

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE
STORY OF
THE
SOUTH
OF
FRANCE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

They left the broken vehicle, the prostrate horses that struggled and kicked in vain attempts to free themselves from the harness and rise, and in the darkness and the storm pursued with all possible haste the road to the chateau. There was no shelter near. The light form of Rose was as nothing in the strong arms of the marquis. Rapidly he bore her along, keeping the folds of his cloak well wrapped about her.

"We are almost at the village," said Francis Egerton, as he supported his companion with a lover's tenderness that met now with no repulse.

For Helen Montauban knew nothing of it. She was saying to herself, "Is Rose dead? Has she escaped me? Am I to be spared my work at last?" She listened for a sigh—a groan, from the lips of that inanimate figure that was borne before her. No sound was heard from her. Already, a strange fever of joy mingled with the shivering excitement, the awe, the horror, which Helen Montauban had felt. She never heeded the rain that poured over her in sheeted torrents; the wild winds raged in vain for her now; they were unheard. She only longed for light—light, to behold that childish countenance—to know the truth.

But so near were they to the farm house now that no delay was made; the first one was entered, and Rose placed upon a couch, while the farmers' wives crowded about, with earnest kindness and sympathy, to render assistance. But at the sight of that pale, quiet face, those closed eyelids and colorless lips, they were silent; and some, who whispered among themselves, "She is dead!" while others with scarce a hope, yet seeking still for one, worked over the lifeless form. And without stood the marquis and the Count de Clairville and Francis Egerton by the fire in the great farm kitchen, in dread, silence and suspense.

Helen Montauban and the countess had entered the chamber where Rose was laid, and rough yet comfortable garments were offered them to replace their own dripping ones. The countess was already making this welcome and really necessary change; but Helen Montauban, thrusting them from her, pressed to the couch.

"Stand aside!" she said to the woman. And she knelt down there to look at that pallid face, round which the dripping chestnut curls were lying in shining masses. Once those white lips parted—reddened.

"See—see! she lives—she breathes!" uttered one of the women, in an eager, tremulous tone, subdued almost to a whisper—"she lives!"

"It is a lie!" muttered Helen Montauban, between those beautiful shut teeth. A moment elapsed. The women gathered, with glad, excited, hopeful eyes, about the couch, those simple, honest-hearted peasant women, praying for that young life, whose slender thread one among them would so gladly have seen broken. And fiercely watched that one, with a burning glance, a heart that stood all but still. It was no lie!

Slowly the lovely eyes opened, and rested upon the gleaming faces gathered about the couch. There was no recognition in them at first; but presently, meeting the anxious glance of the good countess, who bent over her, she sighed faintly, and putting her hand to her head, whispered, "O, yes; I remember—I remember—"

Helen Montauban was gone. In an adjoining chamber she removed the saturated garments she had worn, and substituted for them the apparel sent from the chateau by a domestic; then proceeding to the kitchen, joined her father and his companions, who had just learned that Rose had revived. The head of the marquis was bowed, his face buried in his hands. The emotion of gratitude he felt at the bringing back of that young life almost overcame him.

The night passed and morning broke, clear and still above the earth, where so lately all had been confusion. The force of the tempest had died away in silence. Broad and fair the sunlight shone above the pleasant valley. They bore Rose with gentleness and care back to the chateau. She was quite ill, almost unable to move a limb from weakness. The injuries that she had sustained, she had received; and from being so long exposed to the storm, there was every reason to believe that serious consequences would ensue.

And the apprehension was justified. During the night her indisposition increased, and at day, feverish and delirious, she tossed upon her couch, with a wild brilliancy in those soft eyes, and a scorching flush upon her beautiful cheek. It was pitiful to hear her wandering words, and listen to the incoherent minglings of sorrow and joy, in her wild delirium. The marquis looked upon her once, and then turned away with streaming eyes from the room, to seclude himself in the library, where he passed the night in watchings. The Count Frederic and Francis Egerton remained till dawn in the saloon. Every domestic in the chateau kept vigils during those long and mournful hours; for not an eye could close in slumber. Helen Montauban and the countess had their post in that sick chamber, beside the couch of the sick girl, who recognized neither of them. All night long she raved, and the flush burned strong and steady on her cheek, and the lightning's flash was not more brilliant than the fire scintillating from those dark eyes.

Slowly the leaden night wore waxed and waned; and Helen Montauban sat beside the pillow of Rose, regardless of slumber. The countess, sitting by the fire, still wept and prayed in silence. The doctor came to the bedside.

"You need rest, mademoiselle," he said; "cannot I prevail upon you to retire and snatch a few hours' repose while I watch here? The fatigue and exposure of last night, though no present ill effects are felt from them, may be productive of evil consequences, if your nerves continue thus overtaxed."

"Your pardon," returned Helen, in cold and quiet tones, "but I anticipate no un-

The three ascended to the chamber above, where lay the dying man. The marquis started as he beheld him, stretched out upon the couch, with his wild, unshorn and emaciated countenance, and coarse, rough garments, which he had not suffered to be removed, presenting a spectacle so wretched. The kind-hearted old man could scarcely refrain from shedding tears as he gazed upon the wreck of that one proud form.

"Is this indeed Hugh Lamonte?" he exclaimed, advancing towards the couch. "Who calls Hugh Lamonte?" uttered the sick man, sternly; "who calls him the outcast—the robber? Who calls him, I say? And who are you?" fixing his wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance of the marquis. "Ah, Armande Montauban, I know you—I know you!" he uttered, fiercely, trying to spring upright, yet falling from very weakness. "Don't come near me, or I shall murder you! Where is Guidette?—where is she? You have hidden her from me! You have wedded her; and she was mine—mine! You stole her from me! I will have your blood!"

He sank back, exhausted, with white lips.

"Look—look," murmured he, "uttered the cure, springing to the side of the marquis—"look, M. Mery, the marquis is fainting!"

And even as he spoke, the heavy fall of his friend attracted the physician's attention. Consternation and alarm were visible in his features.

"Let us carry him into another room—quick!" he said, excitedly.

Together they bore him to an adjoining apartment, and there commenced the application of restoratives. But some moments elapsed ere he betrayed signs of returning consciousness. Then he revived slowly, and for some time gazed fixedly upon the face of M. Mery. Then a low moan escaped his lips.

"Gustave, I have seen my brother!" he uttered.

"Your brother?" echoed M. Mery, in astonished excitement.

"It is true! It is Henri who lies there



HUGH LAMONTE'S DYING CONFESSION.

—my brother Henri. Let me go to him."

"My dear friend, be calm, I command you," urged the physician, gently.

"I am calm; but I must go instantly. If he should die—ah, save him, I entreat you."

Weak and trembling as he was, he made them assist him to re-enter the other apartment. They advanced towards the couch; there was a different sight there now. From the height of delirium Hugh Lamonte was suddenly sinking into a stupor. His eyes were almost closed. Only faint, unintelligible murmurs broke from his lips at times. He did not see them approach. The cure and M. Mery cast glances at each other. The marquis comprehended them.

"You think he is dying, then?" he asked.

"Ah, save him, Gustave! We were enemies once—he and I. Let him live, that we may once more embrace one another!"

"Be calm, my dear friend," entreated the physician again, "and listen to the truth. No power on earth can save him now; he is sinking fast. But maintain your energies; he may revive before death, with the possession of his full reason."

"Ah, Henri!" murmured the marquis, with indescribable emotion—"my brother! that I should recognize you thus, after all these years! See—see, Gustave! he has lifted the matted hair from the forehead of the unconscious man—see where I struck him once! I knew the mark. Our father told me he would bear it to the grave—that scar!"

"How," said M. Mery, in a low voice, "can this be your brother?—this man, who, for twelve years, has dwelt within half a league of you, and who has been known as a peasant?"

"Ah, I recognize him but too well!" answered the marquis, sadly; "it is he—I know him now through the disguise that has served him so long. And did you not hear his words? He said I stole Guidette from him. Alas! it is but too true, though I was innocent of wrong. Henri—my brother—speak to me! say that we are friends once more!"

Eagerly he leaned over the couch, with his eyes fixed upon the sick man's face; but he was not recognized. There was no intelligence in that dying glance.

Hugh—or Henri, rather, awakened from the dull stupor. But it was only the sudden and fitful flare of the expiring flame of life. He lay, for an instant, gazing at the apartment; then looking upwards, he encountered the regard of the good cure, who stood by the couch in silence.

"Monsieur le cure, I recognize you," he said. "I am dying—is it not so?"

"It is true," answered the good man, mournfully. "But there is yet time for confession and repentance. You know, then, that I have a confession to make—sins to repent of?"

"It is a work which every dying man has to do, my friend."

The marquis advanced towards the couch.

"Henri, my brother!" he uttered, in sorrowful tones.

"Ha! you know me, then? I have be-



The Honesty of Women.

It has long been an axiom, in cases of men who default, forge, abscond or embezzle large sums, "Cherchez la femme." The expert takes for granted that a woman is always behind such dishonesties. Yet it would seem that man excuses himself, in these cases, at the expense of woman, as Father Adam did in the Garden; for it is a conspicuous fact that woman, when employed in business affairs herself, is strikingly honest. Women bookkeepers do not embezzle; women as merchants pay their debts promptly; women as treasury clerks are known for their integrity. The boarding house keepers, themselves generally women, testify that their losses almost invariably come from male boarders, while those of their own sex are to be depended upon for regular payments.

Woman, if left to herself, is thus found to be more honest than man. In coming into the commercial world, she brings to it a high standard of personal honesty. It is to this quality that she owes part of her rapid advancement into the places which formerly were occupied by men alone. She is economical and careful of her employer's interests, too, and he is not slow to recognize her value in this respect. What ever the drawbacks of feminine labor—and they are many—woman's instinctive honesty is an important factor in redressing the balance and inclining the market in her favor.

If woman is thus honest in herself, why does man excuse himself by accusing her of making him dishonest? It is safe to say in many cases a woman is extravagant simply because she has no idea whatever of her husband's business affairs, nor of the value of money. It has happened more than once that a woman whose "extravagance has been the ruin of her husband" has supported herself and her children after the crash, and done it honestly and economically. Of course, there are dishonest women in the world; but if there is one fact proved by the entrance of women into modern business, it is that their personal honesty is at a premium, and that man lags behind their standard.—Harper's Bazar.

Woman's Work.

Women make their own opportunities nowadays without waiting for opportunities to come to them.

One of the most successful of the dress manufacturing firms in this city is composed of two young women who, while engaged in teaching, began in a very modest way to put out some original work in dressmaking. First with the design for collarettes, then for waists and finally for whole suits, these women have gradually enlarged their field until they supply some of the largest retail stores here and in other cities. Forty machines are run by electricity, and two floors on a prominent thoroughfare are given up to their work.

A flower shop has this month been started in a western town by two New York girls. "The well-appointed flower shop," says the announcement, "is necessarily an important factor in the social and artistic success of the smart functions of the present day." Floral decorations for luncheons, dinners, cottages and weddings are to be undertaken, besides the regular sale of cut flowers and plants.

A woman who goes out by the day for upholstery work is much in demand at this season. Her field is not limited, however, to the covering and mending of chairs and sofas. She takes up every detail in the house in the line of furnishings that need sewing or mending—alp covers, door hangings, curtains, seat cushions, cushion covers and bedspreads.

This woman keeps up with all the latest and best materials for such use and advises upon them without buying. She is supplied with samples of many of the small items that sometimes take hours of shopping to find just where they can be bought. With economical customers she skillfully turns curtains and pillow covers, changing even the gimp in such a way as to hide the faded portions.—New York Sun.

Friendship Mistaken for Love.

A great many girls make the mistake of taking men's attentions too seriously. The moment a man shows the slightest interest in them they begin to look on him in the light of a possible husband. Instead of winning a husband they very often lose a friend. The man is frightened away when he learns what is expected of him. He has been attracted to some girl by her bright personality or her pretty face. He would like to be friends with her, but he does not for one moment dream of marrying her. He regards the friendship as purely platonic.

Not so the girl, however. She cannot, to save her life, keep the personal element out of her side of the game. She wonders at once if he means anything serious.

In justice to the girl I must say that her foolish, well-meaning friends are largely responsible for her perverted views. They tease her about the man and make her self-conscious, prophesying all sorts of romantic endings to the friendship, and naturally the girl's common sense is somewhat biased by their nonsense.

All good, true men like to form firm, sensible friendship with women, but they don't fall in love with every woman they admire. If girls would only

BIG FIND OF INDIAN RELICS.

A Mound Burial Place in the Tuscarora Reservation Discloses Them.

What is believed to be the biggest Indian barrow or burial pit of Huron or Iroquois origin ever found has been discovered by John Mackay, a local archaeologist, and Samuel Johnson, a full-blooded Tuscarora, on the Tuscarora reservation about four miles back from the Niagara River at Lewiston, above the old Ridge road.

The place is the old plateau, known in Indian annals as Kienuka. This was thoroughly explored by Schoolcraft, who thought Kienuka an important Indian fortress, ball ground and storehouse. Schoolcraft found two elliptical barrows then, but missed the important one just opened.

Most of the Huron burial pits contain about thirty skulls. This contained 272 skulls and a vast number of bones. Besides the skulls were found four brass kettles, four big stone pipes, 3,000 beads, shell ornaments and pieces of wampum, twenty-two iron axes, many rings and two swords. The axes and some of the beads show the barrow to be not more than 200 years old. The beads which show they are known to collectors as Jesuit beads, being round and containing more colors than those of Indian manufacture.

The Tuscaroras came to their present reservation in 1781, immediately after Sullivan's raid upon the Six Nations. They are sure the mound has nothing to do with their own history.

It is undoubtedly of Huron origin. The Hurons brought their dead to designated places for burial, often waiting several years for the number to grow large. The barrow just found closely resembles those opened near Georgian Bay, but is larger. It is about 16 feet square and 4 feet deep. The skulls were all placed on flat rocks while the bones were strewn about promiscuously. This is in accordance with Huron custom. The Senecas and the Iroquois usually preferred single graves.

The find is a rich one. Mr. Mackay has taken what relics he wants and has given his Indian companion the rest.—New York Sun.

FAITHFUL DOG.

Guarded Treasure, but Death Was His Sole Reward.

Here is a pathetic story told to my informant, the venerable Judge N. A. Patterson, by his father, as an incident of which he knew.

In the early days of North Carolina a man rode a long distance on horseback to collect a debt of several hundred dollars. He took with him, for company and as a protection against robbers, a dog to which he had long felt much attached. He collected the money, all in silver dollars. These he tied up in a strong sack, lashed it to the saddle behind him, and started for home.

When they had traveled about half of the homeward journey the dog manifested a great deal of uneasiness, to which he gave expression by nervous barkings and frequent dives at the horse's forelegs. The man was sorely puzzled, and watched the dog for some time to see if he could find an explanation of its strange conduct. His reluctant conclusion was that it had been bitten by a mad dog and was the victim of hydrophobia. And so to save his horse and to put the poor dog out of the misery he supposed it was suffering, he drew a pistol and shot it. Not wishing to see it die, he applied the spurs to his horse and rode rapidly for some distance. The thought came to him, "I would rather have lost the money than to have been forced to kill that good dog."

Thus reminded of the treasure, he put his hand around behind the saddle, to see if the bag was safe, but it was not there. He turned and rapidly rode back. When he reached the point where the dog first commenced to bark and plunge at the horse's legs he found the bag of coin, and the poor victim of his cruel mistake dying there, with his paws resting patiently on either side of his master's treasure. He had tried so hard to make the master understand, but had failed, and paid his life as the price of his fidelity.—Springfield Republican.

Took It Literally.

Englishmen are proverbially matter-of-fact, and find it hard to understand our modes of expression.

One of them, in company with an American friend, was pushing and shoving at a gateway of the Reading Terminal recently, thinking that he would be late for his train.

The guard, somewhat angrily, remonstrated with him, saying: "Just keep your shirt on, there. You'll get through in time."

When he finally got through he turned and glared at the guard. Then turning to his friend, remarked: "I wonder if that beastly fellow thought I was going to pull my shirt off right here in public?"

Double Measure.

Doctor—Your husband needs a rest. He must go to Europe for six months.

Mrs. Nagget—Oh! I shall be delighted to go there!

Doctor—Good idea! You may go for six months when he gets back. That will give him a whole year's rest.—Philadelphia Press.

Never Worth the Price.

"After all, it takes a woman to drive a bargain."

"Unless the bargain should happen to be a horse."

"Huh! Did you ever hear of a horse that was a bargain?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A man is sometimes known by the things he might have done but didn't.