

## CHAPTER X.

## Wilhelm's Pigeons.

The two sisters, Agnes and Jeanne, were more flurried about the love affair of little Marie than they would have been at the wreckage of all the nations of the earth in mutual war.

On the night of its discovery, there was a long secret confabulation, wonderment, suggestion, invective, till near morning. Here was an unexpected complication of the marriage problem left them by their uncle. What if she, the petite, the despised, carried off the fortune without knowing it. And what could they do to avert the tragedy? They could beat her till she sickened; Seanne actually proposed it. They could lock her in a room, and never let her out till after things were settled. These were the obvious, brute remedies for the situation.

But that they would not do. Agnes felt that the child would be missed from her work; there would be inquiries. There remained but one thing; to watch her, waiting, hoping in luck, and in what might turn up. Jeanne undertook the charge. Again, on the next night, the night of Vansittart's spill from his brougham, the lovers met at the Buttes-Chaumont, while Seanne lurked and listened.

Almost immediately after the first rhapsodies Marle began to question him about "the invention." It had filled her mind all day. She had a profound faith in its wonder-working powers. What could not her love do? He was the hero of the world, the great magician.

"And the model," she said. "Have you finished it?"

"I have been seeing to it-and it is finished.'

"And you yourself think it good? It will So what you meant it to do?"

"It will kill something like 1,000 men at one attempt." "How wonderful you are. And is it big.

this model ?"

"Big enough to nearly fill my room." "O, the model! Don't think of that. It is of no importance."

"So that we shall always remain poor, and not be married, and be practical?"

He caught her to him. Yes, soon, soon. But-do you know

what I shall do? I shall go to the king, or to Mr. Vansittart, and tell him-really." 'Then you must write to some one, and tell them about the invention. Promise me.

One should be serious, and see to things. Promise." "If I have 15 centimes to buy a stamp."

"I will give you. Promise." And so the promise was made.

At about the same time, Follict was turning a key in the door of Jeanne's room at No. 11 rue Pigalle. He had been lurking | out. It was neatly done, too." throughout the evening near the gate, and

had seen the setting out of Marie to meet her lover. Then crouching behind her, Jeanne; then, half an hour after, Agnes. The house, he knew, was now empty of its ale occupants his opportunity come. He entered the court yard and the house. He had sworn not to sleep until he had in his hands the threads of the conspiracy which menaced the safety of the country. On the previous day he had taken careful note of the rather intricate way to Jeanne's triangular room. He was able to reach it in the dark. In his pocket were a number of keys and implements. He entered the room and listened. No sound, but the occasional scratching of a pigeon against its cage in the next apartment. All was dark. Folliet turned the key in the lock which shut him from the pigeon room; he had provided himself with a duplicate, in case it should be removed. but the original key was there. Then, he softly took off his shoes, laid them behind the bed curtains, and stepped through the open door. He was in the enemy's territory.

man where the interests of so many are concerned. Hurrah for the fatherland!" "Hurrah! Hurrah!" said another, with a kind of languid enthusiasm. A third, a big, red-bearded man, began

to hum Muttersprache, Mutterlaut, Wie so wonnesam, so traut!

"Poor old Bach!" said the man at the window; "you mind how he was always humming the old tune?" "Yes, poor old Bach! Pity he was such a fool.'

"Wonderful little fuss the Paris police have made over his death, don't you think ?" "Good reason why, my boy. They are so utterly at sea. They are trying to cloak over their own incapacity. Here is a man who, though found in the river, doesn't look as if he was drowned; and he wasn't poisoned; and he wasn't struck, or stabbed; what can the poor police think? They simply stare, and rub their innocent eyes, and say as little of the matter as possible.' "Still they got pretty near the scent when they came to question this girl Agnes, and Jeanne got hold of the detective. As sure as I am a living man that girl would have

blabbed if we hadn't stopped her." "O, right enough, she would have blabbed. But she could not have enlightened the dull brains of monsieur le polisson very much about Bach, all the same. Why, she does not even suspect that he is dead, much less the means by which he died, or our motives

for killing him." "Bach had no enemies, you know. He was a quiet, easy-going kind of body." "He had strong motives for living. He was about to marry this girl Agnes, with her dowry."

