MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Thousands of dollars are foolishly spent every Christmas because of the lack of sensible suggestions.

ABOUT 200 BROAD CHRISTMAS HINTS...

☞ Cut This Out For Reference.

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Good Linen Napkins per dozen.

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Hundreds of Other Goods from $5.00 to $500.00

AT M. R. A.'s LIMITED.

Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

"There is the sun of Austerlitz," said Napoleon to those who were near him when it arose. But it was not. It was the sun of Borodino. And before it set, the great battle by the French had been fought, and eight French generals lay dead, while thirty more were wounded. Murat, Davoust, Ney, Junot, Prince Eugene, Napoleon himself—all were there; and all fought to finish a war which from the first had been disliked. The French claimed it as a victory; but they gained nothing by it, and they lost forty thousand killed and wounded.

During the night the Russians evacuated the position which they had held, and lost, and retaken. They retreated toward Moscow, but Napoleon was hardly ready to pursue.

These things, however, are history, and those who wish to know of them may read them in another volume; while to the many orderly persons who would wish to see everything in its place, and the history-books on the top shelf, to be taken down and read on a future day—which will never come—to such the explanation is due that this battle of Borodino is here touched upon because it changed the current of some lives with which we have to deal.

For battles and revolutions and historical events of any sort are the jagged instruments with which Fate rough-hews our lives, leaving us to shape them as we will. In other days, no doubt, men rough-hewed, while Fate shaped. But in these gentle times we are so tender, so careful for the individual, that we never cut and slash, but move softly, very tolerant, very easy-going, seeking the compromise that brings peace and breeds a small and timid race of men.

Into such lives Fate comes crashing like a woodman with his axe, leaving us to smooth the edges of the gaping wound and smile, and say that we are not hurt; to pare away the knots and broken stumps, and hope that our neighbour, concealing such himself, will have the decency to pretend not to see.

Thus the battle of Borodino crashed into the lives of Desiree and Mathilde, and their father, living quietly on the sunny side of the Frauengasse in Dantzig. Antoine Sebastian was the first to hear the news. He had, it seemed, special facilities for learning news at the Weissen Roes's, whither he went again now in the evening.

"There has been a great battle," he said, with so much more than his usual self-restraint that Desiree and Mathilde exchanged a glance of anxiety. "A man coming this evening from Dirschau saw and spoke with the Imperial couriers on their way to Berlin and Paris. It was a great victory, quite near to Moscow. But the loss on both sides has been terrible."

He paused and glanced at Desiree. It was his creed that good blood should show an example of self-restraint and a certain steadfast, indifferent courage.

"Not so much among the French," he said, "as among the Bavarians and Italians. It is an odd way of showing patriotism to gain victories for the conqueror. One hoped—" he paused, and made a gesture with his right hand, scarcely indicative of a staunch hope—"that the man's star might be setting, but it would appear to be still in the ascendant, Charles," he added, as an after-thought, "would be on the staff. No doubt he only say the fighting from a distance."

Desiree, from whose face the color had faded, nodded cheerfully enough.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I have no doubt he is safe. He has good fortune."

For she was an apt pupil, and had already learnt that the world only wishes to leave us in undisputed possession of our anxieties or sorrows, however ready it may be to come forward and take a hand in good luck.

"But there is no definite news," said Mathilde, hardly looking up from the needle-work at which her fingers were so deft and industrious.

"No."

"No news of Charles, I mean," she continued, "or of any of our friends—of Monsieur de Casimir, for instance."

"No. As for Colonel de Casimir," returned Sebastian, thoughtfully, "he, like Charles, holds some staff appointment of which one does not understand the scope. He is without doubt uninjured."

Mathilde glanced at her father, not without suspicion. His grand manner might easily be at times a screen. One never knows how much is perceived by those who look down from a high place.

The town was quiet enough all that night. Sebastian must have heard the news from some unofficial source, for none other seemed to know it. But at daybreak the church-bells, so rarely used in Dantzig for rejoicing, awoke the burghers to the fact that the Emperor bade them make merry. Napoleon gave great heed to such matters. In the churches of Lithuania and farther on in Russia he had commanded the popes to pray for him at their altars instead of for the Czar.

