

which logs of olive wood were burning, with a slow, equable flame. Yvette had paused at the door as if even at that moment she had meditated flight.

Cavalier watched her closely, but not as he had done in the houseplace of the Ben Chretien. He beckoned her to come nearer. "I would speak with you a moment," he said. "I may never thus speak with you again. You have gone by your choice out of my world. I never thought to love any woman—till I saw you. I had consecrated myself to God and His service."

He did not take his eyes from the girl's face. He spoke, not in angry denunciation, but with a certain resigned sadness almost sweet in its intonation.

Yvette did not answer in words, but she did grow a shade paler as he continued:

"It is nothing to you—a man's love," he said gently. "I might have known it. I ought to have known it. But that which was but the passing of an hour to you, my lady, was life, death and all the hereafter to me."

"And now," he went on, after a pause, "having tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil that is within the garden, I must go outside, where the angel awaits me with the flaming sword that turns every way. I go back to La Cavaliere. I will declare in the full assembly of the Brethren of the Way what my advice is. Having partaken of the feast I will not be slack in paying the reckoning. In a week you shall hear from me. In a month I shall be able to tell you what proportion of our young men my influence can enlist under the banner of the king of France to fight his battles."

Yvette Foy went up to him and took his hand. With a swift impulsive movement she lifted it to her lips.

"You are a thousand times better than I," she said. "Give God thanks for your escape from me!"

The young man trembled from head to foot. He reached out his arms toward her, restrained himself by a violent effort, and let his hands fall by his side. He opened the door of the chamber in which their interview had passed and went out almost blindly, stumbling on the threshold as he went. This time no bayonets were crossed before his breast. Muskets clanged on the pavement as the guard turned out. Swords flashed to the salute, and Jean Cavalier, the baker's boy of Geneva, took his way in the darkness back to the little hill fortress of La Cavaliere. This time, however, he adventured forth without companion.

CHAPTER XXXI.

While Yvette Foy was playing for the faith and honor of the young chief of the Camisards within the entrenched village of La Cavalerie, on the opposite heights of the Causse Noir, among whose black rocks were perched the turreted houses of St. Veran, the three other principals of our history continued to lead a quiet existence.

Of course, even in St. Veran, Maurice Raith was very far indeed from being idle. With the assistance of Billy Marshall he organized the fighting forces of the village, erecting rough but strong forts among the scattered boulders, digging trenches and extending the defensible area on which the cattle and sheep of the villagers must subsist in time of closer siege.

As usual, Mr. Patrick Wellwood preached and prayed with the utmost acceptance. Never had such words of fire been heard in St. Veran.

And Flower-o'-the-Corn? Naturally she was more beautiful than ever. Something sweet, innocent and sage disengaged itself like a perfect perfume from every look and action.

She and Maurice were by no means demonstrative lovers, and she sat most often beside the old man, when he was not engaged in his ministrations among the poorer houses of Saint Veran.

Maurice had fulfilled his commission in carrying out the landing of stores and

sending back a dispatch, so he felt himself at liberty to await further orders where he was—orders which in present circumstances would have some difficulty in reaching him.

Only Billy Marshall and his wife Bet mourned and longed for the fleshpots of Keltonhill fair. The gypsy saw the great ranges of ragged tans scattered among the broom and whins, the larger tents for the drinking booths, the earthen "lean-tos," the gayly-caparisoned "cuddies" of the wandering tinker or the more staid saddlebags of the packman's shelties. Plans of escape floated indefinitely before his eyes, growing more and more impossible to be put behind him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the little room, which at night was the bedroom of Monsieur and Madame Montbellard and in the daytime the general place of meeting of the family, including the visitors, four friends were assembled, talking over ways and means. In the window seat, naturally a little apart, sat Maurice Raith and Flower-o'-the-Corn. The lovers spoke low, with clasped hands, leaning one toward the other like shocks of corn in a harvest field.

A sharp knock came to the door. Flower-o'-the-Corn sat up suddenly with immense dignity. A blush vivid as a damask rose flooded her cheeks. The distance between herself and Maurice increased as imperceptibly and mysteriously as that which grows between the shore and a voyager gazing over the parting vessel's stern.

