Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Kent, of St. George, were in St. Stephen to attend the Exhibition last Thursday.

Mrs. James McWha has arrived from Sydney, C. B., and has received a most cordial welcome from St. Stephen friends.

Mrs. A. MacNichol and Mrs. Conant, who have been registered at the St. Croix Hotel, in Calais, for several days, have returned to their home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer, of Boston, were in St. Stephen recently calling on old friends.

Mrs. Frank Riley has returned from a visit at Red Light Cottage, with Mrs. I. W. McAllister, and is again the guest of Mrs. B. Shorten.

The car, which was put up for lottery by the St. Stephen Soldier's Comforts Association, at the Charlotte County Exhibition, was won by J. J. Danforth, of Eastport. The car has since been sold to Mr. John M. Flewelling.

Miss Elsie Lawson is in St. Stephen visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lawson. Miss Lawson is stenographer in the law office of her uncle, Mr. John M. Stevens, in Edmundson.

Mrs. W. C. Goucher and Miss Jean Goucher have returned from a visit in Truro, N. S.

Mrs. Jack Fraser and her young daughters are visiting relatives on Grand Manan.

Dr. W. W. White, of Houlton, was registered at the Queen Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wibberly, of Houlton, Me., are in St. Stephen visiting relatives.

The St. Andrews Deanery meets on Grand Manan, on Thursday and Friday. Ven Archdeacon Newham and Rev. W. Tomalin are attending the sessions.

Mrs. Wellington Belyea, of Woodstock, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Scovil.

Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, Mrs. Walter Magee and Mrs. George F. Smith, of St. Andrews, were in St. Stephen on Tuesday.

Mrs. Gilbert Ganong was "at home" to visitors at Government House, on Tuesday afternoon, from three until six o'clock.

Mr. Thirlmore Lyford has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., for the benefit of his health.

Mr. George White, of Fredericton, has been in town during the past week.

Miss Bessie Dinsmore entertained very pleasantly at her home, one evening last week, for the pleasure of her friend, Miss Ryan, of Moncton.

Miss Ethel Moore, of Fredericton, has been visiting St. Stephen friends.

Mrs. Harold Goss, of St. George, and her young daughter, Roberta, have been visiting friends in St. Stephen during the past week.

Dr. Charles London, of Montreal, has been a recent visitor in St. Croix towns.

St. Stephen is full of visiting ladies of the W. C. T. U., of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, who are here to attend the Convention of the W. C. T. U. The first session was held this morning in the Town Council Chamber. This evening Mrs. Deborah Livingstone, of Bangor, a forceful and interesting speaker, is to address the meeting.

A Musicale for the benefit of the Red Cross Societies in St. Stephen and Calais, is to be given in the St. Croix Opera House, on Thursday evening, by Miss Anita Carrara assisted by other artists of local fame.

Mrs. Killam, of Vancouver, B. C., and Mrs. C. E. Bates, of Houlton, are visiting their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Deinstedt.

Mrs. John Wall and her little son, Gilbert, have gone to Sussex to visit her mother, Mrs. Snyder.

Mr. Frank T. Rose and his son, Private Walter Ross, U. S. Army, recently motored to Fredericton and returned.

Mrs. Harold Alcorn and her son, Douglas, of Andover are guests of her mother, Mrs. Charles Henderson.

Prof. Upton Hill left on Tuesday for Wolfvile, N. S. to take up his duties as Professor of Chemistry at Acadia College.

The Charlotte County Exhibition closed on Friday evening, after four most successful days. The grounds were crowded with thousands of visitors every day. Everybody enjoyed the Fair and it is pronounced by one and all to be quite as good in every way as any previous Exhibition held in St. Stephen.

COSTA RICA SEVERS RELATIONS

San Jose, Costa Rica, Sept. 18—Diplomatic relations between Costa Rica and Germany are considered severed as the result of steps taken by the Goverment yesterday. General Tinoco, the President discovered that German residents here had joined with some of the followers of former President Gonzales in conspiring against the Government.

