

FLOWER O' THE CORN.

By S. R. CROCKETT. (B)(B)(S) (Copyright, 1902, by S. R. Crockett,)

actual bair.

living creature?

her closely-thus!"

more. Let me go!'

to the resevoir on Nant!

hand to her breast-.

them!

dismay and pain.

around-or the-other!"

moving. Look again-or-'

think she is very cold.

Maurice, anxiously.

possibly

ainsels?"

then called.

us to look.

Maurice quickly.

"Look, then, boy and



is I am to look for, and where,

"Look along the face of the Causses

"I see them," said the boy, his eyes on

the deeps of the gouffre of Padirac, water-

rouge and the friction of the palm of the

"They are white and gray, and O, so

"Look closer still, good Antoine," com

"I see two men-no, a woman and man,"

Again Maurice was making for the door,

out Catinat checked him with a look and

"He is a cretin," he said, "do not expect

"There-I have lost them-the man was

have gone out of sight. I can see them no

At this moment the touch of Cattnet

boy's neck, for he squeaked like a mouse.

look all the way from the Millau road even

said Catinat, and his voice even to the

eager Maurice sounded wrapt and far-

The boy continued to gaze, his eyes

growing fixed and luminous as they con-

centrated themselves on the crystal globe,

and sometimes standing and holding her

Maurice grasped, but Catinat remained

this time. It will not last long. You see

"But I saw these others, too-yes, I saw

alm with his hand on the boy's neck.

breast-no Franch officer with her."

think it. Are you not my master?

"No," said Catinat, severely, "tell me

further afield. You have seen her once.

You have seen in what direction she was

"Oh I will-I will (again with the mouse-

like squeak). I see her now-plainly I see

is set up. She is sitting on a rock and

looking at a star. She is rubbing her hands.

The natural turned his head uncertainly,

as if inquiring from his master whether

fore he had time to reply, Billy Marshall

came in with Maurice's cloak about his

"Where did you get that?" cried his

"She-" said Billy, with a strong and

ontemtuous accent on the pronoun, "left

it lying on the ground that she might run

frae ye the faster! Did I no tell ye that I

was richt? A wee bit knap wi' the black

thorn. But ye wadna tak puir Billy's

"Well," said his master, sternly, "take

the cloak and what arms are needful and

follow with me to the place where the

"Airms," says be, "airms an' a cloak

quo' Billy Marshall! What do ye tak' Billy

Marshall for? D'ye think that he would

gang twenty years ower the door in siccan an unhamely place without bringing a' the airms that are committed to him-keepit as

And at the word the greay undid his belt and showed a perfect armament of pistols

and short swords, or hangers, as they were

"Bet's oot there wi' the muckle guns and

"How do you know that?" demanded

Billy looked at him shrewdly, yet a trifle

"Heo do I ken? Well, I just ken, that's

"Hold your accuraed tongue, will you?"

cried Maurice, infuriated. "Come and help

Billy, "an' do your cloak upon you. The

habit you wear is frozen stiff and is only

summan thick at ony rate!"

"Dress yourself properly then," answered

A dish of cold water was standing on a

little dripping board, at which some former

married tenant of Catinat's house had

washed dishes. Catinat selsed this and

dashed the contents fair in the face of the

self with a start and would have dropped

the crystal had not the prophet snatched it

out of his lax and feeble hands and re-

stored it to a bag of faded black velvet,

through the unclosed seams of which li

peeped with jewellike brilliancy of sugges

CHAPTER XXL

When Flower-o'-Corn fled out woon the

waste she had no idea save to put as much

distance as possible between herself and

those who had (in her opinion) wronged

Maurice she held doubly guilty. For

though he was by no means her lever, she

Nadame La Marec

The wooly-headed boy came to him-

advice. Na, he kenned nocht aboot weemen

an' sae it's come to this!"

wagons were captured-

the braidswords," he added,

she a cloak about her?" said

discomposing questions, but be-

her. She is within the Rochers above the

"Ah, now at last I see her," he said

oo much. Ye shall get at the truth pres-

ently if we do not hurry him!"

hand, the two polishers in the world.

cold!" he said, shuddering.

