

# The MARSHAL

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### SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who suggested that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he gives the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francoise a home at the Chateau. The boy's father, who has been a general for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America asked Francoise to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francoise goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francoise meet a strange stranger, Prince Louis Napoleon. Francoise saves his life. The general discovers Francoise loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francoise goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francoise takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francoise lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francoise is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The general, Alixe and Pietro hear from Francoise and plan his rescue. Francoise as a guest of the Austrian governor of the castle prison inspects the interior of the wine cellar of the Zappis. Francoise receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. Alixe awaits him on horseback and leads his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy."

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### The Sacrifice.

Young Henry Hampton, thrilled to the core at this drama, bent over him, as Battista laid him on the deck, and looked up anxiously at Pietro.

"Is he living?" he asked.

He was living, though for an hour or two the devoted friends who cared for him doubted if they had not got him back only to lose him. But that last effort of the change to the ship being past, when consciousness came again he grew strong more rapidly.

"I thought—the Austrians—would nab me—as I came aboard," he whispered, smiling gaily as he gasped the words to Alixe. "It was—firm in my mind."

And Alixe laughed at him, and told him that they were far out on the Adriatic now, safe under the American flag, and the Austrians left two hundred miles behind.

"Even if they had—nabbed me," whispered Francoise, "those two days with you would have paid."

And Alixe shuddered a little and told him to go to sleep and stop thinking of Austrians, for they were out of his life now forever.

"My seigneur," said Francoise next day when the general took his turn at sitting by his bed, "may I ask a question?"

"Any question in the world, Francoise, my son," the general growled at him, as if the tender words were a defiance to an enemy.

Francoise hesitated. "About Alixe and Pietro."

The general shook his head. "Ah that! That I cannot tell you, Francoise. Sometimes I believe that I have been mistaken, that—" the general as he stopped looked oddly at Francoise and smiled. "Sometimes I believe that even I, even Gaspard Gourgaud, might make a mistake in trying to play the good God, and arranging lives. That might be—yes. In any case I cannot tell."

Francoise, thinking deeply, hazarded another question. "He loves her?"

"I believe so, indeed," said the general. "He cares most to be with us—with her. Ah, yes, I have no doubt that he loves her. But why it goes no further—sappit! It is beyond me—that! I would knock their foolish heads together, me—but that is not convenient."

"Does she love Pietro?"

"Mon dieu! How can a mere man say that? She is a woman. I do not know—not in the least," the general exploded at him.

"But Pietro loves her?" Francoise asked again, his wistful smiling eyes searching the general's face.

"Yes—I am sure of it."

And Francoise smiled.

"No one could help it," he said half to himself.

In a day more little Battista came into Francoise's cabin and put clothes on him and wrapped him like a mummy in coats and rugs, and carried him in his arms up on deck, and there laid him in a hammock on the sunny side of the ship. And the salt air blew on his face and he gulped it in, and by and by Alixe brought a chair and sat by him and read to him, and Francoise lay quiet and wondered if heaven could be any improvement on this.

So, on that long, bright, calm morning at sea Francoise lay in the hammock and watched the million little waves glisten and break for unknown miles over the sunlit water, and listened to the voice he loved best in the world, as it told him of those others whom he loved also, and of the places

dear to him; and he wondered that he had indeed come through the long nightmare of prison to this happiness.

"Mr. Hampton has been talking to me about Virginia; it must be a beautiful country," said Alixe. "I should love the free friendly life of those great domains. I believe I could leave France and Viqueux for such a country as that, where there are no political volcanoes on top of which one must live. With us it is always plotting and secrecy. Always a war to look back on or to look forward to. I should like to go to Virginia."

"But," said Francoise, with his great eyes glowing, "the war one now looks forward to in France will be short and glorious. And after that will be peace, for there will be a Bonaparte ruling, and that means strength and good government."

"How you believe in the great captain and in his blood," and Alixe smiled down at the pale face on fire with its lifelong enthusiasm.

"One must," said Francoise simply, and paused, and went on. "For me—you know, Alixe, how it is. How the star of the Bonapartes has always seemed to be my star! I believe that I believe that my life is tied to that house. Napoleon was more than human to my mind, his touch set me aside for his uses in my cradle."

