

The MARSHAL MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

SYNOPSIS. Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which the late General Napoleon was made a prisoner...

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued. The female mind paid no attention to the disgruntled Lucy. She had long ago, finally and unconsciously, put her father's personality into its right place.

"Father, is the prince really poor and alone in this country?" "Poor—yes, I fancy—I am quite certain, in fact, alone—that depends.

"Lucy flew like a bird across to the fireplace. Her hands went up to either side of the colonel's face. "Father, quick! Have Thunder saddled, and ride in—quick, father—and bring the prince out here to stay with us. Give the order to Sambo, or I shall."

Colonel Hampton's eyes widened with surprise. "Why, but Lucy," he stammered. "Why—but why should I? What claim have you on me?"

"Oh, nonsense," and Lucy shook her head impatiently. "Who has more claim? Aren't we Virginians of the James river princes in our own country, too? Haven't our family reigned in Roanoke longer than ever his reigned in Europe? Haven't we enough house room and servants to make him as comfortable as in a palace?"

"Your are welcome to Roanoke, prince," he said.

CHAPTER XXIV. Brothers. Colonel Hampton's study was dark from floor to ceiling with brown oak wainscoting and was lightened by a dull brightness of portraits.

On the morning of the first day of April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte stood at this window, staring at brown fields and trying to trace a likeness between this new world and the ancient country which he called his; France, where, since he was seven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks; France, which had freshly exiled him; France, the thought of which ruled him, as he meant one day to rule her; France, for whom he was eating his heart out today, as always, thousands of miles from her shores.

He recalled the happy life at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and the work and play and soldierly training which all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one end—to serve France—a service which did not at that time mean sovereignty, but for the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was alive and the head of the house of Bonaparte.

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leap to the horse; the skirmish to get free, and, at last, the rush of the chase. He had seen it all, watching quietly while his mother and the landlord implorred him to hide himself. That young Frenchman—if he should be alive—if ever he should meet him again Prince Louis would not forget. It was psychological that he should have been thinking this when a knock sounded deferentially on the door of the room. But picturesque coincidences happen in lives as well as on the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there was more than one. "Entrez!" he called sharply, and then, "Come in!"

The door swung slowly and Aaron, white-armed and white-eyed, stood in it.

"Marse Prince," he stated with a dignity of service which crowned heads could not daunt, "ole Marse sen me bring you dis hyer Marse Bopray."

A light figure stepped before the black and white of Aaron, and halted, and bowed profoundly. The light from the window shone on his face and the dark immense eyes that lifted toward Prince Louis, and for a moment he stared, puzzled. Was he in the present? Surely this man was part of the past which he had been reviewing.

Mon Ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, and sprang forward and stretched out both hands, his royalty forgotten in the delight of seeing a face which recalled his youth and his mother.

Francis, two minutes later, found himself standing, bursting with loyalty and pride, with the prince's hands clasping his, and the prince's transformed face beaming on him.

"You rode like the devil," said the prince. "But the Austrians had the horses. That poor Bleu-bleu! How did you get away? Where have you been? Mon Dieu, but we looked for you, Zappi and I!"

"But no, your highness, I did not get away," smiled Francois Beaupre as if imparting a joyful bit of news. "They caught me."

And he told briefly his story of the five years in prison, of the desperate escape, of the rescue and voyage to America, of his wrecked health, not yet re-established. Through the account shone the unconquerable French gaiety. Another thing there was which a Frenchman and a Bonaparte could not fail to see—that the thought of his service to the house of Bonaparte had been a sustaining pride, and the hope of future service an inspiring hope.

"Sit there, Monsieur," he ordered, and tell me your life."

"Simply, yet dramatically as was his gift, the young man went over the tale which he had told to Lucy Hampton, that and more. And the prince listened to every word. He, too, had the French sensitiveness to theatrical effect, and his over-wrought imagination seemed to see the hand of destiny visibly joining this story to his. Here was a legacy from Napoleon; an instrument created by his uncle, which, he, the heir, should use. There was a long silence when Francois had finished, and Louis' deep-pitched voice broke it.

"One day perhaps a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he repeated thoughtfully. "It was the accolade, the old right of royalty," and gazed, reflecting, at the other man's face.

Heightsened color told how much it meant to Francois Beaupre to hear those words spoken by the prince.

"My prince, I will tell you—though it may be of little moment to know—that it is not for my own advancement that I care. It is the truth that I would throw away a hundred lives if I had them, to see the house of Bonaparte rule France. It is only so, I believe, that France can become great once more. We need heroes to lead us, we Frenchmen, not shopkeeper kings such as Louis Philippe; if it has not a hero the nation loses courage, and its interest in national life. But the very name of Napoleon is inspiration—it pricks the blood; a monarch of that name on France's throne, and our country will wake, will live. You, my prince, are the hope of the house of Napoleon."

With a quick step forward he threw himself on his knees before the quiet figure in the throne-like chair; he seized the prince's hand and, head bent, kissed it with passion. There was a line of color in each cheek as his face lifted, and his brilliant look was shot with a tear.

