

mademoiselle will consider me the sutter for her hand," he said. "I have the happiness to believe that my addresses are not unpleasing to mademoiselle's father, and, that in time mademoiselle herself may come to look favorably upon them. If she will accept of me as her husband, I promise to do all that any man can to give her a happy life."

Behind the curtain Yvette smiled a wicked smile. And the interpretation thereof was, "Not thus, but quite otherwise did he make love to me!"

Yet Frances Wellwood, having no comparison to make, and only utterly sick at heart, found the young man's words not without a certain native dignity.

"I thank you," she said, simply and sincerely, "you do me too great honor. According to the custom of your country I shall be satisfied if you settle the details of—that which is to be—with my father!"

Yvette came forward slowly and with many meaning glances first at one and then at the other.

"This also is according to the custom of the country—that I should be your chaperon," she said, laughing, "but then, my dears, I am an old married woman. I promise you I will sit in the window with my back to the settle and look out for my husband."

Jean Cavalier and Flower-o'-the-Corn did not avail themselves of the benevolent (or malevolent) offer of madame la marchale. For a sense of utter heaviness and desolation was upon them both. The future stretched before Flower-o'-the-Corn like to the valley of the shadow of death.

As for Jean Cavalier, though he was about to be married to a woman as high above Yvette Foy as the heavens are high above the earth, yet his heart went lingering and longing after her.

So they sat and were silent, each of them looking different ways.

CHAPTER XLII.  
Eye and Lillith.

There remained for Flower-o'-the-Corn the pain of the greater question. She demanded of Yvette a permit to visit Maurice Raith. But Yvette modified her acquiescence by a determination to be present unseen. She simply gave directions that Maurice Raith should be put into one of these "cells of observation" provided with a "spyhole."

Maurice Raith and Flower-o'-the-Corn were left alone. Alone, that is, save for a pair of interested eyes, great and dark, which watched them narrowly from among the rafters.

Each of these young people thought that they had held a great secret close shut up from the other. Maurice thought that Flower-o'-the-Corn did not know that he was to die. Frances, on the other hand, thought that she alone knew that he was to live.

So they sat hand in hand on the seat by the window sill. The lighting of the candles had almost shut out the prospect. But still there lingered a faint luminous glow, orange with an aerial russet through it splashed broadly behind the Causes.

"Yonder," said Flower-o'-the-Corn, softly pointing to where over the Larnac the silver throne of Cassiopea glittered, "yonder is where we first loved each the other."

Then in a moment it came to her that she was cruel to call up such memories considering what she had come to say. But Maurice had his answer ready.

"No, little one," he said, tenderly, "not there, but yonder to the north under the paws of the Bear. There is where I first loved you—one the Namur cornfield when the cornflowers were not half so blue as your eyes."

He sighed, thinking that he must tell her now.

And she sighed, thinking that she must tell him.

While above them, at her place of espionage, Yvette smiled a yet more bitter smile.

Suddenly Frances Wellwood fell down be-

fore Maurice, laid her head upon his knee and burst into tears.

"Frances—Frances, what is it?" cried Maurice, in surprise. "Have they told you? Do you know?"

The girl's sobs alone answered him. "Dearest, I do not care," he cried, losing all dignity, "for myself I care nothing, so long as you are well cared for! I have been talking it over with your father!"

Frances sat up suddenly and gazed at him in amazement, the tears still running freely down her cheeks.

"Not care?" she grasped, utterly taken aback, "if—if I am taken care of. You have been talking the matter over with my father?"

"My dearest," he said, "believe me—a soldier has often to face as much. I have stood a dozen times where now I stand. I am a man, remember—what does it matter for me, a soldier, so long as you are safe and happy!"

Flower-o'-the-Corn rose to her feet and stood back from him. He was certainly taking the matter but little to heart, if he could so easily resign her to another.

He went on more firmly, assured that she knew all.

"After the second letter from the king," he continued, "I could expect nothing else. I must die—that is all."