When Desiree came downstairs she found a packet awaiting her. The courier had come in during the night. This was more than a letter. A number of papers had been folded in a handkerchief and bound with string. The address was written on a piece of white leather cut from the uniform of one who had fallen at Borodino and had no more need of sabretash or trapping.

"Madame Desiree Darragon—nee Sebastian,
Frauengasse 36,
Dantzig."

Desiree's heart stood still; for the writing was unknown to her. As she cut the network of string, she thought that Charles was dead. When the enclosed papers fell upon the table she was sure of it; for they were all in this writing. She did not pick and choose as one who has leisure and no very strong excitement, but took up the first paper and read:

"Dear C.—I have been fortunate, as you will see from the enclosed report. His Majesty cannot again say that I have been neglectful. I was quite right. It is Sebastian and only Sebastian that we need fear. Here they are clumsy conspirators compared to him. I have been in the harmoniously into the room, made the circuit of it, and sought the open again with a hum that faded drowsily into silence.

D'Arragon read the letter slowly from beginning to the unsigned end, while Desiree, sitting at the table, upon which she leaned one elbow, resting her small, square chin in the palm of her hand, watched him.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, at length, with a ring of contempt in her voice, as if at the thought of something unclean. "A spy! It is so easy for you to keep still, and to hide all you feel."

D'Arragon folded the letter slowly. It was the fatal letter written in the upper room in the shoemaker's house in Konigsberg in the Neuer Markt, where the linden trees grow close to the window. In it Charles spoke lightly of the sacrifice he had made in leaving Desiree on his wedding day, to do the Emperor's bidding. It was indeed the greatest sacrifice that man can make; for he had thrown away his honor.

"It may not be so easy as you think," returned d'Arragon, looking toward the door.

He had no time to say more; for Mathilde and her father were talking together on the stairs as they came down. D'Arragon thrust the letters into his pocket, the only indication he had time to give to Desiree of the policy they must pursue. He stood facing the door, alert and quiet, with only a moment in which to shape the course of more than one life.

"There is good news, monsieur," he said to Sebastian. "Though I did not come to bring it."

Sebastian pointed interrogatively to the open window, where the sound of the bells seemed to emphasize the sunlight and the freshness of the morning.

"No—not that," returned d'Arragon. "It is a great victory, they tell me; but it is hard to say whether such news would be good or bad. It was of Charles that I spoke. He is safe—madame has heard."

He spoke rather slowly, and turned toward Desiree, with a measured gesture, not unlike Sebastian's habitual manner, and a quick glance to satisfy himself that she had understood and was ready.

"Yes," said Desiree, "he was safe and well after the battle, but he gives no details; for the letter was actually written the day before."

"With a mere word, added in postcriptum, to say that he was unhurt at the end of the day," suggested Sebastian, already drawing forward a chair, with a gesture full of hospitality, inviting d'Arragon to be seated at the simple breakfast table. But d'Arragon was looking at Mathilde, who had gone rather hurriedly to the window, as if to breathe the air. He had caught a glimpse of her face as she passed. It was hard and set, quite colorless, with bright, sleepless eyes. D'Arragon was a sailor. He had seen that look in rougher faces and sterner eyes, and knew what it meant.

"No details?" asked Mathilde, in a muffled voice, without looking round.

"No," answered Desiree, who had noticed nothing. How much more clearly we should understand what is going on around us if we had no secrets of our own to defend!

In obedience to Sebastian's gesture, d'Arragon took a chair, and even as he did so, Mathilde came to the table, calm and mistress of herself again, to pour out the coffee, and do the honors of the simple meal. D'Arragon, besides having acquired the seamen's habit of adapting himself unconsciously and unobtrusively to his surroundings, was of a direct mind, lacking self-consciousness, and simplified by the pressure of a strong and steady purpose. For men's minds are like the atmosphere, which is always cleared by a steady breeze, while a changing wind generates vapours, mist, uncertainty.

