

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued. Somewhere in the night a cab rattled over a stone pavement; a dog barked down by the Porte Rouge. "See the rockets," said Yolette, it is Mount Valerien that sends them up. They are talking to St. Denis with

their rockets; Monsieur Bourke says so. And now St. Denis will send the message to

"I am afraid." She shivered and turned back into the house. Bourke moved about lighting candles in the dining room-there was no more lamp oiland Yolette went to the table and seated adoration in her lover's eyes. They waited

Then Bourke sat down and the meal began. About 9 o'clock Red Riding Flood came to protested that they cared neither for Genserene and smiling, the smile died on her eral,

ought to have been here before dark."

her face. At first she thought it was he who above; the tree in front of the house swayed, a voice broke out in the darkness. an unbeard command. The hush terrified swung again to the ground and went out. her; she looked up through the thick air, looked up through a gray descending veil, elbow, "laissez passez, M. Harewood." from the fathomiess vanit of midnight they | ican pleasantly from the darkness. fell athwart dim gas jets -ghostly, noiseless, ominous flakes. They melted at first, wet- wood, striving to recognize his unseen ting the sidewalks till the reflected gas jets friends. trembled like torches mirrored in a river. After a while grayish patches and dim blots somebody, of snow appeared here and there, spreading faster than they melted; the tree was spotted | ing the forts," added another. like a forest beech, the grass on the glacis whitened as she looked. The chill in the

Out over dark hills and valleys, over rivers, woods, and spires, the unseen snow was silence. "Are you going with us to Le falling; she felt it as though each flake were Bourget?" asked the general, drawing bridle falling on her heart. Her eyes strove to and holding out a gloved hand. pierce the gloom where all the world was waiting breathless in the snow-waiting as she waited-for what? Again that sick fear Trochu's consent," he added. struck through her breast; there came a distant echo of footsteps scarcely softened in the snow, nearer, nearer-a shadow passed humored gesture, "you journalists are across a signal lamp, across the next-and nuisance, M. Harewood-a nuisance!" the next. "Hilde!" He held her crushed to his breast for a moment. Her eyes were closed, her wet hair glistened with snow crystals under the gas jet overhead. A minute passed-two, three; he lifted her head, Bourget," he said, and trotted forward, folseeking her lips. "Is it tonight?" she lowed by his plunging, snow-covered escort. sobbed.

the cold—the clear clean breath of winter.

Bourke!

And now Bourke was coming through the divined. hallway, bearing a lamp, and behind him | was Yolette. Harewood whispered: "It's for tonight, Cecil-Bellemare's division is fantry de Marche; on either side plodded leaving St. Denis. Get your dispatches the troops, rifles en bandouliere, overcoats quick. The cavalry are riding by the St. covering faces that turned shrunken and

them. Hurry, Cecil, I've only a second." Bourke turned and hurrled up the stairs. Yolette looked from Harewood to Hilde. "Can't it be helped?" she asked at last.

"No, I must go. After I have gone-then tell Bourke-not before. He would not let he would soon return to be with her always. Bourke reappeared with a little packet. Yolette was crying.

"Jim," said Bourke, "I will go-if you Harewood smiled and pressed his hand

hands. Hilde turned a white face to Hareinscrutable eyes, then for the last time took Hilde to his breast-a second-and was gone. wait!--come back, you fool!" "Hilde!" whispered Yolette, with ashen

But Hilde no longer saw; no longer heard. CHAPTER XIX.-The Sortie

At midnight Harewood passed the fortifications, riding with a troop of hussars to a point where the Crevecoeur road crosses the military highway between the fortress of

Aubervilliers and the village of La Bourge? Here the hussars wheeled westward toward St. Denis, calling back to him a friendly "bon voyage," and he rode on alone. His horse was already tired; it was the only mount he had been able to find in

Paris, a great raw-boned cavalry charger, condemned at the depot and destined for e omnibus or the butcher. Harewood spared the creature when he

could, but the highway was eleady deep in slush and ice and the horse slipped at every

Drancy stopped him, then let bim go when they found his papers satisfactory. Again he was stopped where the shattered railroad crosses the Coeurneuve highway, but there the obstinate outpost was mollified by an officer who knew Harewood and who sent him on his way with a mirthless laugh that rang false and sad through the falling snow. There was nothing to be seen-now and then a yellow lantern, lighting up the blackness, blored out suddenly in a flurry of nously. snow-a dim highway been with med, over

