



SYNOPSIS.

Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon. In the home of the lady's parents in the village of Vieques, France, where the emperor had briefly stopped to hold a council of war, Napoleon prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francis meets a stranger who is astonished when the boy tells him of his ambition. Francis visits General Baron Gaspard Gouraud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he sees the boy's imagination with astonish of his campaign. The general offers Francis a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis's son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America asks Francis to be a friend to his son. The boy solemnly promises.

CHAPTER IX.

The Castle Children.

There was a farm in the Valley Delesmontes—five miles it was from Vieques—which was a dependence of the seigneur; for centuries the same family had held it, and it was considered the richest holding for a peasant in that part of the world. Just now the family all at once came to an end. It was necessary to find new tenants, and the general offered the place to Le Francois and La Claire. Even in their best days they had not been so prosperous as this would make them. But what about Francis? The general glowered at them from deep eyes, and said to himself: "There's always a screw somewhere in every good thing. This time it's the boy."

There was a silence. Claire trembled. "It will go hard with the lad to give us up," she brought out softly. "He won't give you up; I should not respect him if he gave you up," the general thundered, and the two peasants breathed more freely. This great good fortune was not, after all, the price of their son.

By degrees the three came to an understanding. A tutor was to be engaged for the three children; Francis was to live at the castle as if it should be explained to him—he very young—away to school, and every Friday he was to walk to the Ferme du Val—the Valley Farm—and stay with his people until Sunday afternoon.

This new order of things was well settled before six months had passed after the going of the Marquis Zappi. And then in three or four months more something happened. Francis was alone with the general when the letter came. His eyes were on his seigneur's face as he read the letter and the boy saw the blood rush through the weather-hardened skin in a brown-red flood, and then fade out, leaving it gray. The boy had never seen the general look so. With that, the big arms were thrown out on the table and the big grizzled head fell to the ground.

Then he lifted his head and told the boy how the friend whom he had found lately, after so many years of separation, had gone away not to come back in this life, and how Pietro was fatherless. Francis, holding tightly with both fists to the general's hand, listened wide-eyed, struck to the heart. "But he had a brave life, my seigneur—it is the best thing that there is. My mother said so. My mother told me that we shall smile later, when we are with the good God, to think that we ever feared death on this earth. For she says one spends a long time with the good God later, and all one's dear friends come, and it is pleasant and it is, for a long, long time, while here it is, after all, quite short. Is not that true, my seigneur? My mother said it."

"Big little Pietro had to be told what had happened and how the general was now to be a father to him as best he might, and Alixe and Francis would be his sister and brother. He took the blow dumbly and went about his studies next morning, but for many days he could not play, and only Francis could make him speak. He was handsome—extraordinarily handsome—and a lovable good child, but slow in initiative where Francis was ready, shy where Francis was friends with all the world, steady-going where the peasant boy was brilliant. Between the two, of such contrasting types, was an unshaken bond from the first, and at this age it seemed to be the little peasant who had everything to give. Smaller physically, weaker in muscle than the big-boned son of North Italy, he yet took quite naturally an attitude of protection and guidance, and Pietro accepted it without hesitation.

Two years slid past noiselessly, unnoticed, and it was vacation time; it was August of the year 1824. The old chateau of Vieques—the ruin—laid back behind the corn fields and smiled in hot sunlight.

A tall lad of fourteen, another boy, slighter, quicker, darker, and a little girl of eleven in a short white dress, wandered through the ruins, talking earnestly now, silent now, filling the grim place with easy laughter again. Alixe and Francis and Pietro were growing up; the general already grumbled words about kittens turning into cats, as he looked at them.

The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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of the others followed hers. A young man, a boy, was coming lightly down the slope, and something in his figure and movement made it impossible even at a distance that it should be any one of the village. He saw them, and came forward, and his cap was off quickly as he glanced at Alixe. But with a keen look at the three, it was Francis to whom he spoke.

"Is this Francis?" he asked. "But yes, Monsieur," Francis answered wondering—and in a moment he wondered more. The strange boy, his cap flung from him, dropped on his knees and kissed the grass that grew over the Roman governor's foundations. With that he was standing again, looking at them unashamed from his quiet gray eyes.

"It is the first time I have touched the soil of France since I was seven years old," he stated, not as if to excuse his act, but as if explaining something historical. And was silent. The strange boy talked very little; they could not recollect that he asked questions, after his first startling question; yet here was Alixe, the very spirited and proud little Alixe, anxious to make him understand everything of their own affairs.

