FLOWER O' THE CORN.

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By S. R. CROCKETT.

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CHAPTER XIII. Certain Spokes in Certain Wheels.

It was not at the moment a matter of secretary to my Lord Mariboroughsupreme personal importance to Flowero'-the-Corn whether or not the Camisards of La Cavelerie were or were not entertaining a traitor unawares.

But that which disturbed Flower-o'-the-Corn was the knowledge that her father, the chaptain of Ardmillan's regiment, a British officer according to military rating, should be in this place, disguised, and under conditions which she could not help but recognize would bring him to the gallows if discovered, while at the same time she had been the means of introducing among the Camisards one who might prove to be a French spy

The girls were now seated in Yvette's chamber, which was pleasantly situated on the third or highest story of the Templar's house, the village spread out far below like a collection of beehives.

"And why," said Flower-o'-the-Corn to Yvette, "if this man is really a spy of the enemy, do you not denounce him to your Or, better still, to General Ca-

Yvette Foy looked straightly at her new friend like one who in all her life has had nothing to conceal.

"That were indeed easy," she said, "but first a French officer is a gentleman. I have no desire to see him torn limb from limb by a bowling rabble, as he would be if anything of what we know appeared. And, secondly, he and his people are lodging in this house, so that I can have them constantly under observation."

"But General Cavalier-my father-the other Protestant leaders?" urged Frances "They are constantly walking about and talking with this young man." "As to General Cavaller, as you call

him," said Yvette, with supreme contempt "the apprentice baker can attend to his I am not his nursemaid, and for your father, my dear, have no fear for The Camisards will listen to his preachings, but will tell him nothing-not if he were to remain here a hundred years! Do not be afraid of him. Just because he is the one true prophet among the many false, God will send his angels to watch over him!

Yvette lifted up her beautiful eyes as Flower-o'-the-Corn rose impulsively and

threw her arms about her new friend's "Oh, I shall love you dearly, I know!" she cried, with a kind of sob. "I have

been so lonely here-a girl with no one to speak to-except my father." It was no wonder that the apparent ad-

vantages were all on the side of the daughter of Martin Foy, nor that when she had undertaken the education of her junior, the very simplicity and directness of Frances made her like wax in the hands of her selfconstituted guardian and tutoress.

"What would you have me do?" said Frances meekly to Yvette Foy, "if I am not to inform my fathen that there may be a auberge. traitor in the camp?"

of politics. What have we seen? Only a ment. be so unwise as to have any dealings with him!"

I never saw him again!"

At this Yvette kissed her friend, murmuring vague girlish tenderness. Then she gently disengaged herself and walked to the window. Far down, at the entrance of a certain dark entry stood a cloaked figure, the same whom she had seen in the church as she passed out during sermon time. Yvette Foy smiled bitterly to herself.

"Ah, you there still, my good wagoner! she muttered, "well, at some trouble and your wheel. Master Pierre Dubois of Roche- the Templar's Gate of La Cavalerie. a'-Bayard and Hoo!"

Pretty it was to listen to the give and take of confidence between them-especially the give. For while Yvette said age and sex to confide in, told out all that was within her heart with the sweetest and delicatest blushings in the world.

And it was a tale to strike her listener with envy. For though it dealt only with the innocentest and slightest girlish adin rapid and brilliant action, of the glancings of golden epaulets, the glittering of have done, lace, the clinking of spurs, the hither and thither of the officers of a hundred regi-

ments and half a dozen services. And this girl had walked through it all like one in a dream! A handsome young aide-da-camp of a commander-in-chief had confronted her among the Brabant wheatoff with a simple riant word upon a borrowed horse.

keep in the words of contempt. And meanwhile, Flower-o'-the-Corn prat-

tled on regardless of all. that he admired me! I do not know why- shall I send my messenger?" but he did. Men do those things. But looked like that at me-there was some- fully in their coverings of rough matting. thing about him, perhaps his puzzled air For a reason at which she could not even as I rode away (I could laugh at it then) guess, the young man was overwhelmed that-that-well, it made me think of him with confusion. afterward. Of course, I shall never see him

again. Yes, I knew his name. He was well known about the camp of Namur, being

"Well, his name-what was it?" de manded Yvette, who in a love affair liked to get to the root of the matter quickly, "His name was-that is, he was called, so they told me (for indeed I never spoke to him again) Captain Maurice Raith of his excellency's staff.