(Cepyright, 1893, by Robert W. Chambers.) battery of the Double Crown. Behind him quartet of Franc-tireurs appeared at his stirrups and seized his horse. They all ing in the starlight. shoving, demanding papers and passwords try. the Fortress of the East. Hilde, little sister, that threatened the existence of everybody through the water, shouting. "Forward! Was it the sudden cold that chilled her? | tweed Norfolk Jacket, on the many pockets

dently they coveted the boots. "Take them, gentlemen," said Harewood sheafed wheat. herself, her eyes innocently answering the surcastically, 'and I'll return with General Bellemare to show him how my boots in rapturous silence until Hilde entered. fit you.

clear the table. Hilde sided her, bearing out eral Bellomare nor for the boots. They conher own untouched plats, pausing to cry a signed general, boots, and Harewood himself little in the dark entry, until she heard to a livid and prophetic feture, and let him Bourke laughing in the dining room, and go, shouting after him that Flourens' carthat comforted her. But when she returned, bineers would strip him, general or no gen-

lips, for Bourke was saying: "I wonder | This was pleasant news for Harewood; h what could keep Jim? I don't like it. He had no idea that Flourens' three battalions were out. With a sudden misgiving he A little spasm of fear passed through her drew bridle and looked intently ahead. There heart; she turned and entered the hallway; was nothing to see but swirling sheets of she had reached the front door, it snow. He listened, peering into the gloom. opened, and a gust of icy wind swept across | Suppose Speyer should meet him here alone -or Buckhurst?

had entered; there was nobody there. The He gathered the bridle nervously; the rising wind tore a shutter loose on the floor horse moved forward. "Halt! Qui Vive!"

bowed, bent, and creaked, showering the "France!" cried Harewood, with a sudsidewalk with whirling leaves. Then, in a den sinking of his heart. Cloaked and moment, it was over; the wind died out, all shrouded mounted figures appeared on every sounds and movements seemed to cease as at side, a pale lantern glimmered in his face. "C'est bien," said somebody close at his

a palpable baze that covered her with a Colonel Lavoignet's escort parted right and million sifting snowflakes. Straight down life; one or two officers greeted the Amer-"What troops are these?" asked Hare

"The Thirty-fourth de Marche,"

"The Second and Third brigades are pass

Again a lantern gleamed out, and Hare wood saw General Bellemare passing close air had vanished, yet far away she scented in front, escorted by dragoons, cloaked to the ears. The keen-eyed young general smiled at Harewood, who lifted his cap in "Oui, mon general-with your permis

sion," replied Harewood. "I have General

"Then what do you want with mine?" queried General Bellemare with a good-"I am to carry through dispatches, general; may I be of service to you?"

General Bellemare shook his head and wheeled his horse. "Walt until we take Le The snowflakes that were now falling

eemed fine as sifted flour; they powdered After a moment he gently unclasped her the route with a silvery dust that lay thick arms, stepped to the hallway, and called; in every rut and ditch; they blew across the fields in sheets and drifting pillars; they "Not tonight-not yet-" she moaned, whirled up before gusts of wind, flurry after

Harewood found himself riding beside mounted captain of the Thirty-fourth In-Ouen gate; the fortress of the east supports pallid under the sudden rays of some swiftly lifted lantern.

The long echo of crunching footsteps, the trample and sigh of horses, the sense of stifling obscurity, depressed Harewood. He watched a lantern's sickly rays lighting up the knapsacks and muddy trousers of a line me go." He kissed Hilde quietly, saying of men in front; he spoke to the mounted that there was nothing to fear-saying that captain riding in silence, his heavy head buried in his wet cloak collar, but the officer did not seem to hear him.

The snow turned to finest grains of ice the frozen dust pattered and rattled on wet caps, on soaked overcoats, and stiffened epaulettes. Again a sudden shaft of cold lightly. "Goodby," he said, "there'll be no passed through the air, bringing with it a Yoleite hid her head in her mist that hung to the fringe of the marching column, and grew faintly luminous as wood. He hesitated, glanced at Bourke with the snow ceased to fall. The fog became denser, a sour odor of sweat and wet smoke saturated clothing filled the air. The soak-"Jim!" stammered Bourke, "you-you ing saddles, the drenching flanks of the can't go-I didn't understand!-I-Jim- horses, the rifle barrels, gave out a stuffy penetrating smell that choked and stiffed There was scarcely a breath of air stirring steam rose from the men's breath; the

> Harewood rode on in silence, listening t the creak of saddles, the slop! slop! of steelshod hoofs, the crushing crackle of thousands of tired feet.

horses' flanks were smoking.

