MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

The Helmet of Navarre

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

(Continued.)

"M. de St. Quentin, though he has not fought for you, Sire, has ever been wholeheartedly loyal."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" the king exclaimed. "He is either an incredible loyalist or an incredible ass!"

Even the grave Rosny smiled, and the victim laughed as he defended himself.

"That my loyalty may be credible, Sire, I make haste to say that I had never seen mademoiselle till this hour."

"I know not whether to think better of you for that, or worse," the king retorted. "Had I been in your place, beshrew me but I should have seen her."

Monsieur smiled and was silent, with anxious eyes on mademoiselle.

M. de St. Quentin withdrew to Picardie, Sire, but M. de Mar stayed in Paris. And my cousin Mayenne never gave up entirely the notion of the marriage. He is very tenacious of his plans."

"Aye," said the king, with a grimace. "Well I know."

"He blew hot and cold with M. de Mar. He favored the marriage on Sunday and scouted it on Wednesday and discussed it again on Friday."

"And what were M. de Mar's opinions?"

She met his probing gaze blushing but candid.

"M. de Mar, Sire, favored it every day in the week."

"I'll swear he did!" the king cried.

"When M. le Duc came back to Paris," mademoiselle went on, "and it was known he had espoused your cause, Sire, Mayenne was so loath to lose the whole house of St. Quentin to you that he offered to marry me out of hand to M. de Mar. And he refused."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" Henry cried. "We will marry you to a king's son. On my honor, mademoiselle—"

"Sire," she pleaded, "you promised to hear me."

"That I will, then. But I warn you I am out of patience with these St. Quentins."

"Then you are out of patience with devotion to your cause, Sire."

"What! you speak for the recreants?"

"I assure you, Sire, you have no more loyal servant than M. de Mar."

"Strange, I cannot recollect the face of my so loyal servant," the king said dryly.

But she, with a fine scorn of argument, made the audacious answer:

"When you see it you will like it, Sire"

"Not half so well as I like yours, mademoiselle, I promise you; But he comes to me well commended, since you vouch for him. Or rather, he does not come. What is this ardent follower doing so long away from me? Where the devil does this eager partizan keep himself? St. Quentin, where is your son?"

"He had been with you long ago, Sire, but for the bright eyes of a lady of the League. And now she comes to tell me—my page tells me—he is in the Bastille."

"Ventre-saint-gris! And how has that calamity befallen?"

She hesitated a moment, embarrased by her very wealth of matter, confused between her longing to set the whole case before the king, and her fear of wearying his patience. But his glance told her she needs have no misgiving. Had she come to present him Paris, he could not have been more interested.

In the little silence Monsieur found his moment and his words.

"Sire, may I interrupt mademoiselle? Last night, for the first time in a month, I saw my son. He was just returned from an adventure under her window. Mayenne's guard had set on him, and he was escaped by the skin of his teeth. He declared to me that never till he was slain should he cease endeavor to win Mlle. de Montluc. And I? Marry, I ate my words in humblest fashion. After three years I made my surrender. Since you are his one desire, mademoiselle, then are you my one desire. I bade him God-speed."

She gave her hand to Monsieur, sudden tears welling over her lashes.

"Monsieur, I thought to-night I had no friends. And I have so many!"

"Mademoiselle," the king cried in the same breath, "fear not. I will get you your lover if I sell France for him."

She brushed the tears away and smiled on him.

"I have no fear Sire. With you and M. de St. Quentin to save him, I can have no fear. But he is in desperate case. Has M. de St. Quentin told you of his secretary Lucas, my cousin Paul de Lorraine?"

"Aye," said the king, "it is a dolorous topic—very painful! Eh, Rosny?"

"I do not shrink from my pains, Sire," M. de Rosny answered quietly. "I hold myself much to blame in this matter. I thought I knew the Lucases root and branch—I did not discover that a daughter of the house had ever been a friend to Henry de Guise."

"And how should you discover it?" the king demanded. He had made the attack; now, since Rosny would not resent it, he rushed himself to the defence. "How were you to dream it? Henri de Guise's side was the last place to look for a girl of the Religion. But I forgive him. If he stole a Rochelaise, we have avenged it deep; we have stolen the flower of Lorraine."

"Paul Lucas—Paul de Lorraine," she went on eagerly, "was put into M. le Duc's house to kill him. He went all the more willingly that he believed M de Mar to be my favored suitor. He tried to draw M de Mar into the scheme, to ruin him. He failed. And the whole plot came to naught."

