

of boyhood was gone from his cheeks. Even his eye no longer sought with its old frankness the faces of the people over whom he had ruled with an authority almost royal. Yet the Camisards of the Larzac found nothing unusual in this changed aspect. The heat of the spirit within, the divine conflicts, the all-night wrestling were bound (so they thought) to make their mark upon any man, especially upon one so young.

Hush—he is beginning. Pulses beat faster. There are wet eyes, tear-furrowed cheeks—aye, though there are no women—only men of age, arm-bearing, good soldiers of Jesus Christ and the church of the reform.

Only in the shadow of the great Samson pillar, with the Templar arms upon it, Andrias Mauriel, did Catinat, the old soldier, set his lips more grimly, thinking that now at last his day was come.

And in the yet deeper shade, like a tigress robbed of her cub, Martin Foy narrowed his eyelids and gritted his teeth. His hand was on his dagger and he moved it to and fro in the sheath.

Jean Cavalier lifted his hand and drew it wearily across his brow. He dropped it again and began to speak.

"People of the Way," he said, slowly and with a visible effort, "there are dark things in my heart this day. (At this dubious preface Martin Foy looked significantly across at Catinat.) The cup which God hath given us to drink has been mingled of honey and gall. The honey ye have eaten. It hath been sweet under your tongue. That which remains is gall—"

"Aye," murmured Catinat under his breath, so that only Martin Foy heard him. "he says true—the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity!"

The landlord of the Bon Chretien did not answer. He did not once remove his eyes from the young man's face. Only he continued to draw his dagger out of its sheath, letting it slip back with the ominous click of perfectly fitting steel.

Jean Cavalier went on, with a certain heavy and determined conscientiousness.

"I will speak to you clearly, the thing which God hath given me the power to see. And the truth is this—God hath forgotten to be gracious. He hath withdrawn His hand from us, in that we have striven against the man whom He has made king, the Lord's anointed—"

There was a moment of stupefied astonishment. Could this be indeed the divine oracle for which they had been waiting. An ominous murmur arose.

"Not against the king—but the priests we have fought—the persecutors—the murderers of the elect!"

"Yes, against the king and none other!" cried Cavalier, raising his voice. "I have said it. So it is. Long we have shut our eyes. Long we have striven against those set in authority over us and have not repented. So God hath departed from us. From me I know that he has set himself far off."

"That may well be!" muttered Catinat, very grimly. "He will set himself yet farther from the sinner."

"Hearken," Cavalier went on, while a kind of stupefied silence filled the hall, and for very fear no man communed with his neighbor. "I did not come hither to tell you this alone. I have had a message from the king. You declare with the lips that you are loyal—well, let us prove whether this be so or no. His Majesty King Louis—"

"God send both your souls to deepest Gehenna!" the deep voice of Catinat boomed through the hall of the Templars like the bitter over the marshes. And from its sheath the click of Martin Foy's dagger said a steady "Amen!"

"Nay," said Cavalier, "his is not the fault, but that of his evil councillors. Today the king offers us terms—the ending of the

war, the ceasing of the persecution, the free exercise of our religion—that is, in private."

"And in return?" cried Catinat, the bitterness of his opposition masked for the moment by a smiling countenance.

Cavalier blushed a vivid crimson.

"In return," he said, slowly, as a child says a lesson it has imperfectly learned, "we of the Cevennes are to do as other portions of his dominions have done. We are to raise one or more regiments of young men in order to fight the king's battles in foreign parts. This is the message I have from Louis, King of France. This is the word that hath lain heavy on my heart, which I have now declared to you. Brethren of the Way, what answer shall I give?"

With one fierce leap forward, Catinat was on the platform. Martin Foy made a slight movement as if to follow him, but finally withdrew himself deeper into the shadow of the great pillar, watching out of the gloom with eyes in which the red firelight gleamed and danced.

