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"The Helmet of Navarre"

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

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THE CHAIRMAN

The thick glass panel of door bore the modest sign, Emmet, Lawyer. Miss Prescott... The door to the inner... The chairman stepped... "No! Don't go down the... he said abruptly. "There... It's just getting your bill... my committee. Leave it... want to do something!"... "But I've engaged to go... tested, nervously, steadily... Returning to the inner r... ushering the two ladies... closing the door behind him... kept assuring himself, am... less turmoil in his mind, t... ing whatever had happened... found himself, gripping the... low bookcase in his te... hands, as though he were... coerce it into acknowledging... nothing had happened. He b... ing of himself in odd, di... pieces... When the Clarion publish... timate of city candidates... Legislature, this paragraph... under his name and Senat... trict... "Democrat. Age 27. Bor... County. Lawyer. An unkn... city. Well educated; good... But owes his nomination t... Gallagher. Has some fr... friends who say he has h... his sponsors. Looks dubio... It looked dubious to Em... self just then. He had to... that he believed in practice... He thought he had never f... follow. But there had been... carelessness in his politi... liberalism, in his politics... ly, there was this affair of... tric bill. It came back to... kind of lump. Also, she c... to him just as she had s... beside the desk. It seeme... that a wise man might f... might well personally pr... presence from coming any... to affairs that looked s... and he made a little praye... or to the Providence, or... to the effect that, if she w... in, he would get himself a... cleaned up and ready to... It looked rather more th... to Mr. Gordon Prescott, p... the Consolidated Light & P... pany... He was explaining it to... the smoking room after di... this grant in the City Cou... a paper concern that the... 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... built a shed that he calle... station on the west side, a... some wires, and pretended... the electric lighting busi... my company and the South... luminating got around to... where we're willing to go... the City Council. We've... \$200,000 a year by it, and... as good and cheap a serv... public. The lawyers look... and find that there'll be... little amendment to the S... tionation law. They fix up... and introduce it. The... Senate. Then it's referred... Committee on Cities. Inst... the Committee on Corpora... it should be, and we find... Johnny Gallagher owns the... tee, body, boats and bree... We've got to make terms

MAYENNE'S WARD
LUCAS sprang up.
"Have you him? Where?"
"Yes, I have him," Mayenne answered with his tantalizing slowness.
"Alive?"
"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."

"Your hand, mademoiselle."
She did not yield it to him, but held out both hands, clasped in appeal.
"Mademoiselle, you have always been my loving kinsman. I have always tried to do your pleasure. I thought you meant harm to the boy because he was a servant to M. de Mar, and I knew that M. de St. Quentin, at least, had gone over to the other side. I did not know what you would do with him, and I could not rest in my bed because it was through me he came here. Monsieur, if I was foolish and frightened and indiscreet, do not punish the lad for my wrongdoing."

"Pardieu, you think them angels, these St. Quentins."
"I think them brave and honest gentlemen, as I think you, Cousin Charles."
"Those sounds ill on the lips that have but now called me villain and murderer," Mayenne returned.
"I have not called you that, monsieur; I said you had been saved from the guilt of murder, and I knew one day you would be glad."

"You speak hard words, mademoiselle," Lucas returned, keeping his temper with a stern effort.
"Lucas returned, keeping his temper with a stern effort. You forget that we live in France in war-time, and not in the kingdom of heaven. I was tolling for more than my own revenge. I was working at your cousin Mayenne's commands, to aid our holy cause, for the preservation of the Catholic Church and the Catholic kingdom of France."

"That I understand, monsieur," she answered in a low tone.
"Lucas returned, keeping his temper with a stern effort. You forget that we live in France in war-time, and not in the kingdom of heaven. I was tolling for more than my own revenge. I was working at your cousin Mayenne's commands, to aid our holy cause, for the preservation of the Catholic Church and the Catholic kingdom of France."



"I tell you I did not mean to kill the horse-boy."
"Mademoiselle," the duke repeated, "will you get to your bed?"
"Mademoiselle," she cried, "I have never forgotten them one night in all these years. God receive and bless the soul of Henri de Guise; God guard and prosper Charles de Mayenne. But you make it hard for me to ask it for my cousin Charles."

"I wish I had not done it."
"Mademoiselle," the duke repeated, "will you get to your bed?"
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