

"Turn to the Right."

CHAPTER I.

The death of the Prince of Conde, which occurred in the spring of 1588, by depriving me of my only patron, reduced me to such straits that the winter of that year, which saw the King of Navarre come to spend his Christmas at St. Jean d'Angely, saw also the nadir of my fortunes. I did not know at this time—I may confess it to-day with-out shame—whether to turn for a gold crown or a new scabbard, and neither had nor desired any hope of employment. The peace lately patched up at Blois between the King of France and the League persuaded many of the Huguenots that their final ruin was at hand; but it could not fill their exhausted treasury or enable them to put fresh troops into the field.

The death of the Prince had left the King of France without a rival in the affections of the Huguenots; the Vicomte de Turenne, whose turbulent ambition already began to make itself felt, and M. de Chatillon, ranking next to him. It was my ill-fortune, however, to be equally unknown to all three leaders, and as the month of December which saw me thus miserably straitened saw also reach the age of 40, which I regard, differing in that from many, as the grand climacteric of a man's life, it will be needless that I had need of all the courage which religion and a campaigner's life could supply.

I had been compelled some time before to sell all my horses except the black Sardinian with the white spot on its forehead; and now found myself obliged to part also with my valet de chambre and groom, whom I dismissed on the same day, paying them their wages with the last links of gold chain left to me. It was not without some dismay that I saw myself thus stripped of the appurtenances of a man of birth, and driven to groom my own horse under cover of night. But this was not the worst. My dress, which suffered inevitably from this menial employment, began in no long time to bear witness to the change in my circumstances; so that on the day of the King of Navarre's entrance into St. Jean I dared not face the crowd, always quick to remark the poverty of those above them, but was fain to keep within doors and wear out my patience in the garret of the cutter's house in the Rue de la Contellerie, which was all the lodging I could now afford.

Pardieu, 'tis a strange world! Strange that time seems to me; more strange compared with this. My reflections on that day, I remember, were of the most melancholy. Look at it how I would, I could not but see that my life's spring was over. The crows' feet were gathering about my eyes, and my moustachios, which seemed with each day of ill-fortune to stand out more fiercely in proportion as my face grew leaner, were already gray. I was out at elbows, with empty pockets, and a sword which peered through the sheath. The meanest ruffian who, with broken leather and tarnished lace, swaggered at the heels of Turenne, was scarcely to be distinguished from me. I had still, it is true, a rock and a few barren acres in Brittany, the last remains of the family property; but the small runs which the peasants could afford to pay were sent annually to Paris, to mother, who had no other dower. And this I would not touch, being minded to die a gentleman, even if I could not live in that estate.

Small as were my expectations of success, since I had no one at the King's side to help my business, nor any friend at court, I nevertheless did all I could, in the only way that occurred to me. I drew up a petition, and lying in wait one day for M. Forget, the King of Navarre's secretary, placed it in his hand, begging him to lay it before that prince. He took it, and promised to do so, smoothly, and with as much lip-civility as I had a right to expect. But the careless manner in which he dealt up and thrust away the paper on which I had spent as much labor, no less the covert sneer of his valet, who ran after me to get the customary present—and ran, as I still blush to remember, in vain—warned me to refrain from hope.

In this, however, having little save hope left, I failed so signally as to spend the next day and the day after in a fever of alternate confidence and despair, the cold following the hot with perfect regularity. At length, on the morning of the third day—I remember it lacked but three of Christmas—I heard a step on the stairs. My landlord living in his shop, and the evening floors being empty, I had no doubt the message was for me, and went outside the door to receive it, my first glance at the messenger confirming me in my highest hopes, as well as in all I had ever heard of the generosity of the King of Navarre. For by chance I knew the youth to be one of the royal pages; a saucy fellow who had a day or two before cried "Old Clothes" after me in the street. I was vainly endeavoring to recall it; so that I drew the happiest augury as to the contents of the note he bore from the politeness with which he presented it to me.

I would not, however, run the risk of a mistake, and before holding out my hand, I asked him directly and with formality if it was for me.

"He answered, with the utmost respect, that it was for the Sieur de Marzac, and for me if I were he."

"There is an answer, perhaps?" I said, seeing that he lingered.

"The King of Navarre, sir," he replied, "with a low bow, 'will receive your answer in person, I believe.' And with that, replacing the hat which he had doffed out of respect to me, he turned and went down the stairs."

Returning to my room, and looking the door, I hastily opened the missive, which was sealed with a large seal and wore every appearance of importance. I found its contents to exceed all my expectations. The King of Navarre desired me to wait on him at noon on the following day, and to be concluded with such expressions of kindness and good-will as left me in no doubt of the prince's intentions. I read it, I confess, with emotions of joy and gratitude which would better have become a younger man, and then cheerfully sat down to spend the rest of the day in making such improvements in my dress as seemed possible. With a thankful heart I concluded that I had now escaped from poverty, at any rate from such poverty as is disgraceful to a gentleman; and consoled myself for the meanness of the appearance I must make at court with the reflection that a day or two would mend both habit and fortune.

Accordingly, it was with a stout heart that I left my lodgings a few minutes before noon next morning, and walked toward the castle. It was some time since I had made to public appearance in the streets, and the visit of the King of Navarre's court had filled with an unusual crowd, and I could not help fancying as I passed that some of the loiterers eyed me with a covert smile; and, indeed, I was shabby enough. But finding that a frown more than sufficed to restore the gravity of these gentry, I set down the appearance to my own self-consciousness, and, stroking my moustach-

ois, strode along boldly until I saw before me, and coming to meet me, the same page who had delivered the note.

