

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE. GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers New York.

(Continued.)
 "I hear malice!" I cried, flushing.
 "Monsieur is mocking me. I know monsieur cannot love me, since I attempted a life. Yet my wish is to be allowed to serve him so faithfully that he can forget it."
 "Nay," he said, "I have forgotten it. And it was freely forgiven from the moment I saw Lucas at my cousin's side."
 "For the second time," I said, "monsieur saved my life. And I dropped on my knees beside the bed to kiss his hand. But he snatched it away from me and flung his arm around my neck and kissed my cheek."
 "Felix," he cried, "but for your hands would be red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and me from worse. If I have any shred of honour left it is in you have saved them to me."
 "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did naught. I am your servant till I die."
 "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet? Lucas's fool?"
 "Monsieur," he was not Lucas alone. It was a plot. You know what he said—"
 "Aye," he cried with bitter vehemence. "I shall remember for some time what he said. They would kill me to make my cousin Valere duke! He was a man. But—nom de dieu, I was not worth the killing."
 "Is this the League's scheming, monsieur?"
 "Oh, that does not need the saying. Secretaries don't plot against dukes and kings. It is not the League's work. Behind Lucas—I dare swear his Grace of Mayenne himself. It is no secret now where Monsieur stands. Yet the king's party grows so strong and the mob so sheers Monsieur, the League dare not strike openly. So they put a spy in the house to choose time and way. And the spy would not stab, for he saw he could make me do his work for him. He saw I needed but a push to make me open breach with my father. He gave the push. Oh, he could make me pull his horse out from the fire well enough, burn-

Tomorrow I go to pledge my sword to Henry of Navarre."
 "Monsieur, if he comes to the faith—" "Mordieu! faith is not all. Were he a pagan of the wilderness he were better than these Leaguers. He fights honestly and bravely and generously. He could have had the city before now, save that he will not starve us. He looks the other way, and the provision-trains, come in. But the Leaguers, with all their regiments, dare not openly strike down one man—one man who has come all alone into their country—they put a spy into his house to eat his food and betray him; they stir up his own kin to slay him, that it may not be called the League's work. And they are most Catholic and noble gentlemen! Nay, I am done with these pious plotters who would redder my hands with my father's blood and make me outcast and despised of all men. I have spent my playtime with the League; I will go work with Henry of Navarre!"
 "I caught his fire."
 "By St. Quentin," I cried, "we will beat these Leaguers yet!"
 He laughed, yet his eyes burned with determination.
 "By St. Quentin, shall we! You and I, Felix, you and I alone will overturn the whole League! We will show them what we are made of. They think lightly of me. Why not? I never took part with my father. I laid about in those gay Paris houses, bent on my pleasure, to shallow a fop even to take sides in the fight for a kingdom. What should they see in me but an empty-headed rascal, frittering away his life in follies? But they did not know me. I am something more. Well, enter there!"
 He dropped back among the pillows, striving to look careless, as Maitre Meneg, the landlord, opened the door and stood shuffling on the threshold.
 "Does M. le Comte sleep?" he asked me deferentially, though I think he could not

"Get my clothes, Felix. I must go to the Hotel de Lorraine."
 But I flung myself upon him, pushing him back into bed and dragging the cover over him by main force.
 "You can go nowhere, M. Etienne; it is madness. The surgeon said you must lie here for three days. You will get a fever in your wounds; you shall not go."
 "Get off me, od rot you; you're smothering me," he gasped. "Cautiously I relaxed my grip, still holding him down. He heaved: "Felix, I must go. So long as there is a spark of life left in me, I have no choice but to go."
 "Monsieur, you said you were done with the League—with M. de Mayenne."
 "Aye, so I did," he cried. "But this is not Lorraine."
 Then, at my look of mystification, he suddenly opened his hand and tossed me the letter he had held close in his palm. I read:
 "M. de Mar appears to consider himself of very little consequence, or of very great, since he is absent a whole month from the Hotel de Lorraine. Does he think he is not missed? Or is he so sure of his standing that he fears no supplanting? In either case he is wrong. He is missed. He will not be missed forever. He may, if he will, be forgiven; he may, if he will, be forgotten. If he would cease oblivion, let him come tonight, at the eleventh hour, to lay his apologies at the feet of

and that will profit neither you nor her, but only Lucas and his crew."
 "That is as may be. At least I make the attempt. A month hence I sent her a letter. I found it tonight in Lucas's doublet. She thinks me careless of her."
 "I must go."
 "Monsieur, you are mad," I cried. "You have said yourself Mayenne is likely to be behind Lucas. If you go you will walk into the enemies' very jaws. It is a trap, a lure."
 "Felix, beware what you say!" he interrupted with quick-blazing eyes. "I do not permit such words to be spoken in connection with Mlle. de Montillac."
 "But, monsieur—" "Silence!" he commanded in a voice as sharp as crack of pistol. The St. Quentin had over the more abundant faith in those they loved. I remembered how Monsieur in just such a blaze of resentment had forbidden me to speak ill of his father. And I remembered, too, that Monsieur's faith had been justified and that my accusations were lies. Nathelias, I liked not the look of this affair, and I attempted further warnings.
 (To be continued.)

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SAW AWFUL SIGHTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

A resident of San Francisco at the time of the terrible earthquake and fire, and an eye-witness of some of the awful happenings, arrived in the city Saturday. She is Mrs. Margaret Shea, a former resident of Sussex, and she is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mahoney, 16 Cliff street. Mrs. Shea, whose husband was the late John Shea, went to France about a year ago to look after some property left her by her brother, the late James Mahoney, a former resident of this city; and she had intended to make her home there.

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Spott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont. will gladly send you the name of a Canadian who has tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

FIRE IN CHATHAM CHURCH

Chatham, N. B., May 20.—(Special)—Old St. John's church caught fire yesterday afternoon and would have been totally destroyed had it not been for the prompt action of the fire brigade. The flames were extinguished before the damage was serious, but the building was flooded with water. It is supposed that a small boy and firecrackers were responsible for the blaze.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM MUNIBRAD

The funeral of Mrs. Wilkinson, wife of Rev. William Wilkinson, rector at Bay Du Vin, took place this afternoon from the home of Judge Wilkinson, and was very largely attended. St. Paul's church, where the impressive funeral service was conducted by Ven. Archbishop Pomyth, being crowded with sorrowing friends. The choir of St. Mary's church supplemented St. Paul's choir and the hymns—Hail Glorious Morn, On the Resurrection Morn, and For All My Sins, and Psalm 23 were sung. The pall bearers were M. S. Stocken, W. Jarvis, George B. Fraser, Dr. J. B. Benson, Tucker Williston, of Bay Du Vin, and William McLeod, of Bay Du Vin, and burial was in St. Paul's cemetery. Among the many beautiful floral tributes were one from the family of the deceased and one from Judge Wilkinson. Mrs. Wilkinson went to Kentville (N.S.) in the early winter for treatment, and the death occurred there on Thursday. Besides her husband she leaves a family of eight, who have much sympathy in their sad loss.

W. S. Grant, of Halifax, was registered at the Dufferin Saturday.



"I dared not deny him further!"
 My hands—so that I could never strike a free blow again. I was to be their slave, their thrall forever!"
 "Never that, monsieur; never that!" "I am not so sure," he cried. "Had not been for the advent of a stray boy from Picardie, I fear Lucas would have put his purpose through. I was blindfolded; I saw nothing. I knew my cousin Gervais to be morose and cruel; yet I had done him no harm; I had always stood his friend. I thought him shamefully used; I let myself be turned out of my father's house to champion him. I had no more notion he was plotting my ruin than a child playing with his dolls. I was their doll, mordieu! their toy, their crazy fool on a chain. But life is not yet over."

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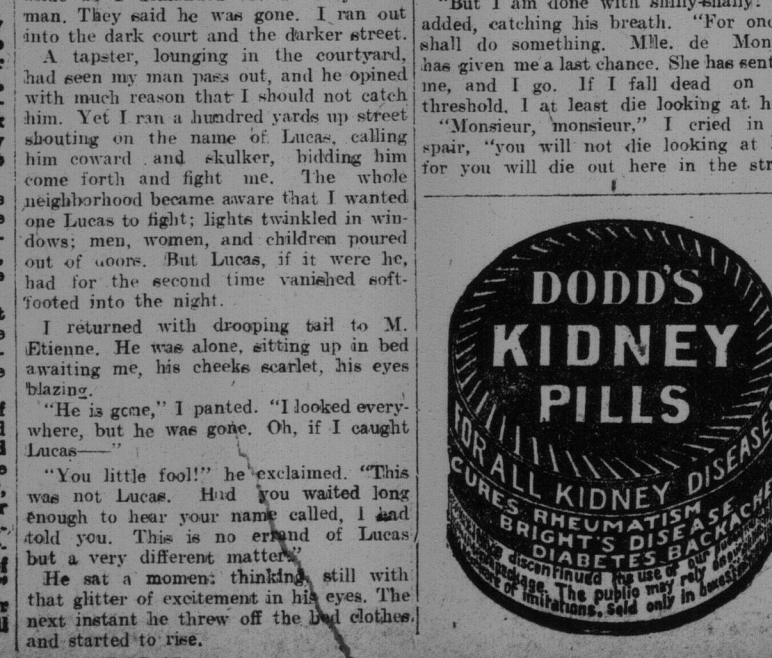
Kidney disease comes on quietly, it may have been in the system for a long time before you suspected the real cause of your trouble. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbance of the urinary organs, such as, brick dust deposit in urine, highly colored, scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent urination, stone in bladder, etc.

