

Mouse. "What are you doing?" he cried.

"What do you mean?" stammered

"Wait!" said the Mouse, barring his way.

I want to tell you something amusing. Do

you remember giving me a German gold

piece to march with you and your carbineers

on the Hotel de Ville? Bon! You said it

was for plunder. You lied; it was for M.

Stauffer took a step backward and drew

between them at a single bound; there was

revolver; the Mouse cleared the space

The Mouse stepped back, wiping his red

"Now go and sell the Nanterre fort," he

Stauffer, stabbed through and through,

"Go and gell Paris. Hurry or you'll be

late," said the Mouse, moving off. The

miserable wounded wretch dragged himself

after him, calling for mercy, mouning and

sobbing, praying he might not be left to

freeze in the snow. He followed the

Mouse on his hands and knees, his agonized

face raised. The Mouse hesitated, watch-

ing the writhing creature askance. Then

When he came up with Hilde again, he

said nothing. She neither looked at him

nor spoke to him, for already, over the

snowy plain, her strained eyes were fixed

on a low hill that rose black and solitary

Fringing smoke draped the battlements

where, from an angle hidden on the hill-

side, a mortar fired slowly. Other guns

concealed by the rocks in the rear of the

fort, sent the smoke whirling up over the

citadel, obscuring the flag flying there until

On they went, on, on, and still on. The

fort seemed no nearer. They crossed a

dismantled railroad track covered with

snow. The Mouse slipped on the twisted

The sun beat down on the expanse of ice

and he halted, shaking from head to foot.

saluting the red cross on Hilde's sleeve.

"You can cross the parade." said the ar-

"Follow," said the Mouse briefly, and

Hilde followed across the parade, where

squads of soldiers were repairing the bar-

racks, through a narrow alley, deep set

between towering ramparts, into another

court, down flight after flight of broad

stone steps, then into an arcade, dimly

lighted by lanterns and crowded with sol-

diers, moving about aimlessly. Just above

them a cannon thundered, shaking the

"We're almost there " said the Moure

He pushed open a door in the wall; a

lantern lighted the darkness. There were

some beds there, half obscured. Around

"That's not it-he isn't dying," muttered

In the half light a head stirred on a pillow

And Hilde fell beside the bed and laid he

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Song of the Mouse.

Romainville, at St. Quen, the fort of Issy

clap of thunder burst from Mont Valerien.

At dawn, through a cold, gray mist that

sheeted the desolate plain, two Prussian

uhlans rode to the foot of the fortressed hill.

The sad notes of the trumpet sounded nearer

and nearer; the mournful echoes started

Hilde, leaning from the iron door of the

omb-proofs, saw a tall, red-bearded uhian

officer, blindfolded, crossing the parade con-

ducted by four Mobiles, rifles slung. Behind

this Prussian officer marched an uhlan

trumpeter, escorted by four more mobiles.

The trumpeter's eyes were also bound with a

white handkerchief; his trumpet rested on

his right thigh; in his left hand he bore a

ance, from which drooped a white flag. All

that day she sat beside Harewood, listening

to the heavy tread of troops, the husbed

nward from the ramparts.

listening for a while.

commands, the creak of siege guns, swinging

At noon the uhlan's left, blindfolded, re

onducted in silence by famine-stricken sol-

liers. Again the melancholy trumpet

sounded the salute, then stillness fell over

rampart and glacis, bastion and parapet-a

quiet so profound that Hilde, lying in the

the flag on its iron staff above the citadel.

In the starlight she saw the sentinels stand-

ing before the magazine, the corvee winding

down to the frezen reservoir, the rare lan-

terns, dimly burning as an officer made his

noiseless rounds. She leaned over the bed,

in his sleep and held out one hand. She

chair by the bedside, heard the flapping of

among the rocks; the drawbridge fell.

That was the end. Paris had surrendered.

ground under their feet.

one a screen was pulled.

'Monsleur!"

bed."

peering at Hilde's bloodless face.

Then he raised a whining voice.

was raised—then came a cry, "Hilde!

tired head in Harewood's arms.

"The Prussians only bombard us at

tilleryman on guard, pointing with his

shattered.

from the spotless level, the Nanterre fort.

rolled in the snow, trying to rise.

he went back and destroyed him.

The Mouse saw it, too.

