

# The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

Her alarm and passion had swept her to the door of the Hotel St. Quentin as a whirlwind sweeps a leaf. She had come without thought of herself, without pause, without fear. But now the first heat of her impulse was gone. Her long tramp had left her faint and weary, and here she had to face not an enemy and a page, hers to command, but a great duke, the enemy of her house. She came blushing in her peasant dress, shoes dirty from the common road, hair ruffled by the night winds, to show herself for the first time to her lover's father, opposer of her hopes, abverter of her marriage. Proud and shy, she drifted over the door-sill and stood a moment, neither lifting her eyes nor speaking, like a bird when the least movement would startle into flight.

But Monsieur made none. He kept as still, as tongue-tied, as she, looking at her as if he could hardly believe her presence real. Then as the silence prolonged itself, it seemed to frighten her more than the harsh speech she may have feared; with a desperate courage she raised her eyes to his face.

The spell was broken. Monsieur stepped forward at once to her. "Mademoiselle, you have come a journey. You are tired. Let me give you some refreshment; then will you tell me the story."

It was an unlucky speech, for she had

Infanta Isabella come to visit him, he could not have been more surprised. It seemed to him discourteous to press her; he waited for her to explain her presence. I wanted to shake mademoiselle. With a dozen swift words, with a glance of her blue eyes, she could sweep Monsieur off his feet as she had swept Vigo. And instead, she sat there, not daring to look at him, like a child caught stealing sweets. She had found words to defend herself from the teasing tongues at the Hotel de Lorraine, to plead for me, to lash Luzes, to show Mayenne himself; but she could not find one syllable for the Duke of St. Quentin. She had been to admiration the laughing coquette, the stout champion, the haughty great lady, the frank lover; but now she was the shy child, blushing, stammering, constrained.

Had Monsieur attacked her with blunt questions, had he demanded of her up and down what had happened in this strange room at such amazing hour and in such unfitting company, she must needs have answered, and, once started, she would quickly have kindled her fire again. Had he on other part, with a smile, an encouraging word, given her ever so little a push, she had gone on easily enough. But he did neither. He was courteous and cold. Partly was his coldness real; he could not look on her as other than the daughter of his enemy's house, ward of the man who had lured his son to disaster. Partly was it mere absence; M. Et-

ienne's plight was more to him than mademoiselle's. When she spoke not, he turned impatiently to me. "Tell me, Felix, all about it."

Before I could answer him the door be-

hind us opened to admit two gentlemen, shoulder to shoulder. They were dressed much alike, plainly, in black. One was about thirty years of age, tall, thin-faced, and dark, and of a gravity and dignity beyond his years. Living was serious business to him; his eyes were thoughtful, steady, and a little cold. His companion was some ten years older; his beard and curling hair, worn away from his forehead by the helmet's chafing, were already sprinkled with gray. He had a great beak of a nose and dark gray eyes, as green as a hawk's, and a look of amazing life and vim. The air about him seemed to tingle with it. We had all done something, we others; we were no shirks or slugs; but the force in him put us out, penny candles before the sun. I don't mean that Jeanne the Maid did any marvel when she recognized King Charles at Chinon. Here was I, a common lot, never heard a heavenly voice in all my days, yet I knew in the flick of an eye that this was Henri Quatre.

I was hot and cold and trembling, my heart pounding till it was like to choke me. I had never dreamed of finding myself in the presence. I had never thought to face any man greater than my duke. For the moment I was utterly discomfited. Then I bethought me that not for God alone were knees given to man, and I slid down quietly to the floor, hugging I did right, but reflecting for my comfort that in any case I was too small to give great offence.

Mademoiselle started out of her chair and swept a curtsy almost to the ground, holding the lowly pose like a lady of marble. Only Monsieur remained standing, as he was, as if a king was an every-day affair with him. I always thought Monsieur a great man, but now I knew it.

The king, leaving his companion to close the door, was across the room in three strides. "I am come to look after you, St. Quentin," he cried, laughing. "I cannot have my council broken up by pretty grisettes. The precedent is dangerous."

With the liveliest curiosity and amusement he surveyed the top of mademoiselle's bent head, and Monsieur's puzzled, troubled countenance.

"This is no grisette, sire," Monsieur answered, "but a very high-born demoiselle indeed—cousin to my Lord Mayenne."

Astonishment flashed over the king's mobile face; his manner changed in an instant to one of utmost deference. "Rise, mademoiselle," he begged, as if her appearance were the most natural and desirable thing in the world. "I could wish it were my good adversary Mayenne himself who was come to treat with us; but be assured his cousin shall lack no courtesies."

She swayed lightly to the king, raising her face to the king's. Into his countenance, which mirrored his emotions like a glass, came a quick delight at the sight of her. The color waxed and waned in her cheeks; her breath fluttered uncertainly; her eyes, anxious, eager, searched his face.

"I cry your Majesty's good pardon," she faltered. "I had urgent business with M. de St. Quentin—I did not guess he was with your Majesty—"

"The king's business is glad to step aside for yours, mademoiselle. She curtsied, blushing, hiding her eyes under her sooty lashes; thinking as I did, I made no doubt, there was a king indeed. His Majesty went on: "I can well believe, mademoiselle, 'tis no trifling matter brings you at midnight to our rough camp. We will not delay you further, but be at pains to remember that if in anything Henry of France can aid you he stands at your command."

He made her a noble bow and took her hand to kiss, when she, like a child that sees itself losing a protector, clutched his hand in her little trembling fingers, her wet eyes fixed imploringly on his face. He beamed upon her; he felt no desire whatever to be gone.

"Am I to stay?" he asked radiantly; then with grave gentleness he added: "Mademoiselle is in trouble. Will she bring her trouble to the king? That is what a king is for—to ease his subjects' burdens."

She could not speak; she made him her obeisance with a look out of the depths of her soul.

Then are you my subject, mademoiselle? he demanded slyly.

She shook the tears from her lashes, and found her voice and her smile to answer his.

"Sire, I was a true Ligueneuse this morning. But I came here half Navarraise, and now I swear I am wholly one."

"Now, that is good hearing!" the king cried. "Such a recruit from Mayenne! Also is it heartening to discover that my conversion is not the only sudden one in the world. It has taken me five months to turn my coat, but here is mademoiselle turns hers in a day."

He had glanced over his shoulder to point this out to his gentleman, but now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking triste again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are beautiful, grave; but, as you had the graciousness to show me just now, still more beautiful, smiling. Now we are going to arrange matters so that you will smile all ways. Will you tell me what is the trouble, my child?"

"Gladly, sire," she answered, and dropped down a moment on her knees before him, to kiss his hand.

I marvelled that Mayenne and all his armies had been able to keep this man off his throne and in his saddle four long years. It was plain why his power grew stronger every day, why every hour brought him new allies from the ranks of the League. You had only to see him to adore him. Once let him get into Paris, the struggle would be over. They would put up with no other for king.

She began at once, eager and unflinching. All her confusion was gone. It had been well-nigh impossible to tell the story to M. de St. Quentin, impossible to tell it to this impressive M. de Rosny. But to the King of France and Navarre it was as easy to talk as to one's playfellow.

"Sire, I am Lorraine de Montluc. My grandfather was the Marshal Montluc. "Were today next Monday, I could pray, 'God rest his soul,' the king rejoined. "But even a heretic may say that he was a gallant general, an honor to France. He married a sister of Francois le Balafre? And mademoiselle is orphaned now, and my friend Mayenne's ward?"

"Yes, sire, I came here, sire, to tell M. de St. Quentin concerning his son. And though I am talking of myself, it is all the same story. Three years ago, after the king died, M. de Mayenne was endeavoring with all his might to bring the Duke of St. Quentin into the League. He offered me a sum of six hundred thousand francs."

"And you are still Mlle. de Montluc?" she turned to Monsieur with the prettiest smile in the world.

(To be continued.)

## Men Rule by Force, Women, by Charm.

And yet because they live less strenuously, women neglect the early evidences of failing vigor.

The wise woman will not permit her charms to be robbed by ill-health. When she feels appetite falling, nerves getting edgy, color fading, she takes Ferrozine. How it sharpens the appetite! How quickly rich blood is available to restore color to the cheeks, buoyancy to the step.

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Mrs. Mizner has Appendicitis. CHICAGO, Ill., June 23—Mrs. Wilson Mizner, or Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, as she prefers to be called is ill of appendicitis at her residence here. An emergency operation was performed Thursday. The physicians say she will recover unless unlooked for complications arise.

Miss Harriette Dickson, of Hillsboro, is visiting friends at Drury's Cove.

## SAUSAGE MEN ON THE RACK

New York Health Board Warn Them to Comply With Law.

NEW YORK, June 25—Within the last two weeks, it is learned, about 50 manufacturers of sausage have been called before the Board of Health and warned that they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law if they do not at once comply with the provisions of the sanitary code and label their product with a description of any preservative used.

Investigations made by inspectors and analysis made by the department's chemists have shown that practically all the sausage manufacturers use preservatives. While it is not claimed that all these preservatives are deleterious, the department will take no chances and will insist that the purchaser shall know just what he is buying.

## WILL USE THE VALLEY ROUTE

OTTAWA, June 26—The railway committee yesterday afternoon passed Mr. Carvell's amendment that the St. John branch line to the G. T. P. should be built. There was a vigorous opposition, principally on the part of Hon. H. R. Emmerson, but finally the amendment was passed by a vote of 44 to 20.

Mr. Carvell (Carleton, N. B.), made another vigorous fight for restoring the branch line to St. John. He took exception, after quoting from Mr. Emmerson's speech in the St. John Telegraph, to the argument made by the minister of railways the other evening in support of the bill. The minister said that the company was morally bound to build a branch to St. John under the original charter, and Mr. Carvell repudiated the idea of a corporation doing it merely because they were morally bound to do so. It was very difficult to get railway companies to do what they were compelled to under the statute, and some times suits had to be taken for this purpose.

"Whoever heard," added Mr. Carvell, "of any company doing anything because they were morally bound to do so? The minister cannot find anything between the four corners of the G. T. P. agreement with the government to build this branch. There are something like fifty or seventy miles of a handicap against St. John in favor of Portland and it was necessary to see that every step was taken to prevent the freight being diverted to the American port. The only possible way that you can do this is by a line down the valley of St. John, where there will be the easiest grades and fewest curves. The surveys showed this. By the back route there would be 1,700 feet of hills to climb while on the river route from Grand Falls to Fredericton a distance of 140 miles, by adding together all the small momentum grades 2, 3 or 10 feet, the total will not exceed 150 feet."

"There must be a branch route from Fredericton to St. John. If the back route is taken there must be a branch from Grand Falls to St. John. There are other routes besides Chipman to St. John. He was not wedded to Chipman. He would leave it so that any other route could be selected.

Mr. Carvell proceeded to say that the minister stated he had not taken the course he did individually. The inference was that it was the policy of the government. He (Carvell) inquired in a quiet way, which was generally correct, and found that the government had no policy on the subject. But he was willing to believe that the minister, in differing from him, was actuated by what he thought was best for the province. Nevertheless, he (Carvell) believed it was not in the interest of the province nor in the interest of the rail company that this branch should be struck out. The reasons,

he said, which the minister gave were not satisfactory.

Mr. Emmerson, who previously admitted that the agreement contained no clause which would compel the G. T. P. to build from Chipman to St. John. He thought it would be in their own interests to do so, but it was not compulsory. In fact, it was not compulsory upon them to build any of the branches; there was nothing in the contract to compel the building of any branches. The agreement, however, involved the construction of a branch line from Chipman to St. John and had already been discussed in the house.

When the G. T. P. contract was up for discussion it was distinctly stated that the G. T. P. would build from a point near Chipman to Norton and then on to St. John. It was also pointed out that the traffic would be such as to require the I. C. R. to be double tracked from Moncton to Halifax.

"The leading members of the company say that they are under obligation to build St. John. I have no doubt," said Mr. Emmerson, "that they will do so and therefore it is only jeopardizing the proposition by placing this responsibility upon another company."

Dr. Daniel supported the amendment proposed by Mr. Carvell. He could not see how the placing of the branch in the bill would in any way injure the chances of building the line.

A standing vote was taken in committee and the amendment of Mr. Carvell was carried by 44 for 20 against.

The Grand Trunk branch lines' bill was again considered at the evening session. An amendment imposing the same obligations on the company as was imposed upon the G. T. P., was defeated.

The bill was then reported and stands for its third reading.

## MENACE TO HEALTH

According to U. S. Consul Hannah of Magdeburg, Germany, the municipal authorities of Nordhausen have forbidden the wearing of dress trains inside the city limits. Last year, "to prevent danger to health and annoyance by raising dust," the police forbade the ladies to allow their dress trains to drag on certain promenades and principal streets.

By a recent action of the health commission, this order has been extended to cover the entire city, and disobedience shall be punished more severely than formerly. The present penalty for violations of this ordinance is by fine not exceeding \$7.14, or imprisonment for a corresponding number of days. This, so far as the consul can ascertain, is the first city in Germany to put itself on record as opposed to this menace to health.

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means merit. No house would offer to refund money, unless they were sure you would not want to have it refunded. When a house with a well-earned reputation says, "your money back if you are not satisfied with our goods," you may be sure the goods are right.

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Tenders will be received up till noon Monday 4th June 1906. While the Exhibition Association desires, if possible, to have more than one party in each of the above lines (except restaurant) selling at the coming exhibition, offers are asked for BOTH EXCLUSIVE AND COMPETITIVE PRIVILEGES. Those who offer for Exclusive Privilege only, and not for Competitive, or vice versa, will kindly be particular to state WHICH on their tender.

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Mademoiselle swept a curtsy almost to the ground.

been on the very point of unbending herself; but now, without a word, she accepted his escort down the passage. But as she went, she flung me an imploring glance; I was to come too. Gilles bolted the door again, and sat down to wait on the staircase; but I, though my lord had not bid me, followed him and mademoiselle. It troubled me that she should so dread him—him, the warmest-hearted of all men. But if he needed me to give her confidence, here I was.

Monsieur led her into a little square parlour at the end of the passage. It was just behind the shop, I knew, it smelt so of leather. It was doubtless the sitting and eating-room of the scold's family. Monsieur set his candle down on the big table in the middle; then, on second thought, took it up again and lighted two iron sconces on the wall.

"Pray sit, mademoiselle, and rest," he bade, for she was starting up in nervousness from the chair where he had put her. "I will return in a moment."

When he had gone from the room, I said to her, half hesitatingly, yet eagerly:—"Mademoiselle, you were never afraid on the way, where there was good cause for fear. But now there is nothing to dread."

She rose and fluttered round the walls of the room, looking for something. I thought it was for a way of escape, but it was not, for she passed the three doors and came back to her place with an air of disappointment, smoothing the loose strands of her hair.

"I never before went anywhere unmasked," she murmured.

Monsieur entered with a salver containing a silver cup of wine and some Rheims biscuit. He offered it to her formally; she accepted with scarcely audible thanks, and sat, barely touching the wine to her lips, crumpling the biscuit into bits with restless fingers, making the pretence of a meal serve as excuse for her silence. Monsieur glanced at her, puzzled-wisely, waiting for her to speak. Had the

king's plight was more to him than mademoiselle's. When she spoke not, he turned impatiently to me. "Tell me, Felix, all about it."

Before I could answer him the door behind us opened to admit two gentlemen, shoulder to shoulder. They were dressed much alike, plainly, in black. One was about thirty years of age, tall, thin-faced, and dark, and of a gravity and dignity beyond his years. Living was serious business to him; his eyes were thoughtful, steady, and a little cold. His companion was some ten years older; his beard and curling hair, worn away from his forehead by the helmet's chafing, were already sprinkled with gray. He had a great beak of a nose and dark gray eyes, as green as a hawk's, and a look of amazing life and vim. The air about him seemed to tingle with it. We had all done something, we others; we were no shirks or slugs; but the force in him put us out, penny candles before the sun.

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