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### THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

## BY NEVIL HENSHAW

#### Author of Aline of the Grand Woods, etc. CHAPTER IX.

#### I MAKE TWO FRIENDS AND CHANGE MY NAME

It must have been some hours later that I was awakened by the sound of voices, and a harsh intermittent rasping as of a rope drawing through blocks of wood. Also I was conscious of a faint but steady sense of motion which told me that the

Whether it was under way. Whether it was that my hazard-ous escape had been indelibly im-pressed upon my memory, or that the rough enveloping folds of the net gave me an instant knowledge of my situation I do not know het is escape had been my memory, or that new rough enveloping folds of the bet gave me an instant knowledge of my situation I do not know, but I had none of that vague uncertainty so common to the newly-swakened sleeper. Even before I opened my eyes I had picked up the broken thread of the day's occurrences. I knew that I was upon the lugger. I that she had sailed, and that I was not dependent upon the mercies was not dependent upon the mercies. I was not dependent upon the mercies the transmission the mercies the transmission the dependent upon the mercies that the transmission the mercies the transmission the mercies the transmission the transmission the mercies that the transmississ the transmission transmission tra

and that there was a dull persistent ache somewhere in the region of my neck and shoulders. Dragging myself forward at a

Dragging myself forward at a cost of no little pain from my stiff body, I raised the folds of my hiding-place to accommodate my head, and peered curiously forth. The lugger moved easily along the course of a narrow twisting bayou, head by thick walls of grass. course of a narrow twisting bayou, bordered by thick walls of grass, beyond which the sun was prepar-ing to set. Already the light had turned hard and gray, and the chill air of the evening smote me with the suddenness of a blow.

The brick-red sail drew snugly to the breeze, and the smooth steady ripples overside showed that, whatripples overside showed that, what-ever the craft might lack in size, she could make up for in speed. The hatch top which faced me was now occupied, but of the one who sat upon it I could see only two small dangling feet encased in rough

This much I caught at a glance before I raised my frightened eyes to the figure before me. It was a man, and such a man as I had never seen. He was small, and square, and exceedingly ill-proportioned, with short slender legs that seemed to have been bent beneath the weight of his squat twisted body. His back was humped, his a time chest was arched, and his arms, long and sinewy, had all of the strength and reach that are given his kind, possibly as a recompense for their affliction.

I gasped with horror as my eyes swept his misshapen figure. Then, as they reached his face, I stared in sudden amazement. For if this strange creature was cursed with the body of a demon, he was blessed with a face like that of an angel. It was a beautiful face, a traquit one, pale, thin and exquisitely chiseled. The eyes, large and brown, had just a touch of sadness in their quiet depths. The mouth, soft and gentle, was curved in a friendly smile. And yet, for all its peace and spiritual beauty, the face had also about it an air of power-of the power that comes with knowledge. Without moving a muscle, with Without moving a muscle, with meant that the child had come Without moving a muscle, with with strange creature was cursed with the body of a demon, he was blessed

with its owner. He stood at the tiller, swaying slowly from side to side despite the steadiness of the boat, and the contrast between his appearance and that of the small fantastic creature of the hatch-top was so startling that I gaped at him wide-eyed and speechless. He was huge, he was giant-like, with round massive arms and legs, a broad deep cheet, and an enormout

with round massive arms and legs, a broad deep chest, and an enormous head, set upon a thick corded neck, like that of a bull. His hair, long and matted, was of a harsh iron gray, as was the coarse neglected growth of beard and mustache that hid the lower part of his face. The upper, exposed half was tanned and weather-beaten, mottled now with patches of dull angry red, as from some recent carouse. His eyes beneath their fiercely bristling brows were swollen and bloodshot, yet in them theme was

bloodshot, yet in them there was of the warehouse were unknown to naught save a childlike curiosity them.

my side and, taking my hand, he led me carefully around the pile of nets Thus assured I plunged into my story, beginning it, for purposes of clearness, from the very first. I told of Madame Therese, of my father's death, of the letter, and of until we stood pigmy-like before the "Papa 'Fon," said he, "you are growing careless. Here is some-

