

CHAPTER XIL. In the Moonlight.

When Harewood and Bourke entered the Rue d'Ypres a thin rain was falling, driven by sudden little volleys of wind that grew colder and more violent as the rain thick ened.

They stood for a moment looking out into the black yold beyond the tamparts. There was nothing to see, not a star, not a sentry- Buckhurst heavily between those pale eyes. the shrill, frenzied howi of a mob. "The nothing but quivering sheets of rain slanting across dim signal lamps set low on the bastions.

Bourke unlocked the door noiselessly; Harewood followed him upstairs and into his own bedroom; and, as he struck a match and lighted the lamp, he felt a sudden ease, a sense of home-coming-something he had not known in months. Bourke answered his unspoken thoughts. "Yes-it is very pleasant to get back, Jim. I think I'll turn in directly.

Harewood sat down on the hed; his glance wandered around the lamplit room, resting finally on the windows.

"Somebody has filled the window frames with olled paper." he said listlessly. "Do you suppose the Prophet shattered the glass ?"

"Probably," said Bourke.

The rain rattled on the olled paper; gust after gust set it crackling and bulging inward. Bourke started aimlessly toward the door, halted, returned and leaned on the foootboard of the bed.

"What are you going to do?" he asked

wearily. "About Buckhurst?"

"Yes."

"I don't know "

After a minute of silence Bourke resumed: "I'd cable in a minute if it wasn't for the east? threat he made about Yolette and Hilde."

Harewood's face grew red, but he did not look up. "General Trochu is a strange man." continued should denounce Yolette and Hilde, and bring a lot of rufflans to swear to anything, who can tell what might happen?' "You mean that the governor might expel

them-under the law covering the temporary expulsion of dissolute women?" demanded Harewood with an effort.

mean. Again a silence ensued, broken at length little way.

by Bourke. Vast masses of silvery clouds swept away 'As for Buckhurst's threat to cut our into the north, trailing in their wake flecks throats-of course, that bothers neither of and filmy tatters. In the midnight velvet us-at least, it wouldn't prevent our of the sky rare stars twinkled like diamonda cabling. But I shall not cable now and risk dimmed by the splendid white lamp of the ruining the lives of those two girls." moon. "No," said Harewood, "we cannot cable."

The black ramparts, sharp cut egainst the Then he looked up, his face so transformed sky, stretched out their angles east and with hate that Bourke involuntarily recoiled. west; the crimson and sapphire lanterns "Cecil," he whispered, "if ever they glittered like gems, staining the wet side trouble Hilde I'll kill them both-I'll kill walks with their colors. Over the bastion them both, when and where I can!" the Prophet rose, detached from the massed Bourke did not reply. Gradually the ramparts, a colossal shape, up-tilted, printed fierce hate faded away from Harewood's

clean black against the horizon. face. He rested his chin on his hand, eyes Even the wind was subsiding now, leaving vacant, lips parted. a clear, fresh odor of distant winter in the "You see, they've got us, Cecil," he said air. The moon, too, sparkled with a wintry

more quietly. Don't you remember meeting radiance; the stars went out in its white Speyer in the crowd when we were watchluster. ing the Tuileries? Of course, he saw us On wall and pavement the etched foliage when Hilde and Yolette gave up the cab to no longer moved. Harewood leaned from

the empress. I suppose he can annoy us if the window ledge, scarcely breathing; for he trics and I'm sure he's going to try." the beauty of the night was upon him and 'It's curious," reflected Bourke, "how anxupon his soul was a spell. ious he and Stauffer seem to be to get us

He did not know it; he knelt heavily in of the house. And their returning the the moonlight, chin on clasped hands, eyes THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1898.

where with moderate haste.

There was no response.

bushes moved slightly.

the llon's neck

holding out her arms in the sunlight.

"She's in there." said Bourke.

