

SPRING TIME

Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

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[CONTINUED.]

Chapter 11

TO L'Acadienne, waiting, Raoul turned.

"Go," he commanded.

She moved slowly away in dejected manner.

"Yes, M'sieur Raoul, I will go," she said. "Perhaps some day you will." She started, with a little cry. She called suddenly:

"Crawley! Dick Crawley! Come here! I want you!"

She turned again to Raoul, who was still unbending.

"There is one who marched in Captain Wolf's company. Ask him if there was a young lady with the lad Gilbert Steele."

Crawley was beside them now, be-dragged, with the heavy dust thick upon face and shoes and clothing.

"You called me?" he muttered, and then, "I carry bad news. What is it you want?"

L'Acadienne said slowly:

"You and Gilbert Steele both were with Captain Wolf's company?"

He nodded. "Yes," he replied.

"There was a young lady with Gilbert Steele?"

He thought for a moment, then he said:

"Yes; I remember."

"She was fair," persisted L'Acadienne, "of slight figure—very young?"

"Yes; I think so. I don't quite remember. It was at the—"

He stopped. There had come to their ears the sound of voices—De Valette's voice and Father O'Mara's. O'Mara, good man of God and of men, was protesting.

"Now, now, sir," he was saying, "you're in no condition to go out again. You must rest."

They came through the gateway from the house. De Valette answered sadly:

"Rest! How can I rest?" His eyes fell upon the little group of three, eyeing them closely.

"Who is this boy?" he demanded; then quickly: "You have news of my daughter? She has been found—hurt perhaps? Why don't you tell me? Speak!"

Raoul de Valette said slowly:

"I know nothing of your daughter—nothing except—"

He stopped. De Valette cried, impatient:

"Except what?"

"Except," went on Raoul evenly, "that she left the house immediately after being betrothed to me."

He paused.

In a different tone he continued:

"My cousin, I am obliged to decline the hand of Mlle. de Valette."

De Valette's brows contracted. His eyes grew narrow. His voice was cold.

"Are you aware," he demanded, "that such a statement must have an explanation?"

Raoul shrugged his shoulders.

"Explanation?" he repeated. "She saw me and went away. That is quite sufficient for me. But for yourself," he added. He did not finish. Instead he said slowly:

"I said I had no explanation. I haven't. But he"—he indicated the young recruit with a little jerk of his head—"he has."

De Valette turned sharply to Crawley.

And then it was that there came among them Madeleine. She came a wan little figure, golden hair. In which the sunbeams dwelt, disheveled, white dress dragged, torn. She came slowly and with infinite weariness, yet

with great gladness, too, for, though the way had been long and very hard, yet her heart was light.

"Father!" she cried. And again, "Father!"

He turned to her, taking her in his arms—clasping her to him.

"My daughter!" he said. His voice broke a little. "You've come back to us."

"I'm so very tired," she sighed. "I've come so far." Her eyes fell on M. Raoul de Valette standing there look-

me, don't you, m'sieur? He— She paused helpless; further words she could not find.

It was then that Crawley started to go, but a word from the priest checked him. The boy protested.

"But I must hurry to the village," he asserted doggedly. "I carry bad news."

Madeleine's eyes grew wide with fear.

"Not of the soldiers!" she cried. "Not of—"

ance of family pride!"

The priest was as stern as the master.

"Remember," he went on, "that the great God is the God of love. Pray, but pray to him!"

Madeleine had turned from him ere he finished. She spoke swiftly, wildly.

"I said for me to pray—to pray for the lost soul of Madeleine! He took the candles for the altar! Aunt Marguerite would not speak to me, nor Louise! Gilbert!" she cried. "No, no, no! A massacre—all killed—but not Gilbert!" She turned swiftly to the priest. "Father, you said he was the God of love. Perhaps if I pray to him Gilbert will come back, just as love came."

Hor voice fell suddenly. It was almost a whisper.

"But Gilbert cannot come back! He can never come back—never, never! They were all killed! And Gilbert is dead! His soul is lost too! Gilbert! Gilbert!"

She swayed a little, clasping her hands over white brows, twining her fingers in the sun-kissed masses of her hair. She swayed again and turned slowly.