As he was speaking the face of the girl had gradually run through a whole series of expressions—wonder, lack of comprehension, doubt, fear, and lastly, the most absolute terror as she realized that she had yet all her work to do. He only knew that he must die—not that he was condemned to live without her.

"Frances—dearest—be brave!" he said, smiling and catching her in his arms, thinking that she was going to faint. "See—I am brave. Help me also to be brave. For at a time like this a man always depends upon the woman he loves. You will not fail me, I know, my best beloved!"

There was the light of a great love on the face of Flower-o'-the-Corn.

"No," she said; "no, as God sees me. I will not fail you. You shall not die. I have sworn it. I will give my life for yours. It is accepted—this our sacrifice. The king has given his sanction. You do not understand? And—and—O, I do not know how I am to tell you!"

And up in the right-hand corner, behind the dusky beams, in her hidden place of espial, Yvette rejoiced. She felt repaid for all her difficulties overcome, all her mistakes. These two whom she hated were drinking together a bitter cup, vinegar and gall mingled with the waters of a Marah thrice embittered.

Yvette bent her head. There was this good about her. She had no evil to speak about her husband.

CHAPTER XL.  
A Flower of Evil.

"Then, I take it, you will marry Colonel Cavalier?" It was Yvette who was speaking.

"That will I never! Maurice Raith would die first!"

"He is like to! But first you can go to him and tell him that you—you alone have condemned him to death. And you say that you love him?" she added, in a lower tone and with concentrated irony, "why, to save the man I loved from death I would marry a rag-picker, a camp-follower, a scarecrow out of the vineyards with a yard of ragged shirt hanging out beneath his coat—aye, or with no coat at all."

"And what guarantee have I that his life shall be spared, if I do marry this man?" said Flower-o'-the-Corn, shrewdly.

"We will send Captain Raith into Spain with Bill the gypsy, his servant," said Yvette, promptly, who had thought the matter over, "and once he is in safety, Bet will come back and tell you. Then, and not till then, you will marry Jean Cavalier. Your father shall stay to do his office and to be a hostage for your complaisance!"

"I agree," said Flower-o'-the-Corn, with promptness. "I will marry this man to save the life of Maurice Raith. But first I must see him and tell him why."

"As to that," said Yvette, with an air of reflection, "you can, of course, please yourself, but if you take my advice you will do nothing of the kind. He would not believe you."

"Of that I must take my chance," said Flower-o'-the-Corn, sadly. "At least I can tell him the truth."

"Then I shall see that the interview is granted you," said Yvette. "I will speak of the permit to my husband."

At the same time Yvette, chief of web-spinners, was not easy in her mind as to how the matter might be taken by Jean Cavalier. But if a thing had to be done, Yvette did not stand upon the order of doing.

Her husband had, for his own comfort, become (save in very exceptional instances) a man literally under authority. And when La Marechale put her hand upon the coat-sleeve of the commandant of the military prison, and with sweet particularity of speech whispered her wants into his ear, that worthy officer felt his heart stirred as it had not been by all the privileges of domesticity which he had enjoyed for years.

Or again, when Madame, in dainty furs and the prettiest boots, stood upon the verge of a flooded dyke (at least two feet wide and as several inches deep), it was that squire of dames, the gallant Betchet, sergeant-major and chief of the transport, who helped her across, and—neither forgot it nor spoke of it to his dying day. These, and such as these, were Yvette's friends, and in the day of need they stood close about her, a quick, willing, ready, devoted array.

So when Yvette desired to speak to Maurice there was for her a plain road and a ready Monsieur Betchet attending her with his keys, and waiting decorously at the end of the passage for her outgoing.

So in like manner, when it was Colonel Cavalier whose presence was desired in the marchale's chamber, lo! his excellency was ready to absent himself. His soldier servant mounted guard on the stairs to see that madam was in no way disturbed. The very guard at the door told lies for her sake.

To Jean Cavalier, marching and counter-marching hither and thither on the military exercise ground down on the side of the Tarn, almost within gunshot of his own old outposts, there was something numbing and strangling in the proximity of Yvette, the wife of Nicholas de Baume, marshal of France.

