

BAFFLE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER II.
Through the weeks of the late summer, old Tatro, the butler, had been attending the meetings held by the peasants. But, being a firm believer in the old regime, he had reported faithfully to Monsieur le Baron all that had transpired at these gatherings, telling him of the vicious speeches made by Fauchel, and of the latter's evident determination to influence the peasants against the people of the chateau.

On a certain September morning, after one of these reports from Tatro, the baron said, "Find Margot, and send her to me."

When the faithful old servant had left the room his master looked out of the window toward the park; but his darkly circled eyes saw something quite different from the trees silhouetted against the cloudless blue of the sky.

They saw the pale, angry face of Tomas Fauchel, the young schoolmaster, who, meeting the baron as he came from the magistrate's door with the pretty, sixteen-year-old daughter of the Huguenot minister clinging to his arm, had said, as he barred their way, "To-day, Monsieur le Baron, you have won, and have taken for wife her whom her dead father gave to me when he refused you, a Papist. But I warn you to beware of the day when I shall seek my revenge!"

The baron, in the strength of his vigorous manhood, and in the happy dreams of his passionate love, had laughed at the melodramatic threat of his humble rival. And to-day, white-haired and lonely, he smiled disdainfully as he recalled it.

But the smile died softly in a sigh that was almost a moan, as thought of the narrow mound he had looked upon the spring before, banked with violets and snowdrops, in the old churchyard by the Loire, near the cottage where he had known a brief year's dream of happiness.

questioned for the bearer and his escort. The fact was that Etienne, recently angered by his father's refusal to increase his already liberal allowance, had, with characteristic villainy, let fall some insinuations impeaching the latter's loyalty to the Revolutionary cause; and the officer, who had been ordered upon a mission which would take him several leagues beyond the chateau, was instructed to stop there upon his return, the object being that the Committee might, from the manner in which the baron received his uninvited guests, form a better idea as to his true sentiments.

Jean did not deem it wise to present himself until the dinner hour should arrive, but had passed the time in questioning Margot and Tatro as to the probable meaning of this strange invasion of the chateau's privacy. Then, going in to the dining-room with an unusually subdued air, although his heart was fluttering with excitement, the lad's shyness evaporated in a glad shout at sight of the officer standing before the fireplace, where burning logs made cheerful the apartment and warmed the chill evening air.

"Aha!" he cried, precipitating himself upon his father's guest, whose arms went quickly around the boyish form. "Is it thou, my beloved Pizarro?"

"Truly it is, little Monsieur de So-to," answered Lieutenant Bonaparte, laughing as he kissed Jean's flushed cheeks, while the baron looked on with amazement, and old Tatro paused in the report he was making as to the soldier's dinner in the outer hall, to stare with equal surprise at these demonstrations of affection between the stranger and his master's son.

When they were seated the officer explained to Monsieur le Baron—although in a way not to bring in the name of Etienne—how he had come to know the boy; and Jean, now quite

A moment later the discharge of musketry outside told the lieutenant and his men had come upon the scene. Then the air was rent by more yells and imprecations, but with a sound in them bespeaking dismay on the part of the surprised marauders.

A second volley rang out, and the officer's voice was heard. "Steady, my men. Load and fire at will, or club your muskets. Teach these people a lesson—one in the name of the Assembly."

Those in the hall now saw a flaming torch thrust through the window. It was held by Tomas Fauchel, who waved it wildly as he shouted, "Show thyself, thou craven baron, for neither man nor devil shall force me from this place until I have kept my oath, and killed thee!"

The light of his torch fell upon the uplifted face—white and stern—of the baron, who said, laying his hand upon the musket with which Leboeuf was taking aim at the half-crazed fanatic, "Do him no harm, let him live."

Fauchel, who had heard the words, answered them with a mocking laugh, and quickly extending his other hand, pulled the trigger of a pistol, as he tossed his torch into the hall and yelled, "Die, thou damnable Papist, and take to hell with thee no thanks of mine for sparing my life!"

The baron reeled, for he was struck fairly in the forehead. But he was caught by Leboeuf, and his dead form was not laid upon the floor before Greloire had planted a musket-ball in Fauchel's head, and tumbled him from the ladder—dead as the man he had assassinated.

His followers, terrified by the lieutenant's unexpected attack, were now flying like scared sheep; and the fight was ended.

