

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers, New York.

(Continued.)

"Oh, you need not look so whey-faced; I have no warrant for your arrest. I dare say you are as great a rogue as he, but the order says nothing about you. Don't swoon away, you are in no peril."

"I was stung to be thought such a craven, but I pocketed the insult, and merely answered."

"I assure you, monsieur, I know naught of the matter." Yesterday I would have blurted out to him the whole truth; decidedly my experiences were teaching me something.

"Come now, I can't fool about here all day," he said impatiently. "Tell me where that precious master of yours is now. And be quicker about it than this old mule."

Maitre Menard, then, had told them nothing—staunch old loyalist. He knew perfectly that M. le Comte had gone home, and they had throttled him, and yet he had not told. Well, he should not lose by it.

"Monsieur is about the streets somewhere. On my life, I know not where. But I know he will be back here to supper."

"Oh, you don't know, don't you? Then perhaps Gaspard can quicken your memory."

At the word the soldier who had attended Maitre Menard came over to me and taught me how it feels to be hanged. I said to myself that if I had talked like a dastard I was not one, and every time the les me speak I gasped, "I don't know."

The room was black to me, and the sea roared in my ears, and I wondered who then I had done well to tell the lie. For

"Oh, M. Etienne!" I gasped, in agony that my pain had been for nothing. Now all was lost. Then the blue lifted, and my amazed eyes beheld not my master, but the dragon.

"How now, sirrah?" he cried to the dragon. "Hands off me, knave!" For the second soldier had seized his other arm.

"I regret to inconvenience monsieur," the captain answered, "but he is wanted at the Bastille."

"Wanted? I?" Lucas cried, fear flashing into his eyes.

He felt an instant's terror, I deem, lest Mayenne had betrayed him. Quick as he was, he did not see that he had been taken for another man.

"You, monsieur. You are wanted for the murder of your man, Ponton."

He grey white, looking instinctively at me, remembering where I had been at three o'clock this morning.

"It is a lie!" He left my service a month back and I have never seen him since."

"Tell that to the judges," the captain said, as he had said to me. "I am not trying you. The handcuffs, men."

One of them produced a pair. Lucas struggled frantically in his captors' grasp. He dragged them from one end of the room to the other, calling down all the curses of Heaven upon them; but they snatched the handcuffs on for all that.

"If this is Mayenne's work—" he panted.

The officer caught nothing but the name Mayenne.

"The boy said you were a friend to his Grace, monsieur, but orders are orders. I

"You make a mistake. On my sacred word, you mistake; this is not—" "Get out!" cried the captain, helping him along with his boot. Maitre Menard fell rather than walked out of the door.

A gray hue came over Lucas's face. His first fright had given way to fury at perceiving himself the victim of a mistake, but now alarm was born in his eyes again. Was it, after all, a mistake? This obstinate disbelief in his assertion, this ordering away of all who could swear to his identity—was it not rather a plot for his ruin? He swallowed hard once or twice, fear gripping his throat harder than ever, the dragon's fangs had gripped mine. Certainly he was not the Comte de Mar; but then he was the man who had killed Ponton.

"If this is a plot against me, say so!" he cried. "If you have orders to arrest me, do so. But arrest me by the name of Paul de Lorraine, not of Etienne de Mar."

"The name of Etienne de Mar will do," the captain returned; "we have no fancy for aliases at the Bastille."

"It is a plot!" Lucas cried.

"It is a warrant; that is all I know about it."

"But I am not Comte de Mar," Lucas repeated.

His uneasy conscience had numbed his wits. In his dread of a plot he had done little to dissipate an error. But now he pulled himself together; error or intention, he would act as if he knew it must be error.

"My captain, you have made a mistake likely to cost you your shoulder-straps. I

Lucas gazed at him as if to tear out of him the truth of the matter. I think he was still a prey to suspicion of a plot in this, and it paralyzed his tongue. He so reeked with intrigue that he smelled one wherever he went. He was much too clever to believe that this arresting officer was simply thick-witted.

"I say no more," he cried. "You may spare yourself your lies, the whole crew of you. I go as your prisoner, not I go as Paul de Lorraine, son of Henry, Duke of Guise."

He said it with a certain superciliousness; but the young captain, bourgeois of the bourgeoisie, did not mean to let himself be put down by any sprig of the noblesse.

"Certainly, if it is any comfort to you," he retorted. "But you are very dull, monsieur, not to be aware that your identity is known perfectly to others besides your lackey here and my man. I did not come to arrest you without a minute description of you from M. de Belin himself."

(To be continued.)

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AWFUL STREET CAR ACCIDENT

PROVIDENCE, June 3.—The most disastrous street railway wreck in the history of Rhode Island occurred early today, by which eleven people were killed and many others injured.

A heavy fifteen-seated open car, which had been chartered by a local Catholic society, was derailed at Moore's Corner, east Providence. The track curves sharply at that point at the foot of a long grade. The motorman, who was not familiar with the road, was unaware of the curve and allowed the car to coast down the hill. When it reached the curve it jumped with such force that it was hurled into the road twenty feet from the track, where it fell on its side between

a tree and a guide post. The list of dead and injured as far as known is as follows:

George Atchinson, 20 years, 26 Walnut street, Thornton (R. I.).

Edward F. Brennan, 18 years, 5 Peter street, Cranston (R. I.).

Alice Franklin, 17 years, School street, Thornton.

Enrico Gambini, 23 years, Fletcher avenue, Thornton.

John Gavin, 20 years, 800 Chalkstone avenue, Providence.

Angelo Germain, 30 years, 280 Pocasset avenue, Thornton.

Gustave Guertin, 25 years, 85 Julian street, Oneville (R. I.).

William W. Lauer, 27 years, 320 Fountain avenue, Thornton.

Bertha M. Kelley, 18 years, 1 Maple avenue, Thornton.

John Schneider, 19 years, 24 Tuxedo avenue, Oneville.

Ethel Whately, 19 years, 23 Marvin street, Providence.

The following are the more seriously injured, who remained at the hospitals: Frank Douglas, Providence; shoulder

fractured and leg lacerated.

James Saunders, Providence; contusions of knees and hip.

Joseph J. McQuade, conductor of the wrecked car, Providence; scalp wound and slight internal injuries.

Pasquale Di Sabato, Providence; scalp wound and contusions.

Ernest Lamotte, Providence; left thigh fractured.

Stella Lamotte, Providence; fracture of right elbow and contusions.

Annie Wilkinson, Victoria Mount, fracture at base of skull, will probably die.

Pasquale Arbiz, Providence; scalp wound and contusions.

Lillian Weeks, Thornton, severe cut over right eye.

Thomas Kelley, Providence; serious injuries to head and body.

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Canille Thurotte, Providence; contusions of back and pelvis.

The following, after receiving treatment at the hospitals were taken to their homes:

James Magee, Pawtucket; bruises on back.

James McCrystal, Pawtucket; slight.

May Burns, Providence; side hurt, leg and body bruised.

Catherine Keenan, Providence; face and chest cut.

Nellie Smith, Providence; hip injured.

Alfred Zambarano, Providence; severe bruises on head and body.

Amelia Trainor, Thornton; arm broken.

Lizzie Shaw, Thornton; back and neck injured.

Pasquale Polondo, Providence; contusions.

Thomas Campbell, Pawtucket; head cut and bruised.

Oscar H. Smith, Pawtucket; slight.

Ernest Motz, Thornton; both legs broken.

Alice Hargraves, Providence; legs injured.

Bertha Hardacre, Providence; internal injuries.

Miss Myra Wilson, Thornton, head and hips crushed; internal injuries; may prove fatal.



"I could only choke and pant!"

Had I said that my master was in the Hotel St. Quentin, still those fellows would have found it no easy job to take him. Vigo might not be ready to defend Mlle. de Montieu, but he would defend Monsieur's honor to the last gasp. Yet I would not yield before the choking Maitre Menard, had withstood, and I stuck to my lie. Then I bethought me, while the room reeled about me and my head seemed like to burst, that perchance if they should accept me here a captive for M. le Comte's arrival he might really follow to see what had become of me. I turned sick with the fear of it, and resolved on the truth. But Gaspard's last gullet-gripe had robbed me of the power to speak. I could only pant and choke. As I struggled painfully for wind, the door was flung open before a tall young man in black. Through the haze that hung before my vision I saw the soldier seize him as he crossed the threshold. Though the noise of waters I heard the captain's cry of triumph.

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Poor Maitre Menard had dropped down on his iron box, too limp and sick to know what was going on. He only stared helplessly.

"Speak,ascal," Lucas cried. "Am I Comte de Mar?"

"No," the maitre answered in low, faltering tones. He was at the last point of pain and fear. "No, monsieur officer, it is as he says. He is not the Comte de Mar."

"Who is he, then?"

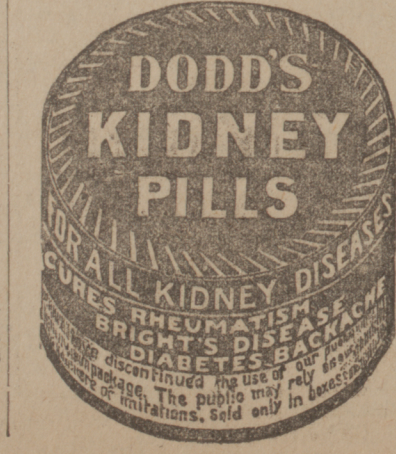
"I know not," the maitre stammered. "He came here last night. But it is as he says—He is not the Comte de Mar."

"Take care, mine head," the officer returned, "you're lying."

I could not wonder at him; if I had not been in a position to know otherwise, I had thought myself the maitre was lying.

"If you had spoken at first I might have believed you," the captain said, bestowing a kick on him. "Get out of here, old ass, before I cram your lie down your throat. And clear your people away from this door. I'll not walk through a mob. Send every man Jack about his business, or it will be the worse for him. And every woman Jill too."

"M. le Capitaine," Maitre Menard quavered, rising unsteadily to his feet,



THE SIMPLE JOYS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

BY T. E. POWERS.

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