"What the deuce can they think of the matter? Lord! they must be puzzled." "But you know, mates, when one comes

to think of it, Bach was an honest man. He was a fool, of course. But I say he was an honest man."

"Bah: so is a tree honest, or a sheep. Every fool is honest enough."

"O, yes-we know all that. But just consider; he had always been a struggling man, had Bach, and suddenly this girl with the money takes him up. It was a great thing for him, of course. Just then he comes into contact with the society; he joins; he is enthusiastic in the cause of Germany; but

when he hears that it is necessary for us to lay hands on Vansittart, he draws back: says he is not prepared, as a citizen of France, to go so far; and, mind you, he was

warned-he was warned that death was the penalty which he incurred by drawing suspicion upon himself. But he persisted: he had everything to lose, and he persisted.

"Who was it suggested chloroform as th means of putting him to sleep-the president, wasn't it?"

"No-it was old Dr. Caspar. And then the vice chairman of committees said he must go into the river to wash the stuff

"Hullo! Good! here she comes. Stand

This from the man at the window, in a regular shout of gratification, and immediately a sound of wings was heard, and there, brough the window with ang for in regard to this invention." from afar, came alighting a white-plumed "I wish to tell them about it and get some bearer of tidings, her long embassy accomplished. She sailed to rest on a cage, her own: and at once was fluttering in the bossom of one of the Germans. "It's Beatrix!" he cried. "She comes from Lorraine-from Schwartz." "The very thing we want!" They crowded around. The disengaging of the narrow bandage of paper from the little

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1898.

"Not in his hands. It is too big."

bling in every limb, she returned the next are you sure-"May I see the queen ?" "O, yes-quite!" It was a different usher whom she saw "What is he?" this time; but he, too, seeing her wan. "An artist-a musician." lovely face, smiled, and counseled her about "Really? And how comes it, then-" her morals. The queen, also, it was clear, "He is so clever! He can do anything. was far too high up to be "seen" by Marie. He just dreams of doing a thing and goes

Yet this time she would not go away. and does it. A great genius can do what he Only, she got timidly out of sight of the wills. I wanted Mr. Vansittart to see him! usher and dawdled about higher up the only wish he had." vestibule. This part of the palace was semi-Faith begets faith, and is as leaven public, there were now a good many people Evelyn was interested, and Marie, had she hurrying to and fro upon it. Marie felt known it, had already won her victory. comforted, being lost among the grand folk. "But why," said Evelyn, "did he let you She stood gazing at one of the battles with come-did he not come himself?" uplifted eyes, and in this attitude made such "He is strange," you see, the girl ana picture that a gorgeously dressed lady, swered. "He does not care about thingshurrying past, stopped and looked at her. only about love and ideas and melodies, and The general public, except those who had all high things. He is like a bird or an business, never intruded so far as the vestiangel-I cannot describe him." bule or gallery, and what Marie's business Evelyn laughed. A musician who incould be the lady was at a loss to guess. vented destructive engines of war, and was Partly from curiosity and partly from inter-

est in the upturned face with its air of pretty innocence, she stopped. Then after a from the Latin quarter. She said: oment's hesitation she said in a low voice: "Do you want anything?" model of his invention?" Marie blushed crimson. Her "Yes-he did. I made him promise to d ever dropped. it, and he did. It is at his rooms." "And can he bring it here?"

"I want to see Mr. Vansittart." The woman, as the usher had done, miled "Mr. Vansittart! But-" She stopped. The proposal was so pre-posterous that there was nothing to be said. Nords were quite madequate. "If not Mr. Vansittart," hazarded Marie

with a still deeper depth of crimson, "then the king." "The king!" "If not the king, then the queen." "The queen!"

day and said:

The woman was drowned and lost in notes' upon me, Marie, to see that it shall come



said:

## THE FAINTEST SOUND NOW WOULD H AVE BETRAYED FOLLIET.

of exclamation. She was a maid-in-waiting, | under the eyes of the king himself, since a person starched in etiquette, the prisoner Mr. Vansittart is away." ceremonial. But when her stays were Marle, lost in gratitude, turned away her off, her breast was soft enough. She said head, and let fall a heavy tear. quite kindly:

"And meantime," went on Evelyn, "just "You cannot see Mr. Vansittart, for he write down in this little book your name is not here. You cannot see the king, for he and address, and in a few days I shall is overwhelmed with business. You cannot send you a letter, telling you how see the queen, for the hour of her levee is the affair is progressing. Write long past. Will you tell me what you down also in it the address of your friend, wanted to see them about?" in case we want him urgently.

"It was about an invention," she answered cross the lump in her throat.

"An invention to do what?" "To kill people." "O! not invented by yourself" "O, no-by some one else." "By whom ?"

"By some one-a great man." Her head lifted with pride.

"Well-and what do you wish to see them Evelyn therefore now knew of

"There, we shall see. But the invention- triumphed over him, and he must sit still and wait, like an imbecile child. But there was still a hope, a chance Why, he could ride, on borseback, to the seat of war within four days. He decided, only said: however, that to wait for the repairing of "She is

the chemin de fer would be the quickest way. The same night a large proportion o the population of Paris-artisans, merchants, priests, confectioners-were toiling far from their beds at the remaking of the shattered will tell her when she returns."

All day long arrests of people bearing so herself." the man said. "Can you tell me where one may find her ?" much as a German name went on in Paris. Detachments of soldiery from every town "But yes, monsieur. It is in the Rue de on the route of the line were ordered by Bac, between the quay d'Orsay and the telegraph to be told off to guard it. In boulevard St. Germain, at No. 26-a va-Paris the station became a garrison. cherie.'

About 10 the same night, in spite of all the vigilance of the police, there was a large meeting of men who wore peaked caps, with a pigeon's feather for badge. was a quiet, yet excited assembly; it was like a bird or an angel, was certainly not held in the cellar of a large and lonely a commonplace person, and could only com house, in the seclusion of suburban Passy. Marie, at the very time of this meeting, was with her lover at the Buttes-Chau-"And did he take the trouble to make mont, telling him all about her interview

with Evelyn that day. And lurking behind her, listening, was Jeanne.

## CHAPTER XII. The Chain of Events.

"Is it dangerous? Does it go off?" That night Armand, at Marie's imperious "I hope not. I don't think so. O, suppose it were to go off and blow him up!" command, had written an account of his Evelyn smiled. This, certainly, seemed invention, and sent it by post to Evelyn. one of the possibilities of the case. But she Evelyn received it in the morning, and read it. The description of the contrivance did not convey much meaning to her mind

"O, there is no fear of that. I will tell you now what you must do. You must see t might be of importance, it might not. She hesitated as to whether she should him and tell him to put down in writing an show it to Vansittart. She had promised exact description of his model, and send it to me, personally, and then you may depend

In five or six minutes Marie came running something to the child-but not that. She felt nervous about it, and wondered why. The sweet face of Marie rose before her. He stepped toward her. Then she thought of the strangeness that the child should live at No. 11 Rue Pigalle; She started. then of the strangeness of the fact that at he moment when Vansittart had appeared at the door the girl should have said: "He may return sooner than you expect." Of course, she argued, it must have been a mere chance. The gentle girl, though she ived in that house, could have had no foreknowledge of the blowing up of the railway. Yet, if the expression was a mere chance, a coincidence, it was a singular one; so singular that it seemed to her like an omen, a warning. She hesitated.

At 10 she decided that she would not show it to him that day. She would wait and think-tomorrow would do. About 11 she heard that all Paris had turned out to mend the ralls, that they would soon be finished, that Vansittart would be able to set out in the afternoon. This increased her sense of responsibility: she must shew him now, if at all. What did she know ?the thing might, in reality, be of the greatest importance to the issues of the war. How she would regret it, if, afterwards, it was proved that her hesitancy had cost to France a single life! At 12 she showed the letter to Vansittart.

