

The MARSHAL

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SYNOPSIS.

Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francis visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alix, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francis a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marshal 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 Francis to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francis goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alix, Pietro and Francis meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francis saves his life. The general discovers Francis loves Alix, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francis 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 lackey. Francis takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Disguised as Louis's brother Francis escapes from Austria from the castle owned by Pietro and his mother to escape. Francis 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, Alix and Pietro hear from Francis and plan his rescue. Francis as a guest of the Austrian governor of the castle prison inspects the interior of the wine cellar of the Zappis. Francis receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from prison. Alix awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy." Francis, as a guest of Harry Hampton on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to America to manage Pietro's estate in Virginia. Francis wins the respect and admiration of the aristocratic southern-

herself as well as all her thought and effort for Roanoke. She wanted to love somebody, and be loved for herself as other girls were; she would not marry Harry because he and her father considered it a good arrangement. So strongly had this determination seized her that, looking entirely down that way of thought, she failed to see that Harry might not be classed with the colonel in his view of the plan. She failed to see that if she had not been heiress to Roanoke House, or to anything at all, Harry Hampton would still have been in love with his cousin Lucy. For Harry saw how the young life had been pressed into a service too hard for it almost from babyhood; Harry saw how unselfish she was and trustworthy; how broad-minded and warm-hearted; how she would like to be care free and irresponsible like other girls of her age, only that the colonel and the estate were always there, always demanding her time and her attention. He could do little to help her as yet, but he longed to lift the weight and carry it with her, not away from her, for the fairy of a person was not the sort to lean on others or to be happy without her share of the burden. Yet, Harry thought, "If I might only help her, and make it all a delight instead of a labor!"

But Lucy, going about her busy days, never guessed this. She thought of Harry as the boy whom she had grown up with, to be cared for tenderly always because of his misfortune, to be helped and planned for and loved indeed, because he was lame and her cousin, and because he was a dear boy and her best friend. But she the hero of her own romance to come, she refused to think of him at all. More firmly she refused such an idea, of course, because her father had hinted that it would complete both Harry's and his happiness.

Francis stood regarding her, with frank admiration in every muscle of his face. He smiled, the same gentle amused smile with which he had addressed the portrait. "You never talk too much for me, Mademoiselle. It is a pleasure to me always to hear your voice," he answered in the deep tone of a Frenchman, the tone that has ever a half note of tragedy, as of some race-memory which centuries do not wipe out. "Only," he went on speaking in French, "one must not talk English. That is breaking the law, you remember, Mademoiselle."

Francis sprang to his feet and stood as he repeated once more the Emperor's words. His voice shook. "Rise Chevalier Francis Beaupre, one day a Marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he cried, thrilled through with the words which he repeated.

and was tried for it—and all that—father talked about it so much I could not help knowing a little about it, but I don't remember distinctly." "But certainly, Mademoiselle. It was the prince." "Then, haven't they just done something to him? Isn't there something people are interested in just now about that Prince Louis?" The grave bright smile flashed out at her. "In truth, Mademoiselle, there is. The prince was shipped by his jailers on the frigate Andromede more than four months ago, for what port is unknown. One has not heard of him lately, and there are fears that he may have suffered shipwreck. But I do not fear. It is the hope of France, it is France's destiny which the Andromede carries. It will carry that great cargo safely. The young prince will yet come to his own, and I—perhaps you, Mademoiselle—who knows?—will cry for him 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

CHAPTER XXI.

Hero Worship.

It had come about that Lucy Hampton was a scholar of Francis. The colonel, lamenting on a day that there were no capable teachers of French in the neighborhood, that Lucy's school-girl command of the language was fast disappearing, and an accomplishment so vital to a lady was likely soon to be lost—this saga of regret being sung by the colonel at the dinner-table, Francis had offered to teach mademoiselle his mother tongue. And the colonel had accepted the offer.

Francis, with quick insight, saw as much as this, and was anxious for the boy who had been his warm and steady friend. What he did not see was that Lucy was fitting his own personality into that empty notch of her imagination where an altar stood and a candle burned, ready for the image that was to come above them. That never entered his mind, for in his mind Alix was the only woman living to be considered in such a relation. And, in spite of the seigneur, in spite of Pietro, in spite of his wholehearted giving up of her, there was a happy obstinate corner in the depths of his soul which yet whispered against all reason that it might be that Alix loved him, that it might be, for unheard-of things happened every day, it might be yet that—with all honor, with all happiness to those others whom he loved—he might some day be free to love her. So that as he grew to care for and understand Lucy Hampton more and more, no faintest dream of caring for her as he did for Alix came ever into his mind.

Francis turned his eyes on her. "Yes, Mademoiselle," he answered. "You have seen Napoleon!" she said, and then, impetuously, "Tell me about it!" But, though he smiled at her with that affectionate amusement which she seemed, of all sentiments, oftent to inspire in him, he did not answer.

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The tone full of feeling thrilled through the girl. She flushed and stammered as she went on, but Francis, carried away by his enthusiasm, did not think of it. "If you will let me ask just one question more, Monsieur, I will promise not to ask any after."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Story Again.

Lucy stood in the doorway. The carved white wood-work over the doors was yellowed to ivory; the mantelpiece, brought from France in 1732, framed in its fluted pillars, its garlands and chiseled nymphs and shepherds, as if under protest, the rollicking orange of the fire. Over a mahogany sofa, covered with slippery horsehair, hung a portrait of the first lady of the manor and Francis, sitting soldierly erect in a straight chair, smiled as his gaze fell on it—it was so like yet so unlike a face which he knew. There was the delicate oval chin and straight nose, and fair, loose hair. But the portrait was staid and serious, while Lucy's face, as this man had seen it, had kindly eyes and a mouth smiling always. He shook his head in gentle amusement at the grave dignity of the picture.

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Francis Beaupre's look turned from her to the fire, and the air of gazing at something far away came again. "It is a picture I see as I think of that time of my childhood," he began, as if speaking to himself. "A picture many times painted in homelike colors on my brain. Many a night in the winter I have sat, a little boy, by the side of my grandmother, at that great hearth, and have looked and have seen all the faces, have heard all the voices and the fire crackling, and the spinning-wheel whirring, even as I see them and hear them tonight."

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Lucy Stood in the Doorway.



Stretched Out His Arm as if to Hold a Sword.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dreadful.

"Mercy, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Harlow. "I never would have believed my little boy could use such language. Been playing with bad children again, haven't you?" "No'm," replied her little boy. "Teddy Bacon and I have been playing with a parrot his uncle sent him from Chicago."