

UNDER THE BAN THE STORY OF JULIEN MASLY'S LIFE



Julien Masly, saved, was at first at a loss to know how to use the liberty which he had not solicited. He regretted that he owed his life to unexpected clemency, and cursed the interference. He surrounded with the mists of his ferocious hatred those who had been the means of his ruin and those who had saved him. But now and then a certain remorse agitated him.

little Rose. Call me 'Julien who loves thee, and henceforth will live for thee alone.' When Julien was preparing to leave for rehearsal at his theater next day, he addressed Rose, and already assumed the tone of the master.



When Julien was preparing to leave for rehearsal at his theater next day, he addressed Rose, and already assumed the tone of the master. 'Have dinner served when I return, Rose, and, Rose, you must take care of'

rose. In a flash he saw Rose again in that barren street where he had found her—so abandoned, her gaze haggard like that of a lunatic or criminal. He seemed to still hear her repeating tenderly: 'Thanks, you have saved me; without your help the Seine would at this moment have been flowing over my stiffened body.'

His blood sped from brain to heart. He rushed forward; Rose was on the first steps of the staircase; she tottered as she tried to descend. He called to her with a loud voice: 'Rose! don't go, I entreat thee! Come, come back to me! It shall be forever this time!' In this ill-balanced being, all full of excesses, there was nothing wonderful in such sudden changes of sentiment. He ran to her and dragged her back to the hearth from which he had just driven her so cruelly.

This must be the unhappy wretch whom the Prince de Kermorvan had saved from execution at Versailles. Then why had Julien Masly not alluded to this in his letter? If it were indeed he who had saved her husband during the siege, why did he say nothing of it? And how was it that she had never been able to find this Julien Masly when she had sought for him? It must be simply a coincidence in names. But the last letter, with its tone of deep and injured innocence, influenced her to investigate the matter. If this were the Masly of other days, she would see him with pleasure, despite the dreadful memory of the Commune called up by the name. She wrote him thus:

'I never suppose unkind things, and so I do not suppose that you mean to wound or offend me. But all that you assert in your letter is false. I shall be glad to be useful to you if I can; and I have no interest in aeronautics. I will speak with freedom to that person. I cannot believe that your only aim in writing your first letter was simply to make a useless proposition. 'PRINCESS DE KERMOREN.' Two sentiments divided Julien's heart: a vague hope and a sharp hatred! The rage that he felt when receiving this letter almost strangled him. Should he receive this visit? To his mind, distorted by the many troubles of his life, it seemed to him as if a spy were coming into his house. No, he would not receive the visit. But if he said no, the Princess would write no more. All would be at an end. He looked at Rose. 'No, no, never!' he cried, and went out, leaving Rose troubled and alarmed.

'For the rude manner in which I receive you, I could scarcely believe that the honor which you wish to do me is real.' 'It was not really to do you honor, but service, rather,' said the Princess, smiling. 'I hardly know how, madame.' 'Let us see. Have you thought, for instance about the cradle?' 'Ah, yes, the cradle. We will need that soon, and that I may accept, Princess, without being classed as a beggar. But it is work I want. I set out of work now.' And he recited the story of his misadventures.

'If I had been alone—but I could not send away the poor girl; she awoke all my pity.' 'Who do you call 'poor girl'? 'Send away? What do you mean?' 'Send the woman whom I saw the other day your wife?' 'The wife of my heart—yes, madame; but not before the law.' And the Princess listened patiently to the long explanation which Julien offered. She did not deign to enter into a discussion. She simply said: 'Well—and this little babe so soon to come into the world? Will you never love it?' 'I shall love it more than myself,' said Julien. 'And you are willing to place upon the poor child a stigma?' 'As I shall love it, what more can it ask?' 'It will regret that it cannot hear its mother spoken of without feeling the flush of shame,' softly said the Princess. 'And the child will not be able to say, when the father's name is mentioned, "That is my name." Reflect. Meantime, you shall have your cradle.'

OUR BOOK LIST

Table listing various books for sale, including 'The Railway Problem', 'Main Traveled Roads', 'In Office, Bogy', 'Dr. Huguet, Donnelly', 'Cesars Column', 'Whither are We Drifting, Willey', 'The Farmers' Side', 'Looking Backward, Bellamy', 'Emmet Bonlore, Reed', 'Driven from Sea to Sea, Post', 'An Indiana Man, Armstrong', 'A Kentucky Colonel, Reed', 'The Coming Climax in the Destinies of America', 'A Financial Catechism, Brice', 'A Tramp in Society, Cowdrey', 'Richard's Crown, Weaver', 'The Great Red Dragon, Woolfolk', 'Pizarro and John Sherman, Mrs. Todd', 'Money Monopoly, Baker', 'Our Republican Monarchy', 'Labor and Capital', 'Ten men of Money Island, Norton', 'Geld, Shilling', 'Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Rules', 'Smith's Diagram and Parliamentary Rules', 'Roberts' Rules of Order', 'Seven Financial Conspiracies', 'Labor and Alliance Songster', 'Songs of Industry, Howe', 'J. C. McKell', 'Wholesale and Retail Lumber', 'Nebraska Binder Twine Company', 'FARMERS AND STOCK MEN', 'Wood and Steel Mills also Wood and Steel towers', 'YOU USE WE MAKE WE SELL LUMBER!! FOR SALE: 20,000,000 FEET OF DRY PINE LUMBER ETC., ETC.'