CHAPTER XX. The Mystery of the Crystal.

Maurice stood for a long minute, dazed and drunken with a great astonishment.

By his own folly he had lost the only girl he ever loved. So at last he told himself, while Billy Marshall continued to remind him that he had told him so, and the Camisard sentinel by the gate solemnly resumed his beat, as if washing his hands of the whole matter.

It was a freezing night, and a light drift of snow blowing, and the surface of the Causses hard as the nether millstone. No tracks would lie for a minute upon such a night, and they must do the best

they could with the senses God had given them, which, as Maurice thought, with some reason, were, in his case at least, no great matter for boasting. And it was on such a night in a thin

black dress of some soft stuff that Flowero'-the-Corn had fied out into the darkness of the bleakest though not the highest

If it would have done Frances Wellwood the least good Maurice Raith would gladly have put a pistol to his head there and then and shot himself. But he knew that the girl was gone on his account, and it was his duty to bring her back if possible A thought occurred to him. At the time

it seemed like an inspiration. Of course it was an impossibility, a thing to be laughed at, yet nevertheless somehow he could not get it out of his head. "Catinat!-Yes, Catinat! Stranger things

had happened. There might be something in his second sight after all. He had heard of it in Scotland. At least it was worth the

"Let us go and knock up Catinat!" he said hoarsely. To his surprise Billy caught eagerly at

his suggestion. "Ye hae mair sense than I lookit for." he cried, "if ony body can jallose where a craft lassis wull hae hidden hersel', it's him! I hae heard tell that when was a youngster amang the laddle boys he was a gye yin! That was afore he took up wi the phophetin' an' sie like! But Catinat's the verra men for ye; that is-if ye can get haud o' him. But he is mair like to ta' ye through a word-for-word exposestin' o' the Buik o' Solomon his Sang, than to help ye to get back you ain sweetheart

Aye, a diel sicht mair like!" Nevertheless since the thing was worth trying, to Catinat they went. It was, as Billy had prognosticated, somewhat difficult to get the prophet down to matter of

The minister's daughter had run away in a fit of fear, and that hysterical nervousness which comes so easily to woman Well, he had heard of such like, but there was no exact parallel for it in the scriptures that he knew of, unless it were in the Song of Songs, which is Solomor's "Didna I tell ye?" whispered Billy, t.i

umphantly over his chief's shoulder. "But-" he turned sharply upon the military chief of La Cavalerie, "answer me this before I touch the matter with finger lies anything of stain upon your conscience aught that you would be more loath to tell to the girl's father than to

"No, I swear it!" said Maurice, lifting | firmly. up his hand solemnly.

"Bwear not at all!" said Catinat, catchdown again. "What is a man but his naked word. If I had not believed in your word would I have permitted these poor sheep to obey you for so much as an instant?" And, having come to a standstill, Maurice Raith, who was all on fire within, demanded of the prophet if he could tell where at

the moment the girl was. Catinat looked at Matrice and shook his head. Then he glanced at Billy Marshall and asked, "Is he innocent-simple-like his look and speech? Or is he even as other men, come up from beneath the grinding wheels?"

"He is even as other men!" said Maurice wonderingly.

"Then he will not do for me-any more than you," he answered. "I have not the he was required to answer extraneous and second sight myself (he went on to explain), as it is said that your Scots mountainards have. But only the power of making others see-though, I own not as Cavhath who can make a thousand men and women see and believe the thing he will. But abide you, I will bring one who will see all your desire!

