

The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Newburg, is made... CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Saint-Cyr, with clever imitations of the few people whom he had seen about the castle, Battista's gruffness and mangled German words, and the snuffling mixed with grandiloquence of one of the guards; finally he grew daring and imitated the governor's superior officer who had visited the prison six months ago and had seen Francis among the others.

blackness of midnight and found himself ready. He groped his way to the shed he had seen from the governor's window; with his old boyish agility he scrambled up its sloping roof and felt for the coping he had noticed—the coping wide enough for a man's foot; he had found it; he had found a water pipe above to help him stand on it; he was on the coping, face flat to the wall, working his way with infinite delicate care to the window of the governor.

le, but only a little, for they were carefully wrapped in the bit of oilskin in which they had come. He unfolded the letter. "If you will press the lower corner on the left-hand side," Pietro said—"the lower corner!" And he had been concentrating all his efforts, all his despair, on the upper corner. When it is a question of life and death a man is superhumanly strong and quick sometimes, but he is also sometimes forgetful. It is an exciting and confusing thing, likely, to be working for life and liberty after five years of imprisonment. Francis pushed the lower left-hand corner and like magic the great block above swung out. With his lighted candle end in his hand he slipped through and turned and swung back the door into place and turned again and faced blackness. Narrow, low, cold blackness. Quickly enough, however, with good courage, with his heart thumping out a song of hope, which he had kept down sternly till now, he walked, at times stooping low as he must because of the descent, down the secret road of the old Zappia. His candle held forward, he could see a few feet ahead, but all he could see was huge blocks of rough stone, green with mold, water dripping between them. The air he breathed was heavy and thick; through his wet clothes he felt a chill as of the grave. But what mattered the road, when the road led to freedom?

than his uncle; he knew enough to detest the Austrians and to have a keen sympathy for the long, heroic, losing fight—so far losing—of those devoted men who were counting their lives as nothing for a united Italy. The scheme of helping to rescue a prisoner out of an Austrian fortress was an adventure such as made his eyes dance. Mr. Hampton was twenty-one and full of romance, romance as yet ungratified. So, Pietro told Francis, this long explanation over, the Lovely Lucy was anchored at an unimportant island outside the port for which they were bound, and Francis and the others were to go on board and set sail promptly for some port of France.

There the general, Allice, Pietro and little Battista were to be put ashore, and Francis was to sail across to Virginia with Mr. Hampton and take possession for Pietro of his American estates. Francis, lying in bed with his eyes glowing like lanterns, listened. But as his friend finished he broke out with a sharp pain in his voice. "Pietro! I want to see my mother." And Pietro was silent, laying a quiet hand over the unsteady one. Without a word he sat so and let the sick man think. The line of red which came into the pale cheeks told that he was thinking intensely, and at last, with a shivering sigh which went to the other's heart: "You are right, Pietro," he said. "It is a wonderful plan for a broken man. It is like you to do everything right without a word said. The sea voyage, the healthy life in Virginia—that ought to make a man of me again soon, ought it not, Pietro?" Pietro could not speak as he looked at the wrecked figure, but he nodded cheerfully. "As for your place, I'll have that in order in a month, and in a year it will be a model for Virginia; and then I'll come home."

Too insignificant. Young Mr. Ellis was very much in love, and one evening he determined to ask the momentous question. "It occurs to me, Agnes," he began, "that in the relations which will some days exist between us the thought of—er—money might assume undue proportions. I should hate to think that any discussion as to my salary would give rise to any painful scenes." "Believe me, Alan," said the girl, "that never, under any circumstances, would I allow such a little thing as that to come between us."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

This is the wine-cellar of the castle, which opens from the governor's room—in old times always the room of the lord—in that wine-cellar, on the north wall, is a square block of stone projecting slightly beyond the wall. If you press the lower corner on the left-hand side, of the stone under this, the big stone above will swing out and show an opening large enough for a man to pass. Going through, you close the door by pressing the same stone, and you will find yourself in an underground passage which leads straight half a mile through the earth to Riders' Hollow. The passage is five hundred years old and only the family of the Zappia have ever known of it. I went through it once in my boyhood with my father, and it was in perfect condition, so I believe it will be now. It was built with solidity—as one may believe, for if the old Zappia wanted it at all they wanted it in working order. Your part will be difficult, Francis, but I believe you can do it. You will have to get the key of the wine-cellar, or else force the lock. Can you do that? It is necessary to do it. Francis, for we cannot get on without you, and we shall from now live only to set you free. I send you something which may be useful."

