"I judge that no better may be," said

would even prefer that you should abide

Frances, laughing "I would climb over

the wall and be after you in two hours.

n one of their popish convents.

done when she was a little girl of 4.

"My child," he said very gently, "ence he said.

But where are we to go ?"

my damshier!"

of the eyelashes.

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NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS MEET-Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the South Platte Land Company will be held at the office of said company in Lincoln, Nebraska, at Il o'clock a. m., on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1808.

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Hill to Talk of Transportation. CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—The Northwestern Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will hold its sixteenth annual banquet here tonight. The general subject of discussion will be "The Effect of Applied Science on American Progress." James J. Hill will be a guest and will speak on "Transportation." President Henry Smith Pritchett of the institute will address the assemblage on the subject of "The Development of Our Natural Re-

go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge!" with oaths and cursings for the last half volt. There are to be English ships of war sergeant of infantry, clasping his feet

FLOWER O' THE CORN. By S. R. CROCKETT. 555



CHAPTER L.

It was harvest time, which in that country happens in the high floodtide of the July heats. All Flanders and Picardy were true Fields of the Cloth of Gold, in which blue blouses swung and swayed, and scythes flashed circlewise in the high, hold sun-

It was thus that he first saw her, blue and white among the gold, and ever after in his heart of hearts he called her like the others, "Flower-o'-the-Corn." Common folk in England call the gay, laughing, defiant bloom "Cornflower." In France little children leap up and shout aloud, "Bluet! Bluet!" when they catch sight of it. For it is a precious thing to them. And Maurice Raith, who, in answering my lord's letters, had a genius for finding the right word, knew at once that for this girl out a word. It was evident that he knew o'-the-Corn." So Flower-o'-the-Corn she

was till time grew old. Flower-o'-the-Corn stood up, her hands bunch of blossoms between them which she had just gathered, and she stopped short in the song she was singing-as a bird sends out the gladness of its heart and the vivid brevity of life. Maurice thought that he had never seen so fair a thing-no, not in the dreams of the night,

Yet nothing was less in the mind of Maurice Raith than maidens fair or maidall the morning writing the duke's letters and listening with one ear to the great captain's advice. For my Lord Marlborough had taken a fancy to the young man and so for the most part kept him hard at work, while he permitted the gold-barred ornamentals of his staff to disport themselves in Brussels, along the shady side of the Grande Place, or to ogle the maids of the city under the lacework turrets of the town hall.

So it chanced that, in a field a mile or we beyond the limits of the camp, Maur'ce Raith, sauntering heart free, suddenly heard as it were the caroling of a bird. The road in which he stood was sunk a little below the surrounding fields, as is the wont of the provinces of Ardennes. Here it was that he heard the sweet lilt of a girl's voice singing as if to herself.

And at the sound Maurice sprang at the done at an intrenchment. With one impetuous movement he burst through the broom, and lo! he stood stone-stricken in be the same man any more. For indeed she was like a flower. She

had the dewy freshness, the lissome side sway, the dash of vivid color (which was her mouth) of some tall poppy or pomegranate flower seen under a bright sky. Yet there was nothing coquettish about Flower-o'-the-Corn-a serene sweetness and simplicity rather, eminently virginal. She had eyes varied from dark hazel to mapphire blue, and from azure back again to a mysterious sea-violet, according to the sky that shone above them and the mood that moved behind them. But her mouth was her greatest beauty. Not at all a reposeful mouth, it was rather one constantly flitting from expression to expression, pleading, petulant, disdainful, forgiving-all in the compass of twenty seconds.

And when she smiled (which upon the present occasion she did at his discomfiture) it was like the sun breaking through an April cloud. She wore a rough country hat of naturally colored straw on her head, set a trifle saucily, and her hair beneath parade and was gone. it was of the color of the ruddy parts of running through it. Flower-o'-the-Corn was not tall, but she gave the impression of tallness. Slender, graceful, dainty, a willow by the water courses, a lissomestemmed white lily that had somehow

No pen could write down, no tongue could express the peculiar and invincible lain to Ardmillan's regiment, in the sery- cheeks. ice of the queen of Great Britain, France

"What is your name?" "Frances! And yours?"
"Maurice!"

