

THE REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY HARPER & BROTHERS



"I can see that you are a very insolent heretic," said he.

(Continued from Wednesday)

"Shall I give a reason for your request?"

"Oh, you madden me! Say what I have told you, and at once."

But the young officer's dilemma was happily over. At that instant the double doors were swung open, and Louis appeared in the opening, strutting forward on his high heeled shoes, his stick tapping, his broad skirts flapping and his courtiers spreading out behind him. He stopped as he came out and turned to the captain of the guard.

"You have a note for me?"

"Yes, sire."

The monarch slipped it into the pocket of his scarlet undervest and was advancing once more when his eyes fell upon Mme. de Montespan standing very stiff and erect in the middle of the passage. A dark flush of anger shot to his brow and he walked swiftly past her without a word, but she turned and kept pace with him down the corridor.

"I had not expected this honor, madame," said he.

"I wished to hear my fate from your own lips," she whispered. "I can bear to be struck myself, sire, even by him who has my heart, but it is hard to hear that one's brother has been wounded through the mouths of valets and Huguenot soldiers for no fault of his save that his sister has loved too fondly."

"It is no time to speak of such things."

"When can I see you, then, sire?"

"In your chamber at 4."

"Then I shall trouble your majesty no further."

She swept him one of the graceful courtesies for which she was famous, and turned away down a side passage with triumph shining in her eyes.

ence over him was all so good:

And now he knew that the time had come when he must choose between her and De Montespan. Their influences were antagonistic. They could not continue together. He stood between virtue and vice, and he must choose.

Such were the thoughts which ran through the king's head as he bent over the rich crimson cushion which topped his prie-dieu of carved oak. He knelt in his own inclosure to the right of the altar, with his guards and his immediate household around him, while the court, ladies and cavaliers, filled the chapel. Piety was a fashion now, like dark overcoats and lace cravats, and no courtier was so worldly minded as not to have had a touch of grace since the king had taken to religion.

It was the habit of Louis as he walked back from the chapel to receive petitions or to listen to any tales of wrong which his subjects might bring to him. On this particular morning there were but two or three—a Parisian who conceived himself injured by the provost of his guild, a peasant whose cow had been torn by a huntsman's dog and a farmer who had had hard usage from his feudal lord. A few questions and then a hurried order to his secretary disposed of each case. He was about to resume his way again when an elderly man, clad in the garb of a respectable citizen and with a strong, deep lined face which marked him as a man of character, darted forward and threw himself down upon one knee in front of the monarch.

"What is this?" asked Louis. "Who are you, and what is it that you want?"

"I am a citizen of Paris, and I have been cruelly wronged."

"You seem a very worthy person. If you have indeed been wronged you shall have redress. What have you to complain of?"

"Twenty of the Blue dragoons of Languedoc are quartered in my house, with Captain Dalbert at their head. They have devoured my food, stolen my property and beaten my servants, yet the magistrates will give me no redress."

"On my life, justice seems to be administered in a strange fashion in our city of Paris!" exclaimed the king.

"And yet there may be a very good reason for it," suggested Pere la Chaise. "I would suggest that your majesty should ask this man his name, his business and why it was that the dragoons were quartered upon him."

"You hear the reverend father's question."

"My name, sire, is Catinat, by trade I am a merchant in cloth, and I am treated in this fashion because I am of the Reformed church."

The king shook his head and his brow darkened. "You have only yourself to thank, then. The remedy is in your hands."

"And how, sire?"

"By embracing the only true faith," "I am already a member of it, sire."

The king stamped his foot angrily. "I can see that you are a very insolent heretic," said he. "There is but one church in France, and that is my church. If you are outside that you cannot look to me for aid."

"My creed is that of my father, sire, and that of my grandfather."

"If they have sinned it is no reason why you should. My own grandfather erred also before his eyes were opened."

"But he nobly atoned for his error," murmured the Jesuit.

"Then you will not help me, sire?"

"You must first help yourself."

The old Huguenot stood up with a gesture of despair, while the king continued on his way, the two ecclesiastics on either side of him murmuring their approval into his ears.

But the king bore the face of a man who was not absolutely satisfied with his own action.

"You do not think, then, that these people have too hard a measure?" said he. "I hear that they are leaving my kingdom in great numbers."

"And surely it is better so, sire, for what blessing can come upon a country which has such stubborn infidels within its boundaries?"

"Those who are traitors to God can scarce be loyal to the king," remarked Bossuet. "Your majesty's power would be greater if there were no temple, as they call their dens of heresy, within your dominions."

"My grandfather has promised them protection. They are shielded, as you well know, by the edict which he gave at Nantes."

"But it lies with your majesty to undo the mischief that has been done."

"And how?"

"By recalling the edict."

"And driving into the open arms of my enemies 2,000,000 of my best artisans and of my bravest servants. How say you, Louvois?"

"With all respect to the church, sire, I would say that the devil has given these men such cunning of hand and of brain that they are the best workers and traders in your majesty's kingdom. I know not how the state coffers are to be filled if such taxpayers go from among us."

"But," remarked Bossuet, "if it were once known that the king's will had been expressed your majesty may rest

assured that even the worst of his subjects bear him such love that they would hasten to come within the pale of the holy church."

The king shook his head. "They have always been stubborn folk," said he.

"Perhaps," remarked Louvois, glancing maliciously at Bossuet, "were the bishops of France to make an offering to the state of the treasures of their sees we might then do without these Huguenot taxes."

"The kingdom is mine and all that is in it," remarked Louis as they entered the grand salon in which the court assembled after chapel, "yet I trust that it may be long before I have to claim wealth of the church. Where is Mansard? I must see his plans for the new wing at Marly."

"I think," said Pere la Chaise, drawing Bossuet aside, "that your grace has made some impression upon the king's mind."

"With your powerful assistance, father."

"But there is another who has more weight than I—Mme. de Maintenon."

"I hear that she is very devout."

"Very. But she has no love for my order. She is a Sulpician. Yet we may all work to one end. Now, if you were to speak to her, your grace. Show her how good a service it would be could she bring about the banishment of the Huguenots."

"I shall do so."

"And offer her in return that we will promote"—He bent forward and whispered into the prelate's ear.

"What! He would not do it."

"And why? The queen is dead."

"The widow of the poet Scarron!"

"She is of good birth. Her grandfather and his were dear friends. If she will serve the church, the church will serve her. But the king beckons, and I must go."

The thin dark figure hastened on through the throng of courtiers, and the great bishop of Meaux remained standing with his chin upon his breast, sunk in reflection.

CHAPTER V.

THE elderly Huguenot had stood silent after his rebuke by the king, with his eyes cast moodily downward and a face in which doubt, sorrow and anger contended for the mastery. He was a very large, gaunt man, rawboned and haggard, with a wide forehead, a large, fleshy nose and a powerful chin. He was dressed as became his rank, plainly and yet well, in a sad colored brown kersey coat with silver plated buttons, knee breeches of the same and white woolen stockings, ending in broad toed black leather shoes cut across with a great steel buckle.

His doubts as to what his next step should be were soon resolved for him in a very summary fashion. These were days when, if the Huguenot was not absolutely forbidden in France, he was at least looked upon as a man who existed upon sufferance, and who was unshielded by the laws which protected his Catholic fellow subjects. For twenty years the stringency of the persecution had increased until there was no weapon which bigotry could employ, short of absolute expulsion, which had not been turned against him.

Two of the king's big blue coated guardsmen were on duty at that side of the palace and had been witnesses to his unsuccessful appeal. Now they tramped across together to where he was standing and broke brutally into the current of his thoughts.

"Now, Hymnbooks," said one gruffly, "get off again about your business."

The old Huguenot shot a glance of anger and contempt at them and was turning to go when one of them thrust at his ribs with the butt end of his halberd.

"Take that, you dog!" he cried. "Would you dare to look like that at the king's guard?"

"Children of Bellal!" cried the old man, with his hand pressed to his side, "were I twenty years younger you would not have dared to use me so."

"Ha, you would still spit your venom, would you? That is enough, Andre! He has threatened the king's guard. Let us seize him and drag him to the guardroom."

