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POOR DOCUMENT

THE

HELMET OF NAVARRE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

"Mille tonnerres du ciel! But he is a Huguenot, a Rochelais!"

"Yes, but he is a son of Henri le Balafre. His mother was Rochelaise, I think. He was a spy for Navarre and captured at Ivry. They were going to hang him when Mayenne, worse luck, recognized him for a nephew. Since then he has been spying for them. Because Mayenne promised him Mlle. de Montluc in marriage."

He stared at me with dropped jaw, absolutely too startled to swear.

"He has not got her yet!" I cried. "Mayenne told him he should have her when he had killed St. Quentin. And St. Quentin is alive."

"Great God" said M. Etienne, only half aloud, dropping down on the arm of his chair, overcome to realize the issue that had hung on a paltry handful of pistoles. Then, recovering himself a little, he cried:

"But she—mademoiselle?"

"You need give yourself no uneasiness there," I said. "Mademoiselle hates him."

"Does she know—"

"I think she understands quite well what Lucas is," I made answer. "Monsieur, I must tell you everything that happened from the beginning, or I shall never make it clear to you."

"Yes, yes, go on," he cried.

He sat down at table again, with the intention of eating his dinner as I talked, but precious few mouthfuls he took. At every word I spoke he got deeper into the interest of my tale. I never talked so much in my life, me, as I did those few days. I was always relating a history, to Monsieur, to mademoiselle, to M. Etienne, to—well, you shall know.

I had finisher at length, and he burst out at me:

"You little scamp, you have all the luck I never saw such a boy! Well do they call you Felix! Mordieu, here I lay lapped in bed like a baby, while you go forth knight-erranting. I must lie here with old Galen for all company, while you bandy words with the Generalissimo himself! And make faces at Lucas, and kiss the hands of mademoiselle! But I'll stand it no longer. I'm done with lying abed and letting you have all the fun. No; today I shall take part myself."

"But monsieur's arm—"

"Pshaw, it is well!" he cried. "It is a scratch—it is nothing. Pardieu, it takes more than that to put a St. Quentin out of the reckoning. Today isc no time for sloth; I must act."

"Monsieur—" I began, but he broke in on me:

"Nom de dieu, Felix, are we to sit idle while mademoiselle is carried off by that beast Lucas?"

"Of course not," I said. I was only trying to ask what monsieur meant to do."

"To take the moon in my teeth." he cried.

"Yes, monsieur, but how?"

"Ah, if I knew!"

He stared at me as if he would read the answer in my face, but he found it as blank as the wall. He flung away and made a turn down the room, and came back to seize me by the arm.

"How are we to do it, Felix" he demanded.

But I could only shrug my shoulders and answer: "Sais pas."

He paced the floor once more, and presently faced me again with the declaration:

"Lucas shall have her only over my dead body."

"He will only have her own dead body" I said.

He turned away abruptly and stood at the window, looking out with unseeing eyes. "Lorance—Lorance," he murmured to himself. I think he did not know he spoke aloud.

"If I could get word to her—" he went on presently. "But I can't send you again. Should I write a letter—But letters are mischievous. They fall into the wrong hands, and then where are we?"

"Monsieur," I suggested, "if I could get a letter into the hands of Pierre, that lackey who befriended me—" But he shook his head.

"They know you about the place. It were safer to despatch one of these inn-men—if any had the sense to go rein in hand. Hang me if I don't think I will go myself!"

"Monsieur," I said, "Lucas swore by all things sacred that he would never molest you more. Therefore you will do well to keep out of his way."

"My faith, Felix," he laughed, "you take a black view of mankind."

"Not of mankind, M. Etienne. Only of Lucas. Not of Monsieur, or you, or Vigo."

"And of Mayenne?"

"I don't make out Mayenne," I answered. "I thought he was the worst of the crew. But he let me go. He said he would, and he did."

"Think you he meant to let you go from the first?"

"Who knows?" I said, shrugging. "Lucas is always lying. But Mayenne—sometimes he lies and sometimes not. He's base, and then again he's kind. You can't make out Mayenne."

"He does not mean you shall," M. Etienne returned. "Yet the key is not buried. He is made up, like all the rest of us, of good and bad."

"Monsieur," I said, "if there is any bad in the St. Quentins I, for one, do not know it."

"Oh, Felix," he cried "you may believe that till doomsday—you will—of Monsieur

His face clouded a little, and he fell silent. I knew that, besides his thoughts of his lady, came other thoughts of his father. He sat gravely silent. But of last night's bitter distress he showed no trace. Last night he had not been able to take his eyes from the miserable past; but today he saw the future. A future not altogether flowery, perhaps, but one which, however it turned out, should not repeat the old mistakes and shames.

"Felix," he said at length, "I see nothing for it but to eat my pride."

I kept still in the happy hope that I should hear just what I longed to; he went on:

"I swore then that I would never darken his doors again; I was mad with anger; so was he. He said that if I went with Gervais I went forever."

"Monsieur, if you repent your hot words, so does he."

"I must e'en give him a chance. If he do repent them, it were churlish to deny him the opportunity to tell me so. If he still maintain them, it were cowardly to shrink from hearing it. No, whatever Monsieur replies, I must go tell him I repent."

I came forward to kiss his hand, I was so pleased.

"Oh, you look very smiling over it," he cried. "Think you I like sneaking back home again like a whipped hound to his kennel."

"But," I protested, indignant, "monsieur is not a whipped hound."

"Well, a prodigal son, as Lucas named me yesterday. It is the same thing."

"I have heard M. l'Abbe read the story of the prodigal son," I said. "And he was a vaurien, if you like—no more monsieur's sort than Lucas himself. But it says that when his father saw him coming a long way off, he ran out to meet him and fell on his neck."

M. Etienne looked not altogether convinced.

"Well, however it turns out, it must be gone through with. It is only decent to go to Monsieur. But even at that, I think I should not go if it were not for mademoiselle."

"You will beg his aid, monsieur?"

"I will beg his advice at least. For how you and I are to carry off mademoiselle under Mayenne's hand—well, I confess for the nonce that beats me."

"We must do it, monsieur." I cried.

"Aye, and we will! Come, Felix, you may put your knife in my dish. We must eat and be off. The meats have got cold, and the wine warm, but never mind."

I did not mind, but was indeed thankful to get any dinner at all. Once resolved on the move, he was in a fever to be off; it was not long before we were in the streets, bound for the Hotel St. Quentin. He said no more of Monsieur as we walked, but plied me with questions about Mlle. de Montluc—not only as to every word she said, but as to every turn of her head and flicker of her eyelids; and he called me a dull oaf when I could not answer. But as we entered the Quartier Marais he fell silent, more Friday-faced than ever his lady looked. He had his fair allowance of pride, this M. Etienne; he found his own words no palatable meal.

However, when we came within a dozen paces of the gate he dropped, as one drops a cloak, all signs of gloom or discomposure, and approached the entrance with the easy swagger of the gay young gallant who had lived there. As if returning from a morning stroll he called to the sentry:

"Hola, squinting Charlot! Open now!"

"Morbleu, M. le Comte!" the fellow exclaimed, running to draw the bolts. "Well, this is a sight for sore eyes, anyway."

M. Etienne laughed out in pleasure. It put heart into him, I could see, that his first greeting should be thus friendly.

"Vigo didn't know what had become of you, monsieur," Charlot volunteered. "The old man wasn't in the best of tempers last night, after Lucas got away and you gave us the slip, too. He called us all blockheads and cursed idiots. Things were lively for a time, nom d'un chien!"

"Eh bien, I am found," M. Etienne returned. "In time we'll get Lucas, too. Is Monsieur back?"

"No, M. Etienne, not yet."

I think he was half sorry, half glad.

"Where's Vigo?" he demanded.

"Somewhere about. I'll find him."

He went straight across the court and in at the door he had sworn never again to darken. Humility and repentance might have brought him there, but it was the hand of mademoiselle drew him over the threshold without a falter.

Alone in the hall was my little friend Marcel, throwing dice against himself to while the time away. He sprang up at sight of us, agleam with excitement.

"Well, Marcel," my master said, "and where is M. l'Ecuyer?"

"I think in the stables, monsieur."

"Bid him come to me in the small cabinet."

He turned with accustomed feet into the room at the end of the hall where Vigo kept the rolls of the guard. I, knowing it to be my duty to keep close at hand lest I be wanted, followed. Soon Marcel came flying back to say Vigo was on his way. M. Etienne thanked him, and he hung about, longing to pump me, and, in my lord's presence, not quite daring, till I took him by the shoulders and turned him out. I hate curiosity.

M. Etienne stood behind the table, looking his haughtiest. He was unsure of a welcome from the contumacious Vigo; I read in his eyes a stern determination to set this insolent servant in his place.

The big man entered, saluted, came straight over to his young lord's side, no whit hesitating, and said, as heartily as if there had never been a hard word between them:

(To be continued.)

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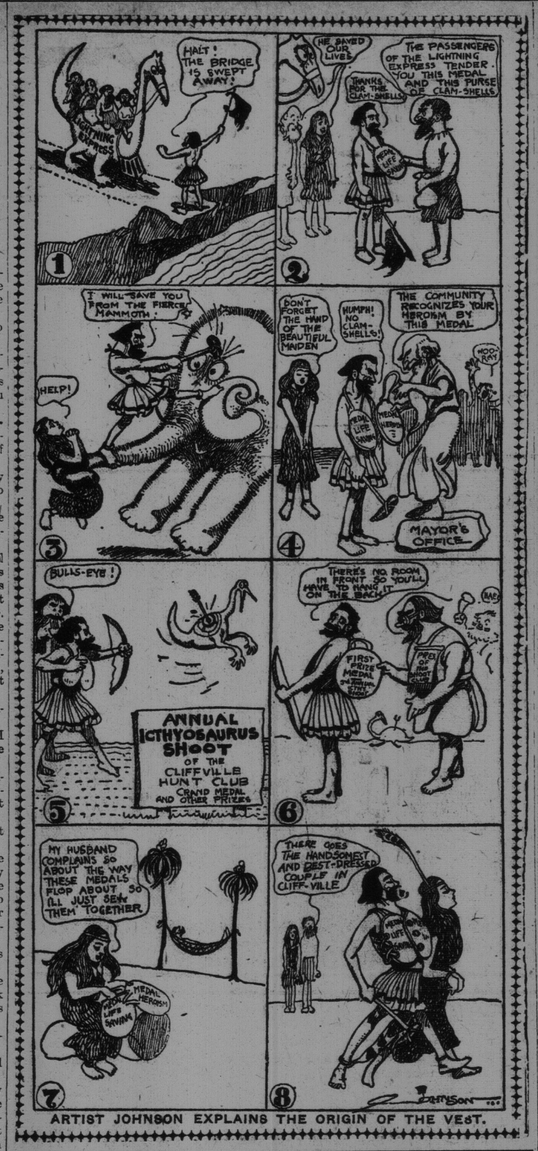

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THEY WERE CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS

Roosevelt's Commissioner in Chicago Stock Yards Saw Revolting Scenes--Diseased Animals Butchered.

New York, May 30—Within the last few days a tremendous storm has broken over the Chicago meat industries. The most horrible allegations are made publicly about the revolting conditions under which the packers do their work. It is asserted that lard is manufactured from hogs which die from cholera—that the meat inspectors are incompetent and overworked—that sanitary conditions prevailing at the packing houses are revolting—that the packers use preservatives, and that meat is sold to Americans which is deemed unfit for exportation to Europe.

A man who accompanied James B. Reynolds, one of President Roosevelt's special commissioners appointed to investigate conditions at the stock yards, today revealed how twenty-four out of thirty-one diseased cattle were "passed" under the commissioner's eyes. The scene, which took place in the plant of the Standard Slaughtering Company, dictated in a large measure the report of the commissioners and led to the Beveridge bill.

Early in the morning, unknown to the employes of the plant, Mr. Reynolds examined the cattle in the pens. Signs of a hasty attempt to "clean up" were apparent. All the inspectors in the city, state and federal, were present in their best clothes, but Mr. Reynolds, who had been forewarned, was attired like a granger.

When he visited the pens there were thirty-one diseased cattle there, all showing evidence of "lump jaw." He watched these cattle until they were slaughtered. Afterward he asked a city inspector how many had been condemned on post mortem inspection, and was told that seven had been held up—twenty-four had been passed as healthy. When Mr. Reynolds asked what was done with the product of the vats, the manager of the slaughter house said the fats went to the butterine man and the solids to the fertilizer factory.

Mr. Reynolds was informed that two firms in Chicago made a business of buying the diseased meat that was "passed" and selling it to certain restaurants and hotels. Mr. Reynolds declared that in the bunch of thirty-one cattle there were not a dozen that should have been passed.

The man who attends to his own affairs has no time to laugh at the mistakes of others.

NEWS FROM MONCTON

Bank Officials on an Inspection Visit---Fast Auto Trip From Shediac to Moncton.

MONCTON, May 30. — T. E. Kenny, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, Halifax, and W. Botsford, inspector, paid an official visit to the Moncton branch today.

The Bank of New Brunswick is expected to be ready in about a week's time for opening its branch in this city. E. P. Stavert, inspector, has been here for a few days in connection with the opening of the branch.

B. C. Gesner, representing the Galena Oil Co., left last night for Franklin, Pa., to attend a meeting of his company.

G. B. Willett, acting for the Labrador Lumber Co., has secured some sixty men here to go to Labrador to work at lumbering.

H. A. Price, assistant general passenger agent, I. C. R., left tonight on his return to Montreal.

Representatives of the International Association of Machinists on the I. C. R., who have been meeting in Moncton this week, were engaged in forming a district lodge for the purpose of having jurisdiction over affairs pertaining to the I. A. M. on the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railway.

Kenneth Falconer, who has charge of the work of introducing the new accounting system on the I. C. R., arrived here from Montreal yesterday and will spend a few days here. George Brown, one of the expert accountants on the work, leaves on Friday for a week's trip to Boston and New York, accompanied by Mrs. Brown.

Dr. Bourque made fast time from Moncton to Shediac in his automobile the other day, considering the condition of the roads and the fact that he had his family along as passengers. He covered the distance of eighteen miles in forty minutes, which is about equal to the time occupied in going to Shediac by train.

A movement is on foot by the local Knights of Pythias, under whose auspices "The Chimes of Normandy" was recently put on in the Opera House with so much success, to have the opera given by the same local talent in St. John, St. Stephen, Fredericton and Calais.

George Hector, the colored man who was remanded to jail at Hampton on Tuesday on the charge of attempting to criminally assault Mrs. Annie Bettle, has elected to stand trial under the speedy trials act. It is understood that he will be defended by Hon. C. N. Skinner. Arrangements will probably be made for the trial to take place on Saturday next.

Frank Banville, a laborer in the rolling mills, had his leg amputated in the General Public Hospital yesterday afternoon, the result of an accident in the mill in the morning. A large quantity of scrap iron was being hoisted from a scow when the rope broke. Some of the iron fell on Mr. Banville's leg, breaking it in two places. He was taken to the hospital, where it was seen that the only thing to do was to amputate the leg. Last evening the patient was reported to be in an encouraging condition. He is middle-aged, has a wife and family, and lives near the Long wharf, North End.

RADIANT WOMANHOOD

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Letters testamentary in the estate of the late Charles K. Short were yesterday afternoon granted to his widow, Mrs. Agnes I. Short. The estate consists of $9,000 personal property; H. J. Smith, proctor.

Edwin J. Everett, who has been confined to his room for some weeks by illness, is steadily improving and will be able to get out next week.

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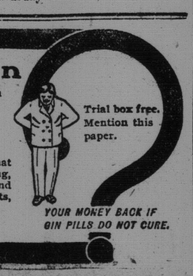

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