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governs its health and its chances to survive the most uncertain period of human life. Baby stomachs are intended for only one food, mother's milk. If a substitute is necessary, let it be as near mothers' milk as possible.

Nestlé's Food

is so nearly like mothers' milk that babies do not feel the change when it is substituted. The best of cows' milk, purified and modified with just enough wheat, sugar and other strength-building elements added, makes NESTLÉ'S FOOD.

Cold water and two minutes' boiling prepares it.

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HENRI NESTLÉ
101 Chambers St.
New York



Two maids were sitting up for her. Their mistress ordered them to retire to their bedrooms, on the third floor.

Almost immediately after, there was a knock at the door of the outer room; and a voice called:

"Angélique!"

"Is that you, father?" she asked, suppressing her agitation.

"Yes. Is your husband here?"

"We have just come in."

"Tell him I want to speak to him. Ask him to come to my room. It's important."

"Very well, father; I'll send him to you."

She listened for a few seconds; then returned to the boudoir where her husband was, and said:

"I am sure my father is still there."

He moved as if to go out.

"In that case, if he wants to speak to me . . ."

"My father is not alone," she said, quickly, blocking his way.

"Who is with him?"

"His nephew, Jacques d'Emboise."

There was a moment's silence. He looked at her with a certain astonishment, failing quite to understand his wife's attitude. But, without pausing to go into the matter:

"Ah, so that dear old d'Emboise is there?" he chuckled. Then the fat's in the fire? Unless, indeed . . ."

"My father knows everything," she said. "I overheard a conversation between them just now. His nephew has read certain letters. . . I hesitated at first about telling you. . . Then, I thought that my duty . . ."

He studied her afresh. But, at once reconquered by the queerness of the situation, he burst out laughing:

"What? Don't my friends on board ship burn my letters? And they have let their prisoner escape? The idiots! Oh, when you don't see to everything yourself! . . . No matter, it's distinctly humorous. . . D'Emboise *versus* d'Emboise. . . Oh, but suppose I were no longer to be recognized! Suppose d'Emboise himself were to confuse me with himself!"

He turned to a wash-hand-stand, took a towel, dipped it in the basin and soaped it and, in the twinkling of an eye, wiped the make-up off his face and altered the set of his hair:

"That's it," he said, showing himself to Angélique under the aspect in which she had seen him on the night of the burglary in Paris. "I feel more comfortable like this for a discussion with my father-in-law."

"Where are you going?" she cried, flinging herself in front of the door.

"Why, to join the gentlemen."

"You shall not pass!"

"Why not?"

"They mean to kill you . . . to hide your body somewhere. . . Who would know of it?"

"Very well," he said; "from their point of view, they are quite right. But, if I don't go to them, they will come here. That door won't stop them. . . Nor you, I'm thinking. Therefore, it's better to have done with it."

"Follow me!" commanded Angélique.

She took up the lamp that lit the room, went into her bedroom, pushed aside the wardrobe, which slid easily on hidden castors, pulled back an old tapestry-hanging and said:

"Here is a door that has not been used for years. My father believes the key to be lost. I have it here. Unlock the door with it. A staircase in the wall will take you to the bottom of the tower. You need only to draw the bolts of another door and you will be free."

He could hardly believe his ears. Suddenly, he grasped the meaning of Angélique's whole behavior. In the presence of that sad, plain, but wonderfully gentle face, he stood for a moment disconcerted, almost abashed. He no longer thought of laughing. A feeling of respect, mingled with remorse and kindness, overcame him.

"Why are you saving me?" he whispered.

"You are my husband."

He protested:

"No, no! I have stolen that title. The law will never recognize my marriage."

"My father does not want a scandal," she said.

"Just so," he replied, sharply; "just so. I foresaw that; and that was why I had your cousin d'Emboise near at hand. Once I disappear, he becomes your husband. He is the man you have married in the eyes of men."

"You are the man I have married in the eyes of the Church."

"The Church! The Church! There are means of arranging matters with the Church. . . Your marriage can be annulled."

"On what pretext that we can admit?"

He remained silent, thinking over all those points that he had not considered, all those points that were trivial and absurd for him, but that were serious for her.

"I am your wife in the eyes of God."

She gave him a look that showed neither scorn nor animosity, nor even anger; and he realized that she failed to see in him the outlaw and the evil-doer, but remembered only the man who was her husband and to whom the priest had bound her until the hour of death.

He took a step toward her and observed her more attentively. She did not lower her eyes at first. But she blushed. And never had he seen so pathetic a face, one marked with such modesty and such dignity. He said to her, as on that first evening in Paris:

"Oh, your eyes . . . the calm and sadness of your eyes . . . the beauty of your eyes!"

She dropped her head and stammered:

"Go away . . . go! . . ."

In the presence of her confusion, he received a quick intuition of the deeper feelings that stirred her, unknown to herself. In that spinster soul, with its romantic power of imagination, its unsatisfied yearnings, its poring over old-world books, he suddenly represented, in that exceptional moment and in consequence of the unconventional circumstances of their meetings, a Byronic hero, a romantic and chivalrous brigand. One evening, in spite of all obstacles, he, the world-famed adventurer, already ennobled in song and story and exalted by his own audacity, had come to her and slipped the magic ring upon her finger. A mystic and passionate betrothal, as in the days of the Corsair and Hernani. . .

Greatly moved and touched, he was on the verge of giving way to an enthusiastic impulse and exclaiming:

"Let us go away together! . . . Let us fly! . . . You are my bride . . . my wife. . . Share my dangers, my sorrows and my joys. . . It will be a strange and vigorous, a proud and magnificent life . . ."

But Angélique's eyes once more were raised to his; and they were so pure and so noble that he blushed in his turn. This was not the woman to whom such words could be addressed. He whispered:

"Forgive me. . . I am a contemptible wretch. . . I have wrecked your life."

"No," she replied, softly. "On the contrary, you have shown me where my real life lies."

He was about to ask her to explain. But she had opened the door and was pointing the way to him. Nothing more could be spoken between them. He went without a word, bowing very low as he passed.

A month later, Angélique de Sarzeau-Vendôme, Princesse de Bourbon-Condé, lawful wife of Arsène Lupin, took the veil; and, under the name of Soeur Auguste, buried herself within the walls of the Visitation Convent.

On the day of the ceremony, the mother superior of the convent received a heavy, sealed envelope containing a letter with the following words:

"For Soeur Auguste's poor."

Enclosed with the letter were five hundred bank-notes of a thousand francs each.

THE SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION has obtained the entire new series of **Arsène Lupin** stories, to be published in 1912. This is the fifth story under that contract. The sixth story will appear in an early issue.

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