

UNION ESTAB. JULY, 1897. GAZETTE ESTAB. DEC. 1868. Consolidated Feb., 1899.

The Contrabandist; A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

OR ONE LIFE'S SECRET!

CHAPTER VI.

A month passed. Louis had intended to leave the chateau at the expiration of a month. It went by, but still he lingered; and, as he had no pressing business elsewhere, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as elsewhere where he might not like so well to stay. So he was in no hurry to depart. Time passed very pleasantly at the chateau. A great portion of his days were passed indoors, in the society of his uncle and his beautiful cousin Helen; and the remainder was spent in the open air, in the pursuit of his favorite amusements. Louis was as fond of sketching as ever, and nearly every morning he might have been seen roving about the neighborhood in search of food for his pencil, as we have already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Mademoiselle Montauban the result of his labor; though, on the first occasion of this kind, it must be allowed that the exhibition of his sketches was subjected to some slight reserve, the picture of Rose and her dwelling being withheld. For what reason, however, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew at the time. He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, both at the chateau and at the cottage, where he had met her father also. The admiration of Louis for our pretty heroine certainly was no means on the decrease; while Hugh Lamonte was an enigma to him. The peculiarity of this man's appearance and manners was a matter of no little perplexity to him as often as he saw him. The gravity and reserve of Hugh were so marked subjects of mystery. But it was a mystery not likely soon to be solved. Nobody knew anything concerning him previous to the time of his coming to occupy his present abode. His former place and residence was unknown. Conjecture had done her best, and the mystery remained a mystery still. Louis often spoke with his uncle on this subject. The good marquis could only shake his head in perplexity. "He is a strange man, that is all I can say, my dear boy," said he; "and yet there is something about him which attracts me. That lofty sternness which he sometimes wears strikes me most strangely. I never observe it without thinking of—" "Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis. "Of my—of Henri—your uncle, my boy. We quarreled once, he and I, and he wore just that look and manner afterward. You never saw him, Louis? And the good marquis sighed. "What was the reason of the quarrel, uncle?" asked Louis. "It is a long story. I cannot tell you now," was the answer; "but, some day, perhaps, I will relate it to you." It was no uncommon thing now for Louis to encounter Jacques Leroux now, in his usual strolls about the neighborhood. They often met; and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who had taken pains to render him a service, spent many an hour in conversation with him while reclining on the banks of the valley stream, engaged in angling, or roaming over wood and hill, with his beloved portfolio, for Louis was an unwearying artist. And all this time Gasparde was away. Hugh and Jacques alone knew where; for the former, Hugh Lamonte, uneasy at a neighborhood so little to be desired, had dispatched him to manage the affairs of that portion of the estate engaged in the contraband trade, well reasoning that, being as far distant as the coast itself, he had nothing unpleasant to apprehend from him. Gasparde, as may be guessed, had been no little dissatisfied with this arrangement, and resolved to return, secretly, as soon as an opportunity presented itself. It was one day when Louis had been rambling about during the whole morning that, weary and as if tired, he sought beneath the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half way between the chateau and the cottage. He had a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an hour thus. At the end of that time, however, he closed it, and taking up his gun, which he had thrown on the turf beside him, he took his way toward the road, which was not many steps distant. But he had hardly reached it, ere a bullet whistled through the air, struck his left arm, ploughing up the flesh as it went, and continuing its course it lodged in the trunk of a large tree by the roadside. It had evidently proceeded from some place very near the spot which he had left; but he had no time to look for the source of the compliment, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, saturating completely the sleeve which covered it. Hastening on, he sat down by the trunk of the tree which had received the bullet, and taking his handkerchief out, folded it into a bandage. At that moment, raising his eyes, he beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and the man ran up. "What is the matter now, Monsieur Louis?" he asked, in some surprise. "Shot in the arm? Winged like a wild fowl! Why, what—" He glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis perceived the impression which he entertained. "Well, my good fellow," he said, lightly, despite the slight faintness he felt from the loss of blood, "you do not think I would commit intentional suicide—do you? and if I did, I should certainly select a surer spot than this. But I am glad you are here. This one-handed work is rather awkward. Just fasten the bandage about it tightly, if you please—so. That is it. Be sure the knot is fast." And during this time Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his own inferences, to let him keep them, and tell him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had suddenly occurred to him, as he endeavored to account for the case himself, which made him resolve to trust his own dexterity in finding out the truth, and keep

into something like conversation: "You think, then, monsieur le comte, that I shall get employment somewhere about here?" "O, doubtless—doubtless, Robin," was the reply. "You will have my certificate of character, if it is required; but your face will do as well, if I am not mistaken."

CHAPTER VII.

On the day of the count's departure from the chateau Montauban, he happened at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte a young peasant, dressed in coarse but neat garb, and carrying across his shoulder a heavy stick, on which swung a bundle neatly tied up in a large cotton handkerchief. This person was of something above the medium height, light and athletic in form, and with straight, shapely limbs, whose grace and activity his rude dress could not conceal. His countenance was a fine frank and pleasing one; the features indisputably handsome, and the complexion slightly darkened, evidently by exposure to sun and wind; while the simple openness and honesty of his manner could not fail to please one.

"What kind of employment do you seek?" asked Hugh. "I am a gardener, monsieur," answered the young man, respectfully, "and if I could have the care of a garden somewhere about here—" "But," interrupted Hugh, in a thoughtful tone, "you do not need gardening about here. Up in the village, where the people are all farmers, they take care of their own gardens. Besides, it is late in the season for that work."

"I like this neighborhood, and I have some fancy for farm work. Doubtless I could make myself useful to some of your neighbors." "Well, it is a busy time, and there is every chance for one who comes recommended like you. Extra work-people are wanted by several of the farmers. There is Antoine Lebrun and Pierre Martin, both of whom I know need one or two more men. They live something like a mile or two beyond here. You will, without doubt, find work among some of them."

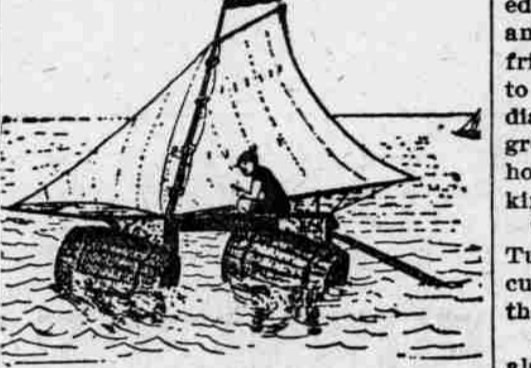
"Thank you. I will try them," returned Robin, rising, and taking up his stick and bundle, which he had laid beside him on the floor. (To be continued.)

Simple Kindness. It was at the height of Browning's fame that there occurred a little incident, narrated by Coulson Kernahan, which showed that simplicity and kindness are not of necessity destroyed by prosperity and the appreciation of the world.

A certain writer, at that time young and unknown, was introduced to Browning by a friend. Stammering from nervousness, he attempted to express his admiration of the poet's work. To one whom the world united to praise, the appreciation of a mere boy was a small thing, but so natural and simple was the poet that the sincere tribute of the young man caused him real pleasure, which he did not try to conceal.

Boys And Girls Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

A Sailboat from Barrels. More than half the fun of owning and sailing any boat lies in the understanding, to some extent at least, why it sails; why, under certain conditions, it tips over; why it sails faster than the boat belonging to A or B, or why it sails more slowly than the boat belonging to C or D.



THE BOAT UNDER WAY.

undertaking, and is likely to prove extremely expensive. It is impossible, therefore, to do much experimenting. After a hull is once made it is well-nigh impossible to reshape it without pulling the boat all to pieces, which is, practically, building a new boat.



THE PARTS NECESSARY FOR THE HULL.

depleting the completed boat, fastened to the plank at an angle. The angle is made by placing between each barrel and the plank a triangular-shaped brace, such as shown in Figure 4. Both barrels must be covered with tar, and painted so that they will be absolutely water tight.

What the People Eat. If you could see the things that the people in some countries have for dinner and the way they eat them you would laugh indeed, and then if you would visit those countries and do as the other boys and girls do you would laugh still more.

The Human Eye. The eye of a young child is as transparent as water; that of the youth a little less so; in the man of 30 the eye begins to be slightly opaque; in the man of 50 or 60 it is decidedly opaque and in the man of 70 or 80 it is dull and lustreless.

moved to a covered dish and placed upon the table. Then, when everyone is ready, the cover is taken off. Those crabs don't hesitate a second, but scramble out and run for their lives.

Reading in Groups. Isn't too little attention paid by young readers to the order in which you read books? It is not difficult to obtain lists of books so arranged that each helps in the understanding and appreciation of the following one.