Catinat dwelt in a plain-faced little house with one gable to the main road, mean and poor, with pig-runs below, and so betaking himself to the door, he went across the court and returned shortly with a halfgrown lad, his eyes starting from his head, his hair a mere haystack, his lower lip dropped into the shape of a V, slack and pendulous, yet always more or less on the quiver like jelly turned from a shape. He appeared to be about 17 or 18, knock-kneed and needing weekly additions to his small clothes. Of his simplicity there could be no question. Indeed, Catinat explained the matter of his want in his own presence in

"This is one Antoine Oliver-a mere idiot, an innocent, almost a cretin, but they should be keepit-and wi' the poother left here of the Spanish gypsies, therefore an' ball for ilka yin-a' in pooches by their not to be trusted along with silver or gold! Otherwise he hath not the sense to conduct himself reasonably-Antoine-turn The oaf turned himself unwillingly about

like one who is about to be whipped in the presence of his school-fellows. A patch of viscous orange appeared vividly impressed on the boardest part of his small

"There!" cried Catinat, "what did I tell sadly, as one who had failed to profit by you? Go fetch the rod, Antoine-the rod the opportunities of acquiring good inforof many birches which stands behind the mation when these were tendered to him. henhouse door. You have been at it again. Gentlemen, this boy at certain hours of the a'! And ye shall prove my words for your or night by a certain access of folly sel', Maister Maurice (I canna aye be mindtakes himself for a breeding fowl, and will mindin' your ither name), 'knappit her in ait on as many as two doxen egg at once— time, she wad hae been lying prood and yes, now when they are at their dearest, snug ayout ye at this meenit, instead o' and a hennery is next to a gold mine. For freezin' to dath oot on the wild hills!" this he bath oft been punished by me and shall be again."

The great oaf bursts out into a loud boo-hoo of lament.

"Indeed, sir," he pleaded, "they were not your eggs this time; yours are much richer in yolk! Look you they are those of old Elise at the gatehouse, whom I desired to punish for her drunkenness!"

"The point is well taken," said Catinat, "but I will only consent to overlook the fault if so be that you will look in the

The youth gave a yet louder cry and promptly began to untruss. "I would rather have the birch," he

said, "the birch smarts and is done with. but after the crystal ball Antoine is not his own man for as many as three days!" "He probably bath hit on the truth there!" whispered the prophet.

"But, Antoine," said Catinat aloud, in a soothing voice, "see this man. He is the commander of the soldiers here, and can keep them from taking you away to serve in the trenches. Also, I will let you off from a whole week of attendance at early service in the church! Also-" Ha displayed a silver coin auggestively

"I will do it-I will do it!" cried the

had expected other things from him. And now-she had found him-well, she could not picture to herself how she had found for the pain in her heart. Besides, had he not crowned his iniquity by carrying her off literally. She had been held in his arms at the very moment when she came to herself. And as for Yvette Foyhow could any girl be so false, so wicked? O, were there no true folk at all in the world, women or men? Except her father, that is? She did not doubt him ever. She clapsed her hands upon each other

as Antoine had seen her in the crystal lad; "give me the crystal, and I will speak stone, and they were as cold as ice. Then the thing I see. But first tell men what it there came upon Flower-o'-the-Corn a wild, unreasoning fear-the terror of pursuit She seemed to be followed by a pack of the north," said Catinat, calmiy, laying his hounds as in the gray fearful dreamhand on the boy's rough hair. He passed sleeps of the Changester. She could hear | Marechal hath never gotten any good of his long, sensitive fingers this way and their yelping chorus, now the higher and that over it, and lo! an erect and bristling now the lower as they one or the other crest followed the direction of his hand, took up the leadership. even when the fingers did not touch the

She turned abruptly and ran on. Perhaps it was well she did so. At least, the action kept her from freezing to death. the globe of solid crystal long buried in She continued till the breath was almost out of her body. Before her, under the worn and rounded, and now polished with pulsing green glow of the Aurora the toothed edges of the volcanic crater stood up. She paused, less because she was out of breath than because she seemed to have some dim sort of previous knowledge of the place, to which, all unwittingly, her feet, manded Catinat, "you see no person-no had carried her.