"I am Alixe," she began—and stopped short, seized with shyness. Was it courtesy to explain to the young monsieur about her distinguished father? She found herself suddenly in an agony of confusion. Then the stranger made a low bow and spoke in the gentlest friendly tones.

"It is enough. It is a charming name, Mademoiselle Alixe. I believe I shall now think it the most charming name in France."

"She has more of a name than that, however, Monsieur," and Francis stepped across the grass and stood by the little girl, her knight, unconscious of the part he played. "It is a very grand name, the other one. For our seigneur, the father of Alixe, is Monsieur Baron Gaspard Gouraud, a general of Napoleon himself; was indeed with the Emperor at St. Helena."

Francis had no false modesty, no self-consciousness; he felt that he had placed Alixe's standing now in the best light possible. The strange boy felt it, too, it seemed, for he started as Francis spoke of Napoleon; his reserved face brightened and his cap was off and sweeping low as he bowed again to Alixe more deeply. Francis was delighted. It was in him to enjoy dramatic effect, as it is in most Frenchmen. He faced about to Pietro.

"This one, Monsieur," he went on, much taken with himself as master of ceremonies, "is Monsieur the Marquis Zappi of Italy. His father also fought for the great captain."

The quiet strange boy interrupted swiftly. "I know," he said. "Of the Italian corps under Prince Eugene; also on the staff of Lannes. I know the name well," and he had Pietro's hand in a firm grasp and was looking into the lad's embarrassed face with his dreamy keen eyes.

The children, surprised, were yet too young to wonder that a boy scarcely older than themselves should have the army of Napoleon at his fingers' ends; he gave them no time to think about it.

"One sees, without names, that you are of the noblesse," he said simply, embracing the three in his sleepy glance. He turned to Francis. "And you, Monsieur the spokesman? You seigneur—of a great Bonapartist house?"

Francis stood straight and slim; his well-knit young body in his military dress was carried with all the assurance of an aristocrat. He smiled his brilliant exquisite smile into the older boy's face.

"Me—I am a peasant," he said cheerfully. "I have no noise."

"He is a peasant—yes. But he is our brother, Pietro's and mine, and no more."

"Mon Dieu!" said the general. "It was six years later. At the new chateau not a blade of grass seemed changed. The general stood in the midst of close-cropped millions of blades of grass as he stopped short on the sloping lawn which led down to the sunken garden. Alixe, in her riding habit, with a feather in her hat, and gauntleted gloves on her hands, was so lovely as to be startling. She looked at the ground, half shy, half laughing, and beat the grass with her riding-whip. Francis was leaning toward her and talking, and the general, coming slowly down the lawn, felt a flood of pride rise in him as he looked at this successful picture of a boy which he had done so much to fashion. The two had been riding together, and Francis appeared, as most men do, at his best in riding clothes. With that, as the general paraded slowly down the velvet slope, unseen by them, regarding them his girl and his boy, this happy sister and brother—with that the brother lifted his sister's hand and, bending over it, kissed it slowly, in a manner unmistakably unbrotherly.

"Mon Dieu!" he gasped the general, and turned on his heel and marched back to his library. All that afternoon he stayed shut in the library. At dinner he was taciturn.

The next morning the general sent for Francis to come to him in the library. A letter had been brought a short time before and was lying open on the table by his hand. "Francis," began the general in his deep abrupt tones, "I am in trouble. Will you help me?" "Yes, my seigneur," said Francis quickly. The general glared at him, frowning. "We shall see," he said again, and then—suddenly as a shot from a cannon—"Does Alixe love you, Francis?" "I—I think not, my seigneur," he answered in a low voice. "I am hurting you, the deep voice

of loosened masonry, and down came the great blocks close to his hands—he was slipping! And, above, the wall swayed. Then, in the instant of time before the catastrophe, Francis had sprung like a cat into the center of danger and pushed the other boy, violently reeling, across the grass out of harm's way.

Alixe screamed once sharply. Francis lay motionless on his face and the great stones rained around him. It was all over in a moment; in a moment more a shout of joy rose from Pietro, for Francis lifted his head and began crawling difficultly, with Pietro's help, out of the debris.

"I have to thank you for my life, Monsieur the peasant," the stranger said, and held out his hand. "Moreover, it is seldom that a prophecy is so quickly fulfilled. You said a few minutes ago that you should one day do a thing worth while for a Bonaparte. You have done it. You have saved my life."

Francis's hand crept to his cap and he pulled it off and stood bareheaded. "Monsieur, who are you?" he brought out.