There was a pause as they looked at each ther, blushing with beautiful unanimity. Surnames were not asked for, somehow Flower-o'-the-Corn fingered a saffron-andfrom their center pincushion. The two had turned instinctively and were walking down know of it till afterward. Maurice Raith of it. switched the broom with his cane, and searched his empty brain for something to say. His easy, usual volubility had strangely

would seem incredibly empty even before it was uttered. Yet at last he found words. "Is it safe," he said, softly, "that you

should wander thus far from the camp, and alone?" He seemed to have the right to inquire A certain brotherly instinct stirred within him, mixed with something else-the intuitively superior attitude of the untram meled male whenever it becomes protec-

"The camp is dangerous-" he went on with some eagerness, "the new levies-the Hadeners-the wild tribesmen from the edge of Styria-

She cut him short. "Do you know Ardmillan's regiment! she asked sweetly enough. "Know it?" he smiled back at her, "am !

ment?" "Then you will understand this also,

she said. "God pity him that meddles with Frances Wellwood to her hurt!" "That may be true," be persisted, "but the evil might be done-done quickly, and the camp!"

vengeance afterward is but a poor thing. You must take care—I pray you bide nearer ome. In these stormy times-"

rom the camp. "But you are under my escort-I am the hand with a kind of rapture, and his voted general's aide-a fellow-countryman-in taking on its pulpit inflection, "a great fact. Maurice Raith!

wen name seemed a passport to him. In under the hooves of the horses shod for spite of his experience he still took himself | war." very seriously. "My friend," she said, "neither does my

father permit me to wander without the stern a man. weapons of the flesh. And some skill to use them. She slid her hand behind her, and lo, as

pistols in her pretty little hands. In a her in the day of peril?" noment she had returned them. She bent slightly, seemed to touch her ankle, and a about the old man's neck. 'skean dhu" glittered between her fingers. a battery of artillery? Say the word, sir.

(Copyright, 1902, by S. R. Crockett.) **6**------

of cavalry and a park of artillery, all in "You are a very silly girl!" said Maurice

sententiously and with the loftiest king aunt's at Sawiffats. So, daddy, I warn you! of diedain, for he felt that he was being played with, and did not like it. "Then," she turned away at right angles, girl," he said, "the birds of the air may "you are much too grand a person to waste | carry the matter. Come, then, closer to your time in talking to silly girls. I wish you a good afternoon! I will show you it was true about the cavalry at any rate!" She hailed a passing orderly who was curls with a pretty gesture, the daughter to the Danube, perhaps, certainly to the taking an officer's horse to a convenient

swimming place on the Meuse side.

'Whose beast is that?" she demanded "Major North's, mistress!" said the man "Bring him here. I will ride him back into camp. This gentleman says that it is unsafe to walk outside alone!"

The soldier did as he was bidden withwhom he met among the broom there was the girl perfectly. She mounted easily, no other name possible but just "Flower- just touching the orderly's outstretched fingers. Maurice Raith stood gaping. "Good-by," she cried, ar anging her skirts, "run away and see that the genclasped lightly behind her. There was a eral's letters are prettily copied or you will be whipped. And never waste your

time on silly girls. It is a habit that may

grow on you!" She waved her hand and was gone. Maurice Raith stamped his foot. He was morally certain that the soldier servant laughed or the lee side of that horse. He could hear the frank silvery trill of Frances Weilwood's mirth. He resolved that ens Flemish, as he strolled out into the he would not think of her as "Flower-o'cornfields to cool his brain after toiling the-Corn" any more. And resolution is a fine thing in such circumstances.

> CHAPTER IL. The Chaplain of Ardmillan's Regiment.

