southern forts, and, in the ice spoke out: 'We want your house for a hospital. The ounded are coming in by the Port Rouge.

in the darkness for her clothes, bidding them wait and she would open. And now Yolette was stirring in the next room, and lourke came downstairs, balf dressed, and lighted a fire in the dining room, for there was no other means of illumination.

When Hilde appeared, soldiers of the hosital corps were piling straw in the hallway. outside the street was choked with cavalry. helmets glimmering in the frosty dawn. Already a Red Cross flag hung over the loorsteps, its soiled folds floating lazily with very ley air current.

When the first stretcher appeared, borne by priests, the cavalry moved on, endless lines of them, and the sad trumpet's peal vas echoed by steel cuirasses clashing and the chiming of spurs and sabres, and a Hood was installed on a cotthousand horseshoes' flinty clink. One by one the ambulances creaked up the street from the Porte Rouge, one by one the on the ramparts was to remain closed until stretchers passed. Every house received its load of wounded, every house hoisted the the end of the siege of Paris. Geneva cross.

Yolette and Hilde helped the soldiers spread straw on the floor; all the rooms on the ground floor were taken, and the wounded lay there side by side, half frozen, pale as corpses. There were a few Germans among them, quite blond fellows, staring at everybody with mild blue eyes. One of them, a mere boy, watched Hilde as she moved about with cups of hot brandy, silently waiting his turn-which never came, for he died without a sound before she reached his side.

It was late in the afternoon when the surgeons came. Hilde and Yolette gave up their places to some sad-eyed Sisters of Mercy. Bourke insisted that they should go to Harewood's room on the floor above. They slept there that night, keeping each other warm as best they could, for they had given most of the bed coverings to the wounded. At daylight the dead-cart came to their door, halted for its load, then rumbled on to the next house. Other wagons passed, creaking under their weight of wounded; sounds rose from the kitchen, where already the good Sisters of Mercy were making broth and splitting green wood. Hilde, her head on Yolette's breast, could hear it too, and opened her blue eyes. It was daylight. "Did you sleep, Hilde?" she asked. "You are so pale-"

"Yes, I slept. Did you hear that vounded man groan? Oh, Yolette! Yolette! -I think I heard him die-die down there in the cold and dark."

She rose, shivering, to break the ice in her water pitcher. Her shoulders, white as the snow outside, shrank under the icy "The awful odor of chloroform makes my

head ache," said Yolette, "The whole house reeks of carbolic acid, too. Shall I open the window? Hilde crept into her gray wool gown, held

her wrists out for Yolette to fasten the linen cuffs, then, pinning on the nurse's apron, she went downstairs. Around one arm, just above the elbow, she wore the white band and red cross of the volunteer

The Sisters of Mercy greeted her in low voices, and told her that the empty places non haze drifting in from the distant forts. on the straw had already been filled. A fresh convoy of wounded was at the Porto Rouge. The whole quarter had been turned into a vast hospital, and nurses and surgeons were coming from the Luxembours and Sorbonne.

That night, however, orders arrived to

transport the wounded to the Luxembourg. and, amid the confusion of passing cavalry the crush of ambulances, the endless proces sions of stretchers, the throngs of nurses priests and soldiers, the wounded were carried out once more to their straw-wadded wagons. It was snowing heavily; across the lurid flames from the torches the flakes fell thickly, covering the blankets of the wounded and the cloaks of nurses. The whole quarter echoed with the noise of desharp, nervous orders of the surgeons rose and mingled in one monotonous plaint. At length, when the house was empty and the last stretcher had passed out to join the torchlit procession in the snow. Hilde cat down on the sofa and buried her head in Yolette's arms. Her tears were tears of sheer physical weakness, for she had cater nothing since the night before, saving every

scrap for the wounded, in spite of Bourke's protestations. And now, because the wounded had needeo much, Bourke found his cellar empty. He had sent Red Riding Hood to procure a ration card, and that night they are the government rations for the first time.

Yolette tried to make light of it, saying that the soup was good, and that she did died as soldiers die-so she thought. Hilde, | not believe it could be anything but beef shivering in her chilly bed, listened to the broth. Hilde and Bourke ate their portions and swallowed the coarse lumps of black bread, too tired to care what they were cating

> "This can't last long," said Bourke. "The siege will end one way or another." He looked anxiously at Yolette as be spoke. Her forced gayety was heart-breaking. What in the world was he to do? His money was given to the wounded.