Once again she heard a crying as of wolves across the waste, the long-drawn said the boy dropping into an even pained howling as of many dogs in pain, which voice as a pair might take the time of a (once heard) is never forgotten. Anything dance that is nearly over, "they're talking less like the "giving tongue" of a pack together eagerly. She has much to tell cannot well be imagined. bim. He holds her under his croak-holds

But to Frances Wellwood, who had that night supped so full of terrors, this brought no new anxiety, though the sound would have sent every Caussepard for shelter to the nearest house, even it it had been that of his worst enemy. But Flower-o'-the-Corn stood there, only

conscious of the deadly insult and shame that had been put upon her. The bitter in a soldier's uniform. I tell you," cried upland night, the frost-tingling stars, the the boy, "like the men who came last year howl of the wolf pack-these were as and tried to kill us all-when poor Antonie nothing. hid so long in the cow-shed! But they

Thus she was standing growing slowly chill and chiller, when all at once she was startled by the sound of uproarious mirth about her

must have tightened either in actual grip A sudden flashing of lanterns, a sudden or in electric tension on the back of the explosion of laughter, neither very wise nor very kindly, brought the girl to herself. "I will look-I will speak true. I will Rough hands seized her. She cried out, and the first words she spoke were a confession of weakness.

"Maurice-Maurice!" she said, involuntarily. And then at the mere sound of her voice she started to recall the gay brightness of the Brabont corn and herself standing elbow deep in it, with the young soldier blushing beneath her, his hands parting

"A pretty maid, eh, Joseph? By my vearily, as indeed he did everything. "She faith, yes," cried one rough-looking soldier with a great bandoliers across his breast, is alone in a black dress, running sometimes "Tell me that you do not believe in the grotto of the fairies after this. Why, we could not be better off if we were farmers general. The Marechal bimself, with his Madame la Marchaie, will sleep no more "Yes-good boy, Antoine, you speak truth comfortable than we! Besides which, we will not give the wench marching leave one girl alone, you say-her hand on her quite so often."

"Nay, old scrubby goat!" cried another. "See, the little thing is a-cold! Do you them, even if you birch me for it I saw not understand, you are a brute to stand there, cloaked to the gray mustache and "Go on!" said Satinat, sternly, "we have no time to wait all night on you!" The shall come, not an inch to you, but to the boy continued between suppressed sobs of kindest of the company. Here, my pretty one, is a good hlaf of a soldier's cloak to "I see only the white waist-I cannot see the girl-either the one with the hand to her breast, who waited and looked Bradenburg redingote! Come, my pretty! "There was no other," said Catinat,

"I tell you, no," cried another, holding "Very well, then," said the boy, wincing fing him by the wrist and putting his hand away, she was not there, but I thought pretty frightened face (for now she had had been taking them of late into the midst wight and morn like the howling of dogs down again. "What is a man but his naked at the late of the wild Camisage hills." fallen among the wolves, indeed), "Neither one of you has the least claim. E'en let the maid choose for herself. I outrank what you see and that exactly. Look you both, for the matter of that, for I carry the colors! You have nothing but great old gray mustaches, an odor of rum and much talk of what you have done in your youth.

"As if that had any weight with a young Dourbie, near where the St. Veran cradle And you shall have no troublesome questions to answer, either-such as 'How came you at night out upon the wild Causses near a Camisard haunt of rebels and traitby my officer but that it should cover a bosom as innocent as thine."

"Stand out of the way, Victor Cayet," cried still another abruptly, shouldering these had men! the speaker, his lantern and his folded banner out of the way. "I tell you here comes la Marechalo herself! And it is as much as our heads are worth to have any rough jesting in her presence.'

"Tut! As to that she is but the Marechale of the campaign, I warrant you-a going out of my mind. Let me die quickly!" Camisard marechale think you our noble de Montrevel would saddle himself-?" "Hush, lads, here she comes!"

you hanged by the provost marshal," cried

a richly-dressed lady, riding upon a white horse with a liberal use of whip and spur. "Ah, dear lady," cried one, in a humble, whining tone, 'that is by no means how you would treat poor sons of the church. Do we not know your ladyship, every one?"