'He was handsome?" "Of a handsomeness-yes!" said Flower-'-the-Corn, curling her lip with an elaboration of carelessness.

"A-h-h!" said Yvette, very softly to herself, "he was handsome, was he-of his excellency's staff? His name, Captain Maurice Raith. Ab. captain-my retty captain If I do not hold you now in the hollow of my hand-crack thy whip, good master wagoner! For, if so it prove, the thing that I desire is mine own already, or |end!" I shall know the reason why!"

. The defences of the village were now approaching a state of completion. Cavalier was now the chiefest and the

safest of all the strengths of the Camisards. But already victual and forage were at a perilously low ebb in case of a sudden attack. A foray was necessary. The point of attack and the leader must be decided upon. As to the latter there could be little

question. The Camisards would follow Jean Cavalier, and no other man, so long as he remained among them. Had he not been uniformly successful? Was his name not a bugbear and terror from Nantsur-Dourbie to the Pont-du-Guarde Beaucaire? Rolard -Catinat-Castinet-these were good men and true prophets, but no one of them approached Jean Cavalier in the power over men which makes command easy and natural. Furthermore, the Lord was evidently with him. He prophested but seldom, but when he did the thing happened. Not once nor twice was it so, but always. Which repute naturally made him careful of his words, and a judicious silence passed equally for wisdom.

As for Pierre the wagoner, he found it somewhat difficult to put in the hours of his stay at La Cavalerie. He watched every movement of Flower-o'the-Corn. He saw her convoy her father out in the morning, and, wrapping his cloak about him, was at the door of the little temple before rick Wellwood's arm, and looking up in his face. But neither his presence nor the direction of his eyes escaped the notice of the Demoiselle Yvette Foy who made her entrance a little later.

When Frances came out, it was with grinding of teeth that Pierre the wagoner watched her leave her father's arm to encounter Yvette, and noted the increasing friendliness of the two girls which (when one thinks of it) was after all the most natural thing in the world.

Maurice continued to pace the narrow, malodorous streets, till he was foot-sore. Also he had strained his neck, craning it upward to look into the windows of the

From a topmost tower window of the "We do not know all," said Yvette, in a Templar's house a pretty, spiteful face relow tone, "who are we, you and I? Two garded him as he stood grinding the innogirls who have no experience of treatles cent paving stones beneath his heels and and embassies or of the hither and thither chewing the bitter cud of his disappoint-

suit of foreign regimentals, which, if we "Ah." murmured the voice, with a low, charge the man with the possession of, he soft thrill of scorn, "Flower-o'-the-Corn, will doubtless say that he obtained them in did you call her? A pretty maid-a pretty order to further his progress hither! In the name-by my faith both fulsome and pretty meantime, what you have to do is simply But such flowers are not for you, my wagto steer clear of this young man with the oner gentleman! Thistles-plain thistles superabundant changes of raiment. For shall be your diet. Plain, green, purplethe sake of your father's life, if not your topped thistles with ragged leaves, cropped on an empty belly by the roadside, long ears fisp-fiapping in the wind that "That is, at least a prescription easy to frets every ass on the common and every follow," laughed Frances frankly and read- Tom-fool on the earth they call God's ily, "for indeed and indeed I do not care if Such, if Yvette Foy can arrange it, shall be your portion!"

> CHAPTER XIV. The Maison Rouge.