An hour later the silence that wrapped the chateau would have repelled the thought of such an uproar having raged within it so recently. The dead had been laid in upper rooms, and Margot had gone to her own part of the house, leaving Jean in the drawing-room with the lieutenant, who was now walking up and down, and now sitting on the divan, beside the passionately grieving boy, to whom he spoke words of tenderest sympathy, stroking the dark hair, or holding the burning hands in a cool clasp that was infinitely soothing.

Some of the soldiers took turns at mounting guard in the lower hall, for fear of a possible renewal of the attack. But the peasants' outburst was evidently spent, for the present, at least, as nothing happened to disturb the silence of the succeeding hours.

(To be continued.)

WHAT ATTRACTED THE CHILD.

Explanation That Hurst Vanity of Opera Singer.

A certain well-known opera singer who has spent the summer in New York practicing, has heretofore been highly flattered by the utter absorption with her powers of vocalization which seizes upon her landlady's little daughter whenever the piano is opened for the day's exercises. What ever may be occupying the child, as that sound strikes the air she drops everything and hurries up to the prima donna's door, where she sits as one entranced. As she is a quiet little thing and the attention most flattering, no objection has been raised to her presence on such occasions.

The disillusionment for the prima donna, however, occurred a few days since, when the child, having as usual been a rapt and attentive audience to the practicing, the performer turned at the close, and smiling down at the little face peering in at the doorway, said in a pleased manner: "Well, little one, what do you think of it all?"

Drawing a deep, long breath, the child looked her unblinkingly in the eyes as she gasped out: "Can't you just holler!"—New York Times.

Time of Penance Shortened.

Abe Hummel, whose experience with divorcees is probably as large as that of any other two men in this country, tells a story of a pretty woman who had just been freed from bonds that were very galling. In her joy at her release she declared to her friends that she would not marry again for at least two years. Just a year later her engagement to another man was announced, with the information that the wedding would take place in three months.

"How's this?" asked one of her friends. "How about that two-year business?"

"Oh," she replied, "I have concluded that I'm entitled to eight months off for good behavior. Same as they get in jail, you know."—New York Times.

The Great Army of Spiritualists.

The number of Spiritualists in the United States and Canada is surprising, when the figures of the National Spiritualists' association are studied. The various societies tributary to that central body have a membership of over 250,000, and it is estimated that more than a million and a half people in the two countries are keenly interested in Spiritualism.

There are over 1,500 professional mediums—or "psychics," as they are called in Spiritualistic circles—and over 10,000 persons are in the habit of engaging their services.—New York Press.

The First Requisite.

"Not long ago," said Nat Goodwin, "I was lunching with a friend and two grass widows, neither of whom had been divorced.

"One of the widows held up the wishbone of the chicken.

"Let's see which will be married first," she said to the other grass widow.

"It seems to me," remarked my friend grimly, "that you'd better see which will be unmarried first."—New York Times.

Why John L. Doesn't Train.

John L. Sullivan, in one of the juvenile houses, was telling the story of his career. Someone in the audience asked him why he did not train down and take some of the flesh off his stomach. He replied: "Boys, if I could have as much fun taking off the flesh as I had putting it on I would gladly do it any day in the week."

THE ODD CORNER

An Object of Aversion.

When the sun starts in a-shinin' like he never swine to tire
An' his ole crow's ambition was to set de world on fire;
When de caterpillar's crawlin'
An' de lazy crow's a-callin'
An' de lightning' bug hangs out his lantern so's we kin admire;
Den you hears a soun' as stressin' as a soun' kin ever be,
Dat locust's bug is tunin' up his fiddle in de tree.

Dar's a law to stop de rooster when he crows too loud at night
An' one to stop de boys dat don't control deir voices right
Dar is laws pertectin' silence
Fum mos' every kin's offence.
Exceptin' fum dat no-count bug dat comes so impolite.

Dar ax' no o' kickin' at his way so free
When dat locust's bug is tunin' up his fiddle in de tree.
—Washington Star.

Badger Firemen's Pet.

The Phoenix firemen have acquired a new pet, the gift of A. J. Hansen of Kyrene. It is a badger raised from infancy on Mr. Hansen's ranch at Kyrene and is as tame as a kitten and more playful than either a cat or a dog. It has dug itself a home several feet under ground near the engine house, but comes out frequently to play with the boys.