Stauffer, wrenching himself free and turn-

ing toward the road again.

a shrick, a flurry of snow.

knife on his trousers.

Bismarck!

sneered.

CHAPTER XXVIII-Continued. Atonement! The sad knell rang through struggling: "let go!" her brain, ominous, sonorous, and the solemn tocsin bore it on, intoning atone-

At first affe wept, leaning on the ley parapet; for the justice of God is a fearful thing. and she was young. But her tears froze on her cheeks, and she went down through the house and out, and far into the city to the gates. They would not let her pass. She came back through the blind, dead avenues, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, until at her own door she paused, her hand on the wall, her listless eyes closed. It was dawn. Red Riding Hood came out with a covered basket, to take her place in the line at the

Hilde smiled when she saw her, and, stooping, kissed the child. "Tell them I have gone to the Nanterre fort," she said. So she went away into the city, to the gates again, where cavalry were passing. And she passed out among the horses and the troopers. Nobody told her the road, At a crossway, in the center of a dismantled hamlet, the stupid, freezing troopers wheeled to the west. Hilde kept on, her white face fixed on the road. The gray dawn came up behind the fortress of the east, the bombardment ceased as the sun appeared, but from the forts the smoke rifts fled away and the guns flashed steadily. pounding the heights of Chatillon and the parapets of St. Cloud, where the sullen Prussian artillery lay breathless, waiting for the night again to strike. The frozen road seemed endless. The devastated, treeless fields stretched flat on either hand. To Hilde they seemed burning with the glitter of the sun, kindling each ice crystal to a living coal. Her tired, hot eyes drooped, her feet dragged, but the fever in her breast gave her no rest, and she moved on un-

conscious of her exhaustion. There were men who called to her at times; she saw they were soldiers, but she neither heard nor answered their hoarse halls. Perhaps the pickets thought she was suffering had driven her from the doomed a current of wind revealed it again. some crazed, starved young thing whose city; perhaps they took her for a nurse, for she still were the gray wool and the red cross band above her elbow.

A squad of Franc-tireurs, outside the outposts, called to her to go back. She did rails and rose swearing. not even raise her head. A peasant crouched before a fire in a ditch by the roadside and snow; the reflection was intolerable. warned her that uhlans had been there the Once, far out on the plain, something dark night before. She looked at him and passed appeared. The Mouse knew what it was,

But the squad of uhlans either did not There was a shell of blackened village beyond her-a mere hamlet, charred, crumb- see him, or else feared a shot from the ling, half hidden in the snow. She entered gatherings on the glasis of the fort, for the main street, dragging her tired little they disappeared after a while, followed by feet over burned timbers and piles of brick the hearty curses of the Mouse. and stone. Twice she stumbled to her knees. About noon, when the fort seemed within but she rose and went on, her gray skirt stone's throw, a picket halled them from a powdered with snow. There was a man in hillock to the left. the street, walking ahead-a soldier. He "Volunteer nurse and attendant!" bawled heard her and waited for her. It was some the Mouse in answer to the summons. minutes after he had dropped alongside that | Twenty minutes later they were climbing she heard him talking, but even then she an icy road that wound up the hillside. did not look at him until he took hold of her Dense thickets screened it; squads of ar-

arm, still talking and grimacing. tillerymen in armless sheepskin coats passed The man was Stauffer. He still had her them, scarcely noticing. arm; she wrenched it away and moved abrupt angles; each angle was covered by faster, but even he followed and held her a cannon. back. From sheer weakness she fell to her glimmered behind parapets jutting from the knees; then she hid her face in her hands, 'rock; long field pieces peered through abatis crying as though her heart would break. | work on every side. Two great iron gates



HILDE STARTS FOR THE NANTERRE

swam and the glare on the snow dazzled

She noticed there were two men beside her now; how the other came she did not know, but she saw, with no surprise, that one of them was the Mouse. He had the other man by the arm and was leading him back toward Paris. "Tiens!" said the Mouse; "Captain Stauffer-here, don't run away-Captain Stauffer, you are a little rough with women-come now, admit you are a little ardent-ch, captain?" Stauffer turned a frightened face to the

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'The crutches are finished," she said, regreat deal of trouble; there was no wood, not lost many killed." so he filed off two lance shafts, and made the arm rests out of wire and leather." After a pause she whispered: "Jim, are ber head.

