

Monsieur Beaucaire

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**,
Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "The
Conquest of Canaan."

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[Continued from last week.]

"Ah, what radiance!" he cried. "Those people up over the sky, they want to show they wish the earth to be happy, so they smile and make this lady. Gold haired, an angel of heaven, and yet a Diana of the chase! I see her fly by me on her great horse one day. She touch his mane with her fingers. I buy that clipping from the groom. I have it here with my dear brother's picture. Ah, you! Oh, yes, you laugh! What do you know? 'Twas all I could get. But I have heard of the endeavor of M. le Duc to recoup his fortunes. This alliance shall fail. It is not the way—that heritage shall be safe from him! It is you and me, monsieur! You can laugh! The war is open, and by me! There is one great step taken. Until tonight there was nothing for you to ruin. Tomorrow you have got a noble of France—your own protegee—to besiege and sack. And you are to lose, because you think such ruin easy and because you understand nothing—far less—of divinity. How could you know? You have not the fiber. The heart of a lady is a blank to you. You know nothing of the vibration. There are some words that were made only to tell of Lady Mary, for her alone—bellissima, divina, glorieuse! Ah, how I have watch' her! It is sad to me when I see her surround' by your yo'ng captains, your nobles, your rattles, your beaux—ha, ha!—and I mus' hol' far aloof. It is sad for me, but oh, jus' to watch her and to wonder! Strange it is, but I have almos' cry out with rapture at a look I have see' her give another man, so beautiful it was, so tender, so dazzling of the eyes and so mirthful of the lips. Ah, divine coquetry! A look for another, ah-ime, for many others! and even to you one day a rose, while I—I, monsieur, could not even be so blessed as to be the groun' beneath her little shoe! But tonight, monsieur—ha, ha!—tonight, monsieur, you and me, two princes, M. le Duc de Winterset and M. le Duc de Chateaurien—ha, ha! You see? We are goin' arm in arm to that ball, and I am goin' have one of those looks—I! And a rose! I! It is time. But ten minute',

people!" he cried. "Why did I not know, so I might have shout' with them?" The lady noticed the people not at all. Whereat, being pleased, the people cheered again. The gentleman offered her his hand. She made a slow courtesy; placed the tips of her fingers upon his own. "I am honored, M. de Chateaurien," she said.

"No, no!" he cried earnestly. "Behol' a poor Frenchman whom emperors should envy." Then reverently and with the pride of his gallant office vibrant in every line of his light figure, invested in white satin and very grand, as he had prophesied, M. le Duc de Chateaurien handed Lady Mary Carlisle down the steps, an achievement which had figured in the ambitions of seven other gentlemen during the evening.



THE CROWD SENT UP A HEARTY ENGLISH CHEER FOR THE BEAUTY OF BATH.

"Am I to be lef' in such unhappiness?" he said in a low voice. "That rose I have beg' for so long"—

"Never!" said Lady Mary.

"Ah, I do not deserve it, I know so well! But"—

"Never!"

"It is the greatness of my unworthiness that alone can claim your charity. Let your kin' heart give this little red rose, this great alms, to the poor beggar."

"Never!"

She was seated in the chair. "Ah, give the rose," he whispered. Her beauty shone dazzlingly on him out of the dimness.

"Never!" she flashed defiantly as she was closed in. "Never!"

"Ah!"

"Never!"

The rose fell at his feet.

"A rose lasts till morning," said a voice behind him.

Turning, M. de Chateaurien looked beamingly upon the face of the Duke of Winterset.

"'Tis already the daylight," he replied, pointing to the east.

"Monsieur, was it not enough honor for you to han' out madame, the aunt of Lady Mary? Lady Rellerton retain' much trace of beauty. 'Tis strange you did not appear more happy."

"The rose is of an unlucky color, I think," observed the duke.

"The color of a blush, my brother."

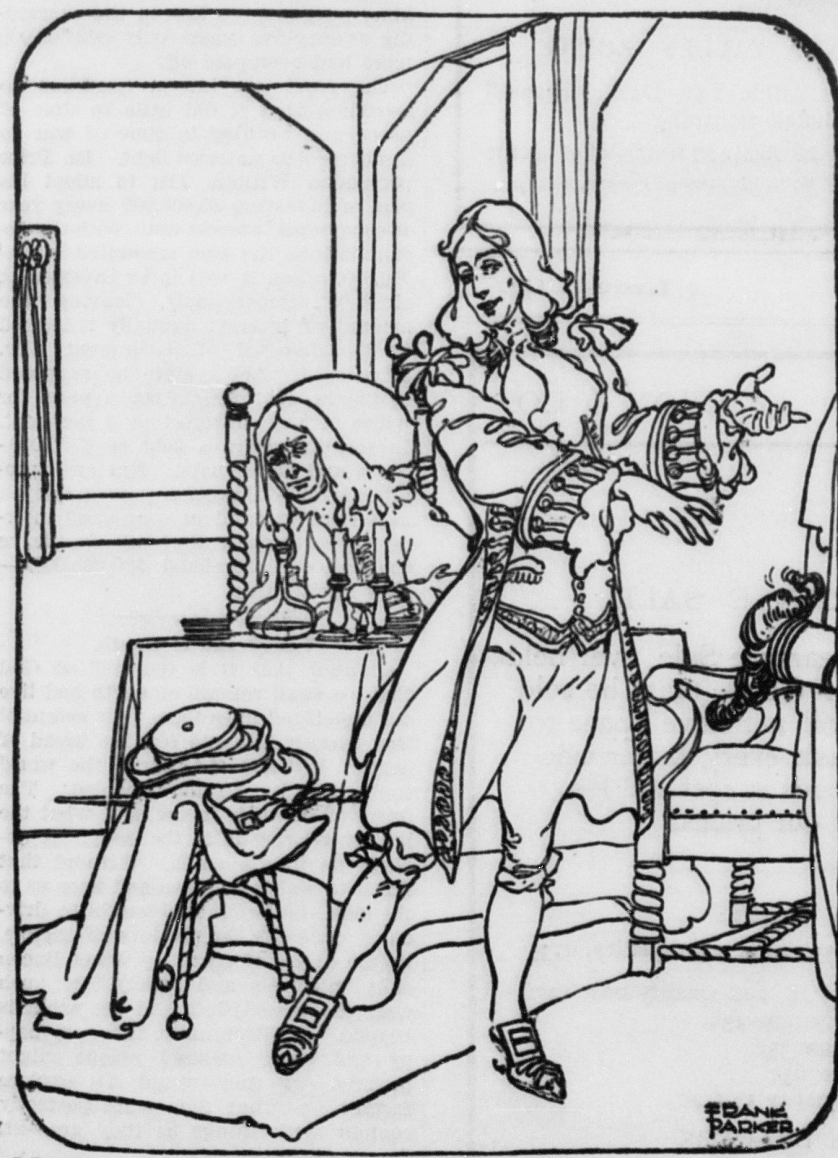
"Unlucky, I still maintain," said the other calmly.

"The color of the veins of a Frenchman. Ha, ha!" cried the young man. "What price would be too high? A rose is a rose! A good night, my brother, a good night. I wish you dreams of roses, red roses, only beautiful red, red roses!"

"Stay! Did you see the look she gave these street folk when they shouted for her? And how are you higher than they, when she knows? As high as yonder horse boy!"

"Red roses, my brother, only roses. I wish you dreams of red, red roses!"

[Continued next week.]



"M. BEAUCAIRE SHALL BE CHOKE WITH HIS OWN DICE BOX."

monsieur. I make my apology to keep you waitin' so long while I go in the nex' room and execute my poor mustachio—that will be my only murder for jus' this one evening—and inves' myself in white satin. Ha, ha! I shall be very gran', monsieur. Francois, send Louis to me. Victor, to order two chairs for monsieur and me. We are goin' out in the worl' tonight!"

CHAPTER II.

THE chairmen swarmed in the street at Lady Malbourne's door, where the joyous vulgar fought with muddled footmen and tipsy link boys for places of vantage whence to catch a glimpse of quality and of raiment at its utmost. Dawn was in the east, and the guests were departing. Singly or in pairs, glittering in finery, they came mincing down the steps, the ghost of the night's smirking fading to jadedness as they sought the dark recesses of their chairs. From within sounded the twang of fiddles still swinging manfully at it, and the windows were bright with the light of many candles. When the door was flung open to call the chair of Lady Mary Carlisle there was an eager pressure of the throng to see.

A small, fair gentleman in white satin came out upon the steps, turned and bowed before a lady who appeared in the doorway, a lady whose royal loveliness was given to view for a moment in that glowing frame. The crowd sent up a hearty English cheer for the beauty of Bath.

The gentleman smiled upon them delightedly. "What enchanting

WHAT TRAIN DO YOU TAKE?

In Wiring Give Its Number, Name of Road and Time of Arrival.

When you telegraph a friend the next time you are going to visit him and that you'd be delighted to have him meet you at the train the next day, for heaven's sake telegraph him intelligently.

If the money, irritations and disappointments of the year were aggregated for the United States in hopelessly unintelligible telegrams of this kind, the average political economist would have a fit. When the average person in the small city or town decides on the jump to go to see a friend in the city and decides to telegraph that friend what train to meet, he becomes an unconscious imbecile.

Will leave for Chicago tonight on 8:30 train. Meet me.

This is the text of a ten word message which I received the other night from a friend in an Ohio city. He had started for Chicago before the telegram was received by me, and while I wanted immensely to meet him at the station instead of making the least effort to do so I took it out in swearing.

In sending a telegram announcing an arrival the name of the road and the train number are the two absolute essentials. It will be a help to the recipient of the message in most cases if the time of the arrival of the train be

given also. Frequently, as between the two stations involved in such a message, a difference of one hour in standard time otherwise might confuse. But as between the number of the train and the numerals in the hour of arrival the telegrapher has a chance of error, and in writing the message these two sets of numerals should be separated by the name of the road. Taking the ten word message as the standard of length, then, any person going anywhere from any station on any railroad may use the one set form of telegraphic announcement of arrival:

Arrive No. 5, Lake Shore, due 8 o'clock Monday morning.

Ordinarily no possible further information is necessary in the greatest railway center in America. The train number is unchangeable on its own system. Any railway employee anywhere will identify the train in a moment. If the recipient of the telegram wishes to know whether the train is on time before he starts to the station, he can learn in a moment over the telephone by asking about No. 5, and in the query he will have the reader response for the reason that his informant will be grateful for the inquirer's succinct knowledge of train operations.—H. W. Field in Chicago Tribune.

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Jiggers—But you haven't as much room as you had in your house.
Jiggers—That's just it—no room for my wife's relatives.

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