Mr. Hansen says the badger was the most effective remedy he had on the ranch for the extermination of mice, gophers and other pests of that sort, but it also has a weakness for spring chickens that made it an expensive piece of property. His children thought as much of it as any child ever did of a dog, but after 150 spring chickens had disappeared he thought it was time for the badger to be deported.—Arizona Republic.

On Still Hunt for Ghost.

Ghosts are not confined to old castles and long-settled countries. A very tangible one was recently causing the inhabitants of Pinery, South Australia, some annoyance. Dressed in white and of human form, it suddenly confronted a resident, who, with his wife, was driving in a buggy. The apparition so startled the horses that they bolted. This added to the terror of the wife, who wanted to jump headlong out of the vehicle. The man succeeded, however, in restraining the horses and allaying the fears of his better half, and then proceeded to look for the ghost, but did not succeed in catching it. The residents of Pinery are now out nightly with shotguns looking for the mysterious form, as they believe the midnight prowling of the ghost are not altogether unconnected with the disappearance of their best poultry.

Remarkable English Will.

Quite a curiosity in the register of deeds' office at Augusta, Me., is a copy of the will of Florentius Vassel, formerly of London. It is what is termed an exemplified copy, and is probably a facsimile of the original, written artistically in the old English characters on eleven large sheets of parchment and is authenticated under the big seal of the lord archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the prerogative court, the supreme court of probate in England.

Remarkable Dietary.

Paterson, N. J., has brought to view at various times no small number of eccentric persons. The latest freak in that community makes his breakfast of a cucumber, his luncheon of a carrot, a turnip or a raw potato, and eats a few nuts for supper. This devotee of a peculiar dietary never touches flesh or fish, wears very little clothing and sleeps out of doors except when rain is falling. He looks strong and well, and asserts that he never feels an ache or a pain.

Old Music Box Still Good.

George H. Bennett of Norway, Me., has a unique and valuable music box, that is nearly a century old. It plays as clear and sweet as when new and the seventy reeds are in perfect condition. It was formerly the property of Kendrick Cushman of Bethel, who left it when he went to the gold mines in '49. He never was heard from afterward and Mr. Bennett retains the box.

Will of Immense Length.

The will of John Thompson, late of Galloway, Ohio, besides being the longest document of the kind ever presented to the probate court of Franklin county, is peculiar in various other ways. The will and its codicil of even date cover twelve feet of closely typewritten matter on pages a foot wide, and is the second one of the same magnitude drawn for Mr. Thompson by the same attorney.

Youth of an Empress.

The youth of the Czarina of Russia was passed in a very different atmosphere from that of the magnificent Russian court. Her father's means were very limited, and she was trained to have as few wants as possible, says the Lady's Realm. She had no maid to dress her and take care of her clothes, which were often made by the hands of her mother, the Princess Alice of Hesse.

New Fuel a Success.

Osmon, a new German fuel, is made from peat. The peat used contains 90 per cent of water, of which 20 to 25 per cent is removed by means of an electric current. The peat is then further dried and passed through a machine which breaks it up and forms it into briquettes or nut-shaped pieces. Osmon is free from sulphur and burns without slag or smoke.

Much Labor Wasted.

George E. Churchill of Fort Fairfield, Maine, recently drilled a well to the depth of 250 feet without obtaining a satisfactory supply of water. Within seven rods of the same place he started another well and struck a seemingly inexhaustible supply within eight feet of the surface.

Gun Has Killed Many Foxes.

J. Riley Rogers of Byfield, Mass., has in his possession a gun of the old "King's Arm," owned by his grandfather, the late Joseph Rogers, with which more foxes have probably been killed than any gun in these

parts. Mr. Rogers himself has a record with this gun of 149 foxes.

Interesting Mexican Stamps.

Porte de Mar stamps of Mexico have an interesting history. They are not really stamps, but merely labels applied to the envelope in interior towns to indicate the amount of postage required to carry the pieces of mail from a Mexican seaport to the point of destination. They are sometimes found canceled, but this is accidental, having been done when the Mexican stamps upon the piece of mail were canceled.

Conscience May Trouble Her.

Busy Body, a big maltese cat who makes her home at the railway shops at Indianapolis, Ind., and is the pet of everyone from the president down to the humblest employe of the road, after establishing a record of killing more than 10,000 rats and mice, has, with charming feline inconsistency, adopted four tiny mice.