Nothing could have been more brilliant than the camp of the allies before Namur, when the motley hosts which conquered Tallard at Blenheim were gathering for the fray. The buff and blue of a regiment of Scottish foot, Wurtemburg light horsemen, gold-handed and fretful like wasps; blue Franconian hussars, their boots glittering with broad silver bands at the knee and

through the Babel of tongues the Yet broad give-and-take of compliments in a Bcore of languages, Flower-o'-the-Corn moved easily and placidly, smiling sweetly down from the tall horse of Major North. She sat barebacked, but as if on an easy And at the sould have steep face of the bank as he would have chair, one little white hand laid lightly on the mane, and her eyes roving hither and thither over the ranged tents, and further sudden amazement, for Flower-o'-the-Corn fications, from which came ever and anon off on the long white line of the city fortithe dull reverberation of a heavy gun or an upward burst of white vapor as a mortar was discharged.

Many men looked at her. They had not been men else, but the hasty jibe in rough camp English, learned in the trenches and bandled in whisper from post to post, was hushed by the quick elbow of a comrade.

"The Scot's priest's daughter-beware! Her father has the evil eye-she the gift of tongues. Only once Black Kessel of Taxis spake roughly to her, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. On the thirl day he died-as it were, in the flames of hell fire!" This was no ill repute to

servant to halt "Thank Major North for the use of his beast!" she said, "tell him Frances Wellwood said so!" She smiled as she had spoken, like

princess. The soldier (a man of Ingoldby's

Fusileers) saluted, drew himself erect as if he had been praised by his officer on It was in front of a little whitewashed, Indian corn, with quick wilful lights of red-tiled Flemish house that Frances had red gold and darker shadows of nut-brown slid easily and lightly from her horse. Under the porch, vine-covered in broad unequal patches, stood an old man, tall and again you and I are to take our lives in spare, his black cocked hat in his hand. He was in talk with a younger man, already grizzled and browned with service.

old man and without noticing his compancharm of Mistress Frances Wellwood, sole ion she cast her arms about his neck and daughter of Mr. Patrick Wellwood, chap- kissed him, in continental fashion, on both "Frances, Frances," said the minister, disengaging her gently, "will you never learn manners? Do you not see that I am lear at Geneva." he said.

But Frances was far from paying any at-

us, dear Frances!" "Indeed," said his daughter, "I will do

nothing of the kind. If it is an affair of the Vivarais to assist the king in putting down stone wall. There are a thousand youngpurple marguerite, pulling the petals slowly regiment, you have your study-Colonel Ardmillan has his orderly room and his quarters. This is at present my front garthe slope away from the camp. Frances den, and if you have anything to say that I could not tell why, nor indeed she did not | may not hear-there is a gate leading out The grizzled shortish man laughed-a

bachelor's tolerant laugh. "Your daughter is right, chaplain," he said. "My Lord Duke said nothing of condeserted him. He felt that a compliment

The old man frowned, with perhaps more

seal than sincerity upon his brow. "She hath no respect of persons, this maiden," he said. "It is the fault of her upbringing in camps and the assemblies of violent men."

As he stood in speech with her father, Colonel Sir Archibald Ardmillan had kept his hat on his head. For he was one of the few who, fearing neither God nor the devil, took small heed to the belief prevailing in the allied armies that the chaplain of his regiment had intimacies with the dwellers in strange places, and could summon the

demons from their own places. He now turned on his heel with a brief salutation of respect to Frances, and nodding to her father, took his way back to the headquarters of his regiment.

"You have offended our colonel, girl, said Patrick Wellwood. "That is not well done. Remember that upon his goodwill depends your very permission to follow

"The camp would miss me worse than I would miss the camp!" returned the girl, patting her father's white locks indul-"Then we had better turn now," she gently; "you and I can do very well withinterrupted, "for we are walking away out the camp." "A great quest," he said, raising his

quest-to deliver the people of the Lord The young man was at that age when his out of the hand of the oppressor, from Then he looked at his daughter with a

kind of soft sadness, remarkable in so "But this my dove," he went on, "my dove that sitteth among the rocks, that

hath had her dwelling all her days among in a conjuring trick there were a brace of the defensed rocks! What shall I do with The girl arose and put up both her arms

"Patrick Wellwood," she said, using in I am a battalion of infantry, a squadron after thee? For whither thou goest I will hold of you. He has been demanding you officially encourage the leaders of the re-

'True, Frances," said the cid man, "so ho it is written. Yet for this love of thin-

Thus encouraged, Maurice faced his chief. He stood in the middle of the room volleythe Lord that Is on high recompense you. ing orders, dispatching brusque commands "Then I am to accompany you?" Frances to the farthest limits of the camp, arranging put the question with a quick upward lift rendezvous with his allies, Eugene of Savoy and the sulky Badener prince.