At last he was taken upstairs between them, leaning on them limply; at last his door clanged shut; he listened to the footsteps of the two dying away down the stone hall, down the staircase; then swiftly he drew out the file and the letters from his mattress; he hid the papers, wrapped tight in their oilskin cover, in his coat lining; he set to work with the file to finish iron bars already three-quarters filed through. That was done and with fingers that seemed to work as fast, as intelligently as his brain, he tore the bedclothes into stout strips and tied them together with square knots which would not slip, and tied knots in the line at intervals of a few feet which might keep a man's fingers from slipping. He had to guess how long the rope must be, but the bedclothes were all used and the rope was many yards—it must serve. He put the file, with two candle ends which he had saved, in his pocket; he made one end of the strip fast to an untouched iron bar of his window; he weighted the other end, then he looked about a moment, half to see if all of his small resources had been remembered, half in a glance of farewell to a place where he had passed hours never to be forgotten.

stood quiet till his eyes had grown accustomed to the shadows, and then they searched about quickly. Ah! there they were, the governor's clothes. On a chair by his bed. With wary steps he stole across. He lifted off one or two things and suddenly there was a jingle. "Ah!" growled the governor and flung out his hand, and the snore came to a full stop. The hand searched the darkness a second; all but touched that of Francis, then fell limply, the head turned away, with a deep sigh. Like a statue Francis stood, frozen to the floor, and dared not look at the figure stirring in the bed, for fear his gaze might awake the sleeper. For he slept; the sound of the keys had only jarred some chord in his uneasy dream. Long minutes after the snoring was in full progress again Francis waited, and then with careful fingers he clasped the entire bunch of keys softly and carried them into the next room. There was a low light there, on the writing-table. Francis slipped the thin, old, brass key which he knew off from the bunch; he glanced about quickly and found the flint and steel on his table and put them in his pocket; he took down that small saber, with its well-polished scabbard, and buckled it about himself; then a thought came to him: A sheet of paper lay on the governor's writing-table; as if he had been about to write a letter; pen and ink were ready. The prisoner dropped into the governor's chair and wrote: "My dear count, I cannot run away without leaving a good-by for you and a word of thanks for the kindness you have shown me. Be sure I shall not forget our evenings together and shall be glad when I hear of your promotion, as I am sure I shall hear. I heartily hope I am not going to make trouble for you. But I have to go—you will understand that. With a thousand thanks again I am, count, your grateful prisoner—Francis Beaupre."

Suddenly it came to him that the passage might be blocked. It was years since Pietro had been through it; some of the stones might have fallen—it would take very little to close so narrow a way. With an anxiety which was physical pain, with breathless eagerness now, he hurried on. He had to stop to light his second candle; again he hurried on. Would the end never come? Was any mistake possible? With that he stumbled against something and fell, and the candle flew from his hand and was put out; with a hoarse groan he threw out an arm to steady himself, to rise; his hand went through a yielding, prickly mass; a glimmer came in past it—light—the end! Pushing, crashing, staggering through, he came into a strange place. It was as if a giant had taken a huge spoon and scooped out the top of the earth deep, very deep. All of this great hollow was filled with trees and tangled undergrowth. It was full of vague shadows in the glimmer of the earliest dawn. Francis, standing there sobbing, ghastly with paleness, with matted hair and wild-staring eyes and gasping mouth and wet torn clothes, was a fit demon for the haunted spot. He saw nothing, no one; with that there was a soft snapping of twigs and a movement in the darkness farthest from him; a movement toward him. Tittering he crawled to meet it; in another second the shadows had shaped into figures—a peasant boy on a horse, leading another horse. Then he stood close to them, and the boy, leaning over without a word put something into his hand, and Francis, swaying with exhaustion, saw that it was a flask. He took a long swallow of cognac and his chilled blood leaped, and with that he had caught the bridle from the lad and was in the saddle. In the shadows of trees, in a lonely lane, the peasant boy stopped his horse suddenly and made a short gesture toward the flask sticking out of Francis' coat pocket. His strength was going again; it was exactly the right moment. Another swallow of brandy and he rode on with fresh courage. But something in the gesture of the peasant boy; something about his seat in the saddle, about the touch of his hands on the rein, gave Francis a curious undefined shock. In the growing daylight he turned toward the silent rider. The coat collar was up and the broad-brimmed soft hat drawn down. The slim figure, outlined against the cool pink vastness of the morning sky was clad like an ordinary young peasant—yet! There was a poise, sure grace, which seemed unlike a peasant, which seemed like— "Have we far to go?" Francis demanded suddenly in French. The head turned swiftly; black exaggerated lashes lifted and under them were the blue eyes he knew. "Allice."

