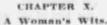


FLOWER O' THE CORN.

By S. R. CROCKETT. 1848481





Yvette Foy watched Maurice leave the terrace where they had stood so close together beneath the blossoming purple creepers with a smile on her face that was by no means affected. All was not lost because the first coup had somewhat mis-carried. She had, however, sufficient knowledge of men to make no further attempt

that night. It is true that the smile on her face was and fixed look about her great dark eyes. | in any way to presume. "A minute before I did not care about

world, she shall not take him from me!" Round a street corner came the far- Way."

fully. "She does it for effect," she murmured. liver Israel from the hands of the Phil-

It is impossible to express the flerce bitterners with which the girl spoke. There was a gleam almost of madness in her eye-the revolt of a keen and haughty to it than death.

Yet to do her justice it was only when such an one as Maurice Raith came in her all things. She had too great a contempt for the Camisard peasants who surrounded much as an eyelash upon them. Not even arm! courtly, polished, could move her.

"I have the misfortune to be born of "O, do not weary me-I know the jargon," the peasant's party," she said, "but there she said, "the trick of it is too easy. For a not love them, talk with them, hold corn- which God has been pleased to do by me radeship with them. And doubtless in since he brought me hither you will admit good time there is a way out. If not by that the Spirit of the Lord hath not alto-

this young Englishman, why by another!" gether spoken in vain!" Yvette had a secret storehouse of books "You have beaten General Argenton, and the poor old brigadier, San Privat," books which had been sent her by Eugenie she said bitterly, "and what of that? Is a la Gracieuse, her friend of the Parisian regiment more or less aught to the master school. This private library included among others the "Grand Cyrus," "Clelle" the king for a score of such victories?" and the latest volumes of the dictionary of Bayle-strange books to be found in the | gently; "moreover, it has been revealed to escritoire of a Camisard girl in a village me that one day I shail stand before Louis standing upon its defenses in the wilds of

From these she had learned the language of Marly and Versailles. Though led him astray." still to outward sppearance a poor girl. her mind dwelt constantly with dukes and a company of those loyal subjects of yours, princes. She walked the narrow corridors General Cavaller, dragging a cannon into of the Bon Chretien as if they had been the village. Was it perchance to fire sa-

To do her justice, however, it was not the nature of Yvette Foy to sit down and cry over the spilling of milk. On the contrary, she would serenely betake herself to work of preparing another.

So Yvette sat musing upon the young Englishman who had left her. She bore him no malice for his sudden departure. "Well, better luck next time," she had said with a shrug of her shoulders, "You can hardly expect to win every trick of

the game, pretty Mistress Yvette. But no more will the Milk-and-Water girl-that is one comfort." For so she named Flower-o'-the-Corn

as often as she thought of her. She hummed a gay, careless tune learned

in Paris: "Shall I go carry a hymn book, sing psalms, take short steps demurely, abase mine eyes upon the ground? O. I could do it. Yes, I have done it before," so she meditated, "and if I judge rightly, these things are not what this young man loves -a firm grip of the hand, a bold meeting eye, not too forward, but as a man to s man. These will take him, so be that he is

worth the taking." across the little open square of the village and round the newly rebuilt fortifications of the Knights Templar. He walked fast, as if he would thus disengage himse f from temb and despise all his prating crew. troublesome thoughts.

herself, very pleasant to hear, it was so man, and, though he is strong in his will full of good humor and mirthful apprecia- magic, I will break his will. and his magic, tion of the circumstances. "He must walk fast who would get away

from that infection!" she murmured. long for milk and water.'

Her father entered at this moment, sidling uncertainly toward a chair, as if

"Well, Martin Foy," said his daughter. without raising her head from her work or taking the trouble to conceal the book which lay open upon the writing table before her, "what news today of the wondrous baker's boy? Hath his excellency General Jean Cavalier defeated all the marshals of France and amashed his bread oven with their batons?" The old Camisard shook his head som-

berly. "Yvette, Yvette," he said in a voice as it had been anddened with the singing of pualms and a manner chastened by habitual self-repression before the prophets and chiefs of his faith, "when will you learn to speak well of men great and holy? When will your hard heart be touched?"

