

The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
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SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant lad of three years, after an amusing incident in which he saved the Emperor's life, is made a Count of France by the Emperor Napoleon. In the course of the Emperor's reign, the Emperor had been obliged 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 Francois meets a stranger who is introduced to him as the Emperor's brother, General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with his wife, the seven-year-old daughter, lives at the chateau of Vaucouleurs. Francois is taken to the chateau and lives with the Emperor's brother and his wife and children with stories of his campaigns.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Tien! We will play again for another bottle," he announced with a bit of swagger. He was conscious of a right to spend silver in treating his friends, with that fat purse in his pocket.

"No," spoke the stranger—Duplessis, he had said his name was. "No. I have drunk enough. However, if you feel sensitive at taking the small sum of money at my hands—it is a good game—La rams—let us play for the franc which the bottle would cost. Eh bien?"

Again they played, this time doubling the amount, and again Francois gained and again again, till he felt ashamed in carrying away all this money of a new acquaintance, and at the same time a cock-sureness that so lucky a devil as Beaupre might well lose a little and stop at the right amount. The excitement of cards and excitement of wine met in a heady mixture. Duplessis drank little, though Francois urged it on him. The luck began to change; now and then the stranger won, now and then Beaupre, yet more often now the stranger, till at length Francois was playing not with the desire to lose, but with a hope to gain back something at least of the considerable sum which he had lost. Before this he had gone into his pocket and brought out that honorable nine hundred francs, and had thrown one louis after another on the black table, and lost one after another. Yet his confidence was still strong—luck would turn—this was his lucky day. And now he would not regret carrying away the stranger's money. He began to feel a fierce eagerness to get the better of this antagonist became so formidable. And a horrible nervousness was creeping over him at the dim vision of a thought—a thought kept resolutely on the confines of his consciousness, yet persistently pushing forward—the thought that it might be that he could not win the money back.



The Little Figure Had Sprung Up, and Stood, Threatening.

of joy come down; then it flashed to his mind that this dazzling gift had a price. With a whole soul Francois cast away the brilliant dream and hardily felt an effort.

"I thank you a thousand times, my seigneur," he answered with decision. "I cannot go with you. I must stay and work for my father and my mother."

There was silence for a minute in the sunshiny garden; the children had wandered away; the men did not speak; one heard only the more Lisette whom Francois held, who stamped her light forehead and whined impatiently. Then the general's grave voice sounded, more gravely than ever.

"Francois Beaupre, you own a fine lad," he threw at the drooping peasant. "I would like to have him for mine. Since I cannot, I shall try at least to be his friend. Monsieur the Marshal, it must be as you say. But come to see me at the chateau soon. I shall have things to talk over with you."

On a morning Francois was busy at the new garden, digging beds for the plants which the neighbors had eagerly given them, and which, put in the ground now, in the autumn, would rise above them in brightness next spring. Into this contentment came, galloping gloriously, hoof beats of a horse. The busy spade, several sizes too big, stopped, and Francois leaned his chin on the handle, the boy out of drawing for the tool. The general stopped, which was a heavenly surprise to Francois each time that it happened.

"Good morning, marshal. Will you ask your mother if I may speak to her?"

"Mother, mother, the seigneur wishes you," Francois whispered piercingly, but Claire was already on the little front walk by the new garden.

In a moment she stood at the gate in her fresh calico dress, with a white fichu over her head, and the big man towered and growled sentences friendly. Then the general trotted with jingling stirrup down the village street and Claire stood with eyes following for a moment.

"What did the seigneur say, my mother?" Francois demanded. "Did he say I might come to the chateau tomorrow? May I? Am I to know what the general said, my mother?"

After his father came home to dinner he knew. He was to go each morning to the chateau and do work in copying for the general. The general was writing a book, nothing less than a history of Napoleon himself. The boy's great dreamy eyes gazed.

So the little lad, in his clean, patched, peasant clothes, went up to the chateau the next morning serious and important, and was given a table and a corner in the library and words to copy which thrilled his soul.