Trees Quickly Made Into Paper.

Three trees were sawed down in Elsenhath, Austria, one morning recently. At 9:34 a. m. they had been converted into pulp and became paper, passed from the factory to the press, and at 10 o'clock the first printed and folded paper was issued. The entire time consumed was 145 minutes.

Immense Block of Granite.

The largest block of Acutey green granite ever quarried was shipped from Windsor, Vt., last week. The stone was taken from the Norcross quarry, and measured 15 feet in length and was between three and four feet square. Its weight was between 15 and 20 tons.

Hen Hatched Eggs of Eagles.

A hen in Vermont has always played in hard luck, never having been allowed by her owner to hatch out a nest of chickens. This summer she wandered away from the farm, and later was found sitting on an eagle's nest. The eagles had been killed and this hen hatched the eggs.

Poor Mary.

A Portland, Me., woman was overheard on an electric car in that city recounting to her companion the trials of a friend. "Why Mary telephoned to a lot of her friends this morning to find out how to make a cake! You see she didn't know how much soda to use."

Seek Noiseless Typewriter.

Several inventors are now at work on a noiseless typewriter, as the sound of a large number in an office gets on one's nerves. One man has made a rubber device to kill the noise and a second has made a glass case which incloses everything but the keyboard and the roller.

Mouse Plays Banjo.

Mr. H. C. Nelson of South Caribou, Maine, has a wonderful mouse which has successfully learned to play a banjo. So expert has he become in picking the strings that the cat has become charmed, and the mouse lies at ease in their domestic relations.

Left Out Particulars.

One town clerk in Washington county, Vt., made his returns to the secretary of state without naming the man elected for representative. He simply stated in the return that an election had been held on the day named and let it go at that.

Eels Clogged Mill Wheel.

The wheel at Byfield refused to run freely the other day, and on entering the wheel pit it was found that the wheel was entirely wound up and entangled with eels, which had been attracted by the lights in the mill.

Cat Is Prolific.

James Honod of Still River has a cat which although but 18 months old has had four litters of kittens, since Oct. 5, 1903. The first litter numbered 5, second 7, third 8 and the fourth 9, making a grand total of 29.

Postoffice a Family Affair.

For over fifty years the postoffice in Alton, Me., has been in the hands of one family, husband, wife and sons successively, until recently, the youngest son, Frank McKee, resigned on account of failing health.

Mine Down 3,000 Feet.

There is a gold mine in Australia which is 3,000 feet deep, and the various tunnels are so hot that cold water has to be continually sprayed over the miners working a lode. The temperature is usually 108.

Got Her Big Check.

Miss Annie W. Manchester of Bristol, R. I., wrote to her father from Williamsport, Pa., asking him to send her a big check. He sent her one three feet long and 19 inches wide. It was for \$10.

Watch More Than a Century Old.

A man named Tiffany of Bristol, Conn., has just received from a Winsted friend a watch formerly owned by his grandfather. It is an open face bullseye, over 125 years old and keeps good time.

Late Hours and Longevity.

A statistician affirms that the majority of people who attain old age have kept late hours. Eight out of ten who reach the age of 80 have never gone to bed till after 12 at night.

Tortoise 300 Years Old.

One of the oldest known living animals on earth is a tortoise in New Zealand that weighs 970 pounds. It is known to be over 300 years old.

Knows All Languages.

The academy of Lincei, Italy, has awarded a prize of \$2,000 to Prof. Trombetti, who is said to be master of every language spoken in the world.

THE WORLD'S CLEARING HOUSE

Chicago is the Central Figure of Time, and the Cynosure and Cesspool of the Universe—the apt characterization of George Warrington Stevens, the Celebrated English Master of Letters, Who Perished at Ladysmith, cut off in his prime. "His death eclipsed the gayety of nations!"—We may say with Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Two million people cluster in Chicago frank and free.
In the big old clumsy city sprawling round the inland sea,
She smiles a sumptuous siren, lures you ever to her side,
She's a captivating lassie, shy and piquant as a bride.

And no matter where you wander you may not escape her spell,
You'll be homesick for old Halsted as the murmuring ocean ebbs,
As the storm-tossed sailor's yearning is for his native shore,
You'll be longing for Chicago and State street's mighty roar.

Clearing House of every nation underneath the sapphire sky,
Ten thousand factory whistles fling their challenge fiercer high,
Granary of hungry nations, famishing for meat and bread;
Chateaux of western prairies o'er the living and the dead.

