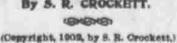


FLOWER O' THE CORN,

By S. R. CROCKETT.





CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) There remained just three days and no darkness.

"I knew nothing of this," Maurice said. remorseful that he had not delivered his remember that I am a stranger among you and knew not to whom to intrust my message. Purther than that I bave nothing to reproach myself with. I came with all imaginable haste through an entirely

The young Camisard waived his hand. "I know-I know," he said, "the fault does not lie with you, but in the difficulty of the country through which you have had to come."

Maurice noted the deep cogitation of his bearing. He knew the signs, and could not help being reminded by this peasant boy of the first general of his age when he had an important problem to study, an irrevocable decision to take. Both Malborough and he had the same hurried walk to and fro, the same knitted brows, the same deep vertical spade-cut between the brows, the mark royal of men of

In five minutes Jean Cavaller had made his plans, had cast the lots, and there remained nothing save to carry out his de-

"You will give me your note of hand," he said, addressing Maurice Rath, "stating day and hour at which these instructions came in my hand. You will remain here town. They will accept you as my lieutenant upon my bare word. I will take the sea for twenty miles all about, clear as it were a printed book."

"Now," said Cavalier, his lips compressed to a mere line, and his eyes far away, "now get your weapons and be ready half an hour. I leave Catinat with you. He is brave and stupid and will obey you to the last breath of his body. But you must not mind his talk, or you will be

The next moment there was the hurried Cavalier was gone. Three days to reach the point designated by Malborough was gulte enough had the road been clear. But at any moment, who knew! the 200 Camleards might not run into an entire division of royal troops. Yet for the time being this did not trouble either Cavaller or that young aide-de-carp of Mar's borough, who was learning to be proud of being named lieutenant to such a man. He went across the sleeping village, where the watch, kept aware and alert by the seal of Cavaller, swung a curious lantern in his face and demanded his name and

Then a trumpet blew three or four stirring notes, repeated thrice over. No more. And instantly windows were thrown open everywhere. Men came tumbling out upon the street. There was a glitter of arms, the padding of many feet, from opened ground-floor doors the stamping of the feet of horses. "A raid!" said some.

emeny upon us!" cried others. "The only to prove us—he is always at his tricks—this baker's boy," growled a third of the strictest sect of the Phar-

But the trumpet rang out again, full and round and clear.

"Mounted, men, and in haste! The enemy must be upon us!" was now the only word. And instantly there arose the cound of a mighty stamping in all the stables of the town, and especially in hose of Martin Foy, whither the newly appointed commandant of La Cavalerie and gone to obtain his weapons, which he and let in the care of Billy Marshall and

For many reasons it had been in the nind of Maurice to resume upon this ocsasion his proper uniform of a British ofloer. He told himself that it would be he proper thing, as marking the right te had to give orders and the support which was being extended to the rebei mountaineers by the allied powers. Really, however, his reasons were quite other and much simpler. But on the other hand, t occurred to him, first, that he had no orders from my Lord Mariborough for any such display; secondly, that the fact of a British officer in uniform being in the samp of the Camisards would spread like wildfire through all France and make the enemies of the poor hill folk ten times bitter than before, and lastly, that might need his disguise of wagoner to tis mission should be finished.

So with a single rather reluctant glance at the rough packing or matting which sontained his staff uniform (or at least and contained it when the wagons were ansacked) Maurice Raith took his sword and pistols from the reluctant Billy, who wished to go over them for the last time "wi" the least bit drap d' sweet oil an'

"And O, Capt-I mean maister, be sure hat ye keep out o' the wat, for thae wee pernicketty pistols o' yours are just a heart-break to clean when the damp gets in about the trikkers!"