Often the general talked to him. "Eh bien, there, the marshal!" would come thundering from the great table across the room; and the scribe would drop his pen and scuttle over the dim wide place.

"Yes, Monsieur the Seigneur. I am here."

"Listen then, my soldier. I am uncertain if this that I have written is of importance. It is interesting to me, because Gaspard Gourgaud was there, yet I do not wish to ram Gaspard Gourgaud down a reader's throat."

Francois squatted on a stool exactly in front of the general, with his knees together and his elbows on them, his chin in the hollow of his hands. His eyes were glued on the general's face. In a deep voice the general read, it was an account of that world-tragedy, the retreat from Moscow. First came a list of regiments and of officers, with detailed accounts of early service, with both; it was exact, accurate. For five minutes the general read this; then his black eyebrows lifted and he glared over the paper.

"You find it interesting?" he demanded.

Francois, lips compressed, shook his head firmly. "No, my Seigneur. Not at all."

"I agree with you," the general said, and sorted the papers over and laid some away. Selecting a sheet or two, he began to read again.

"Over the frozen roads the worn army still trudged; every form of misery trudged with them. Hunger was there, and cold, and suffering of wounds, and suffering of lack of clothing; more than this, there was the constant dread of attack from flying bands of Cossacks. From time to time frightful explosions made one turn one's head—it was the caissons exploded by order of the Emperor that they might no longer encumber us. The snow fell. The Emperor marched on foot with his staff in hand, wrapped in a large loose cloak, a furred Russian cap on his head, he walked in the midst of his household, encouraging with a word, with a smile, every one who came near him."

"There were many adventures which showed the souls of men shining through the nightmare of this horrible time. Many noble deeds were done, many heartbreaking ones. One which was both happened to me. There was an Italian officer in the corps under Prince Eugene, who had been my comrade when I was on the staff of Lannes; his name was Zappi—the Marquis Zappi. On the day after the dreadful passing of the Beresina River, I suddenly felt my strength go—I could walk no longer. A sick loathing seized me, and I groaned and dragged my heavy feet forward, to stay, with my friends even a few steps more. And with that an arm was around me suddenly, and I heard Zappi's quiet voice.

"Keep up your courage, comrade; we are going to see our homes yet," he said. "I shall take care of you. Look—and I looked, and he had a sledge with fur robes on it. I never knew where he got it—from some deserted Russian house, I suppose. He put me on the sledge and wrapped me in the furs and gave me brandy from his flask. For Zappi had done a clever thing. He had made a bargain with some Jesuits near Polotsk, where he had camped for a while, that his men should cut and beat the wheat necessary on condition that he should have a part of the brandy for them. He had kept some of his share yet, and it saved my life that day, the brandy of the monks of Polotsk."

"There was a thick fog several days later, and out of it, and out of the wood we must pass, rushed with wild cries a cloud of mounted Cossacks across the road within twenty paces of the Emperor himself. But General Rapp dashed forward at the head of two mounted squadrons of chassours

and grenadiers of the guard who always followed the Emperor, and the Cossacks were put to flight. I was in charge; I was serving temporarily in the place of one of Rapp's officers, because, on account of my late weakness, it was thought well that I should be on horseback. So it happened that, as the skirmish finished, I saw coming toward me a figure in a furred coat and cap, brandishing a Cossack lance—rushing toward the Emperor. I dashed down on the mad Cossack, as I thought him, and passed my great sabre through his body. And the man fell, and as he fell the fur cap went off and he groaned and looked up at me with dying eyes—it was Zappi."

"Ah!" The little figure had sprung up and stood, fists clenched, threatening. One would have thought it was this second that the general had saved Zappi.

"May I live a moment?" the general inquired. "Till I explain. Zappi did not die."

"Ah!" again. And Francois sank relieved on the stool, yet with stern eyes still on the general's face. The general laid the papers aside.

"Not he. He had seized the lance from a Russian whom he had killed—it was most imprudent, especially in the dress he wore, which did not show the French uniform underneath. It was my turn then to play nurse. He was placed in one of the carriages of the Emperor, and I cared for him as my own brother, and he came through it all, and went back to Italy, to his home."