"I have learned that," the king said. "I have been told how a country boy stripped his mask off."

He glanced around suddenly at me where I stood red and abashed. He was so quick that he grasped everything at half a word. Instantly he had turned to the lady again. "Pray continue dear mademoiselle."

"Afterward—that is, yesterday—Paul went to M. de Belin and swore against M. de Mar that he had murdered a lackey in his house in the Rue Coupejarrets. The lackey was murdered there, but Paul de Lorraine did it. The man knew the plot; Paul killed him to stop his tongue. I heard him confess it to M. de Mayenne. Lucas and this Felix Broux were in the oratory and heard it."

"Then M. de Mar was arrested?"

"Not then. The officers missed him. Today he came to our house, dressed as an Italian jeweller, with a case of trinkets to sell. Madame admitted him; no one knew him but me and my chambermate. On the way out, Mayenne met him and kept him while he chose a jewel. Paul de Lorraine was there too. I was like to die of fear. I went in to M. de Mayenne; I begged him to come out with me to supper, to dismiss the tradespeople that I might talk with him there—anything. But it availed not. M. de Mayenne spoke freely before them, as one does before common folk. Presently he led me to supper. Paul was left alone with M. de Mar and the boy. He recognized them. He was armed, and they were not, but they overbore him and locked him up in the closet."

"Mordieu, mademoiselle! I was to rescue M. de Mar for your sake, but now I will do it for his own. I find him much to my liking. He came away clear, mademoiselle?"

"Aye, to be seized in the street by the governor's men. When M. de Mayenne found how he had been tricked, Sire, he blazed with rage."

"I'll warrant he did!" the king answered, suppressing, however, in deference to her distress, his desire to laugh. "Ventre-saint-gris, mademoiselle! forgive me if this amuses me here at St. Denis. I trow it was not amusing in the Hotel de Lorraine."

"He sent for me, Sire," she went on, blanching at the memory; "he accused me of shielding M. de Mar. It was true. He called me liar, traitor, wanton. He said I was false to my house, to my bread, to my honor. He said I had smiling lips and a Judas-heart—that I had kissed him and betrayed him. I had given him my promise never to hold intercourse with M. de Mar again, I had given my word to be true to my house. M. de Mar came by no will of mine. I had no inkling of such purpose till I beheld him before madame and her ladies. He came to entreat me to fly—to wed him. I denied him, Sire. I sent him away. But was I to say to the guard, 'This way, gentlemen. This is my lover?'"

"Mademoiselle," the king exclaimed, "good hap that you have turned your back on the house of Lorraine. Here, if we are but rough soldiers, we know how to tender you."

"It was not for myself I came," she said more quietly. "My lord had the right to chasten me. I am his ward, and I did deceive him. But while he foamed at me came word of M. de Mar's capture. Then Mayenne swore he should pay for this dear. He said he should be found guilty of the murder. He said plenty of witnesses would swear to it. He said M. de Mar should be tortured to make him confess."

With an oath Monsieur sprang forward.

"Aye," she cried, starting up, "he swore M. de Mar should suffer the preparatory and the previous, the estrapade and the brodekin!"

"He dare not," the king shouted. "Mordieu, he dare not!"

"Sire," she cried, "you can promise him that for every blow he strikes Etienne de Mar you will strike me two. Mar is in his hands, but I am in yours. For M. de Mar, unhurt, you will deliver him me, unhurt. If he torture Mar, you will torture me."

"Mademoiselle," the king cried, "rather shall he torture every chevalier in France than I touch a hair of your head!"

"Sire—" the word died away in a sigh; like a snapt rose she fell at his feet.

The king was quick, but Monsieur quicker. On his knees beside her, raising her head on his arm, he commanded me:

"Up-stairs, Felix! The door at the back—bid Dame Verney come instantly.

I flew, and was back to find him risen, holding mademoiselle in his arms. Her hair lay loose over his shoulders like a rippling flag; her lashes clung to her cheeks as they would never lift more.

"St. Quentin," his Majesty was saying, "I would have married her to a prince. But since she wants your son she shall have him, ventre-saint-gris, if I storm Paris tomorrow!" And as Monsieur was carrying her from the room, the king bent over and kissed her.

