

MARGARET & ANGOULEME

A STORY OF GUYENNE, by MAX PEMBERTON

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S O, you see, they have carried away the sword from the Black Prince's tomb in that "fayre church of Canterbury," and none may tell you where it lies today.

Some there may be who say that Cromwell had it; but deeper students deny the story and ask if such a sword should not find its way to the shrine of Margaret of Angoulême or serve in lieu of epitaph for that fine rogue of a man, Bernard de Guesclin. Ah! this merry villain who saved France from the Plantagenets—this wild wolf of a man, this brigand, this pirate, this father of all outlaws—why has history done no better by him? Read upon the scrolls of Crecy and Poitiers the deeds of prince and archer; but you shall not read of Bernard. The fruits of his victories, of battles but not of war, the glory of men and arms serve the recorder for his banquet, but not the story of Bernard de Guesclin.

And yet what a life for some later day son of Froissart; some probing scholar, who, lantern and muckraker in hand, will delve where Bernard ruled; will search the script that Spain and France may hide, and say, this was the true Constable of France, this was the real figure of the Hundred Years War!

Let me tell you of Bernard and Margaret of Angoulême that, by one incident in a life of lives, your imagination may enter for the others.

This would have been when Edward the First ruled in Guienne; after that he had defeated the French at Poitiers and seemed to make himself master of all France. Here you shall find no chivalry at all, no warfare that knights should have made; but a going to and from of a troop of bandits to rapine, to robbery and to murder. Was not this great country of the Garonne then as now the fairest and richest in all France? Do we not read that the houses of Bordeaux surpassed even those of Paris in their emblems of civilization and of comfort? A great, spreading, fertile land, the home of nobles and of merchants, of rich vineyards and smiling fields—to this Edward, the Black Prince, carried his wife Joanna, and here that lady must often have wished herself back in England, when carousal followed upon victory and debauch upon fair love.

There can be no chivalry when these years are to be discussed; nor any talk of Crecy and Poitiers to hide the shame of a band of knights, the prince's knights, spread themselves abroad over fair Guienne; as a troop of outlaws they behaved toward its simple people. Fully plate, rare furniture, splendid carpets, unknown almost in Western Europe at that time, were heaped up in their plundered wagons. Many a house mourned a daughter as dead; many a wife was carried to the English tents that her husband might live. And this, behold, under the arch of Edward's son, whose tomb you visit in that "fayre church of Canterbury," whose sword for very shame lies no longer in its scabbard.

Now, all these things were done after the Black Prince had taken King John a prisoner and his father had come to believe that he was Lord of France between all contention between the nations. In truth he was never further from being Lord of that great country, though it was not king or prince who should dispute the sovereignty with him, but the son of a simple soldier of Rennes, who had adventured in many lands, defeated Charles venture in many lands, defeated Charles once at the battle of Valher by the very prince he was so soon to humiliate. This was Bernard de Guesclin, the bandit soldier, the burner of castles, the destroyer of towns—the French but half a hero, to the English a very devil appointed by the Powers of Darkness for the undoing of their pleasure.

No longer, now, was this fair game of love and wine to be played in all delight upon the banks of old Garonne. Let a Knight of the Silver Spur be made to his tent and perchance his body would swing from the nearest tree tomorrow. Let the prince take a fancy to this castle or that, and be in a minute Bernard would find a torch at its before the month was out. Skirmish and counter skirmish—men slaughtered at their love or liquor—

vistas of glade and dell opened on every side—a little river ran laughing by the very walls of that black tower they called the Castle, and was spanned by a bridge the Romans built. Save for the laying of the hounds and the murmur of insect life, no sound intruded upon the bewitching silence of the forest. The good bishop had chosen a pretty place enough for my lady's orisons, it would appear—and so the Prince thought while he waited for his answer. A rendezvous more secluded no lover's heart desired.

"Well, and what say they?" "That my lady is not here, Lord Prince." "Ah, a barren lie. Answer that I will even enter and prepare for her return."

And then a little pause again and the doffed cap and the face of honest John drawn down in melancholy. "She is here, lord, but she would that it were any other than your highness." "The better reason which shall take us in. Was there ever a woman that knew her mind yet? Stable my horse where he shall stand to my hand—and, hark ye, your place is at the wicket, where a winded horn shall call me to my senses if the need arise."

John of Abington nodded sagely and was not displeased that his prince should contemplate no long delay nor be inattentive to those words of wisdom which he himself had spoken. The prince, upon his part, found my lady in the private apartment of the castle, a considerable

There had been hunting in the forest all day, we read, and toward sunset a ride had carried the company toward the Hermitage, where dwelt an ancient man, sufficiently holy and sufficiently dirty to justify the favor and the patronage of the devout.

This worthy, with his wonderful gift of plain speech and of prophecy, attracted some of the knights to him but as much in the spirit of revelry as of the true religion; but the Prince himself slipped away with John of Abington, and losing himself cleverly, he came out at last before the old Castle of Charras and seemed to remember as though by accident that Margaret of Angoulême had taken refuge therein.

"Did not the good bishop speak of this as my lady's retreat?" asked the honest fellow at his side, and was answered as readily: "He thus spoke of it, highness—but not a retreat for any other when the sun is setting and Bernard de Guesclin may be abroad."

"Tell me not of such things," rejoined the Prince sharply; "Bernard was at Aigre three days gone—who shall look for him at Charras? Go wind your horn and say that I am here."

Old John of Abington knew his master too well to hesitate upon such a precise command. And yet he had the look of the place but ill. They were in the heart of the forest here. Giant oaks bent crippled boughs downward to the melting turf, which in its turn, showed great patches of the golden sunshine as though they had been dropped from a mighty brush in the heavens above. Continuing

lodge beyond the donjon keep and found himself with no little elegance in a day when elegance had little to do with any dwelling house. Here, as the old chronicle tells us, he did obedience to her and here he discovered upon the instant that guilty secret which had carried her to the forest.

A man stood by my lady's chair; and deep as were the shadows within the great apartment the prince recognized him for no other than Bernard de Guesclin, the mighty freebooter whom his armies had sought so long in vain. To one less brave than Edward's son there would have been all the omens of a snare here—armed men hidden and this pretty Delilah to do him a mischief. But the prince knew Margaret of Angoulême; he believed, which was the truth, that she loved him; and if his love for her were less to be reckoned upon, at least his indifference might play no coward's part. So, we hear, he bowed to the constable and spoke a fair message.

"Madame," he said discreetly, "you find me lost at your gate and my servants in no better case—so let this be my offence, to beg wine and bread until all be ready to ride on again."

"Lord Prince," she rejoined, "so much I give willingly if your departure may

thereby be hastened—for here is no fit house for your highness to abide."

"Nay, nay—since you are here, lady, there shall be no fairer house in France." And then, looking the constable full in the face, he said, "I speak plainly before this gentleman, whose presence evidently is unwelcome to you."

"No, no, lord," she cried, "Monsieur de Guesclin was my father's friend."

"And will go or come at the bidding of none," added the freebooter impudently.

He stepped forth from the shadows and laid a heavy hand upon that famous sword by which so much glory had come to the name of Guesclin. No element of tragedy was lacking to that scene of passion and of hate, no element save man's homage to a woman who loved him and a word spoken as none but a king might speak it.

"In my lady's presence, sir, said the prince, 'such argument is unseemly. There are wider fields whereon it shall be held to some advantage. Let madame say the word. I will go or stay, as her wish shall be.'"

"My lord," she said quickly, "there is no house which would receive you so readily as any other time than this."

"A lie," she said, "you wish me to leave you, madame?" She would have answered him, "Yes,"

the word was already upon her tongue when a coarse laugh from the freebooter at her side changed the impulse and betrayed all her fear of him. So much the prince divined; so much for the time being he was willing to believe. This Bernard de Guesclin had forced her house, and she stood helpless in his hands. And just as the measure of his curiosity had been probed by her absence from the town, so was the latent passion awakened by this desire of possession upon the part of another. Now, for the first time in all his life, the prince perceived how very beautiful this noble lady was. The wonderful softness of her skin, the shapely neck, the abundant auburn hair curled in threads of gold about her shoulders, the little hands and feet, the anxious eyes—all these provoked a man but yesterday unprovoked by her and thrust him still upon her unwilling hospitality.

"I perceive that you wish me to leave you, mistress, when this gentleman shall be willing to accompany me," he said. "Let him deny it not, for this is the truth. He has put the word into your mouth, but it is a bitter word and you like it not. So shall I be greater even venture to loosen the cloak from your shoulders. There are friends enough to mine at your gate should you have need of them."

Bernard de Guesclin, they say, laughed loudly at this, for well he knew that no escort had followed Edward's son to Charras.

"So many friends," cried he, "that a manchet of bread shall suffice them and a second bottle go to the bottom of my love. Look me in the face and say that it is not so. He comes here with John of Abington as I with Saint of Marney. Nay, lord Prince, do you deny it?"

"I deny it not," exclaimed the Prince, turning upon him scornfully. "I come with John of Abington, but you speak no softer, sir, there are those at my call who will ride here for very curiosity."

"Bending, lord Prince, men of mine who shall not be less curious."

He drew a step nearer to the Prince, and once more laid his hand upon his sword. God knows who would have fallen but for my lady's presence; but she, clapping her hands suddenly, brought two of her servants to the room, and they began to spread the table as though they were prepared and the delay unexpected.

When next we have a picture of the apartment, it is one of a hall lighted by many tapers, adorned by rare plate and odoriferous of good cooking. And there is my lady, white and frightened, between two who had dears of her, and neither speaks of riding forth again. This would have been about the hour of ten o'clock of the night. It was half an hour later when a horn wended in the forest brought the Prince to his feet and left Bernard de Guesclin as curious a man as any in Guienne that night.

"Sir," said the Prince, with much dignity, "I do perceive that a certain curiosity has got the better of my servants, even as I feared it would be. Fear nothing, however, for I have broken bread with you and will do no treachery. North or south, any sanctuary you name shall suffice if you do go speedily. But an you go not, by God's word I will hang you from the nearest tree."

He had turned to the door, and there listened impatiently. As for Margaret of Angoulême, she who loved this English lord so well, what thoughts were in her heart when she heard the message which the forest now spoke to them, and knew that her lover would abide! Did she foresee the moment when she might tell the Prince how this Bernard de Guesclin had come to her house by treachery, how she had dissembled for very prudence, and how she had feared and suffered in the hours of the doubt? Or did her woman's wit read the omens truly? The narrative tells us that she stood white and afraid between them—that she uttered no word, even when a great cry rose up and all heard the strange shouts which betrayed the outlaw's hand.

"My lord," says Bernard, suavely, "there is some error there—for I do plainly perceive that these be men of my company and not those honorable friends whose coming would have given you so much satisfaction. Is it not so, lord Prince?"

"It is so," said the Prince—but so disdaintfully that my lady trembled for his very life.

"And being so, highness, it is you who shall go forth to sanctuary, or hang upon one of yonder trees before the hour is old."

"I go not, Bernard; call them in that they may obey you."

"Nay, nay," cried my lady, her eyes wild with terror and all the color fled instantly from her face; "you will go, lord, because I wish it."

"You wish it, madame; 'Tis this wish in love of me?"

"Nay," she rejoined, "in love of him who was my father's friend."

And so she turned and, as the old narrative tells us, putting her arms about Guesclin's neck, she kissed him upon both cheeks and bade him abide.

Thus did a woman drive her lover forth shamefully that she might save him from his enemy. But this is no greater wonder than that the Prince rode away, believing her to be wholly a wanton and unworthy, and knowing nothing of any strange words she said and all the color fled from her face. And no cup was lifted in the English camp but first had served the memory of Margaret of Angoulême.

Station, the Hood River Apple Growers' Union has met with great success.

The Hood River organic grower now has a membership of over one hundred, and controls approximately 90 per cent. of the fruit of the valley. In four years it has been able to raise the price from 85 cents to \$2.15 for the best grade of Spitzberg, and \$2.50 for the best Yellow Newtowns. The prices range somewhat as regards size and quality. As an experiment, last fall the association sent nine carloads of fall apples to England. These apples were selling here at approximately 85 cents a box. After all expenses were paid they netted the Hood River growers \$1.32 per box.

As a type of a well organized and managed association in the east, W. N. Hutt of the Maryland Station, given the following description of the Peninsula Produce Exchange of the eastern shore of Maryland:

This exchange operates along the lines of the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk and the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic railroads. It has 25 local shipping points, at each of which is an agent who inspects and brands the grade of produce and reports to the head office at Olney the amounts and grades of fruit and truck received. The general manager in the head office is in touch by wire with prices in all the large markets, and as soon as the daily reports of receipts and grades are wired in from his local agents is in a position to make his sales and place his consignments where the demand is greatest. The exchange spends over \$10,000 annually in telegrams regarding crops, markets, and prices. The capital stock of the exchange was reported in 1905 at \$31,000. This was owned by the 2,500 farmers who sell through the exchange. In 1905 a dividend of 7 per cent. was declared and in 1906 a 10 per cent. dividend. In addition to this a surplus was held by for emergencies. The exchange handles annually thousands of cars of both sweet and Irish potatoes in addition to other truck and fruit. It is reported as doing an annual business in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

Instances of successful organizations might be noted from every prominent horticultural region in the United States. The foregoing examples, however, are sufficient to demonstrate the possibilities of such institutions. The details of organization will vary more or less in their solution, depending greatly on the nature of the region and crops to be handled and the volume of business conducted.

A Flag With a History. (Granite Town, Georgia, St. George.) Mr. Joseph McCormack flew a flag with a history on Victoria Day. Forty-eight years ago, a number of ladies in the town presented the flag to Company No. 1, St. George volunteers. This was the first volunteer company in the County of Charlotte. The officers were: Douglas Westmore, Captain; James Campbell, First Lieutenant; Edward Knight, Second Lieutenant; Dan, better known as Bun Westmore, Ensign; Geo. Baldwin, Thos. McGowan, John Kidd and James Brown, Sergeants. Officers and men numbered 100 and at the reception tendered King Edward, the Prince of Wales, at St. John in 1860, the company received much attention.

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL. London, May 22.—The question as to whether the Shakespeare memorial to take the form of a statue or a National Theatre, the latter being advocated strongly at a meeting recently held at the Lyceum Theatre, at which Lord Lytton presided, will likely be settled by compromise. Representatives of the committee of the rival schemes met in the House of Lords yesterday and decided to amalgamate on the basis that a Shakespeare theatre be substituted for a statue. A joint meeting has been fixed for June 22 to develop the plans and to elect executive committee provided means be found to endow the project.



A MAN STOOD BY MY LADY'S CHAIR

CO-OPERATION IN MARKETING

The co-operative idea among fruit and truck growers, having passed the experimental stage, has become an important factor in present-day marketing. Scarcely any well-developed horticultural sections are without this association in one form or other. New fruit and truck regions are being constantly developed, however, and a brief study of co-operative methods may be of value. The benefits to be derived from such organizations are many. Small producers can make combined shipments in car lots, which is now considered the economic unit of shipment. Organizations, through the volume of their business, can secure minimum transportation rates. They can afford to maintain daily telegraphic communications with all of the important markets, and are thereby enabled to divert cars already en route to places where the demand is greatest. Growers are advised when to hold and when to ship. Uniform grades and packs are secured. Organizations are in a position to know the actual supply of their respective communities; hence managers, working in harmony, can regulate prices to a considerable extent. Through the association the members can procure packing material, fruit-picking baskets, spraying materials and pumps, potato bags, etc., at a greatly reduced cost. Successful associations require choice products. By an interchange of ideas and experience members are in a position to eliminate unprofitable varieties of fruits or vegetables from the community and to develop thorough and economic systems of cultivation. These and many other advantages might be noted.

Co-operative associations have developed rapidly in the western States. Over thirty fruit and produce organizations of various kinds are now doing business in Colorado. In a recent publication of the Colorado station, W. Paddock describes the workings of these associations, which in a general way are similar to those of other sections.

There are two methods of packing and grading fruit; in one instance the association does all the packing, the growers delivering the fruit to the packing house, and in the other the growers pack the fruit themselves, the association taking care of the marketing. Here the growers are organized into a co-operative association, sort the fruit into the various grades, and at the same time pack it into boxes or crates. Should there be any culls they are returned to the grower and are at his disposal.

Each grower is given a number, which is used to designate his fruit throughout the season. As each box is packed it is marked with his number and the grade. When the boxes are loaded into the car the number of boxes, the varieties and the various grades which belong to any grower are kept account of and duly recorded. In this way the price for each box of fruit in any case is easily determined.

But when there is a very large amount of fruit to be handled it is impossible for the association to do the packing, consequently the growers assume this work. With this arrangement the association employs an inspector, whose duty it is to inspect each load as it is delivered. This he does by opening the boxes on the side in the case of apples, when a good estimate of the quality of the entire load can be made. If unsatisfactory, several may be examined, and if all run under the inspector's standard the entire load must either be placed in a lower grade or else be repacked.

It will be seen that a great deal depends on the inspector, and that it is a difficult position to fill. Upon him depends the reputation of the association, so he must be entirely free to do the work as he sees fit.

Each man's fruit is kept track of by numbers, as in the former case. The association charges a commission on all sales, usually five per cent., to defray expenses. Then, in case the packing is done by the association, an additional

charge is made to cover the cost of the box and packing. Any surplus is, of course, distributed as premiums. Any fruit grower may become a member of the association so long as there is stock or sale, and the owner of one share is entitled to all the privileges of the association. The share one individual may own is limited.

The growers are generally asked and, in many instances, required to furnish an estimate of their crop. In the smaller associations the manager sometimes secures this information by visiting the orchards in person. This estimate is made early in the fall, or not until damage by worms and other causes is practically over, and the crop is secure. With this knowledge in hand, the manager can enter into contracts for delivering certain amounts of various varieties or grades.

The system of selling has been radically changed within the past few years. Formerly practically all of the fruit was consigned to commission men, who, as a class, it may be truthfully said, are inclined to do the best they can by their constituents. But too often the experience has been otherwise. Not infrequently has it happened that shipments consigned to a distant city have been reported as not being up to grade, or not in good condition, so that the fruit has been sold at a low price. In such cases, though the manager may be certain that his fruit is as he represented, he is often unable to help himself, so must take what he can get. But of late years the plan of selling f. o. b. is being practiced more and more, and this is largely due to the organized efforts of the associations. Consignments are only made to well known firms, and much of this fruit is sold at auction.

But even with this arrangement difficulties arise, so in order to protect themselves the larger associations have an agent at the more important distributing points. It is the duty of the agent, or broker, to inspect all cars which come into his territory, as near the destination as possible, and thus protect the association

from dishonest buyers. He also is on hand to adjust the differences which arise when the fruit actually reaches the buyer in poor condition.

Express shipments are only made to comparatively nearby points, and with such shipments the growers receive exactly what the fruit brings, less the expressage and the association's commission. It is some times the custom to give him a percentage on the total amount of business transacted. Well established associations, however, can afford to pay a good manager a straight salary and thus feel more certain of retaining his services from year to year.

The Colorado bulletin contains a report of the Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Association, which "is the oldest and is doing the largest business of any in the state." This association was started in 1891, when a few growers combined and appointed one of their number salesman of their fruit for the season. This arrangement continued with varying degrees of success up to 1897, when it became apparent that the increased business, if no other cause, would necessitate employing a manager by the year who should devote his entire time to the association. Accordingly, this was done, and the business has increased year by year, as shown below. That the majority of the stockholders are satisfied with the workings of the association is proven by their loyalty and by the fact that the capital stock has recently been increased to \$100,000 for the purpose of accommodating the increasing number of members.

Co-operative associations are especially well developed in the Pacific coast region. According to C. I. Lewis of the Oregon

ed to a great extent if inexperienced shipper will limit the size of their organization until the minor details connected therewith have been thrashed out. A few selected growers are sufficient to demonstrate to the community the advantages of co-operation and a healthy expansion will soon take place. When the volume of business is sufficient to warrant such action, the management should be turned over to a man who is especially equipped with a knowledge of the details of marketing, and who has no crop interests of his own. He should receive the confidence of the members and be given a chance to work out his own ideas. The manager's salary should be adequate for the work and responsibility involved. It is sometimes the custom to give him a percentage on the total amount of business transacted. Well established associations, however, can afford to pay a good manager a straight salary and thus feel more certain of retaining his services from year to year.

Where such conditions exist there is little chance of success. They may be avoided