Julien interrupted himself with a bitter laugh. 'Tenderness for me? Why? He might at least have had a moment of gratitude in these latter days. For, after all, I saved his life. Well, if he is the pardoner, we are quits. And then, I saved him at the peril of my life, whereas—what did he risk? Perhaps only a word of handwriting.' Meantime Julien tried to find out what had become of the Prince de Kermorvan. He learned only the fact that he was dead. But when he saw this news Julien's spirit seemed to suffer a new influence. From his breast came a labored sigh, which was like a reproach to Destiny.

'What is the matter?' 'I must help each other when we live in common.' She did not answer, she was overcome by the sharp tone, and as soon as the door closed behind him she burst into sobs. 'Oh, why did they send me to Paris from the village?' she said. 'I was so happy there! It is true that I was hungry now and then, but I had a light heart. Here I shall sleep every night, but with how many tears shall I moisten my daily bread?' She threw herself upon a chair, scarcely daring to think. But soon she sprang up.

Meantime the redoubtable moment drew nearer. It was time to think of the cradle, and other preparations for the little one coming. That winter was a hard one in every sense; the snow lay longer than usual in the streets, and business was dead. The theaters suffered with the rest, and that in which Julien was second violin reformed its orchestra. Julien being one of the latest comers was one of the first sent away.

Five days later Rose and Julien were seated at their little hearth watching the expiring glow of the last coal they possessed. Rose pretended to be asleep that her lover might not break the silence by one of the indirect reproaches of which she was so prodigal. Rose was hungry and hoping in sleep to forget her woe, when two or three faint knocks at the door startled her. 'Come in,' said Rose. 'I thought you were asleep!' A woman entered. She was simply dressed in black. The pallor of her face heightened the sparkle of her eyes of sapphire blue. A light veil covered her face, and in the gathering dusk prevented a good view of her features.

The Princess rose, as if to indicate that her interview must close; but he could not stir. He seemed nailed to the floor. The Princess, as if to guess his secret thoughts, fixed on him her great, frank eyes, with a smile so sweet and mournful that he could not gaze on it. Yet it seemed to sink deep into his soul! 'Thanks, Princess,' he at last said, and found strength to depart, awkward and ill at ease. 'Why did I go there? She does not know that I saved her husband! I will never see her more! Never! And a cradle—a cradle! Why did I write to her?' 'Thus he rambled on, but he was astonished that he could not tear from his mind the vision of the Princess. 'Has she bewitched me? I want to hate her, and cannot. I must find some pretext for making her angry with me. And I will never tell her of the relations between her husband and myself. Her ingratitude would oppress me!'

Quite wretched he wandered about Paris for a time, his Bohemian instincts getting the uppermost, trying to pick up a living. He remembered that he had once played the violin, and by exercising his art now in a cafe concert, now in a circus, or some small theater, he managed to eke out an existence, somewhat irregular, but in which he found a certain charm. Some years flowed by; he had no account of himself to give—wretched or not, what did it matter? Sceptical and blasé, he resembled a harmless insect, the delicate tentacles of which have been singed. He knew nothing of moral joys, and so sought after others with avidity. But satiety soon came, and he found himself alone with his desires and regrets.

'It was almost lucky for him to have found me in his path. But he was so kind and good. Poor Julien! It seems as if I might love him. Perhaps I do love him a little already.' Julien came in just in time to hear this last phrase. 'I was certain of it,' was his vain reflection, and, bending down to Rose, he closed her gasping lips with a long kiss. 'You are happier than last night, are you not, little one?' he said. 'Oh, yes, dear Julien!' 'Bravo!' reflected he; 'she is consoled. The adventure moves rapidly; we will see how it will last.' 'Ah! there have been deft hands at work here,' he said; 'everything is in its place.'