This was the day of Corporal John when the minister, "yet if it were possible 1 he had matters of weight upon his mind. "Ah, Raith!-Captain Maurice Raith-and pray inform me whose kissing curls have "If you did put me in a convent," said kept your Presbyterian brawn and conscience so long from your work, sirrah? I have here under my hand a mission for you, Even as I did when you left me at my Master Maurice, that had better be wholly

private betwix you and me!" And Maurice Raith, bowing humbly before the great captain, entered into the out. The old man lifted his finger. "Hush, inner apartment.

Marlborough did not dally with his subject, but put his wishes with characteristic And tossing her bonnet over her shoulder vigor and clearness. and throwing back her fleece of shining "The army marches at once to the south

of Ardmillan's chaplain skipped across and climbed on her father's knee, as she had The young man started "My Lord, you promised me a regiment,"

which I will show you before you leave, You will see that these stores and warlike material reach those for whom it is intended-that is, our persecuted fellow protestants of the south of France."

Maurice bowed gravely. "You will come to me for your final instructions tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock. with whatever disguise seems to you most that case you will assuredly be hung for a spy. So make your reckening with that." Mourice bowed a second time and went

"Surely that is worth a regiment, a least," he said softly to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

Pierre the Waggoner.

The great folk being done with for a while, issue we forth upon the clean-washen high read of middle France.

'He! Ola! Allez!" cried a certain nutbrown carter to his leading beast as it



FLOWER-O'-THE-CORN HAD COME INTO HIS LIFE, AND HE COULD NEVER BE THE SAME MAN ANY MORE.

our hands, and adventure into the deserts his shoulder with more tenderness than de Larzac. and wild hills, that we may bring succor | could have been expected from so cold and to God's folk suffering there, even as in stern a man. But Frances was far from paying any attention to this. She ran impulsively to the reformation alode in dens and caves of the should earn it first. Were you my own son

Cevennes!" "The Cevennes?" queried the girl, "that is the south of France, is it not? In Languedec and on the borders of Spain!" sire is to use my sword in your service as "You have not quite forgot your book presently in colloquy with my colonel, Sir recall many things that I had thought for- his recent haste, "you make the mistake of Archibald Ardmillan? It is an affair of ever put behind me. For I am to journey the regiment. I pray you go in and leave ostensibly as a minister of the Swiss reform kirk, on a mission to persuade the

> the fanatics of the utmost hills!" The girl nestled closer to her father. hope, run headlong upon a breach, storm a You will not go anywhere without me- fort, endure danger and hunger, or lie out you have promised!" she said, coaxing him three days in the open fields with their wounds unattended, yet think that they have

like a babe that knows its power. The old man sighed. "Ah, lass, lass," he said gently, "ye are are not so many-indeed, I know of but one ye, so be that it is new. But the day will which I will put into your hands this day. come when ye will think your ain cozy His name is Maurice Raith!" cealing the matter from her. She may as ingle nook and a drap halesome parritch is

basom!"

CHAPTER III.

My Lord Duke. people who met that pleasant clean- advised your father to send you three years lands Maurice Raith was the one

thought most of the encounter. to the rules of the game. The dashing you could only lie with conviction, and young aid and favorite secretary, to whom his chief looked to draw secrets from the breasts of the great women (who someimes held such in their keeping)-what would be care for the daughter of the Presbyterian chapiain of a Scots regiment lately transferred from the Dutch roster?