Upon Billy Marshall's entrance Maurice stood up with a quickly darkening brow.

"What do you want here?" he said, with all the brusqueness of a lover whose tete-a-tete has been interrupted.

The gypsy saluted with his own slow self-respect, the true Galloway dourness, which passes not away with the centuries, and which strangers find so aggravating.

"Maister Maurice," he said, "I hae bode wi' ye as lang as Bet and me can bide. I maun be back on the Rhonehouse braes by the day of Keltonhill, and Bet maun gang wi' me. If ye winna let us gang, we will juist hae to tak' the road wantin' your honor's valued permission."

"Billy," said Maurice, sternly, "that is not the way to speak to your superior officer!"

"Is't no?" inquired Billy, as one who asked for information. "Weel, that's a peety, too, for it's e'en the way I spak to your cornel in the auld sax-an-twentieth. An' what's guid enouch for him will hae to do its dooms best to serve for you!"

The sudden fervor of Billy's tones interrupted the flow of controversial divinity by the fireside.

"Wherefore do you speak of leaving this haven of rest and peace?" demanded the chaplain of Ardmiljan's regiment.

"Ye may ask," said Billy, "and by the Lord, I've no be slow in tellin' ye. Ye are a learned man they tell me. Did ye never hear tell o' Keltonhill Fair in your travels athwart the world?"

"I take it," said Mr. Wellwood, "it is your desire to depart out of this place in order to be present at certain festivities in your own native country of Galloway."

"Dinna caa Keltonhill Fair a festeevity, man, as if it war just a kind o' Englishy Kirmass of a Sant's day like what ye mich see among thae benighted haythen. Man, there's mair nor ten thousand men, forbye weemen and bairns, no to speak o' coommon Eerish fowk there, and mair horses than wad reach to Johnny Groat's standing head to tail—and to caa Keltonhill a festeevity! Then the drink, man, ye canna gang the first sax mile in ony direction after the second day without sprachlin' ower drunk fowk at every third step. And to caa that a festeevity!"

Patrick Wellwood rose to his feet and lifted his right hand high in the air with a solemn aspect.

"I am with you," he said; "I had thought that I was called to remain and speak unto the people. But I see few in this place

sausages and mashed potatoes. Then he confined himself entirely to mashed potatoes for a day, and was unhappy because of pain in his inside. Then he thought regretfully of money thrown away in times past.

"There are few things more edifying unto art than the actual belly-pinch of hunger, and Dick, in his few walks abroad—he did not care for exercise; it raised desires that could not be satisfied—found himself dividing mankind into two classes—those who looked as if they might give him something to eat, and those who looked otherwise. 'I never knew what I had to learn about the human race,' he thought, and, as a reward for his humility, Providence caused a cab driver at a sausage shop where Dick fed that night to leave half eaten a great chunk of bread. Dick took it—would have fought all the world for its possession—and it cheered him.

"The month dragged through at last, and, nearly prancing with impatience, he went to draw his money."

Women who have been on the verge of starvation will not speak of it.

One woman who had been without food for over a week was asked: "How did you feel?"

"Do not speak of it," she replied. "I

who are not prepared to die—while, if this be true which this poor ignorant man hath spoken, there remain depths of wickedness yet to be plumbed in mine own hand. I have a call. Yes, I will take my pilgrim staff to hand an over pass. I will company with you and preach the gospel at Keltonhill!"

Billy had gained a powerful ally. For Frances would not once have thought of opposing her father when the "call" came upon him. Yet it was with something of sadness that she looked forward to the breaking up of the sweet and peaceful time.

It was arranged that they should set out upon the following Monday. The route by Switzerland was chosen, both because Patrick Wellwood and his daughter knew it better, having already traveled it on their way thither, and because a complete "underground railway" existed for sending persons and things in and out of the Cevennes.

On the Sabbath Patrick Wellwood preached what was understood to be his farewell sermon to the people of St. Veran. His text was "A city set upon a hill cannot be hid," and the preacher spoke of their little defended town as Kadesah in the wilderness where from the twice-smitten rock the water of life had flowed out.

