

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1906.

# THE HELMET OF NAVARRE

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GROSSET & DUNLAP, Publishers, New York.

(Continued.)

"Now, that is where Huguet ran with his wounded arm," I said to M. Etienne. "Aye, and if we did not know the way home we could find it by this red track." But the trail did not reach the door, for when we turned into the little street where the arch is, where I had waited for Martin, as we turned the familiar corner under the wall of the house itself, we came suddenly on the body of a man. Monsieur ran forward with a cry, for it was the Squire Huguet.

He wore a leather jerkin lined with steel rings, mail as stout as any forged. Some one had stabbed once and again at the coat without avail, and had then torn it open and stabbed his defenceless breast. Though we had killed two of their men, they had rained blows enough on this man of ours to kill twenty.

Monsieur knelt on the ground beside him, but he was quite cold. "The man who fled when we charged them must have lurked about," I said. "Huguet's sword-arm was useless; he could not defend himself."

"Or else he fainted from his wound," he said so. "M. Etienne answered, 'And one of those who fled just came upon him helpless and did this.'"

"Why didn't I follow him instead of sitting down a drink of wine?" I cried. "But I was thinking of you and Monsieur; I forgot Huguet."

"I forgot him, too," Monsieur sorrowed. "Chance to me; he would not have forgotten me."

"Monsieur," his son said, "it was no negligence of yours. You could have saved him only by following when he ran. And that was impossible."

"In sight of the town," Monsieur said sadly. "In sight of his own door."

We held silent. Monsieur got soberly to his feet.



"We went in, and M. Etienne ordered wine."

"I never lost a better man," Monsieur said. "I would not have a better epitaph. If you will say that of me when I die, I shall not have lived in vain."

He smiled at the outburst, but I did not care; if he would only smile, I was content it should be at me.

"Nay, Felix," he said. "I hope it will not be I who compose your epitaph. Come, we must get to the house and send after poor Huguet."

"Felix and I will carry him," M. Etienne said, and we lifted him between us. It was no easy task, for he was a heavy fellow. But it was little enough to do for him. We bore him along slowly, Monsieur striding ahead. But of a sudden he turned back to us, laying quick fingers on the poor torn breast.

"What is it, Monsieur?" cried his son. "My papers."

We set him down, and the three of us examined him from top to toe, stripping off his steel coat, pulling apart his blood-stained linen, prying into his very boots. But no papers revealed themselves.

"What were they, Monsieur?"

A drawn look had come over Monsieur's face.

"Papers which the king gave me, and which I feel and traitor, have lost."

I ran back to the spot where we had found Huguet; there was his hat on the ground, but no papers. I followed up the red trail to its beginning, looking behind every stone, every bunch of grass; but no papers. In my desperation I even pulled about the dead man's feet, the packet had been covered, falling from Huguet in the fray. The two gentlemen joined me in the search, and we went over every inch of the ground, but to no purpose.

"I thought them safer with Huguet than with me," Monsieur groaned. "I knew we ran that risk of ambush. Myself would be the object of attack; I had Huguet, were we waylaid, to run with the papers."

"And of course he would not."

"He should; it was my command. He stayed and saved my life perhaps, and lost me what is dearer than life—my honor."

"He could not have you to be killed, Monsieur; they were asking the impossible."

"Aye, but I am saved at the ruin of a hundred others!" Monsieur cried. "The papers contained certain lists of names of Mayenne's officers pledged to support the king if he turned Catholic. I had them for Lemaire. But at this date, in Mayenne's hands, they spell the men's destruction. Huguet should have known

self. It was a great surprise to me when at length we arrived without let or hindrance before the door of a mean little drinking-place, our goal.

We went in, and M. Etienne ordered wine, much to my satisfaction. My stomach was beginning to remind me that I had given it nothing for twelve hours or so, while I had worked my legs hard.

"Does M. Berner lodge with you?" my master asked of the landlord. We were his only patrons at the moment.

"M. Berner? Him with the eye out?"

"The same."

"Why, no, monsieur. I don't let lodgers. The building is not mine, I but rent the ground floor for my purpose."

"But M. Berner lodges in the house, then?"

"No, he doesn't. He lodges round the corner, in the court off the Rue Clichet."

"But he comes here often?"

"Oh, aye. Every morning for his glass. And most evenings, too."

M. Etienne laid down the drink-money, and something more.

"Sometimes he has a friend with him, eh?"

The man laughed.

"No, monsieur; he comes in here alone. Many's the time I'll be standing in my door when he'll go by with some gallant, and he never changes to see me or my shop. While if he's alone it's 'Good morning, Jean. Anything in the cask today?' He can no more get by my door than he'll get by Death's when the time comes."

"No," agreed M. Etienne; "we all stop there, soon or late. Those friends of M. Berner, then—there is none you could put a name to?"

"Why, no, monsieur, none of the pity. He has none here in this quarter. M. Berner's in low water, you understand, monsieur. If he lives here, it is because he can't help. But he goes elsewhere for his friends."

"Then you can tell us, my man, where he lodges?"

"Aye, that can I," mine host answered bustling out from behind the bar, eager in the interest of the pleasant-looking, open-handed gallant. "Just round the corner of the Rue Clichet, in the court. The first house on the left, that is his. I would go with monsieur, only I cannot leave the shop alone, and the wife not back from market. But monsieur cannot miss it. The first house in the court. Thank you, monsieur. Au revoir, monsieur."

In the doorway of the first house on the left in the little court stood an

old man with a wooden leg, sweeping heaps of refuse out of the passage.

"It appears that every one on this stair lacks something," M. Etienne murmured to me. "It is the livery of the house. Can you tell me, friend, where I may find M. Berner?"

The concierge regarded us without cordiality, while by no means ceasing his endeavors to cover our shoes with his sweepings.

"Third story back," he said. (To be continued.)

## A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY

Many people have many ways to bring about the same result. Most of them are mistaken ways, but this is not known until the test of time points plainly to the error. Practically there are but two ways to accomplish anything: a right way and a wrong way. Take, for instance, a man with a bad back, there are lots of them, and of various kinds, some with stitches and twinges, others with cricks and twinges; then there's the dull, heavy continuous kind that lasts all day and doesn't sleep at night. They're all bad enough, they're all hard enough to get rid of. Some people rub the back with liniment, others cover it with plaster, either or both means often bring relief, but the pain comes back—it's the wrong way to cure the trouble.

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Rev. Joseph McLeod, of Fredericton, went to Moncton Saturday.

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