## "THE HELMET OF NAVARRE"

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(Continued From Last Sunday.)

"To you, Etienne. You were hurt yesterday; you have not closed your eyes for twenty-four hours. I don't want a dead son. I blame gou not for the failure; not another man of us would have come so near success."

"Dolt! I should have known he could not deal honestly," M. Etienne cried.

"Etienne cried."

"Mell believe, and laughed in my nettled face. "Well, if you've not trampled on my jewels, I forgive your contunacy."

If I had, my bare toes had done them no harm. I crawled about the floor, gathering them all up and putting them on the bed, where I presently sat down my mind his queer talk was but the outlandish way of a foreigner. He had seated himself, too, and was dusting the not deal honestly," M. Etienne cried.

I roused with a start from deep, dreamless sieep, and then wondered whether, after all, I had waked. Here, to be sure, was Marcel's bed, on which I had lain down; there was the high gable-window, through which the westering sun now poured. There was the wardrobe open, with Marcel's Sunday suit hanging on the 12s; here were the two stools, the little image of the Virgin on the wall. But here was alyso something else, so out of place in the chamber of a page that I pinched myself to make sure it was real. At my elbow on the pallet lay a box of some after green wood, 2 beautifully grained by God and polished by grateful man. It was about as large as my lord's despatch-box, bound at the edges with shiring brass and baving long, brass hinges wrought in a design of leaves and flowers. Beside the box were set three shallow trays, sined with blue velvet, and filled full of smith's work-giftening chains, linked or twisted, bracelets in the form of yellow snakes with year eneyes, buckles with pearls, ear-rings and finger-rings with precious stones.

I stared bedazzled from the display to him who stood as showman. This was a handsome lad, seemingly no older than I though taller, with a shock of black hair, rough and curly and dark, smooth face, very boylsh and pleasant. He was dressed well, in bourgeois fashion; yet there was about him and his apparel something, I could not tell what, unfamiliar, different from us others.

He, meeting my eye, smiled in the friendliest way, like a child, and said, in Italian:

"Good day to you, my little gentleman."

I had still the uncertain feeling that I must be in a dream, for why should the land of the plant of the form of yellow and like of the plant of the form of yellow and the length of the plant of dreamless sleep, and then wondered whether, after all, I had waked. Here,

"This is the house of the Duke of St. Quentin," I said. "Surely you could not come in at the gate without discovering that."

man."

I had still the uncertain feeling that I must be in a dream, for why should an Italian jeweler be displaying his treasures to me, a penniless page? But the dream was amusing; I was in no haste to wake.

I knew my Italian well enough, for Monsieur's confessor, the Fether

"Verily"

"Monsieur! you cannot mean me to
wear this!" "I mean it precisely."
"Monsieur!" "Why, look you, Felix," he laughed,
"how else can I take you? You were
at pains to make yourself conspicuous
In M. de Mayenne's salon; they will
recognize you see cantely as me."

The sould have known he would tried the source of the beautiful to the source of the



Rue Coupejarrets, that such things as pages existed; or, more likely, he did not care to take the household into his confidence. He was back soon, with a pair of searlet hose, and shoes of red morocco, the gayest affairs you ever saw. Also he brought a hand-mirror, for me to look on my beauty.

"Nay, monsleur," I said with a sulk that started anew his laughter. "Tll not take it; I want not to see myself. But monsieur will do well to examine his own countenance."

"Pardieu! I should say so," he cried. "I must e'en go repair myself; and you, Felix—Felicie—must be fed."
I was in truth as hollow as a drum, "Toke off abruptly, and walked along in a day-dream.

"Well," he resumed presently, comsider of the moment. "Given names and station. I am Glovanni Rossini, son of the famous goldsmith of Florence; you, Giulletta, my sister. We came to Paris in the legate's train, trade being dull at home, the gentry having fied to the hills for the hot month. Of course, you've never set foot out of France, Fe-Giulletta?"