"Pshaw!" cried the girl, "can you not see, father, they are all mouthing fools! I am sad and angry to stand by and see you, my father, giving your hard earned substance to such fanatice. What does Catinat

know of any Shiloh?" "I am grieved for you, my daughter, said her father sadly, "for if ye do these things in the green tree, what will you do in the dry? Nay, I have spoken concerning you to Jean Cavalier himself-

The girl looked up for the first time her face flushing pomegranate red under dusky skin, her white teeth a mere line between her indrawn lips, her great eyes bright and dry with anger.

You take too much on you, Martin Foy." she said sharply and bitterly. "I have nothing to do with them, mark me; nonor with your boasted Jean Cavaller himself, though I grant you that, in spite of his baker's oven, he is a bird of another

As the words left the girl's lips a young man entered lightly, doffed his hat with a bow to Yvette, and stood as if he had

sidings to deliver. Martin Foy leaped to his feet with a light

"Cavalier," he cried, "Jean Cavalier! You do this house an honor! My daughter, rise leaders welcome! General of the army of the Lord, the younger Gideon of our host,

The girl rose with a haughty and contemptuous gesture, her eyes still flashing angry fire. She swept the young man a courtesy, to which he responded with an a bitter one. And as she betook herself equal austerity-not too much and not too to her needlework and her book the twin little, yet marking as a man of breeding scarlet lips were compressed more tightly might do his recognition of the unfriendli-

"I am no general," he said in a voice sinhim at all," she murmured to herself, gularly low and pleasant, 'and you name "and I do not now. I have other things me rightly, Martin Foy, when you call me to live for. But, of all people in the simply Jean Cavaller. As you know, there are no titles among us, the Brethren of the

heard chant of the child mourners, the The girl stood still, her train circled clear voice still leading it, a heavenly in-strument such as angels might blow upon. regarding him. But Jean Cavaller bore her Yvette shrugged her shoulders disdain. scrutlay unabashed, yet with a singular,

> contemed rebel peasants of the Cevenes. But of all this the daughter of Martin

spirit against surroundings more hateful said Yvette Foy, keeping her great eyes steadfastly fixed upon the young man before

Jean Cavaller did not blush. Neither did way that Yvette Foy let herself go. She he seem put out even for a moment. Steadhad a philosophy of her own in this as in ily he gave the girl back eye volley for eye

her, in spite of the fact that their midnight it," he said with dignity, "it is not mine marches and sudden assaults were making to hasten or delay. When the Lord has all Europe ring with their fame, to lift so work for his people he will make bare his

finite contempt.

is no need that I should mix with them. I comfortable salary I could be a prophetess will pray with them, watch with them, en-myself."

"I think if you will consider the deeds

the King and not be ashamed! The king is still the king, and we hold ourselves his subjects all the more that we resist the

lutes in honor of his Majesty's birthday? Jean Cavalier smiled, almost the sweet smile of a child.

"I had not thought that his Majesty had so whole-hearted an advocate within these

walking straight up to her, he laid his hand as a prophet should. on her wrist. There was nothing of familiarity in the action, yet the girl winced

for you also, Mistress Yvette Foy. higher tribunal, and, as it were, stand before Caesar! Let this remain in your mind. For the present I hold no further word

Yvette stamped her foot in hot anger. "So that is his power," she said, "and he would make me feel it-me-who con-

Well, wait-wait! There is this day and an-Yvette laughed, a little low laugh all to other day after this. He also is a young both of them. He shall crawl like a worn on the ground before me ere all be done. I also have a magic older and "Yes," she said, "I am sure of him. He simpler than he dreams of. He can cast is too much a man of action to care very his glamor on these ignorant peasants, mudstained from the furrow. He can sway the listening assembly. I have heard himbreath-breath-the power of the spoken out from a man-others do great things because he wills it. I have seen it, and I know. But just because the power goes from him, he is left weak. All the more her. that he binds thousands to his will. Cavalier-I will teach you to set your

calls himself the leader of many. And at attention upon herself. the last I will give him ashes in his mouth even apples of Sodom-exceeding bitter difficulty.

