## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1898.

"Half past 7. I'm nearly dressed." "Is today Samrday?" "Saturday, 10th of September, 1870," re-lied Bourke. A moment later he appeared

"All right,", yawned Harewood, "How's

"I don't like Speyer any better than

"Hello!" came the answer.

"Deurke!"

noddie?

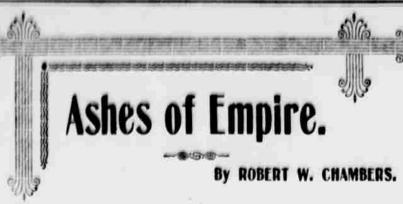
What time le If

"Go on." Harewood sniffed.

"What?

"Exactly."

A DATE Y DATE A



Convilant, 1992, he fichert W. Chambers,) CHAPTER III. APARTMENT TO LET.

Yolette, standing at the door of the bird store, with her arm around Hilde's waist, and one hand shading her face, could see the source, while a many-"""The bowl is empty," began Yolette, but at that moment the dust cloud wavered, grew thinner, whirled up in cue last flurry the exhausted infantry tramping through the as a mounted officer galloped by, thro slowly Parts Houge, between the steadily increasing throngs of people.

The crowd at first was silent but gravely attentive. Little by little, however, they straggler and the tap, tap of the drum trailed what it meant; they began to under- diel away. Hilde, standing beside her, dried stand that this entry of Blanchard's divi- the tears from her cheeks. sion from Mezieres, Intact, was nothing less than the first actual triumph for French strategy since the Uhlan vanguard galloped over the frontier and the Prussian needle guns erseked acress the Spicheren in the early days of August. For, when Blanchard's division of Vinoy's Thirteenth corps stole ou of Mezleres at dawn on September 2, 1870 with the furnace breath of Sedan in their faces and the German cavalry at their heels, nobody, not even General Vinoy himself dared have to turn a retreat into victory or

Yet now it was done. On September 5 Bianchard's division joined Maud'huy's at Laton, and the Thirteenth corps was re-united. And here they were; it was Guil-heim's brigade, the Sixth Hussars and the Forty-second and Thirty-fifth line infantry that surged in at the Porte Rouge, drums beating, beating, beating, through the pulsat-ing dust waves, bayonets crimsoned by the

I level rays of the setting sun. Suddenly on the forts of Issy, Vanves boomed their welcome to the returning troops. Fort after fort took up the salute, bastion after bastion, until from the Fort d'Ivry to the battery of the Double Crown. and from Fontency to the Fortress of the East, the thunder rolled in one majestic reverberation, dominated by the tremenious

when the roar from the sixteen forts ho crossed and the immerse waves of soun rolled further and further away, leaving 1 the cars of the people nothing but the drun taps of marching columns, a sentiment, lon-unknown, stirred every heart in Forfs. The sentiment was hope. At the Porte Rouge they were cheering now; Mont Parnase hoard the unaccustomed sound, and the streets swarmed from the Luxembourg to the Montrouge gate. They were cheering, too, is the north, across the river, where the artill lery of Maud'huy's division was parkin.

along the avenue de la Grand Armee. Down at the Port Rouge the huisars et tered at a trot, trumpeters sounding th regimental march, while the crowd broke int frantic cheeting, and tear-choked volce blessed them and tear stained faces raised to the hard, bright sky, burnished with a flercer radiance where the sun hung ove the smoking Meadon woods, like a disk o

polished copper. And so after all they had returned, thi army given up for lost. They had returned singled by the flames in the north, stalowith northern rain and mud and dust, exhausted, starving, reeling under the weigh, of their knapsicks and rifles, but saved from annihilation

Paris forget everything except that-forgot the red trail of butchery from Forbach to M tz; forget the smoking debris of batties lost and battles worse than log: forgot Strassbourg, crumbling under German she is forgot Matz, dranched with blood, cowering under the spectre of famine; forgo: Toul and Belfort and the imbedile mancuvers of an ironelad fleet-all this was forgotten in the joy of the moment. What if three Gorman armiss were even then on the march toward Parks would be ready; Furis would

look, Yolette," eried Hilde; "ob, the poor things, the por, sick things! Do you be-leve they will all get a little wine? There

settled and sifted back into the roadway.