> "Who cares?" said Yolette lightly. the army eat horse surely we can eat it. Shame on you, Cecil-you, a great, strong man! What would M. Harewood say!" "Jim is probably not dining on horse, said Bourke cheerfully. "Ten to one he's in Bordeaux, living like a prince and wondering how long the Parisians are going to

> "I know," said Hilde, flushing, "that if he could come back he would come. "Of course he would," said Bourke 'He'll come the minute the gates are opened, anyway. It won't be long now, one way or the other.'

stand it."

"There is but one way," said Hilde

"Of course-of course we must win. don't mean to say that the city will surrender," said Bourke hastily.

"The governor of Paris has promised not to surrender," announced Red Riding Hood, as though that settled the matter forever. After a moment Yolette began: "Have After a moment Yolette began: 'Have by the engineer to prevent passage of air you noticed that the cannonade grows when the switch is not to be turned.

louder every evening? I have thought that perhaps the Germans are getting nearer the forts of the south. Today I could see smoke all along the Meudon hills

Bourke said nothing. He knew that, to the astonishment of the government, the Germans had suddenly unmasked a siege battery and were pounding the barracks of

lasy to powder. "I have been thinking," he said, after a moment, "that perhaps we had better move in the darkness, staring through her tan- this week. In fact, I have already engaged three rooms for us in the Rue Serpente.' Yolette looked at him in amazement.

"It is well to be prepared," he continued with a smile. "Our ramparts here are not event of the Prussians establishing siege batteries, they might take it into their heads to send their big shells sailing over Hilde sprang from the bed and groped the forts to our own ramparts!" "And if M. Harewood returns?" said

Hilde faintly. "He'd rather find our house in ruins than its tenants blown to pieces-wouldn't he?" smiled Bourke. "Anyway, this house is not

the place for you at present.' Hilde said nothing; Yolette leaned across the table and began a low, murmured conversation with Bourke that only ended when Red Riding Hood woke up from the sofa and began to whimper with the cold.

The next morning Bourke went to the house in the Rue Serpente, taking a man to carry his personal luggage. By afternoon Yolette's and Hilde's slender wardrobes were deposited in the furnished rooms at 19 Rue Serpente, and in the tiny kitchen Red Riding

It is the 4th of January; on the 5th

All day long Yolette and Hilde were busy with the furniture and bedding. They dusted and aired the familiar rooms, packed table linen and plated ware away, arranged the kitchen dishes, locked and bolted the garden doors and windows and closed the shutters. There had been a meager distribution of rations that day; Bourke had no money to buy food, and there was nothing to do but wait for the morrow.

As they sat there by the dining room windows late in the afternoon, Yolette thought of that afternoon when Bourke had told her that he loved her. He was sitting now just as he had sat that day-the day that seemed already years away. Bourke raised his head.

"Are you thinking of it, too?" he asked gently.

"Yes. Cecil." Hilde rose and slipped away to her own silent chamber. The nzure-mantled faience sainte looked down at her with the same complacent smile on her china face, the rosary hung beneath. For the last time she knelt and prayed for the man she loved-for his return if living-for his forgiveness if dead. Her eyes filled, her hot head swam; she sank back against the bed in a passion of weeping, her hands clasped over her head.

Through the evening clouds the setting sun gleamed for an instant, a long red ray stole into the room. She rose to her knees and looked out at the clouds where, for the first time in so many days, the sun glittered. As she looked a speck grew before her eyes, nearer, nearer, slanting downward, seeming to strike her window. She sprang up. A white pigeon fluttered at the pane-a tired, frightened little thing that let her take it in her hands and smooth it, and murmur to it senseless, pitiful and Facial Cream. Consultation free words. Under one wing, fastened to a quill, was the message for the governor of Paris. She touched the quill with hesitating fingers, and, finding it secure, folded back the pigeon's wings and warmed it to her breast. Then, knowing it was rested and ready to resume its journey, she kissed the little feathered head and let it go. The bird rose high in the air, circled twice, then slanted westward and was lost in the can-An hour later the governor of Paris knew hat the army of the east had been hilated.

(To be Continued.)