The strange boy's vanishing smile brightened his face a second. "I am Louis Bonaparte," he said quietly.

The little court of three stood about the young Pietro, silent. And in a moment, in a few sentences, he had told them how, the day before, he had been seized with a hunger for the air of France, which he had not breathed since, as a boy of seven, his mother had escaped with him from Paris during the Hundred Days. He told them how the desire to stand on French soil had possessed him, till at last he had run away from his tutor and had found the path from his exiled home, the castle of Arenenberg, in the canton of Thurgovie, in Switzerland, over the mountains into the Jura valley.

"It is imprudent," he finished the tale calmly. "The government would turn on all its big engines in an uproar to catch one schoolboy, if it was known. But I had to do it." He threw back his head and filled his lungs with a great breath. "The air of France," he whispered in an ecstasy.

For two hours more they told stories and played games through the soft old ruins of the savage old stronghold, as if there were no wars or intrigues or politics or plots which had been and were to be close to the lives of all of them. Till, as the red round sun went down behind the mountain of the Rose, Francis's quick eye caught sight of a figure swinging rapidly down the mountain road where the Prince had come.

"But look, Louis," he called from behind the rock where he was preparing, as a robber baron, to swoop down on Prince Louis conveying Alixe as an escaped nun to Pietro's monastery in another corner.

And the boy Prince, suddenly grave, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed up the mountain. Then his hand fell and he sighed. "The adventure is over," he said. "I must go back to the Prince business. It is Monsieur Lebas."

Monsieur Lebas, the tutor, arrived shortly in anything but a playful humor. The boy's mother, Queen Hortense, was in Rome, and he was responsible; he had been frightened to the verge of madness by the prince's escapade.

The playmates were separated swiftly. Monsieur Lebas refused with something like horror the eager suggestion that he and his charge should spend the night at the chateau. The Prince must be gotten off French ground without a moment's delay.

CHAPTER X.

The Promise.

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—and only one or two people in the world had heard that voice so full of tenderness. "I am hurting my son. But listen, Francis. It was the dearest wish of Pietro's father—it has been my dearest wish for years—that Alixe and Pietro should one day be married. It is that which would be the crown of a friendship forged in the fires of battlefields, tempered in the freezing starving snow fields of Russia, finished—I hope never finished for all eternity."

Francis, his head bent, his eyes on the general's hand which held his, answered very quietly. "I see," he said. "You would not take her from Pietro, who, I am sure, loves her?"

Francis looked up sharply, but the general did not notice. He spoke slowly. "I promised Pietro's father—the boy seemed to be out of breath—"to be Pietro's friend—always," he said.

The general smiled then and let the fingers go, and turned to the letter on the table before him. "Good!" he said. "You are always what I wish, Francis," and it was quite evident that the load was off his mind.

CHAPTER XI.

With All My Soul.

The general swung round to the lad. "Francis, this letter is about



Alixe Turned Sharply.

you." He tapped the rustling paper. "Pietro wants you to come to him as his secretary."

Francis's large eyes lifted to the general's face, inquiring, startled, childlike. "Pietro!" he said slowly. "I had not thought of that."

"Yet you know that Pietro was heart and soul in the plots of the Italian patriots?"

"Yes." "But you had not thought of going to help him fight?"

"No, my seigneur. I had thought only of the fight for which I must be ready here."

"This Italian business will be good practice," said the general, as a man of today might speak of a tennis tournament. "And you and Pietro will be enchanted to be together again."

Francis smiled, and something in the smile wrung the general's heart. "Francis, you are not going to be unhappy about little Alixe?"

Quickly Francis threw back, as if he had not heard the question, "My seigneur, I will go to Pietro; it will be the best thing possible—action and training, and good old Pietro for a comrade. My seigneur, may I go tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow!" The general was startled now. "A thousand thanks, but you are a sudden lad! Yet it will be no harder to give you up tomorrow than it would be next month. Yes, tomorrow, then, let it be."

Francis stood up, slim, young, alert and steady, yet somehow not as the boy who had come in to the general an hour before; more, perhaps, as a man who had been through a battle and come out very tired, with the noise of the fighting in his ears. "I will go to the farm tonight, my mother and my father. And this afternoon I will ride with Alixe, if you do not want me for the book, my seigneur—and if she will go. May I leave it to me to tell her?"

"Yes," agreed the general doubtfully. "But you will be careful not to—upset her, Francis?" "I will be careful."