"Where are you going?"

It was Father O'Mara who spoke.

"To pray," she said dazedly—"to pray for two lost souls. It was in the forest that I found him. It was there I left him—it was there we lost our souls! You must not stop me! Perhaps he is waiting there—his soul—and mine, that was lost with his." Her eyes were set now—staring eyes that were not hers. Her voice rose shrilly.

"Pray for the lost soul of Madeleine de Valette!" she wailed.

She sank to her knees, clutching the skirt of the priest's garment. "Come!" she cried feverishly. "We'll pray—you and I." Then swiftly she rose again.

"But Gilbert is dead!" she cried.

The little, frail figure rose straight, rigid, tense. The slender white arms went forth, and then, with another wild, piercing cry, she darted from among them and was gone—gone into the depths of the dark woods.

political rights—rights which, once obtained, were never to be surrendered. Before the middle of the eleventh century there were many of these "chartered" towns which possessed the right of electing their own magistrates, sheriffs and judges and regulating their own taxes. The wretched serfs from the country were welcomed by the townspeople and aided to larger freedom. These free towns were first known in Spain, from which country they slowly spread over Europe. The bourgeois naturally offered protection and freedom to all who would flee to them from the feudal estates, and thus slowly, but surely, the good work went on until the ancient despotisms were destroyed.—Arena.

to cook. The husband, tired of waiting, hustled into the kitchen and said impatiently:

"You know, we'll be late for the theater if you don't hurry dinner."

"Well," sighed the bride, "I can't tell what's the matter, but these coffee grains simply won't boil soft, and as for the eggs, they've been boiling at least two hours, and they're still as hard as ever."

But the dinner was coincided at last, and then the young husband declared he couldn't find his silk hat.

"Oh," exclaimed his wife, "you said it needed ironing, you know, so I sent it this morning to the laundry with the wash."



"WE GO TO PRAY FOR ONE WHO WAS LOVED, BUT IS NO MORE."

ing at her. She rose, courtseying to him.

"Ah, M'sieur Raoul," she said a little shyly, "I—I'm afraid I can't marry you—now, I—you see, it was just as you said. One clings to another in spite of fear or shame or—"

Weariness fell upon the shock-haired young recruit. Weariness grew round.

"You!" she cried. "You were with the soldiers! Why have you come back? Is the battle over?"

He answered slowly:

"You were with Gilbert Steele, were you not?"

De Valette started.

"With Gilbert Steele?" he repeated. And again, "With Gilbert Steele?"

She nodded lightly.

"Why, yes," she said. "But Gilbert had to go on."

She did not see her father's look. She went on lightly, easily, explaining: "You see, it was just as M'sieur Raoul said. It comes all in one second. And it did to us. The very first time I saw Gilbert— You mustn't be angry, father. You mustn't punish me for something I couldn't help. Gilbert had to go. But as soon as he conquers the British he's coming back for me, and then—"

She glanced up at last. She saw his face and the look thereon. It did not need his word to check her speech.

"I thought you were only lost," he said slowly, very slowly, and his voice was low and clear and cold.

"But, father," she protested, fearing now a little, "you don't understand! Gilbert is coming back for me! M'sieur Raoul is not angry. See? He forgives

"The English have beaten us," he declared. "It was a massacre."

"But Gilbert!" Her voice was almost a wail.

"They put us out in front—right up to the British guns," the boy continued. "They were all killed."

For a moment she was silent, helpless in the horror of it all. Then her voice rose shrilly.

"Not Gilbert! Ah, God! Not Gilbert!"

At length she heard, as from a great distance, the voice of her father.

"Gilbert Steele has paid the penalty in death," it said. "Another shall pay it in the living. Sister, we go to the chapel to pray for Madeleine, who was a De Valette. There is a duty to perform—the custom of our house, Louise, the candles."

Then she heard her own voice. Scarcely did she know it.

"The candles!" it cried. "The chapel! What can it all mean? There is no one dead here! Father—Aunt Marguerite—Louise!"

The voice of M. de Valette said slowly:

"We go to pray for one who was loved, but is no more."