The general's deep-set eyes were gazing now above Francois' head out through the narrow window where the boy's table stood, across the mountain slope to the blue distance.

"Alessandro, my friend," he spoke in his gruff tones, yet softly, "shall we see each other again? So close through that black time, so far apart now in the peace of our homes! Those warm hands which cared for me when

I was freezing and dying in Russia—I shall touch them perhaps never again, never again!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Crown of Friendship.

In the claw-footed, carved, old mahogany desk of a Virginia house, in a drawer where are packets of yellowed letters tied up and labeled, is a letter written years later, referring to that earlier time in France. Perhaps this is the chronicle of Francois Beaupre could not be told so vividly as in these words of Francois written from his prison. He begins with the account of an adventure, of a ride for life.

"So, dear Alixe," he finishes this— "dows down the poor horse, and over his head I spun into the ditch with a bump on the skull which dazed me. And when I came to there were the heavy Austrians around me, gapping to see the Prince. And only Francois Beaupre to see, which they found out pretty promptly, as I have told you before, and also how I defied them."

"In a great danger they say one thinks more clearly than usual—one's mind works with smoothness and at leisure. It was so during that ride, for I followed out as I dashed along, hearing the shouts of the men back of me, the whole train of circumstances from one of those mornings with Coq in the park, to this adventure of life and death. It was the morning—you will know before I say it—when Jean Philippe Moison, in his lovely purple clothes, came mincing down the graveled drive, as if afraid of spoiling his good shoes—and I think he was—to the seigneur, who taught us to ride Coq. Do you remember how your father thundered at him?"

"A strange monsieur to see me? Impossible! I am engaged. Tell him I will not see him."

"And Jean Philippe smiling, for all of them understood the seigneur, and saying gently, 'Yes, my Seigneur,' turned away with the message. And your father shouted after him:

"Stop! Come back here! What do you mean by that? Bring the monsieur to me.' And the purple clothes disappeared and appeared again in a few minutes gleaming in the sun against the gray old walls—I can see it all now, Alixe—like a large violet blossom of a strange flower. And behind Jean-Philippe was a tall man in a long traveling cloak, and behind him a tall little boy. And as they came the seigneur turned to go to meet them, and stopped and stared. And I, holding Coq's bridle, watched curiously, because of the other child, and we saw how the seigneur suddenly began to shake as if ill, and then with a hoarse shout rushed to the tall man and threw his arms about him and held him, and sobbed aloud. That was a strange thing to see the seigneur do, and I never forgot it. And to think that the child who stood there, shy and unknown, was Pietro! It seems unreasonable that ever there was a time when you and Pietro and I did not know one another well."

"As I rode that day, with the Austrians after me, I thought out the whole chain of events; how Pietro had come and had stayed while his father, the marquis, went to America, and had fitted into our life and become dear to us, the big, beautiful, silent lad. And how then, because of the death of the marquis, Pietro had come under the charge of your father, the seigneur, and how he and I went away together to the military school, always more and more like brothers and—all the rest. I need not recite those things to you, yet I like to do it. My thoughts, in that wild dangerous moment, seemed to go in detail through all, from the morning that the Marquis Zappi arrived with his little son at the chateau, through the ten years of our life together, to my coming into Italy as his secretary—and from that, by a rapid step, to this castle prison."

The rest of the letter belongs to a later part of the story. That little Pietro Zappi should be led into the narrative by the hand of his closest friend was the object for which the letter was introduced, and that accomplished, the course of history bends back to the quiet Valley of Delesmontes and the children growing up under the shadows of the castle towers.

The general, sitting in his library the morning after the arrival chronicled in the quoted letter, stared at his old friend from under his heavy brows as if trying vigorously to convince himself of his presence. The marquis, an Italian of North Italy, tall and proud and quiet, had the air more of a student than of a soldier. A little the air, also, of an invalid, for he stooped and walked languidly, and a cough caught him at times. He was talking, on that morning in the library, while the general listened; it was not the usual order of things.

