

The MARSHAL

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal de France...

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued. Mademoiselle Lucy, he said, "I have something to ask of you."

CHAPTER XXX. The Third Wish. On the day when Francis in London read that letter of Lucy Hampton's which had awaited his return from France...

CHAPTER XXIX. The Prince's Bright Shadow. They are old people living in England today who remember hearing their fathers and mothers speak of a young Frenchman of uncommon personality...

Lucy had a superstition that his luck went with him in the person of the Chevalier Beaupre.

It was all as it should be; he was entirely happy. He had asked three wishes of the good fairies, as he had said long ago; that the prince should be emperor—that he might become a marshal of France under another Bonaparte—that Allice should love him.

The letter went on with reproaches and regrets and finally slipped into a tale of a new happy life which Francis had made possible for the two.

On the day when Francis in London read that letter of Lucy Hampton's which had awaited his return from France, a letter from Lucy Hampton reached Allice at the chateau of Viqueux.

Allice, coming in without knocking at the open door, stepped across and stood by him, and he did not lift his head, his listless eyes did not yet shift their gaze from the broad landscape.

The Gray Eyes Met Hers. Allice, looking down at the black head with its short curls set in thick locks—after the manner of the curls of Praxiteles' Hermes—was startled to see many bright lines of gray through the dark mass.

CHAPTER XXX. The Prince's Bright Shadow. They are old people living in England today who remember hearing their fathers and mothers speak of a young Frenchman of uncommon personality...

to being out and about, and then—then in a minute you will be well again.

"Oh, yes," Pietro answered without animation. "It will not be long before I am well."

"Look, Pietro," Allice held out the paper in her hand. "Such a queer letter! From Virginia. From the little Lucy Hampton of whom Francois talks. I don't understand it. Will you read it to me?"

Allice, however, returned to the charge. "Last year?" "Last year—what?" Pietro asked; he had already forgotten the question.

Allice looked at him. "You are eating your heart out to be with Francois," she said, and laid her hand on his.

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Allice, however, returned to the charge. "Last year?" "Last year—what?" Pietro asked; he had already forgotten the question.

"Oh, that I began to—mon dieu—no. Last year! Why, I think it was the day I came and saw you riding Coq."

Allice considered. "I don't think I ever did, Pietro. Not really. I thought I did perhaps. He dazed me—Francis—with his way of doing all sorts of things brilliantly, and that everybody love him. He believed in his star; there was around him the romance of the emperor's prophecy and the romance of the career which is, we believe, about to begin now; there was always a glamour about Francois."

Allice straightened against his arm. "Monsieur the Marquis Zapfel, the gentleman I—care for, is not commonplace. I thank you not to say it," she shot at him, and then, melting to a sudden intensity, she put a hand on each side of his dark face and spoke earnestly.

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cause he cared for it himself, but because it was the Emperor's prophecy.

"I always thought," Pietro spoke slowly, "that it was not indeed for himself that he wished to be a Marshal some day, but because it might make him, in a manner, your equal. It was for you."

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black clouds which drove now across it. He was a bit superstitious about Francois as well, with an idea, which he spoke to no one, that a pivotal interest of his career rested in the modest figure.

He rose, this night in Boulogne, as the prince rustled and the little French provincial chanson sounded from the room where Francois Beaupre, now his secretary, had been installed, and stepped to the closed door.

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An Analysis. A Boston broker said the other day of J. Pierpont Morgan: "We'd never have had these New Haven troubles if Morgan had lived. Morgan was a wonder. Whatever you were—banker, investor, politician—he could turn you inside out."

From All Sides. "Can you send a dog by parcel post?" "I am afraid there would be a howl about it if you did."

Two Women Avoid Operations. By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Chicago, Ill.—"I must thank you with all my heart for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used to go to my doctor for pills and remedies and they did not help me. I had headaches and could not eat, and the doctor claimed I had female trouble and must have an operation. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken it and feel fine. A lady said one day, 'Oh, I feel so tired all the time and have headache.' I said, 'Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,' and she did and feels fine now."

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Sloan's Liniment Kills Pain. For Neuralgia. "I would not be without your Liniment and praise it to all who suffer with neuralgia or rheumatism or pain of any kind."

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Suddenly a Thought Shook Him.



The Gray Eyes Met Hers.



ART OF TREE SCULPTURE