But the one warm, delicious thought which thrilled him like wine was that e would be left in the defensed village of La Cavalerie alone-or as good as alone -with Frances Wellwood. His rival, or the man whom he had looked upon as his rival, would be gone upon a mission which must (at the least) last a full week, her

It was, indeed, a thought to make the head swim. She would in some sort be ander his protection. As the man left in ommand of the village and its defenses ber father could not avoid asking him to keep an eye upon the tonely girl.

world seemed suddenly filled with a warm sweet scent of dew-wet wallflower. The breaths of summer orchards and the tome meadows of Castle Raith seemed to across him as he buckled his sword and thrust platol in belt before going out with a new and reliable awagger into the

The whole force of the Camisards, in so 'ar as they had refuged upon the bleak touth-looking Causses of the Luranc, was assembled in the little Grando Place of La avalerie. And there under the moonless splendors of such a sky as only presents taelf to folk who live close up under the architrave of heaven, Jean Cavalier was ittering his prophecy to an assembled mulitude, and the voice of him, generally sweet, personal and douce, had become as he rolling of Sinai thunders.

"Hear, ye folk of the Clear Vision, this has come to me suddenly-as the bolt from the cloud," he was saying. "I have in my hands the words of the great duke himself, the commander of armies-'

'Put not your trust in princes!" croaked

Cavalier turned on him instantly and

fixed him with eyes that glowed even in the

"Catinat," he cried again. "Let it be nough for you to obey. I have heard say that your trust in princes was so great that papers upon the previous night, "you will you got yourself named after one of them-

even after a marshal of France. Is it so, or is it not?" "It is so!" said Catinat, hanging his head. "But if I met him now I should have his life for his hatred of the folk of God!"

"Enough!" retorted Cavaller sternly. "I foresaw your unwillingness and have arranged that you should remain here while we of the quest are absent. But for your soul's good you shall take all your orders from him whom you know as Pierre Dubois the wagoner, who brought hither the mes-

"He is not of the spirit," said Catinat with a sullen heaviness that augured ill for the rule of Maurice Raith.

"Let him be as Saul, as David or as Solomon," said Cavaller, suddenly spreading out his hands as in a benediction over the assembly, "he shall bear rule here in my absence. The spirit hath revealed it to me! What say you, Folk of the Bond? Is my word law?

back. "As thou, Jean Cavalier, sayest, so

And at the sound of that hourse crying Catinat, old soldier as he was, turned pale. embroidery and tapestry work all about same Catinat, called the Prophet, all the beam and over that cupboard door as that with a sufficient garrison in charge of the offices and exercises of religion. In so the whole (to the eyes of Maurice Raith) much as I take the Genevan pastor with was a wonder and a marvel, so different me in case we meet the English or others from his own bare quarters at the Auber; the English Genevan pastor with me to of our faith, but not of our tongue. But Interpret, and with 200 mounted men strike all that concerns the defense of the town, southward to the Gardiole above Front- the building and manning of the walls, the ignan, whence with a glass one may read sallying forth to meet the ensmy, all that pertains to the military and civil government of the town, shall be till my return "And when do you start?" said Maurice, wholly and solely in the hands of the young the thoughts working like yeast within stranger known as Pierre Dubois. Thus the Spirit hath directed, and thus it shall be!"

As Maurice stood listening to the sound of his assumed name a soft voice spoke over his shoulder: "A mightily convenient to take the command of La Cavalerie in spirit for any man to be familiar with!" murmured Yvette Foy, with the most silken satire. "I wonder the baker's boy does not make it over to you during his absence. It strikes me that you may need something of the kind!"

"Catinat will attend to all that for me!" noise of footsteps upon the stair. Jean said Maurice, smiling at her in turn over

"Catinat!" murmured the voice again scornful. "He is playing his own game. I will help you for-for-well, for nothing!" And Maurice Raith, turning completely round, saw a marvelously beautiful face, glorious and dark with the glowing beauty of a tropic night, momentarily torchillumined, knew as well as if he had heard it sworn in a court of justice that the girl meant to say, "I will help you for love's sake alone!"

> CHAPTER XVI. Check.

