SPRINGTIME

Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

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[CONTINUED.]

Chapter 3

To the ears of the three men sitting in the great, dim salon from came the soft softened strains of fife and drum. They came even as Father O'Hara was protesting the safety of the woods.

De Valette said:

"Hear them! The woods are nowhere safe with these cursed Americans about. The village is full of them today—backwoodsmen, ruffians—all manner of canaille!"

In response to inquiring interrogation from Raoul de Valette, Father O'Hara explained.

"They're recruiting a company in the village and hereabouts," he said, "for this everlasting second war of theirs with England. They march tonight."

"They make ready, then," queried Raoul, "for the great battle down the river under their chief, eh—how do they call that name of a barbarian?—Andrew Jackson? Eh, but they are horribly afraid, these Americans! They are hiding behind bags of sand down there above New Orleans. The English will annihilate them. Observe the impudence of that vile music. Tomorrow it will be the squeak of a mouse. Eh, how they will run! These Americans," he declared, with an air of finality, "are beasts."

Father O'Hara protested:

"Ah, but we must not be bitter, not even toward Americans."

"It is a virtue to hate them," declared Raoul. "Heaven loves to see it."

"Heaven listed to when that traitor Bonaparte sold the beautiful new France to them," De Valette, who spoke, spoke with deep bitterness. "Now they descend upon us in hordes—peasants, not born men, rascals who work with their own hands."

Raoul said lightly:

"It is a curse that will pass. These Americans are cunning, but not intelligent. Intelligence is a monopoly of gentlemen, and the good God knows that the Americans are not gentlemen. They cannot endure. They move so fast. The English will drive them out for us. Imitate me, my cousin, and despise the Yankees lightly."

"Your parish has not known the invasion like mine," asserted De Valette darkly. "You have not seen everything you have melt away before this curse of Yankee money. Before the Americans came my acres stretched halfway to the river. The overseers know but what of that? There was plenty there. Then came the Americans, a thrice accursed family of Yankees, who ran up and from my boundaries. Their overseers did not steal from them. They were their own overseers. They counted their pence. They lived like tradesmen. They made two stalks of cane grow where my overseers grew one. They undersold my crop. What could I do? That family grew rich and I grew poor. They began to buy. I had to sell. Acre by acre they have absorbed my land—eaten it up. And now what have I left of all Valette? This house and the chapel yonder—that is all.

Yet say these Americans will pass, Raoul! What, when one family alone has taken all this from me! And even that is not enough for them. Yesterday I heard that this vulture—this Yankee, Roberts Steele—has taken a fancy to my poor mansion itself and intends to purchase it. Let him dare to make the offer!"

The sound of fife and the mutter of drum had come yet nearer. Raoul rose to his feet.

"Hark!" he cried. "That dirty rabble of theirs. Does he come to crow like a rooster on your very threshold, my cousin?"

"He has insolence enough," said De Valette grimly.

"COMING YOU THE WOMAN, EH?"

Of a sudden came from outside the sound of a woman's voice in song—a song that matched in melody the air of fife and drum and that gave it words as well; came with it the sound of dancing feet and the clinking of tambourine.

"What's that?" cried Father O'Hara. He rose to his feet and went to the door, throwing it open. As he did so there danced into the room a woman. Laughing, head held high, she pirouetted across the floor, finishing song and dance together, and, with a flourish of the tambourine, she stood gazing in mocking merriment upon the three men.

A strange, wild, dark woman she was, with full, insolent red lips, great black eyes and figure graceful and sinuous and lithe. A colored handkerchief was wound turbanwise around the loose masses of her black hair. She wore a skirt of vivid red, and her rounded arms were bare to the elbow. Large gold ear ornaments she had, and many rings upon her fingers, and her shoes were thin sabots.

At De Valette she looked and at the priest. But upon Raoul she looked longer. He turned a little. She laughed.

"Who are you?" demanded De Valette coldly.

"They call me L'Acadienne—and other things," she said. She looked again at Raoul and again she laughed. She went on: "Eh, then, messieurs! A little silver to carry to the war? Charity for the wounded, eh?"