"So you see, Gaspard," the marquis went on in his quiet reticent way, "that I have believed in our old friendship. I have taken for granted a welcome for my boy—I could not have done it with another man. The voyage to America and my stay there will last, it may be a year. I have brought Pietro to leave him with you if you will have him."

This old officer of Napoleon had, after all his battles and killings, the simplicity and the heart of his own little girl. But he cleared his throat hurriedly with a bravado of carelessness, and before the marquis could do more than smile at him wistfully, he went on:

"It is all settled; there was no need of a word; Pietro is my son till you

claim him from me, and glad enough I am to get him for as long as I may. I have a lien on a very good manner of boy already, young Francois Beaupre, whom I wished to adopt, but the lad would not give up his parents. And that makes me more eager for another. They will play better together and work better together, and they will be a good brace of brothers for my Alixe."

"Your Alixe," the marquis spoke reflectively. "She is a charming person, that little woman of yours."

"Alessandro, shall I tell you what flashed into my head before you and Pietro had been here an hour?"

"What then?"

"I saw the children—your boy and my girl—together as if lifelong playmates over the big books in the window-seat there, and it came to me that it would be a joy to crown one's life if—later on— He stopped and

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SWEEPSTAKE UPON SWEEPSTAKE

CANADA ADDING OTHERS TO ITS SERIES OF VICTORIES.

A Manitoba Steer Carries Off Similar Honors to Those Won by a Half-Brother in 1912.

When Glencarnock I, the Aberdeen-Angus steer, owned by Mr. McGregor of Brandon, Manitoba, carried off the sweepstakes at the Chicago Live Stock Show in 1912, it was considered to be a great victory for barley, oats and grass versus corn. So that there might be no doubt of the superiority of barley feeding, Manitoba climate, and judgment in selecting the animal, Mr. McGregor placed in competition in 1913, another Aberdeen-Angus, a half-brother to the animal that won last year, and secured a second victory in the second year. In other classes he had excellent winnings, but the big victory was the sweepstakes for the best steer. This victory proved that Manitoba-grown barley and oats, and prairie hay, had properties better than any contained in corn, which in the past has been looked upon as being superior to other grains in fattening and finishing qualities. Not only this, but Glencarnock's victory proves that the climate of the prairie provinces of western Canada, in combination with rich foods that are possessed by that country, tends to make cattle raising a success at little cost.

Other winnings at the live stock show which placed western Canada in the class of big victories were: Three firsts, seven seconds, and five other prizes in Clydesdales.

The winners, Bryce, Taber, Sutherland, Sinton, Mutch, McLean, Haggerty, Leckie and the University of Saskatchewan are like family names in Saskatchewan. Each one had "the goods" that won honor to himself and combined made a name and record for Saskatchewan.

Look at the recent victories won by western Canada within the past three years.

In February, 1911, Hill & Sons of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, showed a peck of oats at the National Corn Exposition, held at Columbus, Ohio, and carried off the Colorado silver trophy, valued at \$1,500.

In February, 1913, the same men, father and son, had a similar victory at Columbia, N. C., and should they win in 1914 at Dallas, Texas, they will own the trophy.

In 1911, Seager Wheeler of Rosthern won \$1,000 in gold at the New York Land Show for the best 100 pounds of wheat.

In 1912 at the Dry Farming Congress at Lethbridge, Alberta, Mr. Holmes of Cardston won the \$2,500 Rumley engine for best wheat in the world.

In 1913 at the Dry Farming Congress, held at Tulsa, Okla., Mr. P. Gerlack of Allen, Saskatchewan, carried off the honors and a threshing machine for the best bushel of wheat shown in competition with the world.

In 1913 at the International Dry Farming Congress at Tulsa, Okla., Canada won the majority of the world's honors in individual classes, and seven out of the sixteen sweepstakes, including the grand prize for the best bushel of hard wheat.

The grand prize, a threshing machine, was won by Paul Gerlack for best bushel of hard wheat, which weighed 71 pounds to the bushel, and was of the Marquis variety.

