

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE. GROSSET & DUNLAP, Publishers, New York.

(Continued.)

"Oh, you need not look so wily-faced; I have no warrant for your arrest. I dare say you are as great a rogue as he, but the order says nothing about you. Don't swoon away; you are in no peril."

I was stung to be thought such a craven, but I pocketed the insult, and merely answered:

"I assure you, monsieur, I know naught of the matter. Yesterday I would have blurted out to him the whole truth; decidedly my experiences were teaching me something."

"Come now, I can't fool about here all day," he said impatiently. "Tell me where that precious master of yours is now. And be quicker about it than this old maid."

Maitre Menard, then, had told nothing—staunch old loyalist. He knew perfectly that M. le Comte had gone home, and they had throttled him, and yet he had not told. Well, he should not lose by it.

"Monsieur is about the streets somewhere. On my life, I know not where. But I know he will be back here to supper."

"Oh, you don't know, do you? Then perhaps Gaspard can quicken your memory."

At the word the soldier who had attended to Maitre Menard came over to me and said to me how I felt to be hanged, I said to myself that if I had talked like a dastard I was not one, and every time he let me speak I gasped, "I don't know." The room was black to me, and the sea roared in my ears, and I wondered what Maitre had done well to tell the lie. For

"Oh, M. Etienne!" I gasped, in agony that my pain had been for nothing. Now all was lost. Then the blur lifted, and my amazed eye beheld not my master, but—Lucas!

"How now, airah!" he cried to the dragon. "Hands off me, knave!" For the second soldier had seized his other arm.

"I regret to inconvenience monsieur," the captain answered, "but he is wanted at the Bastille."

"Wanted?!" Lucas cried, fear flashing into his eyes.

He felt an instant's terror. I deem, less Mayenne had betrayed him. Quick as he was, he did not see that he had been taken for another man.

"You, monsieur. You are wanted for the murder of your man, Ponton."

He grew white, looking instinctively at me, remembering where I had been at three o'clock this morning.

"It is a lie! He let my service a month back and I have never seen him since."

"Tell that to the judges," the captain said, as he had said to me. "I am not trying you. The hands off me."

One of them produced a pair. Lucas struggled frantically in his captors' grasp. He dragged them from one end of the room to the other, calling down all the curses of Heaven upon them; but they escaped the handcuffs on for all that.

"If this is Mayenne's work," he panted.

The officer caught nothing but the name Mayenne.

"The boy said you were a friend to his Grace, monsieur, but orders are orders. I

you make a mistake. On my sacred word, you mistake; this is not—"

"Get out!" cried the captain, helping him along with his boot. Maitre Menard fell rather than walked out of the door.

A gray line came over Lucas's face. His first fright had given way to fury at perceiving himself the victim of a mistake, but now alarm was born in his eyes again. Was it, after all, a mistake? This obtuse diabolical in his assertion, this ordering away of all who could swear to his identity—was it not rather a plot for his ruin? He swallowed hard once or twice, fear gripping his throat harder than ever the dragon's fangs had gripped mine. Certainly he was not the Comte de Mar; but then he was the man who had killed Ponton.

"If this is a plot against me, say so!" he cried. "If you have orders to arrest me, do so. But arrest me by the name of Paul de Lorraine, not of Etienne de Mar."

"The name of Etienne de Mar will do," the captain returned; "we have no fancy for aliases at the Bastille."

"It is a plot!" Lucas cried.

"It is a warrant; that is all I know about it."

"But I am not Comte de Mar," Lucas repeated.

His uneasy conscience had numbed his wit. In his dread of a plot he had done little to dissipate an error. But now he pulled himself together; error or intention, he would act as if he knew it must be so.

"My captain, you have made a mistake likely to cost you your shoulder-strap. I

Lucas gazed at him as if to tear out of him the truth of the matter. I think he was still a prey to suspicion of a plot in this, and it paralyzed his tongue. He so reeked with intrigue that he smelted one wherever he went. He was much too clever to believe that this arresting officer was simply thick-witted.

"I say no more," he cried. "You may spare yourself your lies, the whole crew of you. I go as your prisoner, but I go as Paul de Lorraine, son of Henry, Duke of Guise."

He said it with a certain superciliousness; but the young captain, bourgeois of the bourgeoisie, did not mean to let himself be put down by any sprig of the noblesse.

