MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE. GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers: New York.

(Continued.)

"I went to Belin to inform him that day before yesterday Etienne de Mar murdered his lackey, Pontou, in Mar's house in the Rue Coupejarrets."

"Was that your errand?" Mayenne said, looking up in slow surprise. "My faith! your oaths to Lorance trouble you little."

Lucas started forward sharply. "Do you tell me you did not know my purpose"

"I knew, of course, that you were up to some warlockry," Mayenne answered; "I did not concern myself to discover what."

"There speaks the general! There speaks the gentleman!" Lucas cried out. "A general hangs a spy, yet he profits by spying. The spy runs the risks, incurs the thames; the general sits in his tent, his honor untarnished, pocketing all the glory. Faugh, you gentlemen! You will not do dirty work, but you will have it done for you. You sit at home with clean hands and eyes that see not, while we go forth to serve you. You are the Duke of Mayenne. I am your bastard nephew, living on your favor. But you go too far when you sneer at my smirches."

He was on his feet, standing over Mayenne, his face blazing. M. Etienne made an instinctive step forward, thinking him about to knife the duke. But Mayenne, who well knew, was no craven.

"Be a little quieter, Paul," he said, unmoved. "You will have the guard in, in a moment."

aspect of the affair. He said slowly:

"You told Belin this arrest was my desire?"

"I may have implied something of the sort."

"You repeated it to the arresting officer before Mar's boy"

"I had no time to say anything before they hustled me off," Lucas exclaimed.

"Mille tonnerres! Never had any man such luck as I. It's enough to make me sign papers with the devil."

"Mar would believe I had broken faith with him"

"I dare say. One isn't responsible for what Mar believes," Lucas answered carelessly.

Mayenne was silent, with knit brows, drumming his hand on the table. Lucas went on with the tale of his woes:

"At the Bastille, I ordered the commissary to send to you. He did not; he sent to Belin. Belin was busy, didn't understand the message, wouldn't be bothered. I lay in my cell like a mouse in a trap till an hour agone, when at last he saw fit to appear—damn him!"

Mayenne fell to laughing. Lucas cried out:

"When they arrested me my first thought was that this was your work."

"In that case, how should you be free now?"

"You found you needed me."

"You are twice wrong Paul. For I knew nothing of your arrest. Nor do I think I need you. Pardieu! you succeed too badly to give me confidence."

suggest it, perhaps it would be as well for Paul to go."

"You hear your orders, Paul."

"Aye, I hear and I disobey," Lucas retorted. "Mademoiselle, I take too much joy in your presence to be willing to leave it."

"Monsieur," she said to the duke, ignoring her cousin Paul with a coolness that must have maddened him, "will you not dismiss your tradespeople? Then can we talk comfortably."

"Aye," answered Mayenne, "I will. I am more gallant than Paul. If you command it, out they go, though I have not half had time to look their wares over. Here, master jeweller," he addressed M. Etienne, slipping easily into Italian, "pack up your wares and depart."

M. Etienne, bursting into rapid thanks to his highness for his condescension in noticing the dirt of the way, set about his packing. Mayenne turned to his lovely cousin.

"Now for my word to you, mademoiselle. You wept so last night, it was impossible to discuss the subject properly. But now I rejoice to see you more tranquil. Here is the beginning and the middle and the end of the matter; your marriage is my affair, and I shall do as I like about it."

She searched his face; before his steady look her color slowly died. M. Etienne, whether by accident or design, knocked his tray of jewels off the table. Murmuring profuse apologies, he dropped on his knees to grope for them. Neither of the men heeded him, but kept their eyes steadily on the lady.

wide like a hunted animal's, moved fearsomely loathingly, to Lucas. Mayenne uttered an abrupt laugh.

"No; Paul is not the happy man. Besides bungling the St. Quentin affair, he has seen fit to make free with my name in an enterprise of his own. Therefore, Paul, will dance at Lorance's wedding a bachelor. Mademoiselle, you marry in the morning Senor el Conde del Rondelar y Saragossa of his Majesty King Philip's court. After dinner you will depart with your husband for Spain

Lucas sprang forward, hand on sword, face ablaze with furious protest. Mayenne, heeding him no more than if he had not been there, rose and went to Mile de Montluc.

"Have I your obedience, cousin?"

"You know it, monsieur."

She was curtseying to him when he folded her in his arms, kissing both her cheeks.

"You are as good as your are lovely, and that says much, ma mie. We will talk a little more about this after supper. Permit me, mademoiselle."

He took her hand and led her in leisurely fashion out of the room.

It wondered me that Lucas had not killed him. He looked murder. Haply had the duke disclosed by so much as a quivering eyelid a consciousness of Lucas's rage, of danger to himself, Lucas had struck him down. But he walked straight past, clad in his composure as in armour, and Lucas made no move. I think to stab was the impulse for a moment, gone in a moment, Instantly he was glad he had not killed the Duke of Mayenne, to be cut himself into dice by the guard. After the duke was gone, Lucas stood still a long time, no less furious, but cogitating deeply.

We had gathered up our jewels and locked our box, and stood holding it between us, waiting our chance to depart. We might have gone a dozen times during the talking, for none marked us; but M. Etienne, despite my tuggings, refused to budge so long as mademoiselle was in the room. Now was he ready enough to go, but hesitated to see if Lucas would not leave first. That worthy, however, showed no intention of stirring, but remained in his pose, buried in thought, unaware of our presence. To get out, we had to walk round one end or the other of the table, passing either before or behind him. M. le Comte was for marching carelessly before his face, but I pulled so violently in the other direction that he gave way to me. I think now that had we passed in front of him, Lucas would have let us go by without a look. As it was, hearing steps at his back, he wheeled about to confront us. If the eye of love is quick, so is the eye of hate. He cried out instantly:

"Mar!"

We dropped the box, and sprang at him. But he was too quick for us. He leaped back, whipping out his sword.

(To be continued.)

"Mar's killed?" Lucas cried. "He is killed!"

Lucas held absolutely still for a second. So did Mayenne. He knew that Lucas, standing, could stab quicker than he defend. He sat there with both hands on the table, looking composedly up at his nephew. Lucas flung away across the room.

"I shall have dismissed these people directly," Mayenne continued. "Then you can tell me your tale."

"I can tell it now in two words," Lucas answered, coming abruptly back. "Belin signed the warrant, and sent a young ass of the burgher guard after Mar. I attended to some affairs of own. Then after a time I went around to the Trois Lanternes to see if they had got him. He was not there—only that cub of a boy of his. When I came in, he swore, the innkeeper swore, the whole crew swore, I was Mar. The fool of an officer arrested me."

I expected Mayenne to burst out laughing in Lucas's chagrined face. But instead he seemed less struck with his nephew's misfortunes than with some other

Lucas stood glowering, gnawing his lip, picturing the chagrin, the angry reproaches, the justifications he did not utter. I am certain he pitied himself as the sport of fate and of tyrants, the most shamefully used of mortal men. And so long as he aspired to the hand of Mayenne's ward, so long was he helpless under Mayenne's will.

"'T was pity," Mayenne said reflectively, "that you thought best to be absent last night. Had you been here, you had had sport. Your young friend Mar came to sing under his lady's window."

"Saw she him?" Lucas cried sharply.

"How should I know? She does not confide in me."

"You took care to find out!" Lucas cried, knowing he was being badgered, yet powerless to keep himself from writhing.

"I may have."

"Did she see him?" Lucas demanded again, the heavy lines of hatred and jealousy searing his face.

"No credit to you if she did not. You accomplish singularly little to harass M. de Mar in his love-making. You deserve that she should have seen him. But, as a matter of fact, she did not. She was in the chapel with madame."

"What happened?"

"Francois de Brie—now there is a youngster Paul," Mayenne interrupted him to point out, "who has not a tithe of your cleverness; but he has the advantage of being on the spot when needed. Desiring a word with mademoiselle, he betook himself to her chamber. She was not there, but Mar was warbling under the window."

"Brie?"

"Brie bestirred himself He sent two of the guard round behind the house to cut off the retreat, while he and Latour attacked from the front."

"Mar's killed?" Lucas cried. "He's killed!"

"By no means," answered Mayenne. "He got away."

Before he could explain further,—if he meant to,—the door opened, and Mlle. de Montluc came in.

Her eyes travelled first to us, in anxiety; then with relief to Mayenne, sitting over the jewels; last, to Lucas, with startlement. She advanced without hesitation to the duke.

"I am come, monsieur, to fetch you to supper."

"Pardieu, Lorance!" Mayenne exclaimed. "you show me a different face from that of dinner-time." Indeed, so she did, for her eyes were shining with excitement, while the colour that M. Etienne had kissed into them still flushed her cheeks.

"If I do," she made quick answer, "it is because the more I think on it, the surer I grow that my loving cousin will not break my heart."

"I want a word with you, Lorance," Mayenne said quietly.

"As many as you like, monsieur," she replied promptly. "But will you not send these creatures from the room first?"

"Do you include your cousin Paul in that term?"

"I meant these jewellers. But since you

"Mademoiselle," Mayenne deliberately went on, "I have been over-fond with you. Had I followed my own interests instead of bowing to your whims, you had been a wife these two years. I have indulged you, mademoiselle, because you were my ally Montluc's daughter, because you came to me a lonely orphan, because you were my little cousin whose baby mouth I kissed. I have let you cavil at this suitor and that, pout that one was too tall and one too short, and a third too bold and a fourth not bold enough. I have been pleased to let you cajole me. But now, mademoiselle, I am at the end of my patience."

"Monsieur," she cried, "I never meant to abuse your kindness. You let me cajole you, as you say, else I could not have done it. You treated my whims as a jest. You let me air them. But when you frowned, I have put them by. I have always done your will."

"Then do it now, mademoiselle. Be faithful to me and to your birth. Cease sighing for the enemy of our house."

"Monsieur," she said, "when you first brought him to me, he was not the enemy of our house. When he came here, day after day, season after season, he was not our enemy. When I wrote that letter, at Paul's dictation, I did not know he was our enemy. You told me that night that I was Did he come here to me and implore me to wed with him I would send him away."

Mayenne little imagined how truly she spoke; but he could not look in her eyes and doubt her honesty.

"You are a good child, Lorance," he said. "I could wish your lover as docile."

"He will not come here again," she cried. "He knows I am not for him. He gives it up, monsieur—he takes himself out of Paris. I promise you it is over. He gives me up."

"I have not his promise for that," Mayenne said dryly; "but the next time he comes after you, he may settle with your husband."

She uttered a little gasp, but scarce of surprise—almost of relief that the blow, so long expected, had at last been dealt.

"You will marry me, monsieur?" she murmured. "To M. de Brie?"

"You are shrewd, mademoiselle. You know that it will be a good three months before Francois de Brie can stand up to be wed. You say to yourself that much may happen in three months. So it may. Therefore will your bridegroom be at hand to-morrow morning.

She made no rejoinder, but her eyes,

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THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

At a mass meeting of the two local lodges Knights of Pythias held last evening to make arrangements for the entertainment of the Supreme Chancellor and the members of Grand Lodge, which meets here Aug 28 and 29, the following programme was decided on:

The opening session of the Grand Lodge will be held at ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th and the afternoon and evening will be given up to enjoyment. The members of the Uniform Rank will assemble in full uniform at 1.30 o'clock on that afternoon in King street east where they will be inspected by the Supreme Chancellor, after which they will march to Indiantown and board the steamer for a sail up river. Each member will have the privilege of inviting two ladies.

In the evening at 8.30 o'clock a reception will be held in the York Theatre assembly rooms—open to all members of the order. An address will be given by the Supreme Chancellor, followed by a musical programme. Refreshments will be served during the evening.

On Wednesday morning the Supreme Chancellor will be given a drive about the city in company with the supreme representatives and Grand Lodge officers.

The committee appointed to have charge of the arrangements is as follows:

From New Brunswick Lodge No 1—R. Maxwell, R. Steeves, C. H. Smyth, B. Stillwell, C. T. Jones, C. S. Everett Geo. E. Day, A. G. Verinder, I. Olive Thomas and W E. Hopper.

From Union, No. 2—R. Watson, A. Dodge, LeB. Wilson, Robt Bartsch, F. S. Kinnear, H. H. McLellan, E. C. Wilson, Dr. F. C. Godsoe, Edw Bonnell and Robt. Strain.

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Second Physician — No, the patient's heart was strong, but his pocket-book was weak.—The Bohemian.

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The varieties of headache most common are sick or bilious headache, nervous headache, headache from constipation, debility or indigestion, periodical and spasmodic headache. Undoubtedly the cause must be removed before permanent relief can be had.

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300 Pairs HEWSON TWEED PANTS, Only 73c. Pair.

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OUR WHOLE STOCK of Children's Sailor Wash Suits, ages 3 to 10 years, will be included in this grand sell-out; not because of any defects or soiled condition, but to make things especially lively. Mothers will indeed be surprised to see what we are going to sell for the money. Sailor patterns are now much in demand, too.

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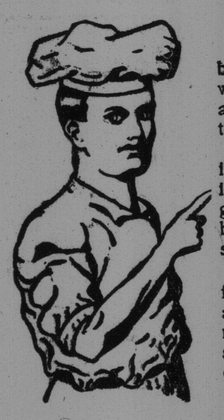

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FISHES WERE FEELING GOOD

They Swam in Pool Where Cider Barrel Had Been Emptied and Jags Were Numerous.

(Bangor News)

Gene Lovett, a trapper, was fishing near the source of Upper Salmon Branch, near Washburn, a few days ago when he struck a pool in which the trout behaved in a most uncommon manner. Never in all his experience had Lovett ever observed trout or any other fish for the matter of that, cut up such extraordinary didoes, and he concluded that they must be bewitched.

The stream at the point in question is a tiny brook, but now and then deepens into deep pools, into which just enough water flows to keep the trout fat and healthy. The banks are deeply wooded, and the territory is inhabited only by Sam Wilsie, another trapper, who has a cabin not far from the spot where Gene was fishing.

Lovett had frequently fished the brook, but never until this eventful day, had he ever noted anything out of the ordinary with the trout. This morning he had hardly touched a fly to the water before a monstrous trout leaped gaily in teh air, turned a double flip-flap just over the hook and scudded on his side for the bank. Instead of turning or diving, he rammed his head straight into the mud, and there he stuck until the fisherman reached over and caught him by the tail.

In the meantime other things were happening. A dozen fish began skimmering about on their backs instead of on their bellies. They lay most erratic courses, and at times seemed dazed. They circled, zigzagged and kitty-cornered, waved their tails in the air and cut up the water until it frothed. The moment Lovett's fly struck the surface half a dozen big fellows would start for it, and, the fisherman solemnly declares, the losers would fight among themselves until the edges of the pool were fringed with dead and maimed fish.

Trout taken from the water appeared to be in normal condition, and Lovett utterly nonpluseed, set out to confer with Sam. Incidentally Sam was never without a barrel of fine cider, and as the day was hot the visit appealed strongly to Lovett. Had it been earlier in the season Sam would have had several barrels in his cellar for it has been declared on good authority that he could put away his own weight and then out-shoot half the trappers in the county.

When Sam heard of the bewitched trout he laughed until the tears flowed down his weather-beaten cheeks.

"Wal, I swan! I never thought it would do that to them," he gasped when he got his breath.

"Do what to who?" asked the mystified Gene.

"The trout. You see it's this way; I got religion and swore off last week, and as the parson said the cider must go I took the last barrel I had buried in a spring down by the brook and dumped it into the pool. I never thought it would go to the heads o' them trout, honest, I didn't. I s'spose they drinked some and some soaked in till they got down right lit up. Wall I'd ruther it was them 'en me, seein' I've sweared off."

The annual meeting of the old boys's association of Rothesay Collegiate School was held at the school yesterday at the termination of the closing exercises. The report of the treasurer showed the finances in a flourishing condition. The secretary reported the membership 150. The election of officers resulted as follows: Duncan Arnold, M. D., St. John, president; Alex. Murray, Moncton, vice-president; John McIntyre, St. John, secretary treasurer; Hugh Mackay, St. John, assistant secretary-treasurer. The graduating class of the year were elected members. After the meeting a dance was enjoyed.

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THE HEAT SCORCHED BROTHER.

"I wish," said the old Georgia darky, as he gazed yarningly toward the shade tree at the furrow's end, "I wish somebody would rise up en prophesy a ', er de sun dat would last de whole mer! But dar's dis consolation: Et brile ter death down here, Satan'll ha mighty little ter fry hereafter!"—Atlanta Constitution.