The regiment had passed. Yolette watched the vanishing column down the street until the dust hid the last

After a silence Yolette said: "If we are going to have war-here-rosar Paris-nobody

will want to rent our apartment-" "I don't know," replied Hilde; "It is a very nice apartment and not at all dear." Yolette came back to the doorstep, touching the corner of her apron to her eyes. Hilde pointed toward the fort

fortification across the street. "I mean that if the Germans do come their cannon balls might fly over the rampart there and hit our house. Perhaps nobol

would care to take an apartment so near the fortifications if they knew that."

regimment that had just passed. Hilde clasped both bands behind her and looked up at the sky. It was not yet dusk, although the sun bal gone down behind the blue forest of Mendon, but the fresh sweet-ness of twilight was in the alr. Solt light Montrouge and Bicetre the slege guas by access the grassy glacis opposite; the shrubs on the talus moved in the evening

recze Something else was moving over there, to -three sinister figures, shuffling across the state. The Mouse and his two famillars were going back to the parsage de l'Ombre.

As the Mouse passed he flourished this cap again and called across the street something speech had been well night his last, for just as the shabby trio started to traverse the roadway two horsemen wheeled at a gallop out of the Rue Paudore, and one of them hustled Bibi la Goutte into the arms Mon Oncle, who collapsed with a muffled hrick, dragging down the Mouse as he fell There is a providence for drunkards; there s also Heimes, the gol of thisyes, otherwise joihing could have saved the Mouse an

Bibl from the hotses' hoofs. The two riders drew bridle, wheeled, an turned to see what damage had been done, as the Mouse picked himself out of the dust

with a frightful imprecation. One of the Gorsemen, who had impulsively diamonoted, was immediately set upon by Bibl and Mon Oncle. Taken by surprise, h knocked them both flat with his loaded rid-ing crop and, jumping back, called out in English:

"For heaven's sake, Bourke, ride that one yed fellow down. He's got a knife." The other horseman set spurs to his mount ad sprang at the Mouse. That ornamenta bandit took to his heels, lunging out vi-clously with his kuife as he passed the dismounted man. The latter slashed the Mouse twice with his riding crop, and, in turn, twice with his rinng crop, and, in turn, was felled by a blow from a club wielded by the fat hands of Man Oncle. "Harewood," cried Bourke, hastly dis-mounting, "have they burt you badly?" The fallen man scrambled to his feet. There were two red streaks on his face; his bala was wat and matted. hair was wet and matted.

Whete have they gene?" 'No. Do you want to "Into the dark alley.

follow them? Hold on, man, don't tumble-welt-I'll give you an arm. Are you badly you are "I'm not; I'm all cight. I'll-I'll just go over and sit down a moment. Is there a ut on my Gead?" said Bouvke. "Come over to that "Yes," house. I'll ask for a little cold water." He slung the bridles of both horses under is left elbow, and with his right arm supdrawback, Bourke?" "Pooh. ported his dazed comrade to the bird store, where Hilde and Yolette stood watching then in silect consternation. "Well," said Harewood faintly, "there are our little friends of the pigeons. a few itiliteen-ton marine monsters of nine-teen and sixteen. The people had heard their voices from Mont Valerien, setting the their voices from Mont Valerien, setting the step forward. She leaned on Yolette's ion of his bandaged head. Hilde flushed with happiness. shoulder and fixed her frightened eyes on their door and saw a piller of dust, dyed crimson in the sun's last rays, moving up the Rue d'Ypres. Harewool. That young man was so dizzy Yolette, outwardly self-possessed, brought at all." a basin of water, a towel, and her own smelling saks, while Hilde dragged out a chair and seated Harewood upon it. And now, the femipine instinct of con-solation being fully awakened 11 both Hilde balls. and Yolette, Harewood was requested to smell the smelling salts, and rest in the chair, and sip a little brandy from a glass. He did as he was bidden. Bourke expressed hi: obligations and Harewood's in sincere if not fluent terms, Hilde and Yolette said that he and Harewood were very welcome. After that Bourke was too diffident and Harewood too dazed to continue conversaion in the French language, so they were

in the next room, Without moving he opened his mouth and called; Will you show me the spartment now?" asked Hourke. "With pleasure, monsions." He glanced at Harewood, Harewood nodded. back. Hille brought a lighted oundle to the stairway, and Yolette took it, inviting Bourke

with a gesture to follow. When they had gone away up the stairs Hilds returned to Harewood and stood a most at the door and inquired, "How's your ment, silent. Presently she went out to the street and caressed the two horses. They your own?" Bourko sat down at the foot of the bed and buttoned his collect, whistling gayly. "I saw Shannon and Malet last night," fre said. "I not them on the Boulevard Mont-partonse after I stabled the borate. Taey are coming this morning. I search them to wire Stauffer and Speyer."

