

# Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He did not look like a French soldier, but rather like an English athlete dressed for a battle with savages—straw hat, gray trousers, gray flannel shirt, a broad leather belt around his waist. In one browned hand he carried a huge cavalry sword, in the other a double-barreled pistol still smoked.

The other young man was dark as the first was fair, and shorter than his friend. He might have been two or three years older. He wore the blue red-striped trousers of the National Guards, and a gold-laced cap on his head, but beyond that he was as innocent of uniform as his comrade. His shirt had been originally white, but was now black and bloodstained.

The two had been companions for years. The Honorable Walter Glaydes, son of Lord Yorley, had met Eugene de Bardinot at Oxford, and there had sworn friendship with him. Since then the two had been nearly inseparable, and thus it came that Walter Glaydes was allowed to fight in the front rank of the National Guards against the Reds.

"How far are we from the house now?" asked Walter, pantingly; "you are sure you know which it is?"

"Yes," replied de Bardinot; "you can see it there! He lives on the second floor at the back."

"He cannot escape us this time, then," cried Walter. "I shall find her at last, and we can have our reckoning with him."

"A short and swift reckoning it will be," replied the captain. "He has done as much as anybody to incite the wretched people to this dastardly insurrection with his speeches, and his writings and his poems. What had he to do with us, this stranger, that he must come to egg the people on to their destruction? On!" he cried to a couple of his men; "don't lag! Forward!"

And he dashed on himself in the midst of the smoke and the flashes. Walter followed his friend, and with him rushed through the gateway of the house which he sought. A number of the Reds, driven into a corner, had shut themselves into the lower floor of the building at the back, and there fought like fiends. The Guards rushed in like a swarm of bees, and in less than two minutes there was the silence of death along that lower floor.

"Now upstairs!" cried Walter, who had been foremost in the fighting, and whose face and hands were red with blood, some of which oozed from a great gash in his own face.

He flew upstairs, followed by de Bardinot and half a dozen of his men. The staircase was dark as pitch nearly, and they had to grope for the door. That was soon found, and a few smashes with a musket butt shivered it to pieces.

"I have discovered you at last, then!" exclaimed Walter as he entered the room and saw the old man sitting there with the light dimly streaming about his white face and beard through the partly opened shutter. The Guards were about to follow him, but a motion of de Bardinot's hand stayed them and kept them outside.

"Leave this man with me for a moment," said Walter; "you can reckon with him afterward." He looked around the room, as if seeking somebody.

"Where is she?" he questioned, angrily. "Where is Helene?"

The old man smiled, but spoke not a word. Walter approached with clenched fists and biting his lips.

"Will you tell me, you old villain?" he cried; "or shall I have to choke you to get the truth from your throat?"

He had not noticed the little hissing and spattering sound and the tiny sparks that puffed from the hole in the floor. The old man sat still there smiling calmly. On a sudden a crash as of an earthquake shook the room, and a roar of flame issued from the floor.

The floor heaved and burst upward, the walls shook and fell, the roof crashed away, and quicker than it can be written or read Walter Glaydes, Bardinot, the old man and half a dozen of the Guards were blown toward the sky, to mingle with bricks, mortar, wood and iron in the general destruction.

At the same moment a lull seemed to come over the fighting, and a silence of death hung over the place like a pall, to be followed the moment afterward by unearthly shrieks and blood-curdling groans.

## CHAPTER IV.

At the moment when the explosion took place Helene made her escape. She was not molested by the soldiers, and found her way to the street where Mr. Adams lived. The gateway stood open wide. Helene ran up to the first floor, and ringing Mr. Adams' bell, had the door opened for her by that gentleman in person.

"So it is you, Helene," said Mr. Adams. "Poor Jean is dead, then?"

She had been very brave until then, and had thought herself very strong. The dangers through which she had passed had tricked her nerves. Her strength failed her at last, and she fell into Mr. Adams' arms in a dead faint.

Gaston Adams Latrobe, whom everybody called Mr. Adams, was born before this century was in its teens, but he looked older than he actually was. He was a tall man, standing over six feet in his stockings, built like a panther, and as lithe and sinewy. His clean shaven face was of a severely classic mold, pale, and furrowed by wrinkles. The clear gray eyes were piercing with a placid intensity.

