

Arrangements for
the Fall Fair
Attractions Are Being Provided
for the Annual
Exhibition.
BUSTING WILL BE FEATURE

Arrangements for Space Are
Being Received From
Local Merchants.

Arrangements for the executive committee of the British Columbia Agricultural Association was held Thursday, considerable business of importance was transacted. As is well known, the show will open on September 25 and continue until the 29th. The committee, which have no time to spare, are endeavoring to get affairs in shape for the opening. The committee, which have no time to spare, are endeavoring to get affairs in shape for the opening. The committee, which have no time to spare, are endeavoring to get affairs in shape for the opening.

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"The Helmet of Navarre"

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

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A Chance Encounter.

The street before us was as orderly as the aisle of Notre Dame. Few wares passed us; those there were talking together as placidly as the loving and meek existed not, and tunnels and countermeasures were but the smoke of a dream. It was a street of shops, all shuttered, while, above, the burghers' families went respectfully to bed.

This is the Rue de la Ferrière, my master said, pausing a moment to take his bearings. "See, under the lantern, the sign of the Herod Heart. The little shop in the Rue de la Solitude. We are close by the Haller—must have come half a mile underground. Well, well, swing about in a circle to get home. For this night I've had enough of the Rue de Lorraine."

And I, but I held my tongue about it, he became me.

"They were wiser awake than I thought—those Lorraines. Pardieu! Felix, you and I came closer quarters with death than I do, entirely missing that door had not opened—I shuddered."

"A new saint in the calendar—la Sainte Ferrière! But what a madcap of a saint, then! My faith, she must have been a dance when Francis I was king!"

"Nathaniel it calls me," he went on, half to himself, "to know that I was lost by my own folly, saved by pure chance. I was in the book of strategy, I came near flinging away two lives and making a most unwise mess under a lady's window."

"Monsieur made somewhat of a mess as it was."

"Aye, I would I knew whether I killed Brie. Well, go round in the morning and find out."

"I am thankful that monsieur does not mean to go tonight. I've had enough. No, we'll get home without passing near the Hotel de Lorraine, if we go outside the walls to do it. Tonight I draw my sword no more."

To this day I have no quite clear idea how we went. A strange city at night—Paris of all cities—is a labyrinth. I know that after a time we came out in some meadows along the river-bank, traversed them, and plunged once more into the narrow, high-walled streets. It was very late, and lights were few. We had started in clear starlight, but now a rack of clouds hid even their pale shine.

"The snake-hole, you say again," said M. Etienne, "but we are almost at our own gates."

But, as in the snake-hole, came light. Turning a sharp corner, we ran straight into a gentleman and his porte-flambeau, swinging along at as smart a pace as we.

"A thousand pardons," M. Etienne cried to his encounter, the possessor of years and gravity but of no great size, whom he had almost known. "I heard you, but I knew not you were so close. We were speeding to get home."

The personage was also of a portliness, and the collision had knocked the wind out of him. He scanned M. Etienne's open countenance and princely dress his alarm vanished.

"It is unseemly to go about on a night like this without a lantern, he said with a slight start. 'The municipality should forbid it. I shall certainly bring the matter up at the next sitting.'"

"Monsieur is a member of Parliament?" M. Etienne asked with immense respect.

"I have that honor, monsieur," the little man replied, delighted to impress us, as he himself was impressed, by the sense of his importance.

"Oh," said M. Etienne, with increasing solemnity, "perhaps monsieur has a hand in a certain decree of the 25th June?"

The little man began to look uneasy. There was, as monsieur says, a measure passed that day, he stammered.

"Rebellious and contumacious decree," M. Etienne rejoined, "most offensive to the general-duk." Whereupon he fingered his sword.

"Monsieur," the little deputy cried, "we meant no offence to his Grace, or to any true Frenchman. We but desire peace after all these years of blood. We were informed that his Grace was angry; yet we believed that even he will come to see the matter in a different light."

"You have acted in a manner insulting to his Grace of Mayenne," M. Etienne repeated inexorably, and he glanced up the street and down the street to make sure the coast was clear. The wretched little deputy's teeth chattered.

The linkman had retreated to the other side of the way, where he seemed to have a point of view leaving his master to his fate. I thought it would be a shame if the badgered deputy had to stumble home in the dark so I growled out to the fellow:

"Sit one step at your peril!"

I was afraid he would drop the flambeau and run, but he did not; he only sank back against the wall, eyeing my sword with a scornful defiance. He knew not that there was but a foot of blade in the scabbard.

The burgher looked up the street and down the street, after M. Etienne's exclamation, but there was no sign of him. He turned to his tormentor with the valor of a mouse at bay.

"Monsieur, beware what you do, I am Pierre Marceau!"

"A friend," I said. "My master and I, two men fighting, you came to help the weaker side. Your friend was hurt, but he got safe away to fetch aid."

The unknown made a rapid step toward me, crying, without pause:

"Who lives?" he called out. "You, Felix?"

"No hurt, monsieur. And you?"

"Not a scratch. Nor did I scratch you, monsieur Mincinu, on our coming up when we did."

But as the unknown said one word: "Etienne!"

