A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews Author The Perfect Tribute. etc.

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CHAPTER XV-(Continued).

He let her go. He sat quiet a long time. As she turned in, still galloping, at the high stone gateway of the chateau, his eyes came back again to would be madness."

Would be madness."

Would be madness."

Gueen Hortense struck her bands together. "What can I do?" What can I do?" which must mean—what? Had they meant it? Had he possibly been mistaken? No—the utter happiness which must mean—what? Had they meant it? Had he possibly been mistaken? No—the utter happiness which came with the memory of the soft hurried voice must mean the truth—she cared for him, and then over and over and over he said, half aloud, through his set teeth:

"I said that I would give my happiness for my seigneur's; I said that I would be a friend to Pietro; I will."

The MOTHER OF A PRINCE.

The walls of the palace at Ancona dropped to the sea; against them the waves danced. Out on the blue water day a fleet of fishing boats, and the wild flapped torn sails, and the sunding planced on battered hulls and littered decks. The woman who sat by the new window of the palace pushed to the sail sanced on battered hulls and littered decks. The woman who sat by the new window of the palace pushed to the sail sance to fishing boats, and the sunding flapped torn sails, and the sundi

She turned, the lines of her figure falling again into a melancholy pose.

"The doctor takes a long time," she spoke, and gazed out once more to the water.

There had been a spirited young girly rears before who had romped in the fardens of Malmaison, who had led the laughter which echoed through those avenues of lime and plantain, whose sweetness and vivacity had drawn the figure of Napoleon himself into the she ordered.

more of the history of her middle years, perhaps, than any other, stood before her. "Fritz, when does a packet sail for Corfu?" she demanded.

Fritz Rickenbach considered it his business to know everything. "Tonight, your majesty," he answered unhesitatingly.

"You will see that the luggage of Prince Louis is on board, and that a carriage is ready to take him there," she ordered.

"The dark young face was pale. "Your majesty, it is a happiness I had not dared to hope for yet."

"Yet?" the prince demanded lacon-Aweetness and vivacity had drawn the figure of Napoleon himself into the vortex of gladness which was her atfigure of Napoleon himself into the wortex of gladness which was her atmosphere. Always brightness seemed to follow her through the enchantment of the place; always she seemed to move in galety. Today, on a March morning of 1830, this was she—Hortense.

The doughter of France she had been a few ordered.

She ordered.

"But yes, your majesty." Fritz still stood regarding her seriously. "It is a great happiness to me, your majesty, that his highness is well enough to take him there, "Yet?" the prince demanded lacon-ically. He saved words always, this lad, but he always said his thought. The other boy's face turned to him, and he answered very simply, "But yes, your majesty."

Fritz knew perfectly that there was a complication somewhere, and he answered very simply, "But yes, your majesty."

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riedly to Ancona, for there was not a moment to spare. So ill herself that she could not stand alone, she made all the arrangements for their escape English liveries, a bed in the caleche English liveries, a bed in the caleche, all were arranged; even the tragedy of filling the place of the lost boy was accomplished—as it must be, for her passport read for an English woman with two sons. The young Marquis Zappl, bearer of dispatches from the revolutionists to Paris, gladly agreed to travel with them. Suddenly Louis collapsed. He had been dangerously ill for days, but had borne up pluckily, hiding every sign so that he might help ling every sign so that he might help his mother. The collapse had been the day before, and the doctor had promised that 24 hours' rest would give him strength to risk the journey so neces

In such a critical state were the af-fairs of the black-gowned woman who gazed from the palace windows to the sea. The doctor was with her son. The boy's condition seemed to her no better, but worse than the day before; she waited an official verdict. The door pened and she looked up as a tall

"Doctor" sh "Doctor" she stammered and stopped she feared to ask.
"Your majesty." the old man said fravely, "I grieve to be the bearer of

carefully nursed—but to move would be madness." him

CHAPTER XVII THE RUSE

word was brought that a messenger of the marquis wished to see the queen.

"Let me see him too, my mother." the silent, grave, young man begged. "It may be that I can help you. I wish to help."