Thus was the virgin Camisard fortress of La Cavalerie left in charge of a certain Captain Maurice Raith, late aide-decamp to his excellency, the Duke of Mariborough, presently known as one Pierre Dubois, a wagoner, with a precarious and not-to-be-too-closely-inquired-into connection with the towns of Riche-a-Bayard and

Theologically the Prophet Catinat, au earlier Italian wars, drilled the inhabitants with a severe prayerfulness, much as he was used to exercise his company with pike and mus-

There was, first of all, morning service which lasted two hours, from the shivering matin chime of the 6 o'clock bell at the little Protestant temple. Then there was a prophetic review and forecasting (both equally tedious) at the hour of noon, and in the evening a rechauffee of both discourses, till the male inhabitants of the village came en masse to Maurice to beg from him some imperative military duty, if it were only the digging of trenches or the transportation of earth.

And Maurice, his heart full of pitifulness, found work willingly for the poor There was a certain heap of stones which (it was bruited) saved as many as sixty God-fearing Camisards from suicide. For as soon as they had transported these bodily to the spot at which Maurice had ordered them to be placed, it was always open to him to bid his workmen to restore the status quo.

It was the day after the departure of the over his full powers, and already Catinat was developing into a thorn in the flesh so unendurable that the military chief mable him to get out of the country when | could be under no manner of illusion as to why Jean Cavaller had let his at home. No matter what drill or military exercise

Maurice might order for day or night, Catinat was always on hand to propose that it should be prefaced by "a few words of exhortation," or to declare that "the spirit moved him to an address at that time and

Yet Maurice, having by order of Cavalier nothing to do with the religious duties of the embattled mountaineers, could interpose nothing. But he observed with sympathy the shudder which ran through the ranks as the "Prophet of the Cevennea" settled himself to his fell work.

Now before leaving Patrick Wellwood had taken his young countryman aside, and in words few and chosen had committed his daughter to his care.

Precious to me as the apple of mine eye is this child," he had said. "So let her be unto you. Without fear I leave her to your charge, young man, the one ewe lamb that hath lain in an old man's bosom. Accordlather also accompanying the expedition ing as you fulfill my behest, so may the blessing of God Almighty rest upon you. Thus and not otherwise. I have spoken to the damsel herself, and as I understand she ject of Pierre Dubols, Yvette saw to it that is noneways averse to considering herself under your protection. Ever since our coming hither this young David of a General Cavaller has always proven himself as a been left behind by Cavaller (as not suffibrother unto her. I have small doubt but

thou wilt do likewise!" Right willing was Maurice Ralth, or it other words Master Pierre Dubois the wagoner of Roche-a-Bayard and Hoo to perform the commission laid upon him by Patrick

He lost no time, therefore, being thus armed with the parental authority, in calling at the westernmost gatehouse of the Templar walls. It was shortly after sunrise, and it came to him that, as mayhap the young lady was of a sleepy head and not yet up, he might find himself intruding. He was moving off when he came suddenly at the foot of the winding stairway on an ancient char-woman, her head wrapped completely about in a pair of her husband's nether garments, the legs tied picturesquely

and sufficiently beneath her chin A maudlin smile played across her bloated features and she displayed a set of teeth which, like the King William's line of battle after Steinkirk, was mostly gaps. "Too late, young man," she huskily, "the bird has flown. You must seek her in a different nest. Yestreen it

had been another matter, but-"

It's powder and reek and thunder When the cannon begin to shoot. But it's girls and gold and plunder When the old wives pouch the loot!

"What has become of Mistress Wellwood, rou drunken old heathen?" demanded Maurice, full of gusty anger. "The young lady-the young lady," repeated the ancient wine-bibber, as if trying o recall her memory, "that were too dim-

cult a question for me-unless-unless-" She crooked her claw-fingers suggestively and Maurice with an impatient gesture threw rather than placed a gold coin within them. They closed automatically upon it She tugged at the ungainly trouser leg which was about her frowsy forehead with some vague idea perhaps of making her

"I thank you, sir," she said, biting the gold surreptitlously. "Come in-come in with you and see that old Elise speaks only the truth." Maurice felt a sudden spasm of disgust

but his curiosity drove him on. "Which was her room?" he said hastily, as if ashamed. "I understand she is gone away-you will tell me where? In the meantime I would like to see her roomwhere she lived, I mean."

