The Helmet of Navarre

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

(Continued.)

Vigo was after the spy, of course. Monsieur knew the traitor now; he would inform Vigo, and the gates would be open for honest men. But that might take time and I could not wait five minutes. I had the audacity to cry to the guards:

"M. le Duc will let me pass out. I refer you to M. le Duc."

The men were impressed. They had a respect for me, since I had been closeted with Monsieur. Yet they dared not disobey Vigo for their lives. In this dilemma the poor sentry, fearful of getting into trouble whatever he did, sent up an envoy to ask Monsieur. I was frightened then. I had uttered my speech in sheer bravado, and was very doubtful as to how he would answer my impudence. But he was utterly careless, I trow, what I did, for presently the word came down that I might pass out.

The sun was setting as I hastened along the streets. I must reach the Rue Coupejarrets before dark, else there was no hope for me. A man in his senses would have known there was no hope anyway. Who but a madman would think of venturing back, forsworn, to those three villains, for the killing of one? It would be a miracle if aught resulted but failure and death. Yet I felt no jot of fear as I plunged into the mesh of crooked streets in the Coupejarrets quarter—only ardour to reach my goal. When, on turning a corner, I came upon a group of idlers choking the narrow ruelle, I said to myself that a dozen Parisians in the way could no more stop me than they could stop a charge of horse. All heels and elbows, I pushed into them. But, to my amazement, promptly was I seized upon by a burly porter and bidden with a cuff, to mind my manners. Then I discovered the occasion of the crowd to be a little procession of choristers out of a neighboring church—St. Jean of the Spire it was, though I knew then no name for it. The boys were singing, the watchers quiet, bareheaded. They sang as if there were nothing in the world but piety and love. The last level rays of the sun crowned them with radiant aureoles, painted their white robes with glory. I shut my eyes, dazzled; it was as if I beheld a heavenly host. When I opened them again the folk at my side were kneeling as the cross came by. I knelt, too, but the holy sign spoke to me only of the crucifix I had trampled on, of Yeux-gris and his lies. I prayed to the good God to let me kill Yeux-gris, prayed, kneeling there on the cobbles, with a fervour I had never reached before. When I rose I ran on at redoubled speed, never doubting that a just God would strengthen my hand, would make my cause his.

I entered the little court. The shutter was fastened, as before, but I had my dagger, and could again free the bolt. I could creep up-stairs and mayhap stab Yeux-gris before they were aware of my coming. But that was not my purpose. I was no bravo to strike in the back, but the instrument of a righteous vengeance. He must know why he died.

One to three, I had no chance. But if I knocked openly it was likely that Yeux-gris, being my patron, would be the one to come down to me. Then there was the opportunity, man to man. If it were Grammont or the lackey, I would boldly declare that I would give my news to none but Yeux-gris. In pursuance of this plan I was pounding vigorously on the door when a voice behind me cried out blithely:

"So you are back at last, Felix Broux!"

At the first word I wheeled around. In the court entrance stood Yeux-gris, smiling and debonair. He had laid aside his sword, and held on his left arm a basket containing a loaf of bread, a roast capon, and some bottles, for all the world like an honest prentice doing his master's errand.

"Yes, I am back!" I shouted. "Back to kill you parricide!"

He had a knife in his belt; the fight was even. I was upon him, my dagger raised to strike. He made no motion to draw, and I remembered in a flash he could not; his right arm was powerless. He sprang back, flinging up his burdened left as a shield, and my blade buried itself in the side of the basket.

As I stabbed I heard feet thundering down the stairs within. I wrenched my knife from the wicker and turned to face this new enemy. "Grammont," I thought, and that my end had come.

The door flew open and, shoulder to shoulder like brothers, out rushed Grammont and —Lucas!

My fear was drowned in amaze. I forgot to run and stood staring in sheer, blank bewilderment. Crying "Damned traitor!" Gervais, with drawn sword, charged me.

I had only the little dagger. I owe my life to Yeux-gris's quick wits and no less quick fingers. Dropping the basket, he snatched a bottle from it and hurled it at Gervais.

"Ware, Grammont!" shouted Lucas, springing forward. But the missile flew too quickly. It struck Grammont square on the forehead, and he went down like a slaughtered ox.

We looked, not at him, but at Lucas—Lucas, the duke's deferential servant, the coward and skulker, Grammont's hatred, standing here by Grammont's side, glaring at us over his naked sword.

I saw in one glance that Yeux-gris was no less astounded than I, and from that istant, though the inwardness of the matter was still a riddle to me, my heart acquitted him of all dishonesty, of all complicity. His was not the face of a parricide.

"Lucas!" he cried, in a dearth of words Lucas!"

I was staring at Lucas in thick bewilderment. The man was transformed from the one I knew. At M. le Duc's he had been pale, nervous and shaken—senselessly and contemptibly scared, as I thought, since he was warned of the danger and need not face it. But now he was another man. I can think only of those lanterns I have seen, set with colored glass. They look dull enough all day, but when the taper within is lighted shine like jewels. So Lucas now. His face, so keen and handsome of feature, was brilliant, his eyes sparkling, his figure instinct with defiance. A smile crossed his face.

"Aye," he answered evenly, "it is Lucas."

M. le Comte appeared to be in a state of stupor. He could not for a space find his tongue to demand:

"How, in the name of Heaven, come you here?"

"To fight Grammont," Lucas answered at once.

"A lie!" I shouted. "You're Grammont's friend. You came here to warn him off. It's your plot!"

"Felix! The plot?" Yeux-gris cried.

"The plot to murder Monsieur. Martin let it out. I thought it was you and Grammont. But it's Lucas and Grammont!"

Lucas hesitated. Even now he debated whether he could not lie out of it. Then he burst into laughter.

"It seems the cat's out of the bag. Aye, M. le Comte de Mar, I came to warn Grammont off. The duke will be here straightway. How will you like to swing for parricide?"

Yeux-gris stared at him, neither in fear nor in fury, but in utter stupefaction.

"But Gervais? He plotted with you? But he hates you!"

We gaped at Lucas like yokels at a conjurer. He made us no answer but looked from one to the other of us with the alertness of an angry viper. We were two, but without swords. I knew he was thinking how easiest to end us both.

M. le Comte cried: "You! You come from Navarre's camp, from M. de Rosny!"

"Aye. I have outwitted more than one man."

"Mordieu! I was right to hate you!"

Lucas laughed. Yeux-gris blazed out:

"Traitor and thief! You stole the money. I said that from the first. You drove us from the house. How you and Grammont—"

"Came together? Very simple," Lucas answered with easy insolence. "Grammont did not love Monsieur your honored father. It was child's play to make an assignation with him and to lament the part forced on me by Monsieur. Grammont was ready enough to scent a scheme of M. le Duc's to ruin him. He had said as much to Monsieur, as you may deign to remember."

"Aye," said M. le Comte, still like a puzzled child, "he was angry with my father. But afterward he changed his mind. He knew it was you, and only you."

Lucas broke again into derisive laughter.

"M. de Grammot is as dull a dolt as ever I met, yet clever enough to gull you. He thought you must suspect. I dreaded it—needlessly. You wise St. Quentins! You cannot see what goes on under your very nose."

M. le Comte sprang forward, scarlet. Lucas flourished the sword.

"The boy there caught at a glance what Yeux-gris, God be thanked! seemed to be holding his own.

Fighting Gervais was like fighting two men. Slowly but steadily he pressed me down and held me. I struggled for dear life—and could not push him back an inch.

I still held my knife but my arms were pinned down. Gervais raised himself a little to get a better clutch, and his fingers closed on my throat. One grip, and life seemed flowing from me. My arm was free now if I could but lift it. If I could not, nevermore should I lift it on this sunny earth. I did lift it, and drove the dagger deep into him.

I could not take aim; I could not tell where the knife struck. A gasp showed he was hit; then he clinched my throat once more. Sight went from me, and hearing. "It is no use," I thought, and then thought went, too.

But once again the saints were kind to me. The blackness passed, and I wondered what had happened that I was spared. Then I saw Grammont clutching with both hands at the dagger hilt. After all, the blow had gone home. I had struck him in the left side under the arm. Three good inches of steel were in him.

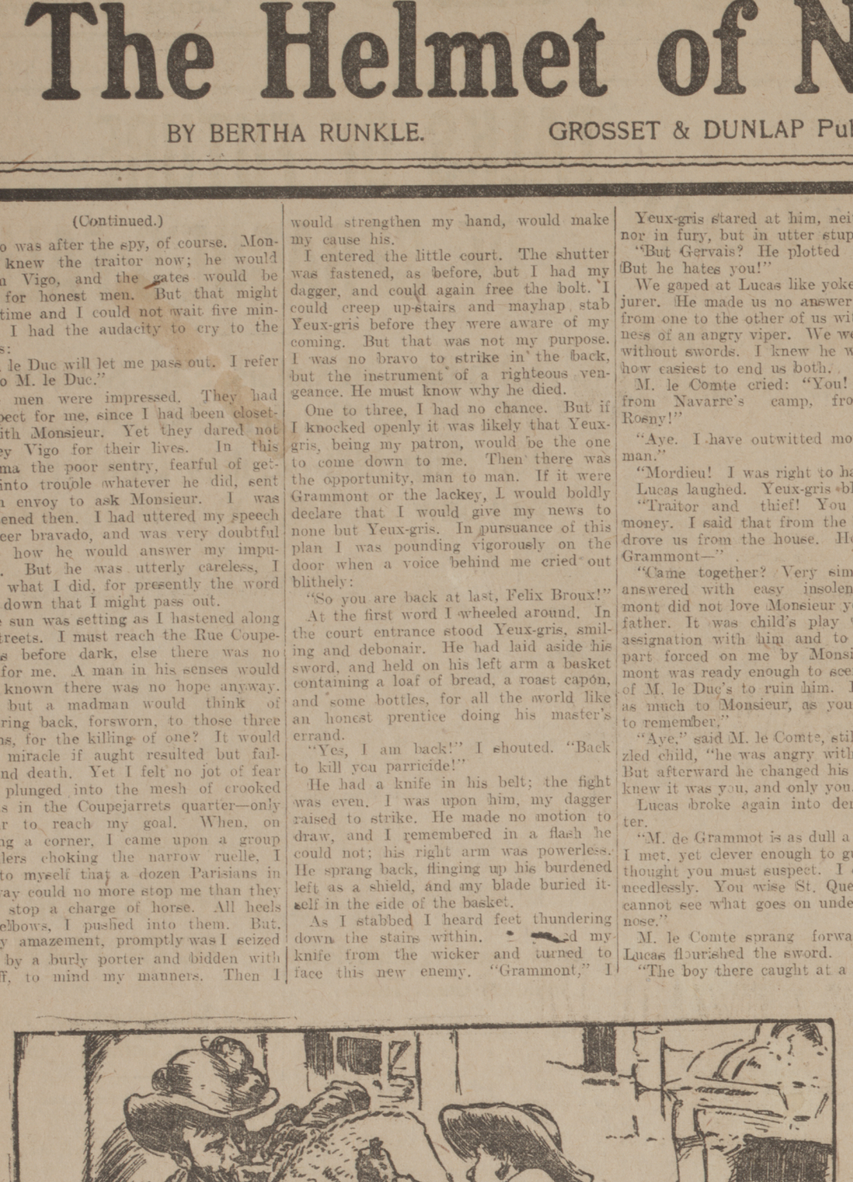
He had turned over on his side, half off me. I scrambled out from under him. To my surprise, Yeux-gris and Lucas were still engaged. I had thought it hours since Grammont pulled me down.

As I rose, Yeux-gris turned his head toward me. Only for a second, but in that second Lucas pinked his shoulder. I dashed between them; they lowered their points.

"First blood for me!" cried Lucas. "That serves for to-day, M. le Comte. I regret that I cannot wait to kill you, but that will come. It is necessary that I go before M. le Duc arrives. Clear the way."

M. le Comte stood his ground, barring the alley. They glared at each other motionless.

(To be continued.)



"My blade buried itself in the side of the basket."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

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DECLINED TO BUY OLD BEN LOMOND HOUSE

It was mentioned in an afternoon paper yesterday that at the afternoon meeting of the water and sewerage board the question of purchasing the old Ben Lomond House and adjoining property would be considered. The matter did not come up for discussion, not being within the province of the board to deal with and also because it had been settled by the claims committee about six weeks ago.

The question as to possible contamination of the outlet from the lake by sewerage from the house was mentioned at a meeting of the board about two months ago and referred to the claims committee who are appointed to deal with all matters of expropriation, claims and damages. It is understood that an offer was received from the owners of the property to sell the house and a large tract of land for about $4,000. The claims committee, having made inquiries, declined to entertain the proposal, and the view has been expressed that the acquisition of the property is not necessary for the protection of the stream.

Cancer of the Breast.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont. will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

RELEASED ON BAIL

Stanley Fanjoy Gives Bonds in Queens County Shooting Case.

At Gagetown yesterday Stanley Fanjoy gave himself up following the finding of a true bill for manslaughter against him in connection with the death of Wm. Kincaide, whom Fanjoy shot last November in mistake for a moose. Bail was arranged on application of Mr. Abbot, counsel for the defendant, and he was released to appear for trial next October. He gave his own recognizance for $500 and his father, Daniel Fanjoy, and one other went his sureties in the sum of $250 each.

The court then adjourned as there was no other business. On the finding of the grand jury, Fanjoy went to Gagetown to take advantage of Judge Hanington's presence to have bail arranged.

TRIED TO WRECK TRAIN BECAUSE HE HAD TO WALK

Russian Laborer, Arrested at Montreal for Placing Obstructions on the Rails, Gave This As the Reason.

Montreal, May 16.—(Special)—A Russian named Commission pleaded guilty in the recorder's court today of having placed obstructions on the G. T. R. and C. P. R near Beaconsfield. He complained that he did nat think other persons should be allowed to ride when he had to walk, and he therefore had placed shovels, picks, etc., on the tracks. When arrested he was found hiding in a bush. He was remanded for sentence.

Hon. W. P. Jones, of Woodstock, solicitor-general, is at the Royal. He will leave for home this evening.

Hon. L. P. Farris returned to his home in White's Cove from Fredericton yesterday.

Spring Dress Goods.

Another shipment of light grey materials just to hand. The popular priced ones: **45c., 65c., 77c.**

The latter price is Ripley's pearl finish, already shrunken. It is cheviot weave and all wool. 52 inches wide.

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SUNDAY NEWSPAPER IN CANADA DOOMED

Lord's Day Committee Decide Against the Proposal

Ottawa, May 16—(Special)—At a meeting in camera of the Sunday observance bill committee it was decided to report the bill as it stands, although some amendments will be made in the interests of transportation.

The committee favor an amendment dealing with the case of smelters, blast furnaces, cement works and other mills and factories where a certain amount of Sunday labor is unavoidable. Where Sunday labor is essential to the efficient operation of such concerns it will not be prohibited and in event of dispute it will be for the courts to say whether individual mills or factories come under this exemption or not.

Provision will also be made to allow of repairs being made on Sunday where the safety of employes' lives might otherwise be affected.

The Sunday newspaper is doomed. An appeal was made to the committee on behalf of five British Columbia morning papers that publish Sundays but give their employes a rest by bringing out no issue on Mondays. The committee, however, appreciate undesirable features of the sale of newspapers on Sundays and will doubtless frame their finding accordingly.

Newspapers publishing on Monday mornings will be allowed to set their staffs to work at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.

The clauses dealing with the Sunday operations of trains will be to some extent in the nature of a compromise. The bill as drafted did not attempt to interfere with passenger traffic other than to put a ban on Sunday excursions. The Lord's Day Alliance is willing also that railways should have the right to carry certain freights on to their point of destination even though to do so involves Sunday labor. The bill may be further amended to allow delivery from cars on Sundays of perishable goods on arrival and the transfer from train to boat or elevator of wheat arriving from the west on Sundays at terminal points on the great lakes. Sunday labor will not be forbidden upon vessels where it is essential to their leaving port on scheduled time. It has been pointed out to the committee that vessel owners in their own interest will use as little Sunday labor as possible because of higher wages they have to pay for such work.

CHARLES J. WYLDE, OF HALIFAX, DEAD

Halifax, N. S., May 16.—(Special)—Charles J. Wylde, one of the best known men of Halifax, died today after an illness of some months. He was an old member of the Halifax and other clubs and was prominent in the social life of the city.

He was a member of the firm of B. Wier & Co., that ceased business a good many years ago, and recently has been the representative of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. One of his sons is Dr. Charles Wylde, of Montreal; Oswald is in Calgary and the two others are residents in Halifax.

HOTEL KEEPERS WANT LAW FOR "DEAD BEATS"

Ottawa, May 16—(Special)—A delegation from hotel keepers waited on the minister of justice today to get an amendment to the criminal code dealing with dead beats. The minister promised to look into the matter but there will not likely be any legislation in this direction this session.

A well attended concert was held in the Ludlow street Baptist church, Carleton, last evening and a considerable sum was realized in aid of the funds of the church. Miss Maud Scott, Miss Dunlavey, M. Long and H. S. Mayes, the quartette of the church, assisted by Mrs. Tingley, Prof. Titus and the choir of the Presbyterian church, provided a well selected and much appreciated programme.

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Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

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are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends.

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