Three of the most prominent Germans here—Kumpel, Altschui and Orlich—have been arrested. All Germans residing in Costa Rican ports have been interned. President Tinoco has called Congress in special session, and will lay the matter before it.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

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(Chapter II Continued)

THE rose fell at his feet.

"A rose lasts till morning," said a voice behind him.

Turning, M. de Chateaurien looked beamingly upon the face of the Duke of Winterset.

"'Tis already the daylight," he replied, pointing to the east. "Monsieur, was it not enough honor for you to han' out madame, the aunt of Lady Mary? Lady Rellerton retain' much trace of beauty. 'Tis strange you did not appear more happy."

"The rose is of an unlucky color, I think," observed the duke.

"The color of a blush, my brother."

"Unlucky, I still maintain," said the other calmly.

"The color of the veins of a Frenchman. Ha, ha!" cried the young man. "What price would be too high? A rose is a rose! A good night, my brother, a good night. I wish you dreams of roses, red roses, only beautiful red, red roses!"

"Stay! Did you see the look she gave these street folk when they shouted for her? And how are you higher than they, when she knows? As high as yonder horse boy!"

"Red roses, my brother, only roses. I wish you dreams of red, red roses!"

CHAPTER III.

'Twas well agreed by the fashion of Bath that M. le Duc de Chateaurien was a person of sensibility and haut ton, that his retinue and equipage surpassed in elegance, that his person was exquisite, his manner engaging. In the company of gentlemen his ease was slightly tinged with graciousness (his single equal in Bath being his grace of Winterset), but it was remarked that when he bowed over a lady's hand his air bespoke only a gay and tender reverence.

He was the idol of the dowagers within a week after his appearance. Matrons warmed to him. Young belles looked sweetly on him, while the gentlemen were won to admiration or envy. He was of prodigious wealth. Old Mr. Bicksit, who dared not, for his fame's sake, fail to have seen all things, had visited Chateaurien under the present duke's father and descanted to the curious upon its grandeurs. The young noble had one fault. He was so poor a gambler. He cared nothing for the hazards of a die or the turn of a card. Gayly admitting that he had been born with no spirit of adventure in him, he was sure, he declared, that he failed of much happiness by his lack of taste in such matters.

But he was not long wanting the occasion to prove his taste in the matter of handling a weapon. A certain led-captain, Rohrer by name, notorious, among other things, for bearing a dexterous and blood-thirsty blade, came to Bath post haste one night and jostled heartily against him in the pump room on the following morning. M. de Chateaurien bowed and turned aside without offense, continuing a conversation with some gentlemen near by. Captain Rohrer jostled against him a second time. M. de Chateaurien looked him in the eye and apologized pleasantly for being so much in the way. There upon Rohrer procured an introduction to him and made some observations derogatory to the valor and virtue of the French.

There was current a curious piece of gossip of the French court: A prince of the blood royal, grandson of the late regent and second in the line of succession to the throne of France, had rebelled against the authority of Louis XV., who had commanded him to marry the Princess Henrietta, cousin to both of them. The princess was reported to be openly devoted to the cousin who refused to accept her hand at the bidding of the king, and, as rumor ran, the prince's caprice elected in preference the discipline of Vincennes, to which retirement the furious king had consigned him. The story was the staple gossip of all polite Europe, and Captain Rohrer, having in his mind a purpose to make use of it in leading up to a statement that should be general to the damage of all Frenchwomen and which a Frenchman might not pass over as he might a jog of the elbow, repeated it with garbled truths to make a scandal of a story which bore none on a plain relation.