Yet it chanced that Mistress Yvette, having seen her visitor almost within reach of home, and knowing in addition that about that hour her father's lodger must be betaking himself to keep his appointment with Jean Cavalier, a wholly unexpected expense to myself I have succeeded in put- and unauthorized interview took place in ting a somewhat considerable spoke in the doorway of the westermost tower by

Frances Wellwood was hurrying home. It was already late in the autumnal afternoon. Her father would be there waiting for the cup of ten which only she could little, this our dove of a Frances, ex- | brew for him, or (more likely) having cited and rejoiced to have one of her own; waited in vain, he would be gone out to complete "his surfelt of good works," as she irreverently called his rounds of exhortation and visitations among the poor

of La Cavalerie. Suddenly Pierre the wagoner stood before her. He appeared cloaked and hatted from mirations, likings, preference, what oppor- the dark of the entry. With a certain fortunities did Yvette, the experienced, not getfulness of his assumed position he held discorn? What glimpses of a world of men out his hand to Flower-o'-the-Corn frankly and freely as one of her own nation might

"I have again to thank you for saving my life," he said. "I did not venture to trouble you yesterday morning with a formal visit, because I saw you had other matters to occupy you. But now I do! The preservation of my life may not be much to be thankful for. It is of small value to apart-with admiration radiant in his eyes, anyone but myself, but such as it is I am and she (Flower-o'-the-Corn) had ridden no way likely to have another and am grateful to you for saving the one I have. know-there is something stupid in the Yvette Foy had to bite her nether lip to uttering of such things, but briefly if there is anything in your life in which a man can help you, think of Pierre the wagoner!" 'I thank you," said Flower-o'-the-Corn

"Yes," she said, "it stays in my mind coldly, "but in case of need to which camp She was thinking of the suit of French somehow-somehow, though others have clothes wrapped up by his servant so care-

"To which camp? Your messenger?" he

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shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms All of this can be avoided,

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queried, faitering and changing color as he

"Yes," she continued, smiling upon him with intent, "did I not understand you to offer me such help as a man who means it | the remark that he for one knew better and may honestly give a woman who needs it?" "Indeed, I said so, and I meant it!" he

quick spontaneous action, But Flower-o'-the-Corn withheld hers as if she had not seen.

"It is gracious of you," she said, stiffly, and with a cold feeling about her face, "but that which I did for you I would have done for your carter lad. And, indeed, I see not what you can ever do for me, unless-(a goods to transport betwint the towns of Roche-a-Bayard and Hoo!"

Maurice stood cold stricken, faint, not knowing what to make of the girl's knowl-Was it information or a guess? Clearly, at least, she did not believe that he was the wagoner he had given himself out to be.

"Madame," he replied, nevertheless, for he had sufficient professional readiness not to be taken wholly at a short, "if it should ever be my good fortune to return to my native land, be assured that I shall be honored to do your behests, not only between Roche-a-Bayard and Hoo, but also between Hoo and Roche-a-Bayard-and to the world's

He lifted his hat loftly, with a carriage and air that of a certainty were never those of Pierre Dubois. He would have gone out straightway, but something in the girl's manner held him back.

"Stay!" she said, and hesitated for a word, "I do not wish to let you go, believing that a man like you is a traitor and a scoundrel. Are you, or are you not the man you seem?"

The color went wholly out of the young man's face. The girl was right. He was not the thing he seemed. Yet he had no reason for admitting her to his confidence (which was now also Jean Cavalier's confidence). The time had not arrived, and as things stood the delay might be fatal to him.

Flower-o'-the-Corn waited while one might have counted a score for him to speak; then she heaved the least little sigh, inaudible save to the recorder of such like crisis and cataclysms.

"It is enough," she said, "same from your own silence, I would not have believed it. Now I know! Let me pass!" And without a smile or the least glance

of farewell Frances Wellwood passed up the unwonted clinking and perhaps with an ear tavern stone stairs, with some of the grim attuned to what was going on underneath, determination of her covenanting father on her face.

Then there came a sudden resolution into noise which her heels always made upon the breast of Maurice Raith. He had been the stone stairs, and as is indeed cusenough tossed hither and thither, enough tomary with maids of quick, nervous temflouted and held at naught by this girl and that. He was sick of it. The memory of upon them without warning, all at gaze her. But Frances was leaning upon Pat- it bit like the gnawing gangrene of an old wound, restlessly, sleeplessly at his heart. He would not longer submit to it. He

would follow the girl and clear himself in her eyes. He turned at the word and went up the stairs of the tower chamber three at a time.

