

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

"I hear malice," I cried, flushing. "Monsieur is mocking me. I know monsieur cannot love me, since I attempted his life. Yet my wish is to be allowed to serve him so faithfully that he can forget it."

"Say," he said, "I have forgotten it. And it was freely forgiven from the moment I saw Lucas at my cousin's side."

"For the second time," I said, "monsieur saved my life. And I dropped on my knees beside the bed to kiss his hand. But he snatched it away from me and flung his arm around my neck and kissed my cheek."

"Felix," he cried, "but for you my hands would be red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and me from worse. If I have any shred of humanity left it is you have saved them to me."

"Monsieur," I stammered, "I did aught. I am your servant till I die."

"You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet? Lucas's fool?"

"Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was a plot. You know what he said—"

"Aye," he cried with bitter vehemence. "I shall remember for some time what he said. They would not kill me to make my cousin Valere duke! He was a man. But non de dieu, I was not worth the killing."

"It is the League's scheming, monsieur." "Oh, that does not need the saying. Secretaries don't plot against dukes on their own account. Some high man is behind Lucas—I dare swear his Grace of Mayenne himself. It is no secret now where Monsieur stands. Yet the king's party grows so strong and the mob so fierce Monsieur, the League dare not strike openly. So they put a spy in the house to choose time and way. And the spy would not stab, for he saw he could make me do his work for him. He saw I needed but a push to come to open breach with my father. He gave the push. Oh, he could make me pull his chestnuts from the fire well enough, burn-

Tomorrow I go to pledge my sword to Henry of Navarre."

"Monsieur, if he comes to the faith—" "Monsieur's faith is not all. Were he a pagan of the wilderness he were better than these Leaguers. He fights honestly and bravely and generously. He could have had the city before now, save that he will not starve us. He looks the other way, and the provision-trains come in. But the Leaguers, with all their regiments, dare not openly strike down one man, one man who has come all alone into their country—they put a spy into his house to eat his bread and betray him; they stir up his own kin to slay him, that it may not be called the League's work. And they are most Catholic and noble gentlemen! Nay, I am done with these pious plotters who would redden my hands with my father's blood and make me outcast and despised of all men. I have spent my playtime with the League; I will go work with Henry of Navarre!"

"I caught his fire."

"By St. Quentin," I cried, "we will beat these Leaguers yet!"

He laughed, yet his eyes burned with determination.

"By St. Quentin, shall we! You and I, Felix, you and I alone will overturn the whole League! We will show them what we are made of. They think lightly of me. Why not? I never took part with my father. I laced about in these gay Paris houses, bent on my pleasure, too shallow a fop even to take sides in the fight for a kingdom. What should they see in me but an empty-headed roisterer, frittering away his life in follies? But they will find I am something more. Well, enter there!"

He dropped back among the pillows, striving to look careless, as Maitre Menard, the landlord, opened the door and stood shuffling on the threshold.

"Doe M. le Comte sleep?" he asked me deferentially, though I think he could not

"Get my clothes, Felix. I must go to the Hotel de Lorraine."

But I hung myself upon him, pushing him back into bed and dragging the cover over him by main force.

"You can go nowhere, M. Etienne; it is madness. The surgeon said you must lie here for three days. You will get a fever in your wounds; you shall not go."

"Get off me, 'od rot you; you're smothering me," he gasped. Cautiously I relaxed my grip, still holding him down. He appealed: "Felix, I must go. So long as there is a spark of life left in me, I have no choice but to go."

"Monsieur, you said you were done with the Leaguers—with M. de Mayenne."

"Aye, so I did," he cried. "But this—this is Lorraine."

Then, at my look of mystification, he suddenly opened his hand and tossed me the letter he had held close in his palm. I read:

M. de Mar appears to consider himself of very little consequence, or of very great, since he is absent a whole month from the Hotel de Lorraine. Does he think he is not missed? Or is he so sure of his standing that he fears no supplanting? In either case he is wrong. He is missed but he will not be missed forever. He may, if he will, be forgiven; or he may, if he will, be forgotten. If he would escape oblivion, let him come tonight, at the eleventh hour, to lay his apologies at the feet of

LORANCE DE MONTLUC.

"And she—"

"Is cousin and ward to the Duke of Mayenne. Yes, and my heart's desire."

"Monsieur—"

"Aye, you begin to see it now," he cried vehemently. "You see why I have stuck to Paris these years, why I could not follow my father into exile. It was more than a handful of pistoles caused the breach with Monsieur; more than a

and that will profit neither you nor her, but only Lucas and his crew."

"That is as may be. At least I make the attempt. A month back I sent her a letter. I found it tonight in Lucas's doublet. She thinks me careless of her. I must go."

"Monsieur, you are mad," I cried. "You have said yourself Mayenne is likely to be behind Lucas. If you go you do but walk into the enemies' very jaws. It is a trap, a lure."

"Felix, beware what you say!" he interrupted with quickening ire. "I do not permit such words to be spoken in connection with Mlle. de Montluc."

"But, monsieur—"

"Silence!" he commanded in a voice as sharp as crack of pistol. The St. Quentins had ever the most abundant faith in those they loved. I remembered how Monsieur in just such a blaze of resentment had forbidden me to speak ill of his son. And I remembered, too, that Monsieur's faith had been justified and that my accusations were lies. Nonetheless, I liked not the look of this affair, and I attempted further warnings.

(To be continued.)

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SAW AWFUL SIGHTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

A resident of San Francisco at the time of the terrible earthquake and fire, and an eye witness of some of the awful happenings, arrived in the city Saturday. She is Mrs. Margaret Shea, a former resident of Sussex, and she is visiting her sister, Miss Mahoney, 16 Cliff street. Mrs. Shea, whose husband was the late John Shea, went to Frisco about a year ago to look after some property left her by her brother, the late James Mahoney, a former resident of this city; and she had intended to make her home there.

The property was in Ryan street which is a part of the business section. She herself was residing in Ivy avenue, Mrs. Shea says that when the shock was felt, the chimney of her house collapsed and almost went through the roof, only a few boards preventing it from falling on her in bed. They were sleeping on the fourth story of a four-story building. Her daughter, Margaret, was thrown out of bed, the bed being almost turned upside down. A heavy bureau was completely turned over and the mirror demolished.

She went to the kitchen she says and found the stove proken to pieces, the bare pipes wrenched from the wall and the kitchen flooded. They made their way to the street with what clothes they could save.

As they passed a drug store a clerk dashed through the plate glass window and fell senseless to the pavement. He died later in the way to the hospital.

At noon their home took fire as a result of the dynamiting. With some bed clothing they went to the park where they were obliged to sleep in the open for two nights, one of which it poured rain. One night eight babies were born in the park, and Mrs. Shea says the government is to reward her family \$100 each. Some women had to take up their own clothes to make some for their children. Her son saw a man cut two fingers off a wealthy lady still living, in the park to get the diamond rings she was wearing. A soldier shot the man. The soldiers, she says, were ordered to destroy all the liquor but instead of doing so some converted it to their own use. As a consequence they were boisterous and she says shot people indiscriminately. She saw, she says, one man, a Mr. Elden, a wealthy wholesale merchant, ruthlessly shot down. He had joined in the Red Cross work and having moved his family to the outskirts of the city, was returning in his automobile. He came to one detachment of soldiers he called out "Red Cross" and was allowed to pass and repeated the call to the next detachment; but was shot down. Mrs. Shea says his body was taken from the auto and thrown into a ditch with others. She also says that her son saw a man shot for taking a loaf of bread.

They were not allowed lights for two nights, then wax candles were supplied them. For two days they went without food, then the soldiers were ordered to force the doors open and they were obliged to dip it out with empty fruit tins. The rich and the poor had to line up side by side for their daily allowance of bread. One four-story boarding house in which were 500 was engulfed in the first story and those in this story walked out on the street, the others perishing.

She complains that the English consuls did not do as much for them as the other consuls did for their people. Mrs. Shea will return to Sussex.

W. S. Grant, of Halifax, was registered at the Dufferin Saturday.

SILVER CLOUD SWEPT ON ROCKS

Schooner Wrecked Between Black Point and Mispec

LEFT HIGH OUT OF WATER ON LEDGE

Slid Off Later and Sank—Wind Left Nova Scotia Packet and Swell Took Her Ashore—Captain and Crew Come to St. John.

Straddling two rocks on the coast between Black Point and Mispec the forty-five ton single topmast schooner Silver Cloud is a total wreck. She struck in thick weather Saturday morning about 11 o'clock while on the way here from Digby with a load of junk from Mr. Webber of that town.

On board the schooner were Capt. Geo. Pop, of Digby; Mate D. W. Hansparker, of Culloden, and Joe Simms, of Digby, a boy.

Speaking of the wreck Saturday night the mate said they left Digby Friday for here. The weather was thick all Friday night and there was no wind. Saturday morning a breeze sprang up, but on account of the thick weather they were doubtful for a time as to their position.

Having determined where they were—near Mispec Cape—they stood down the bay for St. John, keeping quite a distance off shore. But at an unfortunate time the wind left them and a heavy swell carried their schooner ashore despite all they could do. She struck stern first and held to the rocks. The small boat was manned and men and boy tried to haul the schooner into deep water before she became firmly stranded. Their efforts were futile, however, and on the ledge she stayed.

Perched High on Rocks.

"When it was seen that nothing could be done by us," said Mate Hansparker, "Captain Pop went ashore. This was about 11:30 o'clock and he walked to St. John in search of help. Meanwhile the boy and myself stood and took out personal belongings into the small boat."

"When the tide left the schooner," said he, "it showed a peculiar sight. There the vessel rose, perched high upon two rocks. From the top of her sail to low water was fully twenty-five feet. Forward, for twenty feet her keel was free of the ledge, then she was caught for some distance; then came the space between the rocks and here you could row a small boat under the schooner from one side to the other. She was caught fast again about two feet from the stern post."

"Had she listed seaward she would have fallen completely over, masts down, but she took a little cant towards shore and there she hung."

Rowed to This Port.

"We stood by all day and then rowed to St. John. We reached Partridge Island after a hard row and there a gasoline launch took us in tow and brought us to the Market slip. I looked around for some schooner I knew, and found the L. M. Ellis, and Captain George Lent has been good enough to put us up on board for the night."

Captain Post, on reaching the city during Saturday afternoon, secured the tug Leader and she went down to try to pull the schooner off the rocks. In the thick weather, however, the stranded vessel could not be found, and the tug, with Captain Post, returned to port.

The Silver Cloud was twenty-six years old and was owned by Messrs. Turnbull, Peters, Tupper, Warne and Nichols, of Digby, and Captain Post. She was not insured. The schooner has been engaged in the packet business and once before was in trouble, being run down about seven years ago by the D. A. K. steamer.

The tug Leader, with Capt. Post on board, went down to the schooner again yesterday morning, leaving her about 9 o'clock and returning about 11. It was found that the little vessel had slid off the rocks seaward and was lying on her side with about three or four feet of her masts over water at nearly full tide. Capt. Post said yesterday that he believed the vessel would be a total loss.

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FIRE IN CHATHAM CHURCH

Chatham, N. B., May 20.—(Special)—Old St. John's church caught fire yesterday afternoon and would have been totally destroyed had it not been for the prompt action of the fire brigade. The flames were extinguished before the damage was serious, but the building was flooded with water. It is supposed that a small boy and firecrackers were responsible for the blaze.

The death of William Muirhead occurred last night. The deceased, who was the only surviving son of the late Senator Muirhead, was about sixty years old, and had been a victim of paralysis for some time.

The funeral of Mrs. Wilkinson, wife of Rev. William Wilkinson, rector at Bay Du Vin, took place this afternoon from the home of Judge Wilkinson, and was very largely attended. St. Paul's church, where the impressive funeral service was conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Fowth, being crowded with sorrowing friends. The choir of St. Mary's church supplemented St. Paul's choir and the hymns—Hail Glorifying Morn, On the Resurrection Morning, and For All My Sins—were sung. The pall bearers were M. S. Hocken, E. W. Jarvis, George B. Frazer, Dr. J. B. Benson, Tucker Williston, of Bay Du Vin, and William McLeod, of Bay Du Vin, and burial was in St. Paul's cemetery. Among the many beautiful floral tributes were one from the family of the deceased and one from Judge Wilkinson.

Mrs. Wilkinson went to Kentville (N.S.) in the early winter for treatment, and death occurred there on Thursday. Beside her husband she leaves a family of eight who have much sympathy in their sad loss.

During the thunder storm early Saturday morning several electric light fuses were burned out and fences at Greenville were knocked down and the posts torn up. Saturday the thermometer registered eighty-one and a half above.

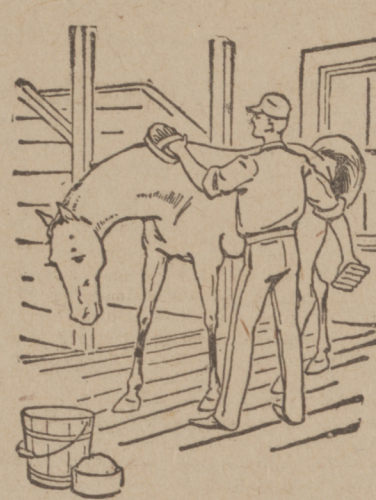


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"I dared not deny him further!"

ing my hands so that I could never strike a free blow again. I was to be their slave, their thrall forever!"

"Never that, monsieur; never that!" "I am not so sure," he cried. "Has it not been for the advent of a stray boy from Picardie, I throw Lucas would have put his purpose through. I was blindfolded; I saw nothing. I knew my cousin Etienne to be morose and cruel; yet I had done him no harm; I had always stood his friend. I thought him shamefully well; I let myself be turned out of my father's house to champion him. I had no more notion he was plotting my ruin than a child playing with his dolls. I was their doll, monsieur; their toy, their crazy fool on a chain. But life is not over yet."

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but have heard M. Etienne's trading half-way down the passage.

"Not yet," I answered. "What is it?" "Why a man came with a billet for M. Le Comte and insisted it be sent in. I told him Monsieur was not to be disturbed; he had been wounded and was sleeping; I said it was not seemly to wake him for a letter that would keep till morning. But he would have it 't was of instant import, and so—"

"Oh, he is not asleep," I declared, eagerly ushering the maitre in, my mind leaping to the conclusion, for no reason save my ardent wish, that Vago had discovered our whereabouts.

"I dared not deny him further," added Maitre Menard. "He wore the liveries of M. de Mayenne."

"Of Mayenne?" I echoed, thinking of what M. Etienne had said. "Pardieu, it may be Lucas himself!" And snatching up my master's sword I dashed out of the door and was in the cabaret in three steps.

The room contained some score of men, but I peering about by the uncertain candle-light, could find no one who in any way resembled Lucas. A young gentleman seated near the door, whom my sudden entrance had startled, rose, demanding in the name of outraged dignity to cross swords with me. On any other day I had deemed it impossible to say him nay, but now with a real vengeance, a quarrel on a trifling matter, he seemed of no consequence at all. I brushed him aside as I demanded M. de Mayenne's name. "The said he was gone. I ran out into the dark court and the darker street. A tapster, lounging in the courtyard, had seen my man pass out, and he opined with much reason that I should not catch him. Yet I ran a hundred yards up street shouting on the name of Lucas, calling him coward and skulker, bidding him come forth and fight me. The whole neighborhood became aware that I wanted one Lucas to fight; lights twinkled in windows; men, women, and children poured out of doors. But Lucas, if it were he, had for the second time vanished soot-footed into the night.

I returned with drooping tail to M. Etienne. He was alone, sitting up in bed awaiting me, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing.

"He is gone," I panted. "I looked everywhere, but he was gone. Oh, if I caught Lucas—"

"You little fool!" he exclaimed. "This was not Lucas. Had you waited long enough to hear your name called, I had told you. This is no errand of Lucas but a very different matter."

He sat a moment thinking, still with that glitter of excitement in his eyes. The next instant he threw off the bed clothes and started to rise.