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has a delicious aroma of the grapes. Its purity

SOME LATE INVENTIONS A southern woman has patented a curtain ring and fastener which will not tear the

curtain, the ring supporting a flat-jawed

clamp formed of two spring arms by a sliding ring to grip the Unding of the curtain. To lubricate bicycle chains a New Eng land inventor has designed an absorbent band of felt or other fibrous material to en-

parture; from every street the wailing of circle the driving wheel and carry the lubri-the sick, the groaning of the stricken, the cant, which is fed to the inner surface of the links as they revolve. By a new knife attachment a loaf of breas can be sliced in even slices of the same relative thickness, the ends of the blade

having projecting arms which carry slide along the end of the loaf and steer the knife in a straight line An improved hand strap for use in stree ears is formed of two loops of leather attached to opposite sides of a spring hinge. one loop being extended to the hole over-head, while the other loop can be pulled

down for short persons to use, the spring returning it when released. Telescope satchels and boxes are being nanufactured with a new fastener which comprises a sheet-metal plate with angle elevations attached to the ends of the bottom portion of the satchel, the elevations being slotted to receive the spring clasps attached to the cover, which make the lat-

ter adjustable at any height. Two western men have patented a seat for cleaning the outside of windows, which has a shelf at the bottom to rest on with clamps to engage the sides of the window frame and hold the chains which sup port the shelf, guide rails being provided to prevent the person from falling. Printing presses are stopped automatically

as soon as the paper breaks or the tension changes by means of a pivoted roller which rests on the moving sheet, and is lifted up by the tension to close a switch in the electric wire which operates the switch opening as soon as the roller falls. A bottle-stopper, invented by a New Jersey woman, is made of an elastic cap, which fits over the neck of the bottle and has a thick section at the end, with indentation showing where it is to be cut to open the bottle, the rubber tips closing autom as soon as the pressure of the liquid is re moved.

Wooden wagon tires can be easily tightened by a new device consisting of a water receptacle to be placed on the fire with a slot through which the tire may be immersed in the boiling water, after which it is dipped in a bath of boiling oil, impreg nated with gum-arabic and resin, which fill the pores of the wood and prevents contrac

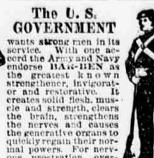
A Pennsylvania inventor has designed pneumatic switch-operating device, which consists of attaching the switch bar to siston, the valve on the engine being closes from a tank on the engine through an auto matic coupling to the cylinder carrying the piston the valve on the engine being closed MUNYON A BENEFACTOR.

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Then he would bring his map and stick pins all over it and talk very cheerfully until Hilde, lying in her armchair, turned her head away to conceal the tears that read aloud from Hugo, and her clear young wrote a life of Jesus Christ. oice, pronouncing the superb lines of "Les When Hilde was carried to the house on Chatiments," sent the blood tingling to the ramparts unconsciousness had already Bourke's cheeks. And then the deep strong love in her blue eyes when she raised them to meet the eyes of the man who worshipped vere followed by days of terror and agonies her. The room would become very stillof doubt. Hilde was very ill, so ill that Hilde, resting motionless among her shawls Bourke brought a Sister of Mercy to the and cushions, eyes closed, sometimes heard house in the first days of November and the rustle of Yolette's dress, the light foot-

spent his money, almost to the last franc, fall, the breathless whisper, scarcely audifor the necessaries that meant, perhaps, life | ble, "I love you, Cecil." But it was on Hilde's eyes that Yolette's kiss always fell. As for Bourke, he hoped against hope. He stores all a-glitter with lights, the rush of knew what the others did not know-he gorgeous carriages, the flutter of silken knew that Harewood had remained in Le Bourget at least during the first assault, for the soldier had brought him Harewood's letter, and he had not dared to show it to Hilde or to Yolette, because it had been delivered three days after the fail of Le or fear behind. As she grew stronger her Bourget. At night he could not sleep for beauty, too, returned; the hollows in temple thinking how Harewood might have fallen and cheek disappeared, the scarlet came a victim to his rashness. Often hot anger

> Often his face would harden as he thought of all that Harewood had promised, all that wrought, of the debt he had incurred that earth or in the life to come. Again and again he thought of Hilde's words, uttered in delirium and strove to believe that there had been nothing in them, nothing-except the innocent babble of a sick child. But their significance, terrible in its simplicity,

> had been spared that; he remembered that Hilde herself was unaware of having spoken. At moments he almost wished Harewood dead. What was life worth to such a man or to his friends? What did love or honor mean to him? The demon of selfishness was but the last whim of his selfishness, self-satisfaction at the expense of honor, reckless risk of self, heedless of the most solemn duty he owed to Hilde, which was to live, merely to live, until he had a moral right to die. "Let him die," thought Bourke: "it will be better for her perhans, better for her, if the blow does not kill her."

> he would sit up praying, for he often prayed, that Harewood, his friend, might return. The month of November passed in an

"Mile. Hilde, I cannot sleep, because you "Hush," said Hilde, "those who weep are sometimes pardoned." "Have you sinned?" asked the child in-

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