turned their gentle heads and looked at her with dark, liquid eyes. "Are you fond of houses?" asked Hare-wood, sliting upright and touching the bandage on his throbbing head. "I love all animals," sold Hilde, seriously. She came back to the chair where he was seated.

"Does your head hurt very much?" "Why, no, thank you; it is nothing at all." After a moment she suid: "I sught to tell After a moment she said: "I sught to tell "Souffer seems to be all right," he ob-you, moraieur, before you decide to take the served. "but I can't stand Speyer." apartment that there is one very serious

sently. "The location." "The location." "The location." "Yes. If the Germons should come and five cancon at the city, I-1 fear that our house is very much exposed." Harewood looked narrowly at the wist best? Harewood what I should continued Bourks. "I know looked narrowly at the girl beside him. Her

clear brown eyes met his quite simply. "In that event, what would you do, madehe asked. oiselle? "I don't know," she replied. Bourke come down the stairs, holding the andle for Yolette.

"It's very nice, very nice, indeed," he said. I think we ought to take it. Harewood-I do, indeed." ndeed." Harewood talsed his eyes at Bourke's some-the fellows who leave Paris will miss the

what enthusiastic reel at of the charms of a whole show. You will be bad y feel d, my



SHE STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT HARNWOOD, A FAINT SMILE IN HER BROWN EYES.

op-floor apartment in the al-abbiest quarter | son, if you let Winston or old Sutherland

top-floor apartment in the distributed of Paris. "Very well," he said, "we will take it." "But-but we must tell you something first-a drawback to the location," began Yolette, and then stopped. She was fearful that if the new tenants were warned of the danger from German shells they might recon-sities the matter. But she was bound in states the matter. But she was bound in sider the matter. But she was bound in "But," persided the other, "if we make very lonely without them. I have lived in the honor to tell, and she set her lips resolutely our headquarters at St. Cloud or Versailles midst of them ever since I can remember, ex-

fendance," said Yolette, without embarmas | sunlight, he beard kamebody tramping about | "Gilt!" laughed Bourke. "Nice way you a place at the bird market by the Hotel de have of putting things."

"Oh, well, come on, I'm ready, this bump on my head show much" Doos When they reached the stairway that led kno the bird store Hilds met them with sty reserve and led the way across the hall. head up to her own face and laughed gayly. "I meant to tell you about my lios, but I forgot. You must like her-won't you?" Bourke patied the lion's paws discreetly. They followed her to the parlor, which was also the dining room. Yolette sat at a amail mahogany table solemniy watching the steaming kettle. Site raised her clear eyes with a smile that was at once ap-prehensive and confiding. The two young He was pleased to find that she had so classa. "Of course I shall like her; I am quite in love with her now," he sail, with a little more confidence for this discovery-"onlymen had made their bows. Then Yolette poured the cafe-au-lait. Her manner was that of a very young person unexpectedly burdened with tremendous responsibilities.

which must be borne with self-possession. "My sister and L" began Yolette, "dine at 7-would that hour suit you, measteurs?" She spoke to broh, looking at Bourke, terhaps because Harewood was looking at

ight?" Hilde The two young men became at once very

fluent in the French language. They ex-placed with one volce that the regime of the house should be established on one costa, namely, the convenience of their hostocses. They explained that neither of them was to be considered for one mo-ment, and they added that they desired to make some amends for the trouble they would give by placing their services at the disperal of their hostesses. Pechaps this was not the usual method of settling a "This. I'm going to stay in Paris. The business relation, but it answered to perfection, and before long the young gicls off their formality and dayness melting like fection.