He laid his cheek against her hand in again, unless he was shot outside the lower "What is it? Are you still unhappy, you Hilde?" colish boy?"

you awake?"

He tried to answer; his voice failed, "Come on," said the Mouse amiably, "le us get around this house-so-where the BRIGT' woman can't see us. It might frighten

my darling. She kissed his closed eyes; the lashes vanished." trembled.

can never know, Jim-how I love you-and mice-and I have seen many." or one caress."

lighted lamp in a steel socket above her go. What do you suppose the shells have head. head. Presently she rose, still holding his done to the city? Think of it! Twenty hand in one of hers, and turned the wick days of ceaseless bombardment, and my sister there-"

"There was more risk in the fort here." turning to her seat by the bed; "a Breton said Harewood; "we have been under fire in the mobiles made them for you. You longer. It has pounded the barracks to must remember to thank him. He took a powder, but you yourself know that we have He continued: "The Mouse has not re-

appeared, has be, dearest?" Hilde shook "Well," said Harewood, "he's in Paris

parapets. Did he say nothing about going,

"No, Jim. He hung around the case mates for a week. Then an officer com-"Oh, my darling," she said, despairingly, plained of missing his gold watch, and asked 'how can you feel so after all that has been me whether the Mouse was your servant. The Mouse was listening-I saw him be-She stooped nearer, touching his hair with hind the door. That night a mobile lost some money and went about the parade her promise is in her youth." "I have forgiven you-there was but one swearing terribly. The shells were fallthing for me to forgive, for it is true that ing, striking the barracks every minute, you should not have gone away; if death but the mobile didn't notice them and kept had come, you were not fit to die-nor I, on swearing that the Mouse had taken his money. In the morning the Mouse had

"He's a strange beast," mused Harewood. "We were so much in love," she said, "so "I know less about him than I did the first much in love-and I knew nothing-you night I saw him. Yet Paris is full of such

it was even then-from the very first-the | Hilde sat down on the parapet and looked same-the same adoration! And, Jim, if out over Paris. Harewood watched her. you had died, and although I knew the Care and suffering had not narrowed the dreadful end-I would not have lost the lovely oval of her face; her eyes were clear memory of one hour, one second, one look, and sweet; the rounded chin, the delicate straight nose had not changed. Trouble He tried to speak; he could not. Again, had once effaced a certain childlike beauty through his closed lids he saw her as she in the lips and eyes; trouble perhaps brought had come to him, fainting, exhausted, her it back, yet now that unconscious infrozen hands seeking his. Again he lived nocence, the frail bloom of childhood, was through the days that followed, the thunder strengthened by something more subtle,

THE MOUSE OUTSIDE CRACKED HIS WHIP AND SANG AS HE DROVE.

his bed-her every touch, her every breath, her a woman. telling him of a love so pure, so infinite, ness of self-accusation, sank subdued under

the strength of such a passion He thought of the long nights, the pain the fever, the piercing chill, the hunger, all Gatlings and mitrailleuses borne in silence lest he should grieve for her. He remembered all this as he lay there, his eyes closed, his temples pressing were passed, the sentries falling back and the soft curls of the girl who had done all for him-who now was to be his wife. "Are you still unhappy? she whispered. Then they turned into a level street, paved. "Think of tomorrow. Sins are forgiven; it decorated with lamps, running between

is my faith." solid walls of masonry. Another iron gate admitted them to a square, also paved, and "In mine; you are my faith." he said. "There is nothing but you, Hilde-nothing faced in with barracks, of gray stone, badly in heaven or earth but you and God who

sent you." "The crutches are here; shall I get them?" asked Hilde, smiling through her tears, He took them gravely, praising the leather armpieces, the lance shafts, the rubber ferrules. She was contented. The splints on his broken limb galled him; she aided him to sit up to relive the numbness, and he lay back, his head resting on her breast. "The Prussians sent a white flag this

morning," she said. "Then it is true," he asked, "the news from Paris?"

"Yes. Paris has surrendered." He was silent; she bent her head forward. sighing.