But he had waited over long in thought. The quick light footsteps fled higher and higher. A heavy door clanged, almost in his face. He bit his lip and in his turn had little enough idea what he would ask for when the door opened. He was only acutely conscious that no longer would he, the sometime aide and confidential messenger of my Lord Marlborough, be made clown and a laughingstock of by this girl and that.

The door swung back on mighty binges. Maurice found himself fronted by the tall, majestic presence of the late chaplain of Ardmillan's regiment, who held out his hand nd greeted him affectionately.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, before the young man had time to speak, "you have come to consult me. If you have brought to these poor folk of the Cevennes sharp swords and the armament of war it may chance that we will give you in return bread to eatyea, bread that the world wotteth not of Come thy ways in, lad." And Maurice went in very gladly. For he

thought within him that he would see Frances. But that wise maid, much alive to his intent, only listened without the door to his converse with her father, which, to do Patrick Wellwood justice, was of the gravest sort, and continued with increasing unwillingness on Maurice Raith's part. "Think it no, sir," said the old man, and

she could see the movement of his forefinger, "that by the best deeds in the world you can win one atom of favor in the next "Right happy abould I be." said the young

man, soberly smiling in his host's face, "If my good deeds could win me one or two things that I desire in this under world. "Ah, yes," said the old pastor, shaking

his white locks not intolerently, "the favor of some maiden or the like far in the north. Have I also not been young? And do not I know the hearts of the young?" There was a clang without, the patter of little feet, a hush, and then a rustle.

"It is Cavalier." said the old man, with a keen pleasure on his face, "Jean Cavalier, who is to me as the son of mine old age! Then rage and mortification took hold o Maurice Raith. Had he not heard and in-

terpreted-that is, misinterpreted, as those too keen on circumstantial evidence usually do. It was not the patter of Flower-o'the-Corn's little feet to the outer door to which he had listened. It was not the whispered colleguy of lovers, standing a moment behind it, intent upon each other after it had been closed with care, that made the little waiting bush.

What Maurice Raith actually heard is the little tower over the western gate in the village of La Cavalerie was the hurried rush of a certain young woman, not altogether superior to the weaknesses of her sex, to the door of the turret chamber which held her bed room, her pause for breath in the safe darkness of the stairway. and then the further waiting, finger on lip for the entrance of the visitor.

A day or two before Jean Cavalier might also have had his illusions. But now his mind was busy with other things. He en- grace, or so at least I have found it!" tered briskly, according to his custom, humming a cheerful psalm. The old man took his hand and led him within, where, on

of the house. Maurice Raith could scarcely contain him self for anger. He it was who had seen She was of his nation, of his her first. religion, of his kin almost. Were not all Scots in the armies of the low countries as brothers and sisters?

But his last was an argument which for the time being he could not advance. What had Pierre the wagoner to do with Ardmillan's regiment or the Scots Dutch who had stood by William at Steinkirk?

"This is the young man from our breth-

ren in the north," said the old man; "he

who brought us the weapons of war and the

tidings of good cheer." And with his continual bright smile Jean Cavalier held out his hand. There was something invincibly winning about the young man-perhaps even more for men than women. Though, indeed, thinking himself secure from the influence of women, he was really weakest on their side. So he sat there securiy counting, even Plower-o'-the-Corn, but a little maid by the wayside, to be smiled upon as he should pass by. And without the least thought of Maurice or what might be his feelings on the subject. The young man ground his teeth and muttered bitterly of the inconstancy of women-concerning which, on the present occasion, he had not the slightest right to make remarks.