In a moment Fritz introduced a slight alert person whose delicate face was made remarkable by a pair of eyes large and brilliant and full of visionary shadows, yet alive with fire. One saw shadows, yet alive with fire. One saw first those uncommon eyes and then the man. If they had not been entirely the man. If they had not been entirely concerned with his message they might have remarked that he trembled as he looked at the prince's face; that his voice shook as he answered the queen's

'I have the unhappiness, your majesty, to bring you bad news," he said speaking to her, but still gazing eagerly at the prince. "The Marquis Zappi, meant danger, and each turn of the my employer, is ill. He was taken suddenly last night, and today is much worse, and there is no chance that he can travel with your majesty tomortow."

Irom the exciting and sitehous these where adventure and escape, where each step adventure and escape, where each step in the meant danger, and each turn of the road anxiety. But his heart was touched with a gratitude which his impassive face was far from showing; he would remember his old playmate, Francois Beaupre.

sible that after all they should"—she looked at her son; her courage came springing back. "They shall not take and her eyes flashed defiance at

seemed to flood her with youthfulness. She turned her blue glance swiftly on the newcomer, the slender boy with the luminous eyes. "You are in the employ of the Marquis Zappi, Monsieur?"

"But yes, your majesty. I am the secretary of Monsieur le Marquis." She

wind flapped torn sails, and the sunlight glanced on battered hulls and littered decks. The woman who sat by an open window of the palace pushed the black trailing of her gown from her, as if the somberness hurt her eyes; she laid her head against the window-frame and stared at the breeze-tossed waves and the fishing fleet.

"It may be our only hope of escape—those wretched boats," she said, half aloud, and her blue eyes were full of saloud, and her blue accounts the unexpected thing. The old chateau of Vicques—my playfellow, Franceis. I told you then I was going to remember, didn't I?" Louis Napoleon demanded, laughing boyishly. "Mother, he saved my life from the falling wall. Do you remember the story of my run-away trip?" And Hortense, smiling, delighted to see her sad-faced boy so pleased and exhilater the young man between the her saloud, and moment later the young man who was for years the confidential servant of Hortense, who knew more of the history of her middle years, perhaps, than any other, stood before the story of a hunter for the head of the outstretched thin fingers, and the prince's other hand was on his shoulder fraternally.

"The old chateau of Vicques—my playfellow, Franceis. I told you then I was going to remember, and had kissed the outstretched thins.

"The old chateau of Vicques—in your should the e

the sheet of the property in the second to the property of the sheet of the property in the second to the property in the prop

Over and over again they were recognized, but mother and son learned to trust the untiring watch-THE RUSE

The day before the escape, as the prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed, word was brought that a messenger of the marquis wished to trust the untring watchfulness of the ready resources of the Marquis Zappi's understudy, the young Frenchman who had so fortunately and easily fitted into the empty place on their program. The great dark eyes, smoldering with unspoken loyalwere always watching the prince. and he saved the invalid's strength and softened the hardships of travel in countless ways; no chance seemed to escape him. Louis Napoleon, living an intense life under a cold and reserved exterion, responding as to an electric wire, to every thread of incident which seemed a possible fiber in the fabric weaving, he believed, for him—the fabric of his imperial power—Louis Na-poleon lost none of the young man's devotion. There was little conversation between them, for the sick boy, often in great pain, had no strength to spare from the exciting and strenuous days, where adventure and escape succeeded adventure and escape, where each step meant danger, and each turn of the road anxiety. But his heart was touched with a greating with his fragregical.

The dueen threw out her hands with a gasp; she felt that she with a gasp; she felt that she creased since yesterday. With his youth and strength we may hope—if he is

-Louis Bonaparte's brother and as he know how we will treat you for this, we presented himself dressed in them, he saw the painful flush which crept up-

on the prince's face.
"Your highness, I am sorry,"
stammered. "It is grief to me." you," and her eyes flashed defiance at a world of enemies, and she went over and threw her arm about his neck. "Louis, don't let yourself be excited, dearest. They shail not take you." I can save you."

It was as if she put a spur to her brain; there was a moment's silence and the two lads watched her brows drawing together under the concentration of her brain.

"Of course," she said suddenly, and laughed—a spontaneous laughted which seemed to flood her with youthfulness.

"Your highness, I em sorry," he stammered. "It is grief to me." And then he threw himself impulsively on his knees by the side of Louis' chair. "My prince, I wear them with reverence," he said, and then, hesitating, he added. "Perhaps I would seem less unworthy if your highness knew that, mere secretary as I am, I am yet more. I am noble. It isnot simple Francois Beaupre whom you honor, but, a man created chevalier by the sword of the emperor."

created chevalier by the sword of the emperor."