The tangled thicket of rose and bria

MAN

"Scheherazade! Scheherazade!"

non's lightning, blast after blast, split the garden dogt and Bourke followed. He would not allow ber to precede has into the gar-He saw Harewood at the window, beckon-Ing him to come, and he went, shivering door he didedisciously placed his hand on he went, shivering door he didedisciously placed his hand on he went. and stumbling in the morning chill.

her arm and stepped in front. "Let me go, and call her," said Yolette "The forts," motioned Harewood, with his lips. "Look! There's h-1 to pay!" back with a sudden decision that surprised her. It surprised him, too, to find that Far across the shrouded country, in the pale dawn, five dim forts towered, crowned his natural solicitude for her amounted to with clouds; and through the clouds, heavsheer tright. ing, rolling, floating, bright lightning darted. "Monsleur," she said, "I am not afraid of Sudden yellow flares of light, spirits of my own lion." flame, swift crimson-jetted flashes played under the canopy of smoke. The great fort There was something besides mutiny in

her blue oyes as she started forward again, of Issy streamed from every embrasure; only to be firmly detained by Bourke's sun-Vanves roared like a volcano; from Montrouge, Ivry, Bicetre, peal on peal, the re- | browned hands verberations rolled, until the humming air, "I cannot let you do that," he said. "Call surcharged and overstrained with sound. her from here." among the chilly sheets his lids remained dinned in the ears with muffied, deadened "M Bourke!"

open in the dark. It was Buckhurst's color - echoes, that set the sickened senses swim-"Don't go," he said beseechingly. ming. memory of the pistol flash, the momentary And now it seemed as if the wind had onsternation? impression of Buckhurst's ashen face changed; the thunder blew clear of the city streaked with blood, as he groped on the as clouds blow before a gale. There was a a quiver in her clear voice as she repeated; sidewalk for the pistol. The blood? That sudden silence, filled almost instantly by a "M. Bourke, you will certainly not had been his doing. Twice he had struck roar from the street in front of the housedetain me?' "Yes, I will," he replied. "I am not go-

And as he lay there he knew that this Prussians!" dreaded criminal would never forget, never | Harewood ran back into his own room and lioness, and you must stay here." looked out into the street. It was choked with people, men, women, children, swarm-Harewood, resting motionless among his ing over the ramparts, shouting, screaming pillows, heard the wind rising in the night, gesticulating, pointing. Officers stood out heard the sudden creak and swing of storm- against the sky on the bastion, the rising sun warming their crimson caps and striking the rain. It seemed to beat on his heart. dazzling sparks from brass-tipped field He felt the harmony of the million drops, glasses. Drums were beating everywhere, the swift shafts of wind-swept rain blow- down by the Porte Rouge, in the parade of ing over vast valleys, over hills and plains, the Prince Murat barracks, on every bastion, in every guardhouse. The line battalions He wondered whether the Prussians were filed at double quick from their caserne; the very near-how soon their black shells cannoniers of the Prophet clustered over the would come moaning and whistling over the equalement and glacis, scanning the distant

city. That very morning he had read the hills toward Viroflay, Velizy and the plateau government bulletins warning the in- of Chatillon. habitants of Paris to prepare for the Up in the window Bourke knelt, his bombardment by placing valuables in the marine glasses fixed on a hillside below cellar, installing barrels of water on roof Chaville, where a single horseman stood, and landings to fight fire, and particularly immovable, to remove all paving stones from court and

The horseman was a Prussian Uhlan sidewalk in order to lessen the effects of

exploding shells. He himself had seen workmen stuffing the windows and balconies of the Louvre with bedding and mattresses. He had seen the Arc de Triomphe swathed and padded and sheathed for protection against shot and shell. How soon would the Germans arrive? Which way would they come-from the north or from the

Outside the storm was subsiding, a cooler current of air swept across his face. The beat of rain on frame and sill ceased, leaving dropping echoes from rainpipes and Bourke. "If those blackguards eaves. As the wind freshened the dripping roof gutters grew silent. The sobbing of the wind through wet leaves filled the room. And now he could see the shadows of moving branches, outlined on the paper panes, where long shafts of silvery moonlight fell athwart the window ledge, turning the oiled

