

Ordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of The Perfect Tribute, etc.

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CHAPTER X—(Continued).

Claire considered; this view was true; yet she wished her son to feel his part of the obligation to the marquis and to discharge it. "It is true, Francois. Yet there may be something which you can do for him, if it be only to bring him a book gladly. Moreover, it is this which makes one's life happy—doing things for others. Watch and be ready to serve him with a good will when you may because of the thing which he did for our seigneur. Also be a friend to the young monsieur, his son—you can do that, for you know well how to play and to help other boys in playing."

"Francis nodded, and his exquisite smile, a smile whose sweetness and pathos and brilliancy went straight to the hearts of people, lighted his small face. "I will do that, mother. It will please me to do that."

Next morning the little brown figure which trudged through the beech wood was brightened by a large and vivid bouquet held in his two hands, a point of color among the swinging shadows, blossoms from the new garden, growing now as only Marie knew how to make things grow.

When the tap of Francois at the library door, where one heard men's voices talking, had brought the general's loud command of "Entrez," the little brown figure and the large bunch of flowers came in together and the boy marched straight to the stately Italian. Snapping his heels together as his mother had taught him he made a stiff deep bow, and presented his rosegay. The marquis, a little astonished at this attention, received it with grave courtesy but without much cordiality; it seemed to him rather an odd whim of Gourgaud's to have this peasant child about as one of his own family. And the gift of the flowers appeared a bit presumptuous. So the marquis' first effort at showing his appreciation of the marquis' heroism was not altogether successful.

But Francois did not know that; to him all the world was kindly, with different manners of kindness. The manner of the marquis was graver than other people's; perhaps what then? The kindness was undoubtedly there below the gravity. And it was this kindness which had saved the life of the seigneur; that, after all, was the whole matter. Francois' first little time of thinking of other people's feelings—without a word—had been a joyful wonder of his own at the ever new goodness of his world. To the marquis, who hardly noticed him, he proceeded to constitute himself a shadow.

"We will walk to the village together, Alessandro," the general decided, of a morning, in his sudden way, and shrouded forth for "Monsieur! Ho there, Monsieur! The cloak and hat of monsieur the marquis!"

But before Jean Phillippe had time to get to the door, the little brown homespun had fled like a rabbit and was back loaded with paraphernalia. He worked as faithfully as ever with the general at the great book, what times the general could spare now to work, away from his friends; he played with his might as always, yet there were many times when he would squat at a distance behind the chair of the visitor, motionless, while Alike and Pietro tried vainly to lure him away. At the first sign of a service to be done for the marquis he was up and at it; always quicker, always more intelligent than the footman. The marquis could not help seeing these attentions and was glad to see them, and stages of feeling about it—sored, irate, tated, amused, flattered. The lad trotted at his heels as unobtrusively as a small dog and it was not in the marquis' nature—a gentle nature, if proud and reserved—to resist such determined devotion. So the little brown shadow made it very finally into his slow friendliness.

"You have thrown a charm over my boy Francois, Alessandro," the general said, well pleased. And the marquis answered thoughtfully.

"It is a boy out of the common, I believe, Gaspard. At first I thought it a mistake that you should raise a child of his class to the place you have given him, but I see that you understand what you are doing. He is worthy of a good fate."

"I believe he is worthy of any fate," the general said, "and I believe he will make his fate if he has a chance, a good one—perhaps a great one. He has uncommon stuff in him. I mean to give him his chance." And with that there was a conversation as to boys between the two friends.

The day came, after two months of such renewals of friendship when, on the next morning, the Marquis Zappi was due to start on his long journey to America. Out on the lawn, in the shadow of the beech trees he sat and watched his son playing ball with little Alike. Then he was aware of Francois standing before him. The boy held something in his closed hand, and with that he opened his fingers and stretched it to the marquis. The marquis looked inquiringly at the yellow metal.