O'Hara asked quietly:

"What are you doing here, my girl?"

"Me?" she asked. "I'm a wanderer, M'sieur L'Abbe. Today I find your village and some soldiers. I dance for them. Shall I dance for you, messieurs?" Her dark eyes flew to Raoul. She said, with mocking laugh: "Here is one who would like it. No? His face is so kind." She turned to him deliberately. "Shall I dance for you, m'sieur?"

He answered quickly:

"No!"

Came from outside a hail. De Valette turned.

"Do they summon me?" he demanded. He started swiftly toward the door. But ere he could reach it there had walked into the room a tall man of bone and brawn and sinew, clad in the dress of a woodsman. A powderhorn was slung over his shoulder, and he carried in his hand a long barreled rifle. At his heels there followed a shrinking youth of twenty—a youth with a great shock of straw colored hair and scared eyes, who carried awkwardly a gun that reached from feet to neck.

The first of the two with long strides advanced to the center of the room, surveying coolly those therein.

"I'm Wolf!" he cried. His voice was deep and resonant, his manner the loose, independent swagger of those who fear not and are feared. "I'm Wolf," he repeated. "I want recruits—volunteers to serve in General Jackson's army. Who'll strike one blow for liberty? Who'll join Wolf's sharpshooters? I'll promise you fighting enough within twenty-four hours."

De Valette turned upon him coldly, haughtily.

"Sooner, sir," he said grimly, "if I had my dogs left in the kennels of Valette."

"So, ho!" cried Wolf, unperturbed. "Frenchies, are you? No one here to come and help us lick the British?" He indicated the shrinking youth at his heels. "Here's a young recruit that I wanted to show some patriotism to. But if that's the way it is"—He turned to his follower. "'Bout face, Crawley!" he commanded. "Shoulder arms! Can't force a man to volunteer. No patriots here, so off with you. Forward! March!"

As they passed out the door he turned. To De Valette he said:

"Don't rile the American eagle, Frenchy. It's got a sting in its tail."

De Valette watched them go, and when they had passed beyond his vision he turned to L'Acadienne.

"All of you," he said coldly. "There's nothing for you here."

The woman tossed her head. Her lips curved in mocking smile. Across the room she went and even to the doorway. Yet she did not go through.

De Valette, eyes from her, thinking she had gone, turned to Raoul and the priest.

"Canaille! Canaille!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Let us join my sister, gentlemen."

He left the room. Father O'Hara followed. But Raoul de Valette remained behind.

He turned to face the woman in the doorway. The expression of mockery—the light, scornful mirth—had gone from her face now. She looked anxious, almost haggard. He rounded on her angrily.

"You came here?" he cried.

Again she was smiling—smiling mockingly. She said:

"Eh, so! You are not hard to follow, M'sieur Raoul de Valette. You ride your bay horse with the one white foot all the way from your plantation. When I meet people I ask, 'You have seen a bay horse with one white foot and a very ugly little gentleman who rides him?' Everybody then say, 'Yes; he went yonder.' So I come to Valette. Ah, so easy!" She laughed again, the while looking at him curiously. At length she went on: "You think you could hide when you went from me?"

He replied:

"I did not try. Why should I?"

"Because you would be afraid to have me find out you ride here to marry your cousin, Mlle. Valette."

"Why," he queried composedly, "should I be afraid of you knowing that?"

Again her mood changed; she asked, almost tremulously:

"You don't care if I know that, Raoul?"

"No," he replied easily. "I was foolish not to tell you before I left."

"YOU DON'T CARE IF I KNOW THAT, RAOUL?"

A little cry left her lips; she sank to the floor at his feet.

"Then it is true!" she cried plaintively. "Ah, he is going to get married! They told me so! But I wouldn't believe it."

He, looking down on her, cried sharply:

"Don't do that!"

She asked:

"Haven't I been kind to you?"

"You'll make yourself ridiculous. Worse than that, you'll make me ridiculous."