They were sitting together in their little sanctum where Marie had, the day before, been received by Evelyn. As soon as Vansittart began to run his eye over the scribbled leaf, his brows knit. He read it through: bent closer over it, read it again. Then he threw his head backwards and cried aloud:

"Good, heavens, what a brilliant idea!" "Is it-is it?" panted Evelyn.

great genius, that's all," he answered confidently.

model ?"

"Then that is enough. You never yet

"When, today ?"

"This is the only day I've got."

suspicions-I don't know how to tell you-" 'Come, sit here-no, the other knee is the whole one-now, out with it."

This house, three nights before had, she knew, been selzed by the police at the bidding of Folliet. The next day Folliet had had prophesied his return. had a long conference with Vansittart.

"You trusted her?"

"Yes, wholly."

"But you liked her?" he said, "you liked or face

she stepped she met Agnes, whom she sur in plain clothes. Some one wishing to see posed to be out Marie was a rarity. Jeanne was infinitely Jeanne dropped wearily into a chair and surprised at once, spurred to the very acme

blurted out of curiosity. But she did not show it. She "Tell me where to find Reutlingen and the

rest ?" "She is not at home, monsieur." In the Rue des Abbesses, in hiding fro "Can you tell me where she is?"

the police." "But, yes, monsieur. She is at her wo Jeanne rose, and as she passed through am her sister; if the matter is not a

the door, Agnes muttered: private one you may tell me what it is and "Go. Well-it is for me that you "Perhaps it might be better if I saw It was nearly 2:30.

(To be Continued.)



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and handed it to her. A blush of vivid crimson deepened in her flushed face as she ran her eyes over the letter. Here was joy beyond dreams, and communion with the great ones of the earth! Twice, in a tremor of happiness she read it. Then Jeanne saw her deliberately take the sheet and tear it into the minutest bits, some of which she cast into a passing hay cart, and some on the breeze, and some down a grating in the street near

He took the letter from his breast pocket

The man smiled, and bowed, and turned away.

"Thanks, ma'm'selle."

waiting at the door.

"Are you Marie Carhaix?"

ment.

'Yes, sir."

No more-the man turned away. Jeanne

looked through the wicket and saw him

step into a flacre. Then she, too, stepped

out, got into another flacre and gave the

driver the same address. At the entrance

of the Rue du Bac she alighted. The foot-

man by that time had entered the vacherie

and asked for Marie. Marie was not there.

Madame, the proprietress, told him that

Marie had asked leave to be out for an

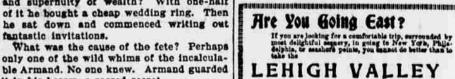
hour that day. She might, however, be expected back within five or ten minutes,

if he would wait. Jeanne, hanging behind

"Say it will be well-and a thousand, thousand thanks from the grateful heart of Marie."

He bowed again, and walked off. Marie was due in her shop, but the shop oday was out of the question. Instead of entering it, she got into a cab. She had just left Armand. She knew where to find him. In another cab Jeanne followed her. This, for some reason or other, was a day of festival and large-hearted liberality with Armand. Yonder at the Pestaurant au Regent in the Rue Gironflet, red that day flowed the wine. At the back of the house there was a large open yard; at the back of the yard an arbor.

Today it was the very home of riot. As Marie sped down the little lane that led from the wicket besides the restaurant proper, burst upon burst of merriment from within this temple of pleasure greeted her. That morning Armand had scribbled down he score of a song, which was afterward to be famous all over France, and he had managed to dispose of it to a music dealer on the quai St. Michel for four napoleons. Never millionairs rolled and luxuriated in the consciousness of inexhaustible opulence, as Armand with four napoleons in his pocket. How to dispose of all this excess and superfluity of wealth? With one-half



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Use

"The man who wrote this letter is a very "And you will see him? You will see the

"O, rather!"

"Yes."

Marie took the pocket book and wrote "Jerome-dear-I have certain fears, halfin pencil her own address and Armand's. Then she handed it to Evelyn, who looked at the scribbled words. Even as she looked she started. She saw: "No. 11 Rue Pigalie."

