

# A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,  
Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

Copyright, 1905, 1906, by Little, Brown, and Company.

(Continued from Page Three.)

wraps.  
"You must take these," he declared. "It is cold traveling."  
"But how can I return them to you?" she protested. "No, not the coat, please. I will take a rug if you like."  
"You will take both," he said firmly. "There need be no trouble about returning them. I shall be in Paris myself shortly, and no doubt we shall come across one another."  
Her eyes flashed something at him. What it was he could not rightly tell. It seemed to him that he saw pleasure there and a fear, but more of the latter. The marquis intervened.  
"I trust," he said, "that in that case you will give us the pleasure of seeing something of you. We live in the Avenue de St. Cloud."  
"You are very kind," Duncombe said. "I shall not fail to come and see you."  
Spencer threw open the door, and they passed out. Phyllis kept by Duncombe's side. He felt her hand steal into his.  
"I want you to keep this envelope for me," she whispered. "It contains nothing which could bring you into trouble or which concerns any one else. It is just something which I should like to feel in safe keeping."  
He thrust it into his pocket.  
"I will take care of it," he promised. "And you won't forget me? We shall meet again—sooner perhaps than you expect."  
She shook her head.  
"I hope to heaven that we shall not! At least, not yet," she murmured fervently.  
From the carriage window she put out her hand.  
"You have been very kind to me," she said. "Goodby!"  
"An impossible word," he answered, with well affected gaiety. "A pleasant journey to you."  
Then the carriage rolled away, and Spencer and he were left alone. Duncombe secured the front door, and they walked slowly back to the library.  
"You know Paris well," Duncombe said. "Have you ever heard of these people?"  
Spencer smiled.



"The letter, I am afraid, does little to satisfy your curiosity."

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed. "Do St. Ethol is one of the first nobles in France. I have seen him at the races many times."  
"Not the sort of people to lend themselves to anything shady?"  
"The last in the world," Spencer answered. "She was the Comtesse de Laugnan, and between them they are connected with half a dozen royal houses. This business is getting exceedingly interesting, Duncombe!"  
But Duncombe was thinking of the empty room.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"I SUPPOSE," the boy said thoughtfully, "I must seem to you beastly ungrateful. You've been a perfect brick to me ever since that night. But I can't help being a bit homesick. You see, it was really the first time I'd ever been away from home for long, and, though my little place isn't a patch on this, of course, still, I was born there, and I'm jolly fond of it."  
His companion nodded, and his dark eyes rested for a moment upon the

other's face. Guy Poynton was idly watching the reapers at work in the golden valley below, and he did not catch his friend's expression.

"You are very young, mon cher ami," he said. "As one grows older one demands change—change always of scene and occupation. Now, I, too, am most hideously bored here, although it is my home. For me to live is only possible in Paris—Paris, the beautiful."

Guy looked away from the fields. He resented a little his friend's air of superiority.

"There's only a year difference in our ages," he remarked.

Henri de Bergillac smiled, this time more expressively than ever, and held out his hands.

"I speak of experience, not years," he said. "You have lived for twenty years in a very delightful spot no doubt, but away from everything which makes life endurable, possible even, for the child of the cities. I have lived for twenty-one years mostly in Paris. Ah, the difference!"

Guy shrugged his shoulders and leaned back in his chair.

"Well, he said briefly, "tastes differ. I've seen quite all I want to of Paris for the rest of my life. Give me a fine June morning in the country and a tramp round the farm, or an early morning start in September walking down the partridges, or a gray day in November, with a good gee underneath, plenty of grass ahead and hounds talking. Good God, I wish I were back in England!"

Henri smiled and caressed his upper lip, where symptoms of a mustache were beginning to appear.

"My dear Guy," he said, "you speak crudely because you do not understand. You know of Paris only its grosser side. How can one learn more when you cannot even speak its language? You know the Paris of the tourist. The real magic of my beautiful city has never entered into your heart. Your little dabble in its vices and frivolities must not count to you as anything final. The joy of Paris to one who understands is the exquisite refinement, the unsurpassed culture of its abysmal wickedness."

"The devil!" Guy exclaimed. "Have you found out all that for yourself?"

Henri was slightly annoyed. He was always annoyed when he was not taken seriously.

"I have had the advantage," he said, "of many friendships with men whose names you would scarcely know, but who directed the intellectual tendencies of the younger generation of Parisians. People call us decadents—that, I suppose, because we prefer intellectual progression to physical activity. I am afraid, dear friend, that you would never be one of us."

"I am quite sure of it," Guy answered.

"You will not even drink absinth," Henri continued, helping himself from a little carafe which stood between them, "absolutely the most artistic of all drinks. You prefer a thing you call a pipe to my choicest cigarettes, and you have upon your cheeks a color of which a plowboy should be ashamed."

Guy laughed good humoredly.  
"Well, I can't help being sunburnt!" he declared.

Henri sighed delicately.  
"Ah, it is not only that," he said. "I wish so much that I could make you understand. You positively cultivate good health—take cold baths and walks and exercises to preserve it."

"Why the dickens shouldn't I?"  
Henri half closed his eyes. He was a dutiful nephew, but he felt that another month with this clohopper of an English boy would mean the snapping of his finely strung nerves.

"My friend," he began gently, "we in Paris of the set to which I belong do not consider good health to be a state which makes for intellectual progression. Good health means the triumph of the physical side of man over the nervous. The healthy animal sleeps and eats too much. He does not know the stimulus of pain. His normal condition is unspiriting—not to say bovine. The first essential therefore of life, according to our tenets, is to get rid of superfluous health."