"And made you a chevalier," Alixe considered. "That was a true accolade, Francoise. You would have a right to that title under another Bonaparte."

"I believe so, Alixe."

"And my father believes it. So you must hurry and get well and come back to France and be fit for work when the prince needs you, Chevalier Beaupre. My father has told you that a movement is preparing? He is reckless, my father, and it troubles me. It might be unsafe for him to live in France if his part in these plots were known."

"Then you could come to Virginia—to Carnifax," and Francoise smiled.

But Alixe flushed. "That is Pietro's estate, not ours," she said quickly; and then she rose and bent over the sick boy. "I must go to my father now," she said, and caught his pitiful hands suddenly in both hers. "But oh! Francoise, I wish I could tell you how it changes all the world to have you back again!"—and she was gone.

Francoise, trembling with a rapture he could not quiet, lay, not stirring, because he feared to break the spell of the touch of her hands; feeling within him a rebel hope that yet he would not let take hold of him. Could it be? Was it true? Did she care for him and not Pietro? Was that the reason that in all these years she and Pietro were still only sister and brother? Yet, he caught and choked the thought. Even then he had no right, he could not, would not tell her what she was to him. He would be Pietro's friend always as he had promised long ago; more, a thousand times more now, when Pietro had given back to him freedom and life and hope.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### A Social Crisis.

On a day the ship sailed into a splendid roadstead, big enough to hold the



The General Shook His Head.

ships of half the world. Then into a wide flashing river, the James river, four or five miles wide down there at its mouth. And up and up and up the bright river, the narrowing river, between its low green banks, with now and again a glimpse of a large house and of gardens and lawns green with June, as one sailed past.

Harry Hampton told Francoise who lived in them as they went by—Harrisons and Carters and Byrds and Randolphs—strange-sounding, difficult, English names in the ear of the Frenchman. Young Mr. Hampton knew them all, it seemed; many of them were his cousins; Francoise listened, surprised, interested, to the word picture which the Virginian unconsciously drew, as he talked of every-day happenings, of a society and a way of living quite different from any the Frenchman had ever heard of.

With that they were in sight of Roanoke house—one might see the

roofs of the buildings over the trees—Harry Hampton pointed it out with a touch of excitement in his grave manner. Then, as one slipped along the sparkling water, there was a sharp bend in the stream, and as they turned the large silvery green slope of the lawn lay before them, with its long wharf and barges lying at the water-side, and a ship unloading its return cargo from England.

"It is the Sea Lady" called young Hampton. "She is in before us—and she sailed so long after."

He made a quick movement forward with his pathetic broken step—for this only son of the Hampton family was a cripple.

There were people gathering on the lawn, negroes drawn up in line; the women in bright-colored turbans, men and women both showing white teeth as they grinned with the pleasure and the excitement of watching the ship come in. Then a white light figure ran down the broad greenness, and a girl stood, golden curls on her shoulders, a straw hat with blue ribbons tying down some of the golden curls, but not all—stood and watched and waved an eager friendly hand.

"It is my cousin Lucy," Harry Hampton said, and Francoise, looking at him, saw his eyes fixed on her intently.

In a few minutes more, leaving the ship with his halting careful step, Francoise saw him kiss her cousinly—yet it seemed not altogether cousinly—and with that he was saying a word about "My new friend, the Chevalier Beaupre," and the girl's quick hand-clasp and the warm welcome in her voice of honey, made Francoise feel as if a place in her friendship had been waiting for him always.

Then, from back of her, from somewhere, towered suddenly a tall man, with large features, and first seized Harry Hampton's hand and then turned to the stranger with the same air of entire pleasure and hospitality.

"My nephew's friend is welcome at Roanoke house," he said, and Francoise, with his few words of English, understood enough to be warmed to the soul at his first contact with southern hospitality.

"It is my uncle, Colonel Hampton," Harry's voice was explaining.