"Haven't I loved you better than I have loved any one?"

He stooped, trying to lift her to her feet.

"You must get up," he commanded.

She seized his arm, clinging to it.

"Raoul!" she cried. "Raoul! You can't drive me away! For three years I have not look' at any one but you! And you—you have love' me! You cannot say you did not! You will not find any one to love you like me!" Suddenly she thrust him from her fiercely. "You want to throw me away to marry a lady! Eh! I see her come into that garden outside there; I look at her well. A little white fool. You would go mad with such a child—a lady for a wife!"

"Do not speak of Mlle. de Valette," he commanded harshly.

Her dark eyes gleamed; she laughed bitterly.

"Me—I am a bad woman, eh?" she cried. "I must not even speak of m'sieur's household—of his lady!"

"Silence!" He advanced a step. She did not move.

"Bah!" she said. "You think that is the way to talk to me? You are mistaken, my friend."

He said more mildly in half conciliation:

"Come! You understand I'm to be married. I've finished with all this. You'll gain nothing here."

"Raoul, don't speak to me like that!" she cried pleadingly. "Won't you come back with me?"

He laughed.

"Ah," she said brokenly, "you laugh at that! No, no! Think about me only one minute, Raoul. What can I do?"

"Nothing. Just go away."

She repeated it after him slowly, tensely.

"Yes," he said, "and quickly." He grasped her arm. "As I told you, you will make us both ridiculous. Now, off with you, like a good girl. My overseer shall bring you a little present when I come back."

"It is only you I want, Raoul."

"Hush now. You'll be home tomorrow."

She looked up beseechingly.

"If I go now to please you," she said, "some day maybe you come back to me? You'll let me believe that, Raoul?"

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

She turned a little. She said gibingly:

"I make myself obey you. I am going. You see how good I am? You see how I obey?"

Slowly she turned. Slowly she crossed the room. At the door she turned.

"Goodby," she said. "Goodby for a little while." And she was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FATHER O'HARA.

Ancient Doctors of Tibet.

The physicians of Tibet 1,500 years ago employed the same means of diagnosing the condition of a sick person as the physicians of the present day—they felt the patient's pulse, looked at the tongue, etc. Among the "remedies" which they recommended were not only vegetarian diet, baths, compresses, but also massage and cupping. What is more remarkable is that physicians who did not keep their instruments quite clean were severely punished. The ancient Tibetans were in this respect extremely modern. The old Tibetan medicine book prescribes that healthy persons should "lead an orderly, sensible manner of life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Invisible Item.

"Have you your expense account?" asked the junior member of the firm.

"No," answered the commercial traveler. "My expense account is in my new overcoat."

"That relieves my mind. My partner was trying to figure whether your new overcoat wasn't somewhere in your expense account."—Washington Star.

Why Teacher Smiled.

"You boy over in the corner!"

Thus the brutal examiner to the most nervous looking pupil in the class.

The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," continued the examiner. "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.

"And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the nervous one, with chattering teeth, "we leave 'em on the sides of our p-plates."—London Answers.

Mrs. E. J. Forsythe and daughter Irene came home Friday afternoon from La Grande. Mrs. Forsythe had her right ankle badly sprained and the ligaments in her foot torn in a fall in stepping from a high walk when returning from Presbyterial Tuesday night in La Grande. It will be several weeks before she will be able to walk without assistance, and her foot causes her much pain.

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HAD FEW ATTRACTIONS.

The Post of Private Tutor in New York In 1798.

When a young Englishman named John Davis landed in New York in 1798 it was his intention to become the architect of his own fortune by getting into some family as a private tutor. This scheme he confided to Mr. Caritat, a bookseller, only to be discouraged. "Alas," runs the gentleman's statement in a page of Mr. Davis' book, entitled "Travels of Four and a Half Years in the United States of America," "the tutor of Sheppard is not equal to that of a private tutor in America."

"Let me examine you a little," said the bookseller. "Do you write a good hand and understand all the intricacies of calculation?"

"No."