"Aye, verily," oried the lady, "and so well does the lady know you that she could wager the last Louis-d'or in her pouch that you talked very differently five minutes ago to the poor girl there whom you hold your prisoner. Stand away-I would speak to her!"

"Your ladyship will allow that she is our prisoner-of-war, and stands at her peril amongst us till a sum is paid in ransom to us poor men!"

"I will see that the money is paid! know you, Joseph, and also that the

you or the like of you!" "Indeed, my lady I speak not for myself," said the man, 'but as Cornely here, the standard carrier well remarks. "what is the weach doing so near to a noted rebelalone and on foot?"

"If it comes to that what am I doing?" said the other boldly, Have you anything to reflect upon me?" The men pushed each other with the elbow-and at last Cornely spoke up. His

first act was to disavow Joseph. "This man Joseph hath done nothing but speak to our hurt," he began. "Inquire of the girl herself, I pray you. Have we done her any harm? Or have I, who hath chiefly spoken with her, offered anything but kindness? She will remember me, because held my lantern close to my face so that she might know me again."

"Oh have done with the eternity of your clack!" cried the lady, who had dismounted by this time, "while you talk the girl will freeze to death. It is a cold night to die in, even with your chances of the verlasting bonfire! Here, Cornely, since you are so prodigal with your favors, lend me your cloak. I know you have another at Millau. I know, for I have seen you swaggering with it a-Sundays!" Your ladyship has been pleased to re

mark me in it-a blue cloth made very ong, lined with crimson silk?" "Remarked you-yes-who would not?"

cried the lady ,"aye, and spoken of it to the marshal, too-"Your ladyship is too kind," said Cornely I would had it here that I might apread

t at your most honored feet-"The other will do-if it be (as it looks) but a horse blanket turned inside out. Anything to wrap the shivering girl in out of the chill airs of these Causses! And now leave us. I would speak to her awhile.

There is no fear!' "Have we your lady's word for the ranom?" put in Joseph, who was still spite-

ful at his discomfiture. 'Word, what need you of words?" flashed Madam la Marechale, fully as brusquely. I know you have good reason to distrust Go, take your arms and retire behind the ocks for a quarter of an hour. We are not birds of the air that we can fly. Take give no word. Who am I that I should give troops in these mountains. You, who have words at this time o' the day to such cattle

as you?" The men, especially those of Joseph's faction, withdrew, grumbling, but not daring to disobey the marechal's lady.

"At all events I shall make sure of her beast, and the other hath none," said Joseph, shrewdly, leading it away and leaving interrupted us would I not have turned him the Lady Marechale in her riding habit never offer her an inch of shelter. She and furs to speak with the shivering girl, who was by this time wrapped in Cornely's cloak. That ornament of the king's irregular forces was now eagerly watching from who are now watching us (for they guard be comfortable in. Aye, maney a pretty behind a jagged tooth of limestone what lass, many a dainty, hath snuggled down should be the fate of his second beat cloak. there, and liked very well that same old For, as he put it to all honest and fairminded men, it was manifestly impossible to take such a thing of beauty as the blue- am here. Do you not see? Wherefore else clothed, scarlet-lined promenade cloak on should : girl like me remain alone in a

> post you for a set of eavesdroppers and afraid of the last judgment. What but thieves and-"

But whatever else the spirited lady had to say was drowned in the noise of the simultaneous withdrawal caused by her words. Madame la Marechale quickly threw aside others. the great fur-lined hood which had hidden thing fit to be the granddaughter of any of her face. She undid a cloak (of which, havyou! For shame to fright a child so with ing been on horseback, she appeared to dear, and you and I will talk apart. I Frances. Then she caught her impulsively promise you none of them shall harm you. and affectionately about the neck and burst into tears.