The priest came forward. He clasped in his arms the frail, frightened little body that held the frail, frightened little soul. He cried:

"Stop! You say you are going to pray. To whom?"

"To God," replied De Valette sternly.

"You put your belief in a God so warped in your own false traditions that he would help you avenge a griev-

ance of family pride!"

The priest was as stern as the master.

"Remember," he went on, "that the great God is the God of love. Pray, but pray to him!"

Madeleine had turned from him ere he finished. She spoke swiftly, wildly.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Diamonds Under Water.

An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water, and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eyes.

Consistent Theory.

"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house and should have the final say?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"

"Because my wife won't let me."—Exchange.

Well Trained.

Mrs. Boggs—Mr. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not at all. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grownup daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.

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Reptiles That Walk Erect.

Lizards of several sorts can walk and run easily on their hind legs. The Australian water lizard, which is three or four feet in length, keeps quite erect when traversing long distances on land. It is found in the neighborhood of river banks and passes much of its time in shallow water.

The frilled lizard of Queensland also travels on its hind legs on level ground, keeping the frill folded when running. When attacked it expands this fold of skin, which stands out like a ruff at right angles round the neck, giving it a most formidable aspect, so that dogs that attack and kill larger lizards will often retreat before a frilled lizard at bay.

There is also a tree lizard in Australia that moves in a similar way. All these species walk on all fours when merely moving about or going short distances.

The Bride's Troubles.

It was the servant's day out, and the young bride was doing her best to hurry along the dinner she was trying

to cook. The husband, tired of waiting, hustled into the kitchen and said impatiently:

"You know, we'll be late for the theater if you don't hurry dinner."

"Well," sighed the bride, "I can't tell what's the matter, but these coffee grains simply won't boil soft, and as for the eggs, they've been boiling at least two hours, and they're still as hard as ever."

But the dinner was coincided at last, and then the young husband declared he couldn't find his silk hat.

"Oh," exclaimed his wife, "you said it needed ironing, you know, so I sent it this morning to the laundry with the wash."

Setting the Barber.

"Hair's a bit thin on the top, sir," remarked the barber. "Won't you try a bottle of our hair restorer?"

The victim squirmed. "You made the same observation last week," he said, "and I expressed my desire to see you try the stuff on the doormat."

"Sorry, I didn't know you had been here before, sir," replied the barber as he went on shaving. "I didn't recognize your face."

"No," was the growling reply; "my face has healed since then."—London News.

The Maid's Reply.

As William bent over her fair face he whispered:

"Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you what would you answer?"

She, calling up her scanty knowledge of the French language, exclaimed, "Billet doux!"—Exchange.

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Takes Out of School.
Sulter—I suppose your father is altogether taken up with business?
Her Little Brother—Yes, dad thinks of nothing else. That must have been why ma said to slaver last night that if you meant business it was about time you talked to papa.—Brooklyn Life.

Heard at the Hub.
"And how old are you, little girl?"
"Six."
"And how is it you are out walking without your mamma?"
"Oh, mamma doesn't go in for exercise. Really, we have very little in common."—Houston Chronicle.

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Our entire stock of men's and boy's clothing goes on sale at great reduced prices, Saturday June 4. W. J. Funk & Co.

Why the Wind Waits.

In his book on "The Picturesque St. Lawrence" Clifton Johnson tells of the curious superstition of Montreal which explains why the wind is always blowing at the point where St. Sulpice and Notre Dame streets meet, close by the towering cathedral.

It seems that one day, while the church was in process of building, the Wind and the Devil were walking down Notre Dame street, and the Devil after regarding with a frown of disapproval the graceful outlines of the new edifice rising before him exclaimed:

"What is this? I never saw it before."

"Very likely not," responded the Wind, "and I dare you to go in there."

"You dare me to do that, do you?" cried the Devil, with a sneer. "Well, I will go in if you will promise to wait here until I come out."

"Agreed," said the Wind.

So his satanic majesty went in. But he has not come out yet, and the Wind is still waiting for him at the corner.

The Spirit of Liberty.

It was in the town that modern democracy had its rise. Despite all the efforts of the kings and barons to prevent it, the spirit of liberty began to assert itself in the larger towns in the shape of the charters which guarantee to the people certain commercial and

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