So the matter stood when the big little Battista had brought Francis' letter to Viqueux. And when Allice had appealed to him to take Francis' liberation on his shoulders, with the thought of the secret passage and the vaguely outlined plan of escape had come to him the recollection of Colonel Hampton's letter and the long sea voyage to Virginia. So when Mr. Henry Hampton landed at Calais, a tall and very handsome and very silent young man took quiet possession of him and told him that he was the Marquis Zappi and that Mr. Hampton was to go with him to the chateau of Viqueux in the Jura. There was a certain gentle force about this young marquis which made opposition to his expressed wish something like banging one's head against a stone wall. Mr. Henry Hampton had planned going direct to Paris, but he went to Viqueux. And on the journey down the Marquis Zappi opened out a plan which richly rewarded him for his pliability. Mr. Hampton had some clearer ideas on Italian politics

Accounted For. "It seems strange to me that so many operations are said now to be absolutely necessary." "Of course they are. Don't doctors have to live?" Defined. "What are your sons doing at present?" "One of 'em's up to New York practice law and the other's right here at home makin' a livin'." Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv. The Sort. "What breed of dogs would you suggest to guard the benyard?" "Setters." A food for sore lungs, Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Cure coughs, by relieving the soreness—See at Drug Stores. Some men wait for things to turn up, and some others turn them up while they wait.

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He Cried It Out Loud, Reckless.

Must Drop, Whatever Happened. clear, so he unwillingly let go the great advantage of his own presence in the governor's room, so the scene of action, and planned to escape. With infinite forethought, his eye to every contingency, he planned, and when he noticed some two days later that about von Gersdorf wished him to go with him that night, Francis' face leaped madly but exultantly, for he was ready. He had the young Frenchman more entertaining, more winning than tonight, but the excitement of what was before him made most of the question to eat Count's dinner. As before, the prescribed old wine was a tonic, and Francis had to get it. But when there were three bottles left up—the count was preparing to drink hard. And Francis had some of it in not drinking with him; but with a dance or two out of the repertoire of the Jura, with the drill of an awkward squad at

CHAPTER XVIII. The Peasant Guide. He flashed out the saber and desperately he slid it this way and that about the great stone, trying to find a crack, something to loosen, something that would give. And while he worked in a fever, in a chill, he remembered Pietro's letter. Then he set down the candle end on a shelf and with trembling fingers drew off his coat and drew out the hidden papers. The wet from his bath in the water-but had stained them a lit-

tle, but only a little, for they were carefully wrapped in the bit of oilskin in which they had come. He unfolded the letter. "If you will press the lower corner on the left-hand side," Pietro said—"the lower corner!" And he had been concentrating all his efforts, all his despair, on the upper corner. When it is a question of life and death a man is superhumanly strong and quick sometimes, but he is also sometimes forgetful. It is an exciting and confusing thing, likely, to be working for life and liberty after five years of imprisonment. Francis pushed the lower left-hand corner and like magic the great block above swung out. With his lighted candle end in his hand he slipped through and turned and swung back the door into place and turned again and faced blackness. Narrow, low, cold blackness. Quickly enough, however, with good courage, with his heart thumping out a song of hope, which he had kept down sternly till now, he walked, at times stooping low as he must because of the descent, down the secret road of the old Zappia. His candle held forward, he could see a few feet ahead, but all he could see was huge blocks of rough stone, green with mold, water dripping between them. The air he breathed was heavy and thick; through his wet clothes he felt a chill as of the grave. But what mattered the road, when the road led to freedom? Suddenly it came to him that the passage might be blocked. It was years since Pietro had been through it; some of the stones might have fallen—it would take very little to close so narrow a way. With an anxiety which was physical pain, with breathless eagerness now, he hurried on. He had to stop to light his second candle; again he hurried on. Would the end never come? Was any mistake possible? With that he stumbled against something and fell, and the candle flew from his hand and was put out; with a hoarse groan he threw out an arm to steady himself, to rise; his hand went through a yielding, prickly mass; a glimmer came in past it—light—the end! Pushing, crashing, staggering through, he came into a strange place. It was as if a giant had taken a huge spoon and scooped out the top of the earth deep, very deep. All of this great hollow was filled with trees and tangled undergrowth. It was full of vague shadows in the glimmer of the earliest dawn. Francis, standing there sobbing, ghastly with paleness, with matted hair and wild-staring eyes and gasping mouth and wet torn clothes, was a fit demon for the haunted spot. He saw nothing, no one; with that there was a soft snapping of twigs and a movement in the darkness farthest from him; a movement toward him. Tittering he crawled to meet it; in another second the shadows had shaped into figures—a peasant boy on a horse, leading another horse. Then he stood close to them, and the boy, leaning over without a word put something into his hand, and Francis, swaying with exhaustion, saw that it was a flask. He took a long swallow of cognac and his chilled blood leaped, and with that he had caught the bridle from the lad and was in the saddle. In the shadows of trees, in a lonely lane, the peasant boy stopped his horse suddenly and made a short gesture toward the flask sticking out of Francis' coat pocket. His strength was going again; it was exactly the right moment. Another swallow of brandy and he rode on with fresh courage. But something in the gesture of the peasant boy; something about his seat in the saddle, about the touch of his hands on the rein, gave Francis a curious undefined shock. In the growing daylight he turned toward the silent rider. The coat collar was up and the broad-brimmed soft hat drawn down. The slim figure, outlined against the cool pink vastness of the morning sky was clad like an ordinary young peasant—yet! There was a poise, sure grace, which seemed unlike a peasant, which seemed like— "Have we far to go?" Francis demanded suddenly in French. The head turned swiftly; black exaggerated lashes lifted and under them were the blue eyes he knew. "Allice."