But Maurice Raith had suddenly grown so fiercely jealous that had an angel from heaven come down to appeare him he would have turned upon the intruder with

was not to be hoodwinked. "Ah, Dubois," said the young man, carereiterated, thrusting his hand out with lessly, "you here, are you? For my part, I came in only to pass the time till you were due to arrive at my rooms on the

other side of the tower gateway." "Aye," said Maurice, flercely, "so much was in my own thoughts also!" Cavaller glanced momentarily across at

the Scot, but, though conscious that he was in some degree ruffled, the young spice of malice, perhaps transmitted from Camisard never for a moment supposed Yvette Foy, shot athwart her speech) unless any connection between his agitation and perchance I should happen to have some himself, continuing sweetly and caimly his talk with the old pastors

'Presently, then; presently," he said, nodding and smiling to Maurice with such unconscious graciousness of charm that Maurice, if he had not heard the light flying footsteps and diagnosed (how wrongfully we know) the hushful pause, could have found it in his heart to forgive him. As it was he only sat sulky, fingering his hat and wishing himself out of it.

But there was no undue haste about Jean Cavalier. "No wonder," thought the suspicious Maurice; "in a little while he will make his excuse to go, and there in the dim-lit passage—at the stairhead, in the obscure of the landing, she will meet him-I know the ways of such"-(he did not say how he knew nor yet how his knowledge gave him the right of criticism upon others, even should his diagnosis be correct).

He woke to find himself being addressed by the old pastor. The chaplain of Ardmillan's regiment had a bottle of wine in his hand and his tone was that of apology.

"Water, as I remember," said he, "was made sometime before wine, yet I know not how long; and if it be the pleasure or necessity of you two young men that you should go forth into the night, let it not be said that you went without such hospitality as might be shown you by Patrick Wellwood. I have called my daughter, but I fear that deep sleep hath fallen upon her young eyelids, inasmuch as she hath not answered. So I must e'en be mine own drawer and setter out of drink and victuals!

And with that the minister betook himself with a grave and suitable dignity to the corner cupboard, whence he was bringing out the silver trays and glasses, wiping them with a clean white napkin and setting them in order, when aroused by the Flower-o'-the-Corn came swiftly clattering down the stairs, with the sharp clacking per when they are in haste. She burst in open-mouthed upon her, her father with the uncorked bottle in his hand.

"Father," she cried. "O, how wicked you can be! Did I not tell you that you were never-never to touch those glasses. You known that the last time you broke fourbesides those which rolled upon the floor." And at the rebuke her father hung his head shamefacedly.

"'Tis true-'tis but too true. Frances," he said. "I own it. It was my fault. But rapped loudly on the door. Maurice Raith indeed I bethought me that you were gone to bed. For I called thrice and you answered not!" "I was-" she began, but did not con-

tinue. For it had not come to that of it yet with Frances Wellwood, that she could in anything speak the thing which was not to her father. Then the while she sat before the youths

the limited and austere hospitality of the Tower on the Wall Patrick Wellwood discoursed at large upon the virtues of early rising and simplicity. "Young men," he said, "I beseech you, mortify your members while ye are yet upon the earth. Be ever birds of the morning! Rise and see the sun color the sky

ere his bedclothes are well off. Early rising is good for the grace of God, as it hath been held to be for the cultivation of the muses. Gentlemen, I offer you a little simple country refreshment. It will neither make nor mar you at this time of night. But, as I say, since you are in heate, drink your draft and be gone, like men who have only so many posts to travel along life's way, and but small time to discount at each

Flower-o'-Corn smiled and filled the glasses to the brim. Then she presented one to Maurice first, as to the greater stranger in the house, and afterward one

also to Jean Cavaller. "Do not heed my father," she said. "His words are more inhospitable than his heart. He cares not for anything save that

he may draw a lesson from it." "Frances, Frances," said her father reproachfully, "pray have a care. Remember that for every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account. And what will these young folk think of you and your upbringing. I bid you think shame!"

Yet it was evident enough what one at least of these young folk thought. for Maurice Raith, he hardly took his eyes off the sweet, saucy face of Flower-o'-the-Corn, while even the more self-contained prophet, Jean Cavalier, sipped his glass and looked over it at the girl with a marveling air.

even as he looked, he silently rebuked himself, not knowing how much more deadly was the snare which should one day take him.