He stopped in front of me with an air of consequence, and making me a low bow—whereat I saw the bystanders stare, for he was as gay a young spark as maid-of-honor could desire—he begged me to hasten, as the king awaited me in his closet.

"He has asked for you twice, sir," he continued importantly, the feather of his cap almost sweeping the ground.

"I think," I answered, quickening my steps, that the king's letter says noon, young sir. If I am late on such an occasion, he has indeed cause to complain of me."

"Tut, tut!" he rejoined, waving his hand with a dandified air. "It is no matter. One may steal a horse when another may not look over the wall, you know."

A man may be gray-haired, he may be sad-complexioned, and yet he may retain some of the freshness of youth. On receiving this indication of a favor exceeding all expectation, I remember I felt the blood rise to my face, and experienced the most lively gratitude. I wondered who had spoken in my behalf, who had befriended me; and concluding at last that my part in the affair at Brouage had come to the king's ears, though I could not conceive through whom, I passed through the castle gates with an air of confidence and elation which was not unnatural, I think, under the circumstances. Thence, following my guide, I mounted the ramp and entered the courtyard.

(To be Continued.)

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It has cured many who were supposed to be far advanced in consumption. "Snow fun," says the urchin. "It's no fun," says the merchant whose roof is leaking.

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Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

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About five years ago I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time traveling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and to my great surprise and joy I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine, and when the third bottle was finished I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of dyspepsia. (Signed.) T. S. MOINREZ.

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SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching at night; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

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Another consignment of \$1 oak finished rockers just arrived, also great bargains in sideboards, at TRAFFORD'S Popular Furniture House, 95 and 97 King street. Phone 864.

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Fine photographs of all descriptions are MACKIE'S specialty. Studio corner Dundas and Richmond streets. ywt

WESTERN ONTARIO.

ELGIN.

George Dickie, of Aylmer, has been committed for trial on a charge of seduction of Lizzie Scriber, of Bayham, and will be tried at the spring jury sitting. There are thirteen civil cases.

KENT.

The residence of John Richardson, an extensive grain buyer, at Kentbridge, was Saturday destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$1,400, on which there was insurance of \$800.

LAMTON.

Sunday evening about 8:15 fire was discovered in the rear of the residence of T. W. Nisbet, Sarnia. The brigade was promptly on hand and put it out without difficulty. There were evidences of incendiaries. Krug's oil was discovered where the fire began.

The Sarnia Young Liberal Club, which starts out with a membership of 200, has elected as honorary presidents J. F. Lister, M.P., and Chas. Mackenzie, M.P., and as presidents C. S. Ellis and A. Weir. Vice-presidents for Point Edward and for each ward in town were also appointed.

MIDDLESEX.

A sugar social in aid of the Women's Mission Society was held at the residence of James Benson Little Monday evening, Feb. 26, which was a grand success, over 200 being present. Refreshments and warm sugar were served, after which a good programme was given, consisting of speeches by the chairman, Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, D. Reeves, R. J. Garbutt and Andrews; an address of welcome by Mrs. B. Little; music by North Street quartet, J. W. Hunt and Misses W. Watson and Ballantyne; also whistling choruses by five young men; readings and recitations by A. M. Hunt, Mrs. A. Little, Ada Thomas, Eric Little; and dialogues by Ewart Hunt and Roy Scott. Proceeds, clear of all expenses, \$31.25.

OXFORD.

F. Krug, a well-known merchant, of Tavistock, was the victim of a serious runaway accident on Saturday. In company with Rev. F. Veit, he had just returned to Tavistock from a visit into the country. Mr. Veit had got out of the buggy and gone into the store, while Mr. Krug remained holding the horse. Just then a runaway horse and buggy came dashing across the street and sprang over him on to the sidewalk. Mr. Krug had two ribs on one side fractured and one on the other side. Those who witnessed the accident thought Mr. Krug had been killed.

James Hough, of Ingersoll, has been committed for trial on the charge of stabbing Pat Carolan in the Atlantic House bar-room.

Gas Struck in Thamesville.

THAMESVILLE, March 5.—During this last winter a syndicate of monied men was formed in this town for the purpose of boring for gas. Three wells were put down at the company's expense. Gas was found in each of the three, but not enough to pay or warrant the company in laying pipes and mains through the village, and by the public generally the venture was considered a failure. Mr. Elias Graves, who appears to have been born to fortune, engaged Mr. Simpson and his gang of men to sink a well on his own property at his own expense. On Friday gas was struck, registering 90 pounds. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated and excitement ran high.

The distinction of having the greatest number of tall men in one company belongs to the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards. The "A" or right flank company of that battalion has over ninety men on its roll, and their average height is six feet two and a quarter inches. There are twenty men in the company over six feet four inches, and one stands slightly over six feet seven inches. No individual member of the company is less than six feet in height.

According to some statistics quietly circulated in Washington, a distinctly English style of adding to one's income prevails in unlooked-for quarters. It is well known that in London the hansom cabs are owned and run at a fine profit by a man of distinguished title. To a Washington society woman has occurred the idea of emulating such an illustrious example by operating a similar industry. She buys up from time to time carriages in various states of repair or dilapidation and runs them as "night-liners." This fact she has, of course, endeavored to keep from her friends, as she wisely grasps the fact that while they one and all would be nothing loath to benefit themselves by such an unusual enterprise they would be first to turn and rend her for going into the business that now nets her a comfortable sum.

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