A rushing mountain stream—white-felled in the falling, black-brown in the foam-flecked pools—tumbled, splashed, brawled down the mountain; the mountain hung over, shadowy; banks of fern held the rampant brook in chains of green. Alixe and Francis, riding slowly in the coolness of the road below, looked up and saw it all, familiar, beautiful, full of old associations.

"One misses Pietro," Francis said. "He always wanted to ride past the 'Trou du Gouverneur.'"

A Roman legend had given this name to the deep pool of the brook by the road; it was said that the cruel old governor had used it, two thousand years back, for drowning refractory peasants. Alixe gazed steadily at the dark murmuring water.

"Yes, one misses him. Is life like that, do you suppose, Francis? One grows up with people, and they get to be as much a part of living as the air, or one's hands—and then, suddenly, one is told that they are going away. And that ends it. One must do without air, without hands. What a world, Francis!"

"We are not meant to like it too much, I believe, Alixe," said Francis sulkily. "It is just in passing, this world, when you stop to consider. This is school, this life, I gather. My mother says it is not very important if one has a good seat in the school-room or a bad; if one sits near one's playmates or is sent to another corner, so long as one is a good child and works heartily at one's lessons, it is only for a day—and then we go home, where all that is made right. Not a bad idea of my mother's, is it, Alixe?"

"Your mother is a wonderful woman," Alixe answered thoughtfully. "She lives like that. She never let things trouble her, not even when your father lost everything. Did she, Francis?"

"No," said Francis. "She is one of the few people who know what the real things are and live in them. It is hard to do that. I can not. I care so bitterly for what I want. 'It is—Francis hesitated—"It is very hard for me to give up—what I want.' He stumbled over the words; his voice shook so that Alixe shifted in the saddle and looked at him inquiringly.

"Alixe—dear"—then Francis stopped. "You need not be afraid that I shall have more than Pietro," he began uncertainly. "For it is not going to be so. He will have what—what I would give my life for." Then he hurried on. "I see how it is," he said gently, "and you are right to care so loyally for Pietro. It is worth it."

"And you must never care less, Alixe—never forget him because he has gone away. He will come back." The boy spoke with effort, slowly, but Alixe was too much occupied with her own tumultuous thoughts to notice.

"He will surely come back and—belong to you more than ever. He will come back distinguished and covered with honors, perhaps, and then—and then—Alixe, do you see the chestnut tree at the corner that turns to the chateau? It is a good bit of soft rock—we will race to that tree—shall we? And then I will tell you something."

The horses raced merrily; Alixe sat close to the saddle with the light swinging seat, the delicate hand on the bridle, which were part of her perfect horsemanship, and over and over as he watched her ride Francis said to himself:

"I will give my happiness for the seigneur—I said it, and I will. I will be a friend to Pietro always—I said it, and I will."

Over and over the horses' flying feet pounded out that self-command, and at length the music of the multiplying hoof beats grew slower, and with tightening rein they drew in and stopped under the big chestnut. Alixe was laughing, exhilarated, lovely.

"Wasn't it a good race? Didn't quills instead of pens, as a common pen will not enter the holes bored for dipping. It is square, with a quill hole at each corner and a large one in the center for receiving the ink. The well is of stone, a queer composition which on first sight resembles flint or marble, but on closer examination it is found that it may be cut with a knife much the same as soapstone.

It is highly polished, nicely carved and is about three inches square and an inch and a half deep.—New York World.

An Improving World. A somewhat old-fashioned Bostonian who more than a score of years ago was very prominent in public life remarked recently: "I have observed with interest quite a change in the personal habits of men during the past 25 years. It used to be very common to see business and professional men, as well as those in public life and holding official positions, wearing silk hats and Prince Albert coats every day in the week, and if they smoked at all they smoked cigars. Nowadays silk hats are rarely seen on week days downtown, anyway, and cigarette smoking seems to be quite the thing. I do not think the new fashion is quite so dignified or manly as the old, but on the whole I am convinced the world is growing better all the time."

OWNED BY INFAMOUS TRAITOR Wisconsin Man Has Ink Well That Once Was the Property of Benedict Arnold. Among the possessions of F. A. Phillips, living at Casey Bluff, Wis., is an inkwell, said by the owner to date back to Revolutionary war times. The inkwell has been in the family since the time of the conflict of the American colonies against Great Britain. Mr. Phillips came into possession of the relic in 1864, it having been handed down to him by his father, and his father got it in turn from his grandfather, who captured it among other things at a little log cabin near West Point at about the time Benedict Arnold was figuring on the selling that strategic point to the British, but took French leave when he learned that the Colonial soldiers were after him. This ink well, it is stated by Mr. Phillips, is the one that furnished the ink for the document Arnold signed giving the British possession of West Point, and was found among other of Arnold's possessions after his hasty leave taking of the place where the documents were signed and sealed. It is supposed to have been made in England and brought to this country. It is an odd affair—it is made for

SULZER'S LEGAL FIGHT STARTED

Opens Proceedings to Regain Governorship.

