

# TAVERNAVY

## A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.  
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CHAPTER XV—(Continued)

I sprang to one side where an angle of the wall shielded me from the bullets and paused to look about me. The air was thick with smoke, and not until I drew quite near could I perceive Padeloup's squat figure. He was standing at the head of the stair, a little to one side, his huge club raised in his hands. At that instant a shaggy head appeared and the club fell upon it, crushing it like a shell of glass. The body pitched forward quivering, and again Padeloup raised his club and waited like the very god of death.

As I silently took my place beside him, I perceived that the sounds from below were not all yells of rage and triumph; there were groans among them and oaths and screams of agony, and as the smoke lifted for an instant, I saw that the stair was cumbered with bodies.

A sort of panic seized upon the mob as it discovered its own losses, and for a moment it drew back in terror before this mysterious and fearful weapon, which slew and slew, silent, untiring. A sudden stillness fell upon them as they contemplated that bloody stair—a stillness broken only by those groans and curses. Then someone shouted a sharp command and a cloud of black smoke puffed into our faces and the odor of burning straw.

As I touched him on the arm, Padeloup whose attention had been wholly concentrated on the stair, wheeled upon me, his club ready to strike.

"Come!" I shouted in his ear. "Come!" and I motioned to the stair behind us.

"M. le Comte," he demanded, "where is he?"

"He is safe," I answered. "So are the women! Save yourself!"

He glanced again at the stair and sniffed the air with distended nostrils.

"They are going to burn us out," he said, and even as he spoke, a tongue of yellow flame licked the bottom of the stair.

Then the wounded wretches stretched upon it understood the fate in store for them; their shrieks redoubled, but now there were prayers mingled with the curses. My heart turned sick within me as I looked at them.

"Come!" I urged and plucked at my companion's sleeve.

This time he nodded, and I ran up the stair. He followed at my heels.

"Here we are," I said, and paused at the open window.

He motioned me to precede him. I sprang to the sill, seized the cord and slid to the ground so rapidly that it burnt into my fingers, but I scarcely felt the pain. In a moment, Padeloup stood beside me.

"This way," he said, and without an instant's hesitation, led the way toward a thicket near the lower end. We plunged into it without stopping. We look back and pushed our way forward until we came to a little eminence bare of trees. Here we paused to take breath.

The dawn was just tingling the eastern sky, but across the sky, a ghastly light burst suddenly a mighty finger of flame. It was the tower blazing like a monster torch, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of the wretches who had perished there.

CHAPTER XVI.  
The Tragedy.

Padeloup did not so much as glance at the blazing tower. He was gazing at the woods about us, scanning each thicket with eyes preternaturally bright. It was still too dark for me to discern anything at all in the smudge of shadow beneath the trees, but my companion seemed to labor under no such disability. I knew, of course, that he was searching for some trace of his master.

"He said that he would wait for us at the edge of the wood," I told him, "straight westward from the tower."

"We came that way," said Padeloup gruffly. "It was there I thought to find him, but he was not there. I will go back again. Wait here for me."

In an instant he had disappeared beneath the trees so quietly that I did not hear so much as the rustle of a leaf. He melted into the forest; became a part of it.

I turned back to the tower and watched the flames as they leaped high in the heavens, as though striving to touch the stars, which faded and paled before the growing light in the east. Dawn was at hand, and I realized the folly of lingering there. That rope hanging from the window must be soon discovered—perhaps had been discovered long ere this—and pursuit, of course, would follow instantly. And my heart suddenly chilled at the thought that perhaps M. le Comte and the women had walked straight into a trap which had been set for them.

The thought brought me to my feet, and I looked to right and left with an overpowering feeling of helplessness. At the first step I would be lost. And yet I could not stand idle.

A sudden vivid sense of companionship caused me to start around. It was Padeloup who had returned as noiselessly as he had gone.

"You found him," I asked.

He shook his head and sank to a sitting posture, his brows knitted, his eyes staring straight before him. I burned to ask the direction of his search, the details of it, but something in his attitude warned me to hold my tongue. Then suddenly his face cleared and he sprang to his feet.

"Come," he said, and set off down the hill at a pace which I found it no small task to equal.