They would not hear of his going to Carnifax—not for days, not for a month; why should he go at all?—Colonel Hampton asked. If he were to be only a year or two in Virginia, why trouble to set up housekeeping alone in that big house, when Roanoke house was here and in order, and only too glad to keep him. So Francoise for a week or two stayed. And found himself, shortly, a notability, Harry Hampton, his boyish ambition for adventure and daring denied every personal outlet, because of that accident in babyhood which had started him in life hopelessly lame, was as proud of his salvage from the Austrian bird of prey as if Francoise's record had been his own. Much more frankly proud, for he could talk about it, and did. Alixe had told him a great deal, and the episode of the headlong rescue of Prince Louis Napoleon, the capture and imprisonment and final theatrical escape, went like wild-fire about the countryside, and stirred all the romance of the warm-blooded southerners. Every house wanted the hero to break bread, and under young Harry's proud wing Francoise went gladly to meet all these friends of his friend. As the general had said years ago, his simplicity struck the finest note of sophisticated high breeding; moreover, he had lived with high-bred people in more than one country; the aristocrats of Virginia were delighted with his young nobleman, as they thought him—with his charm of manner and his stirring history, with the lines of suffering still in his thin face and the broad lock of gray—the badge of that suffering—in his dark hair; with the quaint foreign accent too, and the unexpectedness in the turns of his rapidly increasing English.

And now he had left Roanoke, and was living in the great old house on Pietro's land, the old house which had been lived in a hundred years before Pietro's father had bought it, the old house in which grandchildren of Pietro live today.

Something in his odd broken English, something in his vivacity and energy, something in the warmth of the heart which the poor souls felt in him—none quicker than negroes to feel a heart—fascinated the slaves who fell to his unaccustomed management. He had met Henry Clay and the proud aristocrats of Virginia as men and women, and given them the best of himself; he met these thick-lipped, dim-souled, black people no otherwise, and gave them the same. By the crystal truth in him the first had been vanquished, and it happened not differently with these other human beings. Pietro's mishandled property grew orderly month by month; Francoise, in the saddle most of the time, riding from end to end of the plantation, found his hands full and his work interesting, and his health and strength coming back—though that was a slower process.

The people who do most are likely to be the people who can do a thing

more. Young Henry Hampton, ruled out of the larger part of his natural pleasures by that stern by-law of nature, which had made him lame, appealed to Francoise's sympathy every day more deeply. The one thing which the lad could do was riding. "Henry," Francoise spoke, as the two trotted together down a shady lane of the plantation on the way to the far fields where negroes worked in the autumn sunlight, "what would you think of organizing a mounted troop of militia?"

The boy's face flamed with excitement. What would he think of it? He would think it glorious, wonderful, half a dozen big adjectives.

There were many young men in the neighborhood; all of them rode; none of them had enough to do; Francoise had a hold on them—a man may not spend five years in a dungeon because of a dashing mad act of bravery with-



"My Nephew's Friend is Welcome to Roanoke House."

out acquiring a halo which adheres afterward; it was fairly certain that a military company, originating with the Chevalier Beaupre, would succeed. And it succeeded. Three days later it was started with the cordial sanction of the fathers and the enthusiasm of the sons. Francoise was, of course, the moving spirit and the responsible head, and Francoise was hard at work calling back the old lore of his school-days at Saint-Cyr and reading books on tactics and all military subjects.

"Henry," said Colonel Hampton one morning after breakfast at Roanoke House, "I want to speak to you a moment in my study."

Harry went calmly into the dim, pleasant, old room, with its paneled walls and portraits set into the paneling; he had no fear of what his uncle might say, for he was not merely the young nephew and ward living in his uncle's house—he was the owner of most of the acres which made the plantation a great one. Colonel Hampton considered that in his treatment of Harry, and Harry knew it well enough. Moreover, it was an unspoken secret that Harry or Lucy had the right of strength over weakness in dealing with the head of the house. Obstinacy combined sometimes with weakness, it is true, but yet the two youngsters understood clearly that the colonel was the head only by a graceful fiction. So young Henry Hampton felt no alarm at the quality of his uncle's tone. The colonel sat down in the biggest chair, a chair throne-like in its dignity; he faced the lad and pulled importantly at the end of his mustache.

"This troop of cavalry about organized?" he demanded.