New Orleans was his birthplace, his mother a Kentuckian, his father one of the prominent members of the French colony. Both of them died in one fatal week from yellow fever, and left him,

barely twenty, the inheritor of a comfortable fortune.

He might have lived at his ease on his plantations near Baton Rouge or at Lake Pontchartrain, but his ever restless spirit kept him on the move. He came to Europe to study, took his degree at Vienna, and then traveled from one country to another, finally settling down in Paris. During the fighting which just had ended, he sided neither with Red nor with bourgeois and left not his room for a moment.

When Helene fainted in his arms, Adams carried her to his sitting room and laid her down on the sofa. A single glance assured him that consciousness would in a few moments return. He opened his window and admitted a current of fresh air. Then he sat himself down by Helene's side, and waited quietly.

"Poor Jean died, then, as he lived, game to the end," he said to himself; "a fitting close to a restless and mistaken career. Revenge as a purpose in life is always a mistake. The benefits it brings can only be reaped by others; all risks come straight home. Poor Jean's life and death are a sorrowful example."

He rose and walked up and down the room, gazing on the ground in front of him as though intent there to find the solution of an enigma.

"Woman was intended to rule man," he said to himself; "and I want a woman who can rule man. I have tried to find one, and failed. Such a one has to be trained, schooled in her purpose in life as a child is in its A B C." He looked at the girl lying pale and unconscious on the sofa, and smiled.

"Here is one who will serve. The school from which she comes was a proper preparation ground for my more academic teaching. She will be handsome when she grows to womanhood. Her mind is simple and supple. It will bend to my precepts like a reed. Tall, too; and the figure will develop with time. Yes, she will be handsome; and I know those eyes of hers—they were given her to enchain men. Ah, Gaston!" he added to himself, "this is worth all the rest of the paltry intrigues. She is about seventeen now. Six or eight years of my training will fit her to send men to the scaffold or to ruin kings."

Helene opened her eyes and looked about her in a vague astonishment. She rose, gazing fixedly at Adams. The strain on her nerves had been so intense that she remembered not for the moment how she had come there, and as he approached she shrank back with a half-stilled cry.

"You don't remember, then?" he said, with a good-humored smile. "I am Mr. Adams."

"Of course," she whispered. "How foolish of me to be frightened."

With the thought of where she was, the memory of her loss sprang upon her for the first time with an overpowering weight and the tears started to her eyes.

"Poor father!" she sobbed. "And he said he was not my father; but he was my father, nevertheless. Poor father!"

Adams knew that Jean Lemure was not Helene's father, but the old Revolutionist had always kept the girl's paternity a strict secret within his own bosom. Adams thought it was best at that moment to allow her to have her little cry; then he walked to the door and called, "Jeannot!"

An elderly woman, with a simple, motherly face, her gray hair topped by the white cambric cap of the French housewife, answered him. He pointed to Helene.

"The daughter of an old friend," he said. "Take her to your room and make her comfortable. Take great care of her. When she feels better she can return to me. I promised Jean to take care of her." Adams muttered, "He said that her relatives were intent on ferreting her out. Well, they shall not find her if I can help it. I will keep my word to Jean in that. It suits my purpose as well as his."

Shortly afterward he was summoned to the hospital to assist in caring for the wounded. As the building was across the street from where he lived, he made no objection. His professional pride was aroused by one case which had been given up by the other physicians as hopeless.

The wounded man was in a sad plight. Blood oozed from a gaping wound at the back of his head, two ribs were broken, as was also his arm, and besides he had a concussion of the brain. "I will save him," said Adams after an examination, "though it will be a race with paralysis and death. Get a stretcher and carry him to my place."

This was done, and Helene being present, Dr. Adams installed her as nurse to the wounded man. After giving her directions what to do he quitted the room, leaving Helene in charge of Walter Glaydes—of the man who had risked his life to find her, and from whom to keep her was his great purpose.

## CHAPTER V.

Shortly after midnight of the same day, in a room on the second floor of a house in one of the side streets of Paris, sat a man in the thirties, of middle height, thin and wiry, clean shaven and red-haired, dressed in a gown and slippers. A knock came at the door and then the hurried words:

"It is I—Henri Sainton. Open the door quick."