"The lust of the eye! The lust of the eye!" he murmured. And then in a louder tone: "Well, Master Pierre Dubois, you and I have infinite business together and it is still sulkily, and with the briefest salutahigh time that we began it, if we mean to tion to the paster and his daughter, made finish it in time to see the morning sun his way directly downstairs, resolved that straight way of salvation!"

"Nay, that said I not," cried Mr. Patrick Wellwood, shaking his head and smiling, well enough pleased, "you are as bad as Frances, twisting the word of my mouth. I said not that to rise early was the way of salvation, but only that, other things being equal, it may be made means of

"Father," said his daughter, meekly, "it is, as I judge, your only grevious sin, though hitherto I have not dared tell you the great oak settee he took his seat with of it. It keeps you so puffed up with selfthe aplomb and assurance of a favorite son righteousness all day that you are perfectly unapproachable unless one is armed to the teeth! You have no idea," she added, turning to the young men, "what I have to reckon on with when he takes a turn of getting up before the sun. If I am five minutes after him I am even as a stranger and a castaway."

It is to me wonderful and miraculous, said Patrick Wellwood, weightily, "that I should have begot and reared a girl like this, who will thus persist in belying and misrepresenting the course of my actions to herward. But there is in my country a good proverb, though (I believe) without scriptural warrant, of the direct sort; 'Whose speaketh against father or mother, the corbies shall pyke his eyes out!"

"Well, father," said the girl. "I mus see that in the original Hebrew before I can accept it. And, moreover, it is true enough about the getting up in the morn-You know as well as I do that makes you shamefully upsetting all the day. There is, indeed, no living with him, gentlemen, except as the worm may with the gardener by keeping well out of his way."

CHAPTER XV. The Honr Before the Dawn.

Seeing that no more was to be gained by remaining in the western gatehouse of the

BUSY at BENNETT'S

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shine over the Causse Noir yonder, which. If there was to be any hole-and-cornering as our old pastor here tells us, is the in the lee of opened doors, he would not be the man to spoil sport. But, all unconsciously, Cavalier countered him, and with a parting salutation as brief but far more gracious, intimated that since he had business with this gentleman

had come for their departure, Maurice rose,

which would in nowise stand over, it would be convenient for them to depart forthwith. To each of the young men Flower-o'-the-Corn had tendered her hand, with the same swift, upward glance, blue and tender as the drawing of a June day. Perhaps (and fraction of seconds in the company) might have been observed that she withdrew her hand a trifle the more quickly

course, would have been in the right. The two young men sailed out into the night. The keen, silent gratitude of the overreaching heavens receiving them, and in the very bits of the air. It smelt of snow-the snow which comes so early up La Cavalerie are busily sweeping the white

woman quite another. The woman,

wreathes from their doors, "You have your papers with you?" said Cavalier, carelessly, as they mounted the staircase of the opposite or eastermost

"I have!" said Maurice, briefly, and passed them over intact, atill bearing the seals which had been impressed upon them by my Lord Marlborough himself.

The young leader of the Camisards lit a lamp, set it on the mantel shelf, and, leaning his arm carelessly against the stonework, broke the seal and set himself to peruse the documents within. As he did so the fashion of his countenance altered. town of La Cavalerie, and that, as the He frowned more and more darkly upon young Camisard leader had said, the time the written page.

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Black Dress Goods 10 PIECES 46-INCH BLACK ENGLISH BRILLIANTINE-dust proof, bright finish, always sold for 75c, marked special sale 10 PIECES 52-INCH BLACK SICILIAN-extra heavy and bright 10 PIECES 54-INCH BLACK MISTRAL-A protty new raised weave, has fine

Colored Dress Goods

50 PIECES NICE NOBBY NEW COLORED DRESS GOODS in etamines, snow flake and pretty tweed mixtures-goods in this lot very desirable for separate skirts and nice dressy dresses, almost any color desired, values in this lot worth 75c and 85c yard-will go on sale Monday morn-48-INCH CREPE EGYPTIAN-A pretty soft clinging material-one of this season's most popular dress fabric, all the new shades for street 45-INCH FRENCH WOOL TAFFETA-A medium weight all wool dust proof MISTRALS-46-inch all wool mistrals, nice crisp finish, all the