Then Evelyn told him about Marie and her Madonna face, and how she lived at the wrong house, and how, to the minute, she

She called after him:

wants strong men in its service. With one ac-cord the Army and Navy endorse HAR-HEN as the greatest k nown strongthener, invigorat-or and restorative. It creates solid fleah, mus-cle and strength, clears the brain, strengthens the nerves and causes the generative organs to quickly regain their nor-mal powers. For herr-ous prostration, over-work, impaired vitality ex, or excessive use of opt work, impaired vitality in either sex, or excessive use of opium, liqued or tobaceo, it positively cannot be excelled One box will work wonders. Six will cura BAR-BEN is for sale by all druggists, 60 tab-lets, 50 cents. One to two months' treatment. Fill out and mall us the diagnosis sheet in each box, and we will give your case special atten-tion without extra charge 'BAR-BEN is pre-pared by Hjalmer O. Benson, Ph. D. B. S. di-rect from the formula of E. E. Barton, M. D. Cieveland's most eminent specialist Mailed in closed package on receipt of price. DRS BARTON AND BENSON. Al Bar-Ben Block, Cleveland, O.

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The room in which he found himself was small. There, at the one window, was a man, looking out, his elbows leaning on the sill. The faintest sound now would have betrayed Folliet.

But he did not make it. No sooner had he discerned the dim and silent figure than his revolver was in his hand. Then, with eyes that had acquired the faculty of seeing in the dark, he looked about the room. In corner a spot of perfect blackness caught his eye; it was the cupboard in which on the previous day the two men had hidden from Jeanne. But it was perilously near the window and the motionless man. It was, however, the only apparent hiding place.

When a thing had to be done Folliet was not a man to hesitate. With concentrated alertness he stepped nearer and nearer to the vague, broad back at the window, ready to shoot if it stirred. Then he touched the open cupboard door; in an instant he was within the aperture. He drew himself cautiously inward.

Once, the man at the window lifted himself and paced three or four times round the room, muttering a few inaudible words in his beard. Two of them only could Folliet

make out. The man had said: "No message! No message!" Then he resumed his place at the window, and the dead silence recommenced.

Half an hour more, and footsteps were heard outside the door. Then four men entered.

put:

"News! Is there any news?"

They spoke in German. Folliet held his breath, noting every word with a straining ear. The man at the window turned and said:

"Not a word. Been looking out all the evening. It's sure to come, I suppose.' Some one struck a light, and lit a candle an a table in one corner.

For a time there was silence; the men. it was clear, had been walking much, or working. They were tired. But Folliet said to himself: "This is the height of luck. Presently they will start to jab-

He had not to wait very long. One said: Well, Karl, my boy, so far everything has run pretty well for us, I think." "Grand!" came the answer. "We didn't want to kill the man, after all, but only to keep him a prisoner in Paris for a day or two. And that's what we've done." "But is that sure?" said the man at the window.

"Sure enough, Franz. His right arm is Bislocated at the shoulder-or so every one is saying. If he gets out of bed before three days he'll have the will of a mule, that's all. But it isn't likely that the doctors will let him." "I pity the poor beggar myself."

"O, pity! so do we all. But what is one

messenger's leg was the work of a minute. The man who had sat at the window held the ribbon stretched between his fingers



Folliet, in his eagerness to hear, had almost stretched his head outside the cupboard door.

Some one read aloud the words: "Attack on our side put off for a week rom now. Meanwhile nothing likely to happen. Till then Vansittart to be kept in He left the Tuileries an hour ago for the Paris at all costs."

"A week!" exclaimed one.

Within half an hour No. 11 Rue Pigalle was in the hands of the police, with all its Altogether-in one breath-they cried winged inhabitants. But every one of the human birds had flown.

> CHAPTER XI. Marie. Marie was a sweet child. She had the face of a Madonna, a face pure oval, and stained with the pink of dry roses. But in spite of her pretty face it was no asy matter for her to see Mr. Vansittart. When she went to the palace and said: "I wish to see Mr. Vansittart," the usher

looked at her and smiled. Then he counseled her to go home and be good. "Be virtuous and good," he said, "and you vill be happy." But Marie was virtuous and good, and yet she was not quite happy. She said: "May I see the king?"

