

PARCELS FOR PRISONERS OF WAR IN TURKEY AND BULGARIA

A notification has been received from the British Authorities to the effect that the Parcel Post Service for Prisoners of War in Turkey or Bulgaria is at present suspended. Until this Service is resumed no parcels can be forwarded to Prisoners of War in Turkey or Bulgaria, and persons desiring to help Prisoners of War in these countries are advised to forward remittances to them. These can be sent by means of Post Office Money Orders which are issued free of commission. Particulars as to how to proceed may be obtained from Postmasters of Accounting Offices. Any parcels for Prisoners of War in these countries which may be intercepted in the course of transmission will be returned to the senders, providing the name of the senders is given on the parcel.

TREATY RATIFIED

Washington, June 25.—Treaties between the United States and Great Britain for reciprocal operation of army draft laws to their citizens, including Canadians, were ratified last yesterday by the Senate, without a dissenting vote.

British subjects in the United States between 20 and 44 years of age—the British draft ages—and American citizens in the British Empire between the ages of 21 and 31, would be subject to draft under the treaties, but they would be given the option of returning to their own countries for service, under their own flag.

It is estimated that some 54,000 American citizens in the British Empire, including 36,000 in Canada, and 310,000 British subjects in the United States, including 60,000 Canadians, will be affected by the treaties. A new clause inserted in the treaties provides that citizens of signatory nations exempt from the draft at home, such as the Irish and Australians, shall not be subject to draft in the country of their foreign residence.

The treaties were signed June 3 by Secretary Lansing and Lord Reading, the British Ambassador.

A WEEK'S BRITISH CASUALTIES

London, June 21.—British casualties reported during the week ended to-day aggregated 36,620.

The losses were divided as follows:— Killed or died of wounds—Officers 235, men 4,247.

Wounded or missing—Officers 1,414, men 30,724.

It is several weeks since the British army has been engaged in any prolonged fighting on a large scale, although British divisions were involved in the German attack which began the offensive on May 27 on the Aisne front. The bulk of the casualties now being reported, which still are running between 30,000 and 40,000 weekly, evidently represent accumulations of names from the intensive operations in which the British were engaged during the heavy German attacks of this spring on the British front.

TOUGH ON FREAKS

Toronto, June 10.—Mr. William Banks, chief theatrical censor for Toronto, has received information from the Immigration Department stating that particular care is to be taken at border points this year to prevent the admission into Canada of human monstrosities, freaks, and alien enemies in fall fair troupes. Should any of these cross the border, city and government inspectors are to see that they are at once deported.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins in a tone that was kind but firm, "did you tell me you were up late last night with a sick friend?" "Yes."

THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

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CHAPTER XIII.

It is impossible to say what Mariana would have done had there been no interference, for she had worked herself into one of those "uries which women of her type can attain when they feel the occasion demands it. But Rameau threw his arms about her. Mr. Percy came to his assistance, and Ward and I sprang in between her and the too fearless lady she strove to reach. Even at that the finger nails of Mariana's right hand touched the pretty white hat, but only touched it and no more.

Rameau and the little spy managed to get their vociferating burden across the courtyard and into her own door. "Professor Kerdec"—Mrs. Harman began, resisting and turning to the professor appealingly. "Oh, for him come, too," said Miss Elizabeth desperately. "Nothing could be worse than this."

know this, before dinner! They'll hear the whole thing within two hours." "There is nothing they shouldn't know," said Mrs. Harman. George turned to her with a smile so bravely managed that I was proud of him. "Oh, yes, there is," he said. "We're going to get you out of all this."

"All this!" she repeated. "All this mire!" he answered. "We're going to get you out of it. I don't know whether your revelation to the Spanish woman will make that easier or harder, but I do know that it makes the mire deeper." Her anxious eyes grew wider. "How have I made it deeper for him? Wasn't it necessary that the poor woman should be told the truth?"

"You can't," I'm part of it. Better or worse, it's as much mine as his. My separation from my husband is over. I shall be with him now for—" "I won't listen to you!" Miss Elizabeth lifted her face from George's shoulder, and there was a note of deep anger in her voice. "You haven't the faintest idea of what a hideous situation that creature has made for himself. Don't you know that that awful woman was right? You talk of being with him! Do you imagine they encourage family housekeeping in French prisons?"

"You're going much too far," Cressoningle said, touching his betrothed upon the arm. "My dear Elizabeth, there is no use exaggerating. The case is unpleasant enough, just as it is."