Times has sent me out to get all the new.s I cert-rold get it as soon as I can." "And transmit it as soon as you get itost at sunris-And how prottily they laughed at the Which you can't do if you're cooped up

young men's discomfiture when Schehera-zade, the lionest, bounded silently into the in Paris! You'd better come to St. Cloud." "Nobody is going to be cooped up in roan and sprang on to the sofa.

roan and sprang on to the sola. She lay there purriag and licking for padded paws, her tawny eyes mildly blink-ing at the company. Yolette ran over and leaned on the sola beside her, one check "Her ancestors for generations have been born in capilvity," explained Hilde to Hure-wood. "There is no more harm in her than in any house cat. My uncle brought her up; my sister and I have always played with

"Were you starfled?" Yolette said to Bolirke. "Won't you come and be intro-duced?" Boucke went a little slowly; the pleasantly indifferent, suffered him

to pat her head. by the window, looked up quickly as Yo-lette entered. At the same time Hilde Harowood contented himself with a distant observation of the spiendid unimal and redropped the pitcher of water. "Why, Hilde," exclaimed Yolette, "you have broken our blue pitcher. Dear me! Look at the floor!" mained where, without seeming to, he could youtch Hilde moving swiftly back and forth between the kitchen and parlor, removing cups and saucers and laying a cloth over

"This room is also the smoking room," sha said gravely, as she passed the table with who returned his glance mutinously. Yo-lette brought a mop. Hilde, with a breathher arms fell of cups and plates; "It was my uncle's custom to smoke here at all times." She stood looking down at Harewood, a less smile at her sister, picked up a frag-fabit smile in her brown cycs. Then she ment of the pitcher handle and held it out at arm's length until Harewood took it and set himself to gather up the other scattered glanced at her eleter.

"Of course," said Volette, "it will be pleas, and to have the odor of tobacco in the house again." As before she looked at Bourke bits of blue caina. not to have the odor of tobacco in the house apult." As before she looked at Bourke when she spoke and he, accepting the per-mission as a command, lighted his cigarette with a cheerful elacrity that made them all hunch end for the spoke and he accepting the per-mission as a command, lighted his cigarette with a cheerful elacrity that made them all hunch end for the spoke and he accepting the per-term and the spoke and he accepting the per-here the spoke and he accepting the per-here the spoke and he accepting the per-mission as a command, lighted his cigarette here the spoke and he accepting the per-here the spoke and he accepting the per-term and the spoke and he accepting the per-term and the spoke accepting the per-term and the per-term

The morning sun poured into the room; from the shop outside came the twittering of the birds, the chatter of the squirrel and "Your salvation is expensive, but we must

"Would you care to see them?" asked of sarcasm in his voice that made Hare-Hilde, still looking down at Harewood, "I will go with you when I have taken away wood's cars tingle. Yolette said, innocently "M. Harewood, the birds and creatures did not know you; therefore they were frightthe cups." ened and they bit. My sister should have

'Never mind the cups," said Yolette; "I will take them. It is time to change the water for the birds, Hilde." 'I can't help it," said Hilde, avoiding Hilde went into the kitchen with the cups

and returned carrying a pitcher of field to become acquainted; he attempts to con-water. Harewood followed her, bowing to quer everything at once, and birds and squir-Yolette. She and Bourke were standing on rels don't like that. Bourke transferred his gaze to Harewood. ither side of the lioness, pulling her cars At that moment Mehemet (Al), the gray and and rubbing her hair the wrong way-attenscarlet African parrot, climbed down from

tions which Scheherazade majestically ig-Presently Yelette laid her head against he creature's check, murmuring alternate joy. "Now," said Harewood, "I suppose I may "Now," said Harewood, "I suppose I may oress closed her eyes and purred ecstatic-

What is her name?" asked Bourke.

be received into the family circle. Every-thing has bitten me-except that jackdaw. Does he bite, mademolselle?" "Scheherazade. Her mother's name was Diebe. Her father's name was Saladin. I ave the peligree in a book. I will show to you some day. I am sure you think this is a strange household-full of lions and monkeys and birds. As for me, I should be

Red Kiding Hood now and go to the kitchen."

his perch, bit Harewood, and climbed back

again, flapping his wings and shricking for

Hilde seemed more distressed than there appeared reason for, and said "No" in such a discouraged voice that both Yolette and Bourke laughed outright. "Won't you introluce me, too," said Bourke. Won't you take me around to be bitten?" "Not now," said Yolette. "I must find

Prayers for Munyon, Ville. Tell me, manufeur, were you fright oned when you first saw Scheherazade?" "Seared to death," admitted Bourke

> A Leading New England Clergyman Invokes Divine Blossing Upon Professor Munyon's Humane Work.