The dull eyes of the prince shot a glance between drooping lids. "What is it you mean, monsieur?" he demanded. But at the moment the queen entered the room, and the lads sprang to their feet. Her eyes caught the picture of the young Frenchman in his new dress at once; they opened wide and then filled with tears.

"Louis Louis!" she gried and ladd."

"Louis, Louis!" she cried, and laid

"Louis, Louis!" she cried, and laid her hand on his arm. "He looks like him; he looks like Napoleon!"

And the brother, considering, saw there was a certain likeness, in the alert figure and the dark pale face. From that on Hortense wished Francois with her as much as possible, and as he was supposed to be her son it was natural that he should be. There was a rushing anxieus day or two, a frontier passed in the middle of the night where trouble with a sleepy commissioner almost brought disaster upon them; there was a city to be gone through in broad daylight, which was filled with traveling English, any one of whom might know the queen; there was a foolish, enthusiastic, young officer who neisily greeted the prince at was a foolish, enthusiastic, young of-ficer whe neisily greeted the prince at another post; there were hairbreadth escapes everywhere. At length, one night, in the valley of Chiana, they came to a quiet little village where, so hear were they to safety it seemed pear were they to safety, it seemed prudent to take a night's rest. After this new luxury the party, refreshed and encouraged, breakfasted together

and encouraged, breakfasted together the next morning.

A deferential knock sounded at the door of the breakfast room. Francois sprang to it, and the landlord stood in the opening, bowing elaborately—a soldierly old man with thick, grizzled hair.

"A thousand pardons for disturbing miladi and the messieurs," and miladi smiled forgiveness. "Might an old soldier of the emperor dare to say that one could not help knewing the emperor's kinsmen?" He bowed again to both boys alike, and again Hortense smiled at him. It was comferting to know that the two seemed brothers to the world in general, and she was so used to recognition and loyalty now that they appeared to belong together. "Might an old soldier of the emperor dare to show miladi—her majesty—and the highnesses, the sword which the sword which he, Jean Gredin, an old cuirassier of the guard, had carried in four battles? There was a little story of the sword. a story also of the wonderful good of the emperor, which miladi—her majesty—permitting, he would like to tell to her, as also to the highnesses."

And, her majesty permitting, and the boys pleased and interested, the old cavalryman brought the sword and drew it from its sheath and gave it to each of them to handle, and called on them to remark how it was as keen and bright as it had ever been at Ulm or Austerlitz. He cleared his throat, strongly, for the tale.

"Milad!—her majesty

and riding the storm a buoyant figure of fury, flashing a blade, with infinite swiftness, this way and that. Then horse and lad shot out from the living canvas, streaked the background of trees, secondary trees a second and were gone, and the Austrian troopers scrambled into their saddles to follow.

Through sun-spotted, breeze-tossed woods tore the chase; across a road and over a low fence, and still Franand over a low fence, and still Francois led, but the heavy horses gained. It was a hopeless hunt, for the landlord's mount was no match for the big cavalry horses, yet the rider's light weight and clever horsemanship counted, and it was fully four miles from the inn when Bleu-bleu stumbled and fell at a ditch, and Francois pitched over his head. His lead was short by now, and they were on him in a moment, in a muss; he was seized by a dozen burly Austrians.

The leader took a sharp look at him

The leader took a sharp look at him as he stood panting, staring defiantly. "What is this?" the Austrian demanded sternly, and wheeled to a trooper in a bunch. "Friedrich, thou knowest the cub of the Bonapartes. Is this lead he?"

And Friedrich lunged forward, gasping, for he had run his horse hard, and shook his head. "No, my captain, I have never seen this one." The boy looked from one to another of the threatening group, smiling, composed in spite of his quick breathing.

Austrians?

Color deepened in his cheeks, and Francois drew up his figure magnificently. His face was radiant; he gloried in the theatrical beauty of the situation; for the rest, he was, as the villagers of Vicques had said long ago, bear without feers.

born without fear.
"You may do what you like, messieurs," he said gally. "It is for you; my part is done. The prince is safe."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

The window of the cell was small, but is was low enough so that a man standing could see from it the vast sky and the sea-line six miles away, and, by leaning close to the bars, the hill that sloped down into wooded country; beyond that the sand of the shore. The jailer stood close by the little window in the stormy sunset for a better light as he dropped the medicine.