He did not reach his destination. M. de Chateaurien, breaking into his narrative, addressed him very quietly. "Monsieur," he said, "none but swine deny the nobleness of that good and gentle lady, Mlle. la Princesse de Bourbon-Conti. Every Frenchman know' that her cousin is a bad rebel and ingrate, who had only honor and rispec' for her, but was so willful he could not let even the king say, 'You shall marry here, you shall marry there.' My frien's," the young man turned to the others, "may I ask you to close roun' in a circle for one moment? It is clearly shown that the Duke of Orleans is a scurvy fellow, but not"—he wheeled about and touched Captain Rohrer on the brow with the back of his gloved hand—"but not so scurvy as thou, thou swine of the gutter!"

Two hours later, with perfect ease, left shoulder, after which he sent a basket of red roses to the Duke of Winterset. In a few days he had another captain to fight. This was a ruffling buck who had the astounding indiscretion to proclaim M. de Chateaurien an imposter. There was no Chateaurien, he swore. The Frenchman laughed in his face and, at twilight of the same day, pinked him carefully through the right shoulder. It was not that he could not put aside the insult to himself, he declared to Mr. Molyneux, his second, and the few witnesses, as he handed his wet sword to his lackey—one of his station could not be insulted by a doubt of that station—but he fought in the quarrel of his friend Winterset. This rascal had asserted that M. le Duc had introduced an imposter. Could he overlook the insult to a friend, one to whom he owed his kind reception in Bath? Then, bending over his fallen adversary, he whispered, "Naughty man, tell your master find some better quarrel for the nex' he sen' agains' me."

The conduct of M. de Chateaurien was pronounced admirable.

There was no surprise when the young foreigner fell naturally into the long train of followers of the beautiful Lady Mary Carlisle, nor was there great astonishment that he should obtain marked favor in her eyes, shown so plainly that my Lord Townbrake, Sir Hugh Guilford and the rich Squire Bantison, all of whom had followed her through three seasons, swore with rage, and his grace of Winterset stalked from her aunt's house with black brows.

Meeting the duke there on the evening after his second encounter, de Chateaurien smiled upon him brilliantly. "It was badly done, oh, so badly!" he whispered. "Can you afford to have me strip' off my mask by any but yourself? You, who introduce' me? They will say there is some bad scandal that I could force you to be my godfather. You mus' get the courage yourself."

"I told you a rose had a short life," was the answer.

"Oh, those roses! 'Tis the very greates' rizzon to gather each day a fresh one." He took a red bud from his breast for an instant and touched it to his lips.

"M. de Chateaurien!" It was Lady Mary's voice. She stood at a table where a vacant place had been left beside her. "M. de Chateaurien, we have been waiting very long for you."

The duke saw the look she did not know she gave the Frenchman, and he lost countenance for a moment.

"We approach a climax, eh, monsieur?" said M. de Chateaurien.

CHAPTER IV.

There fell a clear September night, when the moon was radiant over town and country, over cobbled streets and winding roads. From the fields the mists rose slowly, and the air was mild and fragrant, while distances were white and full of mystery. All of Bath that pretended to fashion or condition was present that evening at a fete at the house of a country gentleman of the neighborhood. When the stately junket was concluded it was the pleasure of M. de Chateaurien to form one of the escort of Lady Mary's carriage for the return. As they took the road Sir Hugh Guilford and Mr. Bantison, engaging in indignant but vigorous remonstrance with Mr. Molyneux over some matter, fell fifty or more paces behind, where they continued to ride, keeping up their argument. Half a dozen other gallants rode in advance, muttering among themselves, or attended laxly upon Lady Mary's aunt on the other side of the coach, while the happy Frenchman was permitted to ride close to that adorable window which framed the fairest face in England.

He sang for her a little French song, a song of the voyageur who dreamed of home. The lady, listening, looking up at the bright moon, felt a warm drop upon her cheek, and he saw the tears sparkling upon her lashes.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered then, "I, too, have been a wanderer, but my dreams were not of France; no, I do not dream of that home, of that dear country. It is of a dearer country, a dream country—a country of gold and snow," he cried softly, looking at her white brow and the fair, lightly powdered hair above it. "Gold and snow and the blue sky of a lady's eyes!"