"If I may die believing that I have helped to win your throne, I shall die in happiness."

Prince Louis had his mother's warm heart, and this went to it. He put his hand on the other's shoulder, familiarly as if the two were equals, kinsmen.

The brotherly touch on Francois' shoulder was withdrawn, and with gentle dignity, with a glance, the prince lifted him to his feet, and Francois stood happy, dazed, before him. He found himself telling his plans, his methods, his efforts to fit himself for the usefulness that might be on the way.

"I have studied enormously, my prince. All known books on warlike subjects, all I could borrow or steal I have studied. Ah, yes! I know much of these things."

Louis Bonaparte, with an exhaustive military education, a power of application and absorption beyond most men in Europe, let the gleam of a smile escape. He listened with close attention while Francois told of his organization of the youth of the neighborhood into a cavalry company, and of their drill twice a week.

"And you are the captain, Monsieur?"

Francis smiled a crafty, worldly-wise smile—or perhaps it was as if a child would seem crafty and worldly-wise. "No, my prince," he answered, shaking his head sadly. "That would not be best. I am a little man, a foreigner. They think much of their old families, the people of these parts. So that it is better for the success of the company that the captain should be of the nobility of the country. One sees that. So the captain of the company is Monsieur Henry Hampton, the younger, the kinsman of Monsieur le Colonel, and a young man of great goodness, and the best of friends to me. Everything that I can do for his pleasure is my own pleasure."

The prince turned his expressionless gaze on the animated face. "Mademoiselle Lucy likes the young monsieur?"

"But yes, my prince—she likes every one, Mademoiselle Lucy. It is sunshine, her kindness; it falls everywhere and blesses where it falls. She loves Henry—as a brother."

"As a brother!" the prince repeated considerably. "Yes, a brother. You find Mademoiselle Lucy of—of a kind disposition?"

"Beyond words, and most charming," Francois answered steadily, and flushed a little. He felt himself being probed. With that the facile, mysterious, keen mind of the prince leaped, it seemed, a world-wide chasm. "That most winning little girl of the ruined chateau of Vieques—our playmate, Allice—you remember how she stammered, I am Allice," and was at once shipwrecked with embarrassment!"

"I remember," Francois said shortly, and was conscious that he breathed quickly and that his throat was dry, and that the prince knew of both troubles.

official backbone and author. In the great grassy paddock at Bayly's Folly the proud mother of eighteen-year-old Caperton Bayly—first lieutenant, and the most finished horseman in the Virginia country—had invited the gentry from miles about to feast with her and to watch her son and his friends show how the Chevalier Beaupre had made them into soldiers. They came in shoals, driving from far off over bad roads in gay companies, or riding in gay companies, mostly of older men and girls and young boys, because all of the gilded youth were in the ranks that day.

When the drill was over there was to be rough riding and jumping. Hurdles were swiftly dragged out and placed in a manner of ring.

"This one is very close to the bank."



She Found Herself Holding Francois' Dark Head in Her Arms.

said Lucy Hampton, standing by Bluebird and watching as the negroes placed the bars. "If a horse refused and turned sharp and was foolish, he might go over. And the bank is steep."

"Lucy, you are a grandmotherly person," Clifford Stewart—who was another girl—threw at her. "You would like them all to ride in wadded wool dressing gowns, and to have a wall padded with cotton batting to guard them." And Lucy smiled and believed herself overcautions.

The excited horses came dancing up to the barriers and lifted and were over, with or without rapping, but not one, for the first round, refusing. Then the bars were raised six inches; six inches in mid-air is a large space when one must jump it. Caperton Bayly went at it first; his mother watched breathless as he flew forward, sitting erect, intense, his young eyes gleaming. Over went his great horse, and over the next and the next—all of them; but the white heels had struck the top bar twice—the beautiful, spirited performance was not perfect. Harry Hampton gazed eagerly, hoping that the boy to whom life had given less than the others might win this honor he wanted.

The first bars without rapping; the second; and a suppressed sound of satisfaction, which might soon be a great roar of pleasure, hummed over the field. Black Hawk came rushing, snorting, pulling up to the third jump, the jump where Lucy stood. And as he came a little girl, high in a carriage, a chariot as one said then, flourished her scarlet parasol in the air, and lost hold of it, and it flew like a huge red bird into the course, close to the hurdle. And Black Hawk, strung to the highest point of his thoroughbred nerves, saw, and a horror of the flaming living thing, as it seemed, caught him, and he swerved at the bar and bolted—bolted straight for the steep slope.