"And what news do you bring from the sea?" asked Sebastian. "Is your sky there as overcast as ours in Dantzig?"

"No, monsieur, our sky is clearing," answered d'Arragon, eating with a hearty appetite the fresh bread and butter set before him. "Since I saw you the treaties have been signed, as you doubtless know, between Sweden and Russia and England."

Nodding his head with silent emphasis, Sebastian gave it to be understood that he knew that and more.

"It makes a great difference to us at sea in the Baltic," said d'Arragon. "We are no longer harassed night and day, like a dog hounded from end to end of a hostile street, not daring to look into any doorway. The Russian ports and Swedish ports are open to us now."

"One is glad to hear that your life is one of less hardship," said Sebastian, gravely. "I—who have tasted it."

Desiree glanced at his lean, hard face. She rose, went out of the room, and returned in a few minutes carrying a new loaf, which she set on the table before him with a short laugh, and something glistening in her eyes that was not mirth.

But neither Desiree nor Mathilde joined in the conversation. They were glad for their father to have a companion so sympathetic as to produce a marked difference in his manner. For Sebastian was more at ease with Louis d'Arragon than he was with Charles, though the latter had the tie of a common fatherland, and spoke the same French that Sebastian spoke. D'Arragon's French had the roundness always imparted to that language by an English voice. It was perfect enough, but of an educated perfection.

river half the night listening at the open stern-window of a Revel pink to every word they said. His Majesty can safely come to Konigsberg. Indeed, he is better out of Dantzig. For the whole country is riddled with that which they call patriotism, and we treason. But I can only repeat which his Majesty disbelieved the day before yesterday—that the heart of the ill is Dantzig, and the venom of it Sebastian. Who he really is and what he is about, you must find out how you can. I go forward today to Gumbinnen. The enclosed letter to its address, I beg of you, if only in acknowledement of all that I have sacrificed."

The letter was unsigned, but the writing was the writing of Charles Darragon, and Desiree knew what he had sacrificed—what he could never recover.

There were two or three more letters addressed to "Dear C.," bearing no signature, and yet written by Charles. Desiree read them carefully with a sort of numb attention which photographed them permanently on her memory like writing that is carved in stone upon a wall. There must be some explanation in one of them. Who had sent them to her? Was Charles dead?

At last she came to a sealed envelope addressed to herself by Charles. Some other hand had copied the address from it in identical terms on the piece of white leather. She opened and read it. It was the letter written to her by Charles on the bank of the Kalugha River on the eve of Borodino, and left unfinished by him. He must be dead. She prayed that he might be.

She was alone in the room, having come down early, as was her wont, to prepare breakfast. She heard Lisa talking with someone at the door—a messenger, no doubt, to say that Charles was dead.

One letter still remained unread. It was in a different writing—the writing on the white leather.

"Madame," it read, "The enclosed papers were found on the field by one of my orderlies. One of them being addressed to you furnishes a clew to their owner, who must have dropped them in the hurry of the advance. Should Captain Charles Darragon be your husband, I have the pleasure to inform you that he was seen alive and well at the end of the day." The writer assured Desiree of his respectful consideration, and wrote "Surgeon" after his name.

Desiree had read the explanation too late.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Day of Rejoicing.
Truth though it crush me

The door of the room stood open, and the sound of a step in the passage made Desiree glance up, as she hastily put together the papers found on the battlefield of Borodino.

Louis d'Arragon was coming into the room, and for an instant, before his expression changed, she saw all the fatigue that he must have gone through during the night; all that he must have risked. His face was usually still and quiet; a combination of that contemplative calm which characterises seafaring faces, and the clean-cut immobility of a racial type developed by hereditary duties of self-restraint and command.

He knew that there had been a battle and, seeing the papers on the table, his eyes asked her the inevitable question which his lips were slow to put into words.

In reply, Desiree shook her head. She looked at the papers in quick thought. Then she withdrew from them the letter written to her by Charles—and put the others together.

(To be Continued.)

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