He thought he could sleep, but when he lay

less eyes that haunted him-that, and the

rest until he had satisfied a criminal's rul-

shaken shutters, the swelling monotone of

and the crinkled surface of unseen rivers.

ng passion-revenge.

paper to sheets of palest gilt. "Yes," replied Bourke, "that's what I He could not sleep. He crept from the

warm bed to the window and opened it a

WHY, HILDE!" HE SAID, "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU HIDING OUTSIDE HERE FOR?

into the house-I dared not strike him; his uniform you know-and that would have ish railroad "system" appears best in com-Presently Harewood's glass brought more | When Hilde saw Bourke she hid her facbeen fatal-fatal to us all. It was not until parison with American railroads, a single on Scheherazade's tawny shoulder. Uhlans into focus. "they're righ he muttered. "Why, Hilde." he said. "what "Cecil ? he went that he said anything important; are you hiding out here for?" having an aggregate mileage of 7,400, owned, operated or controlled, or nearly as much time. The Prussians are here. It was true. The first Uhlans had apbut, as he left by the same steps down "Hilde," cried Yolette, coming up, "b which I had knocked him a few nights ago, as all the railroads of Spain (7,550 miles) peared near Versailles like buzzards above careful, my darling. Scheherazade growled embined e stopped and said: "Take my advice wounded thing. When the rest arrived at me this morning." and get out of this house before you're Whitelaw Reid has just completed, at his they would sit around patiently waiting for | Hilde stood up and answered, looking summer home in the heart of the Adiron dacks, a tennis court which cost \$20,000. The the end of the city lying at their feet. down at the lion: "I'm not afraid." She kicked out.' Bourke's face crimsoned. He stood stock "There's h-l to pay at Point de Jour, too, | drew the lioness to her feet beside her, great expense was incurred largely in clear still in the middle of the floor. then, without glancing at Yolette or ng, plowing and otherwise preparing a for if anybody should ask you," observed "I replied," continued Harewood, "that in est patch, the sodding for which was brough Bourke, shivering in his nightshirt, "The Bourke: "I shall take her to my room. If the event of a frost in h-l I would leave, from a place a number of miles away you go in she won't be afraid." gunboats are firing-look-do you see? and rot before. I also pointed out that, | make grass grow in the heart of the Ad "I see," replied Harewood, soberly. He Slowly she drew the lioness toward the irondacks is almost a triumph over nature uniform or no uniform, I'd twist his head house, never looking up at her sister or at urned with a sudden gesture. "The sieve soft moss carpeting the forest thereabouts off his shoulders if he ever came back." of Paris has begun at last," he said. Bourke until they reached the door. There The throne room of Spain is a magnit Harewood had risen while speaking, and Bourke nodded. she met Bourke's puzzled gaze, turned. cent apartment of crimson and gold, with colossal mirrors and a chandelier of rock now he also began to pace the floor. After a silence Harewood burst out: mirrors and a chandelier of roc *1 smiled at her sister, and passed into the "You see, Cecil," he continued, "that I've crystal that is considered the finest exam vish to heaven we were out of this." house leading the cowering lioness. ommitted us all. But I mean it. We can't ple of the kind in the world, Under th "What's that?" asked the other, sharply The day passed quickly for Bourke. He stay here with these Belleville ruffians free gorgeous canopy are two large chairs hand But Harewood turned away wearily, sayprowled around the ramparts by the Point somely carved and gilded, and upholstered o enter the house when the whim strikes de Jour until luncheon, scribbling notes and in crimson brocade. . These are the throne hem-free to billet their fellow cutthroats "You can't understand. Never mind. bits of half-caught gossip from the swarms of Spain, where the boy king and quee ere-perhaps Speyer, perhaps Buckhurst regent sit on occasions of ceremony, Some wish I were-I wish I wereof officers who were watching the Prussians himself. And I tell you if any man, soltimes the daughters stand thei "What?" demanded Bourke. with a fascination approaching hypnotism Her or civilian, offers a word-a look-at mother, when it is proper for all the royal "Deed," snapped Harewood, sulkily, and There was not much to see, a column of Hilde-1'll fling him through the window." | family to receive the went out of the room. smoke here and there, nothing more, ex-The Bank of England was recently th "Of course," said Bourke, soberly. "What's