A gasp went up from the three hundred, four hundred people; the boy was dashing to death; no one stirred; every muscle was rigid—the spectators were paralyzed. Not all Francois from his babyhood had known how to think quickly, and these boys were his pride and his care; he had thought of that possible danger which Lucy had foreseen; when the jumping began, mounted on his mare Aquarelle, he was posted near the head of the slope, not twenty yards from the hurdle, to be at hand in any contingency. When Harry's horse bolted, one touch put Aquarelle into motion. Like a line of brown light she dashed at right angles to the runaway—a line drawn to intercept the line of Black Hawk's flight. There was silence over the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old American Coins. Robert Morris, the financier of the Confederation, early in 1783, arranged with Benjamin Dudley to strike off some "pattern pieces" that could be placed before congress. On April 2 Dudley delivered to Morris some pieces, which were in reality the first coin struck having the name "United States coin." The particular specimens are known to numismatists as the "Nova Constellatio Paterus." They were of silver and denominated the "mark" and "quint." The first coin struck by the United States mint were some half dimes, in 1792.

King George in France. During the visit of King George and Queen Mary to Paris his majesty will be present at the annual spring review of the Paris garrison on April 22. The review will be held, as in previous years, at Vincennes. The review is generally held in March, but out of compliment to King George it has been delayed this year.

Definition of a Crisis. "Pa, the paper says there's a crisis in Mexico. What's a crisis?" "A scarcity of news, my boy."—Life.

When the man is getting the worst of the argument he is sure to say: "Well, that's just like a woman!"

Divorcees are more difficult to obtain in England than in any other civilized country.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the kettle. Adv.

A bad memory is a cheerful liar's nightmare.

Little Milliner Faithfully Obeyed Instructions That She Thought Had Been Given Her.

Mr. Lane of Washington was not only a page in the senate in the days of Webster and Clay, but, through the fact that his uncle kept a book store where these statesmen were accustomed to while away their leisure hours, came to know them intimately on their social side, declared that Webster, while not given to story-telling, had one favorite little joke that he would tell whenever the occasion seemed opportune.

This, according to Mr. Lane, was the story:

There arrived at Boston a certain duchess from one of the great nations of Europe. Desiring to have some headgear suitable for her inland travels constructed, she sent for the most prominent milliner in the city to come to her apartments at the Revere house, then the principal hotel in New England.

The local milliner was sent all a flutter at the distinction shown her, but she was a province-bred little woman of a democratic country and knew not the "egg-dance conventions" of Court society. Accordingly, desiring to know in what manner she should deport herself in the presence of the titled lady she applied to the wife of one of the Adamsons, who

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sensitive Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

The Army of Constipation. Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Petit's Eye Salve RELIEVES SORE EYES. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 14-1914.

The Thieving Ear of Corn. Twelve ears of corn will plant an acre. If one of the planted ears happens to be "no good" there is a twelfth of an acre missing. An acre of corn may be worth thirty to forty dollars, so to discover a thieving ear is worth from two and a half to three and a half dollars. One can pick out the ears of poor germination at slight cost. If he will test his corn before he becomes rushed with spring work. And while about it reject the ears that although germinating do not send up strong, vigorous stalks. Lusty, vigorous young things grow surest into profit, whether they be pigs, lambs, colts or constalks.—Breeder's Gazette.

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The local milliner was sent all a flutter at the distinction shown her, but she was a province-bred little woman of a democratic country and knew not the "egg-dance conventions" of Court society. Accordingly, desiring to know in what manner she should deport herself in the presence of the titled lady she applied to the wife of one of the Adamsons, who

was a customer of hers, and who had spent some time at foreign courts.

"Oh, all that's necessary," explained Mrs. Adams, "is to bow low when you are ushered into the presence of the duchess and say, 'Your Grace.'"

Thus coached in court etiquette the little milliner betook herself to the Revere house and sent word to the duchess.

As she was ushered into the presence of that lofty person, she bent low, and, with a sweeping courtesy, said:

"May the Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive!"

The Slash. Paul Poirer, the famous French dressmaker, was asked by a New York reporter if he thought woman's present mode of dress made for morality. "I do not deal in morality," M. Poirer replied. "I deal in beauty."

Then, apropos of the slashed skirt, he told a story.

"A young lady in a white dinner gown," he said, "stood under a blazing electric fan, and, swinging round before her fiancé, she asked:

"How does my new dress show up?" "Up almost to the knees," the young man replied. "Those white silk stockings with gold clocks are beautiful."

Sign. A Bundle on the end of a stick is a pretty sure sign that the man who carries it has lost his grip.—Puck.

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Western Canada Lands. The richest Mixed Farming lands in Western Canada are in the Battledore District. The soil is a deep black loam on clay subsoil and lands can be purchased at from \$10 per acre up.



Be Considered the Invitation for a Silent Moment.

have rather a sensible idea. I had overlooked before, that—"he cleared his throat and black Aaron standing gray in hand across the room, jumped and rolled his eyes—"That," he continued, "is a man of my importance has duties of hospitality, even to a foreigner who comes without introduction into the country."

"Aaron, tell Sambo to saddle Thunder," he ordered.

Prince Louis, in his dining parlor at the inn, looked at his visitor from between half-shut eyelids, and measured him, soul and body. He considered the invitation for a silent moment. This was one of the great men of the country. The prince had already heard his name and the name of his influential friends, more particularly as no letter awaited him as he had hoped from his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, with the American introduction for which he had asked. A visit