"In what have I exaggerated?" she demanded. "Why, I knew Larrabee Harman," he returned. "I knew him fairly well. I went as far as Honolulu with him, and I remember that papers were served on him in San Francisco. He was traveling continually, and I don't think he knew much of what was going on, even right around him, most of the time. He began with cognac and absinthe in the morning, you know."

"For myself, I always supposed the suit had been carried through. So did people generally, I think. He'll probably have to stand trial, and of course he's technically guilty, but I don't believe he'd be convicted, though I must say it would have been a most devilish good thing for him if he could have been got out of France before the Mursiana heard the truth."

"Nothing is changed," Louise Harman said finally, her eyes still fixed gravely on Miss Elizabeth's. "At that the other's face flamed up, and she uttered a half-choked exclamation. "Oh," she cried, "you've fallen in love with playing the martyr! It's self love! No one on earth could make me believe you're in love with this degraded imbecile. It's because you want to make a shining example of yourself. You want to get down on your knees and wash off the villainess from this befouled creature. You want—"

"Madame," Kerdec interrupted tremulously, "you speak out of no knowledge. There is no villainess. No one who is clean remains befouled because of the things that are gone."

"They do not?" She laughed hysterically. "The soul that stands clean and pure today is clean and pure," insisted the professor.

"But a soul with evil tendencies," Ward began impatiently. "Ha, my dear sir, those evil tendencies would be in the rolling memories, and my boy is free from them."

"Surely you can't pretend he may not take that direction again?" "That," returned the professor quickly, "is his to choose. If this lady can be with him now he will choose right."

"So!" cried Miss Elizabeth. "First she is to be his companion through a trial for bigamy and if he is acquitted his purse, teacher and moral preceptor." She turned swiftly to her cousin. "That's your conception of a woman's mission?" "I haven't any mission," Mrs. Harman answered quietly. "I only know I belong to him; ahead of all eyes, thought about it. I don't pretend to explain it. And when I met him again here it was—it was—it was proved to me."

went on bravely. "And the next day he came and waited for me—I should have come here for him if he hadn't—and I fell in with the mistake he had made about my name. You see, he'd heard I was called Mme. d'Armand, and I wanted him to keep on thinking that, for I thought if he knew I was Mrs. Harman he might find out." She paused, her lip beginning to tremble. "Oh, don't you see why I didn't want him to know? I didn't want him to suffer as he would—as he does now, poor child—but most of all I wanted—I wanted to see if he would fall in love with me again! I kept him from knowing because if he thought I was a stranger and the same thing happened again—he's caring for me, I mean?" She had begun to weep now, freely and openly, but not from grief. "Oh," she cried, "don't you see how it's all proved to me?"

Later I went into the garden to think over the perplexing situation of the Harmans. I sank down again in a wicker chair and contemplated the stars. But the short reverie into which I then fell was interrupted by Mr. Percy, who, sauntering leisurely about the garden, paused to address me. "You folks, thinks you was all to the good gittin' them trunks off, what?" "You speak in mysterious numbers," I returned, having no comprehension of his meaning.

"I suppose you don't know nothing about it," he laughed satirically. "You didn't go over to Lisleux's afternoon to ship 'em? Oh, no, not you!" "I went for a long walk this afternoon, Mr. Percy. Naturally I couldn't have walked so far as Lisleux and back."

"Luk here, my friend," he said sharply, "do you think you got any chance of gettin' that feller off 't Paris?" "Do you think it will rain tonight?" I inquired. "In simple dignity he turned his back upon me and strolled to the other end of the courtyard."

I observed him in the act of saluting, with a gracious nod, some one who was approaching from the road. Immediately after—and altogether with the air of a person merely "happening in"—a slight figure clad in a long coat, a short skirt and a broad brimmed, vell bound brown hat came into full view in the light of the reflector. I sprang to my feet and started toward her, uttering an exclamation. "Good evening, Mr. Percy," she said cheerily. "It's the most exuberant night. You're quite hearty, I hope?"

"Takin' a walk, I see, little lady," he observed with genial patronage. My visitor paused upon my veranda, humming "Quand l'Amour Meurt," while I went within and lit a lamp. "Shall I bring the light out there?" I asked, but, turning, found that she was already in the room. "You weren't afraid to come through the woods alone?" I asked, uncomfortably conscious that her gayety met a dull response from me.

"No." "But if Miss Ward finds that you're not at the chateau?" "She won't. She thinks I'm asleep. She brought me up a sleeping powder herself."

"She thinks you took it?" "She knows I did," said Miss Elliott. "I'm full of it! And that will be the reason—if you notice that I'm particularly nervous or excited."