"Mademoiselle has dropped a packet from her dress," M de Rosny said. "Will you take it, St. Quentin?"

The king, who was nearest, turned to pass it to him; at the sight of it he uttered his dear "ventre-saint-gris!" It was a flat, oblong packet, tied about with common twine, the seal cut out. The king twitched the string off, and with one rapid glance at the papers put them into Monsieur's hand.

"Take them, St. Quentin; they are yours."

(To be continued.)

"I would have married her to a prince!" His Majesty was saying.

Physicians prescribe it.

Abbey's Salt is regularly ordered by physicians in place of Citrate of Magnesia, Seidlitz Powders, Epsom Salts, Liver Pills and Mineral Waters.

The medical profession at large recognizes the fact that Abbey's Salt is not only the ideal laxative and cure for Constipation, but is also a perfect tonic to purify the blood—correct stomach, liver and kidney troubles—and invigorate the whole system.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c. and 60c. a bottle.

BUSINESS GIRLS.

Need Rich, Red Blood to Stand Worry and Strain of Business Hours.

Business overtaxes a woman's strength. Weak, languishing girls fade under the strain. They risk health rather than lose employment and the loss of health means the loss of beauty. Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn a livelihood away from home in public offices, and business establishments are silent, suffering victims of overtaxed nerves and deficiency of strength because their blood supply is not equal to the strain placed upon them. Fragile, breathless and nervous, they work against time with never a rest when headaches and backaches make every hour like a day. Little wonder their cheeks lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin. Their eyes are dull shrunken and weary; their beauty slowly but surely fades. Business girls and women look older than their years because they need the frequent help of a true blood-making, strengthening medicine to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are actual food to the starved nerves and tired brains of business women. They actually make the rich red blood that imparts the bloom of youth and glow of health to women's cheeks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits and make the day's duties lighter. Twelve months ago Miss Mary Cadwell, who lives at 49 Maynard street, Halifax, N. S., was run down. The least exertion would tire her out. Her appetite was poor and fickle, and frequent headaches added to her distress. The doctor treated her for anaemia, but without apparent results. A relative advised her to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using but six boxes she says she feels like an altogether different person. She can now eat her meals with zest, the color has returned to her cheeks and she feels better and stronger in every way.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness just as food cures hunger. That is how they cured Miss Cadwell and it is just by making rich red blood that they cure such common ailments as indigestion, rheumatism, headaches and backaches, kidney trouble, neuralgia and the special ailments which make miserable the lives of so many women and young girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MONCTON NEWS

MONCTON, June 25—There is said to be considerable dissatisfaction among I. C. R. employes here over a new regulation recently put into force with reference to the giving out of checks at morning and noon hours. Under the new system the men in the shops are compelled to be on hand at the check office considerably earlier than formerly if they wish to avoid the loss of time. Under the old system the checks could be distributed about as fast as the men could pass through the check office. Employes in many cases simply got their own checks and thus saved time. The new system, however, does away with this rule and the men are now compelled to take their place in line as they arrive. The iron workers pass through the check office on one side and the woodworkers on the other and the checks are handed out from one window on either side by two clerks. As there are from seven hundred to a thousand employes to receive checks this process occupies some time and employes who wish to guard against loss of time are compelled to be on hand anywhere from twenty minutes to half an hour before the hour of beginning work. Where the men were able to start for work eighteen minutes before the hour they now have to leave home half an hour before time or run the risk of losing an hour. On Friday morning last forty men who had arrived at the check office within reasonable time were locked out and unable to get their checks. Naturally this has aroused much indignation and there is a strong feeling against the new order which has been the cause of much loss of time. A petition is now being circulated among the employes and will be forwarded to the minister of railways asking for a return to the former system. It is being generally signed and the employes believe the minister will see the reasonableness of their claim.

George Nugent, of St. John, is spending a few days in the city with his brother, J. B. Nugent. The marriage of Robert R. Kinread, manager of the Record Foundry & Machine Co. at Winnipeg to Miss Edith B. Mitchell, daughter of Robt. Mitchell, of the I. C. R. here will take place in the Central Methodist church on Wednesday at twelve o'clock. The young couple will leave after the ceremony for their future home in Winnipeg.

A. M. McLellan, of the I. C. R. engineering office, leaves tomorrow for Fredericton to be present at the marriage of his brother W. A. B. McLellan, to Miss Frances Palmer, daughter of John M. Palmer.