the matter with him now?" cept a rare Uhlan, a tiny speck on some scene of a transaction which will be mem-orable in the history of finance. The pro-Harewood, nervous and flushed, sat down used the other, closing the window and distant height. The forts of the north and on the bed again. east were silent, the forts of the south were ceedings opened by the presentation the chief representative of the Hong Ko entering his own bedroom. "I fear it's coming," he said. "I fear we When Bourke had dressed and descended steadily cannonading the distant woods hall all he obliged to leave. They have bank of a check for £11,008,857 16s 9d t the stairs to the dining room, he found blue and hazy under the veiled sunshine the whip hand. If they denounce Hilde and the Chinese minister. Th Yolette for aiding the empressa-if they de-numbers, about \$55,044,399 This is, in roun Yolette sitting alone at the table. She Now and then a great gun bellowed from The Chines looked up as he entered. There were traces the Viaduct, clouding the bastions with minister at once placed it to the credit of sounce them on a more dreadful charge-his government, and then presented to the Japanese government the largest check in of tears in her eyes. billowy mist benath which the Seine who is to help them? Not you-not I? "It is foolish," she said, smiling. frothed and sparkled in the wake of some "The Trochu will listen to his soldier police-not Trochu will listen to his soldier police-not to us. Think of the horrible shock to those young girls-think of their helplessness. In ally settled all Japanese claims on China cannon have frightened us-Hilde will not river gunboat, ploughing its way under to us. Think of the horrible shock to those leave her room. I carried chocolate to her, white arches of masonry. but she will not even open her door. Has On every height, on every tower and Suppose Speyer should swear to the lies he in regard to the war of three years ago. the siege begun?" dome and terrace, people clustered to look "I think it has," said Bourke, lightly, off at the hills where the Prussians lay Perhaps it will be more noise than any-The Buttes Chaumont, the hill of Mont thing else. Where is M. Harewood ?" **@\$**\$**@** martre, the Trocadero, the Viaduct, wer "He has gone to the city. He would eat black with people. Women in carriages nothing. Are you also going to the city?" surrounded the Arc de Triomphe, gay colora "Yes," said Bourke. 5 How to Get the Good dotted the crowd on top of the Arc. It was They finished breakfast in silence. so amusing-really a delightful sengation Yo lette's blue eyes were half raised from time to watch the shells' tall curve, to see the to time, but Bourke's eyes were on his plate. cloudy explosion, shot with lightning, t Before he rose he looked up absently. Some-60 of Wool Soap. watch the shredded vapors float away, while 0) as fleecy wool. It was a new sensation and thing in the swift droop of Yolette's clear (0 eyes arrested his own. A light color touched a thrilling one to know that those shells his cheeks and temples. He made an un- were aimed at men hiding among the blue 6 0) conscious movement to rise and go-the first woods and hills. And so the carriages (0 When you find that Wool Soap won't shrink woolens, instinct of a prosaic man who surprises the flashed past through the trees, bright with soul in a woman's eyes. •) color, glittering, with painted wheels, silver O don't use it alone on wool. Why be more careful of She made no movement. The white sash chains ringing changing rhythms to the (0 () wool than you are of your face? curtains behind her stirred in the morning tinkle of steelshod hoofs, and the gay wind sunshades and bonnets and scarfs bright-0) Wool Soap is made on purpose Under such circumstances it takes a truly ened the autumn grays and greens of the 0 to cleanse woolens without shrinking prosale man ten seconds to make up his Bois de Boulogne until the brilliant city mind that he is mistaken. Eight seconds seemed to be en fete, and the soft thunder or injuring. The same ingredients 0) were sufficient for Bourke. He slid into of the guns was but a feu-de-joie announc-(0) that make it best for this purpose his chair, looked at Yolette, swallowed his ing the triumphs of peace and of the coffee with serious satisfaction, and helped | brotherhood of man. O) make it best also for the human to himself to a finger bowl. skin. No roughness or redness fol-(0 Bourke lunched on the ramparts, survey-"I suppose," he said, "that M. Harewood ing the scene with cool optimistic eyes. lows its use. That shows that it's 0) has gone to the telegraph office??" "The Prussians will never get in." he "I don't know," said Yolette, without (0 mused, as he munched his bread. "There pure.