Once among the trees the going was still more difficult. How my companion got ahead so swiftly and easily I could not understand. As for myself, I floundered through the underbrush and over the uneven ground as best I could; but the best was bad enough, and more than once I fancied that Padeloup had abandoned me to my own resources, but always I found him patiently awaiting me. He seemed to have some well-defined objective point in view; for he went straight forward without looking to right or left. We came at the end of a few moments, into a gentle valley, nearly free of trees, and up this he turned almost at a run. At last I panted after him up a little hill and found him calmly sitting at the top.

I flung myself beside him, breathless, utterly exhausted.

"Do not wait for me," I said, as soon as I could speak. "You must find them; they need more than I will shift for myself."

"We stop here," he answered, gruffly. "They must pass this way."

"That is accomplished! They will never dare!"

A single musket shot rang out; I saw the smoke drift slowly up—and at the same instant, madame staggered and fell into her husband's outstretched arms.

"What is it?" he cried. "Oh, my love, my love!"

Her eyes were open and she was gazing fondly at him. She tried to speak, but could not. Her lips were decked with blood. Then her eyes closed, her arm fell limp—

It had happened so suddenly that I could scarcely realize it—could scarcely believe it—

"Come," said Padeloup again, and touched his master's arm.

M. le Comte lifted to us a face convulsed.

"Go!" he said hoarsely. "Padeloup, I charge you with those two. Save them! I can hold this mob back."

Padeloup looked down at them. They were very near and climbing steadily upward. With a strength almost superhuman, he caught up a huge boulder and sent it bounding toward them down the slope. They saw it coming and scattered; then, when a second followed it, fled wildly.

Their advance had been checked for the moment.

Padeloup turned back to his master.

"Come," he said again.

M. le Comte laid his wife's body gently down and stood erect.

"I tell you I die here," he said, a great calmness in his eyes. "Will you obey me, or will you not? I command you to guide these two to the hiding place you spoke of."

For an instant, Padeloup's eyes blazed defiance; then he glanced down at the enemy, and his lips curved into a smile. He bent his head and set off up the stream.

"Follow him, Tavernay," commanded M. le Comte, seeing that I hesitated. "I would not save my life if I could—it is loathsome to me. I commend Charlotte to you. Go straight west to the Bocage. There you will find friends. God bless you."

"I cannot go," I faltered. "I cannot leave you here! That would be too cowardly!"

"Cowardly!" he echoed, facing around upon me. "It is I who have chosen a coward's path. To you I give a duty far more difficult. Ah, here they come," he added, and raised his pistols. "Go—I beg of you. Be brave enough to go!"

I could do nothing but obey—no other path lay open. With sinking heart I pushed my arm again about the waist of my companion, who seemed only half conscious of what was happening, and followed Padeloup, who was awaiting us impatiently at a little distance.

"This way," he said, and he turned from the bed of the torrent up the steep hillside. I paused for one backward glance at the friend I had abandoned; he was standing erect, pistols in hand—the tears blinded me and I hastened on.

In a moment, Padeloup stopped.

"Do you see that ledge of rock up yonder overgrown with vines?" he asked. "Put the vines aside and you will find behind them a very comfortable cavern. Enter it and you are safe."

"And you?" I asked, seeing that he turned away.

"Oh, I return to my master!" and he was off in an instant.

I looked after him, touched anew by the dog-like devotion, until he disappeared from sight down the bed of the torrent. In the distance I heard a rattle of muskets; they were attacking them, then; and I pictured to myself that gallant figure defying them, his eyes gleaming, a smile upon his lips. Ah, if I were only there beside him!

Then, suddenly, I became conscious of a dead weight on my arm, and glanced down to see that Charlotte was lying there unconscious.

CHAPTER XVII.  
I Take a Vow.

For an instant, I was so shaken by that dead weight on my arm, by that white drawn face turned blindly up to mine, that my heart stopped in my bosom. Then I shook the horror off.

"She is not dead; she cannot be dead; it is nothing; it will pass in a moment," and gripping my teeth together in a very agony of effort, I lifted her in my arms and set off up the hillside toward the ledge which Padeloup had pointed out.

How I reached it I know not, for long ere I had covered half the distance, the world was reeling before me and the blood pounding like a hammer in my brain. But reach it I did, after what seemed an eternity, and, pushing aside that curtain of vines, I saw behind it the dark entrance to the cavern, framed by the solid rock. I stooped and entered, then laid my burden gently on the hard, dry floor and flung myself, well-nigh senseless, beside her.

(Continued Next Week.)

September First—The Oyster.