The man arose and admitted the newcomer.

"Oh, it is you!" he exclaimed rather peevishly. "Is it over?"

"Shut the door!" panted Henri. "For heaven's sake, shut the door! I have escaped by a miracle. I was ordered to be

shot, and was shot; and if they catch me they'll shoot me again."

Bernard Quayle looked him over from head to foot quietly.

"Oh!" he said at last, in a quaint tone which had a trace of contempt in it, "you were shot. You are very much alive, however. What saved you?"

"This," answered Henri, pulling a little black packet from his pocket.

"What?" answered Mr. Quayle, grimly. "The proverbial Bible, I suppose?"

"No," was Henri's reply. "A pack of cards. There, you can see the bullet in the center of it."

"But Helene," questioned Quayle on a sudden, "what about her? Is she dead?"

As he put the question a cruel and greedy glitter shot into his eyes, and his lips pursed as if to a snarl nearly.

"I don't know," answered the young Revolutionist, seemingly surprised by the abruptness of the question.

"What do you mean?" was the hot, further question. "You don't know! Surely you understand me. You were told especially to find out all about her fate."

"I mean that I don't know," Henri retorted, gruffly. "A man can't do in a fight as if he were in a drawing room. Besides that, I had enough to think about. I stayed near the place till I had to go. All I do know is that Jean blew himself and half a dozen who were in the room to the sky. Whether Helene was there as well, or whether she escaped, I do not know. Most likely she was there," he added, a little more gently.

"Poor Helene! For goodness' sake," he burst out on a sudden, "let me take these wet things off my back! Give me some dry clothes, and let me shave my beard and mustache before it is too late."

"Do you think they'll search for you?" asked Quayle, gruffly.

"No," was the sharp rejoinder; "they are not likely to count the bodies, and so I don't think they'll miss me. You are an Englishman, and they won't look for me in your rooms. But let me set to work at once and alter my appearance."

Quayle put down the candle and led Henri to his bedroom.

"There," he said, "arrange yourself as you like. But, mind you, the very first moment, when you can do it without danger to your precious neck, you will have to find out for me whether that girl is alive or dead."

Henri, having flung his wet rags into a corner and dressed himself in a pair of trousers belonging to his host, carefully shaved off his mustache and beard.

"That wretched girl has escaped, I suppose," Quayle continued to himself, "and so much depends upon her getting out of this world comfortably and decently. That old fiend has blown himself to smithereens. Yet, I dare say, she has got off, when, by quietly riding the world of her presence, I might be the richer by ten thousand pounds, and Mr. Robert Beringuy might come into a nice inheritance of eight or three millions. And that doll, Henri, who seemed especially created for the purpose of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for me, allows her to escape out of his sight!"

He sat in an old wooden armchair with lean fingers caressing his pointed chin.

"Perhaps it is not as bad as I think it, after all," he muttered to himself.

"Perhaps she has gone to the sky with Master Parlowe, or Jean Lemure as he called himself. Most likely he thought the journey to heaven would be a little shorter if he gave himself and those poor beggars a good start. I hope you will not be all night over this job," he said, aloud, roughly, to Henri, "I want to go to sleep."

"Well, sleep, then," was the young man's quiet retort.

"Not if I know it," rejoined Mr. Quayle. "I want to lock you safely in that little room there before I close my eyes. You cannot get into mischief, my friend, when you are not able. I prefer to know that you are safe—and then my property will be all the safer," he added to himself.

Five minutes afterward Henri was asleep on a blanket behind the locked door of a little side room, and Mr. Quayle was snoring on his own bed.

Mr. Bernard Quayle was an altogether interesting personage. He had on various occasions claimed the hospitality of prisons, but that was for trifling offenses—such as a mistake in his accounts when he was a collector, or a fault of memory when he signed a richer man's name to a bill which he was never able to discount.

On one occasion he repeated his experiments in the calligraphy of others by signing the name of Mr. Robert Beringuy to a check. The check was not paid, but Mr. Robert Beringuy was in sore need of an unscrupulous tool, and seeing in the rascal a cleverness which he might make useful to himself, satisfied his bankers so that Mr. John Roberts, alias Bernard Quayle, escaped imprisonment.

