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"The Helmet of Navarre"

XVI.

Mayenne's Ward UCAS sprang up. "You have him? Where?

"Diable! Listening?" cried Lucas, as

"Diable! Listening? cried Lucas, as if a quick doubt of Mayenne's good faith to him struck his mind. "Certainly not," Mayenne answered. "The door is bolted; he might be in the

was built for that." "What will you do with him, mon-

sieur? We'll have him out," said Mayenne

"We'll have him out," said Mayenne. Lucas, needing no second bidding, hastened down the room. All this while mademoiselle, on the floor at my feet, had neither stirred nor whispered, as rigid as the statued Virgin herself. But now she dose and for one moment laid her hand on my shoulder with an encouraging pat; the next she flung the door wide just as Lucas reached the threshold. He recoiled as from a chost.

He recoiled as from a ghost. "Lorance!" he gasped, "Lorance!" "Nom de dieu!" came Mayenne's hout from the back of the room. What! Lorance!" What! Lorance!

He caught up the candelabrum and

He caught up the candelabrum and strode over to us. Mademoiselle stepped out into the council-room, I hanging back on the other side of the sill. She was as white as linen, but she lifted her head proudly. She had not the courage that knows no fear, but she had the courage that rises to the need. Crouching on the oratory floor she had been in a panic lest they find her. But in the moment of discov-ery she faced them unflinching. "You spying here, Lorance!" May-enne stormed at her. "I did not come here to apy, mon-sieur," she answered. "I was here first, as you see. Your presence was as un-looked for by me as mine by you." His next accusation brought the blood in scarlet flags to her pale cheeks; she made no answer, but burned him with her Indignant eyes. "Mordieu, monsieur!" Lucas cried. "Then why did you come?" demanded Mayenne. "Because I had done harm to the lad

Mayenne. "Because I had done harm to the lad "Because I had done harm to the lad and was sorry," she said. "You defend me now, Paul, but you did not hesitate to make a tool of me in your cowardly

chemes." "It was kindly meant, mademoiselle," "neas retorted. "Since I shall kill M. Lucas retorted. le Comte de Mar in any case, I thought It would pleasure you to have a word with him first." I think it did not need the look she

I think it did not need the look she gave him to make him regret the speech. This Lucas was an extraordinary com-pound of shrewdness and recklessness, one separating from the other like oil and vinegar in a sloven's salad. He could plan and toil and wait, to an end, with skill and fortitude and patience; but he could not govern his own gusty tempers.

"You have been crying, Lorance," "You have been crying, Lorance," "For my sins, monsieur," she answer-ed quickly. "I am grieved most bitterly to have been the means of bringing this lad into danger. Since Paul cozened me into doing what I did not under-stand, and since this is not the man you wanted but only his servant, will you not let him go free?" "Why, my pretty Lorance, I did not

not let him go free?" "Why, my pretty Lorance, I did not mean to harm him," Mayenne protested, smiling. "I had him flogged for his in-solence to you; I thought you would thank me for it." "I am never glad over a flogging, monsiour."

"Your hand, mademoiselle." She did not yield it to him, but held out both hands, clasped in appeal. "Monsieur, you have always been my loving kinsman. I have always tried to do your blogging.

"You have him? Where? "Yes, I have him? Mayenne unswered with his tantallzing slowness. "Alive?" "I suppose so. He had his flogging, but I told them I was not done with him. I thought we might have a use for him. He is in the oratory there." do not punish the lad for my wrong-



"Pardieu, you think them angels, these St. Quentins."" "I think them brave and honest gen-tlemen, as I think you, Cousin Charles." "That sounds ill on the lips that hard but now called me villain and murder-er," Mayenne returned. "I have not called you that, mon-sieur; I said you had been saved from the guilt of marder, and I knew one day you would be glad." "E cousin Charles, it is our lot to live in such days of blood and turmoil that" "You speak hard words, mademoi-the selle," Lucas returned, kéeping his tem-er, "Anat sounds ill on the lips that hard we live in France in war-time, and not in the kingdom of heaven. I was toll-in g for more than my own revenges. "Your conversion is sudden, then, only an hour ago you were working for nothing and no one but Paul de Lor-raine.", "Consin Charles, it is our lot to live in such days of blood and turmoil that

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"Are, and you must stay happy. Pardieu, what does it matter whether your husband have yellow hair or brown? My brother Henri was for get-ting himself in a monastery because the could not have his Margot. Yet in lass than a year he is a merry, as a less than a year he is as merry as a fiddler with the Duchess Katharine." "You have made me happy, tonight at least, monsieur," she answered gently,

"It is the most foolish act of my life," Mayenne answered. "But it is for you, Lorance. If ill comes to me by it, ours is the credit.

"You can sweap him to silence, mon-sieur," she cried quickly. "What use? He would not keep

"What use? He would not keep silence." "He will if I ask it." she returned, finging me a look of bright confidence that made the blood dance in my veins. But Mayenne laughed. "When you have lived in the world as long as I have, you will not flatter yourself, Lorance." Thus it happened that I was not bound to silence concerning what I had seen and heard in the house of Lor-raine.

raine. Marenne took out his dagger. "What I do I do thoroughly. I said I'd set you free. Free you shall be." Mademoisele sprang forward with pleading hand. "Let me cut the cords, Cousin Charles."

