The MARSHAI MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ILLSWORTH YOUNG COPYRIGHT 1912 BY BOBBS MEDRILL COMPRHY

Francois Beaupra a peasant babe of three yours, after an amosing incident in whee yours, after an amosing incident in three yours, after an amosing incident in three yours, after an amosing incident in three yours, after the proposed of the proposed of the poleon, who proposed that the boy might one day be a marshal of Francis more another Benaparte. At the age of ten Francois you with allow his seven-yourself, allow with allow his characters a copy ist for the general and the remaination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copy ist for the general and the remaination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copy ist for the general and the remaination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copy ist for the general and the remainance of the campaigns. The boy becomes a copy ist for the general and the remainance of the campaigns and the same proposed of the campaigns and the son, Pletro, arrive at the Chateau. The seneral angrees to care for the Marquis ason Pletro, arrive at the Chateau. The seneral angrees to care for the Marquis ason Pletro, arrive at the Chateau. The seneral angrees to care for the Marquis ason Pletro seneral discovers francois more a strange pletro and francois more a strange below the provise to be Prince Louis National Alixe, Pletro and Francois more a strange below to the proposed of the general and the proposed of the general and the proposed of the general discovers francois loves allow the case of the proposed of the proposed of the general and the proposed of the pr

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Finest Things. Endurance, Francois' own negro boy, brought a note to Roanoke house on a | tie hand on Francois' hands. morning five days after. It read:

'My Dear Miss Hampton; "The doctor has given me permisride to Roanoke house before all oth- have you." er places. Will mademoiselle see me? her for a short time alone? I await little hands. The uncertain sliding when he stood once more on the deck anxiously a word from you, and I am voice went on: your servant.

"FRANCOIS BEAUPRE." beats of Aquarelle pound down the gravel under the window, heard Franhorse to Sambo, and waited one minworth loving.

He had made his precise bow, and she had heard his voice saying gently: "Good morning, mademoiselle," and the door was closed; and they were alone together. In a flash she felt that It could not be endured, that she must escape. She rose hastily.

"I'm sorry I must go; 1 cannot stay--'

But Francois had laughed and taken her hand and was holding it with a tender force which thrilled her. He understood. She knew he understood the shame and fear of a woman who has given love unasked; she was safe in his hands; she knew that. With a sigh she let her fingers rest in his and sat down sgain and waited.

"Dear Medemoiselle Lucy," said the deep kind voice, "my first friend in Virginia, my comrade, my little scholar-

Why did Lucy grow cold and quiet at these words of gentleness? Francois was sitting beside her, holding her hand in both his, gazing at her with the clearest affection in his look. Yet she braced herself against she did not know what. The voice went on with its winning foreign inflections, its slip of English now and then, and its never-to-be-described power of reaching the heart."

"See, mademoiselle," said Francois, "we are too real friends, you and I, to have deception between us. We will not pretend, you and I, to each otheris it pot, mademoiselle? Therefore I shall not try to hide from you that I heard that day those words so wonderful which you spoke to me so unworthy. I have thought of those words ever since, mademoiselfe, as I lay ill with this troublesome arm; ever since -all the time. My heart has been full of a-gratification to you which cannot be told. I shall remember all my life; I shall be honored as no king could honor me, by those words. And because you have so touched me, and big, handsome prince, the right sort." have so laid that little hand on the heart of me, I am going to tell you, my still. dear comrade and scholar, what is

most secret and most sacred to me." In as few words as might be, he told her of the peasant child who had been | that he is lame." lifted out of his poverty-bound life with such large kindliness that no

AUTHOR of THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREADURE, ETC 0 been left all the love of his first home and yet been given a home and a train-

ed, shamed, cruelly hurt in vanity and had been even in the first flush of enway, and taking it, felt that sharp joy Again the boy dogged his footsteps of renunciation which is as keen and and adored him frankly. And Francois, difficult to breathe and as sweet in the enchanted to be friends again with breathing as the air of a mountain- his friend, wondered at the goodness top. Trembling, she put her other lit-

and she smiled mistly, but very kindly. "You could not love anyone but cordial hand held out one meets smiles sion to ride tomorrow and I wish to that beautiful Alixe. I-I would not