Every day he cursed the fortunate of this world. For some time a singular idea had been in his mind. He sought a means of procuring money without appearing to solicit it for himself. One day he said to Rose: 'I am going to write to a number of great ladies, as they are called, to propose to them shares in a journal to be founded. Of course, it will be a journal of the fashions—we must find a way to interest the frivolous—and I have had quite enough of politics. I will do the musical criticism and be manager at the same time. It seems to me that, patronized by five or six Countesses and people of that sort, my paper (to them I shall say their paper) must prosper. So you are saved again, little Rose! and we shall be in good circumstances by the time that baby arrives.'

'What do you want?' said Julien, gazing boldly at her. 'Did you not write to the Princess de Kermorvan about a matter of business, which?' 'I have dismissed the whole affair,' broke in Julien. 'What!' cried Rose. 'You have been writing to a Princess without telling me?' 'What does it matter to you?' The visitor turned to Rose and said, 'Are you his wife?' Rose lowered her eyes. She would have liked to say yes, but the word died away upon her trembling lips. 'Did you come here to make an inquiry into our private lives, madame?' asked Julien. 'How can it interest you to know whether or not I have written—to whoever I please? I suppose I am free?'

'The Princess accuses you of nothing; on the contrary, she wishes to be of service to you, and she has sent me to you.' 'To offer me succor, perhaps?' sneered Julien. 'Well, my love,' said Rose, 'why conceal from this good lady our dreadful situation? Why not tell her—implore her—request a loan. We are sure to repay it. Will you not, madame, say to the Princess how happy we are that she has sent you, and how much we thank her?' And Rose seized the lady's hand. The visitor, much moved, managed to hold the wasted fingers long enough to slip into them a few gold pieces. Then, withdrawing her hand, she said to Julien: 'The Princess desires to see you; will you go to visit her?' 'Oh, yes!' cried Rose; 'he shall go, madame; I promise it! What day shall it be?' 'Day after to-morrow at 2 o'clock.' 'He shall be there. May heaven bless you for the good that you have done us!' The visitor bowed and retired. Julien rushed to the window, but he did not see which way she went.

'How happy I am to be safe to-night,' she said; 'if you knew what joy I felt in caring for our home.' 'Did they? Yes; in fact, last evening I did offer to divide all, but really, my beauty, you were not too reluctant.' Rose was frightened. 'You look angry! Have I done wrong? Tell me how I have displeased you? I should like to please you always!' 'Always? We shall see.' And Julien's bliss was come to a savage look. Rose said nothing. A tear rolled down her cheek. She could not conceal it. Julien saw it and had a moment of pity. 'Come here to your best friend, little one,' he said, 'come, I am free this evening. I have a substitute at the theater. I love thee better than yesterday, better every day, and I would not see thy fine eyes swimming in tears. Let us talk of the future.' Rose was in the seventh heaven of delight at those words. Now she understood life, and no longer saw the possibility of regret.

'How can I rid myself of the mother before the child is a burden for me?' he mused. 'She must go away.' When he was alone this resolution was formed, but as soon as he saw Rose his mind changed. She was so calm, so confident beside him! What would become of her and the child. 'Ah! little one,' he said at last coldly, 'do you expect me to care for a nestful? I have now given you asylum for more than a year, and you must make other arrangements. I can keep house for myself in future.'

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proach when she used the sacred name. Julien came back, but said nothing to Rose. When the time came for the call on the Princess, he dressed with care, fished an old pair of gloves out of a drawer, took his cane and went off as silently as he had come in. A little later Julien climbed the splendid staircase of the Kermorvan mansion with tardy steps. He would not admire the beautiful ornaments of either hand. The Princess was in introduced into a parlor and he found himself face to face with his visitor of the other evening. 'Ah! Princess, pardon me!' was all that he could say. The Princess rose and gave him her hand, saying, 'pardon you for what?'

Modern Cannibals. Cannibals are their victims. The modern and cultivated cannibal is not so reckless as to put his victim out of his misery, by decapitating him. He prefers, for charity's sake, to employ him at some productive industry, and by the aid of law, appropriate the fruits of his toil to his own comfort, except enough to furnish food for tomorrow's work.—Alliance Herald.

A Straight Road. Brethren, if we move forward on right principles no power on earth can prevent the ultimate triumph of the same. There must be no halting, no temporizing, no compromises. The road is straight ahead. Let us keep in the middle of it. There are no side-tracks, no by-roads connecting with this reform movement. Keep these things in mind and we are safe.

How We Prosper. Rev. Dr. Hyde: Yes, the country is prosperous; prosperous in millions; prosperous in railroad combinations; prosperous in trusts; prosperous in class laws upon our statute books; prosperous in wealth and luxury for the few, prosperous in poverty and distress for the many; prosperous in wickedness and crime; prosperous in suffering and anguish; prosperous in groans and agony of a suffering people; prosperous in tramps and homeless families; yes, the country is prosperous toward anarchy and revolution provoked by a soulless plutocracy.