The usher said no, but that good children when they died would stand with a crown upon their forehead and a harp within their hands. He was an edifying person, but Marie went away discontented.

She returned the next day. Armand had written to "the proper person" about his invitation, but had received no reply by return post. "The proper person" got a score of such letters every day and never took any notice of them. But Marie dreaded that Vansittart should go away before learning the vast powers of her magician. So, trem-

to keep Vansittart in Paris for at least a one to go and see the model." "Well, you scheme is rather wild, you know. But stay-perhaps-it is possible-I may do something for you." Hope leaped in Marie. "O, thank you, mademoiselle! And shall I see them-really?" "Not those you wished to see; but some one-perhaps-whom it will be much better for you to see. Follow me this way.' The woman led the way into the interior of the palace. There, in an oval saloon, she was bidden to wait. She waited half an hour. Then a tall lackey, all lace and gold, was bowing before her, and in another moment she was following behind him through more corridors and complexities. At last she was ushered into a room, and the door closed behind her. It was a small room, full of a peculiar atmosphere of home, strange to a French nind. It seemed the sanctuary of a sanctuary. The lace curtains were cheap, and tied with cheap blue ribbon, but more care and taste had been expended in the tying of those knots than in the furnishing of one of the great salons of Versailles. There was a faint odor of cigar smoke about-of cigars smoked in this little den by Vansittart himself. Opposite her, sitting in an arm chair, Marie saw a woman, whose eyes were rather red, as if with weeping. It was Evelyn. As soon as she saw the child she loved

her, as soon as the child saw her she trusted her. Their hands and eyes met. "Sit here-near to me, will you-and tell me all you have to say. A woman has been telling me about you, and I am glad that

you have been enabled to see me, and I am glad to see you, too. First, will you tell me what I am to call you?" "Marie."

"Very well, Marie. I am Mrs. Vansittart, as I see you guess, and those who like me call me Evelyn. Is it true that you wanted

to see my husband?" "Yes, madam."

"Well-but that is impossible, you know. Gare de Lyon, and by this time is, I suppose, steaming rapidly southward." "I did not know that," said Marie. "They told me his arm was sprained, and that he could not go out.'

full bosom heaving in a sigh; "sprained it is beyond all doubt, but had it been many times broken, he would still have gone. Nothing could keep him back. The do threatened and commanded, and I, Marie, tried what many, many, many tears and

prayers would do, but gone, you see, he "I am sorry for-for-you, madame," said Marie. "Evelyn's hand fell upon her's. "Thank you, Marie. You are very good." "You would, perhaps, prefer to be alone-"No-tell me. Whose is the inventionyour father's?" "No, madame." "A friend's?" Marie crimsoned "Ah, I see, Marie-I see!" "He is very, O, so very, clever and great,"

entre nous. Evelyn bridled and laughed. don't we?" "But he is, really. O, one could

"He is at least very lucky, Marie. Madonna is his devotee." "I should like him to know you

would love you, too."

week. As she saw this address before he a dark and sinister suspicion shot. like lightning, through her mind. But one glance trusted anything that was base, Evelyn. at the meek, unconscious child-face restored I can't help thinking that of all the women her to calm. For a minute Evelyn pondered in the world, my darling is the most in silence. Then she said: "Well, Marie, be of good hope. Goodby. Will you come and see me again? Can you spare the time from-him?" "To see you, yes," said Marie. "I should love to be always near you." "Ah, Marie, you are happy; you have him always; but I! You must come, will you, and comfort me with the story of your happiness." "I know-I know all that you feel," sai Marie-"and I pity you from my heart. If he went away I should die, I know. Butperhaps-he will be back sooner than you think. God is kind to-" Those words of Marie's-"perhaps he will be back sooner than you think,"-were unfortunate. Evelyn remembered them after ward, and they troubled her. They had hardly been uttered when the door was flung hurriedly open and a man stood there in the opening "Darling!" Evelyn's cry rang through the palace wing. She flew to his bosom. It was Vansittart. A handkerchief ban daged his forehead where there was a biggish wound. He only said: "Well, you see, they won't let me go." His right arm was tightly bound, and his left hand fell in desperate languor to his side. Evelyn was sobbing, sobbing on his shoulder. As for Marie, she, with wide eyes, slipped

German organization, whose present aim was

away unseen. Outside she met some one palace What had happened to Vansittart was

been warned that there was danger, he reached the station in safety, entered the special train with his retinue and Arizona lim, and started.