People like ministers of the Gospel ardent in their approval of anything that is of material benefit to the human race. Among the

better give me back the latchkeys then-" "No," said Bourke, "I think we'll retain them if you will just remaid her that late supprs produce indigestion. And-er-will you show me where she keeps herself at strongest en-dorsers of Pro-fessor Mun-yon's Remedies a re leading clergymen of Yolotte, greatly amused, assented, rising lightly, and dragging techeherazade with her. denomina-Bourke followed through the kitchen along a hallway and out into a garden full of trees tions. E. Andrews of Westfield, Mass. writes: I wish to add my testimony in favor of Munyon's H o mocopathic Homo Reme

Yoletto draggel Scheherazade's big lazy

Yolette laughed again. "Perhaps you and Monsieur Harewood had

I hope she'll know me in the dark-

her hind toce.

or two.

These remedies are worth their weight in gold. In my family they have cured the worst cases of cold in one day, and dyspepsia of seven years' standing was cured with three vials of the Dyspepsia Cure. I have had very severe head-aches, which were driven away in half an hour by the Headache Cure. My wife suffered greatly from sleeplessness, and one vial of Nerve Cure gave her per-fect relief. I sincersly pray God's bless-ing upon the proprietors of the valuable remedies." carrying the ball in ther mouth, he expressed himself an edified. But to tell the truth, he was far from experiencing that sense of repose in the company of Schehera-zade that he felt was expected of him. "It's a fine lion," he said, after a moment "but perhaps one needs time to ap-

preciate lions. Shall we go and examine the Yolette smiled and said "Yes," and led he way late the bird store. Havewood and Hilde, standing together

remedies." Munyon has a separate specific for each disease. For sale by druggists, mostly 25 cents a bottle. If in doubt, write to Prof. Munyon at Philadelphia, Pa., and get medical advice free.



## DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT 🛰 . THE ORIGINAL, ALL OTHERS IMITATIONS,

• THE ORIGINAL, ALL OTHERS INITATIONS, Is sold under positive Written Guarantes, by anthorized agents only, to cure Weak Memory, Dizinoss, Wakofulness, Fits, Hysteria, Quick-noss, Night Losses, Evil Drains, Lack of Confi-dence, Nervoueness, Lassitude, all Drains, Yonth-ful Errors, or Excessive Use of Tobacceo, Opium, or Liquor, which leads to Misery, Consumption, Insanity and Death. At store or by mail, \$1 box: six for \$5; with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Hample pack-age, containing five days treatment, with full instructions, 25 cents. One sample only sold to each person. At store or by mail.

For Impotency, Loss of Former, Lost Manhood, Bierility or Barrenness, Si a box air for the mess Extra Strength. For Impotency, Loss of Forer, Lost Manhood, Bterility or Barrenness St a box; six for \$5, with written guarantee to cure in 30 days. At store AFTER Myors Dillon Drug Co., S. E. Corney Other and Forman Size, Omaho, Neb. 3 loth and Farnam Sts., Omaha, Neb.



and paths surrounded by high stucco walls. A stane trough filled with very clear running water stood in the deep grass under the shadow of the wall. Beyond this stretched a tangle of grass, roses and fruit trees. "This is Scheherazade's playground," said the girl, picking up a big painted rubber Homo Reme-dies. I have used the Cold Cure, Dyspep-sia Cure, Nerve Cure, and Headache Cure in my family with perfect s at is faction. These remedies a re worth ball. Straightening up, she tossed the ball out into hhe grass with the charming awkwardness that attacks the gentler sex when throwing or catching anything. The lioness, much gratified, bounded after the ball, seized it, patted it first with one paw, then with the other, and finally lay down, biting the ball, and scratching it with Boucke observed the pleasing performance in silence. When Scheherazade gambolled and frisked he nodded approval. When she loped heavily off to a thicket of rose bushes.

arm; nothing should withstand her; not. ing could penetrate her cultured armor of coormous forts-sixteen forts strung outsile the walls on a circle of leaver reloubed and botteries cixty kilometers in circumference A necklace of steel, a double necklace, fo nside the ring of forts lay the city for incations proper-the enormous enceinte forty-one kilometers long encircling the city from the Seine to the Morne. The forts and inc clinety-four bactions mounted 2,200 cannon huge pieces of fifteen and twelve, and ever whole city rocking with the earthquake of their welcome to the Thirtecuth corps. And

"They are coming-they will pass here." cried Hilde. "Look, Yolette!"