For he remembered well that in the room where Patrick Wellwood had received him there had stood, behind a screen, the plain camp-bed of the chaplain of Ardmillian's regiment

The old woman, with a nauseous grumble about knowing when she could trust to the generosity of a great man, led the way up a stair and threw open a door. There, sweet and white and clean as her own pure skin, was Flower-o'-the-Corn's chamber-And with a great voice the reply came the bed folded down and showing him linen. fine and choice, the walls of wood smoked black from the great open fireplace, with engravings of great men and oblongs of "At the same time I delegate to this disposed with a natural taste under this of the Bon Chertien

He almost seemed to hear Flower-o'-the-Corn's clear voice demanding of him "what he did there?" It was like violating a virgin's shrine.

"Go in-go in!" croaked the vile old woman, who had meantime repeated the dose of spirits from a small pocket bottle bebind Maurice's back while he stood entranced, "make sure that the little missy is not there-so pretty as she keeps everything! But I wager it is the bird you want! Ah, you soldiers, you are all alike You would not give many sous for the poor nest. All the same, you will not forget old Elise for showing it to you!"

Maurice Raith felt that it would be prefanation to answer the woman, as it would be an indignity almost personal to enter the dwelling place of so pure a spirit in his great clumping military boots. Instinctively he took off his hat at the open door, said an unwonted prayer, and so stole silently away, his head downcast, leaving the drunken old woman to follow or not, as it pleased her.

She locked up the chamber and grumblingly descended. "Whither did you say Mistress Frances

had gone?" he asked as carelessly as he The old woman, a horror of chalkpale cheeks and brick-red features, with that

unspeakable headgear of her husband's breeches' legs swagging this way and that over her blousy bosom, laid her finger cunningly by the side of her nose, with a cunning action which said, "Don't you wish you may get it?" Maurice, ever willing to take the plainest

road to the solution of any problem, extracted a second gold louis from his pocket. He held it between his finger and thumb in full view of the ancient blear-eyed crone. "Has Mistress Frances at the last mo-

ment accompanied her father?" he asked. ically that the ruins of a tobacco pouch, the brass clasps worn to the quick, tumbled out of the pocket of her headdress and debouched its contents upon the floor. "No," she said, "she stayed here by her-

self for two hours last night, reading good books-her father's books-and then came Mistress Foy and took her away, saying that it was not becoming that a young girl so beautiful should be left alone in such a wide house! He-he! doubtless she knew of your coming, sir!" Maurice turned on his heel as on a pivot

crone pursued him, crying, "The gold, good gentleman! The golden louis! Do not defraud a poor woman, and, indeed, I would have kept her if I could, kind gentleman, much more money would have come to poor old Elize if she had remained here!"

Over his shoulder Maurice angrily tossed the piece of gold, which the unclean hag caught ere it fell, and stowed away in her pouch carefully (as containing the means of procuring many small square-faced bottles -an unlicensed export of the states general of Holland which Madame Elise seaward expedition. Maurice had taken counted more precious than whole parks of artillery).

CHAPTER XVII.

Under Which Queen, Bezoniant

It was about this time that the Marshal de Montrevel began to manifest renewed activity. He moved out of Millau and occupled as a first measure all the valley of the Dourble with the exception of the fortified village of Saint Veran, a perfect eagle's nest upon an eminence so completely isolated that only by means of a cable could communication be held between the Camisards there and those upon the nearest escarpment of the Causse de Larzac. This took place even over the heads of the king's outposts, who often used to fire upward at the packages which were sent to and fro overhead upon the swinging cradles, on the chance that they might contain a stray Camisard or so, escaping from the hen-coop of the Causse Noir to the

comparative freedom of the Larzac. This was rather a relief than otherwise o the feelings of Maurice Raith. It gave him something to think of besides the fact that Flower-o'-the-Corn was in the same house and inaccessible to him.

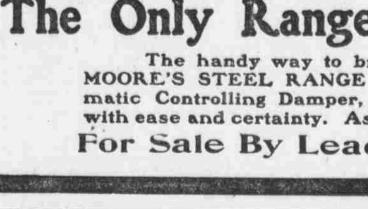
For, whatever might have been the ideas or desires of Frances Wellwood on the subthese were not carried out.