Guy did not trust himself to speak this time. He only stared at his companion, who seemed pleased to have evoked his interest.

"Directly the body is weakened," Henri continued, "the brain begins to act. With the indisposition for physical effort comes activity of the imagination. Cigarettes, drugs, our friend here," he continued, patting the carafe, "late nights, la belle passion—all these—all these—"

He broke off in the middle of his sentence. Simultaneously he abandoned his carefully chosen attitude of studied languor. He was leaning forward in his chair watching a carriage which had just come into sight along the

straight wide road which led from the outside world to the chateau.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. "My respected uncle! Jacques."

A man servant stepped out upon the terrace.

"Monsieur!"  
"Remove the absinth, Jacques. M. le Duc arrives!"

Guy, who also had been watching the carriage, gave utterance to a little exclamation. He pointed to two figures on horseback who rode behind the carriage.

"The gendarmes!" he exclaimed.

"They have come for me at last!"

His face was no longer ruddy. The pallor of fear had crept to his cheeks. A note of despair rang in his voice.

His companion only laughed.

"Gendarmes, perhaps," he answered, "but not for you, my young friend. Have I not told you that you are in sanctuary here? A guest of the Vicomte de Bergillac evades all suspicion. Ah, I understand well those gendarmes. Let their presence cause you no anxiety, cher monsieur. They are a guard of honor for my revered uncle and the personage who rides with him."

Guy resumed his chair and sat with his head buried in his hands in an attitude of depression. His companion leaned over the stone balustrade of the terrace and waved his hand to the occupants of the carriage below. They pulled up at the bottom of the steps and commenced slowly to ascend. In obedience to an imperious gesture from his uncle Henri advanced to meet them. He greeted his uncle with graceful affection. Before the other man, although his appearance was homely and his dress almost untidy, he bowed very low indeed and accepted his proffered hand as a mark of favor.

The Duc de Bergillac was tall, sallow, with black mustache and imperial. He possessed all the personal essentials of the aristocrat, and he had the air of one accustomed to command.

"Henri," he said, "your young friend is with you?"

"But certainly," his nephew answered, with a sigh. "Am I not always obedient? He has scarcely been out of my sight since we arrived."

"Very good. You saw us arrive just now. Did you mention the name of M. Grisson?" the vicomte asked.

"But certainly not," Henri answered.

The vicomte nodded.  
"You have discretion," he said. "M. Grisson is here incognito. He wishes to hear your young friend's story from his own lips."

The vicomte's companion nodded silently. He had the air of a silent man. He was short, inclined to be stout, and his dress and bearing were almost bourgeois. His features were large and not particularly intelligent, his cheeks were puffy and his gray beard ill humored. He had the double neck of the Frenchman of the lower class who has not denied himself the joys of the cuisine, and his appearance would have been hopelessly commonplace but for the deep set brilliant black eyes which lit up his whole face and gave it an aspect of power.

"After dejeuner, you understand," he said. "It is well that your young friend should not understand that I came here for no other reason. I will see first your manuscripts, M. le Duc."

The duke waved his hand courteously to Guy as the two men passed along on their way to the library. Henri resumed his seat with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"My respected uncle will bring such strange people here to see his manuscripts and collection of missals," he remarked. "For myself, it is a hobby which wearies me. And you, mon cher Guy?"

"I know nothing about them," he answered. "But the gendarmes, Henri? Why did they ride with your uncle's carriage?"

Henri smiled reassuringly.

"The old gentleman," he said, "has something to do with the government, and they were in attendance upon him. You can realize, my friend," he added, "that you are indeed in a republican country. Such people must have the entire to our houses, even to our table. I presume that you will have the pleasure of taking luncheon with him even."

A manservant came out upon the terrace.

"M. le Duc desires me to say that luncheon is served," he announced.

Henri passed his arm through his friend's.

"Come," he said, "let us go and see if we can amuse ourselves with my uncle's venerable friend. I do not suppose that he speaks English, but I will interpret for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SEARSON IS UNDER ARREST.

Charged with Assault on One of Pupils of School.

Lincoln, Aug. 12.—A warrant has been sworn out in the district court of Nemaha county for the arrest of Professor J. W. Searson for attempting to assault Katherine Hudson, a student in the State Normal school at Peru. Sheriff Bohrs of Nemaha county arrived in Lincoln with the warrant and arrested Searson. Searson is a professor in the normal school at Peru.

Rumors of bad conduct on the part of Professor Searson have been going around for some time and recently he requested the state normal board to make an investigation. That investigation is on behind closed doors. Miss Hudson, the girl in the case, is about twenty-two years old and alleges the attempt was made on her last April. She lives at Humboldt. Professor Searson is one of the best known educators in the state. He is married and has one child.

Mr. Searson was taken back to Nemaha and the investigation by the normal board committee was ad-

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

## The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE ORIGINAL BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

No Opium, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

## CATARRH



## ELY'S CREAM BALM

This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE

It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

## The Blues

Do you have a fit of "the blues" every month? Suffer from headache, back-ache, low waist-pains, creeping sensations, nervousness, irritability, irregularity, or any disorder of your natural functions? Such symptoms show that you suffer from one of the diseases peculiar to women. Don't procrastinate. Take

## WINE OF CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

Mrs. Sarah G. Butts, of White Plains, Va., writes: "Cardui is certainly a panacea for suffering women. I was sunk in despair. Death is no worse than the pains I suffered periodically. Nothing relieved me, until I took Cardui. Now the pains have gone, and I am stronger than in 15 years." Try it for your troubles.

At all Drug Stores

E30

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY. Mystic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1. Sold by H. E. Gibson, druggist, Red Cloud.