"Here," said Bourke, desperately, some bonbons," and he solemnly presented thing is like a nightmare to me, Cecil." starting across the grass, but he drew her the child with a package tied up in red ribbon. Red Riding Hood thanked him gravely,

ribbon in her tangled black locks and came up to him holding out the sweetments. "Take one," she said.

Bourke obediently took a chocolate drop and placed it in his mouth. Red Riding Hood did likewise

"Now," she said, "I will return to my dishes. Good-by." "Good-by," he said, understanding that

the audience was at an end. Upstairs he found Harewood lying on the Is it possible that Yolette enjoyed his

"Hello, Jim; out of sorts?" he asked amia-There was a little thrill in her breast and "No," said Harewood, without looking

UD Bourke sat down on the bed.

"Sent your dispatches?" "Yes."

ing to see you clawed by a frightened "I sent mine, too, Well, the Prussian are here at last. What a devil of a row the The flash of revolt died in her eyes; there forts of the south make when the wind i was contentment in her heart and right! Where were you this afternoon?" acquiescence, too-and something more that

"Outside the city." made the smile on her lips so exquisite that "Go far?" Bourke's hand fell from her arm, and again

"Bas-Meudon." the impulse seized him to go away some-"See anything?"

"No."

H

"Scheherazade! Scheherazade!" she called. After a pause Bourke said, "Don't you care to talk. Jim?"

"Yes," said Harewood, sitting up suddenly, "let us talk, for God's sake-let us do something-"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Bourke sharply.

walked out among the trees, calling to the Harewood's face changed; he smiled at his lioness. Presently he saw her, crouching comrade and touched him affectionately on close to the parched earth, under an acacia the arm. bush. But that was not all; on the ground

"Nothing-case of blue devils-they're beside her knelt Hilde, both arms around gone. You're a good chap, Cecil." "Am I?" replied Bourke, gratified.

haven't had a chance to see you-to talk things over today-you went away rather abruptly."

After a moment's thought he added: "What's the matter, anyway, Jim? Have

ou had a misunderstanding with Hilde?" "No," replied Harewood, forcing a smile

the blues, too. What have you been doing all day?"

said Harewood, crossing one leg over the other and clasping both hands above the knee, "I borrowed a crowbar from a soldier and pried up all the flagstones in the court yard. You know the governor issued orders for all sorts of precautions. At noon today a soldier came to see whether we had obeyed Trochu's orders. Guess who it was?'

Bourke began to pace the floor. "I foresee what's coming," he said bit-

terly. "Euchburst and Spever are going to mag us and irritate us until we do something for which they can denounce us Buckhurst fears us because we know his record. Speyer wants to get into this

ame end."

clasp about his knee, "that Speyer is the he came to find out whether we had unpaved the court-and incidentally to disuniform of a Belleville staff captain. He

Don was the name of an elephant stran spoke to me and looked me in the eye as though he had never before seen me. Manila rope by employes of the American And all the time I was eying the mark my show of Barnum & Bailey, because of his riding crop left across his face. He came dangerous killing propensities.

lips.

mflea.

Europe.

France.

ccunty, Kansas.

the house-on the witness stand liself? This

"Do you mean to say," burst out Bourke. that they would not listen to you-that they would not believe you-you who can untied the parcel, re-tied the scarlet bit of swear that Hilde is the sweetest, purest woman on earth-the woman-Jim-the woman you love?" Harewood's lips whitened. He tried to

answer. His cheeks were smitten with a deadly pallor.