"O, what must you think of me," sh cold, do not know what poor women have did not really love him, of course, that ors? I can save you from all that. Why to bear for the men they love-aye, how else should I be trusted with the banner they must even, for policy, appear to be kind to others whom they loathe and disesteem. Forgive me, dearest Frances. I world have other standards. And nowhave come out hither to save you from | well, we have wasted time enough on this

And lo! Before her stood, mysteriously clear as the green aurora could make her -Yvette Foy!

And Flower-o'-the-Corn, standing in mist of amazement, pressed both her hands to her head saying, "O, God, God-I am "Tut-nonsense! Nothing of the sort," said Yvette, who was always practical minded in all circumstances. "Now listen to me! Forget what you have seen, or "Wretches, assassins, I will have all of believe that I did it wholly for your good!"

That backache mustn't go any further-it's dangerous-Kidneys are out of order-Backache is their cry for help-

Serious trouble is sure to follow if you don't heed the warning-Diabetes, Urinary Trouble, Bright's Disease—they're all the natural outcome of neglected backache-

But there's a way to stop it -

Doan's Kidney Pills

make the sick kidneys well-cure the backache by removing the cause-there's proof of it right here in Omaha-plenty of proof -the word of Omaha people-proof that you can't possibly doubt -Read this testimony-

Mr. Wm. Sage, bricklayer, of 4211 Burdette street, says: "Always after a hard day's work or when I caught a cold, which settled in my loins, backache became very severe. Doan's Kidney Pilis, procured at Kuhn & Co's drug store, corner 15th and Douglas streets, gave me such prompt relief and up to date have prevented attacks, that I have no hesitation in recommending them to anyone suffering from either over-excited or weakened kidneya."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale at all Drug Stores. 50 cents a box. Foster-fillburn Co., Buffalo.

speaking more frigidly than the cold that was stiffening her even through her wrappings of fur and horse blankets. Yvette kept her arms tightly about the

girl in spite of the fact that her friend remained as unresponsive as a doll carved "But I think I can show you cause why

you should think less ill of me," she said gently, like one who suffers long wrongs she cannot help. "But-I trust you with the secret-my life is in it, and the lives of far more and far worthier than I! Yet trust you, I, poor Yvette, have also a right to be called Madam la Marechale de Montrevel, even as you heard them call me just now!

"It is only one more of your deceitsthere is no end of them. I have good reason to know that!" retorted Frances, not yielding the least from her stiffened attitude of disdain.

"Nay, but not this time," pleaded

Yvette. "It has been necessary, I allow. me. But that has been the fault of circumstances rather than any lack of keeping faith. I am-do not forget it!-the your posts all about us, if you will. I will wife of the marshal commanding the French such high ideals of duty and affection tell me what is better or else higher than that a wife should strive in all ways to serve the interests of her husband. And Have I not done so? Was I not ordered to find out the secrets of the foolish young officer of Marlborough? And if you had not inside out like an empty sack-aye, this very night, and the dispatch would have gone to my husband in the morning? It was for this that these cadets of the cross you as a valuable prisoner of war) are out of the face of the Causses to support the regular soldiers that I might carry to de Montrevel what I know in person that I up his lantern to Flower-o'-the-Corn's such mad midnight rides as their leaders petcy village, listening to psalms chanted ith their noses pointed at the moon, and "Father-stand farther back, else I will prophets phophesying like old space-wives my wifely duty would have kept me there?" Flower-o'-the-Corn was looking at her with great wide open eyes. Blue eyes open wider and show more surprise than any

"But he was kissing you," she objected. 'and-and-you were letting him!' "You dear little simpleton!" laughed your rough talk! Come hither to me, my wear an infinite number) and threw it about | Yvette, "why that is nothing! I will tell De Montrevel tonight and he will laugh heartily himself. It is only part of the

rules of the game-" "Then I do not think it at all a nice cried; "you, who are ever distant and game," said Flower-o'-the Corn. "If you might make a difference

> "Of course you think so, dear innocent," said Yvette, gaily, "but women of the matter. It is folly anyway. All kissing is unless you get something by it! The main thing is that you are a prisoner of war, and that your father will have to pay £3,000 or £4,000 for his daughter's liberation-or-"Or what?" cried Frances with her blue eyes yet wider open. "My poor old father never had 3,000 pence to bless himself with -what is the other alternative?