"Never out of St. Quentin till I came hither. But Father Francesco has talked to me much of his city of Florence; or a suiden he leaned over to snatch a mous goldsmith of Florence; you, Giulletta, my sister. We came to Paris in the legate's train, trade being dull at home, the gentry having fied to the hills for the hot month. Of course, you've never set foot out of France, Fe-Giulletta?"

"Never out of St. Quentin till I came hither. But Father Francesco has talked to me much of his city of Florence; or a suiden he leaned over to snatch a say I.

"But that is quite long girl. But that is quite long girl. But that is quite long of say I.

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"Burgundy, pardieu!" Cried one of his mates, sticking his mose into the one of his mates, sticking his mates, sticking his mose into the or a suite strain trade being dull at home, the legate's train, trade being dull at home to Paris or a suite strain trade being dull at home to Paris or

Get in with you, then."

We were not slow to obey.
The courtyard was deserted, nor did we see any one in the windows of the house, against which the afternoon sun struck hotly. To keep out his unwelcome rays, the house door was pushed almost shut. We paused a moment on the step, to listen to the voices of gossiping lackeys within, and then M. Etienne boldy knocked.

There was a scurrying in the hall

"Now, that is a heavy box for a maid to help lug. Do you make the lasses do porters' work, you Florentines?"

"But I am a stranger here." M. Etienne explained. "Did I hire a porter how am I to tell an honest one? Belike he might run off with all my treasures, and where is poor Glovanni then? Besides, it were cruel to leave my little sister in our lodging, not a soul to speak to, the long day through. There is pone where we lodge knows Italian, in Florence; our journey with the legiste his kindness and covering to the background, well coment to leave the brunt of the business to him. It was as he prophessed they paid me no heed whatever. He was smoothly launched on the third relating of his tale; I trow by this time he almost believed it himself. Certes, he never feltered, but rattled on as if he had two tongues, telling in confidential tone of our father and mother our little brothers and sisters at home in Florence; our journey with the legister of the brunt of the business to him. It was as he prophessed; they paid me no heed whatever. He was smoothly launched on the third relating of his tale; I trow by this time almost believed it himself. Certes, he never feltered, but rattled on as if the properties of the brunt of the business to him. It was as he prophessed; they paid me no heed whatever. He was smoothly launched on the third relating of his tale; I trow by this time can be a long to the paid to the business to him. It was as he prophessed they paid me no heed whatever. He was smoothly launched on the third relating of his tale; I trow by this time can be a long to the paid to the business to him. It was as he prophessed they paid me no heed whatever. He was smoothly launched on the third relating of his tale; I trow by this time can be a long to the business to him. It was as he prophessed they paid me no heed whatever. He was smoothly launched on the third relating of his tale; I trow by this time can be a long to the long to the

"Burgundy, pardieu!" cried one of his mates, sticking his mose into the pot as it passed him, "and full! Ciel.

running the risk of my big paw's be-traying me, resolved that he should not drink with me of that draught, when of a sudden he leaned over to snatch a kiss. I dodged him, more frightened kiss. I dodged nim, more irigntened than the shyest maid. Though in this half-light I might perfectly look a girl. I could not believe I could kiss like that. In a panic, I fied from Jean to

my master's side.

M. Etienne, wheeling about, came near to laughing out in my face, when he remembered his part and played it with a zeal that was like to undo us. He sprang to his feet, drawing his dagger.
"Who insults my sister?" he shouted.

"Who is the dog does this!"

They were on him, wrenching the knife from his hand, wrenching his knife from his hand, wrenching his lame arm at the same time so painfully that he gasped. I was scared chill; I knew if they mishandled him they would brush the wig off.