In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlack is to be congratulated, as well as the province of Saskatchewan, and western Canada as a whole, for the great success that has been achieved in both grain and cattle.

Other prizes at the same place were:

Best peck of barley, Nicholas Tetmer, Claresholm, Alberta.

Best peck of oats, E. J. Lanigan, Elfrass, Saskatchewan.

Best bushel of flax, John Plews, Carnduff, Saskatchewan.

Best sheaf of barley, A. H. Crossman, Kindersley, Saskatchewan.

Best sheaf of oats, R. C. West, Kindersley, Saskatchewan.

Best sheaf of oats, Arthur Perry, Cardston, Alberta.

In district exhibits, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, won the Board of Trade Award, with Maple Creek second.

Other exhibitors and winners were: Red Fire spring wheat, E. A. Fredrick, Maple Creek.

Other variety of hard spring wheat, S. Englehart, Abernethy, Sask.

Black oats, Alex Wooley, Horton, Alta.

Western rye grass, W. S. Creighton, Stalwart, Sask.

Sheaf of Red Fire wheat, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

Sheaf of Marquis wheat, C. N. Carney, Dysart, Sask.

Oats, any other variety, Wm. S. Simpson, Pambrun, Sask.

Two-rowed barley, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

Six-rowed barley, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

Western rye grass—Arthur Perry, Cardston, Alta.

Alsike clover, Seager Wheeler, Rosthern, Sask.—Advertisement.

A Wise Youth.

"I have temperament," simpered the girl.

"Then you are destined for a man who is earning 25 pence a week," responded the young man, reaching for his hat.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Same Early Hours.

Mrs. Outlate—What time of night is it?

Outlate—Shame time I used to go home when I was courtin' you!

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

The best of plans fall out, and the best of friends get married.

A smart woman can learn things from a man that doesn't even know.

The Preacher—Do you know where little boys go who fish on Sunday?

The Kid—Yes, sir; all us kids around here go down ter Smylie's crick below the bridge.—Brooklyn Life.

Much Power in Suggestion.

Extends to the Curing of Physical Ills if One Will Persevere in Treatment.

By the method known as "suggestion," it is possible (according to a medical writer) not only to perform the simple experiment of waking oneself at a given hour in the morning, but also to banish all minor physical ailments and even to correct faults in the character.

Just as in the first instance the experimenter before going to sleep at night makes a mental request to himself that he shall awake at a certain time on the following morning, so in more important matters he suggests to himself a condition of health or a method of conduct.

To take two instances. Supposing you suffer from insomnia, you focus your whole attention upon the repetition four times a day of a given formula. Thus you may say to yourself that you trouble no more about the matter, merely repeating the statement at intervals. In two or three days at most the effect—according to the authority—will be felt in sound slumbers.

Much the same process is adopted

where it is desired to break oneself of a bad habit.

The theory is that the remark or statement is addressed to your unconscious mind, which responds to your desires when expressed in this way.

Brand-New Excuse.

Casey announced to his wife, Ellen, that he was going to the ball game. All day he was gone. Night came, but no Casey to take his place at the head of the table. Midnight and no Casey—one o'clock—two o'clock—three o'clock—no Casey.

As the six o'clock whistles began to blow Casey stumbled up the front steps into the house and awakened his wife by his efforts to negotiate the stairs. She hopped out of bed and met her better half in the hallway.

"Well," said Mrs. Casey, determination written on her Amazon face.

"Sallrite, Illin," said Casey, weakly. "The game was called on account of daylight."

Tip for Him.

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The Nine Hundred Francs Were Gone.

the Baron-General Gourgaud coming on his bay mare Lesitte. The general drew up beside him and looked at him sternly.

"Where is your father?" he shot at him, and threw a leg over and vaulted off and swung into the great entry and through the open door into the cottage.

Francois, though broken-hearted, was but eleven, and it was a proud thing to hold the seigneur's horse and pleasant to see the spirited beast paw the earth as he held her. He was so estranged with this occupation that he forgot his bruised life and his lost career entirely. For fifteen minutes he forgot, and the other children gathered around him, and he ordered them away from the horse and felt himself