"I sze," solid Yolette, her voice unsteady, with excitement. "I am going to get all our bread and the three bottles of wine.

She dropped her sister's hand and ran, back through the chop to the kitchen, talkng all the while excitally to hereelf "Quick! quick! First the wine then a glass -no, three glasses-now the bread-all of 1 -now a little basket-th, mon Dieu, where is my little basket? Oh, there you are, and there is a brieche in you, too. It shall be there is a brioche in you, too. It s caten by one of our brave soldiere!" Sche wzade, the ilonces, sprawling on a rug the small square parlor, blinked ambibly

up into Yolette's flushed face. The girl slooped and gave for a heaty kirs in play-The girl ing-then ran out with the basket, closing he door quickly behind her. The street was a turmoil. A torrent of

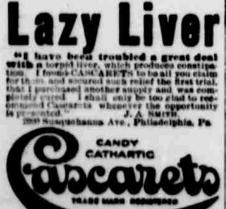
dust flooded with sunset light rolled and eddled above the rol caps of the passing

troops. Strange timid eyes sought hers, strange eager faces rose up before her and passed cn, blotted out in the whirls of passed on, blotted out so the whirls of erimsoned dust. The tears sprang to her eyes; she could not speak, but she held out her hasket to the passing troops; a soldier somewhere in the throng cricd: "Is the wine for us, madam?" and another close beside her wiped the red who from his lips with the sleeve of a stained overcost and the bottle to a comrade, laughing. from aherr weakeness.

from abeer weakvess. "Our poor soldiers! Our poor soldiers!" "repeated Hilde, holding to Yolette's aproa-"see! Look! Everyboly is bringing them bread and wine n w! But you were the first. Yolette: you thought of it first, my darling!"

Yelstie saw oothing distinctly in the surg-ing crowd around, but from every side spectral facts appoared through the dust, aid, ho ish eyes grew brighter as they met hers grimy calloused heeds reached out for

mernet of bread or a drop of wine. Already Hilde had run back to the kitchen d returned with a big china bowl, into which she poured their last bottles of wine; and now the bowl passed from lip to lip until was lost to sight in the dust cloud. "Everybody is bringing bread and wine-



e Potent. Taste Good. In Weaken, or Gripe. Mr. Es. Mr. CONSTIPATION.

-BAC ment and anaron for all drug-

dlent. Yolette tore strips from a cambric handkerchef and soaked them in water, and looked at Harewood's damaged head. Hilde turned away. She could not bear to see suffering, and she felt that the young man

in the chair was probably enduring un-heard-of acony. Bourke repeated at intervals, "How is it, old fellow? Better?" until he remembered that politeness required him to say what he had to say in French. He stood on the side-walk and looked up at the facade of the grimy house where the two signs hung. "Apartment to let," he repeated aloud. Then a thought struck him. "Harewood, here's an apartment to let directly over our heads. It's what we're looking forand close to the Porte Rouge. What do you say? Shall I look at it?" "If you like." said Harewood with an effort. "Bourke, I believe I'm going to ask

you to take me to a hotel. My noddle goes round and round, you know. I don't think I should care about riding out to St. Cloud onight

Bourke examined his comrade's head anx ousy. "We'll have to ride back to the Luxem

"We'll have to ride back to the Luxem-bourg quarter to find a hotel," he observed. "There are no hotels out here. Can you stand the jolting?" "Oh, yes," replied Harewood. "It you choose," continued Bourke, "we might take that apartment now—If its fur-nished—and I could bundle you into bed and

ide the horses back and have our trups

sent up tomorrow." I He turned to Hilde and made his excuses He turned to Hilde and made his excutes for using English instead of French. "I do not speak French flue itly; we were talking about the apartment which, I notice, is to rent on the top floor. Could you tell ward the stars, higher, higher, until the public of the stars, higher, higher, bigher, me where I might find the concierge or the landlord "

"The landlord?" repeated Hilde: "why-She smilled very prottily as she spoke. Yolette's eyes brightened. Could it be that after all they were actually going to rent their apartment. "It is furnished," said Volette, looking at

Harewood

She spoke with reserve, but her heart beat high and two spots of color deepened in her Books.