And Francois bent hastily, with so with this child of a French village. Will mademoiselle permit me to see tears in his eyes, and kissed the warm

that to you. I would not have said Francois felt as if he were leaving chateau and get well. But the boy Mademoiselle sent a fair sheet of it-not for worlds. I-thought you home and family. The long green car- was restless; a fever of enthusiasm paper with a few unsteady scratches, were killed. I-didn't know what I pet of the rolling lawn of Roanoke was across it, and sat down to live over said. But I am not ashamed. I am crowded with people come to tell him and yet more for the prince's work. it was accomplished. The colonel had glad that I-am enough of a person to good-by. All of his soldier boys were ridden to Norfolk for the day-had have known-the finest things-and" there, the lads trained by him, one and Pietro came from London, and Fran-Francois known of that, one wonders? -her voice sank and she whispered all ready to swear by him or to die for cois, on the point of leaving for the next words over the dark head him. Lucy and Harry stood together, study with the dim portraits and the bent on her hands-"and to have loved and the servants were gathered to do ill. He lay in his bed in his room at

that and Francois lifted his head fulness, he watched them as the gangcois' deep gentle voice as he gave the quickly and his eyes flamed at her. "Of course you will, my dear little ute more, the hardest minute of all. girl, my brave mademoiselle. It is not Then the door had opened and he stood as you think; it is not serious, mon there—the miracle, as it seems at such amle. It is only that your soul is full moments to a woman, possibly to a of kindness and enthusiasm and eagerman-of all the gifts and qualities ness to stand by the unlucky. I am alone and expatriated; I have had a little of misfortune and you are sorry for me. It is that. Ah, I know. I am very old and wise, me. It would never do," he went on. "The noblesse of Virginia would rise in a revolution if it should be that the princess of Roanoke house gave her heart to a French peasant. I am come to be a man of



He Bent Over Her Hand.

with as worldly wise an expression as if one of Guido Rent's dark angels should talk politics. He went on again, smiling a little, an air of daring in his manner. "Moreover. Mademoiselle Miss Lucy, there is a fairy prince who awaits only the smallest sign from

Lucy smiled, "No," she said. And then, "A fairy prince-in Virginia?" "Ah, yes, Mademoiselle Miss Lucy. Of the true noblesse, that one. A fine, "Who?" demanded Lucy, smiling

"Of such a right sort indeed that it is no matter-ah, no, but perhaps just the thing to make one love him more,

"Harry!" Lucy's smile faded.

you; Henry, the best truest fellow, the other men appeared suddenly and dismanliest bravest fellow. Who rides appeared at the chateau, and held conlike Henry? Who has read all the ferences with the general and Franbooks in all the libraries like Henry? cois in that large dim library where Who is respected by the old men, the the little peasant boy had sat with his great men, for his knowledge and his thinking and his statecraft almostlike Henry? Who has such a great of Napoleon. These men paid great heart and brain and such fearless courage as Henry?"

"You are very loyal to your friends," Lucy said, half pleased, half stabbed

"Certainly. What for is gratification worth, otherwise?" Francois threw at her earnestly. There were a few English words too much for him still; 'gratitude" seemed to be one. He stood up and his great eyes glowed down at her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "two women of earth, my mother and Alixe, are for me the Madonnas, the crown of women," and his glance lifted to the ceiling as if to heaven, without pose, unconscious—a look no American could ever have worn. "And, voila, mademoiselle, my little scholar will always stand next to and close to them." He bent over her hand and his lips touched it long and tenderly. "Is it friends always? It is indeed so for life with me."

And little Lucy felt a healing pence heard herself saying generous words when he came home to Vicques, two of friendship which healed also as she months later, he was white and transspoke them.

Then, "I must find that savage boy Henry, and beseech him to spare my life," spoke Francois at last. "My life is of more value today, that it possesses a sure friend in Mademoiselle Lucy," he said and smiled radiantly. And was gone.

"He said-that Harry loved me! What nonsense!" Lucy whispered to herself. And the broken-hearted one was smiling.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Once More at Home.

In fewer words, with less told, Francois' straightforwardness metamorphosed the angry lad Harry Hampton into a follower more devoted than he thusiasm for his rescued prisoner. and generosity of the people of this world. It is roughly true that one finds "I see," she said, and her voice shook life in general like a mirror; that if one looks into it with a smile and a Through all his days it had happened

of the Lovely Lucy, loaded with her that; his boy should not be hounded; perverse one. "Let it go at that; say "I am not-ashamed-that I said cargo of tobacco for foreign ports, he should stay at home in the quiet old wide vague view across the fields of them. But don't bother. I shall-get him honor, and people had ridden from the farmhouse, the low upper chamber all over the county for the farewell. The liquid tones choked a bit on His eyes dimmed with tears of gratecaught the wind and the ship swung fields and bouquets of chestnut trees, slowly out into the stream,

> "Come back again-come again," they called from the shore. Francois heard the deep tones of the lads and the rich voices of the negroes and he knew that some there could not speak, even as he could not. So he waved his hat silently, and the ship moved faster and the faces on the lawn seemed smaller farther away, talking, a long time. What could his and yet he heard those following voices calling to him, more faintly: "Come back again-oh, come back again!"