"Mind your manners, sirrah!" Jean

Monsieur's ardor vanished; a gentle, Monsieur's ardor vanisned; a gentle, appealing smile spread over his face.
"I cry your pardon, sir," he said to Jean; then turning to Pierre, "This messer does not understand me. But tell him, I beg you, I crave his good pardon. I was but angered for a moment that any should think to touch pardon. I was but angered forment that any should think ment that any should think to touch my little sister. I meant no harm." "Nor he," Pierre retorted. "A kiss, forsooth! What do you expect with a handsome lass like that? If you will take her about-

"Madame says the jeweler fellow is to come up," our messenger announced, returning.

My lord besought Pierre:
"My knife? I may have my knife?
By the beard of St. Peter, I swear to
you, I meant no harm with it. I drew
it in jest."
Now, this, which was the sole true

statement he had made since our arrival, was the only one Pierre did not quite believe. He took the knife from Jean, but he hesitated to hand it over

the step, to listen to the voices of gossiping lackeys within, and then M Etienne boldiy knocked.

There was a scurrying in the hall, as if half a dozen idlers were plunging into their doublets and running to their places. Then my good friend Pierre opened the door. In the row of underlings at his back I recognized the two who had taken part in my flogging. The cold sweat broke out upon me lest they in their turn should know me.

M. Etienne looked from one to another with the childlike smile of his bare lips, demanding if any here spoke italian.

"I," answered Pierre himself. "Now, what may your errand be?"

"Oh. it's soon told," M. Etiennt cried volubly, as one delighted to find himself understood. "I am a leweler, from Florence; I am selling my wares in your great houses. I have but just sold a necklace to the Duchesse de Joyeuse; I crave permission to show my trinkets to the fair ladies here. But take me up to them, and they'll not make you repert it."

"Go tell madame," Pierre bade one of his men, and turning again to us gave us kindly permission to set down our burden and wait.

For incredible good luck, the heavy hangings were drawn over the sunny windows, making a soft twilight in the far corner and was feeling almost safe, when Pierre—beshrew him!—called attention to me.

"Now, that is a heavy box for a maid to help lug. Do you make the lasses do porters' work, you Florentines?"

is pone where we lodge knows Italian, as you do so like an angel, Sir Master of the Household."

Now, Pierre was no more maitre d'hotel than I was, but that did not dampen his pleasure to be called so. He sat down on the bench by M.

Etienne.

An ingenious trick of which the

An ingenious trick of which the and magistrates were the victims revealed at Warminster (Wiltshire lice court recently. In October, 19 hawker named Sampson Light s have appeared before the magis for some trivial offence. When the called his name, Mrs. Light stepper ward to explain that her husband not attend. The case was proc with, and during the hearing a draincident occurred. A messenger bratelegram into court. It was hand Mrs. Light, and as she read the teleshe burst into tears. The telegram sthat her husband was dead. The mitates, touched by the drama, sto the proceedings, and the weeping wleft the court. And now the comedymences. The police were sceptical that telegram, and for two years have searched and brooded. A few ago the "dead" man stepped into court. He had been found and had pleasure of coming "back from grave" to pay a fine of £3.

pleasure of coming "back from grave" to pay a fine of £3.

The enormous municipal indebted of London is shown by recent reissued at the order of the county cil. The total net debt of London £103,237,45. The debt of the Metrotan Water Board is responsible for increase of £37,476,522. Of the £48,297,619, or 46.8 per cent., wa respect of tramways and other reve producing services. The annual characteristic for the year 1904-5 for interest and payment in respect of the total net amounted to £5,296,816, of which £22,408 was met out of the rates the balance, £1,414,408, or 26.7 cent., from the earnings of the reve producing services. The total net dexcluding the debt of the Metropoly Wafer Board, has increased by £4,406, or 7 1-2 per cent., as composite with an increase of £3,306,425, or per cent., in the previous year. Of total increase £2,916,606, or 64 1-2 cent., was in respect of the remun cent., was in respect of the remunition undertakings. The total charge the rates has increased £240,022

the rates has increased £240,022 6.6 per cent.