Charles." He recoiled a bare second, the habit of a lifetime prompting him against the putting of a weapon in any one's hand. Then, ashamed of the suspicion, which indeed was not of her, he yielded the knife and she cut my bonds. She looked straight into my eyes, with a glance earnest, beseeching, hving: I could not begin to read all she meant by it. The next moment she was mak-ing her deep curtsey before the duke. "Monsienr I shall never cease to love

"Monsieur, I shall never cease to love you for this. And now I thank you for your long patience, and bid you good-night."

With a bare inclination of the head to Lucas, she turned to go. But May-eune bade her pause.

"Do I get but a curtsey for m- countesy? No warmer thanks, Lorance?" He held out his arms to her, and she let him kiss both her cheeks.

"I will conduct you to the staircase, mademoiselle," he said, and taking her hand with stately politeness led her from the room. The light seemed to go from it with the gleam of her yellow

(To be continued.)





The thick glass panel door bore the modest sig Lawyer." Mis Emmet, stood by the broad wind outer room, looking idly the roofs of the passing in Washington street, a below.

The door to the inner wide open. Miss Prescott ered out five minutes befo it had occured to her the It had occured to her than business of the interview the Children's Playground really done. That had oc to the secretary of the F nue Social Settlements L to the chairman of the S mittee on Citics. Still th in there. As for Emme had not got to be a voc him whenever this tall y him whenever this tall

was concerned. "I wish that Electric Co bill were well out of the was saying, with preoccup ness. If he looked worried fleeting an expression that tary could not be sure. back at once to his confi "But I mean that i I'm sending a man to we

She was smiling at him

"Well, I shall go to S Tuesday-I hope it will go She looked down and br neatly gloved fingers alon of the desk. As a kind of discove

found her in that small, "It's pretty hard for there," he said-so person there was a little commot Secretary's pulse.

secretary s pulse. "Yes; sometimes it's pre and not always quito plea some of the people. But"---"ta good many things a The chairman stepped ov "No! Don't go down the he said abruptly. "There's

It's just getting your bill my committee. Leave it want to do something!" "But I've engaged to go, tested, nervously, steadily down. "Mrs. Randall t

ought to." No!" he repeated. "I ter than Mrs. Randall. If eave it to me, I'll beat

The committee shan't rep 'Oh. if it's a question

"Oh, if it's a question death, of course I surrend laughed, too, in the same way." "If you think that's added, rather humbly, for would not hold out, and s for the door. As Friends rook the firs side het, his fand brushed so that. It could scarce whether he had touched he tained her for the wink of "Thank you! I won't for said tremulously, under hi and they got to the door.

said tremulously, under h and they got to the door Returning to the inner r ushering the two ladies closing the door behind hir kept assuring himself, ami less turmoil in his mind, ing whatever had happene found himself gripping the low bookcase in his tw hands, as though he were coerce it into acknowled nothing had happened. He

ing of himself in odd, When the Clarion publish timate of city candidates Legislature, this paragraph under his name and Senate

But owes his nomination

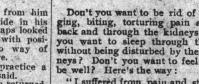
But owes his nomination t Gallagher. Has some r friends, who say he is bet his sponsors. Looks dubiou It looked dubious to Em self just then. He had told that he believed in practica

He thought he had never fellow. But there had geen carelessness, a certain liberalness, in his politics. ly, there was this affair o tric bill. It came back to kind of lump. Also, she c to him just as she had st beside the desk. It seeme that a wise and just] might well personally prev presence from coming any to affairs that looked sa and he made a little prayer or to the Providence, or to the effect that, if she wor in he would get himself all cleaned up and be worthy It looked rather more tha to Mr. Gordon Prescott, pr the Consolidated Light & Po

educated; good

Toolish and frightened and indiscreet, do., and indiscreet, and so any solar way to do built the such asys of blood and turnoil that hand for be.
"Mayenne was still holding out his hand for be."
"I wish you sweet dreams, my cousin, "inter and kill. 1 think you are more hand the stood against the door, and, in France. You have Henry of Names and the Huguenots and half the stood against the door, and, "if you look toomorrow," he is stoid earning factions, must strive and the Huguenots and half the stoid against the door, and, "will you not be the boy go?"
"How will you look toomorrow," he is a factions, must strive and the truth is not in one of them, and there is so all are eves, and you will say, "Now, there is my little coust Loarnee," and you must stay hear way to do built the truth is not in one of straw. They are and against two there is and lithe inderse and row there is and lithe inderse and so for the solar dancing school."
"Yow, there is my little coust Loarnee," and you must stay hear way to do built the strive to please are to me to guard and there is and betray till you sole toomost. Loarnee," and you must stay happy. "Ardiver and the made her miserable. I am killed," Mayenne said soherly. "And you know there is but one cause, for I know and happy hear to bed."

BY BERTHA RUNKLE



any. He was explaining it to t the smoking room after di this gang in the City Coun a paper concern that they Metropolitan Electric Com passed an ordinance for when they couldn't sell out to the South Side Illumina pany, they turned it over Gallagher. He got some n built a shed that he calls station on the west side. some wires, and pretended the electric lighting busin my company and the South luminating got around to where we're willing to go ther, to consolidate. We \$200,000 a year by it, and as good and cheap a servi public. The lawyers look and find that there'll have little amendment to the St

poration law. They fix up endment and introduce it Senate. Then it's referred Committee on Cities, inst the Committee on Corpor it should be, and we find Johnny Gallagher owns that tee, body, boots and breed we've got to make terms

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