The whole menage of the Bon Chretien was a curious one. Martin Foy, who had ciently young and active) was unwearied in his attempts to bring his reluctant family together. Many of his temporary guests had departed and he was therefore at liberty to devote a much larger portion of his leisure to Maurice Raith's entertainment than that young man was at all grateful for. It is quite possible, however, that he may have received from his daughter a hint loved a woman without being adored in re-

At all events certain it is that, though Maurice had no difficulty in coming at any time to face to face speech with Yvette Foy, he could not advance one step in the lirection of breaking down the iron reserve

chosen to entrench herself. never left him to himself. Never was a lonely man so comforted and cossetted. his heart for the absent blue eyes of Frances Wellwood and the sweetness of her smile he might very well have contented himself with the very obvious favor of the very fair

demoiselle, Yvette Foy.



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No. 477 Beaubien St., DETROIT, MICH., Aug. 19, 1901. For four years I suffered with torpid iver until my skin looked yellow and lull. I then found my kidneys were affected and had severe pains across my back, and I felt that I must do something to regain my health. A friend advocated your Wine of Cardui treatment so strongly that I decided to try it, although I had little faith in patent

I am now very thankful that I did so, for within ten days blessed relief came to me, and in less than three months I was cured, and have enjoyed fine health

know there is nothing better for a sick woman who wishes to enjoy per-fect health; and am very pleased to give my hearty endorsement.

PRESIDENT Shakesperian Club

No. 603 1-2 North Seventh St., Kansas Citt, Kas., Nov. 16, 1901. Your booklet came to my home like a message of health when I had suf-fered three days with beadache, backache and bearing down pains.

I was weak, nervous and hysterical, and had not consulted any doctor, thinking it would pass away in time, but instead I found that the pains increased and were more frequent.

I decided to try Wine of Cardui, and in a short time was much improved.

It seemed to act like a charm. I kept up the treatment and the result was most satisfactory. Words seem to fail me to express my gratitude for the suffering that is now saved me. I am in fine health, physically and tally. I can only say "thank but there is much more in my heart for

CRECHE NURSE

318 Maryland St.,

DAVIS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1901. Nurses, as a rule, have very little faith in patent medicines, but experience has taught me that Wine of Cardui is an honest medicine.

I have attended a number of cases where the patient was a weman broken down with the female trouble peculiar to her sex-inflammation, ulceration and falling of the womb, irregular and painful menstruation-and I have noticed that the physician often used Wine of Cardui with great success, after other nedies had failed.

I have recommended it myself very often, and feel that I am doing sick women a good turn in so doing.

MADAM MARLIANI

No. 2925 Wabash Ave... CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 20, 1901. I consider Wine of Cardui better than doctor's prescriptions or any other remedy for female trouble.

I have tried many, both in this

country and abroad, having been a sufferer eleven years, and nothing cured me until I used your remedy. I had such excruciating pains at

times that I wanted to die, and indeed a life of suffering is not alluring to Your splendid medicine strength-

ened my nerves, restored my appetite

and built up my entire system, and I

now enjoy perfect health. In adams Asse Merkins

ial directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Depart-The Chattanooga Medicine Co.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

above his thoughts, or even his desire. of youth and health on her cheek, and her could upon occasion and with the most nonand stamped his way out angrily. But the Whoever at the Ban Chretien might go lips, as ever, red as the pomegranate bloshungry, Maurice Raith must be fed, and to som, the most joyous of all earthly hues the exquisite perfection of the muscles the minute. When he came in from the seen against the cloudless sapphire of the walls and the trenches (for he was continu- sky. Her gown was of the palest blue, ing and extending the military works of such as an ordinary girl would have thought skin.

