

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Claude Wheeler, son of a Nebraska rancher, is disappointed in a girl named Leila. He goes to France, where he meets a young woman named Leila. He falls in love with her and goes to France to see her. He meets her father, a French soldier, and they become friends. Claude returns to Nebraska and tells his father about Leila. His father goes to France to see her. Claude and Leila get married.

ing fine weather for their holiday. The forest rose about this open glade like an amphitheater, in golden terraces of horse chestnut and beech. The big nuts dropped velvet and brown, as if they had been soaked in oil, and disappeared in the dry leaves below. Little black yew trees, that had not been visible in the green of summer, stood out among the curly yellow brakes. Through the grey netting of the beech twigs, stiff holly bushes glittered.

Claude's sprained ankle was still badly swollen. Madame Joubert was sure he ought not to move about on it at all, begged him to sit in the garden all day and nurse it. But the surgeon at the front had told him that if he once stopped walking, he would have to go to the hospital. So with the help of his host's best holly-wood cane, he limped out into the forest every day. This afternoon he was tempted to go still farther. Madame Joubert had told him about some caves at the other end of the wood, underground chambers where the counts had gone to live in times of great misery, long ago, in the English wars. The English wars; he did not remember just how far back they were—but long enough to make one feel comfortable. As for him, perhaps he would never go home at all. Perhaps, when this great affair was over, he would buy a little farm and stay here for the rest of his life.

While he was absorbed in his day-dream of farming in France, his companion stirred and rolled over on his side. "You know we are to join the bat-

Book Five.
CHAPTER XII.
A rainy autumn night; Papa Joubert sat reading his paper. He heard a heavy pouncing on his garden gate. Kicking off his slippers, he put on the wooden sabots he kept for mud, shuffled across the dripping garden, and opened the door into the dark street. Two men, dressed in uniform and kits confronted him. In a moment he began embracing them, calling to his wife:

"Nom de dieu, Maman, c'est David, David et Claude, tous les deux!" Sorry-looking soldiers they appeared when they stood in the candle-light—plastered with mud, their metal hats shining like copper bowls, their clothes dripping pools of water upon the flags of the kitchen floor. Mme. Joubert, seeing their wet cheeks, and monsieur, now that he could see them, embraced them again. Whence had they come, and how had it fared with them, up there? Very well, as anybody could see. What did they want first—supper, perhaps? Their room was always ready for them; and the clothes they had left were in the big chest.

David explained that their shirts had not once been dry for four days; and what they most desired was to be dry and to be clean. Old M. Joubert, already in bed, was routed out to heat water. M. Joubert carried the big washtub upstairs. Tomorrow for conversation, he said tonight for repose. The boys followed him and began to peel off their wet uniforms, leaving them in two sodden piles on the floor. There was one bath tub both, and they threw up a coin to decide which should get into the warm water first. M. Joubert, seeing Claude's fat ankles strapped up in adhesive bandages, began to chuckle. "Oh, I see the Boche made you dance up there!"

When they were clad in clean pajamas out of the chest, Papa Joubert socks down for Martha to wash. He returned with the big meat platter, on which was an omelette made of 12 eggs and stuffed with bacon and fried potatoes. Mme. Joubert brought the three-story earthen coffee pot to the door and called "Bon appetit!" The host poured the coffee and cut up the loaf with his clasp knife. He sat down to watch them eat. How had they found things up there, anyway? The Boches polite and agreeable as usual? Finally, when there was not a crumb of anything left, he poured for each a little glass of brandy, "pour aider la digestion," and wished them good-night. He took the candle with him.

CHAPTER XIII.
The woodland path was deep in leaves. Claude and David were lying on the dry, springy heather among the flint boulders. Gerhardt, with his Stetson over his eyes, was presumably asleep. They were hav-

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blended with the yellow and brown of the wood. Then she saw the sun shining on two heads; one square, and amber in color—the other reddish bronze, long and narrow. She took their friendliness for granted and again to pick up shiny horse chestnuts and pop them into a sack she was dragging. David called to her and asked her whether the nuts were good to eat.

"Oh, non!" she exclaimed, her face expressing the liveliest terror. "Pour les cochons!" These inexperienced Americans might eat almost anything. She laughed and gave her some pennies, "pour les cochons aussi!" She stole about the edge of the wood, stirring among the leaves for nuts and watching the two soldiers.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Way Madge Managed to Checkmate Leila.

At Bess Dean's breezy entrance into Leila Durkee's room, I rose quickly to my feet and stood in such a position that it was impossible for Leila's face to be seen by the girl in the doorway.

"She can't stir one step unless I carry her," Alfred interposed, and I thrilled with triumph for Leila at the protective possessiveness in his tone. That the little speech was gallant to Bess Dean's vanity I guessed, but there was no trace of chagrin

in voice or face, as she tilted her head to one side, quirked her lips into a provocative little smile and asked teasingly:

"Isn't there any chance for poor little me to turn my ankle? The rewards are tempting—don't you think so, Leila?"

"Then I'm likely to do anything." Her eyes flashed defiance into mine as she spoke, but I gave no hint of understanding her. I was conscious of Alfred's puzzled glance. His was the uncomfortable masculine attitude when in the presence of women whose animosity to each other is only thinly concealed, and so I hastened to end the situation.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" I said with a little laugh of derision. "I can't think of anything more dismal than dining in your room when you don't have to have it there. And Leila's ankle isn't as bad as we feared. With the bandages Alf and I have just put on, she'll be perfectly able to hobble down."

"If there was a tiny warning contained in her words—which I doubted, for Leila isn't subtle—Bess Dean courted it promptly.

"Oh! I'll watch my step," she promised carelessly, "unless I get riled over something," she added.

Upset nervously by the accident to her ankle, I was afraid that Leila might betray her aversion to the other woman, and I did not choose that Bess should have a chance to gloat over this evidence of jealousy, as her vanity would term it.

"A table!" I queried in exaggerated and pretended amazement, before Alfred could reply to Miss Dean's request. "We don't need any table up here."

"Leila's not able to come down-

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