And with that the negroes had broken into a melody, and the ship moved on to the wild sweet music. Way Down Upon de S'wanee Ribber, the negroes sang, and the ship was at of Roanoke house, the green slope crowded with figures of his friends. the sparkling water front-the current of the negroes' voices, lower, more fitful; and now it was gone. He had left Virginia; he was on his way to friends. And for all his joy of going, he was

heavy-hearted for the leaving. The weeks went slowly at sea, but France, was at Vicques. He had seen those years of his prison life—a happy woman now, full of business and responsibility, yet always with a rapt look in her face as of one who lived in talks with his prosperous father and slipped into his old place among his brothers and sisters, utterly refusing shortly to Virginia. knowledge-" And he shook his head to be made a stranger or a great man, the story of his capture and the story

of his escape. At the castle the returned wanderer so suddenly seven years before. The had so surprised him. general, to whom the boy seemed his poy risen from the dead, would hardly let him from his sight; Alixe kept him in a tingling atmosphere of tenderness and mockery and sisterly devotion. which thrilled him and chilled him and made him blissful and wretched in turns. The puzzle of Alixe was more sphinx to the three men who loved her, to her father and Francois and Pietro. The general and Francois spoke of it the distant tip of it. guardedly, in few words, once in a long time, but Pietro never spoke. "But yes, indeed, mon amie," and Pietro was there often, yet more often bond which held him to that poor, yet Francois patted the little hand with away in London, where the exiled Mazdear life had been broken; who had his big one. "Henry, indeed. Henry, zini, at the head of one wing of Ital- melodramatic, Francois."

who is waiting to kill me for love of ian patriots, lived and conspired. And thin ankles twisted about the legs of his high chair, and copied the history attention nowadays to the words of that peasant boy.

"As soon as you are a little stronger," they said, "there is much work for you to do," and the general would come in at that point with a growl like distant thunder.

"He is to rest," the general would order. "He is to rest till he is well. He has done enough; let the boy alone, you others.

But the time came, six months after his return, when François must be sent to visit the officers of certain regiments thought to be secretly Bonapartist; when he, it was believed, could get into touch with them and tell them enough and not too much of the plans of the party, and find out where they stood and how much one might count on them. So, against the general's wish, Francois went off on a right between us, mon amie? Are we political mission. It proved more complicated than had seemed probable; he was gone a long time; he had to travel and endure exhausting experiences for settling on her bruised feelings and which he was not yet fit. So that parent and ill. And there were some of the mysterious men at the chateau



His Voice Was Full of Passion and Pleading.

to meet him, delighted, pitiless. Deand outstretched hands in return. lighted with the work he had done, with his daring and finesse and success, without pity for his weakness, So that when the day came at last begging him to go at once on another was on him and he wanted to do more

looking out-through wide-open casement windows, their old leaded little panes of glass glittering from every plank was drawn up and the sails uneven angle-looking out at broad high red roofs of the chauteau of Vicques. And gazing so, he saw Pietro on old Capitaine, turn from the shady avenue of the chestnuts and ride slowly to the house. With that he heard his is like his uncle!" mother greeting Pietro below in the great kitchen, then the two voicesthe deep one and the soft one-talking, mother and Pietro have to talk about so long? And then Pietro's step was was there, in the room.

"Francois," Pietro began in his direct fashion, "I think you must go back to Virginia."

Francois regarded him with startled eyes, saying nothing. There was a the turn of the river. The stately walls chill and an ache in his heart at the thought of yet another parting.