"You seem all of that," I said, looking at her eyes, which were very wide and very brilliant. "However, I believe you always do." "Ah," she smiled, "I knew you thought me atrocious from the first. You find myriads of objections to me, don't you?"

I had forgotten to look away from her eyes, and I kept on forgetting. She gave a low cry of triumph. "Dazzling! is a good old fashioned word for eyes like hers. At least it might define their effect on me." "If I did manage to object to you," I said slowly, "it would be a good thing for me, wouldn't it?" "Oh, I've soon!" she cried. "You?" "I echoed. "Yes, I laid a wager with myself that I'd have a pretty speech from you before I went out of your life!" she checked a laugh and concluded thrillingly—"forever, I leave Quesnay tomorrow."

"suppose you can imagine," she said in a tone that threatened to become tremulous, "what sort of an afternoon we've been having up there." "Has it been?" I began. "Oh, heartbreaking! Louise came to my room as soon as they got back from here this morning and told me the whole pitiful story. But they didn't let her stay there long, poor woman!"

"They?" I asked. "Oh, Elizabeth and her brother. They've been at her all afternoon, off and on." "To do what?" "To save herself," so they call it. They're insisting that she must not see her poor husband again. They've determined she shan't."

"But George wouldn't worry her." "Oh, wouldn't he?" The girl laughed sadly. "I don't suppose he could help it, he's in such a state himself, but between him and Elizabeth it's hard to see how poor Mrs. Harman lived through the day."

"Well," I said slowly, "I don't see that they're not right. She ought to be kept out of all this as much as possible, especially if her husband has to go through a trial."

"Are you?"—the girl began, then stopped for a moment, looking at me steadily. "Aren't you a little in love with Louise Harman?" "Yes," I answered honestly. "Aren't you?"

"That's what I wanted to know," she said, and as she turned a page in the sketchbook for the benefit of Mr. Percy, I saw that her hand had begun to tremble. "Why?" I asked, leaning toward her across the table.

"Because if she were involved in some undertaking—something that, if it went wrong, would endanger her happiness and, I think, even her life, for it might actually kill her if she failed and brought on a worse catastrophe!"

"Yes!" I said anxiously as she paused again. "You'd help her?" she said. "I would, indeed," I assented earnestly. "I told her once I'd do anything in the world for her."

"Even if it involved something that George Ward might never forgive you for?" "I said 'anything in the world,'" I returned, perhaps a little huskily. She gave a low cry of triumph, but immediately checked it. "Then she leaned far over the table. 'I wasn't afraid to come through the woods alone,' she said in a very low voice, 'because I wasn't alone. Louise came with me.'"

"What?" I gasped. "Where is she?" "At the Baudry cottage down the chateau. They won't miss her at the door until morning. I locked her door on the outside, and if they go to bother her again—though I don't think they will—they'll believe she's fastened it on the inside and is asleep. She managed to get a note to Kerdec late this afternoon. It explained everything, and he had some trunks carried over the rear gate of the inn and carted over to Lisleux to be shipped to Paris from there. It is to be supposed—perhaps at least—that this woman and her people will believe that means Professor Kerdec and Mr. Harman will try to get to Paris in the same way."

"The veranda. We crossed the garden as far as the steps. Mr. Percy signified his approval. 'Gonna see the fit lady home, are you?' he said gaily. 'I was thinkin' it was about time 'nself.'"

The salon door of the "grande suite" opened above me, and at the sound the youth started, springing back to see what it portended, but I ran quickly up the steps. Kerdec stood in the doorway bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves. In one hand he held a traveling bag, which he immediately gave me.

He went back into the room, closing the door, and I descended the steps as rapidly as I had run up them. Without pausing I started for the rear of the courtyard, Miss Elliott accompanying me.

The sentry had watched these proceedings open mouthed, more mystified than alarmed. "Luk here," he said, "I want t' know what this means."

"Anything you choose to think it means," I laughed, beginning to walk a little more rapidly. He glanced up at the windows of the "grande suite," which were again dark, and began to follow us slowly. "Whut you gut in that grip?" he asked.

"You don't think we're carrying off Mr. Harman?" "I reckon he's in his room all right," said the youth grimly, "unless he's flew out."

We emerged at the foot of a lane behind the inn. It was long and narrow, bordered by stone walls and at the

other end debouched upon a road which passed the rear of the Baudry cottage. Miss Elliott took my arm, and we entered the lane.

Mr. Percy paused undecidedly. "I want t' know what you think y're followin'," he repeated angrily, calling after us.

"It's very simple," I called in turn. "I think you may as well go back. We're not going far enough to need a guard."