"It was a good fight," he said. "Hunger is the victor; the Prussians are incidents." "The garrison leaves tomorrow," she said 'the Prussians enter the forts at sunset Our soldiers will take you in the ambulance; we go by the Porte Rouge. Perhaps Yolette' the Mouse; "I think he's in that other - She broke down and wept bitterly. He comforted her, saying that Bourke was the wisest and best man on earth, and that Yolette was safer than if she had been in Nanterre fort. After a little she dried he eyes and reproached herself for causing him anxiety. Then beside his bed she said her prayers for the night, kissed him pencefully turned out the lamp and went into the nurses' ward to sleep, flinging herself on the iron cot, dressed as she was. As for him. On the 26th of January, a few minutes he lay awake, staring into the darkness after 7 in the evening, the artillery officers The beauty of this young girl's soul, the on the Nanterre fort reported signals from sacredness of her passion, overwhelmed him Paris to cease firing. From Charenton to Who was he that he should share her Issy, from St. Denis to Vincenes, the signals thoughts, her sacrifices, her ideals, her inflew; the cannonade died out at Ivry, at nocence? Her face was always before him in all its loveliness-exquisite, spiritual. In the Montrouge fort, the fortress of the east, her eyes he read the secret of that chaste the battery of the Double Crown lay silent unselfishness that had given all and surunder their floating crowns of cloud. One rendered nothing. Sleep came and went by one the forts of the east grew quiet, the like a brief dream. It was morning; the last bombs soared upward from Vanves, the last shots boomed along the Point du Jour. the parade resounded with the hum of de-A deathly stillness followed; then, as the bells in the distant city tinkled midnight, a

Hilde knocked and entered, faintly smiling her morning welcome. The adoration in his face dimmed her sweet eyes a little, she leaned above his pillow, her lips rested on his. That morning he was to try his When he was ready she helped him to the window-he was scarcely strong enough to stand-and he laughed and adjusted the crutches, as she steadied him to the door where the foot artillery were passing down the winding street to the monotonous tap, tap, of a drum.

After them came the mobiles, bugles sounding stridently in the sharp, crisp air. He wished to go to the ramparts; dreaded the bits of ice and snow; but he had his way, and she guided him across the parade and up the sanded incline to the

The sun hung over the distant city, glitering on a million windows, gilding dome and spire and frosty river, reddening the long gray palaces, flooding quays and roofs and bridges with a hazy turned the streets to streaks of rose and A mist of amethyst veiled the pearl. heights of Chatillon. Behind it the German cannon lay, stretching from Clamart northward, then east and south and west, in one enormous iron circle, back to Fontenay aux Roses. Across the river from the fort, between Chatou and Croissy, the Prussian cavalry were plainly visible, moving at a gallop over a wasted meadow Beyond them rose the smoke of campfires. marking the long line of trenches eastward "Are you awake, my darling?" He stirred to Houilles.

of the guns, the casemates shaking, the bit- more exquisite. A maid is always a child ter cold, the darkness, and she always by until knowledge of sorrow comes to make

A sparrow, the first they had seen for that his dark heart, heavy with the bitter- many a month, alighted in the snow under the muzzle of a big gun. "Hilde, do you remember when we freed our birds?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim." After a pause he said wistfully:

oung we were-in those days "Yes," she said, "we were very young." Her serious, sweet eyes met his; her hand stole across the parapet and nestled in his. Some soldiers came through the snow, bear ing a dead man on a stretcher. As they passed the cannon, the sparrow fluttered up, high overhead, flying across the gulf to

Paris. "Tonight we will follow it" murmured. "O. Jim, I am so tired of the snow! I am so tired of winter and whiteness and death."

"You shall see the spring come in the Breton forests," he said. "You shall see miles of primroses and pinkthorn; you shall see shaded glades purple with violets, and everywhere young leaves, young blossomsyoung world. Hilde, and all for us."

"A young world," she sighed, "that is what I love-green leaves, sunlight and youth-everywhere youth. It is kinder-"Youth is kinder-" he repeated.

The clock in the citadel struck heavily; the flag on the iron pole fluttered to the "The garrison is going," said Hilde, "Do

you think they will remember us? They promised me two places in an ambulance. "Look at the highroad below," said Harewood; "see the carriages and wagons coming out from Paris. That is the Nanterre road. It leads to the gates of the

They leaned over together, watching the unshine flashing on the polished equipages, on wheels and lamps and harness trappings. The road from Paris was full of them; it was like a winter day in the Bois de Boulogne, save that the horses moved with out spirit, and there were many shabby carts and wagons intermingled with the carriages.