I do not even wait to hear  
The hall clock's warning chime,  
But rise upon this day of days  
Anticipation thrills my soul,  
I hasten to the street,  
With feelings of the kindest  
For every man I meet.

The waiter meets me at the door,  
Attends me to a chair,  
Brings pepper, salt and vinegar  
Attached to our embassy at the door,  
And then I speak the magic words,  
By some unwritten law  
Unheard since April passed away—  
"Two dozen—Gaston, raw."

—Minna Irving, in Leslie's.

THE HUSTLERS.

Smith—Well, I guess you fellows in the suburbs are pleased to have the chance to run around in the fresh air these mornings.

Swift—Run around? Huh! most of our running is right straight through the fresh air to the station.

Mrs. Frederiek T. Dubois, wife of the former United States senator from Idaho, delivered the most talked about speech at the national mothers' congress recently held at Denver. In discussing the causes of unhappy marriages Mrs. Dubois said: "The fault lies with men and women who enter marriage untrained for its responsibilities. This fault the mothers' congress is bound to efface by starting with the children and implanting in them ideas of unselfishness and regard for the rights of others."

A Canton (O.) judge has sentenced a man to spend every Sunday in jail until further notice. He gives the prisoner the privilege of working all the week in order to support his family, but he must report at the jail every Saturday night. The Sunday "booze" is thus cut out.

# YOUTHFUL HEIR TO THE SHAKY SPANISH THRONE



PRINCE OF ASTURIAS.  
The prince is the heir apparent to the Spanish throne, which is menaced by a revolution at home and a conflict with the vatican abroad.

# FACETIOUS OWNER HAS ROAD RULES FOR AUTOS

Perpetrates Set of Regulations Which He Thinks Will Be Fine for Some.

## GOING IS FAR FROM GOOD

From the Sioux City Tribune.

There is a feeling among automobile owners in Sioux City, as elsewhere, that the restrictions and regulations applied to these vehicles are sometimes in the unreasonable class, but the view is one not often aired. It is the general disposition of drivers to take whatever may be coming and let it go at that.

One of the local enthusiasts, however, has encountered a burlesque set of rules applying to the use of machines on the road which he figures is entitled to circulation. In exaggerated requirements the burlesque seeks to show the possible limits that may be reached in the matter of regulations.

The compilation is said to have originated with a driver who had just been subjected to a fine for frightening a team on a country road. The rules follow:

1. On discovering an approaching team, the automobilist must stop offside and cover his machine with a tarpaulin, painted to correspond with the scenery.
2. And wipes the plate with care.
3. One of the local enthusiasts, however, has encountered a burlesque set of rules applying to the use of machines on the road which he figures is entitled to circulation. In exaggerated requirements the burlesque seeks to show the possible limits that may be reached in the matter of regulations.
4. The compilation is said to have originated with a driver who had just been subjected to a fine for frightening a team on a country road. The rules follow:

not proceeded for before the usual crank spoke up.

"Conductah!" he exclaimed. "You've one over your number, y' know!"

"Have I, sir?" asked the conductor with affected concern. Then, beginning to count from the opposite end, leaving the complainant until the last, he repeated: "Wan, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thir—so I have sir, an' be the Lord Harry, ye're the wan. Out ye go!"

"And out he did go."

She Could, but She Wouldn't.

From the New York Times.

Miss Johnston, an American girl, fair and 25, was traveling in Germany, with an elderly friend. One day in Berlin the two ladies had boarded a sightseeing car and were just comfortably seated when an Englishman of a pronounced sporting type got in and sat down beside the younger lady. After staring at her in silence for some time he inquired, insinuatingly: "Do you speak English, miss?"

"Yes," replied Miss Johnston, without turning her head, "I do, but I don't care to."

# Home Furnishings, Happy Children

Barbara Boyd, in the Sioux City Tribune.

A writer in the Outlook says: "The refined tastes and joyous dispositions of the children in a family with whom I often came in contact was a matter of some surprise to me, as I did not account for the common traits among them by the position or special characteristics of their parents. They were in the humblest position socially, and all but poor. My first visit to their modest home furnished me with the natural solution and gave me much food for reflection. The children—there were six, occupied two rooms into which the sunlight was pouring as I entered. The remaining rooms of the apartment were sunless for the greater part of the day. The color and design of the cheap wall paper were cheerful and unobtrusive; bits of carpet, the table cover and the coverlets on the beds were all in harmony and of quiet design in nearly the elementary colors. Everything in these poor rooms of poor people had been chosen with the truest judgment for aesthetic effect. In other words, poor though they were, the parents had contrived, through neatness, good taste and the judicious distribution and arrangement of their belongings to give their children a material environment rich in cultural suggestions."