"What is this?" he asked; he was prepared now to be surprised by this boy about once in so often, so he simply suspended judgment at a thing unexpected.

"It is for you, Monsieur the Marquis," Francois smiled radiantly and continued to present the ten-franc piece.

The marquis, astounded, drew back with shock of indignation. Was this peasant child offering him money? Francois went on happily, convinced that he was doing something worth while.

"But you may take it, Monsieur the Marquis; it is indeed for you. It is my own; the seigneur gave it to me on my birthday, and my father did not put it with the savings, but said it was to be mine to do with as I chose. I choose to give it to you, Monsieur the Marquis. So that you may have plenty of money—I know well what it is not to have enough money. It is a bad thing. And it is convenient often on a journey—money." He nodded his head, as man to man. "So, as it is mine, I give this to you."

done this, Francois?" he asked. "Why do you always—do so much for me?"

"Monsieur the Marquis," Francois spoke eagerly, "it is not much I have done before, only little things. This, I know it, is much, for it is a large sum of money and may be a great help to you. I am glad of that, Monsieur the Marquis." By now Francois was squatting cross legged at the feet of the marquis. "I do it because you did that thing."

"Then the marquis was entirely bewildered. "Did that thing? What do you mean, Francois?"

"That thing in Russia, for my seigneur. When you saved the life of my seigneur."

"Oh," said the marquis and stared down at the boy anxiously explaining. "I have been afraid that I could never show you how I thanked you for the life of my seigneur. I am sorry that my seigneur sabbared you afterward, but that was a mistake. Monsieur the Marquis, you understand that it was a mistake."

"Quite," said Monsieur the Marquis. "You have forgiven my seigneur?"

"There was nothing to forgive, Francois," it was, as you point out, a mistake."

"Yes, Monsieur the Marquis," The heels of Francois came down on the sod with a smack of satisfaction as he sprang to his feet. "So it is all arranged. Only that even the gold is not a mistake. I will do more. I will be a friend of Pietro. That will please you, will it not?"

The marquis was silent. "But I know that. It is a good thing to be friends with—any boy in the village of Viqueux would be glad to be my friend. I know, monsieur the marquis. So it will be a good thing for Pietro. He is six months younger than I; I can teach him how to climb and how to fight and how to take care of himself. And I will, because that is the gold is not a mistake. I will do more. I will be a friend of Pietro. That will please you, will it not?"

"My kindness to you?"

"Yes, monsieur the marquis—because you have been so kind to me."

And the marquis, in the silence of his soul, was ashamed.

The next day he went. As they stood, gathered in the big doorway, he told them all good-bye and lifted his boy without a word. As he set him down he turned toward the carriage, but in a flash he turned back as if by a sudden inspiration, and laid a hand on little Francois' shoulder.

"You will remember that you promised to be a friend to Pietro, Francois?"

"Yes, monsieur the marquis," the child answered gravely.

The marquis caught Pietro's hand and put it into Francois' and held the two little hands clasped so together in his own. "Always," he demanded. "Always," Francois repeated quietly, and those who heard the word spoken believed it.

CHAPTER XI
THE CASTLE CHILDREN.

Imperceptibly to the child, the life of Francois swept into a changing channel. More and more he belonged to the general the castle; less and less, though he still lived with them and was faithful to them, did he belong to his father and mother and the village life. After a few months an event came which separated him from the old order sharply.

There was a farm in the Valley Delemones—five miles it was from Viqueux—which by a century of the seigneur; for centuries the same family had held it, and it was considered the richest holding for a peasant in that part of the world. Just now the family all at once came to an end. It was necessary to find new tenants, and the general offered the place to Le Francois and La Claire. Even in their best days they had not been so prosperous as this would make them. It was a large farm of 400 acres, with a big house, with gardens and farm buildings and many horses and cattle—a rich, great place for them and for their children. There could be no question as to accepting the offer. They could have their family together once more and give them advantages beyond what had ever been planned; it was a new start in life. And Le Francois, having learned his lesson so bitterly, could be trusted now to make the most of it. It was almost a miracle to happen in old, quiet, little Viqueux, where changes came mostly by slow years, not often by thunderclaps. Yet beautiful as it was, there were drawbacks. One must leave one's village where one's self and the grandfathers and the great-grandfathers and before that others, had been born and buried; one must leave one's old house down the street there, and the dream of buying it back, which had kept despair out of these months of poverty; moreover, what about Francois?