TO GO TO U. S. SUPREME COURT

New York Supreme Court Orders the Comptroller to Show Why He Should Not Pay Impeached Official Full Salary.

Albany, N. Y.—William Sulzer instituted legal proceedings before Justice Alden Chester, of the Supreme Court, with the purpose of regaining the governorship, from which he was removed last October.

An order was issued by the court commanding Comptroller Sohmer to appear and show cause why a writ of mandamus, compelling him to pay the former governor his full salary as the occupant of that office, should not be issued. Mr. Sulzer previously had made a written demand on Mr. Sohmer for his salary.

When Attorney Carmody notified Justice Chester that he would oppose the granting of the writ, the court said it intended to refuse it as a matter of law, holding that the court of impeachment already had passed on the contentions of Mr. Sulzer.

An agreement then was made between the Attorney General and Col. Alexander S. Bacon, counsel for Mr. Sulzer, to facilitate the determination of the questions involved by the state courts. The Appellate Division will be asked to affirm Justice Chester's proposed order denying the granting of the writ and then the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals, where a similar request will be made. Thus Mr. Sulzer will be able to file his case in the Supreme Court, it is believed. Doubt is expressed, however, if a final decision can be obtained from the Supreme Court before the term of Governor Glynn, successor to Mr. Sulzer, shall have expired, on December 31, 1914.

The contentions raised by Mr. Sulzer were passed on fully by the court of impeachment. Chief among them are that the Assembly action in impeachment was illegal; that the court of impeachment was illegally organized; that six members of the court had no right to sit, and that the acts with which he was charged were committed before he took office.

This is the first proceeding instituted by Mr. Sulzer to test the validity of his removal from office. Two other actions have been started by residents of New York city, but the former governor has disclaimed all connection with them.

FIVE OF SIX CHILDREN PERISH.

Mother Makes Desperate Attempts To Rescue Family.

Ashland, Maine—Five of the six children of Joseph Smart, a lumberman, were burned to death when their house at Eagle Lake was destroyed by fire. Smart was away from home at the time. The mother, who slept on the ground floor with a daughter, made a desperate effort to save the other children, who occupied beds on the second floor. Driven from the house by the flames, Mrs. Smart climbed to the roof of a shed adjoining and with her bare hands broke the glass in the windows of the rooms where the other children were, but was unable to reach them. Neighbors later found her unconscious from exposure, and she will probably die. She was badly cut by glass and protected only by her night gown from a temperature far below zero.

KNEE KNOT LATEST FAD.

New Fashion Introduced By Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

Washington—Mrs. Nicholas Longworth has introduced a new fashion fad in the knee knot which she is wearing on most of her gowns. The knot is copied by the leading women of the Democracy. It consists of a huge bow of ribbon with many loops which catches her draped skirt into a bunch at her left knee. Mrs. Longworth is wearing black for her grandmother, but her gowns are the latest fashion, smart and becoming.

GEN. FELIX DIAZ FEARS ATTACK.

Comes to New York From Havana. Deprecates Intervention.

New York—Felix Diaz, who helped bring about the downfall of Madero, but later had to flee from Mexico for his life, arrived here from Havana. He declared that he had no intention of allying himself with Carranza and Villa and declined to discuss what plans, if any, he had for regaining the power he once had in Mexico.

POISONED BY SOUSED MEAT.

Nineteen Persons Under Treatment At Mountain Creek, Ala.

Birmingham, Ala.—Nineteen persons, declared to have been poisoned by eating "soused meat," were under the care of physicians at Mountain Creek, a small town near here. Several traveling salesmen, to whom the meat was served at a hotel, are among those affected.

WILL GO TO KING GEORGE.

Mrs. Pankhurst To Head Deputation Of Militants.

London—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette leader, will personally head a deputation which the Women's Social and Political Union purposes to send to interview King George. Mrs. Dacre-Fox added that Mrs. Pankhurst would be accompanied by her bodyguard. The leader will first write a letter to King George and subsequently proceed to the place she has appointed to meet His Majesty.