It was not that he had any hatred in his heart for the woman who had made him love her. Only his heart had gone out to her still. And in the cool filtered light of a moist spring afternoon her message came to him.

He went as he would have gone to God's judgment seat, without either fear or hope, simply because the other had come to him.

Cavalier stood facing Yvette. She advanced and held out her hand. He was growing old, though no more than 2 and 30 years of his age. His hair was already graying and the freshness of boyhood had passed from his cheek.

He took the hand of the woman he loved, but his lips did not utter a sound. Only a quiver ran through his limbs, something, as it seemed, between a sigh and a shudder. His eye became fixed and immobile. Well might this strange girl say of the Camisard chief, "I hold him!"

"I have sent for you," she said, keeping the bright spark in either eye fixed upon him. "I have somewhat to say to you."

Cavalier bowed without speaking.

"There is a young girl here," she went on, clearly, choosing her words. "I wish you to marry her."

Cavalier maintained his attitude. If anything his face grew paler than before, but the difference was so slight as to be almost invisible. He waited further information—no explanations.

"For all our sakes you must carry a good force to our king," she said. "We must not leave the Cevennes half facified. The Pastor Wellwood is of great power among the fanatics. You are to marry his daughter.

By so doing you will save my husband—more—you will save me!"

"You bid me do this?" he said the words, simply, like a school boy repeating his instructions to make sure of them.

"I do bid you!" she said as simply, without the least heat or emphasis. The thing was simply final for Jean Cavalier and the woman knew it.

"But I love you. It has not passed from me—that which I told you! It is my doom!" said Cavalier.

"The more reason that this marriage should take place—were it only for my sake!" interjected Yvette. "Your mere presence in the camp compromises my good name!"

"But the girl—" faltered Cavalier, "she will not—that is, she may not. I have only seen her once or twice in the presence of her father. And even then it seemed to me—"

"Well, what seemed to you?" said Yvette sharply.

"That she loved another!"

"His name?"

"The young Englishman—her countryman!"

"And did it not seem to you," she added with an involuntary sneer, "since your faculties are so observant, that her affection found a return?"

"It is difficult for me to say—" answered the young man simply, "but such was the impression which remained with me."

Yvette fastened her little sharp teeth in her own lip and bit till a bead of scarlet appeared upon her chin.

But she said: "This will save us all—my honor, the marshal's credit, your own influence, the lives of three at least—and, besides, man, are you blind? She is beautiful. Certes, there are not many in France who have the refusal of so charming a bride!"

"For me it is sufficient that you bid me marry her," he said heavily.

CHAPTER XLII.  
The Princess of Butterflies.

And she sent a man to request that Mademoiselle Frances, if she had nothing better to do, would be good enough to come down to the chamber of Madame la Marechale.

She came—tall, pale, of a refined and spirited beauty, eyes that seemed to look through and beyond things and to see the invisible.

"What is it, beloved?" said Maurice, "you speak of saving me—of giving your life for mine. Of that I know nothing."

"O, you do not understand—you will not!" cried poor Flower-o'-the-Corn sobbing her heart out on his breast, "the price is—I am to marry Jean Cavalier. They have made me promise—I am to do it to save your life, but not till you are safe over the frontier, and on an English ship. Only I am to remain in their hands as a hostage."

Maurice stood suddenly erect, and clenching his first shock it at the unanswering heavens, which indeed had little enough to do with the matter.

"It is that woman!" he cried fiercely. "It serves me right!"

But Frances interrupted him.

"You are wrong, Maurice," she said, quietly, "if you mean Yvette; she has been kind—more than kind. She has taken all the trouble of obtaining a conditional pardon. You will be sent under escort of the marshal's troops over the frontier into Spain. Your servant, Billy Marshall, and his wife, Bet, will go with you, and as soon as you are safe on an English ship at Barcelona (where they are plenty) one of these two will bring me back a message that you are safe. Then I—will—will fulfill my promise!"