As the procession of vehicles approached the base of the hill the coachmen and drivers, swathed in furs, became visible; and after a while Hilde could hear, far below the fortress walls, the tinkle of chain and hoof and wheel.

"Parents coming to the fort to look for their sons," said Harewood soberly. "Sweethearts, perhaps, for their lovers, said Hilde.

rom his home in the Parc Monceau, the butcher from the long closed Halles, the mother from the noble Faubourg, the mother from the "Faubourg Infect," patrician and plebeian, sister and brother-and some who were childless and did not know it, and some who were widows and wore, as yet, no crape.

"They are coming." said Hilde. "I hear carriages on the gun road below. They will drive to the parade. O, Jim, Jim, think of the mothers who are coming only to take back their dead sons! And those who are buried outside the glacis! What will the mothers and fathers do-and their children lead down there under that ice and snow?

The parade was filling now with vehicles of every description; coachmen were leaping to the ground, old men and feeble, white-haired women stepped out into the snow. An old gentleman came toward Harewood, lifting his hat with an anxious smile "I am looking for my son," he said. Could monsieur inform me where the bar-

racks are?" "The barracks are in ruins," said Hare wood; "the troops muster in the casemates, monsieur, where, I trust, you will find that all is well."

Others came to seek information; an ancient dame, hobbling on two canes, asked for her son, "Jean Bornic, ma belle dame of the Breton marine artillery, and so tall and handsome, my son, madame." Hilde answered gravely in the Breton lan-

flushed faintly. "From Carhaix, my sweet lady," she said with a little curtesy.

"Her son was killed the last day of the

citadel, where they will tell her." her head on Harewood's shoulder. "Life is too sad," she said,

The bell in the citadel began to toll: a

clumn of soldiers, marching without drums or arms, entered the parade, already rowded with vehicles. "That is the end," said Harewood solemply: "the fort belongs to the king of

Prussia. "Our fort," said Hilde, turning very white. She trembled so that he drew her to him,

holding her close. "Wait," he whispered, "remember what we said of youth and springtide. The land needs sunshine and pure air and green leaves and stillness. Death will be a memory with summer. France can wait;

The bell tolled monotonously; three silent files of men entered the gun road and began the long descent. "There is somebody in a carriage coming this way." said Harewood. The next moment he uttered an exclamation, half petu-

lantly, half amused. "'Hilde! It's the Mouse!" She rose, breathless, excited, hands outstretched: a woman leaned from the carriage, then sprang to the ground.

"Yolette! Yolette!" cried Hilde; "little sister, I am here!" "There's Bourke!" stammered Harewood.

and tried to rise on his crutches. Yolette was in Hilde's arms, sobbing. Little sister! Darling Hilde! Don't cry o, don't-we are going home-home-really we are." Hourke's strong hands clasped Harewood's; his keen, grave face questioned he younger man.

What he read in Harewood's face lighted ip his own, and he stepped back and took Hilde's hands in his. When he turned again to Harewood the latter was holding little court of his own. Yolette, Red Riding Hood and the Mouse surrounded him; the child had both arms close around his neck: Yolette was grieving over his wounded limb, and holding his hand in both her gloved ones. As for the Mouse, he chewed a straw and looked on with mixed sentiments impossible to fathom. "He brought me a silver cup," said Red

Riding Hood gravely. The Mouse shifted the straw between als teeth and looked anywhere but at Hare-

"We are to have white bread tomorrow in Paris," observed Red Riding Hood, still holding Harewood's neck encircled in her

"And wedding cake," he said gayly, "but not if you choke me to death, little sweet heart.

The leer on the Mouse's face was impossible to describe. Whether he meant it well or ill is a problem. The chances are that he intended to convey the assurance of his benevolent interest in Harewood and Hilde. However, he only said that the carriage was ready and the drive to Parls a long and cold one, and he, the Mouse, was ready to start as soon as "ces messieurs" were

ready. Harewood laughed and took his crutches. Hilde, coloring faintly, placed one arm around him and aided him to rise.

"Come on, Bourke," he said, with a touch of the old boyish impetuosity-yet, under it there was something tender, even a little wistful, as though he needed the strength of his comrade to strengthen him in body and mind.

"I think," he said, as Bourke picked him up unceremoniously and carried him off to the carriage-"I think, Cecil, that you'll find hereafter that my conscience is straighter than my leg."

