

who was abroad and that without too great difficulty."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Thing Most Wonderful in All the Worlds.

Monsieur and Madame Montbellard, the host and hostess of the dainty little maiden who had been so marvelously transported to them across the gorge of the Dourbie, were equally glad to welcome the celebrated minister from Geneva and his young friend. It was not long, therefore, before they conveyed Patrick Wellwood to an upper chamber, where was hidden from prying and inquisitorial eyes a precious store of remembrances of the Old Temple of the Consistory in a certain small and inconspicuous street known by the name of Threadneedle.

But during this time there were other two left below stairs who were quite otherwise employed. The jealousy of the actions of young girls, so common in conventual and Catholic France, had not at that time attacked the Protestant departments.

The young people were therefore left together without a thought. And as a first proof that this confidence had been rightly reposed in them, they looked in contrary directions out of different windows and spoke never a word.

Maurice had by this time thrown off his blouse, and as Billy Marshall had not yet brought him his ordinary attire, he was still in the by no means unbecoming dress of the Maison Rouge. Presently from his window he vented a long sigh, hollow and desolate as the winds which draw and withdraw through the gouffres and caves of Padirac.

Flower-o'-the-Corn smiled, but secretly and to herself.

Maurice smiled again, a sigh so mighty that the curtains rustled as at the rising of the valley wind in the Dourbie.

Whereat Flower-o'-the-Corn laughed outright and then immediately felt that she had made a mistake. For instantly, as if stung by the ripple scorn, Maurice left his seat and was standing by her side. He did not venture to touch her and she bent her eyes steadily upon her white seam. She regained her gravity with an effort and for the moment at least neither laughed nor smiled. She only sewed as if her livelihood depended upon the diligence of her fingers.

"That was cruel of you, do you know?" he said, his fingers itching to lay themselves upon the waves and tangles of her corn-red hair and watching the clear sweeping curve of the nape of her white neck till it was lost in her gown. He could not see her face, and that in the circumstances was perhaps as well.

Flower-o'-the-Corn looked up at him with a kind of surprise.

"What was cruel of me—to laugh?" she said. "I am sorry! I suppose you sighed because—because Yvette is not here. But I cannot help that, you know!"

Then she shook her head sadly, as if grieving over his iniquity.

"Have you no pity in you?" said Maurice, meekly. "I made a grievous mistake. I—I never loved that—woman."

"Then the greater the shame," said Frances, quick as a flash. "Not that the matter interests me," she added, resuming her sewing calmly. "I have good eyes. They do not deceive me. I am not under any necessity to find excuses for young men

who make such mistakes! They are all too apt to repeat them!"

"There is nothing I would like better," said Maurice, daringly. He began to feel that he had long enough acted as nether millstone.

Flower-o'-the-Corn rose haughtily, folding up her sewing as she did so.

"I must go to my father. I think he is calling me," she said, with what severity she could command.

Now, what happened just after that it is hard for the most accurate chronicler to say.

Frances Wellwood had a needle in her hand. So much is certain. And as Maurice Raith took a step nearer to her something occurred.

"Now I told you," she said, laying her hand on her breast as if to recover her breath. "I am not Yvette Foy, and—and—I hope it did hurt. You had no right!"

The needle stood out threateningly, like a bayonet which has been flashed once and is again at the ready.

Maurice was holding his arm, a look of ludicrous penitence upon his face.

"Do not let us be held asunder by the foolish impulse of a moment, the vanity of an hour," pleaded Maurice. "I have loved you, you alone—ever since I saw you stand among the ripe wheat on the Brabant plain with the sky above you no bluer than your eyes!"

It was somehow pleasant to hear words like these from Maurice Raith, but the daughter of the chaplain of Ardmillan's regiment was not of those who are easily won.

"She had no black eyes," she went on, maliciously, "they are very beautiful. I am sure you told her that you preferred such!"

Maurice, however, was in no way discouraged. She made no further movement to leave the room, and the young aid of my Lord Marlborough knew that so long as a woman does that she will listen to reason—or, as the case may be, to unreason. At all events, she will listen.

There was a bright flush of rose on the girl's cheeks which had not been there when she sprang daintily into her father's arms, or even when she had come upstairs so poutingly on his arm. She stood examining her seam, apparently lost in admiration of the fineness of the stitches.

"Frances," he continued, manfully, "I love you. I have loved you a long time. I have told your father that I love you. He knows who I am, and at least he does not disapprove. To one question only do I believe that I am entitled to an answer—"

Here Flower-o'-the-Corn moved her feet uneasily on the uncovered wooden floor, but she did not speak.

"Do you love any man so much that you feel there is no room in your heart for me?"

The blue eyes of Flower-o'-the-Corn flashed upon him almost mischievously, though less wickedly than those other black ones of Yvette Foy.

"Yes!" she said. That and no more. He was answered, and now she looked full at him as if daring him.