Once clear of Paris the circuit to reach the eastern line commenced. Whilst waiting momentarily at a junction the occupants of the train were startled by a vague bang, a sullen roar, like distant thunder. What it was no one could guess, it came muffled, from afar, yet huge. Had the Eiffel tower, or the Louvre, or Notre Dame

ment, vague surmise. The train proceeded at its former pace. Two miles beyond Charenton, sweeping

brain and bosom.

gesticulating, bidding them come no farther. The driver at once put on his brake, and cut

sides, there were a few injuries among the others.

whispered Marie in a kind of confidential

"We all think that of the one, you know,

dream-'

who conducted her to an exit from the this: Attended by a goodly guard, who had

been blown to fragments? All was wonder-"Ah, Marie!" answered Evelyn, her whole

> round a curve, they came upon a signal of danger-a signal to stop. There ahead between the rails was a man shouting and

off steam; but in another quarter of a minute the train was scurrying at random

mong hedges, fields and rustic huts. When the compartment in which was Vansittart toppled on its side and stopped, he pitched forward, bruising his head. Be-

mbankment had been blown up.

in one of the villages.

meditated a great attack. And Vansittart could not leave Paris!

sensitive and instinctive, to the approach of the evil-doer. O. I have noticed, you know. That is so. If you like her, Marie is true to her core.' Still Evelyn was restless and forebod-"Yes, I do not doubt it," she said. "But-"But what?" "She may be the dupe of others." "She may." "And this plot to keep you in Paris-" "I do not forget it." "This may be a ramification, a thread of "It may." Puff, puff, came the smoke from his lips, he blowing it away from her face. "Then you will not go?" "Yes. I will." "Ah, obstinate!" "No; not that. I reason in this way.

Marie is true to the core, for you trusted her, till chance circumstances turned you against her. And, let me add, Armand is true to the core, for no man would reveal to me an idea like this-it is one of the grand inventions of time, I tell you-if he were at all hostile to me and France. Very well, then, Armand and Marie are true; that's settled. Now, suppose I go and visit Armand without any human being but you, and them two, knowing of it; then I think

I shall be in a position to defy your plot. Er? What do you say, now?" She had nothing to say. She buried her head on his shoulder, murmuring, "God reserve my dear!" Vansittart's reasoning about Marie and

Armand was good, and, indeed, infallible. He was not aware, however, of the strange will of M. Carhaix, and the legacy of strife and bitterness which this gentleman had left to his nieces.

By 1 o'clock Evelyn had written to Marie. The more direct way would have been to write to Armand, but time pressed, and there was the probability that Armand, a man and a bachelor, would be away from home, without having left behind any indications of his whereabouts. She chose her messenger with great care, a man o prudence, whom she knew and trusted. She described Marie minutely to him, and told im on no account to deliver the letter into

any hands but her own. At that time Vansittart did not imagine that the enthusiasm of the Parisians would finish the work on the railroad so early as 3; he thought, however, that late at night is would be done. At about 10 he might set out for the station with all secrecy, for he had no intention, if he could help it, of being assassinated on the way. Armand's lodging lay in an obscure street

not far from his route. So he told Evelyn to make the appointment for 10:30. This, then, wrote Evelyn. Marie, on the eccipt of the letter, was at once to run It was found that a vast section of the and find her lover, tell him and bind him to absolute secrecy. She, Marie, as soon It was impossible to proceed. On the as she had read the letter, was to tear it

further side of the disaster there was no up and scatter the pieces. She was warned train. Two days, Vansittart was told, would that if she mentioned the matter even to be required for the biggest army of workher closest relations she might do infinite men he could gather to repair the danger. harm to her friends. The messenger had He returned to Paris in a carriage hired a hint to await and see that the letter was destroyed before his eyes.