"And this," he cried, "is the end! This is the sword that was sharpened, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon! Lo! it is whetted, not to defend the faith, but to fight the battles of the son of perdition, the husband of Scarron's widow. Against our own brethren the Cevennes must draw the sword, and at the bidding of a traitor, a renegade, an officer of the king whose commission is in his pocket at this moment!"

At the challenge direct Jean Cavalier came forward. He was more calm than he had been when he began. There was almost a smile on his face—the fighting smile with which (his men said) he was wont to enter battle. He unclipped the belt and sword with which the leaders of the Camisards had solemnly invested him and flung the weight of iron and clasped leather on the table with a clang.

"There!" he cried, "freely I give up that command which I did not ask. I am only one of yourselves. I have faithfully delivered my message. I see that there is no help save in yielding ourselves to the arm of flesh—even as Jeremiah advised when the Assyrian came down from the north, a strong nation and a cruel, pressing upon Israel on every side. After all, are we not Frenchmen, and no rebels? We rose to defend our rights. These will now be granted to us—for the king has been misled concerning us. Wicked men had been about him, blinding him. Evil women have spoken to our hurt. Who will go out with me this day to fight the battles of the king of France?"

There was a dead silence. Even Catinat did not answer. He stood back, like one who gives his enemy a long rope and every advantage. Truly, Catinat knew that the angel of Jean Cavalier had departed from him.

Yet in one thing he had underrated the influence of his adversary. There were of the younger men not a few to whom Jean Cavalier was as a god, men who had grown weary of the long confinement among their own bleak hills, especially since the raids and forays had been given up. They had not the elder men's religious enthusiasms. They loved not preachings or long prayings, and their hearts leaped up at the mere thought of the long t-r-r-r-r of the kettle-drum and the stirring notes of the trumpet.

So, all shame-faced and sullen, but in the main determinedly, one here and another there stood up and gave in their unpopular adhesion, "I will come with you, Jean Cavalier!" or, "I will stand by you, Jean Cavalier!"

But at the most they were few. The Camisards were mostly not young men. The young lay under green mounds here and there on both sides of the bare windswept Cevennes. Cavalier's recruits num-

bered perhaps a dozen in all, and Catinat waited. He would take no advantage. Jean Cavalier had ousted him fairly at the first. So not unfairly would he fight for the mastery now that the day of his triumph was so near.

"And now, Brethren of the Way!" cried Catinat after a pause during which every man looked askance at his neighbor. "Ye have heard this man pervert judgement with words, what say ye? Ye have heard these also—young men without wisdom, in whom the weight of the Word is not. Will ye enrol your names with theirs and go fight the battles of King Louis against our brethren—the men of one faith with us, whose ministers have spoken the gospel in our ears, whose messengers have brought munitions of wars into this very place?"

Cavalier came forward as if he would have interrupted, but Catinat waved him aside.

"My turn!" he said. "Ye have spoken and may again. But now the word is with me! Yet demand of him, Brethren of the Way, wherefore he has done this. The holy revelation is the promise of the king that Jean Cavalier should have the command of as many men as he can raise among us. The blessed sign is the commission given him by our enemy and persecutor, the Marquis de Montrevel, which he carries in his pocket."

And through the hall and up from the crowded mass of Camisards which surged beneath, came the hoarse, threatening murmur, "He is not of us—he is not of us!"

"One day you shall know I have spoken truth!" cried Cavalier, above the tumult, "when your valleys are swept with fire and the sword—in that day you will acknowledge that I have spoken this day among you the word of truth and soberness."

"Go—go!" they cried hoarsely; "go and take your traitors with you! Perhaps you yourself will come back in the king's uniform to burn our houses and drag us to the rack!"

"You do me wrong," cried Cavalier. "If any have a quarrel against me, let him stand forth and declare it, face to face."

Then the man with the matted mass of hair, falling badger gray and damp over his eyes, tossed it aside, that he might see the better, as he leaped on the platform, with the muttering growl of a wild beast.

"I am here!" he shouted. A dagger flashed a moment in the smoky glare.

There was a great crying, a frightened surge of men. Catinat stepped forward and received in his arms the body of Jean Cavalier. The dagger was deep sunk in his shoulder.

