

# Monsieur Beaucaire

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,

Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "The Conquest of Canaan."

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(Continued from last week.)

the young Frenchman, then to Lady Mary and the company. "Permit me, Lady Mary and gentlemen," he said, "to assume the honor of presenting you to his highness, Prince Louis-Philippe de Valois, duke of Orleans, duke of Chartres, duke of Nemours, duke of Montpensier, first prince of the blood royal, first peer of France, lieutenant general of French infantry, governor of Dauphine, knight of the Golden Fleece, grand master of the Order of Notre Dame, of Mount Carmel and of St. Lazarus in Jerusalem, and cousin to his most Christian majesty, Louis XV. of France."

"Those are a few of my brother's names," whispered Henri of Beaujolais to Molyneux. "Old Mirepoix has the long breath, but it take a strong man two day' to say all of them. I can suppose this Winterset know' now who bring the charge!"

"Castle Nowhere!" gasped Beau Nash, falling back upon the burly prop of Mr. Bantison's shoulder.

"The Duke of Orleans will receive a message from me within the hour!" said Winterset as he made his way to the door. His face was black with rage and shame.

"I tol' you that I would not soil my hand with you," answered the young man. "If you send a message no gentleman will bring it. Whoever shall bear it will receive a little beating from Francois."

He stepped to Lady Mary's side. Her head was bent low, her face averted. She seemed to breathe with difficulty and leaned heavily upon a chair. "Monseigneur," she faltered in a half whisper, "can you—forgive me? It is a bitter—mistake—I have made. Forgive."

"Forgive?" he answered, and his voice was as broken as hers; but he went on, more firmly: "It is—nothing—less than nothing. There is—only just one—in the—whole worl' who would not have treat' me the way that you treat' me. It is to her that I am goin' to make reparation. You know something, Henri? I am not goin' back only because the king forgive me. I am goin' to please him. I am goin' to espouse mademoiselle, our cousin. My frien's, I ask your felicitations."

"And the king does not compel him!" exclaimed young Henri.

"Henri, you want to fight me?" cried his brother sharply. "Don't you think the king of France is a wiser man than me?"

He offered his hand to Lady Mary.

"Mademoiselle is fatigued." Will she honor me?"

He walked with her to the door, her hand fluttering faintly in his. From somewhere about the garments of one of them a little cloud of faded rose leaves fell and lay strewn on the floor behind them. He opened the door, and the lights shone on a multitude of eager faces turned toward it. There was a great hum of voices, and, over all, the fiddles wove a wandering air, a sweet French song of the voyageur.

He bowed very low, as, with fixed and glistening eyes, Lady Mary Carlisle, the beauty of Bath, passed slowly by him and went out of the room.

THE END.

## A Singular Coincidence.

By WILLARD C. IRVING.

**T**HE chief of the detective bureau in which I was employed one day told me that a prisoner convicted of murder wished to see me in his cell. I went to the prison and found an educated and refined man, who said to me:

"I'm not guilty of this murder, but I've been proven guilty, and they're going to hang me. Now, I want you to make an effort for my life. I shall not swing for six weeks, and meanwhile I want all your time. I'll give you \$500 for your time and \$10,000, if you'll find out who committed the murder and thus exonerate me."

The murdered man was a Mr. Jarvis. He and the condemned, Horton, lived near each other and had had business dealings together. One night Horton visited Jarvis. They had hot words, Horton accusing Jarvis of having swindled him, and the next morning Jarvis was found dead, shot through the body. The murdered man was the only person in the house except the servants, who slept in the back part and did not hear the shot.

I worked a month endeavoring to find a clew to some one who would have had an interest in Mr. Jarvis' death. I failed signally.

Taking a box of tools, I went, as a final expedient, to the room, at 9 in the evening—the hour Horton had visited Jarvis—and began a systematic examination of the locks, window catches, indeed anything pertaining to entrance and exit. I found nothing and at midnight, tired and disappointed, went to sleep on a lounge. Somehow I couldn't get rid of the fancy that I might see something during the night to give me a clew.

But I didn't. With the life of a fellow being on my hands I slept but little and was awake at daylight in the morning. I was in a library, and, besides books, it was filled with curiosities.