He cried it out loud, reckless, forgetting everything. But she did not forget. In an instant her hand was on his mouth, and she was whispering in terror. "Francis, dear Francis, be careful. We are not safe yet. We have a village to ride through—see, there is a house. It is almost time for them to be awake. Ride fast. It is two miles yet." They were racing again over the soft ground, the horses' unshed feet making little noise, and Francis' heart was playing mad music. No need now of cognac. Then they were galloping down the sand of a lonely beach, and with that there was a little group of people and a boat drawn up; and they had pulled in the horses, and Francis felt himself lifted off like a child and lying like a very little, worn-out child in the general's arms, and the general was crying, swearing, hugging him without shame. Pietro was there; Pietro was rubbing the thin hands in a futile useless sort of way, and holding them by turns to his face. Allice, her peasant hat off now, bent over them, lovelier than ever before, not minding her boy's dress, and smiled at him, wordless. There was a huge man also who took the horses, and Francis wondered if he had heard right that Allice called him "little Battista." Wondering very much at everything, the voices grew far away and the faces uncertain, and he decided that it was without doubt a dream and that Battista would unlock

MAN'S LOVE FOR THE DOG. Strong Spirit of Affection That Binds Them Together Has Long Been a Matter of Note. The day before I reached Chitna I met a trapper carrying five little puppies in his back. He had the mother dog with him in good condition. He had been three days (two of them without any food) making 12 miles rather than sacrifice these dogs and he had frozen his feet and hands so badly as a result that I am afraid he was bound to lose some of his fingers and toes. I like to think that I finished my 1,000-mile trip in 21 days with the same five dogs with which I started, and that not one of them had even a sore foot during the entire journey. In fact, before I started Pyriak had cut his hind foot, which made it necessary to mucklock it, but when I finished my journey he was in better condition than at first. Not once during the whole way did I sit on the sled; I pushed it for at least 500 miles and ran beside it for another 300. Running became such a habit that when I got to Cordova and started to go down the street I found myself unconsciously running. I really had to learn to walk from the beginning all over again. Real Feminine Power. "So you don't approve of those I London and fragrances?" "I don't know much about them," replied Miss Cayenne, "but I can't help feeling that a woman who can't subdue a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure." I had several chances to sell

them, but I could not think of doing so. When I boarded the boat at Valdez, where I left two of my dogs, my leader, Pyriak, tried to get up the gangplank after me, but when they would not let him he stood there until the boat pulled out, whining as much as to say, "How can you desert me now?"—Lieut. George P. Waugh in World's Work. Timely Admission. The death of a child as a result of its clothing catching fire from an open grate has moved Coroner Jamison to admonish parents that the safety of their loved one is imperiled by the tolerance in homes of unscrupled grates and gas stoves. Year after year the advent of cold weather has marked the beginning of a long list of fire fatalities, probably the most agonizing form of death, and yet, in spite of such warnings, the unscrupled grate is the exception and not the rule. In the months of January and February of the present year no less than 22 children were burned to death as a result of the use of open coal and gas grates, and during the year many women have met a similar fate.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph. The R. & B. Mfg. Co. 61 Fleet Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Correspondence of dealers solicited.

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