As she spoke she broke into a trill of laughter.

ment of the little stret, two men met and sermon. greeted each other. They were Maurice At the first glance Yvette had noted

Raith, still in his wagoner blouse. He where Flower-o'-the-Corn had placed her-uncovered and stood humbly before Jean self, which as was usual with her, was whose lives came across hers. Every blown Cavalier, who nodded slightly in acknowl- immediately beneath her father. For the blade of grass on the meadow leas, every edgment of the salutation.

dezvous near Cette to arrange for, and pected of him. On more than one occathe time is short." It was the wagoner who spoke, humbly, standing a moment to collect his thoughts, deepest religion, and she prattied of them

think he speaks no French. We shall ar- a single word. range all then. And he will keep the door. He can be trusted?"

"That I warrant!" said Pierre, the wagoner, grimly. "God pity the man that runs up against Billy with a sword in his band and a door to keep!"

And above them out of the high balcony of the ancient Templar's house the dark eyes of Yvette Foy looked after them. 'Men are such self-important ninnies,' she summed up her experiences. "Their

dare to come here. No (she laughed

CHAPTER XL

ing carelessly into the distance. "Bring with shut the book and descended the Martin Foy, the Camisard, leved some of our servant with you to my rooms. I pulpit stairs without giving utterance to

> Patrick Wellwood stood in the pulpit when Yvette entered. He had been educated at Geneva. Here he had learned French of that notable fluency and vigor which can only be attained in youth. Beside which he had spent by far the greater part of his life abroad, and so it was ings and impulses through her brdy, as if that he could speak to the Camisards of she, too, were kin to all that bourgeoning the Cevennes in their own language with greenery and pink blossoming orchards. all the vigor and point with which he addressed the Presbyterian veterans of Ard-

Flower-o'-the-Corn's eyes were fixed upon the father. She did not even observe that Jean Cavalier had placed himself directly at right angles to her, side by side with Roland and Catanas in a place which had come to be reserved for the elders and prophets of the Camisard people. She had only thought of the commander-in-chief of the Camisard forces as a young man who had shown himself willing to be kind and helpful to her father During these days at La Cavalorie, young man a grateful nod and smile when of rib, eggs in plenty, with late fruits Flower-o'-the-Corn went about with a he returned from conducting the old man and vegetables. The women sat crouched father from this folly of his while she sweet, smiling graciousness which won all to the pulpit, which he did with a sweet on their heels by their baskets or with lived. And when she died-then it was he

because in it her being expanded. The "I heard," she very tissues of her bond changed with a were so clever!" sense of physical enlargement and wellbeing. She hated the winter, but when at last the spring came and the life juice made the world new, Yvetts had strange thrill-

part of the necessary well being of the world-the warm-sired, full-blooded gusto of things of which she had her part as a creature who loved eating and drinking and lying long warm abed, as others love truth and self-sacrifice and the word of

Thus it was with these two who were now to face each other in the warm, coppery glow of the little market place, across black diamond. which the early morning shadows still

these natural things also, she loved them of telling on the taleteller, was impossible condition of OMAHA TRADE otherwise. She rejoiced in the sunshine to Flower-o'-the-Corn. But taletelling, even in its mildest form

"I heard," she said artlessly, "that you

Yvette Foy laughed aloud in her turn. 'You will not tell me who told you." she said. "It is you who are clever, and I did not know it?

"O. I am not clever at all," returned Frances, simply. "I have only followed my father from city to city and from camp to Values on Most Lines are About the camp. I know only men."

'In her inner heart Yvette thought that to know men was not the least to be desired of accomplishments, but she did no say so. She only drew her arm through her companion's with a smiling, happy air,

The two girls walked spart from the crowd of the market place, smiling and conversing. Such a pair for loveliness was never even together-fair and dark, corn flower and the passion flower, pearl and

"Pity mea" said Yvette; "I have no mother-"Nor I," Frances answered with a quick

Do you remember her?" "Yes, truly," said Yvette," she held my sent me to school in Paris-to be out of his way!"

