

The boy sald nothing,

sily name is Eagle," she repeated. rigle de Ferrier. What is your name?" mit the boy said nothing,

me looked at him surprised, but backed her displeasure. He was about pears old, while she was less than By the dim light which sifted through top of St. Bat's Church he did not gwar sullen. He sat on the flagstones of if dazed and stupefied, facing a blackent's forge, which for many generaand had occupied the north transept. A smith and some apprentices hammered pressures that echoed with multiplied otime from the Norman roof; and the distren fire made a spot vivid as blood. A law stone arch, half walled up, and Stankened by smoke, framed the top of the smithy, and through this frame could he sen a bit of St. Bat's close outside, upon which the doors stood open. Now an apprentice would sains the bellows handle and blow up flame which briefly sprang and disappeared. The aproned figeres, Saxon and brawny, made a fascisting show in the dark shop.

Though the boy was dressed like a slain French citizen of that year, 1795, red his knee breeches betrayed shrunken alves, and his sleeves, wrists that were wollen as with tumors, Eagle accepted him as her equal. His fine wavy hair was of a chestnut color, and his hands and est were small. His features were perfeet as her own. But while life played messingly in vivid expression across her face, his muscles never moved. The basel eyes, bluish around their iris rims, cosh cognizance of nothing. His left peardw had been parted by a cut now sealed and forming its permanent scar. You understand me, don't you?" Eagle salked to him. "But you could not unterstand Sally Blake. She is an English firl. We live at her house until our ship sils, and I hope it will sail soon. Poor bey! Did the wicked mob in Paris hurt your arms?"

She soothed and patted his wrists, and he neither sarank in pain nor resented the endearment with male shyness.

Earle edged closer to him on the stone pavement. She was amused by the blackmith's arch, and interested in all the musual life around her, and she leaned forward to find some response in his eyes. He was unconscious of his strange environment. The ancient church of St. Bartholomew the Great, or St. Bat's as it was called, in the heart of London, had ong been a hived village.

Not only were houses clustered thickly round its outside walls and the space of and named its close, but the inside, segraded from its first use, was parceled to owners and householders. The pave only had been retained as a church bounded by massive pillars, which did Consighfare, Children of resident discenters could and did hoot when it pleased them, during tervice, from an Lady Chapel was a fringemaker's shop. The smithy in the north transcot had which the thrifty London housewife had tuned into a parlor table. His crossed

tenance protruded from the midst of frack-knacks. Light fell through the venerable clerethory on upper arcades. Some of these were walled shut, but others retained their arched openings into the church and formed balconies from which upstairs dwallers could look down at what

fest and hands and upward staring coun-

was passing below. Two women leaned out of the Norman arcades, separated only by a pillar, Taiching across the nave those little gures seated in front of the blackmith's window. An atmosphere of combut and thrift filled St. Bat's. It was the abode of labor and humble prosfully, not an asylum of poverty. Great worthies, indeed, such as John Milton, tod nearer our own day, Washington hving did not disdain to live at St. arthdomew's close. The two British drons, therefore, spoke the prejudice it is better rather than the baser class,

The little devils!" said one woman. They look innocent," remarked the But these French do make my use crawl!"

How long are they going to stay in Ban's ?"

ha two men with the little girl and it week. The lad, and the man that

My name in Eagle," said the little foreigner as ever I saw!—are like to prowl out any time. I saw them go into the smithy, and I went over to ask the smith's wife about them. She let two upper chambers to the creatures this morning."

"What alls the lad? He has the look of an idiot."

"Well, then, God knows what ails any of the crazy French! If they all broke out with boils like the heathen of Scripture, it would not surprise a Christian. As it is, they keep on beheading one another, day after day and month after month; and the time must come when none of them will be left-and a satisfaction that will be to respectable folks!"

"First the King, and then the Queen," mused one speaker. "And now news comes that the little prince has died of bad treatment in his prison. England will not go into mourning for him as it dld for his father, King Louis. What a pretty might it was, to see every decent body in a bit of black, and the houses draped, they say, in every town! A comfort it must have been to the Queen of France when she heard of such Christian respective

The women's faces, hard in texture and rubicund as beef and good ale could make them, leaned silent a moment high above the dim payement. St. Bat's little bell struck the three-quarters before ten; lightly, delicately, with always a promise of the great booming which should follow on the stroke of the hour. Its perfection of sound contrasted with the smithy clangor of metal in process of welding. A butcher's boy made his way through the front entrance toward a staircase, his feet echoing on the flags, carrying exposed a joint of beef on the board upon his head.

"And how do your foreigners behave themselves. Mrs. Blake?" inquired the neighbor.

"Like French emmy-grays, to be sure. I told Blake when he would have them to lodge in the house, that we are a respectable family. But he is master, and their lordships has money in their purses.

"French lordships!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Whether they calls themselves counts or markises, what's their nobility worth? Nothing!"

"The Markis de Ferrier," retorted Mrs. Blake, nettled by a liberty taken with her lodgers which she reserved for herself, "is a gentleman if he is an emmygray, and French. Blake may be maste, in his own house, but he knows landed gentry from tinkers-whether they ever comes to their land again or not."

"Well, then," soothed her gossip, "I was only thinking of them French that comes over, glad to teach their betters, or even to work with their hands for a crust."

"Still," said Mrs. Blake, again giving rein to her prejudices, "I shall be glad to ast prevent Londoners from using it as a see all French papists out of St. Bat's. For what does Scripture say?- Touch not the unclean thing!' And that servantbody, instead of looking after her little werhanding window in the choir. The missus, galloping out of the close on some bloody errand!"

"You ought to be thankful, Mrs. Blake, seconded from father to son. The south to have her out of the way, instead of materi, walled up to make a respectable around our children, poisoning their hinstiling, showed through its open door fant minds! Thank God they are playing shastly marble tomb of a crusader in the church lane like little Christians,

> A yell of fighting from the little Christians mingled with their hoots at choir boys gathering for the ten o'clock service in St. Bat's. When Mrs. Blake and her friend saw this preparation, they withdrew their dissenting heads from the arcades in order not to countenance what might go on below.

> Minute followed minute, and the little bell struck out the four quarters. Then the great bell boomed out ten-the bell which had given signal for lighting the funeral piles of many a martyr, on Smithfield, directly opposite the church. Organ music pealed; choir boys appeared from their robing room beside the entrance. pacing two and two as they chanted. The celebrant stood in his place at the altar. and antiphonal music rolled among the arches: pierced by the danger voice of a woman in the arcades, who called after the retreating butcher's boy to look sharp. and bring her the joint she ordered.

Eagle sprang up and dragged the arm in the face. of the unmoving boy in the north transept. There was a weeping tomb in the chancel which she wished to show himlettered with a threat to shed tears for a beautiful memory if passersby did not contribute their share; a threat the marble duly executed on account of the dampness of the courch and the hardness of men's hearts. But it was ims servant intend to sail for America possible to disturb a religious service. So she coaxed the boy, dragging behind with him in-as dangerous looking a her, down the ambulatory beside the

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

oamis of chapel, where the singers, sitting sidewise, in rows facing each other. chanted the Venite. A few worwnipers The smithy hammers rang under organ down from the arcades.

Outside the church big fat-bellied boy playing in the lane durst not lift a on ancient graves; but the most stood hand against them.

Very different same were Eagle and ened. the other allen whom she led past the A catcall from the lane was the last red-faced English children.

You may pass up a step into the graveyard, which is separated by a wall from the lane. And though nebody followed, from the close, all of them women, pat- the two men hurried Eagle and the boy tered in to take part in this daily office. Into the graveyard and closed the gate. It was not a large enclosure, and measures, and an odor of cooking sifted thread-like paths, grassy and ungraveled, wound among crowded graves. There was a very high outside wall; and the pigeons were cooling about the tower or place insured such privacy as could not strutting and pecking on the ground. To be had in St. Bat's Church. Some kill one was a grave offense. The worst crusted stones lay broad as gray doors

fnot of the battle. Eagle valiantly

"Erneatine went to the shops to obey our orders, father."

The boy's dense inertia was undisturbed by what had so agonized the girl. He stood in the English sunshine gazing stupidly at her guardians,

"Who is this boy, Eagle?" exclaimed the younger man.

"He does not talk. He does not tell his DAIRE."

The younger man seized the elder's arm and whispered to him.

"No, Philippe, no!" the elder man anup in irregular oblongs, white and lichawered. But they both approached the boy with a deference which surprised Eagle and examined his scarred eyebrow and his wrists. Suddenly the marquis dropped upon his knees and stripped the

MINI

XVII, the son of Louis XVI and Marie that the king is here?" inquired the Antoinette, survives in this wreck. How, elder De Ferrier, taking the lead. e escaped from prison we do not know. Why he is here unrecognized in England, where his claim to the throne was duly acknowledged on the death of his father, we do not know. But we who have often seen the royal child cannot fail to identify him; brutalized as he is by the past horrible year of his life."

Provence and the Count d'Artois have any interest in this boy?"

Philippe laughed and sicked the turf. "We have seen him many a tims at Vorsallies, my friend. You are very mysterious."

"Have his enemies or his friends set him free?" demanded the old Frenchman.

The boy stood unwinking before his three expatriated subjects. Two of them noted the traits of his house, even to his ears, which were full at top, and without any indentation at the bottom where they met the sweep of the jaw.

The dauphin of France had been the most tortured victim of his country's Revolution, By a jailer who cut his eyebrows open with a blow, and knocked him down on the slightest pretext, the child had been forced to drown memory n flery liquor, month after month. During six worse months, which might have been bettered by even such a jailer, hid from the light in an airless dungeon, covered with rags which were never changed, and with filth and vermin which dally accumulated, having his food passed to him through a slit in the door, hearing no human voice, seeing no human face, his Joints swelling with polsoned blood, he had died in everything except physical vitality, and was taken out at last merely a breathing corpse. Then it was proclaimed that this corpse had ceased to breathe. The heir of a long line of kings was coffined and buried. While the elder De Ferrier shed nervous tears, the younger looked on with

eyes which had seen the drollery of the French Revolution. "I wish I knew the man who has played this clever trick, and whether onest men or the rabble are behind it."

"Let us find him and embrace him!" "I would rather embrace his prospects when the house of Bourbon comes again to the throne of France. Who is that fellow at the gate? He looks as if he had

some business here." The man came on among the tombstones, showing a full presence and prosperous air, suggesting good vintage, such as were never set out in the Smithfield alchouse. Instead of being smooth shaven, he wore a very long mustache which dropped its ends below his chin.

A court painter, attached to his patrons, ought to have fallen into straits during the Revolution. Philippe exclaimed with astenishment-"Why, it's Bellenger! Look at him!"

deep reverence. always moves him to tears to see how few of them die."

"We can make no such complaint against Frenchmen in these days, monsieur." the court painter answered. "I see you have my young charge here, enjoying the gravestones with you-a pleasing change after the unmarked trenches of France. With your permission I will take him away."

"Have I the honor, Monsieur Bellenger, of saluting the man who brought the king out of prison?" the old man inquired.

Again Bellenger made the marquis a deep reverence, which modestly dis- herent recollection. My body and muscuclaimed any exploit.

"When was this done? Who were your helpers? Where are you taking him?" Bellenger lifted his eyebrows at the fanatical royalist.

"I wish I had had a hand in it!" spoke Philippe de Ferrier.

"I am taking this boy to America, ionsleur the marquis," the painter quietly answered. "But why not to one of his royal un-

"His royal uncles," repeated Bellenger, Pardon, monsieur the marquis, but did

say he had any royal uncles?" "Come" spoke Philippe de Ferrier, "No jokes with us. Bellenger. Honest men of

every degree should stand together in these times." Eagle gat down on a flat gravestone, and looked at the boy who seemed to be an object of dispute between the men of

her family and the other man. He neither

saw nor heard what passed. She said

to herself-"It would make no difference to me! It is the same, whether he is the king or not."

Bellenger's eyes half closed their lids as if for protection from the sun. 'Monsieur de Ferrier may rest assured that I am not at present occupied with jokes. I will again ask permission to

take my charge away. You may not so until you have an-"That I will do as far as I am per-

"Do monsieur and his brother know

"What reason have you to believe," responded Bellenger, "that the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artols have

"That," said Bellenger, "I may not

"Does monsieur know that you are going to take him to America?"
"That I may not tell."
"When do you sail, and in what vessel?"

"These matters, also. I may not tell."
"This man is a kidnapper!" the old noble cried, bringing out his aword with a hiss. But Philippe held his arm.
"Among things permitted to you," said

Philippe, "perhaps you will take oath the Bellenger shrugged and waved his "You admit that he is?"

"I admit nothing, monsieur. These are days in which we save our heads as well as we can, and admit nothing."
"If we had never seen the dauphin we should infer that this is no common child should infer that the is no common child.

you are carrying away so secretly, bound by so many pledges. A man like you, trusted with an important mission, nat-urally magnifies it. You refuse to let-us know anything about this affair."

"I am simply obeying orders, monsieur." said Bellenger humbly. "It is not my affair.

"You are better dressed, more at ease "You are better dressed, more at ease with the world than any other refugee I have seen since we came out of France. Somebody who has money is paying to have the child placed in safety. Very well. Any country but his own is a good country for him now. My uncle and I will not interfere. We do not understand. But liberty of any kind is better than imprisonment and death. You can, of course, evade us, but I give you notice I shall look for this boy in America, and if you take him elsewhere I shall probably and it with the course.

"America is a large country," said Bel-

lenger, smiling.

He took the boy by the hand and made his adicus. The old De Ferrier deeply saluted the boy and slightly saluted his guardian. The other De Ferrier nodded. We are making a mistake, Philippel' said the uncle.

"Let him go," said the nephew. "He will probably slip away at once out of St. Bartholomew's. We can do nothing until we are certain of the powers behind him. Endless disaster to the child himself might result from our interference. If France were ready now to take back her King, would she accept an imbedie?"

King, would she accept an impecue.
The old De Ferrier groaned aloud.
"Bellenger is not a bad man," a Philippe. Eagle watched her playmate until the

closing gate hid him from sight. She re-membered having once implored her nurse Bellenger took off his cap and made a for a small plaster image displayed in a "My uncle is weeping over the dead love her in return. But she cried secretly English, Bellenger," said Philippe. "It all night to have it in her arms, ashamed of the unreasonable desire, but conscious that she could not be appeared by anything else. That plaster image dented to her symbolized the strongest passion of her life. her life.

The pigeons wheeled around St. Bat's tower, or strutted burnished on the wall. The bell, which she had forgotten since sitting with the boy in front of the blacksmith shop, again boomed out its record of time; though it seemed to Eagle that a long, lonesome period like eternity had

T REMEMBER poising maked upon a rock, ready to dive into Lake George. This memory stands at the end of a diminishing vista; the extreme point of colar limbs reflected in the water filled me with savage pride.

I knew, as the beast knows its herd, that my mother Marianne was hanging the pot over the fire plt in the centre of our lodge; the children were playing with other papooses; and my father was hunt-ing down the lake. The hunting and fishing were good, and we had plenty of meat. Skenedonk, whom I considered a person belonging to myself, was strippi more slowly on the rock behind me. I were heated with wood ranging. Abort inal life, primeval and vigor-giving, lay behind me when I plunged, expecting to strike out under the delicious forest

When I came up the sun had vanished, the woods and their shadow were gone. So were the Indian children playing on

So were the Indian children playing on the shore, and the shore with them. My mother Marianne might still be hanging her pot in the lodge. But all the hunting lodges of our people were as completely lost as if I had entered another world.

My head was bandaged, as I discovered when I turned it to look around. The walls were not the log walls of our lodge, chinked with moss and topped by a bark roof. On the contrary, they were grander than the inside of St. Regis Church, where I took my first communion, though that I took my first communion, though that was built of atone. These walls were paneled, as I learned afterward to call that noble finishing, and ornamented with pictures and crystal sockets for candles. The use of the crystal sockets was evident, for one shaded was light burned near me. The celling was not composed of wooden beams like some Canadian houses, but divided itself into panels also, reflecting the light with a dark, rosy shining. Lace work finer than a priest's wh'te garments fluttered at the windows

CONTINUED IN MONDAY'S EVENING LEDGER



HE CAME GRANDLY UP THE STAIRS

After Andre Castalgne

ing their antagonism. They answered her with a titter.

"Saffy Blake is the only one I know, panion who moved feebly and stiffly behind her dancing step, "I cannot talk of feeling, English to them, and besides, their manners are not good, for they are not like our peasants."

Sally Blake and a bare-kneed lad began to amble behind the foreigners, he gray took Eagle repreachfully by her taking his cue amartly and lolling out hands; but the other stood laughing. his tongue. The whole crowd set up a shout, and Eagle looked back. She wheeled and slapped the St. Bat's girl

That silent being whom she had taken under her care recoiled from the blow wafeh the bare-kneed boy instantly gave him, and without defending himself or her, shrank down in an atti ide of entreaty. She screamed with pain at this sight, which hurt worse than the hairpulling of the mob around her. She fought like a panther in front of him. Two men in the long narrow lane leading from Smithfield interfered and scattered her assailants.

"Good day," she spoke pleasantly, feel- | sleeked her disarrayed hair, the breast | stockings down those meagre legs. He under her bodice still heaving and sobbing. The June sun illuminated a determined child of the gray-eyed type beshe explained in French, to her com- tween white and brown, flushed with fullness of blood, quivering with her intensity

> "Who would say this was Mademoiselle de Ferrier!" observed the younger of the two men. Both were past middle age. one whose queue showed the most The

> "My little daughter!" would do it again, father!"

"She would do it again, monsieur the marquis," repeated the laugher. Were the children rude to you?"

"They mocked him, father." She pulled the boy from behind a gravestone, where he crouched unmoving as a rabbit, and showed him to her guardians. "See how weak he is! Regard him-how he walks in a dream! Look at the swollen wristshe cannot fight. And if you wish to make these English respect you you have got

to fight them! is Ernestine? She should not

kissed them, and the swollen ankles, sobbing like a woman. The boy seemed unconscious of this homage. Such exaggeration of her own tenderness made her ask: "What alls my father, Cousin Philippe?"

high walls and spoke cautiously. "Who was the English girl at the head of your mob, Eagle?" "Sally Blake." "What would Sally Blake do if she saw

Her cousin Philippe glanced around the

the little King of France and Navarre ride into the church lane, filling it with "I did strike the English girl-and I his retinue, and heard the royal salute of 21 guns fired for him?" "She would be afraid of him." "But when he comes afoot, with that

idiotic face, giving her such a good

chance to bait him-how can she resist baiting him? Sally Blake is human. "Cousin Philippe, this is not our dauphin? Our dauphin is dead! Both my father and you told me he died in the Temple prison nearly two weeks ago!"

boy's stockings reverently and rose, back-"There is your King, Eagle," the old courtier announced to his child. "Louis

The Marquis de Ferrier replaced the





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