Pietro went out. "I have a letter from Harry Hampton. The place needs had swept away all of the picture and you; the people want you; and Harry he could only hear that wailing music and Miss Hampton say they will not be married unless you come to be best ways, took thought of a Frenchman man at the wedding." Francois smiled. Pietro went on again. "Moreover, boy, Francois-you are not doing well here. You are too useful; they want to use you constantly and you are ready; but after a while he had landed, was in you are not fit. You must get away for another year or two. Then you may again be lifted in the day of danhis mother, with her hair whitened by will be well and perhaps by then the prince will have real work for you. And you must have strength for that time. Your mother says I am right." With that his mother glood in the deep inner quiet. He had talked long doorway, regarding him with her calm it came about that Francois went back

On the day before he went he sat in picked up no less the thread dropped hand, in that unbrotherly way which

> "Alixe," said Francois, "I am going to the end of the world." "Not for the first time," Alixe an-

swered cheerfully. "Perhaps for the last," Francois threw back dramatically. It is hard to have one's best-beloved discount one's tragedies. And Alixe laughed inreadable than the puzzle of the and lifted a long stem of a spring flower which she held in her hand, and brushed his forehead delicately with

"Smooth out the wrinkles, do not frown; do not look solemn; you all pen. "The baton awaits you. Come.

Francois, listening to these sane er to give full light. So, mon ami, join sentiments, was hurt, and not at all inspired with cheerfulness. "Alixe," he said-and knew that he should not say it-"there is something I have wanted all my life-all my life."

"Is there?" inquired Alixe in commonplace tones. "A horse, per exemple?" He caught her hand, disrepassion and pleading. "Do not be Alixe. I am going so far, and my very soul is torn with leaving you-all,"

nflection at times, to turn the course of a life. If Francois had left his sentence alone before that last little word; if he had told the girl that his it is hard to say what might have happened. But-"you all"-he did not wish then to have her think that it which had almost slipped from her, and stood again defensive.

"I won't be cruel, Francois; you know how we-all-are broken-hearted to have you go."

Francois caught that fatal little significance, and his own responsibilty. Alixe went on.

is-that you have wanted all your life?"

Eagerly Francois caught at her words. "May I tell you Alixe, Alixe?" "No." Alixe spoke quickly. "No, let me guess. It is-it is"-and Francois, catching his breath, tried to take the word from her, but she stopped him. tails. Uncle Zack says they are need-No, I must-tell it. You have wished ed at once. It has been neglected. I rather fast-"that-I should care for-

A cold chill at hearing that thing said in that voice seized him. Very still his eyes down, he did not speak. "Is-is that it?"

There is an angel of perversity who possesses our souls at times. He makes us say the unkind thing when we wish not to; he tangles our feet so that we fall and trip and hurt ourselves and our dearest-and behold long after we know that all the same it was an angel; that without that trouble we should have gone forever down the easy wrong way. We know that the perverse angel was sent to I did it," And then, "chevalier, read warn us off the pleasant grass which was none of ours, and by making things disagreeable at the psychological moment, save our souls alive for right things to come. Some such crosswise heavenly messenger gripped the mind of Alixe, and she said what she hated herself for saying, and saw the quick result in the downcast misery of poor Francois' face. And then the same cruel, wise angel turned his attention to Francois. "If she mission. The general was firm as to thinks that, let her," whispered the

And Francois lifted mournful eyes and repeated, "That you should love Pietro-yes-that is what I have wished for all my life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the morning of May 9, 1840, the sun shone gaily in London. It filtered in intricate patterns through the curtains which shaded the upper windows of a house in Carlton gardens, and the breeze lifted the lace, and sunlight and breeze together touched the bent and far off, five miles away, at the head of a young man who sat at a writing-table. A lock of hair had escaped on his forehead and the air touched it, lifted it, as if to say: "Behold the Napoleonic curl! See how he

But the pen ran busily, regardless of the garrulous breeze; there was much to do for a hard-working prince who found time to be the hero of ballrooms, the center of a London season, and yet could manipulate his agents coming up the narrow stair, and he throughout the garrisons of France, and plan and execute a revolution. It was the year when the body of Napoleon the First was brought from St Helena to Paris, and Louis Bonaparte had resolved, in that steady mind which never lost its grip on the reason of being of his existence, that with the ashes of the emperor his family should come back to France. For months the network had been spread, was tightening, and now the memory which held its friendships securely alliving in Virginia. As soon as his letter was finished to his father-the pen flew across the lines;

"The sword of Austerlitz must not be in an enemy's hands," he wrote to his father. "It must stay where it ger for the glory of France." His letters were apt to be slightly oratorical; it was moreover the fashion of the day to write so.

He raised his head and stared into the street. It was enough to decide eyes, and nodded to Pietro's words. So his expedition for this summer that General Bertrand, well-meaning, and ill-judging, had given to Louis Phillipe the arms of the emperor, to be And over and over again he had told the garden of the chateau with Alixe, placed in the invalides. Every memon the stone seat by the sun-dial where ber of the Benaparte family was out. they had sat years before when the groused, and to the heir it was a trumgeneral had seen him kiss the girl's pet call. He could hardly wait to go to France, to reciaim that insulted sword He wrote on, finished the letter to the exiled king, his father, a gloomy and lonely old man whom the son did not forget through years spent away from him.

