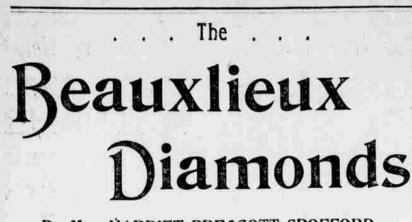
## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1895.



By Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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no son?"

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

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"It is certainly a misfortune to lose the jewels," said Etlenne with calmness, the calmness of unbriken fulth. "There is no other misfortune rhout it. We will take steps for their recovery. But as for Beauxileux,-it is preposterous! No, no, two and two do not make three! That white flate of his burns without dross."

"Ah, I believe you!" the poor duchess cried. "And what balm you bring a sore heart! Oh, Etlenne, what should I do without you!"

But when night came, and the duchess was in her own rooms again, the horror of doubt and fear overcame her anew. There was her son's portrait as Jean had drawn it-the sweet seriousness, the lofty gravity, the piercing eye, the tender mouth. The candle flickering under it gave it a seeming life. She flung berself down before it as if it were an altar. "How, how, how could 1 doubt you?" she cried. "And, oh, how can I help 4t?" she said, presently. She knelt at her prie-dicu for hours, but felt that help forsook her. She took the candlestick and went into her son's rooms-bare, studious rooms, without an ornament or luxury, only one picture on the walls, a face crowned with thorns, "He gave Himself for the love of man," his own eyes. He took her hand. "My mother," he said. "I would not think 1 do less?"

As she went back the enormity of her own behavior overwhelmed her. But directly afterward she saw her handkerchief, fallen on the floor-one and with the price of them he goes into of several he had sent her-knowing his enterprises. It is the meaning of she loved fine, sheer things, and had his wealth. And it is with the money used coarse ones so long. She snatched he receives for the Beaulieux diamonds it and tore it with her teeth; then as that he buys the Beauxlieux titles." she walked the floor she paused at the great armoire where Olympe had put away the things of his childhood. She unclosed it and lifted the little frock. Beauxlieux titles! What of the Beaux-She recalled him in it, running to meet lieux titles?" her, his hair flying, his arms extended. his sweet face overflowing with smilles. He had not forgotten how to smile then. There was the little cap, too: Not yours, madame; not any title be-her own fingers had wrought it for him longing to you; you still retain your adbefore he was born, and what hopes dress of honor, you are still the Duchess and what prayers she had wrought into des Sarazines Beauxlieux, if you choose, it! Here was a scarf he had worn at his | douairiere. But those which were my first communion; here were the curls, own, have I any use for them? I, a the silken curls Olympe had shorn from his dear head. She kissed them pas-views? In these days when thrones go sionately; she wet them with her cry- under and empires disappear in the

( doing well, he has done wonderfullyon the Bourse, in all the big enterprises. His hotel is a palace in the Faubourg. By the most singular turn of fortune, it is the old Hotel Beauxlieux itself-

"Do you mean-" she exclaimed. 'No, it is too shameful to be true! Can a man acknowledge in this unblushing way that he robbed his mother of het diamonds and took money for them!

That he crept through her room at night to make off with every jeweioh, not that I valued the diamonds! I would so gladly have given them if you had asked. Oh, oh, oh, the cruel, the accursed things that make me despise my own flesh and blood, my own ion! No, what am 1 saying? I have

"Stop, stop, my mother! Go softly here. Is it that the long monotony and disappointment have disordered you? Of what were you speaking? What is it that you say about diamonds?"

She threw out her hands toward the mpty cases on the table, his eyes following the movement. For a moment he was silent and transfixed, and he remained silent with perplexity and won derment. But, directly his quick wit had taken in the truth, he looked at her again, the tears sparkling suspended on her cheeks. There were tears in

that under any circumstances you could have believed this of your son. Do you not see how it is? Victorine took your jewels. Pierre has disposed of them, "What is it that I hear you say?" cried the duchess, half startied out of the one terror by a new one. "The

"Why, nothing, except that I sold them to Pierre last June, and it is the matter of which I have been speaking. ing, a mother grieves so over the l guif, and man, man climbs out, my

the Duchezze des Sarazines Beauxlieux! Victorine! Oh, I see her now! Siegneur Dieu, but it is too amusing! Vic-torine!" And all her white teeth is lears colled out of her eyes, tears of merriment, tears of joy. "But not less," she said, "if Vietorine is a thief, if the Duchesse des Sarazines Beauxileux is a thief, she must be brought to justice?" "No," said Beauxileux. "We, who are

"Victorine?" she cried, "Victorine

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Beauxlieux, cannot afford to have the name dragged in the dust. All the diamonds in the world would not be worth it. And I have contracted with Pierre-I mean the duke-to that effect. If he in any way discredits the titles, I appear. Is it that you can forgive me now, my mother?" "Oh, Beauxlieux," she said, rising

and putting her hands on his shoulthere is no question of forgivelers, ness. You could never forgive me, if there were. I could never forgive myself for my stupidity, my ignorance my blindness, my crime! It is M. Etienne, Heaven bless him, who never loubted you. If he has something to hear, my son,' he-he has also something to tell you. Oh, Beauxlieux, I am so happy, I feel as though I had And as she spoke, a level sunwingst"

beam broke from the low western clouds and fell across the room and they saw gray sky and sullen sea transformed and glorified in a mist of gold. Sometimes now in the summer months, the old chateau is gay with wople; the family have come back. Beauxlieux and Jean are there for a time. But for the greater part of the year the only sound within its walls (save the quiet footfall of Olympe, who gnores the existence of her niece, and feels that ruin is abroad, and of the few servants there) is the echo of the olling surf and the crying of the storm on the gray Atlantic. Mme, Etlenne, who cannot afford to wear the title worn by Victorine, lives with her husband in Paris, a Paris that has no knowledge of her in her former estate, and with whose men of wit and clence and poetry she forgets old titles and old glories. Sometimes she hears of Victorine flaunting in the finery she loves still as when she risked all in the forest by stringing herself with the stolen jewels that Plerre might see how well their glory became her-Pierre who, taking advantage of the stepping stone of those diamonds, has gone on adding wealth to wealth. Mme. Etionne trembles only lest some misdeed of his shall throw a stain on the name that has lived a thousand years, unblemished. Sometimes indestructible recollections give her a pang. But when her son-completely effaced though he may be from the eyes of the great world. as he goes and comes on the dangerous errands to which he has devoted himself-returns to her for a breathing space, when she feels the velvet embraces of the little bourgeoise girl who has been born to her, and turning her head looks into the eyes of the man who has been her protector, loving her in silence for so many years, she feels the old Basque peasant woman assert her claim, feels herself espousing the cause

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of the people down there in the dark, in her different (state, and knows that she is unspeakably happier that the childless and lonely masquerader in the splendor of the Hotel des Sarazines



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## For a Moment He Was Silent.

memorials of the dead! She had no | mother, I count it shame to hold titles, longer a child. not won by myself, but won by men

It was the next day that Beauxlieux whose very ashes no longer exist! I came down from town to the chateau. say to myself-the titles, they are a The duchess did not go to meet him as voice, a breath, they are non-existent usual. She sent for him instead to come attributes. But with the money that to her. She was standing at her dress- foolish Pierre is willing to pay me for ing-table, strewn with the empty jewet leaving him alone If he assumes them, cases, white as alabaster, her long what can I not do for the people that black gown sweeping round her, her even like those of a fate.

tened toward her with an exclamation. But she threw out her arms in an in- haps-who knows-buy dynamite." terposing gesture. And then she wavered as she stood; and with a stride he was beside her, and, his arm about

throwing himself on his knees before if by means of it I can forward the her, he drew her face over to his. "What is ii, my mother?" he mur-mured. "What ails thee? Art thou III? Art thou suffering? Lean on me, the earth that I helped to hold it up in klass me, dear, sweet mother."

She withdrew from his clasp and me than all the titles of all my forepushed him aff a little, her hand flat on fathers. And so I sold them to his chest. him with her great despairing eyes, bert Clovis Francols Maria Angellque "Oh! how could you, how could you do no longer Duke des Sarazines Beaux, 41?" Beaux, Prince De Franche Haupte 41.27

CHAPTER VL.

For a moment, Beauxlieux looked he- surd rest of them, my mother!" wildered. He glanced round the room where the light of the dreary autumn day came in through the faded daffodil Beauxlieux, the sale of no title can draperles as if the sun were still shining without.

"I do not understand you," he said. "What does this mean, my mother? What disaster, what misfortune-"

"What disaster" she cried, sharply. "And you ask! You! Is there worse disaster than when a mother finds her son-Oh, I cannot say it!" tearing open government-" the lace at her throat. "When she discovers-and a Beauxlieux-"

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "It is that, then. My faith, I had almost forgotten! I never dreamed it was going to affect you so, my mother-" "Not your mother!" she almost

shricked. "Never the mother of-athief!"

'What!" he cried, instantly upon his feet. "Does anyone-even my mother -" and then with a look at her his old gentleness and pity and love were up-permost again. "My mother," he said gently, then. "My mother, were they not mine?"

"Then why not take them openly? Why creep in the dark to do so foul a thing-

"In the dark? Why, it is true I did not consult you. It seemed to me unnecessary. I thought you would ob- Nothing. He gives me a certain pay ject, and there would be so much to be ment for leaving him to play his part said. And then here in your seclusion in peace. My pride might rebel-but I thought you might never know."

"And does all that make it any the less robbery?" with a piercing scorn in sufficiently entertaining." her tone.

"Whom have I robbed? I certainly had the right. And Pierre paid me mouth with such a peal of laughter as good money for them. He has done in many years before had not rung well, he says, the rogue. If that is through that old pile.

Startled by her appearance, he has- will buy land, houses, maintain the

prophets, the priests, of liberty. Per-"Beauxlieux!"

"It will, at any rate, make my mother at case all her days, I said. What her, he had led her to a seat, and succor will it take to sufferers! And the face of God. it is better worth to him: "Oh!" she cried, transfixing sold them every one. I, Louis Dago-

> Count des Aiguilles, Conte de Grandes Landes, Baron Boissy, and all the ab-

"And for what remains," he said, after a pause, "if it is honor to be take that honor away. I am always and forever Beauxlieux," with an in-

expressible pride of bearing. "But it is impossible?" cried his mother. "I forbid it?"

"It is done," said Beauxlieux. "But you do not confer titles-it h the king, the council, the ministers, the

"The gvernment confers no more You forget that, whether one lives up to it or not, the motto now is liberty,

fraternity, equality." "You appall me! And, besides, he will not be allowed to wear them, the lache!"

"Who is to interfere? I shall not Nor am I ever to marry. No!" as he saw the protest in her face. "Bring others into the world to sorrow, to struggle, to endure? No, no, there will never be anyone to disturb him. He appears in the world of Paris as the duke des Sarazines Beauxlieux, and no one will ever be the wiser."

"But my son, Heaven forgive me-do you then assist at a fraud, a felony?' "Hardly," said Beauxlieux, "the thing is too unsubstantial. What do

the titles mean now in a republic the money is so needed by those others," said Beaulieux, "I find the play

And then suddenly the duchesse threw back her head and opened her

Our little haby, almost 21 years old, was no braa of Eczenna when she s months old, Her little body was one solid red from the was about three me was one solid red from the soles of her fect to the crown of her head, and she seemed to believing all the time. When she was about fic months old, there was abled to her affriction, abscesses and supportion. We tried the local M. D.'s, and some other remains without my relief. 25% ¥

boal M. D.'s, and some other remadias without any relief. Thad read considerable about the Criticita Fightfords, and one of our neighbors had used them, claiming that they were as good as claimed. I concluded to try them, and after the use of three or four beyes of Criticita, and about one and one half tiles of the CUTEURA RESOLVENT, with the C. H. WOOD, White Cloud, Mo.

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