

COPYRIGHT, 1897 BY A. H. HAWKINS

man's, not at court." For traders of all na-

"Yes, not at court." For traders of all nations had come from time to time to my uncle's house at Norwich.

"But believe you speak very well," he interrupted politely. "Pray, let me judge of your skill for myself."

I was about to oblige him, when a loud dispute arose outside. French ejaculations mingled with English oaths. "Excuse me," said my uncle, with a shrug, "the gentleman sprang to his feet and rushed out. I went on with my supper, supposing that his servants had fallen into some altercation with the French party. But then, when I could make one another understand, My conjecture was confirmed when the traveler returned, declaring that the quarrel arose over the capacity of a measure of wine and brandy. But then, when I saw the French history of vexation, he caught up the pocketbook from the table and darted a quick glance of suspicion at me. I was more amazed than angry, and my smile caused him confusion, and he said that he had been thinking him punished enough for his rudeness, although it might find some excuse in the indifferent honesty of many who frequented the French table. The traveler, I believed him by resuming the conversation, saying with a smile:

"In truth, my French is the schoolboy's French. I can tell the parts of the verb *aimer*, to *aimer*, it *aime*; it goes so far, sir, no further."

"Not far in speech, though good for an act," he laughed.

"Truly," I said with a sigh.

"A little more of the same sort, sir." And passing about for another phrase with which to humor him, I took the first that came to my tongue, leaving my arms on the table. After I had finished eating, I said with a smile, "Well, what say you to this? This is something to know, isn't it? Je viens, tu viens, il

"PEET WITH A CRY OF ALARM."

"Friends."

As I live he sprang to his feet with a cry of alarm. His hand darted to his breast, where he had stowed his pocketbook; he tore it out and examined the fastening with furious haste and anxiety. I sat struck still with amazement, the man seemed mad. He looked at me now, and his glance was full of desperate suspicion. He opened his mouth to speak, but words seemed to fail him; he held out the leather case toward me. Strange as was the question that his gesture put, I could not doubt it.

"I haven't touched the book," said I. "Indeed, sir, only your visible agitation can gain you pardon for the suggestion."

"Then how—how?" he muttered.

"You pass my understanding, sir," said I. "In penitulant amercement, 'I say in jest, 'I come, thou comest, he comest,' and the words are not on you like abra-cadabra and the blackest of magic. You don't, I presume, carry a pocketbook of French in your case, and if you do I haven't robbed you of it."

He was turning the little case over and over in his hands, again examining the clasp of it. His next freak was to snatch the book and look to it with pain, as if he were laughing, for his antics seemed absurd. My laughter cooled him, and he made a great effort to regain his composure. But he began to rage again.

"Mayn't a man know how to say in French, 'He comes' without stealing the knowledge from your book, sir?" I asked. "You do us wrong if you think so much is known to

He glared at me like a man who hears a jest, but cannot tell whether it conceals earnest or open.

"Not the case, sir," I replied in mock-seriousness. "Wade sure all is there. Come, you owe me that much."

To my amazement he obeyed me. He opened the case and searched through certain papers which it contained. At the end of a very few minutes he returned, yet his suspicious air did not leave him.

"Now, perhaps, sir," said I, squaring my eyes, "you expect the result."

That he could not do. The very impossibility of any explanation showed that I had, in the most unexpected fashion, stumbled upon some secret with him, even as I had before. Was it the secret of the baronet's fortune or his own, the same or another? What it was I could not tell, but for certain there it was. He had no resource but to carry the matter to the end, and he did so. He met me back with a readiness of his nation.

"You ask an explanation, sir," he cried. "I have nothing to explain, and if there were, I give explanations when I please, and not to every fellow who chooses to ask them of me."

"You mean, then, that," he came—"tis a very mysterious phrase," said I. "I can't tell what it means. And if you won't tell me, sir, I must ask others." "Indeed,"

"Nay, I shall be no wiser if I ask nobody," I retorted with a smile.

"You are a body of what has passed," said he, advancing toward me with the plain intention of imposing his will on me by fear, since persuasion failed. I rose and fled, and answered, mimicking his insolent tones:

"I give promises, sir, when I please, and not to every fellow who chooses to ask them of me."

"You shall give me your promise before you leave this room," he cried.

His voice had been rising in passion and he was now shouting, so that the sound of it had reached the room above or whether Duke and Garford had grown weary of the duke's insolence, I cannot tell. The gentleman uttered this last threat Garford opened the door, stood aside to let his grace enter and followed him. As he came in, he looked at me with a most hostile air, and the Frenchman's pistol was in his hand and my hand had been to the hilt of my sword.