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quarrel over Gervais de Grammont. That was the spark kindled the powder, but the train was laid."
 "Then you, monsieur, were a Leaguer?" "Nay, I was not!" he cried. "Does he credit me with shame, as you choose—I was not. I was neither one nor the other, neither false nor true. My father thought me a Leaguer, but I was not. I was not disloyal, in deed at least, to the house that bore me. Monsieur reviled me for a skulker, a faint heart; non de dieu, he might have remembered his own three years of idleness!"
 "Mademoiselle is my religion," he cried, and then laughed not merrily.
 "Pardieu! for all my pains I have not won her. I have skulked and evaded and temporized—for nothing. I will not join the League and break my father's heart; would not stand out against it and lose Lorraine. I have been trying these three years to please both the goat and the cabbage—with the usual ending. I have pleased nobody. I am out of Mayenne's books; he made me overtures and I refused him. I am out of my father's grace, he despises me for a haggard. Had I gone in with Mayenne I had won her. Had I gone with Monsieur I was sure of a command in King Henry's army. But I, wanting both, get neither. Between two stools, I fall miserably to the ground. I am but a dawdler, a do-nothing, the butt and laughing-stock of all brave men."
 "But I am done with shilly-shally!" he added, catching his breath. "For once I shall do something. Mlle. de Montillac has given me a last chance. She has sent for me, and I go. If I fall dead on her threshold, I at least die looking at her."
 "Monsieur, at least," I cried in despair, "you will not die looking at her, for you will die out here in the street,



SILVER CLOUD SWEEP ON ROCKS

Schooner Wrecked Between Black Point and Mispec

LEFT HIGH OUT OF WATER ON LEDGE

Straddling two rocks on the coast between Black Point and Mispec the forty-five ton single topmast schooner Silver Cloud is a total wreck. She struck in thick weather Saturday morning about 11 o'clock while on the way here from Digby with a load of junk from Mr. Webber of that town.

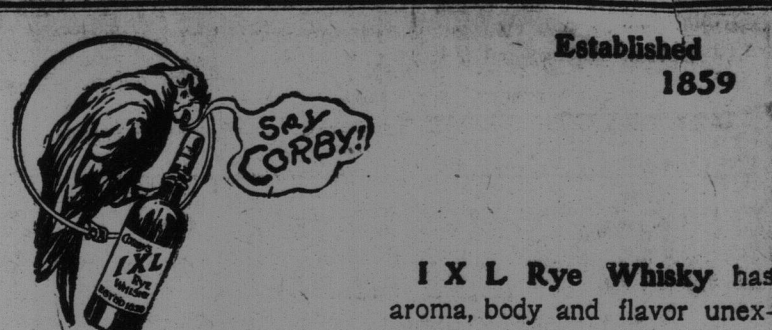
Stranded Later and Sank—Wind Left Nova Scotia Packet and Swell Took Her Ashore—Captain and Crew Come to St. John.

On board the schooner were Capt. Geo. Poff, of Digby; Mate D. W. Hainspacher, of Colledon, and Joe Simms, of Digby, a by.

Speaking of the wreck Saturday night the mate said they left Digby Friday night and there was no wind. He left St. John in the morning, a breeze sprang up, but on account of the thick weather they were doubtful for a time as to their position.

Having determined where they were—near Mispec Cape—they stood down the bay for St. John, keeping quiet until about 11.30 o'clock and he walked to the schooner from one side to the other. She was caught fast again about two feet from the stern post.

"She she listed seaward she would have fallen completely over, mate down, but she took a little cant towards shore and there she hung."



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