"The woman-the woman I love?" he repeated. "Do you not love her?" demanded Bourke

violently. Still Harewood's white face was turned to

his in silence "Answer me." said Bourke, stepping

nearer. As he spoke a vision of Yolette flashed before him. He saw her blue eyes fixed on his own, he saw her hair, the troubled curve of her lips, the gulet, pure brow And suddenly he understood that it was Yo

lette-it was for Yolette that he spoke-and it was for himself, too-for he loved her The sudden illumination, his own heart laid bare before him, the surprise, the emotion the flashlight revelation of a secret unsus pected-the undreamt-of secret of his own heart-staggered him.

Harewood, gazing blankly at him, nothing but a parting of his comrade's lips, a dilation of his eyes, a brusque movement of chest and head.

After a moment Bourke said: "I thought you loved Hilde. I only asked because I hoped you did." His voice was wonderfully gentle. He spoke slowly, as though, between his own words, he was listening to another voice-the voice that whispers, whispers always in the ears of those who

He went on, slowly: "You and she are so much together, it might not be the safest and best thing for her if you took it lightly -not that I think you dishonorable, Jimyou won't believe that! But sometimes I have thought-I think a great deal about you, Jim-I sometimes fancy that Hilde cares for you a great deal. It might be less cruel for both-both you and Hilde-if we went away-unless-unless-

He stopped abruptly, his face touched with a tender light, his volce again sounding softly in his ears.

"What?" motioned Harewood, with dry Bourke smilled at him and touched his forehead with his hand, dreamily.

"What was I saying?" he asked. "Nothing," said Harewood, vacantly, (To be Continued.)

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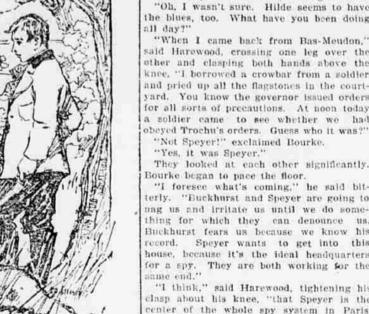
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house, because it's the ideal headquarters for a spy. They are both working for the

South America for a currency, as are cocoa "I think," said Harewood, tightening his nuts and eggs. center of the whole spy system in Paris. Jersey town was found to be a man of Shall I tell you why? Listen, Cecil. When property, who begged in New Jersey and spent money freely in Philadelphia. cover what he could to our de- in a year about 600,000,000 passen triment-I, luckily, had just finished they transport about \$00,000,000 prying up the flagstones and pilling them of freight. There are 33 per cent more tons of freight carried than there are individual against the wall. He was in uniform-the passengers.

other day to re-engage rooms is queer, too. What do you suppose they want?" Harewood rose suddenly and began to walk

up and down, hands clasped behind his back Presently he halted before his comrade looking him squarely in the eye. 'Do you know what I think? I believe

Speyer is a German spy!" "Eh? Spy?" repeated Bourke blankly.

"Yes, spy! Why did he enlist in a Belle ville battalions? Do war correspondents do that? Why is he fawning and flattering the Belleville revolutionists? To get news for his miserable German-American sheet? Not much; war news is more important to Americans than a report of anarchist squabbles in the slums of Paris. I'll tell you why he's cringing to Buckhurst and Flourens; he's a paid emissary of Bismarck, hired to stir up internal strife in Paris while the Germans pound the forts to bits outside. And I'll bet you, Cecil, that he never was any thing but a spy. What has he done for his paper in New York? Nothing. Its columns are filled with stolen dispatches and special work from all the other papers. Speyer is a spy; he has corrupted Stauffer, too. As for Buckhurst-I believe he's only a criminal who gives his life to anarchy just now because he believes there's something in it for himself. That is my theory."