Within four days, according to the pigeon-A little after 1 he reached No. 11 Rue message which Folliet had heard, Wilhelm Pigalle. He rang the bell and the wicket was opened by Jeanne. Evelyn did not

know, had not suspected, that Marie went He uttered not a word till he reached the out to any business. palace. Rage and fury were boiling in his | "I want to see Mile. Marie Carbair," said

His enemies had the footman. He had on no livery, he was In the first room at No. 11 into which

fantastic invitations. What was the cause of the fete? Perhaps only one of the wild whims of the incalculable Armand. No one knew. Armand guarded it in his bosom, a sacred secret Bober-minded Marie had insisted upon returning to her work. When, after so short an interval, she put her head inside the little gothic door, there was a shout, and unquenchable laughter-that kind of laughter which has in it the gurgle and eclat of bright wines. Every one now was fuddled, and the girls had begun to lean their heads on their neighbors' shoulder. Marie entered with a smile of comprehension and indulgence all round, and a bow and a look of love at Armand. He leaped toward her, with flushed face. One of the giris had picked two or three tendrils from the creepers, and crowned his head. She led him at once by the sleeve down to the back of the arbor, where there were no tables. The noise and the laughter of the others went on meanwhile. She was bursting with the news, Joy danced in her eyes. "Mr. Vansittart is coming!" "To your rooms." "Where to?" "To your rooms." "When?" "Tonight." "Now, that is cursed luck, Marie! He (Successors Omaha Tent and Awning Co.) Manufacturers tents, awnings, jobbers la-dies' and gents' Mackintoshes. Tents for rent. 1311 Farnam St., Omaha. can't, that's all. It did not occur to the young man that was a compliment for the virtual ruler of France to visit his squalid apartments. Armand habitually thought himself-and, no doubt was-the greatest man in the world. Marie's eyes opened wide in surprise. Carload shipments made in our own re-frigerator cars. Blue Ribbon, Elite Export, Vienna Export and Family Export deliv-ered to all parts of the city. "But-you are drole!" she cried. "Is it not, then, a great thing for us?" "It is absurd! I cannot listen to it. To-

night of all nights. It is bete!" They spoke in a somewhat high voice. The noise of the merriment made this necessary Just near them, outside, hidden by the leafage of the arbor, crouched Jeanne, hearing every word.

deep flush. "Will we not have the time

"It is a bore, a wretched bore. But he

is a decent person, Vansittart. Let him

He said it with royal condescension. Marie

"You will be friends, I know-you and

"Yes. I think so. Mrs. Vansittart wrote

"He will find his way, one hopes, through

the dinginess of the Rue Brevet, he proba-

Jeanne, outside, repeated to herself: "Rue

"Suppose he takes five, say even ten min-

ites to see the thing. That will make it

0:40. You will be with me not later than

"Do I look as if I would be later?" she

said, with a sly under glance. "But I must

go back now-or it will be suspicious. Re-

member you are not to say anything to any

At this point Jeanne, understanding that

they were about to part, began to move rapidly, yet cautiously. When she got be-

yond the arbor, she started on a run, and

"He is coming alone. I hope?"

o tell me-with her own hands."

bly never was in it in his life before.

"But, Marie-you will be there?"

after he is gone, whole hours?"

"Sweet!'

come."

he!"

was radiant.

"Darling!"

"But it is a bore."

"At half past 10."

Brevet, Rue Brevet.'

0:40 mind.'

of the arbor door.

fusion. She wanted quiet.

one.'

"Yes-near there."

"No-you will be good."

"When is he coming?"

JOHN R. LOWREY, Prop. Boilers, Tanks and Sheet Iron Work, Special facilities for doing repairs, etc. Tel-ephone 1359. "No," said Marie, "you must listen to one, and be practical. Why, he will not stay long!" she cast her lashes down, with

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was clear of the gate before Marie was out CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. Jeanne's mind was all in a whirl of con-

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