Yet striding back to headquarters. ground his ficel into the earth to think that she had laughed at him. Had she not bidden him go home and set to the careful battle. The like of these are good enough," copying of his letters on pain of being with a contemptuous shoulder where half a est themselves in wine carriers and their Repeating this to himself with unneces

and so felt essed. For when a man once

has treated a matter as a joke, be it ever

so brief a period, he can never take it back again into the region of the highest tragedy where alone danger lies. So Maurice Raith, laughing, put away his lil-humor and made the saner resolve, "The ling it diagonally across the southeast corlittle vixen! I will be even with her yet!" But Maurice Raith had not reached headchair, his plumed hat lying broadside on swiftly. the ascetic camp bed. was striding to and

"Raith! Raith!" Maurice heard his name | tains." shouted with increasing volume of sound. "Raith to see his Grace!" a young subal- a clever lad. Maurice, but the mind of a the old Scots fashion the full name of her tern repeated the words, adding in a lower good secretary ought to be like a clean speech of a woman who alternately raised to leave thee or to return from following find him in, my friend, when he does get journey thither, and privately and un-

The commander in chief laid his hand on tugged up the long ascent of the Cause

earth! We go to the mountains called you should do no less. I should do no "I know it, my Lord," said Maurice Raith

"Only show me how I am to do it. My de-

well as my pen. "Ah," said the duke, with not a trace of all brisk young men. There are more ways of earning military renown than the way of a bull at a fence. You have a head, Captain Protestant gentleman of Provence and the Raith, but you need not knock it against a sters in my army who will lead a forlorn

young and see no new thing come wrang to whom I would entrust with the commission The young man's heart beat fast at the well know soon as syne, as the Ayrshire a bicker the next best thing to Abram's words of confidence from the lips of the great master of war.

"I am wholly at your service, my lord;"

The general nodded shortly. "You speak French like a native, I be lieve," he went on. "For that purpose I the most of you. You can talk like a diplomat, write like a scribe, pay court like This, of course, was not at all according a prince of the boly Roman empire, and if game of principalities and powers!"

> at the young man between his lowered faced carter had in early life, and, indeed, "No," he said, as if the remark were the outcome of his scrutiny, "we cannot afford to waste you on the rough-and-tumble of dezen young officers stood chatting and jest-

His grace of Mariborough paused a little,

ing in front of his quarters. sary vehemence, he suddenly laughed aloud, Marlborough returned to a map of France which was spread on the table before him. "Captain Raith, you are to make a little minions.

He laid his finger far to the south, draw-

"There," he said grimly, "is the ulcer quarters before he saw that something of within which may yet cripple him the suddenly upon a curiously assorted group first rate importance had happened there. Grande Monarque! You have heard of the The chief, his sword pitched on the nearest Cevennes?" he concluded, looking up

Maurice looked surprised. fro. dictating furiously. Mounted officers "I have, as your grace knows, written were dashing with orders to north, east and | many letters at your instance to the chiefs shaggy hair was bound about with a bloody of the insurrection among those moun-"Hush!" said the duke, smiling, "you are

And the cracking of a hune Langue-docian Mazamet, punctuated the appeal.

A stout young man, an absolutely refolks affairs was Master Pierre. Had he ters of protection." not the king's own seal for the right of entry and exit out of France? He was them?" said Pierre humbly. "I am from licensed a carrier of wine from the recently the far north as you may hear." He had added province of Alsace to the king's the blank forms in his breast pocket at that most excellent and wine-bibbing majesty. | moment, but it was just as well to know. But in that case what was he doing

Ah, that was another story, and he had another certificate for that. Were there savage solitudes leading strange lives, Louis should bid so safe a messenger to continue his way southward, with sundry casks of the same vintage to cheer the

hearts of his faithful servants. "Three great and three little casks of the towns of Roche-a-Bayard and Hoothe property of his most Christian majesty to paper. Louis, king of France and Brittany; to be carried free of all duty, local and imperial, De Breslin, do you hear?" ordered the breathed day of July on the Brabant corn- to Paris when I was planning how to make to the king's servants, the Marechal de

majesty." Surely as simple, convincing, irrefragicontrol your temper, you would be a tem- ble a manifest as ever was written upon a pered weapon worth using in the great war sheet of paper with the royal arms of France at the top! Nevertheless there were other things in the barrels besides narrowing his eyes and looking critically Moselle wine, and the handsome, jollytill within the last two weeks, owned to the name of Maurice Raith, while his most convincing papers had been obtained -well-as such things can always be obtained when "the highest quarters" interpassports.

And certainly Mons. Pierre le Flamand played his part with vigor and resolution. He wore no false hair or beard. The stain on his complexion was not deeper than journey in any diaguise that may suit you that which bronzed the cheeks of many a through a portion of Louis Bourbon's do- sturdy follower of the crawling road wagons and blue-sheeted carriers' carts. Pierre of Hoche-a-Bayard and Hoo had been careful not to overdo his part. It chanced that just as this sturdy Pierre

> left the town of Millau behind him he came Half a dozen king's troopers stood hector ing and storming upon the broad, irregular paving stones of the Ponte Royale. Three of them were holding down a huge halfnaked giant of a man, whose abundant rag. His hands were tied behind his back

with a rope. The sergeant in charge of the soldiers was laughing at the uncouth actions and

on the Mediterranean coast, at a place and declaring in quite intelligible French that a man so nobly gifted by nature would upon a date which I will communicate. never take from her, Bet, her only protector, her master and lord, Billy Marshall. But at the very first glance Maurice Raith knew the man, and resolved, if possible, to attach him to his own calvacade Galloway. Also, what was more strange,

He recognized the prisoner as Billy Marshall, the famous gypsy from Keltonhill in In the meantime you will provide yourself an answering gleam shot from underneath the sombre slumberous eyelids of the fitting. Remember, you must expect no gypsy. In spits of the disguise of carter assistance from us if you are caught. In dress and walnut stain the old expert in conceniments recognized his sometime officer. But not a word or look betrayed that either had ever seen the other.

Pierre, the waggoner, did not healtate a moment. He halted his horses with a longdrawn professional shout, clubbed his whip by twisting the lash round his arm and wrist and strede masterfully into the crowd. "What are you doing here, you sulky runaway knave," he cried, striking the bound man again and again with the whip across his thickly thatched bullet head and naked shoulders till he moaned aloud with the apparent pain.

The woman rose with a shrick and would have flown upon her lord's new enemy, but the prisoner stopped her with a peculiar clucking noise.

"See, you," cried Pierre of Roche-a-Bayard and Hoo, holding up his papers to the sergeant, "here is this fellow, who was given to me to be my 'ostler and underroulier on the king's service! He must needs get tipsy on liquor meant for his betters, and then, to make bad worse, overrun me, in the night. I am deeply indebted to you, gentlemen, all, for detaining him till came up-"

"And pray who may you be that can afford to talk so briskly of the king's service?" cried the sergeant.

"Pray cast your eyes over that," quoth Pierre the carrier, quietly, "and you will find that the king has many servants, and that he has a few more useful than those who carry his own good Moselle wine to his own faithful servants." "Here, Manse, read the scrawl aloud."

cried the sergeant, holding the certificate upside down between his finger and thumb, 'it is writ in your plaguey running script.' A tall grenadier came forward and took the paper out of the hand of his superior officer. He read the commission through, the sergeant punctuating the sentences with nods "That is very well," he said, "but in it

I hear no mention of my prisoner, or de-

scription of his person. He is an able-

bodied, sturdy knave, and I had just pressed him for his majesty's military service. I cannot let him go without cause shownor-(here he coughed behind his hand)-its equivalent. He is worth a gold louis to me at headquarters any day!" "Louis d'ors are none so plenty with us lads of the road that we can afford to scatter them broadcast to buy back our drunken hostlers. But-" Maurice made a grimace and jerked his thumb behind him, "all in not the king's sealed wine which I carry.

service of my friends, and if-" here ha lowered his voice and spoke into the ear of the soldier. "Well, well, cast him loose," the sergeant ordered, "far be it from me to interfere with the king's wine. But when you meet with the Marechal de Montravel, do not forget to inform his excellency what an excellent and deserving fellow is Sergeant Passy of the Twenty-fourth regiment of grena-

I have a cask of the best, which is at the

"Indeed I shall not forget!" said the waggoner heartily, "but in the meantime give me a hand at unslinging this, which I carry under my third wagon, it does not bear the seal royal, but it will trickle down thirsty throats like divine nectar for all that!"

The soldiers piled their pieces with looks expectation, and with right good will assisted in broaching a small cask of white wine which was attached underneath the third of Pierre's wagons. The sergeant looked after Billy a triffe

"A sturdy capable fellow that," he said, shaking his head. "'Tis as well that I am no cavalry recruiting sergeant, else I might not have let him go so easily. I should advise you to obtain a letter of protection for him before you are a day older.

Pierre the waggoner thanked him pro fusely for his advice. "I will see to it this very day," he said. The sergeant of grenadiers looked at him a triffe strangely over his cup.

"For a man so generously provided with papers," he said slyly, "you are strangely ignorant. It is not on the Causse de Largaspectable man, a man of his fists and other | that one can provide oneself with such let-"And where may I be able to obtain

"Why, as to that, either from the governor racking his whip down upon the steep rise of the Cevennes at Mende, Mons de Broglie of the Cause de Larzac, this bldff northern or when you come to the camp of the Mar-Mons Pierre of Roche-a-Bayard and Hoo? shal de Montravel." "But you, sergeant, must give me a paper

saying that you have tried this man and not servants of the king in these semi-savage solitudes leading strange lives, "That I will," the soldier laughed, "or hunters of men, scourges of fanatics. at least so will Philip Manse. Once Philip shooters at sight of Comisard and Hugue- was a Protestant, as rare a psalm singer as not. What more natural than the bulk of any, but a few matches in the paim of his the sparkling wine of the Meuse and Mo- hand applied by Monsieur the Abbe du selle having been delivered at Marly for Chaila converted him for good. A rare the throat of royalty, the thoughtful King | fearful man is this Manse, but he can compese hand-of-writ like an angel."

The tall soldier with the lantern jaws

who had not been thought of sufficient im-

portance to warrant him drinking along

with the fellows was now called forward wine of the Moselle, committed to the and ordered to write a protective paper care of Master-carrier Pierre Dubois, of which would have some merit in it, the sergeant prompting him before he set quill "Write it in name of my colonel, sirrah sergeant. That will carry more weight Montreval and the Brigadier General de than the name of a mere halbert carrier. Planque-a present from his most Christian Beside, we march immediately to the north to counter the English duke on the Thine -who will be the wiser? There-done like

> a good fellow. A bumper of wine for Manse. What-you do not drink? Well, your health, Mansel I at least have no scruples." And the soldier swigged down the tall can of wine provided for the scribe, who meantime was looking at his own rubication of the name De Breslin with the ap-

> preciation of an artist. As he rose, however, from the cench on which he had been sitting, with the paper still in his hand, he waved it to dry the ink in such a way as to attract the atten tion of Billy Marshall, the gypsy, who was mending a broken strap with whipcord. A glance of extraordinary meaning shot between the two men-a glance which, though unseen by the sergeant and his men, was not lost upon Pierre, the wag-

"Once a Camisard always a Camisard," he muttered to himself. "I question whether the conversion of that grenadier is as genuine as his sergeant supposes."

(To Be Continued.) Irish Malcontents Wed.

PARIS, Feb. 21.-Major MacBride, who was a member of the Irish brigade in the Transvaal during the South African war, and Maude Gonne, known as the "Irish Joan of Arc." were married here today.

To Reinforce Turkish Army.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 21. - The Smyrns-Cassiba Railroad company has been "Will that do?" she smiled up at him, the old Scots fashion the full name of her tern repeated the words, adding in a lower good secretary ought to be like a clean speech of a woman went instructed to prepare for the transportation at little, "or must I produce parent, "is it not written, "and a devil of a temper you will wiped slate. But, at all events, you are to her hands to h of 25,000 soldiers to reinforce the Third