"Certainly, if it is any comfort to you," he retorted. "But you are very dull, monsieur, not to be aware that your identity is known perfectly to others besides your lackey here and my man. I did not come to arrest you without a minute description of you from M. de Belin himself."

(To be continued.)

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AWFUL STREET CAR ACCIDENT

PROVIDENCE, June 3.—The most disastrous street railway wreck in the history of Rhode Island occurred early today, by which eleven people were killed and many others injured.

A heavy fifteen-seated open car, which had been chartered by a local Catholic society, was derailed at Moore's Corner. The track curves sharply at that point at the foot of a long grade. The motorman, who was not familiar with the road, was unaware of the curve and allowed the car to coast down the hill. When it reached the curve it jumped with such force that it was hurled into the road twenty feet from the track, where it fell on its side between

a tree and a guide post. The list of dead and injured as far as known is as follows: George Atchison, 20 years, 26 Walnut street, Thornton (R. I.); Edward F. Brennan, 18 years, 5 Peter street, Cranston (R. I.); Alice Franklin, 17 years, School street, Thornton; Enrico Gamboni, 23 years, Fletcher avenue, Thornton; John Gavin, 20 years, 860 Chalkstone street, Providence; Angelo Germani, 30 years, 280 Pocomet street, Thornton; Gustave Guerin, 25 years, 85 Julian street, Olneyville (R. I.); William W. Lathier, 27 years, 320 Fountain avenue, Thornton; Bertha M. Kelley, 18 years, 1 Maple avenue, Thornton; John Schneider, 19 years, 24 Tuxedo avenue, Olneyville; Ethel Whitely, 19 years, 23 Marvin street, Providence.

The following are the more seriously injured, who remained at the hospitals: Frank Douglas, Providence; shoulder

fractured and leg lacerated. James Saunders, Providence, contusions of knees and hip. Joseph J. McQuade, conductor of the wrecked car, Providence; scalp wound and slight internal injuries. Pasquale Di Sabato, Providence; scalp wound and contusions. Ernest Lamothe, Providence; left thigh fractured. Stella Lamothe, Providence; fracture of right elbow and contusions. Annie Wilkinson, Victoria Mount, fracture at base of skull, will probably die. Pasquale Arbiz, Providence; scalp wound and contusions. Thomas Kelley, Providence; serious injuries to head and body. Thomas Kelley, Providence; serious injuries to back and pelvis. Camille Turcotte, Providence; contusions of back and pelvis.

The following, after receiving treatment at the hospitals were taken to their homes: James Magee, Pawtucket; bruises on back. James McCrystal, Pawtucket; slight. Jay Burns, Providence; side hurt, leg and body bruised. Catherine Keenan, Providence; face and chest cut. Nellie Smith, Providence; hip injured. Alfred Zambano, Providence; severe bruises on head and body. Amelia Trainer, Thornton; arm broken. Lizzie Shaw, Thornton; back and neck injured. Pasquale Polondo, Providence; contusions. Thomas Campbell, Pawtucket; head cut and bruised. Oscar H. Smith, Pawtucket; slight. Ernest Mott, Thornton; both legs broken. Alice Hargraves, Providence; legs injured. Bertha Hardacre, Providence; internal injuries. Mrs. Myra Wilson, Thornton; head and hips crushed; internal injuries; may prove fatal.



"I could only choke and pant!"

Back I said that my master was in the Hotel St. Quentin, still these fellows would have found it no easy job to take him. Vagos might not be ready to defend Mille de Montic, but he would defend Monsieur's hair to the last gasp. Yet I would not yield before the choking Maitre Menard, and without and I stuck to my lie. Then I thought me, while the room wheeled about me and my head seemed like a burst, that perchance if they should keep me here a captive for M. le Comte's arrival he might really follow to see what had become of me. I turned sick with the fear of it, and resolved on the truth. But Gaspard's last gutlet-gripe had robbed me of the power to speak. I could only pant and choke. As I struggled painfully for wind, the door was flung open before a tall young man in black. Through the haze that hung before my vision I saw the soldier seize him as he crossed the threshold. Through the noise of voices I heard the captain's cry of triumph.

have the warrant for your arrest from M. le Belin."

"At whose instigation?"

"How should I know? I am a soldier of the guard. I have naught to do with it but to arrest you."