And in a corner Frances Wellwood sat on a stool, with Maurice Raith standing erect beside her. And there were tears in the young man's eyes, because of his love and for those sweet first days that should be no more.

These two went out together, and as they followed the dusky line of the temple wall, Flower-o'-the-Corn put her hand upon the young man's arm.

"Maurice, you have loved me here—where there are only poor common folk, these peasant women!—but will it be the same when you are once again aide to my lord duke—?"

"Frances," cried the young man, aghast at something like the sound of a sob, "you cannot think it, you cannot dream it? Was I not my lord's secretary, almost his companion, before I ever set eyes on you? Did I ever love any woman as I have loved you?"

"You have told me so," said Flower-o'-the-Corn, with her face directed to the ground.

"Look up, little one," he said, earnestly, "look at me and tell me that you do not believe this thing. These are words and no more. Listen! I am a poor man—you will have a hundred offers from richer, better men than Maurice Raith. My patrimony is but one great run for black-faced sheep. My castle is half ruinous—only a few rooms in it are inhabited. We shall be poor—that is, if you keep your promise and share that poverty with me."

She smiled up at him through a mist of tears. "Well, love me—love me—keep on loving me," she murmured. And after a silence she added, "And do not get tired of telling me of it, please!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Resin-Gatherer's Hut.

The fierce minstrel of the Rhone valley, which parches the body and even shrivels the immortal soul, had ceased blowing at dusk, and now upon borrowed horses Patrick Wellwood and his daughter were picking their way through the pine woods and marshes of northern Provence, while the other three trudged afoot, Maurice leading Flower-o'-the-Corn's beast in the tracks of the guide, who stalked ahead like an anxious heron. He was a long man, buttoned up in leather garments, shining with dirt and grease, and knew the ways alike in dark and light.

The horses, which had belonged to Pierre the wagoner of Roche-a-Bayard and Hoo, stayed behind at St. Veran. The good Montbellards steadfastly refused to receive them as a present.

"No," said the stout Huguenot; "if the Lord continues his providences toward His

was horrible. I will never talk about it."

Another, in reply to a similar question, said:

"I don't remember. I think I must have been mad." RAY T. SEAMAN.

A Girl Engineer

Miss Alverda M. Stout of 300 Oak street, Columbus, O., is a splendid sample of what a woman can do in the field of invention and practical mechanics. Miss Stout is a full-fledged engineer. She has not only the qualification of ability, she has the high authority of the state for practicing her calling, for she has complied with its laws, passed the examination with honors, and has her engineer's license, as legal as that held by any male engineer in the Buckeye state.

Miss Stout is but 18 years old. In September, 1898, she made her debut into the business world as a bookkeeper in the Dyesville Flouring mill. But office work didn't prove congenial, and besides the ambitious girl was not able to make as much money as she thought she ought to. So she conceived the plan of studying the milling business. So rapidly did her application fit her for advancement that in a short time, in spite of her youth, she was put in charge of the flour department.

own, and I am enabled to sell your horses to any advantage, I shall forward the price of them to the camp of my Lord Marlborough."

As they went Maurice and Frances conversed in a low tone. In the marshes far away the bittern boomed duly all unheeded, while in all the ditches along whose banks they made their devious way, certain frogs, small and green as to their persons and optimistic of disposition, croaked tentatively in the darkness, anticipant of spring.

Their guide had been supplied to them at their last halting place, when he had agreed in his soft liquid-sounding Provençal speech, to guide them safe to a resin-gatherer's hut at the northeastern corner of the strangely splintered hills called the "Alpines," which, with their white stone pinnacles, glittered mysteriously under the starlight.

Yet it was a not uncheerful time. They had left the doom-stricken Cevennes behind them.

Soon the land of safety and of their own religion would be about them. Meantime there was the weariness of limb and the prospect of rest and food in the resin gatherer's hut on the banks of the rocks of Baux.