"Well, that's rather a big name for it, Uncle Henry, but it is going like a streak," answered Henry, junior. "We meet again today, and tomorrow I think we shall begin business."

"I approve of it," Colonel Hampton stated.

Harry bowed his head gravely. The colonel went on.

"It is a well-bred and appropriate method of amusement. A gentleman should know something of military affairs. But—ah—the ranking and—ah—arrangements? Such—details are not unlikely with gentlemen of the first families, as you all are—except one—to crystallize into a—later importance. The man who has been the leader of this company of very young men will not unlikely be the man thought of as a leader in—ah—affairs of greater moment to come. May I inquire who is the captain?"

Henry Hampton looked troubled, impatient.

"Why, nobody yet, Uncle Henry. We have not got to that. But, of course, the Chevalier—"

Colonel Hampton interrupted him. "Exactly. I thought so. That is what I wish to avoid. The Chevalier must not be the captain."

The boy caught up the words hotly. "Uncle Henry, he has done it all. We all want him."

"Exactly. But you must not have him. I am surprised at you, Henry! Do you remember that this man is peasant-born? Do you want to be led into battle by a person whose rank is not above that of our own servants?"

"Led into battle!" Young Henry laughed shortly. "Led into a corn field is more like it." And then his glance fixed. "Moreover, Uncle Henry, if there were battle in the case, we should all count ourselves lucky to be led by—a hero."

"A hero!" Colonel Hampton sniffed. "A mere French peasant by his own account. Of course, I have—received him, because of your infatuation for him. And—the young man has qualities. He has been a success socially, I will not deny. I am quite surprised by his success. But when it comes to putting him in a position above men of birth, my blood revolts. I request you, Henry, to use your influence against this. I can not endure to have him give you commands. You should be the captain, because your social position has made the enterprise possible. But, yet, if—your misfortune—if some other seems more fit—" A painful color darkened the boy's face and his brows gathered. The colonel went on. "I should make no objection to that. But" again he pulled at the corners of his mustache with solemnity—"I must request you to use your influence absolutely to prevent this parvenu from being placed over you."

Harry Hampton put his hand on the table beside him and lifting himself with that aid stood before his uncle, leaning a little on the table as his lame foot made it necessary, but yet a figure full of decision and dignity.

"And I must refuse absolutely, Uncle Henry, to do anything of the kind. I am not in question. As you say, I have—a misfortune, I shall use what influence I have to see that the Chevalier Beaupre is made captain of the company he has organized and is to educate. This is fitting. I am proud to call him my friend, and I am glad that I am large-minded enough to realize that as large a mind as his is not to be measured by petty standards. If he is a prince or if he is a peasant is quite immaterial, because he is first a very great thing—himself." He turned from the astonished colonel, and with his halting step was gone.

Shortly the young master's horse was ordered and he had left word with Ebenezer, the butler, as he went out, that he would not be home till bedtime, and was off toward Carnifax.

"Francoise," he began, finding his friend busy over his papers in that same library, at that same carved mahogany desk, where today he packed up old letters—"Francoise, I want to speak to you—about something—before our meeting."

"What then? The boy is out of breath. You have been running Black Hawk again, my Henry—that horse will complain of you soon, the strong beast. What is it you are in such a hurry to say that one must race across country so of a good hour of the morning?"

But Henry was too intent to talk nothing. "It is important," he said briefly. "We must have a captain for the company at once, and it must be you."

"Sabre de bois!" smiled Francoise radiantly. "The good idea! I can not imagine a fellow more beautiful to be a captain than I. Can you?"

But Henry was altogether serious-minded. "You will consent then?" he threw at him. "I did not think of it till this morning, but I see it should be done at once. We shall all want you, of course, and want nobody else."

Now Henry Hampton, not having thought of the question till this morning, had no right to make this statement in a full round voice of certainty. Yet he knew every man in the company, and he felt in himself the force to answer for them. He answered for them without a hesitation. And with that Francoise's laughing face grew grave. He pushed the letters from him and got up and came across to the boy and bent and put his arm around his shoulder as he sat still and stiff. These French ways of his friend pleased Henry immensely, but they also petrified him with embarrassment. Francoise was not in the least embarrassed. He patted the broad young shoulder affectionately.