She smiled up at him through her thickening tears.

"Do not be afraid for me," she said, "he will be kind to me. He is a good man! I do not wish you to be grieved! That hurts!"

And then, still smiling, her strength, wonderful up to this point, failed her for the first time.

And she fainted quietly away in his arms. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beauty Don'ts on Dress

**D**ON'T count that time lost which is spent in studying the effects of harmonious colors. Color is of prime importance in dress.

Don't hesitate to sacrifice a bargain and shut your eyes to hats that are "dreams" if you want to make a pleasing picture of yourself.

Don't always wear red, if you are a brunette, or think blue the only color for blondes. Reverse the order. A brunette can wear all the light shades of blue and a blonde is a symphony in bright red.

Don't wear black, mauve or green, if the hair is black and the complexion swarthy. Yellow, scarlet and pink should be chosen.

Don't choose delicate shades of pink, lavender and blues, except a deep navy blue, if the eyes are blue, the hair dark brown and the complexion not clear.

Don't wear pink and scarlet if the hair is frankly red. Green and white are the colors. There are browns, safs and copper tints that make a red-headed girl a model for any artist.

Don't wear silver, dove and mustgray unless you are a raging beauty. These shades

not only pick out facial defects, but give emphasis to the slightest blemish.

Don't wear black unless you are young and fair. Black makes the skin two shades darker and duller.

Don't choose a hat without due deliberation. The value of a becoming one cannot be calculated. It is the article of attire more than any other which brings out the good points, or accentuates the bad ones, not only of eyes and hair, but of complexion and the shape of the head.

Don't forget that if the hat is suited to the wearer, all else is forgotten and forgiven.

Don't hide a small face under a picture hat of the Gainsborough type. Choose a style less pronounced in size.

Don't wear a hat turning back from the face, if you are a long oval-faced beauty. It makes the face look longer.

Don't indulge in too many flowers, feathers and flares, if you possess much height, weight and color. The modern Brunnbills must be as tautly rigged as a yacht and ready to take every breeze without a loose and fluttering.

Habits of Common Birds

(Continued from Page Three.)

easily with the sky and there is greater chance that the prey will be overlooked. Birds are beset by numerous small parasites. In addition to lice on the out side about half of our chickens are afflicted with tape worms on the inside and this is true of large numbers of the wild birds. The common bank swallow possesses the very human characteristic of being commonly a prey to bed bugs. Some times nests of this bird are literally alive with them.

Birds vary greatly both in their manner and power of flight. Some can be recognized when they are a mere speck on the horizon by their peculiarities in this direction. When we flush a quail and it goes off with a great whirl and bustle we think that it is a fine flyer, but if we watch we will see that the flight is labored and always short. As a matter of fact the quail is not a good flyer and it is because it is an effort that it makes such a noise. After flying a short distance it will lie down and pant being completely exhausted.

The cranes and herons are unfitted for flying and one makes a very awkward figure as it hops slowly through the air with its

long legs dangling behind. These birds form a sharp contrast to our hawks which seldom flap their wings and soar rather than fly. They sail like a kite in the air and seldom have to move their wings, but take advantage of the slightest wind to sail. We have one record of a turkey buzzard that sailed for four hours without once flopping its wings. As we watch an eagle soaring majestically in the sky we do not wonder that it is recognized as the king of birds. Owls are remarkable for their silent movements. Their wings are so soft and downy that they are noiseless and enable them in the twilight to swoop upon the unsuspecting mouse or rabbit before it knows of its danger. All birds that fly have the "keel" or sharp projection on the front of the breast bone. This is for the attachment of the powerful muscles of flight. It is rather interesting that the ostrich and that the birds that do not fly have this keel lacking, and our only flying mammal, the bat, has the breast bone keeled.

This article has been merely a statement of a few well known facts. If any of the readers wish for practical literature on birds, and particularly in their relation to agriculture, it can be obtained on application to the United States Department of Agriculture, free of charge.

Omaha High School. A. S. PEARSE.