That at least would be welcome, Frances thought—ah, never welcome. For in spite of Maurice Raith's sustaining hand, and his careful management of the slow-stepping beast, Flower-o'-the-Corn had grown deadly tired. And as the lantern turned a moment in the hand of the guide upon those behind, Maurice saw dark circles about her eyes.

"Not much farther—up there—in yonder cleft it was!" averred the guide. "A good family—yes, a man and his wife, staunch upholders of the way. They would soon find themselves there. They will pile the twigs of pine and fragrant juniper spread the blankets—and, after food partaken of, sleep out their sleep in quietness."

The man and woman came to their door. There was a red glow within and a pleasant smell of roasting chestnuts disengaged itself upon the night air. Maurice lifted Frances Wellwood down. Indeed, she let herself slide into his arms like a tired child. He carried her within.

Wine, black bread and the roasting chestnuts constituted the not ignoble fare upon which the little company of five made out their evening, or rather morning meal. Maurice made Flower-o'-the-Corn drink a copious draft of the wine, which was good and strong, from the neighboring vineyards of St. Remy.

Then they made her couch, and Bet Marshall, with a crooning tenderness, covered her up. She was asleep in five minutes. Meantime Maurice sat by the fire and dozed, while Patrick Wellwood, vigorous and controversial as if he had just awakened from a dream of assisting at the assembly of divines at Westminster, expounded the great doctrine of justification by faith.

Maurice nodded and agreed, his mind far away, and his eyes on the shawls in which his love lay muffled up on her bed of pine branches, Billy and Bet undisguisely snored, while near the door the guide and the resin-gatherers murmured together, wakeful as Arabs about a campfire.

Maurice slowly raised himself at the end of one of Patrick Wellwood's lengthiest paragraphs.

"I will see what the morning promises," he said.

Maurice opened the door. There was a great flare of blood-red sunrise fronting him, with black figures silhouetted towering against it.

"Good morning, Anglais!" said a voice. "We have been waiting for you. Step this way. Our orders are not to disturb the lady."

The house of the resin-gatherer was surrounded by two companies of dragoons. The men were sitting their horses motionless as statues, and it was their figures which the eyes of Maurice, still blinking with the dusk and smother of the chamber, had seen ink-black against the splashed scarlet of the dawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gradually she acquired a knowledge of machinery and mechanical devices. She found that nothing fascinated her half as much. Then she determined to learn engineering. Friends sought to dissuade her, but the aspiring engineer was obdurate. In July, 1899, she began firing, and two months later she was entrusted with the responsibility of managing the entire plant.

She passed the rigid examination, prescribed by the state, with complete success. The district examiner said he had never received more intelligent answers.

The engine Miss Stout runs is a stationary one. She dispenses with masculine help, shoveling her own coal, and doing all the furnace work. Far from proving a strain this arduous work seems to agree with the fair engineer, and she is as healthy, sturdy and charming a girl as can be found anywhere.

Cost of the Challenger

Sir Thomas Lipton evidently values Shamrock III more highly than either of its predecessors of the same name. The previous Shamrocks were insured for \$50,000 each, but the latest challenger has been underwritten at \$100,000. Of course these amounts are far below the value of the yachts.

Stories of Starving

(Continued from Page Three.)

Rudyard Kipling has experienced that form of starvation which is most common in great centers of population—living for weeks and months at a time on an insufficient amount of food. He has admitted that he tried it for the sake of experience, and in "The Light That Failed" he has described his feelings.

"It is not easy," says Mr. Kipling, "for a man of catholic tastes and healthy appetites to exist for twenty-four days on fifty shillings. Nor is it cheering to begin the experiment alone in all the loneliness of London."

"Dick paid seven shillings a week for his lodging, which left him rather less than a shilling a day for food and drink. Half a day's investigation and comparison brought him to the conclusion that sausages and mashed potatoes, twopence a plate, were the best food. Now, sausages once or twice a week for breakfast are not unpleasant. As lunch, even with mashed potatoes, they become monotonous. As dinner they are impertinent. At the end of three days Dick loathed sausages, and, going forth, pawned his watch to revel on sheep's head, which is not as cheap as it looks, owing to the bones and the gravy. Then he returned to