"We'll mend both, Jim," laughed Bourke as the Mouse opened the carriage door for Hilde and Yolette.

Red Riding Hood was set high on the driver's seat beside the Mouse. Bourke placed Harewood gently in the corner by side Hilde, then, nodding to the Mouse, he

entered the carriage himself. "Yolette and I have taken a house Passy," he said, smiling across at Harewood. Yolette says we must have a honeyment if we wait ten years for it, so I'm thinking if you and Hilde are married and the blockade is raised-we might run down to the Breton coast until Paris has cleaned

ouse."

"We were thinking," said Hilde sweet dignity, "of doing the same thing." Yolette suddenly leaned across the car riage and kissed her.

The Mouse outside cracked his whip ing as he drove: For what things shall our brothers plead

For what things shall our brothers plead?
A rope, a match, a barley seed.
A rope to hang the man of greed,
A match to burn his house we need;
To feed the poor, a barley seed,
A barley seed,
A barley seed.
Crack! crack! went the whip; the sifted now flew high; the wheels spun, slipped reaked and whirled round in a shower of

cy slush. And always the Mouse carolec his merry catch:

'A barley seed,
A barley seed,
The rich shall bleed,
The poor shall feed,
So, brothers, sow the barley seed!' CHAPTER XXX.

Sainte Hilde of Carbaix.

In Carbaix there is a rustle through th vinter-tinted woods when the March moon dies in the skies and the blue starlight sinks trembling, fathoms deep, into the glassy Then, through a breathless dawn, steals the pale light of April, tinting with world of primrose petals, creeping through woodlands mantled in gray and brown and

silver, till in the deepest forest depths a

pird awakes and ruffles and looks up amic a million tiny newborn leaves. In Carhaix league upon league of moor land grows sweet scented; the gorse is aromatic; the marsh is mossed with spongy gold; the blue sea ripples like a river, gilded with ribbed sand, flecked with reflections where white clouds blow and white gulls

drift like wind-tossed thistle silk. Three houses, woods, a chapel, and shrine; miles of pink thorn, silvery cliff's and a still sail at sea-that is Carbaix. All day long the sea swallows skim the inle shores, the silver mullet, shoal on shoal rossing the bar, lace all the shallows with their frothy ropes of foam. All day lons the lancons spring above the sands, quiver ing, shimmering, delicate as pale patterns in the shuttle of a flying loom.

April had come in Carhaix. Hilde also had come to Carhaix-back to her own country-for the blockade had ended at last the gates of Paris were open, and the long Prussian columns, marching back, lined all the northern roads.

So she had come-her young heart vaguely wistful-to be wedded in the Carhaix chapel where she had been baptized, and where all in filmy white, she had stolen through the dim aisles, an awed communicant. For her, atonement did not end at the conessional; there, only sin might be put away sadness was lifted with the bridal wreath sorrow ended when the orange buds fel from her breast. Atonement never ended but its bitterness would end like the men ery of evil in the innocence of a blameles life. It seemed to her that all would b well, now that she had come back. in all he world there was but this one place where, with her child's heart, heavy with memories, her woman's heart thrilling with love and repentance, she could come and kneel and go forth in peace forever.

The April sun gleamed through the jew elled glass and fell in diamonds, staining her cet with violet and rose. She saw St. Hild guage; the old dame's withered cheeks of Carhaix, high in her plaster niche, azure robed, smiling her placed smile among the shadows; she saw Our Lady of the Cliffs. tinselled, magnificent, holding the child by Hilde told her to go to the citadel, and the dim altar, where waxen tapers burned

ook it in both her own. There was a dimly | Hilde sadly. "Jim, I can scarcely wait to she went, smiling and nodding her gray and the carved crucifix reared its slender arms. And there her childhood came to meet her. Again she saw the processional siege," said Hilde; "I sent her to the the cross aloft. Our Lady of the Cliffs passing amid the kneeling crowd; again she There were tears in her eyes; she laid heard the fresh young voices swelling in the wind, the chanting of the cure, the murmured prayer. The scene shifted seaward-she saw the tempest and the misty sea, the white coiffes on the headland, the men on the shore; then, as it seemed, years afterward, she heard the bell tolling in the

chapel for lost souls. She remembered her father, too, always n the forest where the horns sounded all day long and the hounds' baying surged and ebbed with the shifting wind. He lay in the chanel yard, near the mother she had never seen, buried, as he wished, with his boar speer on his breast-the last ruined huntsman of a ruined race—the landless relic of a landed Breton line, old as the ancient chapel, which was older than Car balx.