From that time forward Mr. Bernard Quayle had been engaged in doing dirty work for Mr. Robert Beringuy, this being principally the discovery of the whereabouts and the identity of Helen Beringuy, the orphan daughter of Mr. Herbert Beringuy. Mr. Herbert Beringuy was supposed to have been flung over a Devonshire cliff on the 16th of June, 1834, by Rustrone Parlowe, his former rival for the affections of the Honorable Miss Agatha Glaydes, who had become Mrs. Beringuy. Helene was a baby but two years old then, and had disappeared from Beringuy Manor on the 12th of June, four days previously.

Parlowe had been suspected or having had a hand in the child's disappearance; the two men met and quarreled by the cliff-side, and Herbert Beringuy lost his life. Agatha Beringuy, the unwitting cause of so much unhappiness, did not long survive her husband.

(To be continued.)

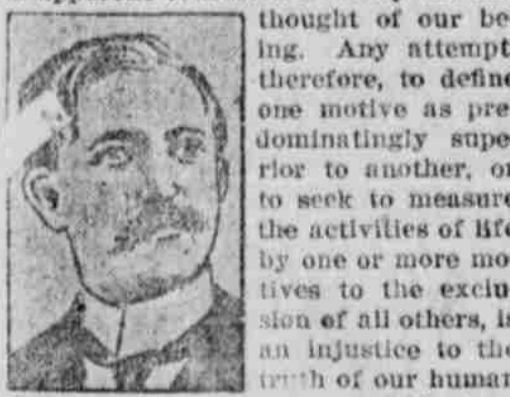
A young man likes to have a girl sit up with him till midnight during courtship, but after marriage he doesn't want her to sit up for him that late.

# THE POPULAR PULPIT



LOVE AND LIFE. By Dr. R. A. White. The greatest of these is Love.—I. Cor. xiii, 13.

Life moves under a variety of impulses. Many dynamic forces mingle in apparent confusion in every act and



thought of our being. Any attempt, therefore, to define one motive as pre-dominatingly superior to another, or to seek to measure the activities of life by one or more motives to the exclusion of all others, is an injustice to the truth of our human

life. Life is a unity in diversity, and only the impact of the totality of human motives and impulses explains life as it really is.

Remembering this, we are still permitted to select from the mass of human impulses and motives those which seem to predominate. Generally speaking, the dynamic forces of life fall into three great classes or impulses—fear, ambition, and love. Now we are told in the ancient book that the greatest of these virtues is love. We can easily agree with the book. Fear and ambition have played and still play an important part in the drama of life. But neither apart nor together do they yield the supremest results.

Love has ever completed and sanctified whatever ambition or fear wrought which was worthy. Fear sent the ancient Venetians to build their first rude huts on the restless bosom of the Adriatic, but love created the matchless architecture of Torcello and Murano. Fear and ambition chained the shifting sands of the sea with deep driven piles and bordered the sea swept isles with stately palaces. But love reared St. Mark's—set it with priceless columns of porphyry and alabaster, filled its domes with deathless mosaics, its spandrels with richest traceries, and crowned its gables with gentle angels.

Fear and ambition set ancient Florence within ramparts of invulnerable stone, but love created the masterpiece of Angelo, the singing boys of Della Robbia, the Gothic shaft of immortal Giotto, and the heavenly dome of Brunelleschi. Ambition and no little of malice winged the stiletto like the verse of a Dante, but the longing and love of a homesick exile gave them immortality and a universal message. No really enduring creation of the highest order exists except love has been the master hand in its creation.

The hope of the modern home is love. Fear never made a home. Show me a home governed by fear and you show me a home barren and cheerless as the winter earth under gray winter skies. Show me a home ruled by love and you show me a home soft as a summer dream, beautiful as sunset skies, lovelier and sweeter than a summer twilight when the birds twitter their soft good night and the departing day hangs poised on the rim of night.