Bourke stood by the bcd, eagerly attentive acquiescing with nods and gestures as Harewood proceeded:

"He tried to stab me there in the street when I was down; he had his knee on my chest; if it hadn't been for the Mouse I don't know-I don't know, Cecil-but I think he meant to cut my throat."

He looked up into Bourke's face soberly, beginning for the first time to realize his recent danger.

"The Mouse is a grateful beast, after all," he continued. "I never thought anything about bread cast upon the waters, you know.

"Cast more," said Bourke seriously; "it's a good scheme, Jim."

Opening the door, he added: "We'll cable nothing about Buckhurst for the present.

Good night. I'm fit for sleep. I think." "Good night," replied Harewood absently After Bourke had gone away he sat for a while on his bed listening to the drumming of raindrops on the paper window panes.



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dreaming. For him the breath of war was far away; alarms, rumors, the dull discontent of expectancy, all had vanished in this placid shadow world, passionless, unreal as a pale sweet vision.

And so, pensive, dreaming, he rose and noved about, unconscious that he was dressing, unconscious why he passed through the door and down the dusky stairs, deeper,



"NEVER MIND, I WISH I WERE-WERE

deeper into the silent house. At last he stood before a closed door at which he had

went in Moonlight silvered everything. The white bed, the curtains clustered overhead, the polished faience Sainte, smiling her set mile through the shadows; but Hilde's hair,

face in a shower of silk and gilt. her, holding her hand against his eyes. All by itself the door swung softly

and closed A clock ticked through the silence; after long time the weights slid, creaking, and an hour struck. There was an imperceptible movement of the hand he held pressed to his eyes, a soft stir of a faintly fragrant garment, delicate as lace. When he stood up she was waiting; he held her waist imprisoned now, and her silky head; she put both arms around his neck

When he passed again through the door, he perfume of her lips on his, she sank before the corner where, in the meshed moonlight, Sainte Hilde of Carhaix smiles. And there she lay, faint with the sweetcat happiness life holds for maid or man. As for the man she loved, he went blindly

up the dusky stairs, groping for his comrade's door. And he entered and sat by his sleeping friend.

CHAPTER XIII. The Soul of Yolette. Bourke awoke with a start, his cars ring-

ing in a din so sudden, so frightful, that for a moment he lay, half stupefied, among his pillows. Under his feet, shock on shock, the earthquake outcrash rocked the house. maria dreadfully." the windows shook and clattered as the can-

-WERE DEAD."

not knocked. It opened silently and he

clouding brow and neck, veiled her pale They did not speak; she stood silent and white before the Sainte; he knelt beside

> raising her eyes. "Does anything trouble you?" he asked

He had no tact. Yolette looked up, confused, pink with reentment.

"Why, of course not, M. Bourke." Vaguely uneasy, he stood up as she rose. He was aware that some subtle condition mind threatened to change existing conditions. There was a sense of expectancy already developing in his own mind, a mental attitude of preparation for comething or

ther that began to disturb him. He looked curiously at Yolette; he noted the white neck, the allken blue-black hair, the eyes fringed deeply with the same color. said Yolette, "to 'I am going," -344

Scheherazade. If she bites me I shall be very unhappy. 'Bite you?" repeated Bourke. "Yes. The poor darling is almost out of

her senses with the cannonade. She is so his affection frightened she runs around and around the garden, and slinks close to the ground and quired.

"I am." replied

As Yolette spoke she walked toward the serencly.

will be an assault or two and then a sortle. and nobody can see the end of the war

In the early differnoon he sent his dispatches by way of Bordeaux, for the northern and western wires were not working and atout 3 o'clock he strolled homeward wondering where Harewood had spent the There was nobody in evidence exceptday. ing Red Riding Hood when he entered the house

"I think," she said, "that Mile, Hilde has gone to market with Mile. Volette."

'And M. Harewood?' "He is lying down in his room. Bourke looked pleasantly at the child. He wished to say something kind and cheerful, but he did not know how. He realized

this and it embarrassed him. It was always so with children-his awkwardness stiffed

"You are washing-er-dishes?" he in

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