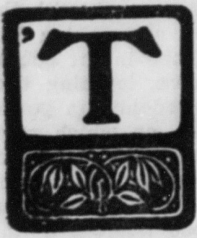


Monsieur Beaucaire

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

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(Continued from last week.)
CHAPTER III.



T WAS well agreed by the fashion of Bath that M. le Duc de Chateaurien was a person of sensibility and haut ton, that his retinue and equipage surpassed in elegance, that his person was exquisite, his manner engaging. In the company of gentlemen his ease was slightly tinged with graciousness (his single equal in Bath being his grace of Winterset), but it was remarked that when he bowed over a lady's hand his air bespoke only a gay and tender reverence.

He was the idol of the dowagers within a week after his appearance. Matrons warmed to him. Young belles looked sweetly on him, while the gentlemen were won to admiration or envy. He was of prodigious wealth. Old Mr. Bickitt, who dared not, for his fame's sake, fail to have seen all things, had visited Chateaurien under the present duke's father and descended to the curious upon its grandeurs. The young noble had one fault. He was so poor a gambler. He cared nothing for the hazards of a die or the turn of a card. Gayly admitting that he had been born with no spirit of adventure in him, he was sure, he declared, that he failed of much happiness by his lack of taste in such matters.

But he was not long wanting the occasion to prove his taste in the matter of handling a weapon. A certain led-captain, Rohrer by name, notorious, among other things, for bearing a dexterous and blood-thirsty blade, came to Bath post haste one night and jostled heartily against him in the pump room on the following morning. M. de Chateaurien bowed and turned aside without offense, continuing a conversation with some gentlemen near by. Captain Rohrer jostled against him a second time. M. de Chateaurien looked him in the eye and apologized pleasantly for being so much in the way. Thereupon Rohrer procured an introduction to him and made some observations derogatory to the valor and virtue of the French.

There was current a curious piece of gossip of the French court: A prince of the blood royal, grandson of the late regent and second in the line of succession to the throne of France, had rebelled against the authority of Louis XV., who had commanded him to marry the Princess Henrietta, cousin to both of them. The princess was reported to be openly devoted to the cousin who refused to accept her hand at the bidding of the king, and, as rumor ran, the prince's caprice elected in preference the discipline of Vincennes, to which retirement the furious king had consigned him. The story was the staple gossip of all polite Europe, and Captain Rohrer, having in his mind a purpose to make use of it in leading up to a statement that should be general to the damage of all Frenchwomen and which a Frenchman might not pass over as he might a jog of the elbow, repeated it with garbled truths to make a scandal of a story which bore none on a plain relation.

He did not reach his deduction. M. de Chateaurien, breaking into his narrative, addressed him very quietly. "Monsieur," he said, "none but swine deny the nobleness of that good and gentle lady, Mlle. la Princesse de Bourbon-Conti. Every Frenchman know that her cousin is a bad rebel and ingrate, who had only honor and respect for her, but was so willful he could not let even the king say, 'You shall marry here, you shall marry there.' My friend's," the young man turned to the others, "may I ask you to close round in a circle for one moment? It is clearly shown that the Duke of Orleans is a scurvy fellow, but not—he wheeled about and touched Captain Rohrer on the brow with the back of his gloved hand—"but not so scurvy as thou, thou swine of the gutter!"

Two hours later, with perfect ease, he ran Captain Rohrer through the left shoulder, after which he sent a basket of red roses to the Duke of Winterset. In a few days he had another captain to fight. This was a rattling buck who had the astounding indiscretion to proclaim M. de Chateaurien an imposter. There was no Chateaurien, he swore. The Frenchman laughed in his face and, at twilight of the same day, pinked him carefully through the right shoulder. It was not that he could not put aside the insult to himself, he declared to Mr. Molyneux, his second, and the few witnesses, as he handed his wet sword to his lackey—one of his station could not be insulted by a doubt of that station—but he fought in the quarrel of his friend Winterset. This rascal had asserted that M. le Duc had introduced an imposter. Could he overlook the insult to a friend, one to whom he owed his kind reception in Bath? Then, bending over his fallen adversary, he whispered, "Naughty man, tell your master find some better quarrel for the nex' he sen' agains' me."

The conduct of M. de Chateaurien was pronounced admirable.

There was no surprise when the young foreigner fell naturally into the long train of followers of the beautiful Lady Mary Carlisle nor was there great astonishment that he should obtain marked favor in her eyes, shown so plainly that my Lord Townbrake, Sir Hugh Guilford and the rich Squire Bantison, all of whom had followed her through three seasons, swore with rage, and his grace of Winterset stalked from her aunt's house with black brows.

Meeting the duke there on the evening after his second encounter, de Chateaurien smiled upon him brilliantly. "It was badly done, oh, so badly!" he whispered. "Can you afford to have me strip of my mask by any but yourself? You, who introduce me? They will say there is some bad scandal that I could force you to be my godfather. You mus' get the courage yourself."

"I told you a rose had a short life," was the answer.

"Oh, those roses! 'Tis the very greatest rizzon to gather each day a fresh one." He took a red bud from his breast for an instant and touched it to his lips.

"M. de Chateaurien!" It was Lady Mary's voice. She stood at a table where a vacant place had been left beside her. "M. de Chateaurien, we have been waiting very long for you."

