MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE. GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers: New York.

(Continued.)

The officer lounged out of the tavern door.

"Captain, M. de Mar."

"Oh, aye!" cried the captain, coming forward with brisk interest. "M de Mar, you're the child of luck. You dine with the king."

"I am the child of bewilderment, captain."

"And you've not too much time to recover from it, M. le Comte. You are to go straight to the king."

"I may go to M. de St. Quentin's lodgings first."

"No, monsieur; straight to the king."

"What! in my shirt?"

"I can't help it, monsieur," the captain laughed. "I suppose the king did not guess you were coming in your shirt. Anyway, his order was to fetch you direct. And direct you go. But never care. Our king's no stickler for toggery. He's known what it is himself to lack a coat."

"I might wash my face, then."

"Certainly. No harm in that."

So M. Etienne went into the tournebride and washed his face. And that was all the toilet he made for audience with the greatest king in the world.

"You'll ride to Monsieur's" he commanded me, when the captain answered:

"No; he goes with you, monsieur, if he's the boy Choux, Treoux, whatever it is."

"Broux—Felix Broux!" I cried, a-quiver

"That's it. You go to the king, too. Another luck child."

I thought so indeed. We followed the sentry through the town in a walking dream, content to let him do with us as he would. He did the talking, explained to the grandees in the king's hall our names and errand. One of them led us up the stairs and knocked at a closed door.

"Enter!"

It was Henry's own voice. I pinched monsieur's hand to tell him. Our guide opened the door a crack.

"M. de Mar, Sire, and his servant."

"Good, La Force. Let them enter."

M. La Force fairly pushed us over the sill, so abashed were we, and shut the door upon us.

The king was alone. But before this simple gentleman in the rusty black, M. Etienne caught his breath as he had not done before a court in full pomp. He had seen courts, but he had never seen the first soldier of Europe. He advanced three steps into the room, and forgot to kneel, forgot to lower his gaze in the presence, but merely stared wild-eyed at majesty, as majesty stared at him. Thus they stood surveying each other from top to toe in the frankest curiosity, till at length the king spoke:

"M. de Mar, you look less like a carpet-knight than I expected."

M. Etinne came to himself, to kneel at once.

"Sire, I blush for my looks. But your zealous soldiers would not let me from their clutches. I am just come from killing Paul de Lorraine."

"What! the spy Lucas?"

"Himself. And when I left the spot by way of the window in some haste, I was not expecting this honor, Sire."

"Nor do I think you deserve it, ventre-saint-gris!" the king cried. "Though you come hatless and coatless today, you have been a long time on the road, M. de Mar."

"Aye, Sire."

"You might as well have stayed away as come at this hour. Marry, all 's over! Go hang yourself, my breathless follower! We have fought all our great battles, and you were not there!"

Scarlet under the lash, M. Etienne, kneeling, bent his eyes on the ground. He was silent, but as the king spoke not, he felt it incumbent to stammer something:

"That is my life's misfortune, Sire."

"Misfortune, sirrah? Misfortune you call it? Let me hear you say fault."

"I dare not, Sire," M. Etienne murmured. "It was of course your Majesty's fault. We cannot serve heretics, we St. Quentins."

"Ventre-saint-gris! You think well of yourself, young Mar."

"I must, Sire, when your Majesty invites me to dinner."

The king burst into laughter, and his temper, which I believe was all a play, vanished to the winds.

"Pardieu! you're a glib fellow, Mar. But I didn't invite you to dinner for your own sake, little as you can imagine it. So you would have joined my flag four years ago, had I not been a stinking heretic?"

"Aye, Sire, I needs must have. Therefore am I everlastingly beholden to your Majesty for remaining so long a Huguenot."

"How now, cockerel?"

M. Etienne faltered a moment. He was not burdened by shyness, but before the king's sharp glance he underwent a cold terror lest he had been too free with his tongue. However, there was naught to do but go on.

"Sire, had I fought under your banner like a man, at Dieppe and Arques and Ivry, M. de Mayenne had never dreamed of marrying his ward to me. I had never known her."

