

like this. The boy looked at me wonderingly as he pocketed his purchase.

"He's sure dippy, dat guy," I heard him mutter. "Gee. I'm de lucky kid."

"As I walked away I thought of a trick I had once read about, which is sometimes practiced by children, and often by some of their elders, whose training has been more conducive to dishonesty than otherwise. It was to go from store to store changing different denominations of money, trusting that some person less watchful than yourself would make a mistake in change. I decided to try it, and stepped into a convenient store.

"Will you change this dollar for me?" I inquired genially. "Give me nickels." Smilingly the proprietor passed over the coins. Excitedly I swept them into my hand, thanked him, and passed out. It would never do, I decided, to count my change under the watchful eye that would be as apt as I to note the excess. When I had reached a secluded spot I eagerly counted it over. In the handful of nickels there were but nineteen. With trembling fingers I recounted them; sure enough there were but nine-

teen, and I was stung to the tune of five precious cents which put me farther behind than I had been before I parted with my knife.

"Mentally I kicked myself for my stupidity, but seeing no other way than this to secure the coveted amount, I swallowed my chagrin and tried again and again, changing nickels into pennies and pennies into dimes; quarters into nickels and back to quarters again, until at last I had secured all but a penny of the quarter I had early that evening started out to get.

"It was just midnight as I entered a cigar store that was about closing. 'Will you give me a dime for these pennies?' I asked, jingling the coins in my hand.

"Certainly," replied the clerk. He passed over the coin, and hastily throwing my handful of coppers on the showcase, I snatched the piece of silver, and muttering something about my train, I ran. As I turned the corner I heard the clerk shout 'Crook!' after me, but although I longed to go back and make him retract his words I dared not do it. It had been a hard enough fight to win my quarter without

losing part of it again. No, I would go home and let bad enough alone.

"I soon reached the station, and striding up to the wicket threw down my dollar and a quarter and demanded my ticket. Sour-face was still on duty. 'Back again, I see,' he remarked. 'Well, you'll have to scrape up another quarter, young man. It's after midnight and the excursion rate has run out.'

"I'm afraid I groaned aloud. Already I could see myself rushing over the city repeating my former tactics, and trying to secure enough to take me home.

"Taking something pretty hard, old man, aren't you?" a familiar voice cried at my elbow. It was Fred, and alone. I fairly threw my arms around him as I explained my plight and begged for a quarter. Laughingly he fixed me up, and with a prayer of thanks I boarded a train which was to leave for Philadelphia in a few minutes. I was well out of the city when I felt something hard in the lining of my vest. Wonderingly I fished it out and looked at it.

"IT WAS A QUARTER!"

The Challenge of DeBoishebert

An Incident in the Courtship of Henri DeBoishebert and Genevieve DeRamezay, the daughter of the Governor

BY MARION MCCLURE STEWART

IN the midst of the brilliant throng that filled the salons of the Governor, De Boishebert moved to take his place in the dance. Clad in a costume of wine colour ruffled with gold lace with the Order of St. Louis shining on his breast, he bore himself with his usual grace; yet a shadow was visible on his brow. Silently he led his partner through the stately measures of the minuet, his glance wandering as if in search of some one in the long room.

The candles from their sconces in the tapestried wall threw a soft glow over the delicate gowns of the ladies, pale blue, saffron, white and rose colour embroidered with gold and silver lace and ornamented with jewels, as they swayed to and fro in the dance, the dress swords and shoe buckles of the gallants gleaming in the subdued light. The occasion was a brilliant one, the anniversary of the repulse of the Bostonnais' attack of 1709, to celebrate which De Vaudreuil had made the journey from Quebec to Ville Marie. On the dais at the end of the ball-room His Excellency surrounded by the Governor, Claude de Ramezay, his host and members of his suite, smiled his approval upon the assembly.

The minuet came to an end. De Boishebert made his partner a low bow and moved away with an uncertain step. His eye searched the maze of dancers till it fell on the slender form of a girl whose golden hair gleamed like an aureole in the candle-light. Dressed in white shimmering satin embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis and laced with saffron colour, a white ruff supporting her dainty throat, she moved slowly with an exquisite grace, the fairest maid in Ville Marie, the daughter of the Governor.

De Boishebert's glance kindled as it fell on her. Here lay the secret of his discomfiture. He, Henri Deschamps de Boishebert, the dashing young Capitaine de la Marine, a representative of one of the old families of France, had been snubbed and frowned upon by the lady of his choice. A flush rose on his cheek as she passed him on the arm of De Montigny, who bent towards her with an air of protective tenderness not conducive towards allaying the anger of his rival.

As it searched the assembly, De Vaudreuil's keen eye noted the glowering looks of the young man, to which he playfully drew the attention of De Ramezay.

"Our valiant Capitaine seems distraite this evening. What ill wind has ruffled the young cock's feathers? We will trust another embassy to Quebec will distract his thoughts speedily enow."

De Ramezay smiled but made no reply as his eye followed with some fatherly pride the steps of his daughter Genevieve who was moving to take her place in the quadrille.

De Boishebert stood irresolute watching the dance, his handsome face drawn into haughty lines of resentment. She had refused to dance with him; yet as she passed she had flung him such a smile as had caused him to forgive her. Conscious of the curious glances of his comrades, he hastened to seek a partner for the dance. A minute later his eyes met those of Mlle. de Ramezay as he touched the

tips of her fingers in the quadrille.