Fear never made an abiding church or religion. Love alone makes religion inspirational. Fear or ambition never made a really great religious leader. Love tips the tongue with persuasive eloquence and fashions the stuff that religious heroes and martyrs are made of. Love alone is the measure of events. Is a thing right or wrong? Does love sit supreme at the heart of the deed is the searching counter question.

Is war ever justifiable? We are in the midst of war. Titanic forces are massing for war. Grim, savage faces leer upon us from behind our Christian pretensions of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Behind the priest stands half concealed the armed soldier. Ill concealed by the temple of religion stands the grim lines and embattlements of war. The smoke of cannon in the far east obscures the smoke of incense from the altars of religion. Followers of the gentle Nazarene let loose the hounds of war the earth over, and with pious prayers to the god of battle feed countless cannons with the choicest sons of battle frenzied nations.

Is war ever justified? Is it, can it ever be, Christian to fight? Lay the measure of love upon the question. Is war waged from pure love of country, in defense of home and fireside, to strike the shackles from limbs that are bound, to set the face of the slave toward freedom's holy light? Then war, I should say, is justified. For love can be fierce and fearless and

demand the sacrifice of life in certain great crises of human history—when the welfare and rights of people are at a hazard and weakness writes helpless under the feet of tyranny.

Life itself is a struggle and a battle, and the rightfulness or wrongfulness of it all is measured by the motives which inspire, by the better things won for mankind.

And once more the measure of men is love. Has a great hero been a lover of men? Has he tolled for them, died for them? Then his benign face shines upon us from the fading years. Generations come and go, each loving tenderly the lover of men. Why does Jesus hold so lastingly a place in the world's memory? Chiefly because the one universal and undying virtue with which believer and unbeliever have alike invested him is the virtue of love. Compared to Plato he was ignorant, his death was no more sublime than the death of Socrates. Yet Plato is a syllogism, Socrates a fragrant memory, Jesus an inspiration. Jesus was one of the supremest embodiments of love the world has witnessed. Other great men the world remembers.

Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon. The world will not forget these. They scarred it too deeply, they wounded it too sore, and, withal, benefited it no little without doubt. They were earthquakes and the tremor of their convulsions has not yet died out of the affairs of men. They were volcanoes and the light of their deeds still crimson the skies of history. They are curiosities, but not inspirations.

Never a study of Caesar or Napoleon sent a soul headlong toward some great deed of unselfishness. When men want inspiration, courage to sacrifice and suffer, they seek the companionship of those who have loved. It is not Solomon or David whose light illumines with rarest splendor the history of incomparable Israel, but Jonathan, the lover and tried friend. Loyola, the Jesuit, is the largest figure in Catholic history. But Catholic and Protestant alike recall with devotion the hero of love in the monk's habit, Francis of Assisi.

England rears masterful monuments to her great soldiers and statesmen, and with good cause. But the richest inheritance England has is the memory of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, and her noblest matron lingers between the twilight and the darkness by the soft flowing Derwent. Love, then, is the supreme vitalizing element in life. Because it is the best it is the latest born. The best wine at the feast of life is kept for the last. Love holds the secret of all great life. Art is made immortal by it, and literature glorified by love burns with an undying splendor.

Above all, love lays its hands upon the restless self within us and curbs and calms it into high service, bends it to great tasks. Angelo, the prince of artists, wore, it is said, a small lamp fastened to the rim of his cap that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work. Self and self interests are the black beasts whose shadow darkens our effort.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might; smote the chord of self.

That, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Short Meter Sermons. Love has no labor troubles. Faith gives heaven's firmness.

A little help is worth a lot of hollow. A short hand goes with a long face. To receive the false is to reject the true.

An inspiration is greater than an example. No man ever stays long in the suburbs of sin.

All great reforms start where charity begins. True patriotism never thinks of the premiums.

The church gets no grip when it tries to graft. The best way to silence conscience is to obey it.

The cost of a thing cannot be measured by its price. Most people who think they are deceiving others only succeed in deceiving themselves.

The self-sufficient are never discontent. Love is never deepened by damming it up.

Compassion knows nothing of condescension. Life's bric-a-brac makes its biggest burden.

One tallow dip is worth a bushel of dead lamps. He who sows happiness reaps an unending harvest.

Those who try to make the best of everything generally get the best of everything.