Once the infantry captain, riding beside him in the dark, spoke: "Monsieur, if you are going through the lines, I have a wife and child at Bonneuil-" "Give me the letter," said Harewood soberly. The captain fumbled in the breast of his soaked tunic, drew out a wet letter, and passed it

"Thank you, comrade," he said. As he spoke a star broke out overhead.

from the dark village, not a sound.

Riding ahead. Harewood felt the pebbled shore beneath his horse's feet; beside him the infantry were passing the ford, while the black water gurgled and awirled to their knees. Suddenly all along the opposite bank of the stream a line of tiny lights danced and sparkled like fireflies. There came a rippling, tearing crash, the keen whimpering whisper of bullets-showers of bullets, that hurtled and smacked on stone sary to our general plan of operation and rock and tore through the bushes on either side. Out in the water a horse the fort of Aubervilliers crouched above the to splash furiously. A soldier in midstream heeding the dim signals displayed from the started to run in a circle, shricking; anbastions of the enceinte. Once a roaming other dropped forward and came floating past, head under water, little tin cup shin-

were drunk and sullenly suspicious, cursing. A shrill cheer broke out from the infan-The shallow waters of the ford boiled and handling their rifles with a carelessness under their rush. Mounted officers thrashed concerned. They lighted lanterns at length | Forward!" and the advance trains, borne and examined Harewood, commenting on his onward by lashed horses, swung the field pieces down to the shore and through the on breast and hip, and finally on the corded key water to the bank opposite, where the riding breeches and spurred boots. Evi- will-o'-the-wisp lights flickered and danced and the bullets whistled like hall through

The first rolling crash from the French flicker of the rifles from the opposite shore. This produced its effect; the Franc-tireurs stood apart, half bidden by shrubbery Then, through the night, came the rush of column, a flerco cheer:

"The bayonet! The bayonet" and Hareof the muddy fields to the highway, where they had passed, General Bellemare turned the French onset passed like a whirlwind and walked slowly into the church, up to

along the pebbled shore seeking for a safe, was a victory—the first victory under the was a raid on Le Bourget by Bellemare. A moment later he was in the street running crossing. On the opposite bank of the walls of Paris. And now, when it was won.

Trochu isn't inclined to back him up, and beside a column of mebiles. Everywhere the walls of Paris, and now, when it was won.

Trochu isn't inclined to back him up, and beside a column of mebiles. Everywhere the weare, wedged into the German lines, the French bugles were ringing; the robble-houses clustered, a single dim spire rose powder. Yet Le Bourget was the point of their midst; not a ray of light came the wedge with which the German lines but in a bad mess if Paris abandons us. of the north zone of investment, threatened the German easterp; communications, and finally assured St. Denis and opened a wider area of operations for the army of Paris. General Bellemare drew out the tele-

graphic dispatch from Paris and read it cates of all dispatches in my washstand the Prussian skirmishers and the line of again with knitted brows-"Le Bourget has, no important bearing upon our lines of defense, and is not neces-

TROCHUL ... Governor of Paris." What was the somber Trochu dreaming of? What dark chimera did he follow, dreaming awake as he paced the dim

chambers of the war office? "Massleurs," said General Bellemare sharply, "call my escort. I leave for Paris General Hanrion stepped fortemorrow." ward, face lighted with hope.

"By -!" he cried. "The governor shatt

listen now, or-

"Or it will be too late," said General Bellemare quietly. He stood a moment watching the tattered Mobile battalions pressing wearily toward the Mollette. The boyish soldiers turned their sad white faces toward him; some smiled, some raised ragged arms in salute. A little bugler sounded fanfare, but he was too exhausted to finish and hung his head in shame, while a sergeant scolded him to conceal the tears infantry rifles seemed to extinguish the in his own eyes. On every face the fine lines of hunger drew lips tight and sharp-Already the battery horses were galloping ened nose and cheekbone; in every eye the back with the limbers; the two cannon last flicker of hope had died; yet they marched, turning their patient, pallid faces to their general, who watched them in silence-these men who had conquered and who were now left to die-because General wood, setting spurs to his horse, rode out Trochu had "other plans." At last, when

might be split; it plerced the very center Bellemare starts for Paris in half an hour rocket signal. to urge personally the direction of a supporting column. If the Germans come at us while he's gone, I don't know how it will of the Prussian guard advancing in silence

> "In case of accident you will find duplidrawer. I would go back to Paris if it were not such a shame to risk losing this chance to get through the lines. If worst comes to worst I think I can get back safely. But in case you don't hear from Presently he saw that the Germans were

He started to add something about Hilde, but crossed it out. Instead he wrote, "God bless you all;" then scratched that out, for he had a horror of battlefield sentiment and doleful messages "from the front."