#### tiller, for the lugger was approach-ing a sharp and difficult bend of the bayou. The movement was appar-THE WAY OF THE ently an unconscious one, since his WORLD

eyes were still fixed upon me, in their slow, bewildered stare, yet Mr. Casey laughed. He found gentle old Mother Mary Frances infinitely amusing. the boat came about with a smart-That's all very well, Mother

but I'm not in business for my health," he protested. "It will cost from thirty-five hundred to four thousand dollars to repair the damage done by that unfortunate fire. Now, you admit that you had It was typical of his mental process that, alive with curiosity though allowed the insurance to lapse, he was, he paused for his compan- because you had not money to pay cess that, allow with currosity though he was, he paused for his compan-ion's reply before beginning to question me. Ideas came slowly to Papa Ton, and it was his habit to deal with them carefully, one at to the premium, so where are you going to get four thousand dollars? I cannot buy bricks and mortar and plaster and lumber and pay work-men with prayers."

men with prayers." Mother Mary Frances looked rather pitingly at him, and began Le Bossu chuckled. "Of course I knew it, my friend, even before I came aboard," he answered. "If you will remember, it was I who piled the nets. Could

to explain matters once more, almost from the beginning. "Of course you must be paid, Mr. Casey. You don't understand. I make such a lump as I found upon my return, I would become a molder I didnot mean that I shall not pay you, when I said that; just at pres-ent, I have only five hundred dol-lars in the bank which can be used of figures." "Then why did you not tell me?" Papa Ton persisted. "Why did you not draw the young one forth?" for the purpose. I did not have that much until yesterday ; the five Le Bossu seated himself comfort-ably with his back against the pile of nets, and drew me down beside

with her eyes dancing mischievous-"To tell the truth I don't blame them at all," Mother Mary Frances admitted, with a merry laugh that was good to hear. "As Mr. Casey said, 'business is business;' but-we'll see who is right in the end." After a pause, she added seri-

ously : "I can't rebuild the wing myself, and only last night a man died without the Last Sacraments, out

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

she said, as demurely as she could.

there at the Infirmary." She walked slowly toward the corner, uncertain what step to take next; but by the time it was reached she had made her decision. "Sister, I'm afraid that, after

Sister, I'm afraid that, after all, I'll have to go to Mrs. Patter-son for help," she said, with evi-dent reluctance. "She has already done so much for us that I am loath to ask anything more ; especially as she does not seem to value greatly our old peoples' prayers—the only return we have in our power."

So, tired as they were, the two Sisters walked a mile and a half to a new and fashionable residence district, and stopping at a showy mansion asked to see Mrs. Patterson.

Now, that morning's mail had brought to Mrs. Patterson five beg-ging letters, a grumbling note from a dissatisfied tenant, and a curt notice that her taxes were overdue and must be paid at once ; so it is not strange that her mood was less not strange that her mood was less gracious than usual, and far less generows. As soon as she entered the room Mother Mary Frances knew that they had come at an inauspicious time, and she explained her errand timidly and apologeti-

cally. "You have been good to us so often, Mrs. Patterson, that it seems an imposition to appeal to you again; but you know about our fire. It will cost almost four thousand dollars to repair the damage, and there was no insurance, and until it is rebuilt our dear old men must stav-

An irritable person is seldom polite, and Mrs. Patterson felt very irritable that morning. Without apology, she interrupted Mother Mary Francis, to say sharply: "To be quite frank, Mother, I do think it is an imposition to correct

think it is an imposition to expect more from me for your work. I have many demands. There are other worthy causes, and already I have done most for yours. I cannot do any more now, or for some months

to come. I am sorry ; but this is final." Mother Mary Frances was hust and humiliated by Mrs. Patterson's tone and manner even more than by her words. She said :

"Indeed you have been very good to us, Mrs. Patterson! I would not

have come again, if our need were less pressing. As it is, I forgot that no one's purse is bottomless." For a few minutes they chatted of other things, but to the end of the visit Mrs. Patterson was unbending, and Mother Mary Francis tremulous and embarrassed; and on leaving her, it was slowly and very wearily



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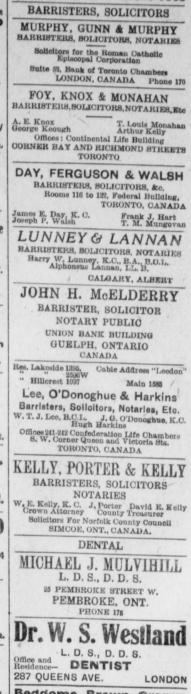
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Where Do You Go When

You Wish to "Say it With"

"So you are ready to come out, are you?" he inquired pleasantly in French. "Well, it is time. For several hours I have sat here watching you as though you were a coon in some hollow tree." Seeing that further concealment

was useless, I slipped clear of the nets and, with a stab from each aching joint, sat slowly up upon the deck.

"Then you knew that I was there, sieu ?" I asked in a voice choked M'sieu ? with pain. The little man smiled again, this

time with amusement.