He plucked it out again by main force. "He hath stolen my daughter—sunk her soul into the lowest hell!" cried Martin Foy, holding the knife aloft. "It was for her sake that he betrayed the Lord."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Gathering Up the Fragments.

There was (for the time being) an end to the marshal's well-laid plans for the pacification of the Cevennes. Cavalier was laid by the heels and the Camisard regiments, for the king's foreign service, which were to drain off the rebellion elements, always doubtful, seemed now farther off than ever.

In his own hired house, Catinat tended his sometime rival, with the same care with which a prison surgeon might nurse and cosset a wounded malefactor for the gallows. His wound, if not dangerous, was undoubtedly severe. Time was needed, a long time—and Catinat saw to it that recovery was not hastened.

Catinat had gone many times to the house of Martin Foy, but his seeking for his ancient friend was in vain. With the scene in the old hall of the Templars, and the approbation of his blood vengeance by his Brethren of the Way, he had vanished.

But now among the Camisards of La Cavalerie there was no leader but Catinat. The accepted policy was the one of resistance to the uttermost—a counsel of despair, indeed. But in the bitter disappointment of their mood at the failure of their heaven-born leader, nothing else had any chance of being listened to. The Camisard country became irreclaimable. Dumbly and determinately it lay awaiting its fate—the charger's tramping hoofs, the blazing roof tree, the falling rafter.

Even on his sick bed, and in spite of all the care of Catinat, Cavalier received tokens that there were in the camp of the Camisards others who had been impressed with the truth of his words. Young men clambered to the edge of the balcony at dead of night to signify their adhesion to the chief who had, in their idea, sacrificed his life to speak the truth in the ears of an unwilling people.

All were not true Camisards of the Fern-Horn Hope even in La Cavalerie.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Vice Providence Superseded.

Yvette had apparently recovered from her attack of jealousy. And the veteran was grateful. For it chanced that the dispatches he was daily receiving from his monarch were by no means calculated to soothe a troubled soul.

Specialty was his action with regard to the British spy, declaring himself to be an officer of the army and staff of the duke of Marlborough, most severely blamed. He was required to place the young man upon his trial immediately, and—this touched the honest marquis no little—"so constitute the court that a verdict satisfactory to his majesty, the king, might be returned."

"A thousand curses on the king's majesty!" he growled first of all, somewhat undutifully, crumpling up the royal letter in his hand.

"How did they learn?" he muttered, stamping his foot angrily. "There is a traitor somewhere—surely not among my officers. They are all devoted to me. De Banville? Well, it might be—but I cannot imagine how he got his information."

At this moment his wife came in, to find him moving restlessly hither and thither.

Yvette went up to him and, linking her arm with his, besought him to tell her his trouble.

"There," he said, laconically, indicating the document with his foot, "there is a good fellow's death warrant. I thought to hold him safe till this matter had been arranged and then set him over the frontier. But there has been a spy amongst us. The king has been told, or what is the same thing—Scarron's widow!"

Yvette smiled with a sudden flash of pretty teeth, behind the marshal's back.

"Eugene hath done her work quickly," she thought. "It was most fortunate that she chanced to be in waiting this month upon the duchess."

Then she sat down by the table and knitted her brows over the manuscript with the prettiest affectation of perturbation, so that the marquis unbent, and said as to a child: "Run away, beloved. It is not worth while troubling your head about. Luckily it does not touch your friend or her father, and at the worst, I daresay there is a way out. At least I can put off the court-martial as long as may be!"

But Yvette did not run away. She sat and mused. She, Yvette de Baume, nee Foy, Marechale de Montrevel, would at once please the king, satisfy her husband's honor and—incidentally, save the young man's life.

On the third night after her husband had shown her the king's letter she was to be found (had there been any to find her) wrapped in a hooded cloak, and in a peasant woman's dress, making her way in the direction of La Cavalerie.

(To be Continued.)