The story of a father's terrible perience in a London, Tilbury, Southend train was told recently at inquest in London. Awakening f sleep by the screams of his serv the father was just in time to see four-year-old daughter falling f the train. He jumped frantically her rescue, and caught the ch skirt, but the wind caused by train's speed motion tore the fill garment from his grasp, and the cefell on the metals. Then for fill minutes or more the agonized fat frantically pulled at the communicate cord, but the train did not see the seen of the accident, the fath hands were torn and bleeding from the scene of the accident, the fath hands were torn and bleeding from the scene of the window and shou and waved his hat and his hands chief in a vain effort to attract tention.

Mr. Aslett Baldwin, F.R.C.S.s.

Mr. Aslett Baldwin, F. R. C. S. s for assistant surgeon at the W. London' hospital, describes a pecularse in the current number of "Lancet" which, he says, is the fof the kind in this country. He was a secular to see a woman who complain of a "tremendous buzzing" in her Examination with a speculum reveal what appeared to be a minute da piece of wax. An application of wa water failed to remove the object, a the buzzing continued undimish. The surgeon then filled the outer e with carbolic lotion and the buzzing radually ceased, after which he tracted the foreign body with force It proved to be a cockroach, such as fest kitchens. It was more than an inlong and a quarter of an inch in breat What the surgeon had seen was me by the tair of the beetle, which had I come wedged in the wall of the passo of the tympanum.

come wedged in the wall of the passa of the tympanum.

The serenity of the Quaint, old-fashioned Gloucestersh town, six miles from Bristol, was cently disturbed by a triple tragedy. Congregational minister, named R. Hy. Brown, murdering his wife a her sister, and then committing scide. The women were attacked that beds the throat of each be their beds, the thout of the cut. Mr. Brown had been under me cal treatment for a considerable to the control of the cut. And although his misterial work had lately been curtail he attended to his various public ties, which included the chairmans of the Parish Council. Two blo stained razors, one broken, were for on the floor. In both rooms there we signs that the women had strugg fiercely for life, and the walls a floors were besmirched with blood. Mr. Brown had been under fiercely for life, and the walls a floors were besmirched with blood.

Mr. Justice Jelf did not attempt conceal his sympathy for a young numed Thomas Archibald Davies, was before him at Glamorgansh Assizes, Swansea, recently, on a cha of stabbing his sweetheart, Mary C don. The girl admitted having we ten the prisoner letters, breathing

don. The girl admitted having we ten the prisoner letters, breathing keenest affection and that her laws warmly reciprocated. She broff the engagement because her sidid not like the young fellow. Judge said that he could not help fing that Davies had been badly tred by a young woman of whom he very fond, and who had admitted the was influenced against him by she was influenced against him by sister. This was a very danger course for a sister to pursue, sin because she did not fancy a man. idge, accordingly, imposed the entence of only six months.

sentence of only six months.

The women's work committee of t London Central organization for t relief of the unemployed is looking f land in the southern counties on whi to build a farm colony at which wom may be taught market gardening be keeping, fruit culture, poultry keepi and dairy work. Land of 100 acres more is wanted, and when a suitable si has been decided on the committee w begin an experiment entirely new in the country. To avoid the mistake of creating a permanent class of such colonis country. To avoid the mistake of creating a permanent class of such colonia allotments will be opened up around the central farm, and as soon as the women have finished their training there allotments will be let to them at remaining the colonial sound. Widows with children will sound. Widows with children will sound.

given preference in allotments.

A red rose is the annual rent paid f
a valuable bit of land in Southwar London. The 250th payment has j London. The 250th payment has jubeen made to the governors of St. Cl. ve's and St. Savior's Grammar schoo who are the ground landlords. The quaint custom dates from 1656 whe a portion of a field belonging to the school was leased by the parish authorities for the benefit of the poor, at the nominal annual rent of one red rose. The lease was one of 500 years, so that it the natural course of things the annual