"You long legged devil!" he yelled, and I instantly received a series of concussions upon the face and head which put me in the supreme doubt of my surroundings, for I seemed to have plunged eyes foremost into the Milky Way. I was conscious of some one screaming, and it seemed a causing part of my delirium that the cheek of Miss Anne Elliott should be jammed tight against mine through one phase of the explosion. I lunged to him, as Pere Baudry testifies, for a minute and a half, which seems no inconsiderable lapse of time to a person undergoing such experiences as were then afflicting me.

It appeared to me that we were revolving in enormous circles in the ether and I had long since given my last gasp when there came a great roaring wind in my ears and a range of mountains toppled upon us both. We went to the earth beneath it. "Hal! You must create violence, then!" roared the avalanche.

The voice was the voice of Kerdec. Some one pulled me from underneath my struggling antagonist, and, the power of sight in a hazy, zigzagging fashion coming back to me, I perceived the figure of Miss Anne Elliott recumbent beside me, her arms about Mr. Percy's prostrate body. The extraordinary girl had fastened upon him, too, though I had not known it, and she had gone to ground with us, but it is to be said for Mr. Earl Percy that no blow of his touched her, and she was not hurt. Even in the final extremities of temper he had carefully discriminated in my favor.

Mrs. Harman was bending over him and as the girl sprang up, lightly threw her arms about her. For my part, I rose more slowly, section by section, wondering why I did not fall apart, lips, nose and cheeks bleeding, and I had a fear that I should need to be led like a blind man through my eyelids swelling shut. That was something I earnestly desired should not happen; but, whether it did or did not or if the heavens fell, I meant to walk back to Quesnay with Anne Elliott that night, and, mangled, broken or half dead, presenting whatever appearance of the prize ring or the abattoir that I might, I intended to take the same train for Paris on the morrow that she did.

For our days together were not as an end, not was it hers nor my desire that they should be. It was Oliver Saffron—as I like to think of him—who helped me to my feet and wiped my face with his handkerchief and when that one was ruined brought others from his bag and stanching the wounds gladly received in the service of his wife.

"I will remember," he said, and his voice broke. "These are the memories which Kerdec says make a man good. I pray they will help to redeem me." And for the last time I heard the child in him speaking; "I ought to be redeemed. I must be, don't you think for her sake?"

"Lose no time!" shouted Kerdec. "You must be gone if you will reach that certain town for the 5 o'clock train of the morning." This was for the spy's benefit. It indicated Lisleux and the train to Paris. Mr. Percy struggled. The professor knelt over him, pinioning his wrists in one great hand and holding him easily to earth.

"Ha, my friend"—he addressed his captive—"you shall not have cause to say we do you any harm. There shall be no law for you are not hurt, and you are not going to be. But here you shall stay quiet for a little while—ill I say you can go." As he spoke he bound the other's wrists with a short rope which he took from his pocket, performing the same office immediately afterward for Mr. Percy's ankles.

"I take the count," he said, the sole remark of that philosopher, occupying up against no herd of elephants. The two women were crying in each other's arms. "Goodby!" sobbed Anne Elliott.

Mrs. Harman turned to Kerdec. "Goodby for a little while!" He kissed her hand. "Dear lady, I shall come within the year." She came to me, and I took her hand, meaning to kiss it as Kerdec had done, but suddenly she was close, and I felt her lips upon my battered cheek. I remember it now.



"You long legged devil!" he yelled.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT midnight there was no mistaking the palpable uneasiness with which Mr. Percy, faithful sentry, regarded the behavior of Miss Elliott and myself as we sat conversing upon the veranda of the pavilion. The lights of the inn were all set. The Spanish woman and M. Rameau had made their appearance for a moment half an hour earlier, to exchange a word with their fellow vigilants, and soon after the extinguishing of the lamps in their respective apartments denoted their retirement for the night. In the "grande suite" all had been dark and silent for an hour.

I kept going over and over the details of Louise Harman's plan as the girl beside me had outlined it, bending above the smudgy sketchbook. "To make them think the fight is for Paris," she had urged—"to Paris by way of Lisleux. To make that man yonder believe that it is toward Lisleux while they turn at the crossroads and drive across the country to Trouville for the morning boat to Havre."

It was simple. That was its great virtue. If they were well started they were safe, and well started meant only that Larrabee Harman should leave the inn without an alarm. With two hours' start and the pursuit spending most of its energy in the wrong direction—that is, toward Lisleux, and Paris—they would be on the deck of the French-Canadian liner tomorrow noon, sailing out of the harbor of Le Havre with nothing but the Atlantic ocean between them and the St. Lawrence.

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