Wash Goods Dept. We have just received our delayed shipments of fine imported and domestic wash goods in white and fancies. The assertment is complete and is composed of all the newest weaves, patterns and effects produced for this spring and summer wear. Owing to the late arrival profits have been sacrificed in

order to move stock quickly. 27-INCH WHITE DIMITIES, check nainsooks, lace and fancy stripe white wash goods for waists and children's dresses-worth up to 17c, 10c 31-INCH HEAVY WELT WHITE PIQUE WAISTINGS-27-INCH WHITE PIQUES in new figured effects-worth 20c, at, yard 30-INCH MERCERIZED STRIPE WHITE WAISTINGS-very pretty effects, worth 25c, at, yard

28-INCH FINE MERCERIZED OXFORD WAISTINGS-two thread 50 PIECES OF MERCERIZED AND PLAIN FINISH WHITE WAISTINGS-no two pieces alike. This lot includes all the latest weaves, patterns and effects in figures, dots and stripes, a beautiful quality, worth 25c up to 39c, at, yard

75 PIECES OF WHITE VESTINGS-in plain and mercerized finish, includes all the latest effects in the different weaves, oxfords, in stripes, figures and

letter and then at a printed "Reckoning of Days" done in Toulouse which was pinned "You have been long upon the way, sir," he said, somewhat brusquely, to Maurica

Raith. The young Scot resented both the words and the tone. "I have come as quickly as my orders and the safety of the service admitted," he

answered, haughtily. "For that and the rest I shall answer to my superior officer?"
"I beg your pardon," answered Jean Cavaller, the fresh boylshness clean gone out of his face, "but the dates-do you know that we of the Cevennes are to make arrangements to meet a squadron of British ships, cruising upon the Mediterranean if there had been any chronometer beating coast, and from them receive further store of provisions and armament of war?" "And what of that?" said Maurice Raith,

scarcely yet come to himself. from that of Maurice Raith. From which "Well," answered the young Camisard, a man would have deduced one thing and a gravely, "we have but three days to do it

He threw the paper upon the table, and leaning his head upon his hand, stood considering. Maurice glanced involuntarily at the writing, which was, of course, wholly sharp, effectual chill of the high causses | familiar to him. It was even as the young man had said. So many days the combined fleet would cruise off the coast cast of there. For in the valley of the Dourbie Cete. If no communication was effected the grapes have not yet done hanging black | during this period it would be understood upon the trellises when the good wives of by those in command that the landing was impossible and the squadron would return

whence it came. (To be Continued.) RELIGIOUS.

The largest salary paid to any clargyma: a Cleveland is \$1,000 a year, that amoun leting received by Rev. Paul F. Sutphen aster of the Second Presbyterian church The naphtha launch of the Christian En-deavor society of Providence, R. I., has visited 1,015 vessels this season, and over 1,000 saliors have been ministered to by En-deavorers by means of H.

Francis Silas Chatard will celebrate on May 10 the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the bishopric of the diocese of Vincennes, now the diocese of Indianapolis, Ind. A total abstinence association in Berlin

He looked at the date at the head of the etter and then at a printed "Reckoning of Days" done in Toulouse which was pinned to his desk.

has been establishing halls where laborers can hold their meetings without resorting to saloons or being obliged to order intoxicating drinks. The halls are to be offered free to workingmen.

A New York paper asserts that Rev. Editor James M. Buckley, the Methodist. 'too aunder an assumed name a complete course in 'Christian Science,' for the purpose of exposing it.' It quotes the reverend man himself as authority for the statement. Mr. Andrew Stevenson, president of the Young Men's Presbyterian union of Chicago, stated recently that as a direct result of the establishment of Bible classes there had been 2,000 additions to the churches, and that 600 more would unite by April 1. Rev. Dr. MacArshur says New York is one of the greatest mission fields in the world, and suggests that all the churches of the state should make annual offerings for mission work in the metropolis, where the ends of the earth meet.

SIGN THE PLEDGE

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