"We should be very glad to rent it." said filde, in a grave voice. "It is not at all ear. I think." \$111.00.

"That, of course, includes heat, light, and attendance," added Yolette, turning to Harerood.

Gas?" asked Bourks. 'No; candles, monsiour. The fireplaces thed the attendance?" asked Bourke, curi-

bly states and 1-you are we are the at-

"Oh," said Harewood quietly, looking at Bourke, "mademoiselle means that we stand a chance of being shelled when the Germans come. Do you think that might be a

said the latter briskly. on, cld fellow. I'll help you up to bed-and a jolly good bed it is, to-and then I'll ride the horses over to the Vaugirard. I'll be back in an hour." "Do-do you really mean to take the

apartment-now?" asked Yolette, breathless. "With your permission," said Harewood, e represented. "And some little ones, too." rising from his chair with a polite inclina-"Oh, you mean Speyer's?"

Bourke co ded and rose.

"Our permission," repeated Yolette. "Oh, we are very, very glad to give it. And I hope, monsieur, you will like the house, and ight. you are. I hope that the cannon balls will not come Bourke repressed a smile and cald he

hoped they wouldn't. Harewood added seriously: "I am sure we shall be delighted-even with the cannoa hostesses?"

Yolette ventured to smile a little; Hilde laughed outright. Bourke gave his arm to



YOLETTE WAS THE FIRST TO GIVE THEM WINE.

Harewood, saying good night to Hilde and

Yolette. When he had put Harewood to bed and tucked him in, he came down stairs again, wake, showering the night with nebulous radiance, wavered, faded, and went out. And as he looked, another rocket whizzed upward from the Point-du-Jour, leaving a double trull of incandescent dust crowned with clustered lights, which drifted eastward and went out, one by one. Then night blotted

the last live sparks from the sky. Bourke turned in his saddle. Over the forts of the south the rim of

erimson disk appeared-a circle of smalder-ing fire, slowly rising like a danger signal, ved as blood.

It was the harvest moon of September. CHAPTER IV. THE HOUSE ON THE RAMPARTS. The sun was abining through the blinds when Harewood awoke. He is y quite still examining his new surroundings, trying to his head had stiffened. He untied it, and was gratified to discover that no serious damage had been accompliabed by Mon Oncie. As he isy there, winking contribution

can see the entire circus and also have the wires when we want them." "No, we can't," replied Bourke; "if Paris

she continued, pulling Scheherazade's toes. "Although we keep a bird store, Hilde and is surrounded by the German armies. Ver-satiles will lie directly in the path of in-ford of them-but, of course, we are obliged a light swish of skirts, closing the door vostment. Your instructions and mine are to sell them. We have sold none at all since that led to the kitchen beyond

cept when Hilde and I were at the Ursalloes. She took Hilde's hand and they moved to ward the door. "Luncheon at 1?" asked Bourke.

Successfully prescribed by the highest Medica Specialists. Price \$1.00 for 24 capsules. Sold by al Druggists, or Post Iree. P. O. Box 2081, N. Y.



YSPEPSIA FLORAPLEXION. Sample bottle free by mail or Druggists. Every drop is worth its weight in gold when you need it. Address, Franklin Hart, Dept. N New York.



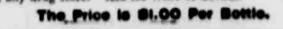
ALEXANDRIA, Ind., Nov. 8th, 1897. I have been greatly afflicted. ' suffered eight years with terrible bearing-down pains, dragging sensation in the limbs, and soreness in the lower bowels. I could hardly stand on my feet. My menses stopped entirely for five months at a time. I began to bloat, and some thought I had dropsy. Three physicians that I consulted did not benefit me much. In reading the Ladies' Birthday Almanac one day I saw what McElree's Wine of Cardul had done for other suffering women, and I wrote you about it. You a dvised

metotake Wine of LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT. For advice in cases requiring spe-cial directions, address, givin symp-toms, Ladier Advisory Department, The Charles anneys Modicine Co. Chattannoogs, Tenn. Cardul and Thed-Black-

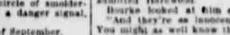
Draught. I got the medicine from my drugbraught. I got the method last month without any pain. I do wish every weak and highly. I passed my period last month without any pain. I do wish every weak and MRS. KATIE L. McKNiGHT. suffering woman knew about Wine of Cardui.