"My good Henry," he said gently. "What a loyal heart—and what a reckless one! How then can you answer for all those messieurs?"

Harry flung up his head and began. "They will—if they do not I shall make them"—but Francoise stopped the hold words.

"No," he said quietly—yet with a tone of finality which the other recognized. "That will not be necessary. And the messieurs are my good friends; they will treat me with honor; they will be better to me than I deserve. I know that well." There were so few people in the world who did not, to Francoise, seem his good friends. "But, my Henry, I will not be the captain. I have thought of that, if you have not. Look here."

He swung to the desk and slipped out a drawer, and had a long folded paper in his hand. He flapped it open before Harry's eyes. It was a formal notice to Mr. Henry Hampton, junior, that the Jefferson troop of Virginia had elected him as its captain.

Harry flushed violently and his mouth quivered with pleasure, with nervousness, with unhappleness. The

other watched him eagerly. All this affair of the troop he had done to give pleasure to Harry Hampton, his friend. It was the only way in which the lame boy could be on equal terms with the other boys, and Francoise had determined from the first that every joy which could be gleaned out of it he should have. To be the captain ought to be a joy.

"!" Harry cried and then was silent—and then spoke sorrowfully. "But—it can not be!"

"Can not be?" demanded Francoise. "Why not?"

There was a moment's silence and with a painful effort the words came. "My—misfortune. I am lame."

And Francoise cried out, "Henry—all that is nonsense! What of it? It is a thing you do as well as the best—riding. Who has such a seat, such hands as you? Why not then, I demand?" And went on. "It is settled. I have talked to them all—see the signatures. You are the captain, my Henry—and I am your right hand and your left hand—yes and your feet, too, whenever you need me."

"But," said Harry, dazed, "it is really your place; don't you want to be captain?" he shot at the other boyishly.

And with that "Francoise's" arm was about his shoulder again as the two stood together, and Francoise was laughing. "But yes," he said. "I should like it. That is a secret." His face was brilliant with laughter. "You only may know, my Henry, that I am vain—ah, very vain," he repeated sadly. "Never tell it. I love titles and honors and importance. I like to be called Chevalier—though indeed that is my right," he added with a quick touch of dignity. "And I should like very much to be captain of this company of fine young men, the flowers—does one say?—of the South. But it is not best." He held up his forehead and looked enormously worldly-wise. "No. You would not mind; the young messieurs would not mind, perhaps—but the fathers—ah, the fathers!" He threw back his head and gazed at the ceiling with eyes of horror. Then with a start and a hand flung out, "And the mothers! Mon Dieu! But the mothers, Henry! They would make—what you call it—a—of a time, is it not?"

Harry roared with joy at the terrified whisper. "But I have neither father nor mother," he suggested.

"Ah, Henry," argued Francoise with deep satisfaction in his tone, "that makes you so suitable."

"Suitable!" inquired Henry.

"But yes, my friend. It kills jealousy. All is grist, one says, that comes to your mill. All is fathers, all is mothers to the poor orphan—and besides that, there is Monsieur the Colonel. One sees that the uncle of the captain will be contented. And whom should I wish to content but my first host, my first benefactor in this land? I believe, indeed, he would be displeased if I should take the place. I believe he is not satisfied of my birth."

And beneath the nonsense of Francoise, Henry could but acknowledge the



He Flipped It Open Before Harry's Eyes.

clear-sighted logic. So it happened that Henry Hampton became captain of the Jefferson Troop, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### My Lady's Mirror.

Exercise is a splendid skin tonic. A brisk walk, no matter if in the rain, will freshen the complexion, even as it freshens the flowers, and a simple aperient will do wonders for a muddy skin. It remains for all women to preserve such beauty as they have and to cure the defects which are peculiar to them or that time was wrought. Every skin is different and must be treated accordingly, and it takes a reasoning woman to experiment carefully and find out the proper method of treatment for her skin.

Most women, whether they be fleshy or thin, walk far too little. The woman who tends to be fleshy should walk for at least an hour every day, and do it regularly and systematically. As she gets accustomed to the exercise she should increase the number of miles she walks a day until she is doing five miles.—Exchange.