Public Libraries

(Continued from Page Four.)

take at one time. Originally the book borrower was limited to a single book, which must be returned within a given interval of time and exchanged for another book. The value of the borrowing privilege has in recent years been doubled by allowing each patron to draw two books at a time instead of one. The usual means by which this result is brought about is either through the issue of two cards to each book borrower, one to be charged with fiction and the other with nonfiction, or through the issue of two books charged up on one card subject to the condition that both must not be works of fiction.

Doubling the number of books given out has been accompanied by limitation of the time for which they may be drawn. The standard period, which formerly covered two weeks and frequently permitted renewal for a second two weeks has been curtailed, at least for new books and popular works of fiction to seven days and the renewal privilege cut off. In this way the same book will circulate twice through the library clearing house in the same time instead of getting out of the library but once, as previously, and passed about from friend to friend by the book borrower without permitting any record at the library of the vagaries of this clandestine circulation.

Still another device that has been largely

introduced, which goes to stimulate circulation, is that of reservation by which calls for books in the hands of borrowers may be registered and the book held on its return subject to the demand of the new borrower. An extra fee is usually charged for this accommodation and sometimes the registration privilege is restricted to duplicate volumes of current publications, which are later put upon the regular shelves after these fees have reimbursed the library for their original cost.

The open shelf system is chiefly a matter of arrangement and its effect upon circulation is still problematic. Books on the open shelf may serve as alluring bait for people who do not know what they want to read, but it is doubtful whether it stimulates reading, while it certainly destroys all opportunity to regulate the channels of reading.

The enlargement of library clientele in various directions also marks a development of the modern library. Our first free circulating libraries welcomed only adult readers, who proved up proper qualifications as to age, responsibility and so forth. The present day library has for the most part abolished the age limit altogether, while where it is still maintained it is enforced entirely at the discretion of the librarian. Cards are issued to every one who gives any promise of profit by the use of the library's possessions. The child is allowed to draw books as soon as it is able to read and understand and the children and young people not only constitute

the larger part of the clientele but are also objects of the most courteous solicitude. The obstructive guaranty requirements have been brushed aside. Instead of being compelled first to hunt up some friend who owns real estate within the jurisdiction of the library authorities, willing to sign an indemnifying bond to make good the cost of books lost or mutilated, or to enforce fine penalties, the applicant for a card is speedily accommodated and vouchers required only for identification of strangers not known to the library authorities. Instead of frightening away book borrowers with a menace of burdensome penalties imposed for keeping books overtime, fines have been reduced so that now one or two cents pays the forfeit that formerly called for 5 cents, at the least. The movement for the reduction of fines for violating the time limit has been general, although opinion is still at variance on the subject, depending upon the viewpoint from which the fine is regarded. If regarded as a punishment for an infraction of the rules, it should rightly be gauged according to the grievousness of the offense. The disposition, however, is to view it as a preventive measure to stop the retention of books overtime and thus keeping other book borrowers out of their equal rights. If the fine is too low it will tend to operate merely as a charge of so much per day for the use of the volume, and instead of bringing the book back promptly would tend to encourage its retention. The most satisfactory plan seems to be to fix

the fine upon a sliding scale with a small penalty for the first two or three days and a larger one for subsequent withholding.

This cursory survey should show that the erection of library buildings and the propagation of new libraries does not constitute all of the modern library movement. The strength of the public library arises from its contact with and service to the people, and the progressive library must seek constantly to come closer and closer to the popular current. That those charged with the management of our great American libraries realize this necessity is evidenced by the policies which they have been pursuing and which are producing such marvelous results. How much farther the library of the future will go to enlist patrons and encourage them to read belongs to the realm of speculation.

VICTOR ROSEWATER.

Reflections of a Bachelor

The devil never mistays his calling list. Pretty lips don't need sugaring to taste their sweetest.

A gift horse always goes lame the second time around the same course.

When a man marries a rich wife he is pretty smart if he can collect all he earns by it.

It takes a girl in a thin, gauzy shirtwaist to look as cool as an iced lemonade when she feels like a boiled lobster—New York Press.