Then he drew out a fresh sheet of paper, and his faint smile gleamed; for the thought of this adherent in Virginia was pleasant to him

"Chevalier Francois Beaupre," he headed the letter, and began below, "My friend and Marshal of Some Day." quickly as if the words boiled to the

ways come back, Monsieur the Bad I make an expedition within three in me. Our stars must shine togeth- ing five miles.

me here at the earliest, that the emperor's words may come true.

"LOUIS BONAPARTE."

Across the water, in Virginia, two years had made few changes. On the June day when the prince's letter lay in the post office of Norfolk the last of garding her tone; his voice was full of the roses were showing pink and red over the gardens in a sudden breeze. heartless and cold today, Alixe, dear | The leaves of the trees that arched the road that led to Roanoke house were sappy green, just lately fully spread, It takes no more than a syllable, an and glorious with freshness. Their shadows, dancing on the white pike. were sharp cut against the brightness. And through the light-pierced cave of shade a man traveled on horseback soul was torn with leaving her, then from one plantation to another, a man who rode as a Virginian rides, yet with a military air for all that. He patted the beast's neck with a soothing word, meant more to leave her than to leave and smiled as Aquarelle plunged at the the others. Alixe readjusted the guard waving of a bough, at a fox that ran across the road. But if an observer had been there he might have seen that the man's thought was not with horse or journey. François Beaupre, ridiug out to give a French lesson to Miss Hampton at Roanoke house, as word "all," repeated, and dimly sow its he had been doing for four years, all unconscious as he was of the letter awaiting for him at the moment in "I wonder if I do not know-what it Norfolk, was thinking of the event to come to which that letter called him

"Lucy! Oh, Lucy!" A voice called from the lawn, and in a moment more the colonel was upon them. "Lucy," he began, "somebody must arrange about the new harnesses; my time is too valuable to be taken up with de--all your life"-Alixe was breathing do not understand why things are so neglected.'

> "I have seen to it, father. They will be ready in a week," Lucy answered. Then the colonel noticed Francois.

"Good day, chevaller," he spoke condescendingly. "Ah-by the way"-he put a hand into one pocket and then another of his linen coat. "They gave me a letter for you, chevaller, knowing that you would be at Roanoke house today. Here it is"-and Lucy saw a light leap into Francois' eyes as they fell on the English postmark.

And Lucy spoke quietly again. "I did ask you, father, but you did not see to it, and they were necessary, So your letter. I see it is a foreign one." "Will mademoiselle pardon?"

At that moment an uneven step came down the slope and Francois flashed a smile at Harry Hampton and retreated to the other side of the summer-house with his letter; while the colonel, murmuring complaints about harnesses, went strolling up the shadowy, bird-haunted lawn.

Harry Hampton stood by his sweetheart with a boyish air of proprietorship, radiant, as he had been through these two years of his engagement. "I have it," he announced. "Don't you want to see it?"

"Wait, Harry;" the girl glanced at Francois. But the lad caught her waist. "Look," he said, and opened his free hand and a plain gold ring plittered from it With a o ment he slipped it over the little third finger. "There," he said, "that will be on to stay pretty soon, and then Uncle Henry shall not badger you about harnesses. He has made me wait two years because he needed you, but I won't wait much longer, will I, Lucy? Next Wednesday-that is the wedding day, Lucy."

With that Francois turned around. His face shone with an excitement



'You Have News-What Is It?" the Girl Cried.

which could not escape even preoccupied lovers.

"What is it, chevaller? You have news-what is it?" the girl cried.

For a moment he could not speak. "Yes, mademoiselle, great news," he said. "The prince has sent for me. And I am well and fit to go. I have lived for this time; yet I am grieved to leave you and Harry, my two old friends."

"But, Francois, you cannot go before Wednesday," Harry Hampton cried "We cannot be married without you.

And Francois considered. "No, not before Wednesday," he agreed.

That last French lesson in the summer-house on the banks of the smoothflowing James river was on a Saturday. On Monday the Chevaller Beaupre rode over from Carnifax and asked to see Miss Hampton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Women and Exercise.

Most women, whether they be fleshy or thin, walk far too little. The woman who tends to be fleshy should walk He considered a moment and wrote 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 Penny; you will this time. Do not be months, and I need you and your faith miles she walks a day until she is do-