I sprang forward with the impulse to throw my arms about him, in the pure rage of recognizing his voice. This stranger, whom we had rushed in, blindfold, to save, was Monsieur! If we had been content to mind our own business, had sheered away like the deputy—it turned me faint to think

how long we had delayed with old Marceau we were so nearly late. I wanted to seize Monsieur, to convince myself that he was all safe, to feel him quick and warm.

I made one pace and stopped; for I remembered what ghastly shape stood between me and Monsieur—that horrible lying story.

"Dieu!" gasped M. Etienne, "Monsieur!"

For a moment we all kept silence, motionless; then Monsieur flung his sword over the wall.

"Do you wish, Etienne?"

His son darted forward with a cry: "Monsieur! Monsieur! I am not your assassin! I came to your aid, not dreaming who you were; but had I known, I would have fought a hundred times the harder. I never plotted against you. On the honor of a St. Quentin I swear it."

Monsieur said naught, and we could not see his face, could not know whether he believed or rejected, softened or condemned.

M. Etienne, catching at his breath, went on:

"Monsieur, I know it is hard to credit. I have been a bad son to you, unloving, rebellious, insolent. We quarrelled; I spoke bitter words. But I am no ruffian. I am a St. Quentin. Had you never passed from whether to house, still would I never have raised hand against you. I know nothing of the plot. Felix told you I was in it—small blame to him. But he was wrong. I know naught of it, and I was not in the matter."

Had he been content to rest his case here, I think Monsieur could not have believed his innocence on his bare word. But he knew that he was uttering truth. But he in his eagerness paused for no answer, but went on to stun Monsieur with statement new and astounding to his ear:

"My cousin Grammont—who is dead—was in the plot, and his lackey Pontou, and Martin the clerk; but the contriver was Lucas."

believe Felix. You believed him when he took away my good name. Believe him now when he restores it."

"Nay," Monsieur cried; "I believe these, Etienne."

And he took his son in his arms.

XXII.

The Signet of the King.

Already a wan light was revealing the round tops of the plum-trees in M. de Mirabeau's garden, the high gray wall, and the narrow alleyway beneath it. And the two vague shapes, but were no longer vague shapes, but were turning moment and moment, as if coming out of an enchantment, into their true forms. It really was Monsieur in the flesh, with a wet gleam in his eyes as he kissed his boy.

Neither thought of me, and it was none of my concern what they said to one another. I went a rod or two down the lane round a curve in the wall, and watched the bands of light streaming the eastern sky, in utter content. Never before had the world seemed to me so good a place. Since this misery had come right, I knew all the rest would, I should yet dance at M. Etienne's wedding.

I leaned my head back against the wall, and had shut my eyes to consider the matter more quietly, when I heard my name.

"Felix! Felix! Where is the boy got to?"

The sun was clean up over the horizon, and as I blinked and wondered how he had contrived the feat so quickly, my two messieurs came hand in hand round the corner to me, the level rays glittering on Monsieur's burnished breastplate, on M. Etienne's bright head, and on both their shining faces. That for the first time I saw them together, I found them, despite the dark hair and the yellow, the brown eyes and the gray, wonderfully alike. There was the same carriage, the same cock of the head, the same smile. If I had

"My life is a little thing."

"No," Monsieur said; "it is a good deal—our life. But one is not to guard one's life at the cost of all that makes life sweet."

"Ah, you know how I love her!"

"They call me a fool," Monsieur went on musingly. "Because I risk my life in wild errors. But, mordu! I am the wise man. For they who think ever of safety, and crouch and scheme and shuffle to procure it, why, look you, they destroy their own ends. For, when all is done, they have never really lived. And that is why they hate death so, these wretches. While I, who have never cringed to fear, I live like a king. I go my ways without any man's leave; and if death comes to me a little sooner for that, I am a poor creature if I do not meet him smiling. If I may live as I please, I am content to die when I must."

"Aye," said M. Etienne, "and if we live as we do not please, still we must die presently. Therefore do I pur-
sue my lady to give over striving after her."

"Oh, we'll win her by noon. But first we'll sleep. There's Felix yawning his head off. Come, come."

"We set off along the alley, the St. Quentin arm in arm, at their heels. Monsieur looked over his shoulder with a sudden anxiety.

"Felix, you said Huguet had run for aid?"

"Yes, Monsieur; Vige should have been here before now," I answered, remembering Vige's posture yesterday.

"Every one was asleep," has been hammering this half-hour to get in, M. Etienne said easily.

But Monsieur asked of me: "Was he much hurt, Felix?"

"No, I am sure not, Monsieur. He was run through the arm; I am sure he was not hurt otherwise."

We came to where the two slain men lay across the way. M. Etienne exclaimed:

"The man who fled when we charged? They must have lurked about," I said. "Huguet's sword-arm was useless; he could not defend himself."

"Or else he fainted from his wound, he bled so," M. Etienne answered. And one of those who fled last came upon him, and he lay dead.

"Why didn't I follow him instead of sitting down, a John o' dreams?" I cried. "But I was thinking of you and Monsieur! I forgot Huguet."

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"Or else he fainted from his wound, he bled so," M. Etienne answered. And one of those who fled last came upon him, and he lay dead.

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