"One—two," he counted the drops

carefuly up to nine, and then glanced at the prisoner on his cot in the corner. who tossed, and talked rapidly, dis-joinedly. "It is high time that the doc-tor saw him," the jailer spoke, half aloud. "If the governor had been here this would not have been allowed to run on. I am glad the governor is coming back." run on. I a

With that the prisoner threw off the cover from his shoulders and sat up suddenly, with wild bright eyes staring

at the jailer.
"Pletro!" he called in astonishment. "Why, my dear old Pietro!" and flung out his hands eagerly toward the man, and would have sprung from the bed to

But the jailer was at his side and held him down, yet gently. "Be quiet, Signor," he said respectfully. "It is only old Battista; you will see if you look. Only Battista, who has taken care of you these five years."

The brilliant dark eyes stared at him

The brilliant dark eyes stared at him hungrily; then with a sight the light went out of them and the head fell on the pillow.

"Ah, Battista," he said, "my good Battista." A smile full of subtle charm made the worn face bright. He spoke slowly. "I thought it was my friend—my best friend," he expiained gently."

"Will the signor take the doctor's

"Will the signor take the doctor's medicine?" Battista asked then, not mutch noticing the words, for the sick man was clearly light-headed, yet with a certain pleasant throb of memory which always moved within him at the name of Pietro. It happened that the name stood for some one dear to the jaller also. The signor took the medicine at once, like a good child.

"Will it make me better, do you think

Battista?" he asked earnestly.
"But yes, Signor; the doctor "I want to be better; I must get well, for I have work to do as soon as I come out of prison."

"Surely, Signor. That will be soon now, I think, for it is five yers; they will let you go soon, I believe," Bat-tista lied kindly.

(Continued next week.)

Everybody starts by owing the government his part of the interest on the national debt. As this is increasing all the time, the fatal habit some people have of putting off the day of their birth counts against them. It is declared to be immoral for poor

people to borrow money. Rich people, who have inherited money which really doesn't belong to them, can, howeven borrow all the money they can get, a

The Parent Chautaugua.

The Parent Chautauqua.

In this anniversary year of the Chautauqua movement it will be recalled that Bishop Vincent and the late Lewis Miller, of Akron. Ohio, began their notable and far-reaching work solely as a religious gathering under the giant trees near the northern end of Lake Chautauqua, N. Y. Born in the days of the camp meeting, it represented an innovation. It was undenominational, or, as Mr. Miller liked to state it, "all-denominational." Later a course in systematic study of the bible was inaugurated. Then came courses in arts and crafts, domestic science, and the introduction of programs of music and different phases of entertainment, and ere long the original chautauqua became a city of streets, bussiess blocks, schools and churches, its area comprising about 300 acres and its activities annually witnessed by 50,000 people.



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MEDICAL TEST EVERY YEAR

Doctor Says Most Diseases Would Be Early Recognized and Could

Be Cured. We have heard too much about the rights of the individual; let us know more about his duties. Too much stress has been laid on the sacredness of private property and too little on the duty of all to contribute to the welfare of the whole. Preventive medicine has demonstrated in a practical way the force of the Biblical statements that no man liveth to himself alone, and that every man is his brother's keeper.

If preventive medicine is to bestow on man its richest service, the time must come when every citizen will submit himself to a thorough medical examination once a year or oftener. The benefits which would result from such a service are so evident to medical men that retail is not desirable. When recognized in their early stages most of the disease which now prevail are amenable to treatment. The early recognition of tuberculosis, cancer and heart disease, with the elimination of the more acute infectious disease, would add something like fifteen years to the average life, besides saving much in invalidism and suffering. The ultimate goal of science is the domination of the forces of nature and their utilization in promoting the welfare of mankind. Science must discover the facts and medicine must make the application for either cure of prevention.-Victor C. Vaughan, M. D., in the Journal of the American Medical Association

Minimize scandal in the home of your neighbor and pulverize it in your

Women's Times of Danger Women suffer a great deal from kidney iseases. Their indoor life, tight clothing

and trying work all tend to weaken the kidneys. Woman's life also includes times of danger that are apt to leave the kidneys weak and to start attacks of backache, head-

weak and to start attacks of backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness and urinary ills.
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An lowa Case

Mrs. J. Hunt, 106 S. Sixth
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"The pains through my
back were terrible and I
couldn't bend over. The
kidney secretions were in
awful shape and passed far
too often. I was confined
to bed and despite doctors'
treatment, I grew worss.
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