Wine f Cardui

What agonies women do suffer 1 Those terrible, bearing-down, dragging pains, with the accompanying drains upon the system! People would be astonished to know how many women die of these troubles every year. Thousands of others never have a day free from suffering. They are usually martyrs to their own modesty. They don't like to say anything about this kind of sickness. They think if they go to a physician he will want to examine them, and probably prescribe some abhorrent local treatment. They keep silent, and suffer on and on. making themselves and their families very unhappy. What a change a little Wine of Cardui makes for such a woman! It has brought real happiness to more homes than any other medicine that woman can buy. It cures falling of the womb and " whites ", and painful and irregular menstruation. It puts a woman in perfect physical condition. Then she is fitted for all the duties of witchood and motherhood. Wine of Cardui does all this wonderful work in the privacy of a woman's own home. No private examinations or local tranment are necessary for the adoption of this treatment. You can get the medicine at any drug store. Ask for Wine of Cardui.



INE OF CARDU



As he lay there, winking aniably in the presents-brown eyes and gill-colored hair '

to stay with the French army. How can the war began, although every week we have we, if we go to Versailles?" "Well," said Harewood, "I want to hear

what the other fellows say, and that ought carry some weight with you, too," he added; "every big journal in New York will "Come, jump up," he said, "here's your tub. I had all our thougs brought over last Shall I pour the water in? There e. Now, hurry-and I forgot to tell you that I have make arrangements to take our meals in the house. It saves time." Harewood locked up at him. "Yes, it saves time. Where do we take our breakfast, for example, with our

"Down stairs, of course," said Bourke briskly. "It will be ready before you are Get up." He went into his own room whistling, and Harewood sprang out of hed and looked at his maltreater head in mirror. "Lucky it wasn't my cose," he reflected 's are I'm to breakfast with young women."

When he had bathed and dressed and stood gain before the looking glass, parting and eparting his hair. Hourke came and stood again in the doorway. He was particularly well groomed and evidently aware of it. "The one," said Harewood, making a nathematically equal division of his hair-the one with the dark eyes, you know-what is her name, Bourke?"

what is her name, Bourke 'Hildo," said Bourke reflectively. "Hilde-what?"

"Hilde Chalais. Don't pretend you've fortotten. "Is she the older or the younger?"

"They're twins. "How the devil did you find that all out?" "I don't know," said Bourke, shicerely really I con't know. Somehow or other hey told me. I saw them last night when came back from the Vaugirard. We stood hatting on the stairs. You were asleep up ore.

There was a slicnee. Then Harewood spoke up impatiently. "Well, what did they say?" "I don't know. The whole thing is fuiny, anyway. It seems we are living over a bird ore. They told me the story. Do you want hear it?" again ' "Go on." by an tore.

"Well, it appears that those two young girls have been Keeping house here for a year. Before that their uncle kept it. His name was Charleis. He was erratic, I be-lieve-a sort of sourcel gavant. Anyway, he died a year age, and these two girls had leave their convect school and come here and

heave their conversion and come here and run the placed? I guess they haven't any too much maney. I believe old Chalais left nothing but debiss and bir's and a few curses for the government that refused him a berth. Two young German students had this apartment for everal months, but they left without faviling their rent and I fance left without paying their rent, and I fancy nobody has been here since. That's all I k ow.

Harewood tied his necktle twice before in

satisfic t him. 'Hather tough on them, wasn't hi?' he "You say they are poor?" a. I'm glad we took the apariment sald.

'Yen. "The-the one with the brown eyes-what did you say her name is?" asked Harewood, without turning.

"I said her name was Hilde," said Bourke, drily. "The other is named Yolette. They are both pretty."

"Yes. They're both extremely ornamental." admitted Herewood.

Bourks looked at film sharply, saying: