

A Frenchman's Blunder.

DOROTHY MARTIN, IN PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

GHEY HAD been very happy together that fresh springtime—the young Englishman, who was apparently entirely taken up with golf, and a girl of eighteen, his usual companion upon the links. He was fond of golf, and she liked nothing better, and in that small hotel in the south of France, where they both were staying, nothing was more natural than that they should become acquainted.

There was no troublesome elders to interfere with this acquaintance, which gradually grew into something more, so that bright springtime was a period of bliss to Guy Dorrington and little Rachel Herbert.

He was a young barrister spending his holidays on the southern coast of France. She was the only daughter of an old Indian who spent his life in travel, and who forgot to keep a proper watch over his pretty daughter at the small French hotel.

Hitherto everything had gone very smoothly with them, but just when Guy was going to tell Mr. Herbert about his love for Rachel their peace and happiness was suddenly interrupted. It was one evening during the long table d'hôte. Guy, happy, fortunate Guy, who was spoken of at home as having been under a lucky star, saw three persons sitting at the Herberts' dinner table. The third was a stranger, a lively Frenchwoman, deeply in love with Mr. Herbert. Rachel in her white frock, looking exasperatingly pretty, was laughing and chattering with him. Guy scowled across at their table, then hit his nails in desperation when Rachel made the newcomer laugh and look at her with undisguised admiration. He knew that she was true to him, yet he hated to see another man admire her, and he longed for one smile or one look from his love to reassure him of her fidelity.

The most cautious young man throws caution to the winds when he is in love, and behaves often in a most unrestrained manner, while his mistress keeps her head through all difficulties, is cool and self-possessed at the most critical moment, and so makes love affair prosper and succeed when all might have failed without her calm discretion. Such was the case with Guy and Rachel.

Guy, generally a most sensible and discreet young man, was fast losing his usual self-command at this first sign of alarm, and nearly spoilt everything by coughing and fidgeting in the hope of attracting Rachel's attention. But she was an atom afraid of her father, who at present was ignorant of her affairs and she continued to laugh and talk with the Frenchman, and cruelly ignored those most obvious signs at the head of the room, fearing that their plans might be overthrown if her father guessed the truth before the morrow, when Guy intended to break it to him with all due respect and good sense.

In the salon after dinner Guy grew perfectly desperate when he found that Rachel was still amusing the newcomer. Mr. Herbert sat contentedly watching his daughter. Feeling that he was not wanted Guy pushed back his chair from the table where he had been drinking his coffee and hastily left the room, with a last round at his rials. The Frenchman looked up at him as he passed out into the hall. He noticed the young man's expression of discontent and annoyance. No doubt Guy's behaviour in the dining room had not been lost upon him. A look of malicious amusement and triumph crept into his dark, sallow face, and he turned away and began to talk to Rachel with renewed vigor.

The large salon grew hotter and hotter; the noisy laughter and talk never ceased. Presently Rachel had her father and his friend good night and crept quietly from the room. The Frenchman watched her movements with his keen eyes.

"My friend," he said, when she had left the room, "you must keep your eyes open, or you will have your daughter married to that young Englishman. The truth is I have a mind to wed her myself. She is pretty enough to reign in my chateau and to shine in Parisian society. What say you, my friend?"

Mr. Herbert looked pleased. M. Pettiean was very rich, and he seemed to him a most eligible suitor for his daughter.



The Happy Home.

Happiness must be founded on health. Where there is ill-health there will surely be unhappiness. The happiness of many a home has received its downfall at the table, spread with rich and faintly foods. The first symptoms of disease of the stomach are ignored as being disagreeable, not dangerous. Presently some other form of disease attacks on the stomach.

At any stage Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. But the cure is quicker if the "Discovery" is used in the earlier stages of disease. If you have any symptoms of diseased stomach use "Golden Medical Discovery" and be cured.

"I feel that I would be doing an injustice to you if I did not send you a statement of my case," said Dr. W. T. Pierce, of Newark, Franklin Co., Miss. "I had liver complaint and indigestion. Everything that I ate disagreed with me. I was compelled to give up smoking in my head; heart beat too fast; my feet and hands were cold all the time. Did not sleep well at night. Was able to get along very well with a concoction made by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' in May, 1897, and by December I could begin to get along very well. Have been doing so ever since. Feel better than I have for several years."

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down upon him. It brought a vision of Rachel's sweet, pure face to his mind. She had promised to trust him always; she had repeated the word over to him many times. Great sobs shook his frame.

"I will not be a coward," he said. "I will at least do what I can to free myself from the false accusation which is sure to fall upon me. I will get away. I will leave the place at once. I will tell them first at that cottage near that there is a dead man's body to be buried."

Guy had seen very little of the dark side of life.

This was the first great crisis, the first real pain that he had ever known, and it was fast bringing out the noble side of his character. He determined to act so as to save another from as much pain as possible. He turned away from the sea, but the minutes had past. He was too late! Steps were coming down the road from the town: lights and voices, the regular tramp of feet and the clanging of swords were fast drawing near.

Guy's first impulse was to run in the opposite direction, but he stopped himself at once.

"If I fly and they chase me like a fox or a hare they will at once think me guilty. No, I will walk quietly toward them and tell them what has happened. I am innocent, and I must not act the part of a murderer."

The steps grew quite close, and four gendarmes stopped in front of him.

"Monsieur," said the officer of the party, "a gentleman was on this road a few minutes ago has just sent us here. He heard a shot fired and a cry. He said he saw you shoot and then throw the revolver over the cliff. Monsieur, he described your figure to me, and surely it is you I saw quarreling a few days ago on the cliffs with another Englishman?"

"I have seen no one," said Guy. "I am an innocent man. There is the dead body. A shot was fired suddenly when I was standing by him on the edge of the cliff. What gentleman informed you of this?"

"Monsieur, we know; a stranger; possibly a traveler passing by this spot on his way between two towns. Probably he was seeking shelter in one of our hotels; he was stopped. He held both Rachel's hands in his."

"My dear," he said, passionately, "you will be true to me? I feel tonight as if all will go so smoothly with us as we wish. I feel as if troubles lay ahead; yet you will trust me always, Rachel?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost frightened at his earnestness.

"And whatever difficulties arise you will still be true? You will believe in me, say it, Rachel, always?"

She gently repeated the word. He looked relieved.

"I believe you," he said, walking on again. "You can trust me, dear."

She drew closer to him with tears in her eyes. She could not speak just then, and the dark steaming figure still followed, watching their every movement until they reached the hotel.

"Tomorrow I will speak to your father without fail, Rachel. I would have spoken before, but I was a coward, afraid of disturbing our bliss."

He kissed her there, in the dim light, when they thought no one would see. It was a quiet good-night kiss, lost in his earnestness. Rachel ran into the hotel. Guy, feeling more at ease, went and stood by the sea. He took out a cigarette, struck a match and lighted it, then puffed gently at it, gradually growing more calm.

The sea lay at his feet—a great, black rolling mass, with a white line of waves beating regularly upon the shingle. He watched a few moving lights far away from the land, then a voice broke suddenly into his reverie:

"Certainly," said Guy. "I must come with you, but I am innocent, thank God! I am an innocent man."

Two of the men stopped behind with the body, the others marched one on each side of Guy down the lonely road and through the town.

"Stop!" cried Guy, with a look of agony on his face as they passed the hotel facing the sea; he realized how hard his case would be. Unless the true culprit chose to come forward he, Guy, was sure to be accused as the murderer of his friend. He hoped for justice, for a trial which would result in his innocence being proved, and yet he saw, as the officer of the gendarmes had said, it would be a hard case for you, monsieur; a very hard case; you will come with us at once."

"Certainly," said Guy. "I must come with you, but I am innocent, thank God! I am an innocent man."

He was a cowherd, and a very good one; he had watched with interest the hot-tempered young Englishmen, who had not been able to make up their quarrel, but had parted with indifference watching his daughter. Feeling that he was not wanted Guy pushed back his chair from the table where he had been drinking his coffee and hastily left the room, with a last round at his rials. The Frenchman looked up at him as he passed out into the hall. He noticed the young man's expression of discontent and annoyance. No doubt Guy's behaviour in the dining room had not been lost upon him. A look of malicious amusement and triumph crept into his dark, sallow face, and he turned away and began to talk to Rachel with renewed vigor.

The officers calmly read the hastily written lines, then handed the cuff to the porter at the door of the hotel.

The little procession passed on under Rachel's window and a terrible weight of grief seemed to hang down Guy's spirit and to chill his very heart.

CHAPTER II.

She had been cruising in the Mediterranean about the Italian coast, that gay little yacht with her white sails and golden green movements. Her behavior had been perfect for many days, but one fatal evening she forgot her past good reputation and毫不hesitatingly sullied it by catching fire. She lay far from land, gently rising and down upon the swell, with flames flying up from her cabin and terrible panic on board.

They were leading him to his execution. Guy Dorrington, the young barrister, in the midst of his strength and manhood. He was crossing the prison courtyard, between two warders, to his doom—young, strong and grave, very grave, and perfectly quiet. Little sparrows were chirping and hopping about his path, the morning sunlight was creeping across the high, grim walls down into the gloomy yard, upon the little birds and the prisoneers. He smiled a very faint, sad smile as he watched the busy little creatures; he thought they were his last sight of life—that beautiful, fresh, strong life, which he loved. Ah, how he loved it! He had tried to subdue that great love for it in his lonely cell, he had endeavored to look forward bravely and cheerfully to the future, to the other end of the grave, but he had never been successful in his struggle. He had never before realized how much he loved and valued life.

A hasty step overtook the melancholy procession, the sparrows were all put to flight, and a panting, breathless messenger stood beside the warders.

"Stop," he cried. "The prisoner must not die, he will be released; fresh evidence, greatly in his favor, has been discovered."

For the first time in his life he had told them the truth. They were leading him to his execution. Guy Dorrington, the young barrister, in the midst of his strength and manhood. He was crossing the prison courtyard, between two warders, to his doom—young, strong and grave, very grave, and perfectly quiet. Little sparrows were chirping and hopping about his path, the morning sunlight was creeping across the high, grim walls down into the gloomy yard, upon the little birds and the prisoneers. He smiled a very faint, sad smile as he watched the busy little creatures; he thought they were his last sight of life—that beautiful, fresh, strong life, which he loved. Ah, how he loved it!

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