Cavaller on more scientific though perhaps possible only with a roseleaf complexion

without finding at the top of the stairs a lovely face, a bewitching smile and a hand pressed quickly to a softly kerchiefed bosom, as if the "long-looked-for-come-atast" were a pleasure too great for a form so trail quietly to endure. Not only so, but in the minutest details

not abler lines) he never entered the "au-

of the camp work and the duty of the trenches Yvette proved herself not only an excellent listener, but a most intelligent critic. Yet in all this, nor word nor glimps

Frances Wellwood. She never showed herself on the street. She dwelt wholly on the top floor of the Templar's house, where she and Yvette Foy shared one great room in such completeness and closeness of amity reciprocal as is only attained by college companions and young girls in their first burst of friendship and confidence. Not but what Maurice made several at tempts to break through the reserve of his

young hostess with regard to her friend. One night in particular he had come back weary and depressed. The six days of his command were already half over, and as far as Flower-o'-the-Corn was concerned, she had far better have been with her father in the westermost tower over the Templar's gate. He looked up the lighted window of the room which he knew for Yvette Foy's and wondered if there was within any thought of him-if an ear (the ear he knew was shell-thin and pearl-lined) inclined itself ever so little to catch the clutter of his heavy boots on the stairs, the tinkie the landing, unable to take his eyes off of the spurs (which, being a man and a soldier, he could not deny himself the satisfaction of wearing) and the clank of his saber on the sone turns of the stair. He wondered. He sighed, and lo-there, above him on the landing stood a vision which lor! might have turned the head of a wiser and an older man than this Maurice Raith of ours, the same who had received so much capable advice from the duke himself, of whom Voltaire said that he had never fought a battle without winning it, never besieged a fortress without causing it to you are not arrayed as one of the angels surrender, and it might be added never

Maurice Raith was not vain, but like all men he was vainer than he thought himself. So gradually Yvette Foy's gracious attention won upon him. And this night, after a peculiarly wearing day, when Catibehind which Flower-o'-the-Corn had not had been more than usually hateful, it as if in haste not to displease her. is no wonder that the eight of the girl Yet every day, and indeed every hour he Yvette, in her finest and daintiest raiment spent within the Bon Chretien, Yvette Foy (a gown which had been sent her from Paris by her friend Mile. Eugenie la Gracleuse), bending eagerly as if to watch And had Maurice Raith not longed with all for his return, over the iron balustrades of the stairway landing, sent a warm glow through his heart.

An indeed Yvette was a lovely vision. ber black hair heaped on the top of her head, confined it the back with a small bent to the ground and lifted heavy weights much as a sister. She compassed him about with kindness, diamond and tortoise shell comb, the flush

FayLee

berge" or left behind him as he ascended that pertained to attraction, Yvette Foy the sharp tang of the stable atmosphere, made no mistakes. She knew that none can wear pale blue

an ivory skin and heaped masses of hair, with blood that went and came in dusky wine-red flushes upon her cheeks responsive to the beating of her heart. A little white fringe of fleecy lace about the neck, above the heaped, careless, tumbled masses of dark hair, the subtle drawing power of

figure. Small wonder that night Maurice but few maids in France equal in beauty to Yvette Foy of the Bon Chretien in the little Camisard village of La Cavalerie. He stood for a moment beneath her, a girl who is sure of her charms, and the of it. aplomb of a woman who can afford to give

a man the full pleasure of the eye withcut compromising herself. "Ab," he murmured in English, without thinking how he spoke, "but you are very doffing of wet masculine garments, lovely! I had not thought it!" "Parden me," she said in her own pretty

French, "but I do not understand. I have not the English-no word of it! 'Tis my misfortune!" Though, indeed, she had understood well enough the start, the stoppage on the stair-

way, the dumb gaze upward. You will get cold standing there in that light dress," he said, as he came up to such a radiant, vision. Yvette laughed with a light amusement.

I wender," she said, "how long it will

take you to get the prade rasp out of

your voice when you come into my par-

said Maurice penitently enough. "Indeed, it sounded much like it," she said, "but give me your cloak! I will order you in my turn.' "Indeed, I will not-on other nights when

tonight. She stamped her little foot sharply, with mock of intolerance "Who is in charge of the commanderie Bon Chretian-you or 17" she cried.