"The loveliest demoiselle I ever saw!" the king cried. "I shall marry her to one of my staunchest supporters."

The smile was washed from M. Etienne's lips. He turned as white as linen. In one moment his youth seemed to go from him. The king, unnoting, picked a parchment off the table.

"To one of my bravest captains. Here's his commission, my lad."

M. Etienne stared up from the writing into the king's laughing face.

"I, Sire? I?"

"You, Mar, you. You are my staunch supporter, perhaps?"

"Your horse-boy, an you ask it, Sire!"

He pressed his lips to the king's hand, great, helpless tears dropping down upon it.

"If I ever desert you, I am a dog, Sire! But the fighting is not all done. I will capture you a flag yet."

"Perhaps. I much fear me there's life in Mayenne still."

M. Etienne, not venturing to rise, yet lifted beseeching eyes to the king's.

"What! you want to get away from me, ventre-saint-gris?"

My lord, who wanted precisely that, had no choice but to protest that nothing was farther from his thoughts.

"Staff!" the king exclaimed. "You're in a sweat to be gone, you unmannerly churl! You, a raw, untried boy, are invited to dine with the king, and your one itch is to escape the tedium!"

"Sire—"

"Peace! You are guilty, sirrah. Take your punishment!"

He darted across the room, and throwing open an inner door, called gently, "Mademoiselle!"

"Yes, Sire," she answered, coming to the threshold.

The peasant lass was gone forever. The great lady, regal in satins, stood before us. She bent on the king a little, eager, questioning glance; then she caught sight of her lover. Faith, had the sun gone out, the room would have been brilliant with the light of her face.

M. Etienne sprang up and toward her. And, she, pushing by the king as if he had been the door-post, went to him. They stood before each other, neither touching nor speaking, but only looking one at the other like two blind folk by a heavenly miracle restored to sight.

"How now, children? Am I not a model monarch? Do you swear by me forever? Do you vouch me the very pattern of a king?"

Answer he got none. They heard nothing, knew nothing, but each other. The sightless king chuckled and, beckoning me, withdrew to his cabinet.

So here an end. For if Henry of France leave them, you and I may not stay.

(The end.)

Had the sun gone down the room would have been brilliant from the light of her face.

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Though often they fail to give even temporary relief, Dr. W. Seymour of Huntsville, Ont., was able to cure himself thoroughly with Ferrozone.

"My trouble," he says, "was chronic catarrh of the stomach. There was constant bad taste in my mouth, I was costive and usually nauseated before and after meals, I also had a gnawing sensation in the stomach. Ferrozone also gave me great relief, and I also used Catarrhozone, which is good for Catarrh. Although it took a number of boxes of Ferrozone, I got back my health and today am quite well."

For stomach Catarrh, indigestion and kindred disorders, nothing excels Ferrozone. In a thousand cases it has proved a wonderful success. Try it yourself, 50c. per box at all dealers, or N. C. Polson, Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn.

The local police have been requested by circular to look out for one John M. Fake, who, it is charged, unlawfully appropriated funds belonging to the company with whom he was engaged in Schuylerville (N. Y.) A reward of $100 is offered, and the culprit is described as being long featured, smooth shaven, with nasal tone, and sidling walk. It is furthermore reported that he is a Shriner, and that he has false teeth. But perchance he is guiltless of all the unkind things said about him. Poor Mr. Fake; once he establishes his innocence he should sue his name for libel.

E. H. Sinclair, of Newcastle, was at the Royal yesterday.

The

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K. OF P. INSTALLATION

At a largely attended meeting of Union Lodge No. 2, Knights of Pythias, last evening, Deputy Grand Chancellor Robert Bartsch installed the officers for the term commencing July 1, as follows:—

C. C., Al. Dodge, P. C.
V. C., R. T. Patchell.
P., John Thornton.
M. of W., E. M. Smith.
K. of R. and S., F. A. Kinnear, P. C.
M. of E., R. S. Ritchie, P. C.
M. at A., A. A. Gillespie.
I. G., H. N. Dearborn.
O. G., H. H. McLellan, P. C.

The installing officer was assisted by Dr. F. A. Godsoe, as G. V. C.; R. A. Watson, G. P., and F. A. Kinnear, G. M. at A.

The reports of the various officers were submitted, showing the lodge to be in an exceedingly good condition, both financially and numerically.

A committee was appointed to meet with a like committee from New Brunswick Lodge No. 1, to arrange for the annual decoration day. It is expected that the date for placing floral tributes on the graves of departed members will this year be about the second Thursday in August.

Preparations for the entertainment of the members of grand lodge, which will meet here on Aug. 28, are going along nicely, and a big time is expected.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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THE SUNDAY LAW

OTTAWA, July 4.—There will be sweeping changes made in the Sunday observance bill, which comes up in the house again on Friday.

Mr. Aylesworth will move an amendment, which will give the provinces the privilege of enacting any sort of a Sunday law they like on all points, except that of transportation, where the dominion legislation will have to stand. On all others matters on which the province can legislate they can have such a Sunday law as they desire.

The annual picnic of the Mission church, Paradise row, was held yesterday at Westfield Beach. The picnickers were taken to and from the grounds by train, and the return to the city was made about 8 o'clock. With the exception of rain for a few hours in the afternoon, the day was pleasantly spent in the usual sports and games.

Miss Annie A. Maxwell returned yesterday from the southen states, where she holds a position on the faculty of a ladies' college.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Robertson have gone to their salmon camp on the Upsalquitch.

Bargain Sale of

Boots and Shoes

Five thousand pairs of Boots and Shoes to be turned into dollars.

Men's, Boys', Youths', Women's, Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes at

BARGAIN PRICE.

If you want to save money, attend this sale. Sale starts SATURDAY MORNING when every shoe in stock witl be marked at

POSITIVE BARGAIN PRICES.

This sale is positively for CASH. No goods charged at reduced prices.

No old stock, all up-to-date goods at practically your own price.

E. O. Parsons,

West End.

A COSTLY CELEBRATION

Son of New York's Acting Mayor Got Drunk and Tried to Eat a Policeman.

NEW YORK, July 3—Frank McGowan, the 18-year-old son of Patrick F. McGowan, president of the board of aldermen, and acting mayor of New York, was arrested tonight on a charge of intoxication. On the way to the station house the policeman claims young McGowan fought him fiercely, biting him three times in the hand. The policeman in turn used his night stick on the young man, who entered the station with his face covered with blood from wounds of the scalp. An ambulance was summoned and the wounds of both young McGowan and the officer were dressed by a surgeon. The additional charge of assaulting an officer was preferred against the young man. Acting Mayor McGowan later went to the police station and bailed his son.

MAJOR MOODIE IN HALIFAX

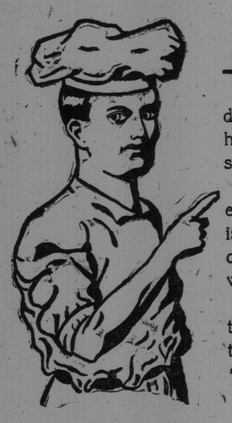
HALIFAX, July 4—(Special)—Major Moodie is in the city and it is understood he will leave here for Hudson Bay about the end of this month. A patrol boat is being built at Sorel for his service and will come to Halifax as soon as it is ready. It is possible that Mrs. Moodie will accompany the major on his trip to the bay this time.

THEY FAVOR BRYAN

GREENSBORO, N. C., July 4—The Democratic state convention met here yesterday with about 300 delegates in attendance. Wm. J. Bryan was endorsed for president and former Governor Charles B. Aycock of this state, for vice president.

George Doig, for years on the staff of the London House, and a valued member of Germain street Baptist church, left last evening for Brandon (Man.), accompanied by his wife and two children. They will locate permanently in the west. At the station many friends assembled to say farewell. Among those present were W. C. Cross and Donaldson Hunt.

W. M. Fraser and family have moved to their summer residence, Public Landing.



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