The sunburnt out-of-doors' hue upon Maurice Raith's face paled instantly to a ghastly paleness. His finger nails gripped deep into his palms. His head grew suddenly light, the room turned round, and had he not been near the window sill he might have fallen. The girl's answer com-

paign might ask, "What are some of the items of legitimate expense?"

They are so numerous as to make it decidedly difficult to enumerate them. During the heat of the battle the city must be thoroughly canvassed. An army of men is necessary to do this successfully. In the first place in the present campaign all factions have speakers out every night. Halls where these speakers hold forth must be paid for and so must all the little incidentals arising with the meetings, such as printing and advertisements, and in a few instances the speakers themselves must have a little money for their trouble. Then there are all the office expenses at the headquarters; stenographers, literature, posters, messengers and various such things that go to make up any office management. One of the most important duties, or tasks it had better be called, of the machine is to get hold of every voter, registered and unregistered in the corporate limits of the city and make an effort to have every one registered before the election time rolls around. Here is where Dick Croker's inexorable cry of "get votes" comes in. The objective point of every political campaign is to reach the voters. They must be made to register and vote on election day or there is no hope of winning. Consequently all efforts center on this one plan—to get votes. That must be done at all hazards. Now it costs money to hire men to get these registered and unregistered names and see that those not on the registration books are put there. In this connection it becomes necessary to send out recruiting squads all over the municipality to gather in the stragglers; go out into the highways and hedges and scrape up voters who didn't know they were voters and see that they get in line for election day. Some transfers of residences have been made during the last year or since the last election. Maybe some of the people have forgotten that it will be necessary for them to register again in order to vote from their new residence. They will be re-

mindful of it by one of the vigilants sent out from the headquarters. And then on election day this same army of guardian angels will still ply their busy craft and see that none of those stragglers whom they registered fail to vote. This takes money and lots of it, for it requires lively rigs at \$10 a day each and not less than forty can do the work for a single party in this city; better have fifty or sixty. So there is \$500 or \$600 without going any further. Another very important element and an expensive one, is the maintenance of challengers in every voting place in the city to see that their respective sides are not unfairly treated and that illegal voters are not rushed in.

The modus operandi then, of a city campaign or any other kind of a political warfare, must be a machine—an organization so systematically and scientifically constructed as to be nothing else in effect but a machine. Every part of the machine must fit into the other readily and so as to cause no friction. Harmony in the ranks, mutual confidence and thorough co-operation of all the component factors are absolutely essential. The ordeal is a trying one; it is a test of patience, strength, both mental and physical, in short of all the powers of human endurance and unless there is perfect unanimity of plans and purposes the best results are not possible.

Of the present city campaign in Omaha while it may be said that it is one of the most closely contested, it is comparatively free, thus far at least, from those spectacular features which might have been expected as a result of the acrimonious primaries and conventions.

Damocles Eats Heartily

"That suspended sword doesn't seem to affect your appetite," observed Dionysius.

"No," replied his guest; "it's nothing to having a board bill hanging over you."

Tucking his napkin under his chin he attacked the hash with renewed zest.—New York Tribune.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Ferry of Beaucaille.

For more than an hour two people had been following the dog's trail, which led zigzag down the bald precipices of the Causee where it overhangs the river. The stars twinkling above them grew sparser and more rainbow-like in their sparkling as the adventurers dipped lower into the valley haze.

But the two minded nothing but themselves—neither in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath—as, indeed, is the way of such. They had heard behind them as they fled from La Cavalerie the sound of the chanted evening psalm, telling of peace and mercy and the stern joy of righteousness. And to Yvette Foy it was no more than the crying of the whooper swans high overhead in the winless November dusks, or the winter wolves howling across the wilderness in the gray dawnings. But to Cavalier every note came to him sharp-toothed with remorse. Each line was hallowed by the associations of bygone communions, of gales of the spirit sweeping over the congregation of the Lord's Folk.

And clearer than all, Cavalier saw the empty place where he should have stood. The little red Bible he had brought from Geneva, with a hundred places marked, yellowed at the bottom of every page by the thumb grip. He had never thought to part with that. It was to have accompanied him to the coffin, so that (in That Day) he might, as it were, readily find the place and stand with the Charter of Salvation Patent in his hand.

Ah, but it was over. Standing high as heaven, he had fallen lower than the lowest pit. For others there might be hope; for him none.

Jean Cavalier felt all this as he went further from the low, easily destructible walls, which for his sake the hands of the faithful hill men had built. He overpassed the ordered lines of trenches, now half-filled with snow and left behind him the sound of that slow and sorrowful chanting. Once he put his hands to his ears to shut out the call. But it came clearer than ever, sharp as reproach. They seemed to be singing over an open grave—the entomb-

ment of all that was noble and worthy in Jean Cavalier.

"Ah, well." He drew a long sigh—at least (if among the powers of evil there be any kindly demons) he had not sold himself for naught.

Was there not at least a soft hand in his? He could see against the snow the outline of a woman's form. He knew, even under the fur-lined cloak, that it was beautiful. Once when she turned to guide him, he could see the stars shine in her eyes, which otherwise, he knew, were black as night upon the pools of the Tarn.