The two soldiers dropped their halberds and rushed upon the old man, but tall and strong as they were, they found it no easy matter to secure him. They had hardly won their pitiful victory, however, before a stern voice and a sword flashing before their eyes compelled them to release their prisoner once more.

It was Captain de Catinat, who, his morning duties over, had strolled out on the terrace and had come upon this

sunless scene of outrage. At the sight of the old man's face he gave a violent start and, drawing his sword, had rushed forward with such fury that the two guardsmen not only dropped their victim, but, staggering back from the threatening sword point, one of them slipped and the other rolled over him, a revolving mass of blue coat and white kersey.

"Villains!" roared De Catinat. "What is the meaning of this?"

The two had stumbled to their feet again, very shamefaced and ruffled.

"If you please, captain," said one, saluting, "this is a Huguenot who abused the royal guard."

"His petition had been rejected by the king, captain, and yet he refused to go."

De Catinat was white with fury. "And so when a French citizen has come to have a word with the great master of his country he must be harassed by two Swiss dogs like you?" he cried. "By my faith, we shall soon see about that!"

He drew a little silver whistle from his pocket, and at the shrill summons an old sergeant and half a dozen soldiers came running from the guardroom.

"Sergeant, you will arrest these men."

"Certainly, captain," said the sergeant.

"See that they are tried today for assaulting an aged and respected citizen who had come on business to the king."

"He was a Huguenot on his own confession," cried the culprits together.

"Hum!" The sergeant pulled doubtfully at his long mustache. "Shall we put the charge in that form, captain? Just as the captain pleases."

"No," said De Catinat, with a sudden happy thought. "I charge them with laying their halberds down while on duty and with having their uniforms dirty and disarranged."

"That is better," answered the sergeant, with the freedom of a privileged veteran. "Thunder of God, but you have disgraced the guards! An hour on the wooden horse with a musket at either foot may teach you that halberds were made for a soldier's hand and not for the king's grassplot."

The Huguenot had stood in the background, grave and composed, without any sign of exultation, during this sudden reversal of fortune, but when the soldiers were gone he and the young officer turned warmly upon each other.

"Amory, I had not hoped to see you!"

"Nor I you, uncle. What in the name of wonder brings you to Versailles?"

"My wrongs, Amory. The hand of the wicked is heavy upon us, and whom can we turn to save only the king?"

The young officer shook his head. "The king is at heart a good man," said he. "But he can only see the world through the glasses which are held before him. You have nothing to hope from him."

"He spurned me from his presence."

"Did he ask you your name?"

"He did, and I gave it."

The young guardsman whistled. "Let us walk to the gate," said he. "By my faith, if my kinsmen are to come and bandy arguments with the king it may not be long before my company finds itself without its captain. What is amiss?"

"Twenty men of Moab have been quartered upon me, with one Dalbert, their captain, who has long been a scourge to Israel."

"Captain Claude Dalbert of the Languedoc dragoons? I have already some small score to settle with him. What has he done?"

(To Be Continued.)

If you don't see any fun in Marshfield drop around to the shooting gallery on Front St. Prizes offered for best shots.

Put the BELL CORD Wet Your Whistle Then Blow J. K. HERRON, Prop. Front Street, : : Marshfield, Oregon

The Publisher's Claims Sustained

UNITED STATES COURT OF CLAIMS

The Publishers of Webster's International Dictionary allege that it is "in fact, the popular dictionary throughout the country, in every detail, and vastly enriched in every part, with the purpose of adapting it to meet the larger and severer requirements of another generation."

We are of the opinion that this allegation most clearly and accurately describes the work that has been accomplished and the result that has been reached. The Dictionary, as it now stands, has been thoroughly re-edited in every detail, has been corrected in every part, and is admirably adapted to meet the larger and severer requirements of a generation which demands more of popular philological knowledge than any generation that the world has ever contained.

It is perhaps needless to add that we refer to the dictionary in our judicial work as of the highest authority in accuracy of definition; and that in the future (and the past it will be the source of constant reference.

CHARLES E. SOTTI, Chief Justice.
LAWRENCE WELDON,
JOHN DAVIS,
STANLEY J. PHELPS,
CHARLES B. HOWELL,
Judges.

The above refers to WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE GRAND PRIZE (the highest award) was given to the International of the World's Fair, St. Louis.

GET THE LATEST AND BEST

You will be interested in our special price, \$1.75.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., PUBLISHERS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The C. B., R. & E. R. R. and Navigation Co.

TRAIN SCHEDULE NO. 2.

In Effect January 1, 1907.

All previous schedules are void. Subject to change without notice.

W. S. Chandler, manager; F. A. Laise, freight agent; general offices, Marshfield, Oregon.

No. 1.	Trains.
Daily	Except Sunday.
Leave 9:00 a. m.	Marshfield.
9:30 a. m.	B. H. Junction.
9:45 a. m.	Coquille.
Arrive 10:30 a. m.	Myrtle Point.
No. 2.	Trains.
Daily	Except Sunday.
Leave 10:45 a. m.	Myrtle Point.
10:30 a. m.	Coquille.
12:00 m.	B. H. Junction.
Arrive 12:30 p. m.	Marshfield.

Extra trains will run on daily special orders. Trains to and from Beaver Hill daily.

Business Directory

Doctors.

E. E. STRAY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat a specialty.
Office in Lockhart's Building.
Marshfield, Oregon

DR. HAYDON
Office opposite Union Furniture Store. Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 5
Special attention paid to diseases of the skin urinary and digestive organs
U. S. Pension examiner
Marshfield, Oregon

DR. J. W. INGRAM,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Songstacken's Drug Store.
Phones—Office 1621; residence 733.

B. M. RICHARDSON,
Physician and Surgeon.
Diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat a specialty.
Office in Eldorado Block.

Lawyers.

E. L. C. FARRIN,
Attorney-at-Law.
City Attorney. Deputy Dist. Att'y.
Lockhart Building, Marshfield, Ore.
Phone 44.

J. M. UPTON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Marshfield, Oregon.

J. W. BENNETT,
Office over Flanagan & Benett Bank.
Marshfield, Oregon.

C. F. MCKNIGHT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Upstairs, Bennett & Walter block.
Marshfield, Oregon.

J. W. SNOVER
Attorney-at-Law
Office: Rogers building
Marshfield, Oregon

COKE & COKE,
Attorney-at-Law.
Marshfield, Oregon.

PIXLEY & MAYBEE,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office over Myers' Store.
Phone 701 . . . North Bend, Ore.

Real Estate Agents.

DIER LAND COMPANY
Real Estate Brokers
North Bend, Oregon.

SKATING RINK

Announcements

Open afternoon and evenings, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10, week days only.

Prices:
25 cents for use of Rink skates.
15 cents for those using their own skates.
10 cents admission to Gentlemen evenings.
Special attention given to beginners every afternoon.
Best of order always maintained.

D. L. Avery,
Manager

Nelson Iron Works

F. E. NELSON, Prop

We repair all kinds of Machinery, Steam and Gas Engines, Guns and Bicycles. Best of work our specialty. : : :

We manufacture Castings in Iron and Bronze for Saw Mills and Logging Camps. We make the best Sheaves; 11 Road Spools for Loggers. : : :

TELEPHONE 274
MARSHFIELD, OREGON

McPherson Ginser Co.

Wholesale liquor dealers
Cigars and saloon supplies.

California Wines a Specialty
Front St., Marshfield

Coos Bay Steam Laundry

—OF—

MARSHFIELD and NORTH BEND

All work now done at the North Bend Plant

Edgar Mauzey

Agent, Marshfield

North Bend Phone 1031
Marshfield Phone 1804

STEAMER FLYER

M. P. Pendergrass, Master

TIME TABLE.

Leaves Marshfield 7:30, 9:00, and 10:30 a. m., and 1:00, 2:30 and 4:00 p. m.

Leaves North Bend at 8:15, 9:45 and 11:15 a. m., and 1:45, 3:15 and 5:00 p. m.

Makes daily trips except Sundays. Fare: One way, 15 cents; round trip, 25 cents.

Steam Dye Works

C Street.

Ladies' and Gents' garments cleaned or dyed.

Philip Becker, Proprietor.