At the beginning of a child's life the world is to it what the parents make it. And the influence of the world thus made in those early formative years is incalculable. Parents often think that these early years do not count for much, that later education will really train the child into what he should be. But how much more will that education do, if it starts on a right foundation, than if it has at the very beginning to eradicate wrong ideals, pull up weeds, as it were, and clear the ground before it can get to work. And no matter how thoroughly it pulls up the weeds, their seeds, if sown, are there, and the weeds keep cropping up for many years.

The psychological effect of a child's environment simply on temperament is much, as the experience of this writer shows. A certain little youngster of but a few years old would continually run away from home to a neighbor. There were no children nearby, simply amused himself for hours in the neighbor's rooms, and could not be induced to do the same at home. Finally, by dint of observing him and questioning him, the mother discovered it was because the neighbor's rooms were sunny and hers dark and gloomy. This child, in so many words could not tell her, but he felt the difference. He felt depressed at home and not like playing. But the minute he entered the bright, sunny rooms he was happy and active.

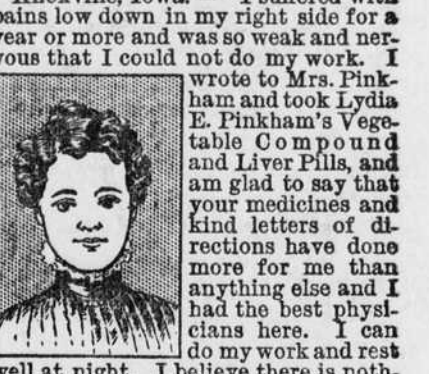
Simple, artistic furnishings, harmonious colors, good pictures, have a restful and an uplifting influence on a childish mind. They start him on the road to good taste. These things need not be expensive, as the furnishings of the home described show. Unobtrusive and harmonious colors in a wall paper cost no more than the glaring hues and monstrosities of design to be found in many a paper-hanger's shop. Carpets or rugs in soft lovely tone are no higher priced than those in which the patterns fairly leap at you. A room can be bright and cheerful without being a medley of vivid and discordant colors.

Since then these things do affect children, and affect them in their very earliest years, it behooves a mother to give some little thought to the children's environment in this respect. If she feels that she herself is lacking in the necessary knowledge to give them harmonious and a helpful surroundings, books are in plenty, magazines abound, and helpful advice is hers for the asking.

Give the little people all the aids possible to make them happy and healthy, and to train eye and taste for the beautiful and good, rather than for the inharmonious and inartistic.

# AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her



Knoxville, Iowa. — "I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies." — Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D., No. 8, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

WANTED LADY REPRESENTATIVES. By large Port-Furnery and Toilet Requisite House, in every locality. Best proposition yet offered. High class advertised line. Add: Turner, Wood & Co., Louisville, Ky.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Book free, High class references. Lost results.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

English in London.

Senator Dewey, on the deck of the Lusitania, talked about "English as she is spoken in London."

"It is very difficult to understand that London English," he said. "I know a man who had lodgings all July in Bloomsbury, near the British museum."

"On his return from the museum one afternoon, my friend said to his landlady:

"Can I have a cup of tea, if you please?"

"Certainly, sir; at once," the landlady replied. "The kettle 'as been b'lin' for 'ours."

"But—er—I prefer freshly boiled water, if you don't mind," stammered my friend.

"The landlady reddened with anger. "Look 'ere," she said, "if I 'ad meant wot you mean I'd 'ave said 'ours."

Unfair.

Senator John H. Bankhead, discussing a political move, said with a smile:

"Oh, it's too coldly calculated. It's almost unfair. In fact, it's like Mrs. Blank."

"Mrs. Blank is a leader of Bar Harbor society. Her husband said to her, one afternoon, as she made a very elaborate toilet for a garden party that she was giving to some members of the British legation:

"Why did you write to all our guests that this party was to be absolutely informal?"

"Mrs. Blank laughed.

"So as to be the best-dressed woman present, of course," she said."

PRESSED HARD.  
Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.