"Well," said Yvette slowly, "you are a young girl and I am a married woman, but to be honest with you I cannot put the alternative into words. Unless you have "That I can never do," said Frances, heard in the village of La Cavalerie what

of doing to Protestant maidens who fall in their way, I cannot bring myself to tell

"I-have-heard!" said Frances, slowly, the blood rushing to her cheeks and then slowly fading away. "Well,' 'said Yvette, taking her ad-

vantage, "these men will do all you have heard and worse-things inconceivablenot to be once spoken of. Cadets of the Cross-tonight on a foray and tomorrow ! the slums of a town or in some beggar's den. Otherwise they should not have dared to speak to me as they did-otherwise they would not now be waiting about us like greedy welves around the innocent lamb! "And what shall I do? Tell me what I must do!" mouned Frances, her head still on her hands. "I have pistols. Shall I kill myself? Or-orif we wait long

She did not finish her sentence. "If we wait long enough, what then?" said Yvette suddenly grown icy in her

nough-?

Well, he-he might come to seek me. Yvette Foy moved further from her vic-

"I thought better of you than that!" she said severely. "My excuse that I did that which I did at the bidding of my husband does not apply to him. That which he did be did to deceive you-behind your back-out of the prompting of his own evil heart. That is, if he ever had any love for you, which he denied. Beside it does not matter. It will not do for us t be found here together. If your friend were to arrive now there would be a fight. Do you think that those wolves out youde would give up their prey without a try for it? No, surely! Well, they might win, or he might win. But neither would serve my purpose. I mean when my work is done down below to go back to La Cavalerie. mean to be nothing more than Yvette Foy the inkeeper's daughter, till this nest of rebels against the king's authority is rooted out. Why need I conceal it? I wish to be back again when Jean Cavaller And what is more, I want the ground clear. You have been in my way. Yes, in my way! And yet I love you, as I shall presently prove. I might have gotten all I wish from both-from this young aide of my Lord Marlborough's and their precious General Cavalier long ago-had it not been for you.'

She paused to let her words sink in. "Well, here is a way to be rid of meonce and for all!" cried Flower-o'-the-Corn flercely and suddenly. She pulled a pistol from her pocket and cocked it. Yvette spatched it away.

"It would serve me little to have the guilt of innocent blood on my conscience,' she said. "You forget-I am a Catholic and must go to confession! No, no-I have thought of a way. We will cheat them all yet!" (To be Continued.)

New Stamps Are imperfect. The new two-cent postage stamp re-

cently issued has been called in, as an imperfection has been discovered in it. You are also making a mistake in experimenting with different remedles to cure you of mick headache, sour stomach, heartburn, indigestion, dyspspsia, la grippe or malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the only sure cure for these ailments, having been used successfully for half a century. urge you to try it. It will cure even after other remedies have failed.

Track Rallway between the Missouri River and Chicago.

5 DAILY TRAINS

8.10 PM THE OVERLAND LIMITED 8.00 AM THE ATLANTIC EXPRESS 5.50 PM THE EASTERN EXPRESS

2 OTHER DAILY TRAINS 3.40 AM Drawing-room sleeping cars, buffet smoking and library cars and free reclining chair cars to Chicago. Duing cars. 10.55 AM North-Western standard day coaches and free chair cars. Dining cars.

2 DAILY TRAINS
OMAHA TO

ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS

7.30 AM To Fremont, Scribner, Norfolk, Verdi-CITY TICKET OFFICE.

1401 and 1403 Farnam Street.



delightful boquet, its mellowness and age, make it the most perfect Whiskey known. For sale at the leading bars, cafes and drug

S. HIRSCH & CO. Wholesale Liquor Dealers, KANSAS CITY, MO. ර්තයක්කෙක්කෙක්කක්කක්කක්කක්කක්කත්

TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER