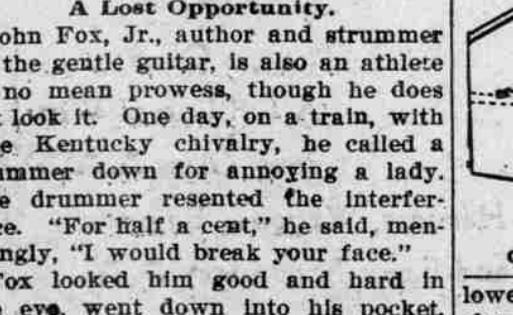
Fun in the Garret. We're having a lovely time to-day! We're all of us up in the garret at play! We have three houses under the eaves—Not real, you know, but make-believes. Two we live in, and one is a store, Where a little old screen makes a truely door.

Cream to Burn. Two little girls were engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of their respective homes.

Why He Fights. John is aged 7. He has occasional trials of strength at school which he dignifies by the name of "fights." When asked, "What do you have fights for?" he replied, "Well, we get to quarreling about something, and then we feel mean toward each other, and then we fight, and then—we don't feel mean to each other any more."—Congregationalist.

A Lost Opportunity. John Fox, Jr., author and strummer on the gentle guitar, is also an athlete of no mean prowess, though he does not look it. One day, on a train, with true Kentucky chivalry, he called a drummer down for annoying a lady. The drummer resented the interference.

Convenient and Comfortable. lowered in front of the fowls at night, should be tacked to a light wood frame and hinged to the roof of the house directly above the front edge of the drop board. This burlap-covered frame should extend across the pen and should fall an inch or so below the drop board.



CONVENIENT AND COMFORTABLE.

Care of Young Chicks. Summer care of young chicks involves much more than working by mere rule, because much depends upon the object sought and also upon the surrounding conditions. Generally speaking, chickens cannot be fed too much green food, such as grass, clover, rape, leaves, etc. Chickens should be amply supplied with gravel or shells at all times. It is excellent plan when chickens are young to adopt some means of destroying the mites on the hens and in surrounding quarters. One writer adopts the plan of dusting mite powder under the wings of the brood hen. Floors should be washed at least once a week with some disinfectant. Above all else chickens require plenty of range and positively cannot stand confinement. Fattening fowl should be fed in small proportions, such grain as wheat and barley being preferable to corn for young chickens.—Iowa Homestead.

AGRICULTURAL



Hungarian Millet.

In sections where the hay crop is short, one of the best and quickest catch crops is Hungarian millet. The seed is comparatively cheap, ranging from \$2 to \$2.25 a bushel, and the crop does well on any good soil.



A LATE MILLET CROP.

successful poultrymen in the country has millet as a part of his winter ration for the laying hens, sowing it on the ground from which early potatoes have been harvested.

Fun in the Garret. An' jump into the wagon—fer we're goin' to the fair! An' we'll make the finest showin' o' all the people there.

Oh, jump into the wagon!—the road is smooth an' wide An' the crisp wind's kinder sayin', 'Tis a mornin' for a ride! I'm holdin' the ribbons an' won't the people stare!

A Warm Roosting Pen. In a bulletin issued by the Canadian Department of Agriculture, giving much valuable information for the benefit of Dominion poultry men, the following description and accompanying illustration of warm roosting quarters for winter are worthy of special attention:

Every farm should have a separate building where sick animals can receive special care and attention. A real live farmer does not keep from making mistakes, but he does not keep on making the same mistakes.

Pigeons will thrive on a variety, grains and grass seeds of all kinds being suitable, hemp and rape seeds being also acceptable. A salted fish should hang where the birds can have access thereto, and ground oyster shells, gravel, pure water, etc., should be provided if they are confined.

If you want something choice for yourself and not for market grow the Emerald Gem muskmelon and the Kleckley watermelon. There are other good varieties, used mostly on account of their excellent shipping qualities, but no varieties can compare with those mentioned for home use, as they excel all others in quality. This nation is increasing in population faster than it is in meat production. In the fifty years from 1850 to 1900 the population increased 3.28 times. Beef cattle increased 2.95; dairy cattle, 2.68; swine, 2.07; sheep, 1.83. Considering these figures in connection with our enormous exports it does not look like the business is going to be overdone in the next fifty years. Just what it will be then can be only a matter of conjecture.