A bird twittered on the chapel porch; the vague odor of the sea stirred her heart. She turned and looked back at the altar where omorrow she should kneel a bride, then made her reverence and went out into the sunny world.

Yolette sat on the cliffs looking off to sea. Bourke lay full length beside her, sniffing the fresh wind and watching Red Riding Hood, who, skirts tucked up, paddled blissfully in the thin films of water along the shining sands below.

Harewood stood near the beach critically nspecting a steamer's trall of smoke on the horizon. When he heard Hilde's voice on the cliffs above him he climbed up slowly, for he was still a little lame, and met her, smiling. "The child down there is in the seventh

heaven," he said; "she's been nipped by a crab and bruised by the rocks, and when she's half drowned she'll be contented. I "It's curious," said Bourke, looking up

last mail arrived here on March 18, and here t is April 2." "A mail did come-I brought it downbut I went into the chapel and forgot," said

'that the Paris papers have not come. The

Hilde. "Nobody expects brides to remember." said Bourke, sareastically; "do you mind etting me see my mail?" Yolette looked up laughing as Hilde calmly

handed the letters to Harewood. That young man sorted the papers, tossed a package and parcel over to Bourke, and said: "There's nly one letter; it's for me." Bourke began to open the parcel; it was

ealed and elaborately tied with a sort of "Hello! What in the name of decency is his!" he said, holding up a gold watch and chain. "Why, the packet is directed to you.

er he was studying, then groaned and inded the letter to Hilde. "Read it," he said; "I can't. It's from he Mouse."

Harewood looked up blankly from the let-

In the midst of a breathless silence Hilde ook the letter and examined it in consternation. Then she read slowly; BELLEVILLE, 30th of March, 1871.

Monsieur: I take my pen in hand, hopng that these few lines may find monsieur n as good health as I am. I have to inorm monsieur that the weather is as usual We took the Hotel de Ville and killed Genral Lecemte and Clement Thomas in a garden. It is raining, but I am quite con-fortable, having been made captain in the garden. National Guard, and find myself much better, with nothing to do.

The commune has been established, and there is food and drink for all and no work. We frightened the bourgeoisie passably well, and Thiers has run away, where we expect that the citizen, Major Flourens, will eateh him and shoot then all, as they

I have to inform monsieur that I wish him health, also to Mile. Hilde Bourke, and to madame, lately Mile. You lette. Also to the thin, droll little one who was afraid of me. I send her son

The weather continues rainy. I send to Monsieur a watch; also to Mile. Hilde, for her wedding, a diamond star. To M. Bourke and to madame I send many spoons Therefore, adieu. Your comrade.

"THE MOUSE 'Citizen Captain, National Guard, unattached. wish elso to say adieu to the little

iroll one who is afraid of me. Bourke would have laughed, but Hilde's porror-struck face sobered him. "What on earth shall we do with that olunder?" said Harewood: "the creature has

been pillaging women and children." "You and your citizen friend must settle that," said Bourke, trying not to laugh. "These spoons and forks have all sorts o nitials on them. The watch is marked 'H de B,' and the diamond star is to a lady named Nini. Jim, I believe, this time, that he commune means business."

He looked at Yolette, who shook her hendecidedly, saying: 'If you think you are going to write about for your stupid newspaper I have the monsieur, to inform you that you shall not."

Harewood looked at Hilde, smiling faintly "I suppose I must go to Paris if you send

"If I send you," murmured Hilde; "yes ou may go then.' They turned and looked at the house on he hill. The morning sun glittered on every pane; they saw Scheherazade sprawled on the porch, blinking at the ocean; the

heard the sarcastic croak of the parrot, Me

hemet Ali, tip-toeing down the garden mong the hyacinths. She passed her slender hand through his arm and leaned her cheek against his houlder.

Down on the yellow sands Red Riding Hood, enchanted, waded ankle deep along the frothy shore. A white gull rose from he shining waves, a distant sail glimmered Then from the cliff a skylark rose, higher higher into the azure, showering the whole air with song. And Hilde closed her eye and listened, her fair face on his shoulder her white hand close in his.

pepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March began taking CASCARETS and since then have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
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