La Claire and Le Francois, sitting stiffly on the fine chairs in the general's library, where they had been brought to hear the great news, asked that question suddenly in a breath. The general glowered at them from deep eyes.

"There is the screw," He fired the words at them like hot shot and La Claire shrank a little.

"There's always a screw somewhere in every good thing. This time it's the boy."

There was a silence. Claire trembled. "The boy is your boy," the seigneur of the castle went on, quietly enough, and then in a flash brought his fist down on the table with a roar. "But, by heaven, he's my boy, too, now. He's a miracle of a boy and I love him like a son and I want to give him such a chance in life as I would have given had he been born my son. Are you going to stand in the way of that?"

Like bullets the words struck La Claire; she saw the way they led, and she rebelled at fate. It was cruel, now when they were able again to do all for the child which they had planned, to take the child away; yet that very ability to do for him was the gift of the man who wanted him. What could she say?

"It will go hard with the lad to give us up," she brought out softly.

"He won't give you up," should not respect him if he gave you up," the general thundered, and the two peasants breathed more freely. This great good fortune was not, after all, the price of their son.

By degrees the three came to an understanding. And the peasant parents, seeing how the general, as he had said, did indeed love their boy; seeing also that he had a power beyond theirs to develop him; seeing that advantages

and a career were waiting for little Francois if their love for him should be unselfish; seeing these things, the father and mother agreed to the general's plan. A tutor was to be engaged for the three children; Francois was to live at the castle as if—it should be explained to him—he were going away to school, and every Friday he was to walk to the Ferme du Val—the Valley farm—and stay with his people until Sunday afternoon.

So, without realizing the change, the boy who had been the child of a peasant cabin became the child of the castle, and while entirely loyal to the home he still held to be his own, he learned ways of living and breathed in ideas which could not have come to him at the farm. The Fridays were eagerly looked forward to, and it was excitement and rapture to see and share in the new prosperity—the large stone house of a story and a half, roofed with immense oak shingles richly dark with age; the farm buildings clustered with age, connected with stone walls, forming a little village gray, standing aside on a hill slope, and the multitude of live stock—the 70 cows, the eight heavy work horses of the country, the six horses which pertained to the farmer for driving and riding, and the two geldings for the seigneur, used for breaking the earth. The father and mother reigned busily and happily over all this plenty, and all the brothers and sisters were together once more around them and the white-capped grand-mother smiled a benediction from her big chair. Such a greeting was big chintz chair. There were to be Francois, her especial boy, got from the grandmother on a Friday evening, after his long walk!

This new order of things was well settled before six months had passed after the going of the Marquis Zappi. Francois was to be engaged to fill the place of secretary except in an incidental way. The new tutor, a serious young man whom the children astonished and worried, copied the pages of the history of the emperor. It was thought important now that Francois should work at his studies, and there was a rumor already that he and Pietro might go together, perhaps, in a year more, to a military school—in fact, to Saint-Cyr itself, if the marquis thought well of the plan when he came home. And then in three or four months more something happened.

Francois was alone with the general when the letter came; Marcelle, the younger footman, had been sent to the mayor's in the village for the mail, and the important news that Francois was brought on by foot messengers to Viqueux, to the mayor, who distributed it. Francois' eyes were on his seigneur's face as he read the letter and the boy saw the blood rush through the white of his face, and he saw the color flood, and then fade on a brown-red gray. The boy had never seen the general look so. With that, the big arms were thrown out on the table and the big grizzled head fell into them. That cut Francois' soul, but he was in trouble. And before he knew it his childish arm was around the big neck and his cheek against the seigneur's. And the seigneur put up his hand and pressed the little face closer. For long minutes he sat in silence and then the general's deep voice spoke more gently than Francois had ever heard it.