He raised his head and watched the storm. Swifter and swifter came the rain, dashing itself to smoking mist on the glistening slate roofs. A shutter, hanging from one twisted hinge, swunk like an inn sign across the facade of a cottage opposite.

He wrote again a message to Hilde, cheerful and optimistic-a gay pleasantry untinged with doubt and foreboding-and signed his name, "James Harewood."

When he had sealed and directed the letter, he handed it to the hussar, saying with splendid hues dyed deep in the flames' cheerfully: Thank you, comrade, for your trouble,

breast of his tunic, pocketed the silver piece that Harewood held out to him, and nodded his thanks.

came out of the house next the church and dragged along by hand. climbed into his saddle, calling sharply to his escort, and off they tore into the teeth an officer beside him. "I wish the general of the storm, the hussar's lance flying a was bere.

Harewood, perched astride a stucco wall. looked across the plain and saw dark masses

through the rain. The French shells went sailing out over the plain, dropping between battle; the Prussian cannon were silent.

It seemed to him that after awhile the dark lines ceased to advance, but were swinging obliquely toward Blanc-Mesnil. actually retiring, and he wondered, while the troops along the wall muttered their misgivings as the Prussian lines faded away in retreat, accompanied by shotted salutes from the fortress of the East and the unseen batteries of Aubervilliers.

All day he roamed about the village, try ing to form some idea of its defensive possibilities, and at night he returned to the church. The ram had ceased again, but through the fog a fine drizzle still descended, freezing as it fell, until the streets glistened with greasy slush. There were fires lighted along the main street across the red glare silhouettes passed an

Harewood looked up at the gothic portal of the church, all crimsoned in the firelight. Above it the rose window glittered glow, and still above the rese window the cross of stone, dark and wet, absorbed the The hussar thrust the letter into the ruddy light till it gleamed like a live cinder Somewhere in the village a battalion was marching to quarters. He heard the trample of the men, the short, hourse commands of A few minutes later General Bellemare the officers, the ciatter of a mitrallieus

"The carbineers are insubordinate." wai-

"The carbinecers?" repeated Harawood I thought they had run away." "Part of them ran," said an artillery offier, sulkily. "Two companies got lost near

Blanc-Mesnil and had to come back when the cannonade began." "They're in the next street," said another officer. "They are quarrelling because there has been no distribution. Dthem," he added,"the distribution they de-

serve is a volley from a Gatling." Harewood listened a moment to the chorus of denunciation that arose from the group around the fire. From it he gathered that Flourens and his carbineers had ited at the first attack on Le Bourget, and on the whole he was rather glad, for he had no desire to encounter any of the battalion that the Undertakers had sent out. He went to the corner of the street and looked down the short transverse alley where the campfires of the two carbineer companies blazed flercely. Curiosity led him en and in a noment he had done the very thing that he intended to avoid-he was standing in the midst of a group of carbineers, listening to their angry bickerings.

The two companies were fantastic enough in their strange uniforms. Hunger had made them sullen. They cursed their officers, their generals, and Le Bourget. At daylight they intended to leave for Paris-they had had enough of this sortic foolishness, They were freezing, they were tired, they were hungry, and above all the stereotyped phrase was on every carbineer's lips Treason! Our generals have betrayed us!

Disgust succeeded Harewood's curiosity; he glanced around the fire and started to retrace his steps. As he passed out of the fire circle he looked back at the mutinous carbineers, and, as he looked, he distinctly saw Buckhurst and Mortier come out of a house with their arms full of plunder. Startled, he stepped back into the shadow of a gate and watched them. And now he recognized Speyer and Stauffer, both in the full uniforms of carbineer officers, holding pillow cases, while Buckhurst dumped his Mortier tied them tight.

And now the plundering had become with the wreiched household articles of the poorer peasantry, clocks, dishes, pewter vessels, clothing, bed linen, and even furniinto the fire. "The miserable savages," he muttered.

"Why don't they turn the cannon on them." The tumult of the orgie was attracting atjaded horse, gesticulating furiously, but the carbineers menaced him with their rifles, and he withdrew in time to save his skin. Consoling himself with the hope that, on General Bellemare's return from Paris, a court-martial would probably settle Buck hurst and his carbineers. Harewood went back to the church, where the campfires roared, and sent showers of sparks into the fog, and the rose window glimmered and glistened, red as blood.