Among other things I noticed on the wall a pair of moose's horns supporting an antique arquebus. It was hung in such a manner that it did not point parallel with the wall, but at an acute angle. The sun had been up some time, and its rays were converged by a convex glass in a fancy window into a brilliant spot on the wall. I watched the spot travel as the sun rose, and it passed a short distance from the powder pan in the arquebus. I looked at the chair in which Mr. Jarvis had been accustomed to sit and noticed that the weapon pointed directly at it. It occurred to me that if the sun spot had passed exactly over the pan and the gun had been loaded it would have been fired. Then it suddenly entered my head that this sun spot and gun might have been connected with Jarvis' death.

I got up and examined the gun. It was empty. I called the servants. They reported that their master had kept it loaded, declaring that it was yet good enough to protect him against burglars. At any rate I believed Jarvis had been killed by the gun even if the sun spot had not fired it.

The next morning I took an assistant from an astronomical observatory into the room. He noticed the course traveled by the sun spot and figured its track on the date of the murder. After finishing his computations he announced that the spot on that date passed over the pan of the arquebus. One thing more. I got up on a stepladder, looked down the gun's barrel and saw that it pointed directly at Mr. Jarvis' chair.

As soon as I had completed these investigations I went to the prisoner and announced the result. I shall never forget the look of intelligence and hope that came into his face. The next morning I had the prisoner's attorney in the room, and the next the judge that had sentenced him. The attorney formed the theory that Mr. Jarvis was sitting in his chair the morning the sun spot fired the arquebus and killed him.

The prisoner was accorded a new trial, but it was a very short one. The jury, after visiting the room and seeing a demonstration by the attorney, who arranged that the sun spot should fire a bullet into Mr. Jarvis' chair, acquitted the prisoner. The incident saved his life and made my fortune.

### A QUAIN DOCUMENT.

Minutes of the First Representative Assembly in America.

The minutes of the first representative assembly in America as written by its clerk, John Twine, constitute a quaint and interesting document. They are headed:

"A report of the manner of proceeding in the general assembly convened at James City, in Virginia, July 30, 1619, consisting of the governor, the council of estate and two burgesses elected out of each incorporation and plantation, and being dissolved the 4th of August next ensuing."

The assembly met in the "quire of the church." Then, "forasmuch as men's affaires doe little prosper where God's service is neglected, all the burgesses took their places in the quire till a prayer was said by Mr. Bucke, the minister, that it would please God to guide and sanctifie all our proceedings to his owne glory and the good of this plantation."

After the prayer the burgesses were summoned one by one to take the oath to the king, "none staggering at it." The assembly at once set to work to adopt English laws to Virginian conditions. It added a series of trade regulations to restrict the production of tobacco, to keep up prices and to encourage the output of flax, silk and wine.

Thus before the Pilgrims were thinking of leaving Holland representative government was firmly established in the new world.—Exchange.

### FOOLING A CAMEL.

How the Arabs Let the Animal Exhaust Its Bad Temper.

You all have heard stories about the camel—how patient and useful he is on long, hot journeys, so that he is often called the "ship of the desert."

But he has one very bad fault. He likes to "pay back," and if his driver has injured him in any way he will not rest till he has returned the injury. The Arabs, who wander about the deserts and so use the camel a great deal, know about this fault of his and have a queer way of keeping themselves from getting hurt.

When a driver has made his camel angry, he first runs away out of sight. Then, choosing a place where the camel will soon pass, he throws down some of his clothes and fixes them so that the heap will look like a sleeping man.

Pretty soon along comes the camel and sees the heap. Thinking to himself, "Now I've got him," he pounces on the clothes, shakes them around and tramples all over them. After he is tired of this and has turned away the driver can reappear and ride him away without harm.

Poor silly camel! He has been in what we call "a blind rage," so angry that he can't tell the difference between a man and a heap of clothes.—Mayflower.

### Carried It In His Head.

When four years old Mozart played minuets and learned music with facility, and at the age of six he composed a concerto for the harpsichord, which, though written strictly in accordance with the principles and technique of his art, was yet so overloaded with difficulties that it could not be played.

It is related that Mozart once happened to put off some music that he had been engaged to furnish for a court concert so long that he had not time to write out the part which he himself was to perform.

The Emperor Joseph, who was of a curious turn, chanced to be in the composer's studio when he asked: "Where is your part? I do not see it among these sheets of music."

"Here," responded Mozart, touching his forehead.—St. Louis Republic.

### "Hanged" and "Hung."

Perhaps the Bible has had an influence in preventing many people from distinguishing between the uses of "hanged" and "hung," says a London writer. They "hanged" Haman, but the Jews in captivity also "hanged" their harps upon the willows," and in the New Testament we read "it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck." If "hanged" was correct in either sense in the days of the authorized version, those who are not strong upon grammar may be subconsciously induced to believe that "hung" is correct in both senses now. But it is curious that the exclamation "I'll be hanged!" never appears as "I'll be hung!"

### IRRESISTIBLE SLEEP.

An Experience in the Fierce Cold of Tierra del Fuego.

"Whoever sits down," said Dr. Solander to his company among the hills of Tierra del Fuego, "will sleep, and whoever sleeps will wake no more." The brave doctor and his men had tramped a considerable distance through the swamps, when the weather became suddenly colder and fierce blasts of wind drove the snow before it. In a short time the cold became so intense as to cause the most oppressive drowsiness. Dr. Solander was the first to find the inclination to sleep, and he insisted upon lying down. In vain his companions entreated and remonstrated. He lay down, and when told that he would inevitably freeze to death answered that he desired nothing more than to lie down and die. One of the black servants lay down also. Solander declared himself willing to go on, but begged to be allowed to sleep first, and in a few moments the two men were in a profound sleep. Soon after, those who had been sent forward to kindle a fire returned with the welcome news that the fire awaited them at a short distance. The men happily succeeded in awakening Solander, who, although he had not been asleep five minutes, had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the flesh was so shrunken that his shoes fell from his feet. It was with much urging and assistance that he consented to go on, but all attempts to arouse the black man were futile, and he was left to die.

### HE WANTED REST.

What Verdi Did With the Key of a Locked Piano.

Not all the great composers have courted the constant adulation of the world. Verdi used to lament that he was unable to find a refuge, even for a brief space, from the reputation that preceded him wherever he went.

At one time he desired to spend a much needed holiday at the watering place of Montecatini. When he arrived, he found that in one of the apartments assigned to him stood a grand piano of noted make. On the rack, by way of compliment, lay the score of "Il Trovatore." As soon as he caught sight of it the veteran flew into a rage, hastily locked the instrument, threw the score into a corner and, calling for his host, demanded in tragic tones:

"Lead me to the spot that overhangs the steepest precipice!"

Wondering, the host did as he was bidden, and on reaching the summit the maestro, who was almost exhausted from fatigue, flung the key of the piano into the abyss, energetically exclaiming as he did so:

"Now I have done something to secure rest and quiet. On the day of my departure I shall send a locksmith to provide the piano with a new key, but while I am here I pray you let it remain as it is."—New York Tribune.

### His Grace.

Little Milly is a good Sunday school scholar and on that account was invited with two or three others to spend the day at the minister's residence by way of reward. When the dinner came on the good man said such a long grace before meat that Milly yawned and looked hungrily at the covers.

"Why are you yawning, Milly?" asked the minister. "Does not your father say grace?"

"Oh, yes," answered Milly promptly. "But it isn't so long as that."

"And what does he say?" pursued the clergyman, hoping to obtain a text for a little homily.

"He says different things, but last time when he sat down he took off the cover and said: 'Great snakes! Do you call this a dinner?'"

The homily was postponed.—Strand Magazine.

### A Dog's Jealousy.

Dana is a huge St. Bernard who has his own ideas as to his importance. Whenever he wishes to attract attention he knocks his water pail over and then rolls it around, growling at it and making a great fuss. Then he puts his head in and throws the pail high in the air, batting at it with his paws as it comes down. If this does not have the desired effect he picks up the pail by the handle and takes it into the barn, where the noise is increased by far owing to the wooden floor. This performance is given whenever the horse is petted or when strangers come to the house.—Chicago Tribune.

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