A well known citizen was poisoned a few days ago as the result of eating canned goods. Under medical treatment he has now recovered from his sickness.

The men's union of St. John's church will run an excursion to Grindstone Island at Hillsboro on the Wilford C. on July 2nd.

The first church Sunday school picnic of the season will be held at Point du Chene by St. John's church on July 5th.

BOOK MAKERS MAKE BIG PROFITS

Toronto, June 26—A clear profit of $4,116.25 in twenty-four days is what the authorities have concluded one hand book made for its owners in Toronto recently. The calculation is made from the figures contained in a book seized during the recent raid. In this same book it is clearly demonstrated that in the same time more than $25,000 was received.

Besides the money paid out to those who held the winning tickets, the salaries of clerks and agents have been deducted before the profit mark of $4,116.25 was reached.

Of the larger books, it has been reckoned that they each brought $1,000 to their owners in hard cash each week.

Of the smaller dealers, one of the statistical hand books shows its owner to have cleared $9,000 in less than three months. Probably twenty-five books have shown profits of the larger class, while more have lesser earnings.

Curiously enough, the average individual bet is only about $2, though some go as high as $50 and even $75.

Miss Josephine Haley, who returned home last night, was the only St. John student to graduate at the Sacred Heart Academy, Halifax, this year.

A Preparation Sale.

Goods that will be in demand for Dominion Day have been arranged for easy selection, and at prices that will be easy on the pocket.

A LARGE LOT OF LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST SUITS AT SPECIAL PRICES

Percale Shirt-waist Suits at $2.25 Each.
Blue Spotted Duck, prettily made in good style, at $2.25 Each.
Navy Duck in Neat Designs and Attractive Styles, at $3.38 Each.
Linen Shirt-Waist Suits at $3.75 and $5.65.
Chambray Suits at $4.00
Shepherd Plaid Suits, Trimmed with Lace, $4.85 Each.
Linen Suits, Trimmed with Lace, $4.85 Each.
Fancy Knickerbocker Suits, very dainty in style and perfect fitting. from $6.75 to $9.
Specials in White Shirt-Waists for Dominion Day, 35c., 41c., 45c. and up to $6.75. Perhaps the best collection to be found in St. John.
Kersey Skirts, a Special Lot on Sale this week at $2.00 Each.
Light Weight Tweed Skirts, very handsome design, and made from all wool mill shrunken English Tweed, at $3.85 Each.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.,

59 Charlotte Street.

THAW TO RELY ON WHITE'S EVIL LIFE, FOR HIS DEFENCE

MRS. HARRY THAW

Special Correspondence of the Daily Telegraph.

New York, June 26—The murder of Standford White by Harry Thaw was the logical outcome of a certain kind of metropolitan "high life," the sort of life that is bred by the possession of much money and no rule of conduct.

It was inevitable that some day Harry Thaw should kill Standford White when he could nerve himself to do it. Thaw was a weakling, dependent entirely upon the millions of his ancestors. The only thing he ever did in the 36 years of his life, that called for any resource of his own, was to marry the girl with whom he was madly in love, Evelyn Nesbit, except to kill the man who had blighted her life when she was a child.

Standford White was the antipodes, in almost every respect, to Harry Thaw. He was big, strong, aggressive. He did things in the world. He achieved fame. His death is a distinct loss to the nation. Yet of the many who know, there is none that does not say "Standford White should not have expected anything else."

When Harry Thaw married Evelyn Nesbit, after having had her as his travelling companion through Europe, it is to be supposed that he knew all her previous history, or as much of it any way as was common gossip on the Rialto. He loved her devotedly. He was not of strong mind. He brooded and brooded over her previous acquaintance with White. He often met the famous architect. It is told on Broadway that Standford White would laugh in the face of the little millionaire weakling. Then Harry Thaw would drink himself to madness and drug himself to oblivion it was only a question of time.

No touch of scandal clouded the name of Evelyn Nesbit as the wife of Harry Thaw. She had no acquaintance with White for years. But always deep back in the mind of Harry Thaw was the spectre of Standford White, and when the big, jovial, bluff, successful man of the world openly jeered at him, the little rich man gritted his teeth in impotent rage.

So when Harry Thaw, half crazed by alcohol and opium, came to the psychological moment, he killed Standford White. That is the whole story.