"It is a good thing to have a son, my Francois," he said.

Then he lifted his head and told the boy how glad and how he had found Francois' best thing, his preparation, had gone away not to come back in this life, and how Pietro was fatherless, Francois, holding tightly with both fists to the general's hand, listened best in the world to the heart. It was the first time the death came near, and the face of it was grim. Yet instantly he rallied, because he felt that his seigneur needed him.

"But he had a brave life, my seigneur—my mother said so. My mother told me that we shall smile later, when we are with the good God, to think that we ever feared death on this earth. For she says one spends a long time with the good God, and in all one's dear friends come, and it is pleasant and it is for a long, long time, while here it is, after all, quite short. Is not that true, my seigneur? My mother said it."

But all the general answered was to pat his head and say once more, "It is a good thing to have a son, my Francois."

PARADISE FOR THE BIRDS

Providence Seems to Have Provided Temperate Zone for the Feathered Friends of Man.

Up in the far country where the timber falls, the calendar is respected. There is no summer before the official day set for it. The ground is held fast by frost until June is well started. There are furies of snow, wild, bitter winds, a sky that has no mercy. And then, suddenly, the wind shifts and comes out of the south. It is summer then with a leap.

The interest of the temperate zone in the northland is that it is there that have gone a great many of the migrating birds which paid us a few days' visit and passed on. For all its inhospitability to man, that country in summer is a paradise for birds. Its marshes are safe refuges from two and four-footed enemies. There is exhaustless material for nests. And out of the pools come myriads of insects, food that does not fall until the time for the southward bird movement arrives.

Some man has said that there is no God north of latitude 59. He did not inquire as to what the birds might have thought of that.—Toledo Blade.

ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

R. F. D. No. 2, Seymour, Mo.—"My scalp broke out with fine pimples at the start. They itched and burned so much that I was compelled to scratch them and they would fester and come to a head and break out again. The trouble was attended by such burning and itching I could not sleep, also when I sweated it burned the same. My hair fell out gradually and the scalp kept rough and dry with itching and burning. After about two years the pimples broke out between my shoulders. My clothing irritated them. I was troubled with that eczema five or six years."

"I tried everything that was recommended without any benefit until I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to directions, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me sound and well in two weeks." (Signed) S. L. Killian, Nov. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

A Stage Career.

"Who is the principal character in this musical comedy?"

"Little Bo-Peep who lost her sheep. According to the newspapers, she also lost a breach of promise suit."

For Rose Bugs.

It is a good plan to remember this about roses and rose bugs; that water at a heat of 122 degrees will kill the rose bugs without in any way hurting the roses.

Better to Admonish.

It is better to admonish than to re-proach; for the one is mild and friendly, the other harsh and offensive; the one corrects the faulty, the other convicts them.—Epictetus.

Better a woman with rose cheeks than a man with a rosy nose.

If you think you can't do a thing—well, you know the answer.

WESTERN CANADA'S NATURAL RESOURCES

PETROLEUM, NATURAL GAS, COAL AND FARM LANDS.

The developments that have taken place recently in the oil and gas fields of Western Canada have but added another to the many previous evidences that have been produced, showing the great wealth that has been an unknown asset for so many generations.

The latest reports from the oil fields at Calgary show that there is a production there that would appear to equal the best paying fields on the continent. Experts have been on the ground for some time. It is said that one of the wells is able to produce 2,000 gallons an hour. If this is so there are but about a dozen wells in the world of greater production. During the past week discoveries of surface indications have been made which show that oil exists over a considerable portion of Alberta and Saskatchewan, while in Manitoba there have also been showings. At Battleford, Saskatchewan, a few days ago discoveries were made which led to the filing for leases on twenty thousand acres of land, all having strong surface indications. Companies were formed to carry on immediate work, and in a couple of months, or probably less, the story will be told whether oil exists in paying quantities.


