

Published by The Colonist by special arrangement

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

Copyright The Century Company

At this I understood how Vigo came to be in the Rue Coupejarrets. Monsieur, in his distress and anxiety to get from that unhappy house, had forgotten the spy, left to his own devices, the equestrian, struck with suspicion at Lucas's absence, laid instant hands on Martin the clerk, with whom Lucas, disliked in the household, had had some intimacy. It had not occurred to Vigo that M. le Comte, if guilty, should be spared. At once he had sounded boots and saddles. "I will return with you, Vigo," M. le Comte said. "Does the meanest lackey in my father's house call me prisoner, I must meet the charge. My father and I have differed, but we are no longer friends we are still noblemen. I could never plot his murder, nor could I, guilty as I am, believe it of me. I am ready to die, but I will not take a flogging more easily than to confess to him the truth. But I conceived I must—" "Monsieur," I said, "I told M. le Duc you were guilty. I went back a second time and told him."

And leaned there heavily. Lucas grinned. "Ah, waxing pious, is he? The prodigal prepares to return." M. Etienne's hand clinched on my shoulder. Vigo commanded a gag for Lucas, saying with the only touch of anger I ever knew him to show: "He shall hang when the king comes in. And now to horse, lads, and out of the quarter; we have wasted too much time palavering. King Henry is not to lose his day. We shall do well not to rouse Belin, though we can make him trouble if he troubles us. Come, monsieur. Men, guard your prisoner. I will lead you to the place where the devil still."

"But, monsieur—" "You may not say 'but' to me." "Pardon, monsieur. Am I to tail Vigo monsieur has gone?" "Yes, tail him." His lip quivered. He struggled hard for steadiness. You will go to M. le Duc, Felix, and rise in his favor, for it was you saved his life. Tell him this from me—that some day when I have made me worthy to enter his presence, then will I go to him and beg his forgiveness on my knees. And now farewell, my puppet, Lucas's fool!" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"It is true, but he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin." M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out: "Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. 'Till none of his mercy. I expected his faith." "Eh, had no claim to it, M. le Comte?" "Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah."

He did not look it. His figure was drooping, his face purple and contorted, for one of the troopers had crammed his scurf into the man's mouth, half strangling him. As he was led past us, with a sudden frantic effort, fit to dislocate his jaw, he disgorged the gag to cry out wildly: "Oh, M. l'Ecuyer, have mercy! Have pity upon me! For Christ's sake, pity!"

"There are lackeys to hire. I bide you seek M. le Duc." "Is not monsieur a thought unreasonable? I cannot be in two places at once. Monsieur can send a letter. The duke has Vigo and a household. I go with M. le Comte."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."



"IN A FLASH HE WAS OUT OF THEIR GRASP, FLYING DOWN THE ALLEY."

"What! You cry 'pity'?" "Vigo looked at him in surprise. "You said you were innocent, M. le Comte." M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equestrian, all aware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardman Martin: "Well, is Lucas trusted? Have you searched him?"

"I was so quick, it was as if time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Etienne's passion knew no such thing. He was a man who edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of his address, he cried upon Lucas: "Speak! You were ready enough to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You dared not open the plot to me; you did me the honor to let me know you would kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas." Lucas disagreed as possible as in exchanging pleasantries in a saloon.

"Never, that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign." "It is true, but he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin." M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out: "Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. 'Till none of his mercy. I expected his faith." "Eh, had no claim to it, M. le Comte?" "Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"What! You cry 'pity'?" "Vigo looked at him in surprise. "You said you were innocent, M. le Comte." M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equestrian, all aware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardman Martin: "Well, is Lucas trusted? Have you searched him?"

"I was so quick, it was as if time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Etienne's passion knew no such thing. He was a man who edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of his address, he cried upon Lucas: "Speak! You were ready enough to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You dared not open the plot to me; you did me the honor to let me know you would kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas." Lucas disagreed as possible as in exchanging pleasantries in a saloon.

"Never, that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign." "It is true, but he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin." M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out: "Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. 'Till none of his mercy. I expected his faith." "Eh, had no claim to it, M. le Comte?" "Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"What! You cry 'pity'?" "Vigo looked at him in surprise. "You said you were innocent, M. le Comte." M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equestrian, all aware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardman Martin: "Well, is Lucas trusted? Have you searched him?"

"I was so quick, it was as if time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Etienne's passion knew no such thing. He was a man who edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of his address, he cried upon Lucas: "Speak! You were ready enough to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You dared not open the plot to me; you did me the honor to let me know you would kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas." Lucas disagreed as possible as in exchanging pleasantries in a saloon.

"Never, that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign." "It is true, but he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin." M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out: "Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. 'Till none of his mercy. I expected his faith." "Eh, had no claim to it, M. le Comte?" "Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"What! You cry 'pity'?" "Vigo looked at him in surprise. "You said you were innocent, M. le Comte." M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equestrian, all aware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardman Martin: "Well, is Lucas trusted? Have you searched him?"

"I was so quick, it was as if time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Etienne's passion knew no such thing. He was a man who edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of his address, he cried upon Lucas: "Speak! You were ready enough to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You dared not open the plot to me; you did me the honor to let me know you would kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas." Lucas disagreed as possible as in exchanging pleasantries in a saloon.

"Never, that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign." "It is true, but he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin." M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out: "Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. 'Till none of his mercy. I expected his faith." "Eh, had no claim to it, M. le Comte?" "Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"What! You cry 'pity'?" "Vigo looked at him in surprise. "You said you were innocent, M. le Comte." M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equestrian, all aware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardman Martin: "Well, is Lucas trusted? Have you searched him?"

"I was so quick, it was as if time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Etienne's passion knew no such thing. He was a man who edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of his address, he cried upon Lucas: "Speak! You were ready enough to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You dared not open the plot to me; you did me the honor to let me know you would kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas." Lucas disagreed as possible as in exchanging pleasantries in a saloon.

"Never, that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign." "It is true, but he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin." M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out: "Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. 'Till none of his mercy. I expected his faith." "Eh, had no claim to it, M. le Comte?" "Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

"I am done with these pious plots, my father's blood and make me red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and my tongue swears. If I have any shred of honor left 't is you that have saved them to me." "Monsieur," I stammered, "I did not know. I am your servant till I die." "You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet, Lucas's fool?" "Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was I, too. You know what he said."

Advertisement for Lakeside Hotel, Cowichan Lake. Features: The popular tourist resort of Vancouver Island. Excellent Fly Fishing, Boating, Lawn Tennis. Special Return Tickets issued by the C.P.R. \$5.—good for 15 days. Keast's Stages Meet train daily at Duncan's for the above popular resort. Return-tickets for sale at E. & N. Ry. Office good for 15 days \$5.00.

Advertisement for St. Francis Hotel. Features: MOST CONVENIENT HOTEL IN VICTORIA. ELEGANT DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS, SUITES, BATHS. RATES \$1.50 AND UP. SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES. C. NEBBIT JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Victoria's Tourist Resort Goldstream Hotel. Features: Under New Management. A SLATER, PROP. A FINE DRIVE FROM THE CITY, 20 minutes by E. & N.; high class hotel; every comfort; lunch and dinner a specialty. WINE & LIQUORS, etc., at the best. Good Stabling.

Advertisement for The Queen's Hotel. Features: MODERN AND UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL. VICTORIA B. C. Adjoining C.P.R. and E. & N. Railway Depot. Bar Absolutely Free. Bath Free to Guests. P. O. Box 17.

Advertisement for The Cowichan Bay Hotel. Features: Good Fishing & Boating, First-class Accommodation Boats for Hire. C. WISE, Proprietor. HAZELTON and BULKLEY VALLEY. Prospectors and intending settlers can be fully equipped at R. S. Sargent's General Store at Hazelton. A prospectors' groceries packed in cotton sacks. Small stock in connection with business. Twenty years in business at Hazelton. DROP ME A LINE.

Advertisement for A. Dixon Builders' Hardware. Features: Successor to A. McGregor & Son. 95 Johnson St. Ohio Steel Ranges. GOOD COFFEE. IS HARMLESS. Perhaps I would never have vaded the inviting fields of this residence school had it not been for a deplorable mishap that befell me on the 15th of June. Then, too, magic healing is safe as the other; you can't die by mail.

Advertisement for Pioneer Coffee and Spice Mills, Ltd. Features: TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE. Fill the kettle with fresh, cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point; scald the coffee pot, and while hot, put in a rounding tablespoonful of ground coffee to each pint of water; add the water and serve at once. Crown Coffee made in this manner is entirely free of acid, and very delicious. The price is 40c per lb., and is the best value we have in the coffee line. Sold by all Grocers.

Advertisement for Notice. Features: NOTICE. A meeting of the Board of License Commissioners will be held on the 15th day of July, 1906, at the Court House, Port Essington, B. C.

Advertisement for The Article No. 3. Features: He took a Course Keep the Baby. BY THOMAS J. MINNOW. I don't remember now when the first diploma issued by the "Grand Art." was wonderfully impressed by its large size as well as its bow of blue ribbon big enough to encircle a girl's waist, and flaming red seal the size of a— it was surely a thing of shot. "Doctor of Suggestive Pediatrics" did the work. Most would rather be called "than Master," anyway, although costs more.

Advertisement for Pioneer Coffee and Spice Mills, Ltd. Features: TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE. Fill the kettle with fresh, cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point; scald the coffee pot, and while hot, put in a rounding tablespoonful of ground coffee to each pint of water; add the water and serve at once. Crown Coffee made in this manner is entirely free of acid, and very delicious. The price is 40c per lb., and is the best value we have in the coffee line. Sold by all Grocers.