"Let me see the warrant."

"I am not obliged to. But I will, though. It may quiet your bluster."

He took out the warrant and held it at a safe distance before Lucas's eyes. A great light broke in on that rascal's face.

"Mille sonneres! I am not the Comte de Mar!"

"Oh, you say that now, do you? Pity you had not thought of it sooner."

"But I am not the Comte de Mar! I am Paul de Lorraine, nephew to my Lord Mayenne."

"Why don't you say straight out that you're the Duc de Guise?"

"I am not the Duc de Guise," Lucas returned with dignity. He must have been cursing himself that he had not given his name sooner. "But I am his brother."

"You take me for a fool?"

"Aye, who still hang for his folly!"

"You must think me a fool," the captain repeated. "The Duke of Guise's eldest brother is but seventeen."

"I did not say I was legitimate."

"Oh, you did not say that? You did not know, then, that I could read off the ages of every Lorraine of them all. No, M. de Mar, I am not so simple as you think. You will come along with me to the Bastille. If I have you broken on the wheel for this," Lucas started. "I am no more Comte de Mar than I am King of Spain. Speak up, you old turncoat, he shouted to Maitre Menard. "Am I he?"

Poor Maitre Menard had dropped down on his iron box, too limp and sick to know what was going on. He only stared helplessly.

"Speak, rascal," Lucas cried. "Am I Comte de Mar?"

"No," the maitre answered in low, faltering tones. He was at the point of pain and fear. "No, monsieur officer, it is as he says. He is not the Comte de Mar."

"Who is he, then?"

"I know not," the maitre stammered. "He came here last night. But it is as he says—he is not the Comte de Mar."

"Take care, mine host," the officer retorted; "you're lying."

I could not wonder at him; if I had not been in a position to know otherwise, I had thought myself the maitre was lying.

"If you had spoken at first I might have believed you," the captain said, bestowing a kick on him. "Get out of here, old man, before I cram your lie down your throat. And clear your people away from the door. I'll not walk through a mob. Send every man Jack about his business, or it will be the worse for him. And every woman Jill too."

"M. le Capitaine," Maitre Menard quavered, rising unsteadily to his feet,

tell you I am not Mar; the landlord, who knows him well, tells you I am not Mar. Ask those fellows M. de Mar; ask these thin people. They will one and all tell you I am not he. Ask that boy there; even he dares not say to my face that I am."

His eyes met mine, and I could see that, even in the moment of challenging me, he repented. He believed that I would give the lie. But the dragon who was bending over him, relieving him of his sword-belt, started me the necessity.

"Captain, you need give yourself no uneasiness; this is the Comte right enough. I live in the Quarter Marria, and I have seen this gentleman a score of times riding with M. de St. Quentin."

Lucas, at this unexpected testimony, looked so taken aback that the captain burst out laughing.

"Yes, my dear monsieur, it is a little hard for M. de Mayenne's nephew—a nephew, are you not?—to explain how he comes to ride with the Duc de St. Quentin."

"He hes! I never rode out with M. de St. Quentin."

"Oh, come now. Really you waste a great deal of breath," the captain said. "I regret the cruel necessity of arresting you, M. de Mar; but there is nothing gained by blustering about it. I usually know what I am about."

"You do not know! Nam de dien, you do not know! Felix Bruns, speak up there. If you have told him behind my back that I am Etienne de Mar, I defy you to say it to my face."

"I know nothing about it, monsieur. I repeated my little refrain. "Monsieur captain, remember, if you please, I never saw him till yesterday; he may be Paul de Lorraine for all I know. But he did not call himself that yesterday."

"You hullo!" Lucas cried.

"Go tell Lucas to drive up to the cabaret door, Gaspard," bade the captain.

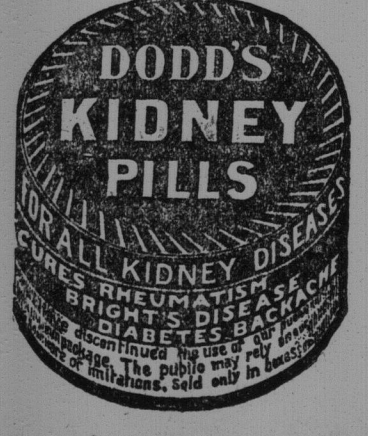
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