"What do you seek, you ass, who are you?"

"Why, what's this gentleman?" he asked.

"Mr. Dale, are you at variance with this gentleman?" But before I had time to answer him he had stepped forward and seen the Frenchman. He turned to her and said, "I am surprised," he cried in surprise, "I am very pleased to see you, sir, again in England. Garford, here is M. de Pontelles. You were acquainted with him when he was in the suite of the French ambassador. You carry a message, sir, keenly to all that the duke's words told me. M. de Pontelles bowed low, but his confusion was in no way assuaged, and he made no answer to his grace's question. The duke turned to me, saying with some haughtiness:—

"Pray why was your hand on my sword?"

"Because the gentleman's pistol was in his aid, sir,"

"You appear always to be very ready for a duel, sir; pray say, the duke, what was at Carford." "Pray, what's the matter?"

"I'll tell you your grace the whole matter," said he readily enough, for I had nothing to me.

"Nay, I won't have it told," cried M. de Fontelles.

"It is my pleasure to hear it," said the duke smiling.

"Well, sir, it was thus," said I, with a forced air. "I protested to this gentleman that my French was good to seek; he was so much pleased, that he asked me if I spoke it well. Upon this I owned to some small awkwardness, and for an excuse I said to him: 'I am almost dumb.' He received the assurance with the utmost amiability."

"He could do no less," said the duke with smile.

"And he would have it that this didn't excuse my treasure of learning. Therefore, after leaving me for a moment to set straight the difference that had arisen between his French and mine, he returned, put away all southern case that he had left on the table concerning which, indeed, he seemed more easy than would be counted courteous here, and then, seating himself, he told me all the while alone in the room with it and allowed to resume my exhibition of French speaking."

"To humor him end to the grace—"

"No, sir, I did not," said he. "The object of the assurance of attending your will."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Dale. Don't delay in order to compliment me," said the duke, smiling.

"I leaned across the table, sir, and I made in a speech that sent him, to all seeming, if way out of his senses, for he sprang up, as if he were about to draw his sword, and to the pointing of his pistol, and finally assumed to exact from me a promise that would consult nobody as to the perplexity of the question, which he thought of asking me. To that I demurred, and hence quarrel with which I regret most humbly at your grace should have been troubled."

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Dale. But what is this wonder-working phrase?"

"Why, sir, just the first that came into my mind, sir, to vex the gentleman."

"Fontelles, as I understand him to be called—I said to him softly and gently, Je viens, tu viens."

"At which he seized me by the arm with a sudden air of excitement. Carford stopped forward and stood beside him."

"Je viens, tu viens—Yes. And any more?"

"Yes, your grace," I answered, again smiling. "I completed what grammarians call the singular number by adding, 'Il vient.'" "Il vient?" cried the duke and Carford in a breath.

"Il vient," I repeated, thinking now that I had done better, and that I had over-rejoiced his mouth with his hand and cheered in the duke's ear. The duke nodded and made some answer. Both gentlemen looked up at each other, and M. de Fontelles had stood in sullen silence at the table, while I told the story of our quarrel; now his eyes were fixed intently on me.

"But why," said I, "that simple phrase provoked such strange agitation in the gentleman, your grace's wisdom may discover."

"Still Carford whispered, and presently the duke said:

"Some gentlemen, you've fallen into a foolish error, which you don't need have me. Pray, be friends again."

M. de Fontelles drew himself up stiffly.

"I asked a promise of that gentleman and he refused it to me."

"And I asked an explanation of that gentleman and he refused it to me," said I, just as stiffly.

"Well, then, Mr. Dale shall give his promise to me. Will that be agreeable to you, Mr. Dale?"

"I am at your grace's commands in all things," said I, bowing.

"And you'll tell me from M. Fontelle's citation?"

"I will, your grace please. To say the truth, I don't care a fig for his fierceness. But the explanation, sir?"

"Why, to make all level," answered the duke, smiling and fixing his gaze upon the gentleman, who said to M. de Fontelles, "I explained to me."

"I cry agreed, your grace!" said I, smiling at him.

"To me, Mr. Dale; not to you," smiled the duke.

"What! am I not to hear why he was so angry?"

"You didn't care a fig for his fierceness, r. Dale," he reminded me, laughing.

I saw that I was caught, and had the sense to confess my fault, though I must confess to a very lively curiosity.

"Your grace wishes to be alone with M. de Fontelles?" I asked readily and deferentially.

"For a little while, if you'll give us leave," answered, but he added to Carford: "No, you needn't move, Carford."

"If you please, sir," said I, and left them, not ill pleased, for my brain was on the rack to discover what might be the secret which hung over that mysterious phrase, and which I felt sure would come from M. de Fontelles.

"The gist of it," said I to myself, as I returned to the kitchen. "Hes, if I am not mistaken, in the third member. For when I heard the duke say, 'Je viens, tu viens,' the duke interrupted me, crying, 'Any more?'"

I had made for the kitchen, since there was as no other room open to me, and found it shut by three French servants of M. de Fontelles. Although peace had been made between them and the host, they sat in deep seclusion. The reason was plain to see in their faces. They no longer held any bottle clutched on the table between them. Kindliness, added, it may be, by another motive, made me resolve to cure their dependency. I entered suddenly, saying to the French, going up to them, "you do not drink."

They rose, bowing, but I took a third chair from between them, and motioned them to be seated.

"We have not the wherewithal, sir," said one, with a wistful smile.

"The thing is minded as soon as told," I cried, and then, turning to the others, I brought forth bottles. "A man is more at home with his own bottle," said I.

With the wine came new gaiety, and with the gaiety came a change of speech. M. de Fontelles would have admired the fluency with which I discoursed with his servants, they telling me of traveling in their country, I describing details of life in France, of England, of Italy. There are rogueries enough on the way in those countries, I'll warrant," I laughed. "But perhaps you carry nothing of great value and interest."

"Our pouch would make a robber a poor knight, sir, but our master is in a different light."

"Ah, he carries treasure?"

"Not in money, sir," answered one. The other nudged him, as though to bid him hold his tongue.

"But you wear glasses," I cried, and they bowed very readily.

"Well, men have met their death between ours and London often enough before now."

"That's true, but we wear them for the sake of my fingers." "But with you for his ward M. de Fontelles should be safe enough."

"We're charged to guard him with our lives, and not leave him till he comes to the ambassador's house."

"But there rogues hunt sometimes in threes and fours, and you might well loose the charge of your number."

"We're cheap, sir," laughed one. "The king of France has many of us."

"But if you murder the wrong one?"

"Even then provision is made."

"What? Could you carry his message—or if his treasure laid money, I must set it down?"

They looked at one another rather doubtfully. But I was not behind hand in filling their glass.

"Still I should go even without Monsieur's name."

"But to what end?" I cried, in feigned astonishment.

"Oh, we too, have a message."

"Indeed; can you carry the king's message?"

"None better, sir," said the shorter of the two, who twice stole his eye. "For don't you understand it?"

"Is it difficult, then?"

"Nay, it's so simple as to seem without."

"What, so simple—that your bottle is empty. Come, another?"

"Indeed, no, monsieur."

"But if you have never seen us, I'll not be denied," and I called for a fourth.

When we were well started on the drinking of it I asked earnestly:

"Did you see the duke?"

"Yes, he was sitting in his study."

"Did you see the duke?"

"Yes, he was sitting in his study."

"Did you see the duke?"

"Yes, he was sitting in his study."

[illegible]

MUMFORD'S

Rheumatism Cure is guaranteed to be absolutely thorough, and a strong tonic in building up the weak and debilitated. It cures acute or muscular rheumatism in from one to five days. Sharp, shooting pains in any part of the body stopped in a few days. Aches, soreness, stiff back cured. Swollen joints, even chronic rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago or pain in the back are speedily cured. Doubles quick to give relief from one to two doses, and almost invariably cures before one bottle has been used. The Sturgeon Remedy Company prepare a separate cure for each ailment. At all druggists—25 cents a bottle. If you need medical advice write Prof. Mumford, 1303 Arch Street, Philadelphia. It is absolutely free.

RHEUMATISM

LADIES DO YOU KNOW
DR. FLOREX LE BRUN'S
Steel & Pennyroyal Treatment
is the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price, \$1.00; sent by mail. Genuine sold only by
Myers-Dillon Drug Co., S. E. Cor. 16th and Franklin Streets, Omaha, Neb.

DYSPEPSIA INDigestion, Heartburn and Stomach Troubles quickly relieved and cured by
FLORAPLEXIN. Sample bottle free of charge. Write to
Franklin Hart, Dept. N New York.

Beginning. First Week. Second Week.

Instant Relief. Cure in 15 days. Never returns.
I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope **FREE** a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Lost Stomach, Night Cough, Stomach Disturbance, Indigestion, Flatulency, etc. Write to
Watts, Varicecose and Co., G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1375, Marshall, Wis.

Patronize
Home Industries

By Purchasing Goods Made at the Following Nebraska Factories.

AWNINGS AND TENTS.
OMAHA TENT AND RUBBER CO.
(Successors Omaha Tent and Awning Co.)
Manufacturers tents, awnings, jobbers ladies' umbrellas. Write for rent. 1315 Farnam St., Omaha.

BREWERIES
OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION.
Car load shipments made in our own refrigerator cars, Blue Ribbon, Elite Export, Vienna Export and Family Export delivered to all parts of the city.

BRICK.
WITHNELL BROS. & SMITH CO.
Paving, Sewer and Building Brick.
Capacity, 100,000 per week. Office and yard, 21st and Hickory Sts. Telephone 425. Omaha, Neb.

CORNICHE WORKS.
G. F. EPEWETER,
EAGLE CORNICHE WORKS.
Manufacturer of Galvanized Iron Cornices, Gables, Eaves, Gutters, Downspouts, etc.
Roofing, Agent for Klinefar's Steel Ceiling.
108-10-12 North Eleventh street.

CRACKER FACTORIES.
AMERICAN BISCUIT AND MFG. CO.,
Wholesale Cracker Manufacturers,
OMAHA, Neb.

DYE WORKS.
SCHROEDSACK'S TWIN CITY DYE WORKS, 1521 Farnam St.
Dyeing and cleaning of garments and goods of every description. Cleaning of fine garments specialty.

FLOUR MILLS.
S. F. GILMAN.
Flour, Meal, Feed and Bran, 1013-15-17 North 17th Street, Omaha, Neb. C. E. Black, manager.
Telephone 525.

IRON WORKS.
DAVIS & COWGILL IRON WORKS.
Iron and Brass Founders.
Manufacturers and Jobbers of Machinery. General repairing a specialty. 1551, 1553 and 1555 Jackson street, Omaha, Neb.

PAXTON & VIERLING IRON WORKS.
Manufacturers of Architectural Iron Work, General Foundry, Machine and Blacksmith works. Engineers and Contractors for Fire Proof Buildings, etc. Office and works: U. P. Ry. and South 17th street, Omaha.

LINSEED OIL.
WOODMAN LINSEED OIL WORKS.
Manufacturers oil process raw linseed oil, kerosene, kerosene oil, oil process ground linseed cake, ground and screened flaxseed to drag cake.
OMAHA, NEB.

LOUNGES—MATTRESSES.
L. G. DOUP.
Manufacturer Lounges, Couches, Mattresses. Upholster of Spring Beds and Feather—411-413 S. 10th street.

OMAHA BEDDING CO.
Manufacturers of high grade Mattresses, 1302-4 Nicholas Street, Omaha.

OVERALL AND SHIRT FACTORIES.
KATZ-NEVENS COMPANY.
Mfgs. Overalls, Pants, Shirts and Overall. OMAHA, NEB.

SHIRT FACTORIES.
J. H. EVANS.
NEBRASKA SHIRT COMPANY.
Exclusive custom shirt tailors. 1515 Farnam Street.

TINWARE.
WESTERN TINWARE COMPANY.
Piced, Stamped and Japanned Tinware, Granite Iron, Hollow Ware, etc. OMAHA, NEB.
1053 Farnam St.

VINEGAR AND PICKLES.
HAARMANN VINEGAR CO.,
Manufacturers of Vinegar, Pickles, Catsup, Mustards, Celery and Worcestershire Sauce.
WAGONS AND CARRIAGES.

WILLIAM PFEIFFER.
For a good substantial vehicle of any description, for repainting or rubber tires on new or old wheels, the best place is 571a and Leavenworth streets.

DRUMMOND CARRIAGE CO.
Cheap, medium priced and tony carriages. Anything you want, second hand or new. Headquarters for Rubber tires, warranties, like and Harney, opposite Court House.

A. J. SIMPSON.
1409, 1411 Dodge.
Full line of Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Fords, etc. Horse rubber tire. The best is the cheapest.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.
HENE & CO.
Largest factory in the west. Leading 3d place of Omaha, Kansas City, Lincoln and Omaha. Handle our goods. 105 Farnam street, Omaha.