



WHEN I AM GONE.

When I shall fold my hands in lasting sleep...

When I have passed away, will some one say...

When I have ceased my work, will there be none...

A ROSE OF NORMANDY BY WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Slowly they made their way to the right side of the Salle, where, between two windows overlooking the fosse...

"Women are rakes by nature and prudes from necessity," remarked La Rochefoucauld in a low tone...

"What angels beautiful women appear to be," sighed Racine, joining the party...

Although he was a moralist, La Rochefoucauld was still a courtier...

upon the "New." "What says your friend from Italy, the land of romance and beauty?"

"Tonti, to whom these remarks were addressed, replied: "A soldier, though from Italy, has scant time to form opinions on subjects that belong to the domain of the court."

A burst of laughter from the group greeted this reply, but before anything else was said a whisper passed about the room, "The King!" and in a moment the crowd surrounding his favorite had parted, leaving an open way, down which he passed.

He was clad in a rich velvet coat with amazingly wide skirts; brocaded waistcoat reaching half-way to the knee; satin small-clothes and silk stockings; silver-buckled shoes that came nearly up to the ankle, with red heels four inches high; an immense wig, covered with flour, upon his head; a three-cornered cockaded hat, a gold-headed cane, and diamond-hilted sword.

"No," bitterly explained Tonti with a menacing glance at Colbert. "That was probably what his lying tongue told you. Ah! Sir, the life of a loyal soldier was ever mine. Through the years of rough campaigning, through sieges and sorties, camp and fleet, I performed those deeds that you have graciously enumerated, and returned home to find the father who ought to have been loaded down with honors awaiting the arrival of his soldier-son fresh from a hundred battles..."

"To find the father whose skill in finance and gratitude to the monarch that received him, an exile, had given you the means of conducting a glorious war and gathering fresh laurels that can never fade; that father who deserved as his reward the half of your kingdom and a place at your right hand; who taught me 'fear God and honor the king' as the first whole sentence my young lips framed;—to find, I say, that he had been housed in the Bastille since my departure; that he had died alone and in prison; died a victim of the cruelty and neglect of his gaolers. Tell me, sire, is that the way to reward a faithful servant? For my own reward, paltry though it was, I do not complain; but now when I come to you loaded down with this gross injustice and wrong and beg a favor such as the present, am I to be refused? Nay this is a favor I now beg, ask, yea, more than that, demand of you. It is not the days of fighting, the nights of vigilance, the dangers met and passed, the cords that bound these wrists in captivity, the loss of this hand,—here Tonti struck the table with his gloved hand, causing a sharp metallic sound,—and the shame at having chosen an ungrateful king to serve that cries to you now from the mouth of a humble captive,—it is more! It is a voice higher than the voice of kings, louder than the justice calling to a great monarch, one who believes himself to be just, whose kingly nature cannot afford to be ungrateful to even the meanest of his subjects."

"King though he was, Louis delighted in a brave man, even though he were opposed to him. The better nature of the monarch was stirred at such evident injustice at his hands, so, instead of being angry at Tonti for his plain speaking (strange speech indeed for royal ears to hear), he turned sharply toward Colbert.

"Your explanation," he demanded curtly. "You will recollect, sire, that after the failure of the elder Tonti's plan, you were very much enraged, feeling that he had deceived you, and desired his name placed on the list of those liable to have lettres de cachet issued against them," said Colbert in an insinuating tone, as though fearful of showing the king the fault of his own doing. "In some way his name was not erased, and in due process of time you yourself signed one for him; he was apprehended, confined in the Bastille, and died, not by cruelty of those who

thought. We have need of strong arms, clear heads, and loyal hearts in our service. We think, on the whole, Sieur de la Salle, that you can find a fit lieutenant for your enterprise without taking from us our true and tried officers."

La Salle was about to speak when Tonti, advancing a step and with a meaning glance at Colbert, thus addressed the king: "He indeed, sire, speaks truly when he says that there were other rewards given me which I forbore, not forget, to mention; rewards received from the hands of an ambitious and unscrupulous minister rather than those of a grateful and generous king." "How now, Sir Capitaine!" angrily interrupted Louis. "We like not to hear such words concerning our chief officer of state."

"Pardon, sire," replied Tonti. "Soft words are not always true ones. The rewards referred to I shall enumerate in a moment if you have the patience. My father brought me here a child. He found a great king reigning over a mighty kingdom with an empty treasury. He devised a plan for the filling of that treasury. You would not permit him to carry it to conclusion; you intrusted it to the unskilled, ignorant hand of your minister; it failed. He studied the plan more carefully and saw the merit of my father's minute advice, hitherto unheeded. He tried again; he succeeded; and now his successor sits here the second man in France, while my father, to whom all was due—"

"Was amply rewarded," interposed Louis, "and went back to Italy to live in well-deserved comfort for his remaining days, dying in peace shortly after his return."

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"Tonti stopped an instant as though to gain control of himself. The king was listening earnestly. Colbert sat with a disdainful smile upon his lips, and a venomous look in his eyes.

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care for him as his son suggests, but by his own hand. Some one else must have told you the story about his retirement to Italy. I have never heard it said."

The king looked at his oily-tongued servant long and suspiciously, but such was the confidence placed in him and so great was his influence over the royal mind that Louis finally withdrew his gaze, and muttering, "I must have signed it without looking at the name," he seized a pen, and taking up the unsigned commission before him, hurriedly wrote the word "Louis," then handed it to Tonti, saying: "Shame on an ungrateful king! Accept this commission as a partial return for your own wrongs. In it I have added several privileges additional. As to the injustice to your father, believe me, Louis, who loves to be called 'the just,' will watch over your endeavors in the new world and reward them tenfold, making up to the son in some measure the wrong suffered by the father at my hands. Go, and may success be yours, and let it be known that he who opposes you strikes at the king."

Tonti received his commission in silence, and after bending and kissing the royal hand, left the room. La Salle at a signal from Colbert remained. Louis buried himself in a lengthy document. Colbert called to him his secretary. He was the Comte de Miron. White with rage, the minister whispered or rather hissed into his ear: "Did you see that man who just now left the cabinet?" The Comte nodded. "Kill me him within 24 hours!" The Comte glided out by another door.

Meanwhile Tonti waited for his friend in the Grand Salle. Not more than 20 people remained, chiefly gathered about mademoiselle at the farther end of the room. He joined them, and listened as mademoiselle related the incident of Renee and the accident to her chair. During the recital he worked his way into a position near her elbow. When she had finished he asked in a low tone and with forced indifference, "and who might the fortunate cavalier be who came so happily to her aid?" "She did not speak his name." Then in tones so low that only Tonti could hear, she added, with a spiteful gleam in her eye, "but she recognized him. It was the great explorer," then turned her head away. Tonti was dazed. There was only one great explorer, and how she could have confounded himself with La Salle he knew not. Smarting with hurt pride and disappointment, he looked across to the other side of the group and saw the lowering face and hate-filled eyes of the Comte de Miron, and in that glance he recognized his antagonist of the day before.

[To Be Continued.]

Called the Lies. Senator Stone, of Missouri, while dining with a party of friends a few nights ago in an uptown hotel, told this story after a concurrence of ideas among the party that there were fewer campaign lies told during the last campaign than any other they could remember.

"The son of a friend of mine, a politician in Missouri, has a young and precocious boy who got interested in politics from hearing his father talk so much. The boy came to his father one day and asked: "Papa, are all these things that they say about you true?" "No, my son, they are not; they are campaign lies."

Except in Invasion. During the war with Spain a meeting was held in a western state to organize a regiment of volunteers, at which Major Hersey was present to help along the enthusiasm. In drawing up the conditions under which the men were to volunteer the secretary said to the chairman:— "I have modeled these conditions on a copy I have of those used for volunteers in England. Shall I insert this clause that the regiment is not to serve out of this country?" "Oh certainly, put that in," said the Major, who is something of a wag, "Certainly they are not to serve out of the country—except in case of invasion."—N. Y. Herald.

Comparative Conditions. Philosophers claim that distress, even when positive or superlative, is still only comparative, which bears out the answer that Mr. George Edwards, who recently returned to England, made to a Birmingham manufacturer who was complaining of hard times. "The pressure of the times is such in our city," said the Birmingham man, "that we have good workmen, who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings."

"Pooh, that's nothing compared to London," replied Mr. Edwards. "We have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence."—N. Y. Herald.

No Doubt About His Business. Lawyer Thomas Riley of Boston, while trying a case before a jury in the superior court, stood up to cross-examine a witness whose testimony was very damaging to his case. "On the night in question, Mr. Witness," he began, "did you not have several drinks of whisky?" "That's my business," answered the witness. "I know it's your business," quickly responded Mr. Riley, "but were you attending to it?"—Boston Herald.

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