"Monsieur!" Her demureness held a note of raillery. "One would think we feared an invasion of the Bostonnais, to warrant so serious a mood."

"It is not only the Bostonnais whose wiles are to be feared, Mademoiselle," he made answer, not without a tinge of bitterness.

Her colour rose at the retort.

"In truth, Monsieur, our courtiers of New France must cross the seas to Versailles to learn true gallantry."

She turned to De Montigny, who claimed her hand at this juncture.

"I am weary of the dance," she said. "Monsieur, let us seek the cool of the moonlit terrace."

De Montigny bowed and offered her his arm. As they passed by him, De Boishebert caught the smile of triumph in his eyes, and his blood grew hot within him. The smile to him was a challenge. He wished it to be a challenge. He made his way through the assembly and directed his steps towards an adjoining salon, whence some of the young seigneurs had sought a respite from the crowded ball-room and were amusing themselves with cards and wine. His entrance was at once a signal of comment. He was hailed from all quarters by good-natured banter, which he bore with unflinching good humour till the appearance of De Montigny upon the scene attracted his attention.

"Messieurs," said M. le Comte de Mesy, "I pledge you a toast. Here's to the lilies of New France."

De Boishebert bowed as he held his wine-glass to his lips.

"I propose another toast," said De Montigny stepping forward. "Here's to the fairest lily of New France, a lily I would fain wear even in my heart."

The shadow darkened in De Boishebert's face. He alone of the assembled group did not raise his glass to his lips.

"Monsieur," he said, between his teeth, "I hurl your insolence in your face, thus!" So saying he knocked from De Montigny's hand the suspended glass which shattered into a hundred fragments. Awestruck, no sound escaped from the lips of the astonished company. De Montigny, on whose waistcoat the wine had made a crimson stain, turned white with rage.

"Monsieur," he said, his voice shaking as he drew his sword, "I accept your challenge, here and now."

De Boishebert's attitude was now one of satisfied composure. He smiled as he replied:

"It is what I desire above all things, Monsieur. M. le Comte, may I call upon your services?"

De Mesy bowed in silence. He was uneasy as to the propriety of the time and place, and would have desired to avert the quarrel if he had seen it impending.

In a few minutes the necessary details were arranged. The doors were closed leading to the ball-room and a guard stationed before them. The two men saluted each other before the word was given to engage. They were well fitted to compete, for the skill of each had been widely tested.

With gathering excitement the onlookers watch-

ed the sword play. Now the advantage appeared to be De Boishebert's, now De Montigny's, whose white heat had given way to a deadly calm, more dangerous. De Boishebert, whose lithe, graceful form was in contrast to his opponent's burly proportions, called forth much unwonted admiration by his skilful parries and repulses. Not once did De Montigny's blade touch him, though more than once the latter suffered pricks from his companion's point which goaded him to fury. His play became wilder and more desperate as De Boishebert's caution increased. In vain did he endeavour to prick him with his point. Suddenly De Boishebert swerved and caught his opponent off his guard. The point entered his shoulder from which the blood trickled onto the ruffles of his white shirt.

"A l'outrance," cried De Montigny, renewing his attack. There was a deadly vengeance in his eye.

Above the noise of the sword play, no sound broke the stillness in the room. From the ball-room sweet strains of fairy-like music came faintly to their unheeding ears when there was a movement in the tapestried wall opposite the door. The tapestry moved suddenly, disclosing a hidden door unknown to any but the inmates of the chateau. From this issued the figure of a young girl whose sweet grey eyes dilated with horror as her cheeks blanched at the scene before her.

"Messieurs, for the love of our Lady I pray you desist," she cried, pressing her hands over her heart. She turned her eyes beseechingly to the little group of cavaliers who alone had noted her entrance. The swordsmen seemed blind and deaf to all but the deadly purpose they had in hand. As Genevieve looked an inspiration seized her. Darting forward, she laid her hand on De Boishebert's arm.

"Monsieur, I pray you desist. He is the bravest who lays down his sword because a woman asks."

De Boishebert's sword dropped as with a perceptible start he saw her for the first time. De Montigny seemed not to have heard the hurried words of entreaty. He only saw before his fevered vision the man who had insulted him. His sword leaped forward, the point aimed at De Boishebert's heart, but as it flashed through the air, Genevieve de Ramezay with a cry flung herself before him. The point entered her side, and she swayed like a drooping lily, her hand pressed to her heart. On the white bodice of her gown a red spot became visible.

"Mon Dieu!" cried De Montigny, springing forward like a man awakened from a dream.

"Mademoiselle, ma petite!" He clasped his hands in an agony of remorse, but De Boishebert waved him aside. With a groan he caught her in his arms.

"Genevieve, my love, speak to me!" In that short minute his face seemed to have aged, so white and set had it grown. He moistened her lips with brandy that De Mesy held in readiness. Again he said, "Genevieve, speak to me!" There was agony in his voice. In the room there was an ominous stillness, as the little group of gallants, silent, awestruck, gathered about the two men so lately foes, now united by a common grief.

Slowly her eyes opened and rested upon De Boishebert as he bent over her.

"Art thou safe?" she said sighing.

"Thou wilt live, Genevieve—for me," he entreated.

She smiled and the tenderness of her glance was more speaking than words; for it held the secret of a woman's love.

Thus it was that Henri de Boishebert won the hand of the fairest maid in Ville Marie.