To be Continued.

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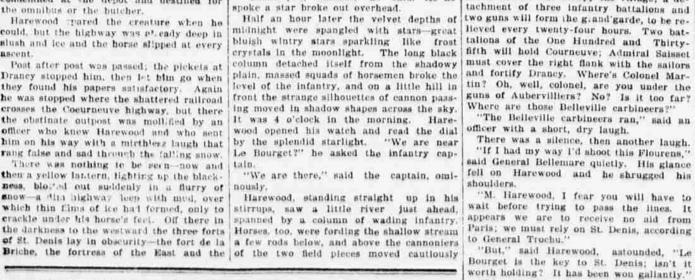
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lage street. glimpse of figures outlined through sheets church door and closed it. blaze of light like a soul in torment. Drums began to beat from the extreme right; on the left the troops were cheering fiercely. A battalion of sailors came up on a double quick, the flames from a thatched roof on fire gleaming on rifle barrel and cutlass, on the red knots of their sailor caps, on broadaxes swinging and glittering as the blows fell on oaken doors from which spouted smoke and needle-like yellow flames. There were strange sounds too, in the housesshricks, blows, the dull explosion of rifles behind barred shutters, the clangor of a bell unseen steeple. A rush of strange cavalry passed like the wind-they were Uhlans of the Prussian guard, stamping frantically

toward the open country. They drove past cyclone of slanting lances, tossing pennons, and frenzied horses onveloped in flame and smoke from the French rifles, while the savage cheering redoubled, and swift, jetted flashes from revolver and chassepot pricked the fringing gloom with a thousand crimson rays.

The two cannon of 12 shook the earth with their discharges in the east; from the west two other cannon, pieces of 4, broke in with shotted blasts, accompanied by the sinister drumming of a mitrailleuse from the Blanc-Mesnil highway. The little River Molette reflected the glare of a burning thatch; a drowned horse with bloated belly and hideous stiff legs swayed with the cur

rent, stranded on a shoal. Harewood, covered with mud, stood on the steps of the village church, his own dead horse lay in the gutter under a shattered lamppost, its patient, sad eyes glazing in the sickly light of the torches. General Bellemare, cloaked and muddy, stood near Harewood on the church steps, surrounded by dismounted officers. Harewood

heard him say: "The Fourteenth Mobile battalion and the Franc-tireurs will occupy the village; a detachment of three infantry battalions and two guns will form the grand garde, to be relieved every twenty-four hours. Two batfrost talions of the One Hundred and Thirty-

> There was a silence, then another laugh. "If I had my way I'd shoot this Flourens," said General Bellemare quietly. His glance fell on Harewood and he shrugged his

> wait before trying to pass the lines. It appears we are to receive no aid from Paris; we must rely on St. Denis, according "But," said Harewood, astounded, "Le

"Of course it's worth holding," broke out leneral Hanrion violently. General Bel emare made a gesture of assent. "It is the key to the Double-Crown buttery," he said; "surely they must realize this is Paris. If I dared to leave Le Bourget

-if I dared go myself and persuade the gov-

He looked hard at Hanrion, who nedded back at him. "St. Denis can't aid us now," cried Coianel Lavoignet: "let them send us a dozon batteries from Paris. Do they expect us to annihilate the whole of the Prussian Guard-Royal? Let the Uhlans go back and tell any cannon, and you'll all die like rats their king that a handful of mobiles and

fantassins sent them packing." Everybody moved uneasily. The apathy on writing to Bourke. of General Trochu disheartened them. Here

on his medaled breast. whiplash in the tempest. It was over in a moment; he caught a When he knelt, Harewood stepped to the Harewood prowled around the church,

> CHAPTER XX. Le Bourget. At daylight it began to snow again. An light stole through the church where, rolled among a dozen drenched officers.