"Ah," said Frances reproachfully, "do not speak thus of your father-if he is all that is left to you, as mine is! And besides, my father says he is a good man." Yvette laughed a little laugh, very deep

"Yes," she said scornfully, "a good man doubtless—that is to be some one else's father. It is very well for you, my fair lady, who go out everywhere into the world of men with your father, seeing new lands and the faces of new folk and brave soldiers, and great men-very easy for you to prate to Yvette Foy of fathers!" "Nay, nay," said Flower-o'-the-Corn,

blushing, "I know what you mean very well, but, indeed, it is not so. There is no man anywhere, in highland or lowland, mountain or isle, whose company I would prefer to that of my father!"

"Then the more fool you, with such chances!" murmured Mistress Yvette, under her breath. But aloud she said, pat-

That is but Pierre the wagoner from Flanders, he whose barrels were ransacked the other night by our good, honest

friends of this Protestant village-"The same who brought the dispatches the ground-onions, leeks, garlic, potatoes and the cannon?" said Frances. "I was the corresponding tower which completes glance and to watch the blood spring hot comparative freedom of the rough-legged he has never thanked me for saving his

There was a private entrance to the Templar's house, by means of a low door in a little side street leading into a little circular tower in which was a stair. By this the girls presently ascended. At one point there was a little spyhole,

through the inner wall, which gave immediately into the stable. Before this Yvette stopped Suddenly she clapped her hands lightly together. This had fallen out beyond her expectation. Seeing and believing being

one, there was the less need of explanatory "Look-look!" she whispered eagerly to Flower-o'-the-Corn.

With something that made her ashamed in her heart, yet for the present with no power to resist, Frances looked. There, immediately beneath, were-not Pierre the Wagoner as she had expected, but-the two strangers whom she had seen at the taking of the wagons out on the moonlit plaina man and a woman. They were engaged in brushing and refolding a military suit of clothes. It was to all appearance the same which Billy Marshall had saved with tealous care out of the sick king's wagons. and the pair did their work as if well ac-

customed to the task.

"See," said Yvette Foy, with a deep kind of silent triumph, "there, all unexpectedly, is the proof of what I brought you here to tell you. The man who owns that comes among us poor Cevennois as a traitor!" With the quick eye of one who has lived all her life aomng soldiers, Frances saw that the garments, which were now being swiftly folded and put away, constituted an officer's uniform of the Maison du Roi, or King's guard, of the French army.

(To be contined.) More Truth Than Humor.

this seen you at our poor house of the "At what time does the 9:20 train get asked the commercial traveler joccountry it is the custom to wait for an ularly, of the ticket agent at Hexham's

> "About noon," replied the official. And it proved that there was more truth than humor in his reply, the said train having a habit of being about three hours late.-Detroit Free Press.

No Specessors.

Abou Ben Adhem! May he rest in peace! Last of his name—his tribe did not increase. Because—O think upon it with compassion! Babies, about that time, went out of fash-ion.—Chicago Tribune.

Vo'ume of Business for the Week Larger Than Anticipated.

COLLECTIONS RATHER DISAPPOINTING

Same as They Were a Week Ago, but Still the Tendency is Upward and Not Downward.

Trade with Omana jobbers and manufac-urers in most lines was heavier last week han was generally anticipated. The im-pression was that practically all of the than was generally anticipated. The impression was that practically all of the large buyers had been on the market and placed their orders, but from the heavy bills that were sold last week it is evident that such was not the case. Traveling salesmen also met with good success on the road and the mail orders came in freely, so that taking the situation as a whole jobbers say they have no cause for complaint. Future business is also in very sa sinctory condition. Traveling men are on the road with a good many different lines of goods and so far have met with savertionally good success for so early in one season. With anything like an average crop of small grain and corn every one is confiof small grain and corn every one is confi-dent that fall trade this year will be very

Collections at present are not as satisfacheavy.