"I had thought the ladies of France were dark, sir."

"Cruel! It is that she will not understan'! Have I speak of the ladies of France? No, no, no! It is of the faires' country—yes, 'tis a province of heaven, modemoiselle. Do I not renounce my allegiance to France? Oh, yes! I am subjec'—no, content to be slave—in the lan' of the blue sky, the gold and the snow."

"A very pretty figure," answered Lady Mary, her eyes downcast. "But does it not hint a notable experience in the making of such speeches?"

"Tormentress! (No. It prove' only the inspiration it is to know you."

"We English ladies hear plenty of the like, sir, and we even grow brilliant enough to detect the assurance that lies beneath the courtesies of our own gallants."

"Merci! I should believe so!" ejaculated M. de Chateaurien, but he smothered the words upon his lips.

Her eyes were not lifted. She went on: "We come, in time, to believe that true feeling comes faltering forth, not glibly; that smoothness betokens the adept in the art, sir, rather than your true—your true"— She was herself faltering; more, blushing deeply and halting to a full stop in terror of a word. There was a silence.

"Your true—lover," he said huskily. When he had said that word both trembled. She turned half away into the darkness of the coach.

"I know what make' you to doubt me," he said, faltering himself, though it was not his art that prompted him. "They have tol' you the French do nothing al-ways but make love, is it not so? Yes, you think I am like that. You think I am like that now!"

She made no sign.

"I suppose," he sighed, "I am unriz'nable. I would have the snow not so col'—for jus' me."

She did not answer.

"Turn to me," he said.

The fragrance of the fields came to them, and from the distance the faint, clear note of a hunting horn.

"Turn to me."

The lovely head was bent very low. Her little gloved hand lay upon the narrow window ledge. He laid his own gently upon it. The two hands were shaking like twin leaves in the breeze. Hers was not drawn away. After a pause, neither knew how long, he felt the warm fingers turn and clasp themselves tremulously about his own. At last she looked up bravely and met his eyes. The horn was wound again—nearer.

"All the cold was gone from the snows—long ago," she said.

"My beautiful!" he whispered. It was all he could say. "My beautiful!" But she clutched his arm, startled.

"'Ware the road!" A wild halloo sounded ahead. The horn wound loudly. "'Ware the road!" There thunder of hoof beats. The gentlemen riding idly in front of the coach scattered to the hedge sides, and, with drawn swords flashing in the moon, a party of horsemen charged down the highway, their cries blasting the night.

"Barber! Kill the barber!" they screamed. "Barber! Kill the barber!"

Beaucaire had but time to draw his sword when they were upon him.

"A moi!" his voice rang out clearly as he rose in his stirrups. "A moi, Francois, Louis, Berquin! A moi, Francois!"

The cavaliers came straight at him. He parried the thrust of the first, but the shock of collision hurled his horse against the side of the coach.

"Sacred swine!" he cried bitterly. "To endanger a lady, to make this brawl in a lady's presence! Drive on!" he shouted.

"No!" cried Lady Mary.

The Frenchman's assailants were masked, but they were not highwaymen. "Barber! Barber!" they shouted hoarsely and closed in on him in a circle.

"See how he use' his steel!" laughed M. Beaucaire, as his point passed through a tawdry waistcoat. For a moment he cut through the ring and cleared a space about him, and Lady Mary saw his face shining in the moonlight. "Canaille!" he hissed as his horse sank beneath him, and, though guarding his head from the rain of blows from above, he managed to drag headlong from his saddle the man who had hamstrung the poor brute. The fellow came suddenly to the ground and lay there.

"Is it not a compliment," said a heavy voice, "to bring six large men to subdue monsieur?"

"Oh, you are there, my frien'! In the rear—a little in the rear, I think. Ha, ha!"