A cavalry bugler, swathed to the chin in

fingers. He had hung his bugle over the tasted, in their hands. They came to dip that began swinging and ringing in some arm of the crucifix, and now, as his pinched, their little tin cups into the basin, where sick face turned to the sunken face on the the wine and water stood; one, forgetful cross, he paused, hand outstretched. After touched the crimson liquid with his fingers a second's silence he crossed himself, un- and crossed himself. Nobody laughed. hooked the bugle, and setting it stiffly to his shrunken lips, blew the reveille. hundred shadowy forms stumbled up in the in front of the church. Before Harewood gloom, the vibrating shock of steel filled the could reach the door three shells fell, one

> on the stone floor, left the church on a sending cobblestones and payement into the run, pulling on his astrakhan jacket as he air. passed out into the storm. He shook his blanket, opened his dispatch street. Far away toward Pont-Iblon the

An officer beside him began to shiver and shake, a thin, lantern-jawed fellow, yellow with jaundice, and covered from cap to boot with half-dry mud.

The officer turned a ravaged face to Harewood and smiled. Outside the church the infantry bugles were sounding. Their thin, strident call set Harewood's teeth on edge. He rolled and strapped his blanket, slung the dispatch pouch from shoulder to hip, and tumbled out to the church door, where a dozen horses stood, heads hanging dejectedly in the pouring rain. A mounted hussar, with a lance

in stirrup boot, looked sullenly at Harewood. who called to him. "Whose escort is that?" "General Bellemare's," replied the trooper "Is he going to Paris?"

"Yes, monsieur, in half an hour." Harewood looked down the dismal street. The low stone houses, shabby and deserted, loomed dark and misty through the storm. Everywhere closed shutters, closed doors, dismantled street lamps, stark trees, rusty railings on balcony and porch. Everywhere the downpour, fiercer when the wind swept the rain spears, rank on rank, against the house fronts. And now, down the street, through the roaring wind and slanting sheets of rain, marched a regiment-a spectral regiment, shrouded, gaunt drummers ahead, lining the flooded pavement from gutter to gutter, sloppy drums wibrating like the death rattle of an army. It was the One Hundredth and Twenty-sighth of the line-the relief for the grand guard. After it, one by one, rumbled four cannon and a mitrailleuse, escorted by Mobiles-the Twelfth bat-

talion of the Seine, The hussar backed his charger onto the sidewalk while the infantry were passing. Harewood leaned from the church steps and touched him on the shoulder. Will you deliver a letter in Paris for

me?" he asked. The hussar nodded sulkily, and said 'Are you going to stay here with the "Yes," replied Harewood, sitting down

under the porch and beginning to write on

a pad with a stump of red pencil.
"Then you'll not need an answer to your letter," observed the hussar. Harewood ruised his eyes. "Because," continued the trooper, with an oath, "that d-d Trochu won't send you

-that's why. Harewood thought a moment, then went "The sortie was no sortie after all.

picking up scraps of information from offi- general. Bands of the carbineers began By Purchasing Goods Made at the Fo reaching out blindly. He caught up both flurry, dim phantom shapes that filled the both hands and kissed them again and again. darkness with movements haif seen, half body did, which was really nothing, He leaned against the Gothic column that

supported the west choir, eating a bit of hour later torrents of rain swept the de- bread and drinking from time to time the ture. The latter they flung onto the bonserted streets of the village. The roar of mixture of wine and rain water that stood in fires. Harewood saw a baby's cradle tossed the wind awoke Harewood. A sickly twi- a great stone font-where once the good people of Le Bourget had found holy water. in his blanket, he had slept under the altar. The church swarmed with soldiers at breakfast, some easting ravenously, some walking about listlessly nibbling bits of crust, some tention now. An officer galloped up on a his dripping cloak, stood inside the chan- sitting cross-legged on the stone-slabbed cel, strapping his shake chain with numb floor, faces vacant, a morsel of bread, un-About 7 o'clock, without the slightest A warning, a violent explosion shook the street

church. An artillery officer, saber clashing after another, and exploded in the street "Keep back!" shouted an officer. "Clos-Harewood stood up, aching in every bone. the doors!" Harewood ran out into the

pouch, counted the papers, snapped back the smoke of the Prussian guns hung heavily in the air. "Are you coming back?" called a soldier "We're going to close the church doors." Harewood came back, calling out to a officer, "It's the batteries behind Pont-Ib

Somebody said: "Go to the hospital." lon!" Some soldiers piled pews and chairs into heaps under the stained glass windows. On each of the heaps an officer climbed, field glasses leveled. The men lay down on the floor. Many of them slept.

The cannonade now raged furiously: for an hour the wretched village was covered with bursting shelfs. Suddenly the tumult ceased and Harewood, clinging to a shattered window, heard from the plain to the northward the long roll of volley firing. mian canal is dug.

sealed envelope. Write to-day. DR. A. R. SANDEN. 183 S. CHUCK St., CHICAGO.

ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS