By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "The
Conquest of Canaan."
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"A man of the parts," continued the young Frenchman, "and of deportment. Is it in thater or gross ever or, what shall I say-bourgeois? Shall you be shame for your guest mannerly no. Do I not no. And appere in taste of arparel with your yo'ng Englishman! Ha, ha! To be hope'. Ha, ha! So I am goin' talk with Lady Mary Carlisle."
with Lady Mary Carlisle." "Bah !" The duke made a savage burlesque. "Lady Mary Carlisle, may I assume the honor of presenting the barber of the Marquis de Mirepoix? So, is it?"
"No, monsieur," smiled the young man. "Quite not so. Yon shall have nothing to worry you, nothing in the worl'. I am goin' to assassinate my poor mustachio-also remove this horrible black
peruke and emerge in my own hair. Behol'!" He swept the heavy, curled mass from his head as he spoke, and his hair, coiled under the great wig, fell to his shoulders and sparkled yellow in the candle light. He tossed his head to shake the hair back from his cheeks. "When it is dress', I am transform'. Nobody can know me. Yon shall observe. See how little I ask of you-how very little bit. No one shall reco'nize 'M. Beaucaire' or 'Victor.' Ha, ha! 'Tis all arrange'. You have nothing to fear.
"Curse you," said the duke, "do you think I'm going to be sad-
dled with you wherever I dled with you wherever I go as long as you choose?"
"A mistake. No. All I requir'-all I beg-is this one evening. Tis all shall be necessary. After, I shall not need monsieur.
"Take heed to yourself--after!" vouchsafed the Englishman be"Coen his teeth.
 Conquered for the night! Aha, it is riz'nable! I shall meet what
you send-after. One cannot hope too much of your patience. It is you send-after. One cannot hope too much of your patience. It is
but natural you should attemp' a little avengement for the rascal trap I was srich a wicked fellow as to set for youn. I shall meet some strange frieu's of yours after tonight. Niot so? I must try to be not too much frighten'." He looked at the duke curiously. "You want to know why I create this tragedy, why I am so unkind as to entrap

His grace of Winterset replied with a chill glance. A pulse in the nobleman's cheek beat less relentlessly. His eye raged not so bitwas less hoarse. He was regaining his habit. "'Tis ever the manner of the vulgar," he observed, "to wish to be seen with people of fashion."
"Oh, no, no, no!" The Frenchman laughed. "'Tis not that. utation of birth. Monsieur is goin' supply that. Ha, ha! I shall bo noble from tonight. 'Victor,' the artis', is condemn' to death. His throat shall be cut with his own razor. 'M. Beaucaire'"- Here the young man sprang to his feet, caught up the black wig, clapped into it a dice box from the table and hurled it violently through the open door. "'M. Beaucaire' shall be choke' with his own dice box. Who is the Phoenix to remain? What advantage have I not over other men of rank who are merely born to it? I may choose my own. No Choose for me, monsieur. Shall I be chevalier, comte, vicomte, mar quis-what? None. Out of compliment to monsieur can I wish to be anything he is not? No, no! I shall be M. le Duc, M. le Duc dede Chateaurien. Ha, ha! You see? You are my confrere."
M. Beancaire trod a
II. Beaucaire trod a dainty step or two, waving his hand politoly The Englishas The Englishman watched, his eye still and harsh, already gathering in I am twenty-three," he said, with a sigh. "I rejoice 1 forget my age! the quality It has been too great for me, and I had always belief, myself free of such ambition. I thought it was enough to bel' ${ }^{\prime}$ opera without wishing to sing, but no, England have teach' me I have those vulgar desire'. Monsieur, I am goin' tell you a me The ladies of your country are very diffrrunt than ours One may adore the demoiselle, one must worship the lady of England. Our ladies have the-it is the beauty of youth. Yours remain comely thirty. Ours are flowers. Yours are stars! See, I betray myself, I am so poor a patriot. And there is one among these stars-ah, yes, tance. Even there he could bask in the glowing!" M. Beaucaire turned to the window and looked out into the dark. He did not see the lights of the town. When he turned again he had half forgotten his prisoner. Other pictures were before him.


chas. h. fletcher.


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