But there are also the coal deposits and the natural gas deposits that are helping to make of Western Canada one of the wealthiest portions of the continent.

With the grain fields covering these hidden riches it is no wonder that a continued range of optimism is to be seen everywhere. Early reports of seeding of all grains being successfully completed all over the country are followed by reports of excellent and strong growth everywhere. During the first week in June most of the wheat had reached a growth of from twelve to twenty inches, with the most even appearance, almost universally, that has been seen for years. Oats appeared equally well, and covered the ground in a way that brought the broadest kind of a grin to overspread the farmer's countenance.

Barley, a favorite with the hog raisers, had taken good root, and was crowding oats for a first place, as to length of shoot. Cultivated fodder grasses are getting great attention, as a consequence of the inclination to go more largely into mixed farming, and the raising of hogs, cattle and horses. The weather is reported fine, just what is needed, and if present favorable conditions continue, the grain crop of Western Canada for 1914 will be the largest average in the history of the country.—Advertisement.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



THE PLAY'S NOT THE THING.

First New Yorker—Was the play poor?

Second New Yorker—Randall stole home after the first act. Imagine preferring home!

The Eternal Feminine.

"Want to hear some bad news?"

"Oh, yes! Good! Who is it about?"

—Houston Post.

For every marriage in Kansas there are five divorces.

WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE


How Mrs. Hurley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Eldon, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female weakness. For two years I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without enduring cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every month. I have been at that time purple in the face and would walk the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without success, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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The Centaur Company,

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Recalling Some By-Gones.

From the Washington Post.

Suet and soapmaking! Also ash hoppers! Ales and aleck, that vegetable institution is no more! The modern prospectus for rural habitations and accessories provides no place in the landscape for that once indispensable adjunct to farm life and its blessedness. I've mind the ash hoppers in the back of the house, just around the paling fence? An inverted pyramid it was, into which the debris from the great fireplace was poured, with buckets of water thrown on the latter or else left to the sweet rains from heaven. Then the lye caught in the old iron kettle with the piece broken out of one side—it was once used for making apple butter. After that, the soap boiling—then the soap. Fine stuff, that soap—took the dirt out of the light, and removed the hide, too, if you weren't careful.

But the ash hopper has gone, along with the roller towel, the mackerel kit, hog jowls, red apples and winter turpkins. The open fireplace, too, has passed before which you used to fry on one side, while icicles formed on the other. Nor is there any attic room under the shingles where the boys slept with pap's old cavalry saddle in one corner, and a sickly geranium roosting precariously on the window sill. Nor do we see the old time boots, slicked up with a mixture of mutton tallow and beeswax, which, however, didn't prevent a need for the services of four blacksmiths and a plumber to get 'em off o' nights, when the bootjack failed. And the bootjack itself—say, when you come to think of it, a department bulletin has got more real sentiment and "insides" between its covers than can be found in Kipling's "Soldiers Three" or than Rossetti ever dreamt of in his visions of "Blessed Damozel"; and that sort of thing. Oh you modern housewives!

He Was Hoping.

From the National Monthly.

A countryman named Street owned a runaway cow. As the season advanced Street was compelled to make several long pilgrimages into the country for the reprehensible animal. On one occasion the trail led on and on until Street had entered the environs of a town where a new trolley car system was installed. Just as the cow hunter turned a corner in the outskirts the car lumbered up and the conductor called out:

"Cedar street!"

The owner of the cow stopped in his tracks as he saw the man in the blue and gold.

"No, darn her, I ain't seed her; an' when I do it won't be good fer her blamed old hide either!"

From the Argentine.

From the Baltimore American.

He—"What do you think about introducing this mediation?"

She—"Is that the newest step?"