Somewhere below there lay the ferry of Beaucaille. What awaited him down in that gulf of blackness? At that moment Yvette nestled closer to him. He felt the warmth grow and tingle about his heart. Many things began to dissolve—to alter and change. Remorse and reproach no longer troubled him. He heard no more the sound of the solemn singing. The dirge music ceased. The empty grave—well, for every one on the face of the world there awaited a grave.

They went down hand in hand. And in the stillness of the night Jean Cavalier could hear plainly the beating of the girl's heart, and once as they stood panting on a ledge her breath came up sweet to him as the scent of dew wet wallflower on a morn in Mar.

It was strange with what surety of instinct the girl found her way. Where Cavalier, indurated and accustomed to night surprises as he was, could see one yard, she could see ten.

Not once did she fall or hesitate. Down, down they went, clinging desperately to stray tree stems or following threads of track which the mountain sheep would shy at and go far about to choose the easier path. The stars inclined above them. The deep gorge of the Tarn shut them in.

All was dark across the water as they stood on the crisp grass of the margin, still hand in hand. The wind was still and edgeless after the icy Causee. But Cavalier, listening intently, could hear the little thin flocks adrift on the river rippling and rustling like rats among the sheaves in a barn.

Then mellow and large and full the voice of Yvette Foy passed across to the farther shore "Vive le Roi—le Roi—le Roi!" she cried over and over again in the modulated tones of one who sends a summons to the kine-herd to turn toward the milking bars.

"Le Roi—le Roi!" came back the scarce diminished echo, so clear and loud, that Cavalier himself started. He thought some one had answered. But for a long minute there was no sound. And then he could hear the dip of oars which grew nearer and more imminent across the black flood.

"Ice," he could hear a voice, "quick with the boat-hook! Push off there, I tell you!"

Shrouded forms—the prow of a boat from which streamed away a swirl of phosphorescent light, the grind of ironed keel on the sandbank, the flash of an oar feathering, the fending screech of a metal prong on the rocks, and lo! the boat they had come to find was waiting for them.

"My lady!"

"Marquis!"

"He is here—ready to do the king's bidding!"

So without a word Jean Cavalier stepped among the servants of the one king, and lost thereby his claim to be numbered among the servants of the other kingdom.

Chemical Alcohol

The Journal Official of Paris says in a report of the proceedings of the National Agricultural society that a new means has been discovered of producing alcohol. As a result of experiments made many years ago by Mr. Berthelot, in the chemical analysis of alcohol, efforts have been made to perfect and simplify the proceedings that he had indicated, and it now appears that chemical alcohol can be made from carbure of calcium and its product, acetylene, at 9 cents a gallon, the alcohol to be of 100 degrees.

Bubbles

Hot and heavy—her first biscuits. The dog-star ought to be a comet, so as to have a tail.

Being careful of your watch is only one way of saving time.

You can "look like thirty cents" when you "feel like sixty."

Even the temperate printer may be willing to "set 'em up."

It's an incompetent book agent who isn't able to speak volumes.

A boy's stroke of genius may be scribed as a "master"-piece.

Speaking of women sailors, Lot's wife is remembered as an "old salt."

The leading woman doesn't like it a bit if anyone gets the start of her.

The mermaid is right in her element when she fishes for compliments.

If every man has his double, how is it that so many of them remain single?

You can't always tell the extent of a lover's passion by his outward signs.

Are car windows a protection? They enable the passengers to look out for themselves.

There are none so blind, sometimes, as those who fall in love at first sight.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Conducting a Campaign

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

It is one of the big tasks. A veteran in Omaha and Nebraska politics, the one man whose experiences are probably more valuable than those of any other in the state, estimates that under ordinary circumstances about \$2,500 is required to properly conduct a city campaign in this city and then he admits that no money need be wasted and that more than that could easily be used legitimately.

Three legitimate and common sources of revenue present themselves. One is before the primaries by taxing every man who goes on the primary ticket as a candidate delegate; another is to tax every nominee of the convention, and the third is by voluntary contribution, which is not always a safe plan. Few crimes of credulity are committed in the management of a political campaign, at least not by the sagacious and astute politicians. Too often the natural presumption of law is reversed and men are sometimes charged with the onerous task of proving their innocence. At any rate, when it comes to getting oil for lubricating this campaign machine the shrewd engineer does not sit down and wait for a gusher. The law by which nominees are taxed for their proportion of the campaign expenses has been severely criticized because it imposes a uniform amount on each candidate, regardless of the salary of the office to which he aspires. It is held that there should be a ratio between the contributions, governed by the ratio of the salaries. Another lameness in this law has been pointed out in that where it limits the amount of money an office seeker may expend, it simply invites perjury, since it is maintained that but very few men are going to stay within these bounds fixed by law if they see a chance to profit in transgression, and that they are not going to indict themselves by submitting a report showing they have spent more than the law allows them.

One not acquainted with a political cam-