Collections at present are not as satisfactory as they might be. That is owing to the fact that there is still a very marked shortage of cars with which to move grain and other farm produce. Farmers consequently have to ask for much credit at the hands of fetaliers and retailers in turn not only fall to discount their bills, but have to ask their jobbers for extensions. The aftuations as yet is not what would be called exactly critical, but at the same time unless the difficulty is remedied clisastrous effects may follow. The tendency. If course, is for farmers to keep down expenses until they can move their crops and get some money. If the relief comes in time merchants will not be injured, but if farmers are short of money throughout the spring season trade in the country will be materially decreased. Prices have not fluctuated to any great extent during the week under review. There is, however, the same firm tone to the trady that has characterized the situation for many months past. Those who are in a position to know say that present prospects point to continued firm markets for several months to come and that prices on a great many lines will go higher before they will go lower.

Sugar May Go Higher.

chances!" murmured Mistress Yvette, under her breath. But aloud she said, patting Flower-o'-the-Corn's delicately round arm on which her hand was lying. "Ah, one day, my dear! There is a ship coming to you over the sea. The sails of it are samile and the masts pure gold, as the old story tells, and its burden is love—love!"

"I suppose love for a woman!" said Frances, looking at her winsomely under her eyelashes, "since you fright me such dreadful things of men."

She sighed.

"Yes, they have been very kind to mesome of them," she said reflectively, "and—and I have not always been very kind to them."

"That is the safest way to bind a man to you," said the voice of experience, "to be at the first a little unkind."

"Yvette thought a little and then added: "Afterward not—they tire of it sooner than the other."

Then catching a little fear on the flushing face of Frances Wellwood, Yvette put her hand tenderly about the girl's neck. "You need not fear, little one, with such a face as yours and those great fatal eyes—love will come to you fresh every morning across the years, be you kind or be you unkind!"

"Who is that?" said Flower-o'-the-Corn, quickly, for a certain martial swing was asserting itself even through the blouse, the corduroy breeches and hooded cape of Pierre the wagoner.

Yvette patted her cheek again.

"Who is that?" said, most caressingly, "Ab, dearest," she said,

Yvette patted her cheek again.

"Ab, dearest," she said, most caressingly,
"you cannot expect your ship to come to
anchor up here among these wild hills. cepting orders subject to two or three weeks delay. Jobbers are freely predict-ing higher prices and say that they cer-tainly will come if the demand continues. Cereals, soap and tobacco are all selling in practically the

practically the same notches they were week ago. Good Demand for Dry Goods.

It chanced that Yvette Foy arrived in the church just in time to intercept the splane and to watch the blood spring both splane and responsive to the young soldier's cheek.

There was another who had observed the blypay—a dark-skinnel youth in a wide blue bloose who stood near a pillar at the blies blood who should not. They have devices that several more will be here as you was not here where, even upon the fair face of Frances, where even upon the fair face of Frances where even upon the fair face of Frances. They were all "of the way," and would gladly have been pressured to speak.

Was it possible," she thought, that she should have feared to take count and that, thinking no more of the somorous of words of the preacher than she would of the read and neck this way and that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read and neck this way and that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read and neck this way and that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read and neck this way and that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read and neck this way and that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read of the church, is also broad that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read of the church, is also broad that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read of the church, is also broad that, thinking no more of the somorous of the read of the church, is all vette in a low tone. "Better perhaps that you should not, said Yvette in a low tone. "Better perhaps that you should not, said Yvette, still with of came things which it is not fitting for a girl to hear." said Yvette, still with of came things which it is not fitting for a girl to hear." said Yvette, still with of came things which it is not fitted in the cannon?" Better perhaps that you should not, said Yvette, still with of came things which

tell you."

Really she only meant to gain time. She must fatally prejudice the young man in the regard of Flower-o'the-Corn, and to this end she had made certain arrange-

Good Rubber Goods Weather.

Rubber goods jobbers did an excellent business last week. The combination of high water, snow and rain and mud, so seneral in the territory tributary to this market, has not the effect of making the demand for rubber goods of all kinds the demand for rubber goods of all kinds the best experienced in a long time. Rubber boots in particular have been in big demand and in fact a number of Omaha jobbers have sold out their entire stocks and have telegraphed for more to be sent by express. Rubber clothing, particularly markintoshes, have been good sellers and jobbers say that if the remainder of the seasoir is as good as the first part has been they will have no trouble in breaking all previous records.

have no trouble in breaking all previous records.

The demand for leather goods is fully as heavy as could be expected at this season. The only complaint local houses have to make is the slow delivery of goods from the factories. They say that at this time last year they had a good many orders filled that they are unable to ship this season because they have not yet received the goods. They are beginning to fear that they will have considerable trouble from this source all the season.

No Change in Hardware.

The hardware market is in practically the same position it was a week ago. There have, of course, been a few minor fluctuations, but no changes worthy of mention have been reported. Trade, however, in spring lines is starting out in very satisfactory manner and jobbers expect to do a rushing business from this time on. Indications are that there will be a good deal of building and repairing out through the country as well as in the towns, which will, of course, create a big demand for hardware.

Fruits and Produce.

The demand for fruits and vegetables was just about normal last week. Whenever the weather warms up a little the demand for green stuff shows a marked improvement. The supply has been better of late than it was a short time ago, but as the demand is also increasing there has not been much reduction in prices.

The market on butter and poultry is just about the same as it was a week ago, the demand and supply apparently running just about even. The egg market has fluctuated back and forth to quite an extent, but still there have been no very radical changes. It only takes a few warm days to increase receipts and cause prices to break, and on the other hand a few cold days will strengthen the market again.

days will strengthen the market again.

Voice of Experience.

"What!" asks the attorney "you a mar-ried man, and yet you say you do not know where a woman's pocket is?"
"Yes, I'm a married man." rnswers the witness hotly, "and I want to tell you that when you get to be one you'll find out that it's all you want to do to keep your eyes on your own pockets without trying to find out where your wife's are!"—New York Times.

t in his duil eyes. The resigned manner with which he had listened to his daughter was

my daughter bids you welcome!"

than usual, and there was a certain hard ness of his reception and his intention no

sweet modesty natural to the man.

There was something altogether very "The days have been when I have done as winning about the youth. It was difficult much myself (she smiled at the remem- indeed to reconcile the boyishness of his brance). Aye, and may again, if that is face, the crisp curis about his small, well the way the wind blows. If she chants formed head, the blush that came and litantes, I can sing psalms. She has made went upon his cheek, the slight, dark, downy a captive of Jean Cavaller-zo they say- moustache on his lip, with the reputation the new prophet-the ex-baker's boy of which he already possessed all over Europe Geneva, who has come among us to de- as a veteran soldier, who had worsted great marshals, past masters of war, and who had compelled the court of Versailles itself to alter its methods of dealing with the

Foy recked nothing.

volley.
"The coming of the vision or the going of

young Jean Cavaller, handsome, wise, The girl made a quick little gesture of in-

"Not less, but more," said Jean Cavalier

persecutors who have blinded his eyes and

must be careful before whom we talk our the Templar gates. Opposite to them in the church just in time to intercept the secrets!"

and then stood stonlly still. "Listen," he said in a low, even tone characteristic of him. "I have a message rapidly obtaining a spiritual influence over the folk called Camisards are no unfriends to that of Jean Cavaller himself. to the King-only to the priests and those who take the name of the king's authority in vain. We will obey him, save in the matter of our consciences-save in the things wherein we have appealed to a fairs. It was thus that she had entered the

with you!" He removed his hand from the girl's wrist. She returned to herself with a kind She smiled as she saw, looking out at of shudder, but before she could speak the the window, Maurice Raith stride away young man had bowed as formally as be-

hand on the wrist of Yvette Foy. You I will take with the strong hand!" She plucked at the growing greenery the balcony where she had sat with the young Englishman. A spray of purple in order as she said to hear whether this

shredded the petals one from the other say for himself than their own prophets play. With all her bright eleverness, with and dropped them over the iron bars. Cavalier, because he hath tried to humble will make him even as other men-he, who stientively as might be without drawing loved everything in nature. It was all fair

fraitt

knowing it." And without, upon the irregular pave- and stood like soldiers at attention during

When shall we go over the papers to- of his own, occasionally needed to be regether?" said one. "There is the ren- minded where he was and what was ex-

victuals. "Tomorrow night!" said the other, look- ture suggested to him, that he had forth- New, though Yvette, the daughter of ing tales."

bubbles are blown so thin that they need millan's regiment. no pricking! They burst of themselves. As if everyone with brains did not know that these two were arranging a rendezand bid the greatest of our prophets and yous! And at his excellency, General Cavalier's quarters, doubtless. They would not

> aloud), not here!" She stepped back quickly as Jean Cava-Her, as if drawn by the power of her eyes, turned suddenly and looked back towards the window.

> The Judas Tree Lets Fall a Blossom.

But she rejoiced in them merely as a

iny long and blue.

At the stalls there were not many things upon more than one occasion. And this to be sold-no great choice for the good sigh, instinctively drawing her new friend counted for much with Flower-o'-the-Corn, wives of La Cavalerie-a lamb or two to her. "I know-at times it is hard for So much so, indeed, that she gave the from the Causses, long-legged and spare a girl.



"LOOK! LOOK!" SHE WHISPERED, EAGERLY TO FLOWER-O'-THE CORN.

It chanced that Yvette Foy arrived in ranged side by side, while a calf, tled in-

hearts-all, that is-or nearly all. Her father's lodgings were (as we know) little. walls," he said kindly; "Martin Foy, we in one of the old towers which overlooked

But for all that there was much coming and going between the two towers of the the Camisards of the Causses second only

Meanwhile Flower-o'-the-Corn went her ways from door to door, not as a duty, but because she genuinely loved all people of every rank, and was interested in their afhousehold of one Joseph Moreau, en old soldier like Foy, the innkeeper, and a former companion of his in the regiment of grenadiers. Like Foy, this man had been touched with the strong teaching of obedience to impulse contained in the teaching of the Camisards. But, unlike Foy, he had come to the village of La Cavalerie to marry, and had there espoused a young girl words of the preacher than she would of willing and attentive, lost his grip even still in her "teens." The little white- the roar of the wind in the lime-stone of the divine decres, at the sight which wrapped figure was their first child, born caves of Mont Ventour, or the surge of met his eyes in the warm slantwise pour but a day or two before, and already wafted a breaking sea upon a distant shore. from the sight, as if after a trial it had found the great world some deal too rough, veil of finest lace, which contained and Cavalerie, the sun shining equally upon the ments. child-mother showed readily in her eyes.

the babe to the tomb, that bound these two her lips were marvelously red. to her. These two women had never met till the in the camp. The little town of La Cavalerie was not at that time so closely shut up as to prevent a daily market being still market place. The damask rose is not held in the little square. It was there after he had scarce a right to a seat in his own word—the thrill of personality that passes the daily service among the white-capped vendors of fowls and vegetables that Yvette of the sermon, laid her stool against a

> It was not often that Yvette betook a great sigh of relief as the fresh warmth shall not be able to resist mine. Ah, Jean herself thither, either to kirk or market. of the forenoon breathed upon her face. For the most part she left the provendering of the "Bon Chretien" to her father and the kitchen servants. But on this morning heaviness of the little church beoccasion she had deigned to accompany her hind her. Glooms and fervors of the father to the church for an early service, spiritual sort she had none about her, and, creeper came away in her hand. She new preacher from Geneva had more to as useful factors in the game she loved to who rambled among the texts of scripture her knowledge of men, books and women, "So so will I do with the soul of Jean like unbroken colts in a field of clover. In spite of the glimpses she had had of an-But Yvette Foy's chief desire in visitme, according to the power that is given ing the church at an hour so unusual was tially a desire for the physical well-being to me, I will cause his prophecies to cease. to take up a position in the vicinity of of an animal. Herein lay the difference I will shut his soul to the invisible. I Flower-o'-the-Corn and study her rival as between the two girls. Flower-o'-the-Corn

> This she managed to carry out without The Camisard church of La Cavalerie was a plain, oblong building, dating from the old wars of religion in the middle of the of pomegranate blossom splashed scarlet "I declare," she said, "I have quite sixteenth century. There was then no against a turquoise sky. These seemed caught the twang. I am preaching without reserving the places. Each brought his part of herself. They made her life vivid. own folding chair or, in most cases knelt That she lived on plain camp fare—that upon the celd floor in time of prayer,

and humble dignity that became him no their small stores outspread regularly on

Then he turned to Yvette Foy, and the other wall lived Jean Cavalier, all alone, and responsive to the young soldier's lambkin, which in reality was to die as life! I should like to see him again." gateway. For Patrick Wellwood, though blue blouse who stood near a pillar at the making no professions to be a prophet, was door. To him Yvette Foy turned with a

About her head she had wound a thin Frances Wellwood's pity for the forlorn conditioned, though it did not conceal her haughtily splendid hair. She knew that her It was that, more than the not of carrying forehead was bright and broad beneath it, white dust along the western wall, in the There seen-she knew this Frances Wellwood. She would go and wait for her in the

So she rose unceremoniously in the midst

sudden caressing of the sunlight, venting

afraid of the scentless immortelie.

The true spirit of Yvette Foy returned to her as soon as she had left the dark indeed, she recognized such in others only other life, the base of her nature was essenand sweet to her-the green, waving foddergrass with the wind passing over it in swirls and waves of color changeful as the sheen on shot silk-the keen verditer of the bitter artemisia, the barbaric brill ance she had done so all her days and never expected to do otherwise, detracted nothing from the pleasure she felt in being with her father, in making him happy, and in whose lives came across hers. Every blown old man, wrapt in some great meditation head of sorrel sowing its rlain song russet seeds, every ascendant gossamer with its little all-borne traveler, was part of the eternal gladness of life to Flower-o'-the- tressed. sion he had given out his text, and then Corn. These things were as parts of her as if he pleaded some favor of quarters or had gradually become so entranced by the gally to her father, who did not even shake you would wish to see me!" noble thoughts which the words of scrip- his head.

of the sunlight. There is the little Grande place of La

sentinels, on the walls and on the market

women, sitting like brooding hens in the

mids; of a silence like that of Eden, there was no one like her in all the hills of had happened a thing which was to affect Cevenne from Mende to Beziers. O, yes- the lives and happiness of all those with morning after the day of Maurice's arrival the red-and-white stranger girl she had whom this history concerns itself far more than the decisions of cabinets and the successions of great kingdoms. Of her own accord, Yvette Foy had

crossed the road and was holding out her

It was near the great door of the

hand to Frances Wellwood.

Foy for the first time encountered Frances pillar, and with the air and carriage of a Cretien, and as these two stood thus, hand-Wellwood face to face and held speech with queen, passed serenely out into the hot in-hand, the Judas tree in the courtyard. wind-stirred, flung down a last belated blossom, red as the lips which in the morning sunshine smiled their sweetest upon Flower-o'-the-Corn.

She took Yvette's hand and smiled also.

CHAPTER XII.

The Spy Hole on the Stairway.

"I have heard of your great kindness to our poor folk," said Yvette Foy, her hand still warm within her new friend's grasp, "and my heart was touched when I saw you carry the poor dead babe yesterday from the house of Anna Moureau!" Flower-o'-the-Corn blushed, and then

the subject, she added: "You are Mistress Foy, are you not, the daughter of the hostler who has spoken so kindly to my father at the preachings?" "I am indeed Yvette Foy," the girl anawered, "and one much honored to make your acquaintance. Why have we not ere

suddenly smiled at the newcomer brightly

"It was kind of them to let a stranger

do so much," she said. And then, changing

and cordially.

Bon Cretien?"

Yvette.

-" said Frances, her "Because-becauseface breaking into a slow smile, "in my invitation before setting foot across one's Corners. neighbor's threshold." "But my father tells me he has often in-

vited yours to sup with us!" persisted

Flower-o'-the-Corn looked slightly dis-" she began, and "I had not thoughtthen stopped: "that is, I had not supposed

"And why, pray? Someone has been tell-