When you move away from State street, you are merely camping out,
Leaving home and friends behind you, just and song and boyish shout,

Always roaming like Ulysses, with a fierce and hungry soul
Always trailing a like a gypsy, questing for fair groundsward goal.

Take me back to old Chicago, where they're always on a strike,
Where there's always something doing, like Jim Burdick on the Pike,
Oh the big old city calls me like a mother's lullaby,
I have roamed a graceless truant, swollen with rebellious pride.

Take me back to old Chicago far across the sundering sea,
Let me get in touch with Halsted—Bubbly Creek's the place for me,
What's the good of always roving like a swallow on the wing,
Sweeping like a steady sea gull always yearning for the spring.

I always roaming like Ulysses with a fierce and hungry soul,
Trailing like a swartly gypsy, sashaying to the farthest pole,
Every man brags of his birthplace—Chicago is the place for me,
Oh the big old clumsy city, sprawling round the inland sea!
JAMES S. KINSELLA,
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

War Prisoners of 1812

In his article on the American prisoners of war of 1812 at Dartmouth, John G. McNeel tells of an attempt to escape from the prison which rivals the famous attempt to escape from Libby prison:

"A committee was formed to watch both guard and prisoners, to see that no undue communication went on between them, and enough were told off to do the work while others rested, and all went on in the every day routine as usual. On the 20th, after taking most careful measurements, the digging was begun. A shaft was to be sunk in both prisons to a depth of twenty feet, and then at this depth a tunnel 250 feet long was to be begun. This would carry the excavation beyond the outer wall, which extended down six feet to the plane of the road outside. The work progressed rapidly, but the difficulty was to dispose of the loose earth. It was done in this way: A little at a time was emptied into the stream which ran through the court at four miles an hour, each of the men emptying a small quantity when unobserved.

They also obtained permission to bring some lime into the prison under the pretense of whitewashing the walls, whitewashing the openings. No. 3 being unoccupied, and no guard being posted there, digging was also begun in that prison. A large hollow spot was soon found, and large quantities of earth were removed to it. A lamp was kept lighted to expel the foul gas, and in a month the tunnel had grown to forty feet. In September the tunnel had much increased, and the openings were so cleverly concealed that they were not discovered by the guard. They were so small at the top that but one man could squeeze in, although within the tunnel four could walk abreast.

"On the 5th, to the horror of all, Capt. Shortland entered the prison with a large guard, and walking directly toward the hole, said he knew of the work in No. 5, but as his informant had not told him correctly, then began to sound the entire floor with crowbars, but so carefully had the work been carried on that it was a long time before the openings were discovered. He then questioned many as to what they had done with the earth, but all answered that they ate it.

"To prevent further attempts the prisoners were removed from the yard which inclosed Nos. 5, 6, 7, into the inclosure on the north side which contained Nos. 1, 2, 3, but as there was no suspicion of the attempt in No. 4, that prison was left as it was. The other tunnels were filled with large stones, and the captives were kept in No. 2, while this was done, and then removed to No. 4, as No. 2 was badly out of repair. The prisoners did not give up all hope, but for the present kept very quiet. A court of inquiry was held, and several were tried, but as the penalty was death the evidence was not considered sufficient to convict. Afterward the discovery of the plan was thought to have been made through the turnkeys bearing voices in the tunnel."—Los Angeles Herald.

Sleeps on His Boots

Gen. Fred Grant always sleeps with his boots under his head when he is traveling on a train and quite frequently when he puts up for the night in a strange place.

The story of how he formed this habit came out one night several years ago when a fellow traveler beheld the general occupied in carefully tucking his foot covering underneath the pillows of his sleeping car berth.

"I guess I'll never break the habit," said the general in his slow, easy-going way, "no matter how much I'm laughed at, as you're doing now. But once it was no laughing matter to me, I can tell you.

"While the civil war was being fought I was a cadet in West Point. One summer time when vacation was close at hand my father promised me that I could spend it in the field with him, and as soon as I was permitted to leave the academy on furlough I took the train south to join him.

"I was in high spirits until I awoke from a fine night's slumber and started to put on my boots. To my horror they were not where I had placed them, and though I searched for them high and low they could not be found.