The Frenchman's play with his weapon was a revelation of skill, the more extraordinary as he held in his hand only a light dress sword. But the ring closed about him, and his keen defense could not avail him more than a few moments. Lady Mary's outriders, the gallants of her escort, rode up close to the coach and encircled it, not interfering.

"Sir Hugh Guilford!" cried Lady Mary, wildly, "if you will not help him, give me your sword!" She would have leaped to the ground, but Sir Hugh held the door.

"Sit quiet, madam," he said to her. Then, to the man on the box, "Drive on."

"If he does, I'll kill him!" she said fiercely. "Ah, what cowards! Will you see the duke murdered?"

"The duke!" laughed Guilford. "They will not kill him, unless—be easy, dear madam, 'twill be explained. Gad's life!" he muttered to Molyneux, "twere time the varlet had his lashing! D'ye hear her?"

"Barber or no barber," answered Molyneux, "I wish I had warned him. He fights as few gentlemen could. Ah—ah! Look at that! 'Tis a shame!"

On foot, his hat gone, his white coat sadly rent and gashed, flecked, too, with red, M. Beaucaire wary, alert, brilliant, seemed to transform himself into a dozen fencing masters, and, though his skill appeared to lie in delicacy and quickness, his play being continually with the point, sheer strength failed to beat him down. The young man was laughing like a child.

"Believe me," said Molyneux, "he's no barber! No, and never was!"

For a moment there was even a chance that M. Beaucaire might have the best of it. Two of his adversaries were prostrate, more than one were groaning, and the indomitable Frenchman had actually almost beat off the ruffians when, by a trick, he was overcome. One of them, dismounting, ran in suddenly from behind and seized his blade in a thick leather gauntlet. Before Beaucaire could disengage the weapon two others threw themselves from their horses and hurled him to the earth. "A moi! A moi, Francois!" he cried as he went down, his sword in fragments, but his voice unbroken and clear.

"Shame!" muttered one or two of the gentlemen about the coach.

"'Twas dastardly to take him so," said Molyneux. "Whatever his deservings, I'm nigh of a mind to offer him a rescue in the duke's face."

"Truss him up, lads," said the heavy voice. "Clear the way in front of the coach. There sit those whom we avenge upon a presumptuous lackey. Now, Whiffen, you have a fair audience, lay on and baste him."

Two men began to drag M. Beaucaire toward a great oak by the roadside. Another took from his saddle a heavy whip with three thongs.

"A moi, Francois!"

There was borne on the breeze an answer—"Monseigneur! Monseigneur!" The cry grew louder suddenly. The clatter of hoofs urged to an anguish of speed sounded on the night. M. Beaucaire's servants had lagged sorely behind, but they made up for it now. Almost before the noise of their own steeds they came riding down the moonlit aisle between the mists. Chosen men, these servants of Beaucaire, and like a thunderbolt they fell upon the astounded cavaliers.

"Chateaurien! Chateaurien!" they shouted, and smote so swiftly that, through lack of time, they showed no proper judgment, discriminating nothing between noncombatants and first into the group about M. Beaucaire and broke and routed it utterly. Two of them leaped to the young man's side while the other four, swerving, scarce losing the momentum of their onset, bore on upon the gentlemen near the coach, who went down beneath the fierceness of the onslaught, cursing manfully.

"Our just deserts," said Mr. Molyneux, his mouth full of dust and philosophy.

Sir Hugh Guilford's horse fell with him, being literally ridden over, and the baronet's leg was pinned under the saddle. In less than ten minutes from the first attack on M. Beaucaire the attacking party had fled in disorder, and the patrician noncombatants, choking with expletives, consumed with wrath were prisoners, disarmed by the Frenchman's lackeys.

Guilford's discomfiture had freed the doors of the coach. So it was that when M. Beaucaire, struggling

(Continued Next Week)

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