The duke saw the look she did not know she gave the Frenchman, and he lost countenance for a moment.

"We approach a climax, eh, monsieur?" said M. de Chateaurien.

CHAPTER IV.



T HERE fell a clear September night, when the moon was radiant over town and country, over cobbled streets and winding roads. From the fields the mists rose slowly, and the air was mild and fragrant, while distances were white and full of mystery. All of Bath that pretended to fashion or condition was present that evening at a fete at the house of a country gentleman of the neighborhood. When the stately junket was concluded it was the pleasure of M. de Chateaurien to form one of the escort of Lady Mary's carriage for the return. As they took the road Sir Hugh Guilford and Mr. Bantison, engaging in indistinct but vigorous remonstrance with Mr. Molyneux over some matter, fell fifty or more paces behind, where they continued to ride, keeping up their argument. Half a dozen other gallants rode in advance, muttering among themselves, or attended laxly upon Lady Mary's aunt on the other side of the coach, while the happy Frenchman was permitted to ride close to that adorable window which framed the fairest face in England.

He sang for her a little French song, a song of the voyageur who dreamed of home. The lady, listening, looking up at the bright moon, felt a warm drop upon her cheek, and he saw the tears sparkling upon her lashes.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered then, "I, too, have been a wanderer, but my dreams were not of France; no, I do not dream of that home, of that dear country. It is of a dearer country, a dream country—a country of gold and snow," he cried softly, looking at her white brow and the fair, lightly powdered hair above it. "Gold and snow and the blue sky of a lady's eyes!"

"I had thought the ladies of France were dark, sir."

"Cruel! It is that she will not understand! Have I speak of the ladies of France? No, no, no! It is of the faires' country—yes, 'tis a province of heaven, mademoiselle. Do I not renounce my allegiance to France? Oh, yes! I am subject—no, content to be slave—in the lan' of the blue sky, the gold and the snow."

"A very pretty figure," answered Lady Mary, her eyes downcast. "But does it not hint a notable experience in the making of such speeches?"

"Tormentress! No. It prove' only the inspiration it is to know you."

"We English ladies hear plenty of the like, sir, and we even grow brilliant enough to detect the assurance that lies beneath the courtesies of our own gallants."

"Merci! I should believe so!" ejaculated M. de Chateaurien, but he smothered the words upon his lips.

Her eyes were not lifted. She went on: "We come, in time, to believe that true feeling comes faltering forth, not glibly; that smoothness betokens the adept in the art, sir, rather than your true—your true"—She was herself faltering; more, blushing deeply and halting to a full stop in terror of a word. There was a silence.

"Your—true—lover," he said huskily. When he had said that word both trembled. She turned half away into the darkness of the coach.

"I know what make you to doubt me," he said, faltering himself, though it was not his art that prompted him. "They have tol' you the French do nothing all-ways but make love, is it not so? Yes, you think I am like that. You think I am like that now!"

She made no sign.

"I suppose," he sighed, "I am unriz'nable. I would have the snow not so col'—for jus' me."

She did not answer.

"Turn to me," he said.

The fragrance of the fields came to them, and from the distance the faint, clear note of a hunting horn.

"Turn to me."

The lovely head was bent very low. Her little gloved hand lay upon the narrow window ledge. He laid his own gently upon it. The two hands were shaking like twin leaves in the breeze. Hers was not drawn away. After a pause, neither knew how long, he felt the warm fingers turn and clasp themselves tremulously about his own. At last she looked up bravely and met his eyes. The horn was wound again—nearer.

"All the cold was gone from the snows—long ago," she said.

"My beautiful!" he whispered. It was all he could say. "My, beautiful!" But she clutched his arm, startled.

"Ware the road!" A wild halloo sounded ahead. The horn wound loudly. "Ware the road!" There sprang up out of the night a flying thunder of hoof beats. The gentlemen riding idly in front of the coach scattered to the hedge sides, and, with drawn swords flashing in the moon, a party of horsemen charged down the highway, their cries blasting the night.

"Barber! Kill the barber!" they screamed. "Barber! Kill the barber!"

Beaucaire had but time to draw his sword when they were upon him.

"A moi!" his voice rang out clearly as he rose in his stirrups. "A moi, Francois, Louis, Berquin! A moi, Francois!"

The cavaliers came straight at him. He parried the thrust of the first, but the shock of collision hurled his horse against the side of the coach.

"Sacred swine!" he cried bitterly. "To endanger a lady, to make this brawl in a lady's presence! Drive on!" he shouted.

"No!" cried Lady Mary.

The Frenchman's assailants were masked, but they were not highwaymen. "Barber! Barber!" they shouted hoarsely and closed in on him in a circle.

"See how he use' his steel!" laughed M. Beaucaire, as his point passed through a tawdry waistcoat. For a moment he cut through the ring and cleared a space about him, and Lady Mary saw his face shining in the moonlight. "Canaille!" he hissed as his horse sank beneath him, and, though guarding his head from the rain of blows from above, he managed to drag headlong from his saddle the man who had hamstringed the poor brate. The fellow came suddenly to the ground and lay there.

"Is it not a compliment," said a heavy voice, "to bring six large

(Continued on page 7)

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