It is this working of the human passions common to all, in the setting of this phase of modern metropolitan life, that gives the overshadowing public interest aroused by this slaying, rather than the prominence of the persons concerned.

New York has had no such murder story since the killing of Jim Fisk by Ed Stokes in the old Grand Central Hotel in 1872, and the Fisk-Stokes affair was raw and crude and bare of the human interest as compared to this case.

Stokes killed Fisk because each wanted the same woman, Josie Mansfield, to himself, and she wavered between one and the other. Thaw killed White because he believed that his wife, who was true to him, had been seduced by White before Thaw ever saw her.

"I saw my wife sitting there, pale, agitated," said Thaw. "I turned and saw that fat scoundrel sitting there, big and healthy." That was the key note of the situation. To his poor, disordered brain, Thaw was righting a wrong to the woman he loved, and as he undoubtedly considered it, to himself.

The public life and achievements of Standford White, descendant of one of the oldest Puritan families of New England, were known to the world. His private life was known to that world which revolves about the bright lights of Broadway. He was the typical New York combination of successful worker and man about town. His studio in the tower of Madison Square Garden, which he designed, and where he came to his retribution, was the envious gossip of the idle and pleasure-loving rich. Scenes that were enacted there were told about for months.

The downfall of "Town Topics," the salacious weekly, dated from a paragraph printed about "The girl in the red slippers," in connection with Standford White's studio. That girl, by the way, was like Evelyn Nesbit, a chorus girl, and is now the protege of one of the big "captains of finance."

An episode, which happened at the Grand Union Hotel a few years ago in which the police were brought in by the friends of a young girl, never found its way into print. Complaints which were made against Standford White to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, have never been alluded to publicly.

Harry Thaw's wife is one of the most beautiful women in the world. She is not yet 21. She came here at the age of 15, when her father, a Pittsburg lawyer, died leaving the family poor. Her beauty and figure, even at that tender age when most girls are at school, got her employment as an artist's model. Standford White saw her. He predicted for her a brilliant career on the stage, and offered to help her. He got her a place as a flower girl in the original production of "Florodora." Automobile rides, late suppers and the glamor of Broadway were the part of this girl of fifteen. And Standford White, the famous architect, the big elderly man of affairs, with a wife in his country home, a son at Harvard, and a studio in Madison Square Gardens, was her guardian and mentor.

Then came Thaw with his money and his lavish manner of spending it. After that were the two marriages, one abroad and another to satisfy the elder Mr. Thaw at Pittsburg. The young wife, it is said, started to fit herself for the new position in which she found herself and seemed to be doing fairly well along this line. But the remembrance of the earlier friendship of his wife for White would not down and, added to this, according to report, were taunts that were made to him by White whenever they met. This aroused Thaw to a fury that finally ended in murder.

The night story of the tragedy begins at the Cafe Martin, in the old Delmonico building. With his son and Truxton Beal, of California, White had dined on the terrace. Harry Thaw and his wife, with several other friends, were dining not far away, inside the main dining room.

This is Thaw's own story of what followed immediately, the only statement he has made:

He said: "We were all at a party at Martin's, and I was sitting some distance from my wife. Suddenly I saw her get very pale and begin to shiver and I thought she was ill. I made a motion to inquire what was the matter and she called a waiter and wrote a note which she sent around the table to me. The note said: 'That blackguard is here.' Then I turned and saw that fat scoundrel sitting there big and healthy; then I saw her and how she was."

The Thaws and White, as it turned out fatally for White, all went to the same place of amusement after the dinner at Martin's. No setting for the tragedy could have been more dramatic. It was on the roof of the Madison Square Garden—the building which he had always regarded as the crowning glory of his brilliant architectural career, almost beneath the windows of his famous studio in the tower that the architect and man about town, was shot to death last night by the young Pittsburg millionaire.

According to the most authentic story, Thaw had been looking for White at one of his clubs before he went to the roof garden, having been informed at the club that White had gone down to Madison Square Garden.

A few minutes prior to the shooting White was sitting about five seats away

(Continued from page 7.)

Bedding Plants

IN OUR USUAL ASSORTMENT.

P. E. CAMPBELL, Seedsman and Grower, 47 Germain Street, 'Phone 832

SOUR STOMACH: One dose of DR. SCOTT'S CATHARTIC AND LIVER PILLS, will give you relief. Pric
Put up by DR. SCOTT'S WHITE LINIMENT COMPANY