"Then you will not do for a private tutor. It is not your Latin and Greek, but your handwriting and ciphering, that will decide your character. Penmanship and the figures of arithmetic will recommend you more than logic and the figures of rhetoric. Can you patiently submit to be called schoolmaster by the children and mad master by the negroes?"

"No."

"Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you comply with the humility of giving only one rap at the door that the family may distinguish that it is the private tutor, and can you wait half an hour with good humor on the steps till the footman or housemaid condescends to open the door?"

"No."

"Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you maintain a profound silence in company to denote your inferiority, and can you endure to be helped last always at the table—aye, after the clerk of the counting house?"

"No."

"Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you hold your eyes with your hands and cry 'Amen!' when grace is said, and can you carry the children's Bibles and prayer books to church twice every Sunday?"

"No."

"Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you rise with the sun and teach till breakfast, swallow your breakfast and teach till dinner, devour your dinner and teach till tea time and from tea time to bedtime sink into insignificance in the parlor?"

"No."

"Then you will not do for a private tutor. Do you expect good wages?"

"Yes."

"Then you will never do for a private tutor. No, sir; the place of private tutor is the last I would advise for you, for, as Pompey when he entered a tyrant's dominions quoted a verse from Euripides that signified his liberty was gone, so a man of letters when he undertakes the tuition of a family in America may exclaim he has lost his independence."

An African Cannibal Race.

One of the queer customs of the Bassuba race in Africa is cannibalism of a particularly loathsome form, according to a writer in the Geographical Journal. Families exchange their young children, who are then eaten. He continues that the Bassuba in many cases file their teeth, but this practice is not quite general. They are josin despite these singular characteristics. The Bungwene, another tribe, have an unpleasant custom of extracting the four lower incisors, which causes the upper teeth to grow forward, imparting to their mouths a most unbecoming rabbit-like appearance. The Bullima, he says again, believe vaguely in an all powerful diety, who is associated mainly with rain, thunder and other weather phenomena. They endeavor to propitiate various devils, most of whom are connected with the prevalent diseases, by erecting joss houses in which food and beer are placed. They invariably carry round the neck wooden charms or small goats' horns which have been invested with magical power by the medicine men and usually wear wire bracelets and anklets.

Worry.

Shopkeeper (to small child, who has brought back a recent purchase)—What's the matter with the cheese, my dear? Small Child—Please, father says when he wants any bait for fishing he can dig 'em up in our back garden.—London King.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR APRIL.

As spring comes around again, the Woman's Home Companion lifts its own standard another degree with its Easter issue. The cover design by Fanny Y. Cory strikes a true April note which is faithfully carried out in the entire magazine. A full page painting by Balfour Ker, is one of the tenderest subjects ever attempted by this artist, and "Old Time Gardens in the Connecticut Valley" by Charles Edward Hooper, with illustrations by Herman Pfeifer, is an unusually artistic feature. "The campaign of Hope," the tireless fight against tuberculosis, is waged with undiminished enthusiasm and is awakening people throughout the country.

"The Empty House," a story in two parts by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has its first enthralling installment in this number. It is a story for every woman with a busy, self-sacrificing husband to read. "The House of Healing" by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is gaining new friends with every chapter, and short stories of unusual humor and charm and power fill out the list of fiction.

Never was the household so well taken care of: Margaret Sangster, Woods Hutchinson, M. D., Kate V. Saint-Maur, Doctor Jean Williams, all give their best work. "May-Pole Dances," "Wood-Block Printing," "A Perfume Garden," Happiness Chest," Miss Farmer's Recipes, Evelyn Parsons' Summer Embroideries, Music, Art—these are just some of the contents of this surprising magazine. The regular departments, Miss Gould's big regular fashion section and the pages devoted to the younger reader, are all better than ever.

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SUMMER NORMAL.

The annual Summer School for Teachers will be held in the High School building at Enterprise, commencing July 4, 1910, and continuing five weeks.

All teachers who are planning to take the August examination should attend, as special review work will be given in all subjects required for county certificates. Methods of teaching a specialty.

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