"From the moment I sighted the boat," he replied. "It is my busi-ness to see things, mon p'tit. I wondered what strange fish we had

caught in our absence." "Yes, M'sieu," I murmured for want of something better to say. The little man shook his head.

"I am not M'sieu," he contra-dicted. "I am Le Bossu, Jean Le Bossu," he touched his twisted body significantly, "as you can see." "Yes, M'sieu, I' mean Jean Le Bossu," said I dutifully, like one repeating a lesson.

Bossu," said I dutifully, like one repeating a lesson. The little man evidenced his ap-proval by dropping lightly from the hatch to the deck. Once upon his feet I found that he had little the better of me in height, his small-ness of stature being accentuated by the bent condition of his short thin legs.

the bent condition of his short thin legs. "Bien," said he. "Now you must meet Papa Ton. He can not see you for the nets, although he can hear you, and he is becoming excited. A little more and he will leave his tiller, allowing us to run serround. Perhaps you should have

knew that he was running away." "Or else that he was lost," sup-plemented Papa Ton. Le Bossu made a gesture of dis-Le Bossu made a gesture of dis-

sent. "In that case he would have lain Mother Mary Frances laughed

softly. "If you had known the dear Lord on top of the nets where he could be seen," he pointed out. "No child would choose such a close, "No as long as I have, and as well, you lose, would realize, Mr. Casey, that nless there's no risk in trusting Him," uncomfortable resting-place unless he wished to hide. Also, when I she insisted.

"You had better find another contractor, Mother. I'd like to came aboard and, peeping in, saw that he was asleep, I knew that he must be yery weary, since one does oblige you, but business is business, not willingly close his eyes in time and I can't afford it."

of danger. "So there you have it, my friend. A weary child who, while running away, has fallen asleep in his hiding-Weary but not discouraged, Mother Mary Frances and her silent, shy little companion trudged from Mr. Casey's office to that of the only other contractor in the town; and to him, also, she ex-plained the case. place. What was there to do save to let him take his rest, and so have him awake with as good a number "The old men's wing was very badly damaged, and they say it will cost from three to four thou-sand dollars to repair it. The poor old people are lodged temporarily in the County Infirmary, but they do not feel at home there and their

of miles as possible between his enemy and himself?"

Le Bossu paused while I stared at him in awed admiration. It was wonderful. It was uncanny. Had he read my mind he could not have in the County Infirmary, but they do not feel at home there, and their souls are forgotten. I have five hundred dollars on hand, and I feel certain some good soul will give me more, money by the time payments to you are due, if you will under-take the work." At this point the man interrupted Mother to explain thet he man up he read my mind he could not have more clearly stated my position. And yet, as he explained it, it all seemed so simple, that I marveled how the big man could have been

Mother to explain that he was un-usually busy, and could not accept

To her desk she went at once. to find awaiting her there a mission magazine, an advertisement, two or three bills, and two letters. It was one of the letters that she opened first as it chanced to lay nearest to her hand. Noticing instantly that it was postmarked New York, she glanced at the signature: Minnie D. O'Shaughnessy. She had relatives in New York, but none of that name. Then suddenly, she saw that a check was enclosed, and could not resist the tempation to glance at it before she read the letter.

before she read the letter. Mother Mary Frances stared ineredulously at the figures, held the slip of paper nearer the light, and examined them again, before her heart gave a bound of joy. It was for five thousand dollars

for five thousand dollars. "I knew it!" she whispered exult-antly. "Mr. Casey will have to admit that I know our dear Lord better than he does.

The letter ran as follows (Mother Mary Frances knew it by heart before another day had passed :) "Dear Mother Superior :

"In this morning's paper I saw a short notice of the destruction of a wing of your hospital—a loss not covered by insurance; and I am enclosing a check to repair, or help repair the damage. As a thankoffering for a great kindness done to me long ago, I make an offering to a Catholic institution at the Easter season each year, and this time my

another contract for some months to come; and by that time winter would be at hand, and valuable time would have been lost. He had many excuses; he was polite and grave but nor positive and e ab gift goes to you. "Perhaps the story will interest you—or do I think so only because it is of supreme interest to me?

see you for the nets, although he can hear you, and he is becoming excited. A little more and he will leave his tiller, allowing us to run aground. Perhaps you should have met him first since the boat is his." All this time I had been conscious of a deep rumbling voice that muttered a monotonous, half-co-herent babble of French behind me, and now, as I got painfully to my feet, and gazed over the pile of nets, I came abruptly face to face



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