'You-you-of a surety-you and no

other!" he replied with mock humility and

of heaven-all in white and blue. But not

'Well, then-your cloak?" And she took the great heavy folds from off his shoulders with a masterful action. They were no light weight, as she held them out dripping at arm's length.

nents do more for you than little Yvette Foy-aye, even the sour-browned gypsy down stairs himself?" And, indeed, the light way in which she

-the easy indifference with which she

"See," she said, "can any in your regi-

chalance do the work of a man, proved which worked so smoothly cotnracting and extending automatically under that satin

Then after a pause she spoke caressingly, and a skin of milk. But in this, as in all yet simply, as his mother might have done (at least so Maurice Raith thought, who could not remember his mother) "come into this little room where there is a fire. with such effect as a dark-eyed girl with Change your wet boots there, and then, when you are ready, come into my parlor and tell me all about your troubles. I see you have been distressed today. Catinat. I suppose as usual. But you shall tell me all afterwards!"

She vanished, light as the flitting shadow of a bird when it crosses the road. Neverwilling eyes, the slender lissomness of her theless, it remained long in Maurice's mind that ere she went she had tossed him a Raith owned to himself that there were careless kiss, such as a siter might have done. Maurice had no sister, but in this, as in other things, he felt that he had been badly treated by nature. Such a sister as Yvette Foy, so full of understruck, regardent, while she smiled- standing, so capable, so sympathizing in smiled with the petulant assurance of all things, never in the way and never out

But he did not get time to specify further before a low, quick knock returned to the door of the little room. It had evidently been occupied for other purposes than the petticoats and feminine falderals hung about it, all in a faint, indescribable per-

like wine. Giugerly the young man opened the door. Yvette Foy stood there before him, smiling, a pair of slippers in her hand and dry stockings over her arm.

fume, which went to Maurice Raith's head

"They are my father's," she said in an excusing tope. "You may find them rough. All the same, I knitted them myself, so I can promise you that they are warm; and, indeed, I have had them for an hour or more before the fire before bringing them down."

She nodded brightly once more, and

turned to go, while he stood dumbly gazing

at her, with the stockings and slippers in his hands. Perhaps it was that which made the girl turn her head over her shoulder with a peculiarly witching smile as she stood on

second step of the stair. "Am I not a good hostess-to those i-I-like?" she said. And the last part of the sentence was spoken very low, and the expression of

her eyes at the moment would have satis-

fled most men.

Then she seemed to take fright at what she had said and took to her heels. Maurice Raith could hear her pretty little Parisian slippers chitter-clattering up the stairs toward her bedroom at a great rate. Then came the slam of a door and-All the while he stood in the blank doorway, the warm woolen stockings | and the easy slippers in his hand, his heart trying in vain to best out its admiration for two girls at once. Hih heart was not, so he told himself, in the least untrue to Flower-o'-the-Corn. How could be be? But-he certainly wanted Yvette Foy very

(To Be Continued.)



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Dealers,



How to Cure Blood Poison.

By a secret new way—Trial treatment and casay free to all—Send for it this very day. If there he say man or woman who has blood polson, whether transmitted by parents or acquired by centact, they should write Prof. Fowles of New London, Conn., for a free trial treatment of his very remarkable new discovery that has caught like whidthe even going so far as to restors the bones of the nose and cars when they had rotted away by the terrible poison. It is no mere cary, or lodlide of poisan, nothing to rub on and at simple liquid, tablet or pill but an herbaline compound entirely different from anything heratofon known. In magic-like fashion it cures blood poison in the primary, secondary or tertiary stage copper colored spots, swelling of the glands, sore on the parts, pimples, sore throat, swollen groins aches, old sores, ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, loosening of the teeth, hair or eyebrown falling out and all the other signs of blood poison it removes every blemish in a few days and cure permanently in a few weeks not only the blood poison itself but restores the stomach, liver, kidneys and heart to thoir normal condition thus again opening to you the gates of society, marriage and parenthood.

Do not put it off; do not experiment. Satisfy yourself that what the professor says is true by sending name and address today to Prof. F. C. Fewlor, Box 681, New London, Coun., and he will send you at once sealed and free from all marks; a full trial treatment of his discovery absolutely free, together with a valuable treaties "All About Blood Poison and its Care," He sake for no money, simply the privilege of convincing you that what he has discovered will cure you, so lose no time in sending your address. Do so today and you will coon be cured. By a secret new way—Trial treatment and casay free to all—Send for it this very day