Why Togo Wins Success

The world knows Admiral Togo as a man of the sword pure and simple. The world, as often, is mistaken. He is something greater than a fighter; as a judge of men he ranks much higher than a soldier. His men never cease to marvel at the ease with which he accomplishes the most difficult task of a commander, and at the rarity of mistakes that he makes in the choice of his subordinates.

There is a saying among the men of the Nippon navy that runs something like this:

"There is only one commander who uses his subordinates like his own fingers, and the name of that man is Admiral Togo."

The old time ideal of the Samurai was the welder of the soldier and the scholar in one, and Admiral Togo is not false to the ideal; he is a student as well as a fighter.

"I am no scholar," he is reported to have said, "From my early youth, however, my masters have compelled me to examine and follow carefully

Some rascal had walked off with them in the night and he had also helped himself to my hat, as I discovered later on.

"I was in a nice dilemma and matters were helped only slightly by the porter scurrying around and finally raking up a pair of dilapidated rubbers and an old hat that looked as if it had been through a season's campaigning. But I had to make the best of the situation and when I stepped forth into the cold world at Washington I must have presented an amusing spectacle as regards head and feet.

"I didn't have enough money with me to buy new boots and hat; neither was I armed with any letters which would give the shopkeeper confidence in me. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I tramped around Washington looking up my father's friends, and when I found one I poured my troubles into his ears and he graciously advanced me the price of the articles of clothing I needed most. And you can rest assured that when I took my boots off that night I slept upon them, and I've been doing so ever since."

ANTIDOTE FOR SPIDER'S BITE.

Toad Ate Piece of Plantain When Bitten by Enemy.

Naturalists, keeping their eyes open, see more than other folks. A naturalist said in a club:

"A poisonous spider and a toad were fighting so fiercely in a field recently that they didn't notice my approach. I sat down on the grass beside them.

"The spider was a big, black fellow, very quick and fierce. He was the aggressor. He would dodge about, circle, retreat, advance, and then, presto! all of a sudden he would be on the toad's back, biting away for dear life.

"This fight lasted for an hour. The aggressive spider would bite the toad; the toad would eat the plantain; the combat would go on again.

"I, to vary the monotony, tore the plantain up and put it in my pocket. Thus, the next time the toad came to eat it, there was no plantain there. The poor creature seemed distressed at this. It hopped to and fro busily, as though in search of another plantain, and the spider, meanwhile, followed it, biting it again and again.

"But the toad paid no heed. It was too busy looking for another plantain. As it searched its hops became weak and erratic. The spider's poison seemed to be working on it. In a little while it fell over on its side dead.

"I am now convinced," the naturalist ended, "that toads find in the plantain leaf an antidote for the poison of spiders."



"Is it thou, my beloved Pizarro?"

But he now roused himself as Margot entered, and bade her to be seated.

"Margot, I have sent for thee that I may unburden my mind somewhat as to matters which have been weighing heavily upon me for many months past," he began.

Margot looked at him in silent wonder mingled with some alarm, as she could see no reason for his words, nor for the mood which seemed to inspire them.

"These are troublous times," he resumed more calmly, and dropping the familiar manner of speech he had previously used; "times when but a few hours suffice to turn affairs from apparent security into confusion and danger. I wish, therefore, to place a considerable sum of money in your care, for I feel that perhaps it may be safer with you than with me. It is all I have of my own to give Jean; and it will relieve me to know that, no matter what may come to me, or however Etienne may seek to rob the boy, my Jean will never know actual want."

The baron was now standing by the side of his desk; and pressing the edge of a panel in the oaken wainscoting, it flew open, disclosing a small recess, wherein were a small metal box and a number of little canvas bags.

"Come here," he said, turning to look at Margot over his shoulder.

She came to his side.

"See," he explained; "you do so, and so," showing her how to manipulate the secret spring. Then, after closing the panel, he added, "See now if you can open it."

She did so, and the panel opened again.

"Ah, that is well. Now you know where the boy's fortune is hidden, and I trust you to guard it for him. The bags contain gold coin, and the box holds a few jewels; that are his, as they were his mother's; also some papers, for which the future may show need, should any one seek to deprive him of his rights as my son. I shall leave it to your discretion as to when and where you will take them from their present hiding-place. Remember, Margot, I charge you solemnly, that when I am not here, if I am taken away, I trust you, above all others, to protect my boy's future, and provide for his welfare."

"That will I do with my life!" Margot declared fervently.