

# The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER I.  
It was just after the close of a somewhat sultry spring day, when the Count Louis d'Artois took his way along the lonely and gloomy path leading through the very heart of a deep forest lying towards the south of France, and not far from the beautiful town of the Rhone. He was young—certainly not more than five-and-twenty; of a slight and elegant figure, yet with nerves and sinews that might have well become many a one of stouter frame and broader shoulders; with a fine head, a proud and noble nose, about which curled silver tresses of raven hair; dark, earnest hazel eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and lips somewhat compressed, shaded by a curling moustache, and showing, at a glance, the firmness and decision of his character. The whole countenance, with its delicate, finely cut, yet noble features, told of thought, and energy, and power, no less than of the gentleness and tenderest feelings with which the human heart is gifted.

Count Louis rode carelessly onward, thinking of many things—some that were pleasant and some that were sad, and some again, that were both; now his father, whom he had last seen, some weeks before, at Paris; now of his uncle, the Marquis de Montauban, whom he was about to visit, and his fair cousin, Helen, whom he already imagined as watching for him, and who would have argued his magnificent cousin Helen as a queen or a duchess, but his wife—never. Yet he liked her—he had always liked her from boyhood, in a comely way. She was beautiful, graceful and accomplished, too, as far as it was possible to be in those days; but he had never thought of her in a more serious position than that which she held at present.

Suddenly broad, vivid flashes of lightning lit up the forest all about him and with almost the distinctness of noonday he saw clearly, at a little distance beyond his horse's head, a human figure, crouching out, on all fours, from beneath the timber-trunk that skirted the pathway. Almost involuntarily he drew rein, and in the pitchy blackness that succeeded the flash, endeavored to discern the figure again; but this was impossible. Yet he was conscious that it must be near him—almost at his very side. With a quick but quiet motion, he placed his hand in his bosom. Then he was conscious of another hand laid upon his knee, while a man's voice, in a low but friendly tone, and close beside him, said:

"Count Louis d'Artois, you are in danger. Pass a moment."

"And where rests the danger?" asked Louis, bridle.

"Behind you, monsieur, and behind as well, and on each side. You cannot escape it, even if you would, except by your own courage, and your own strength and agility, which, I know, have served you ere now. I have heard that you are on your way through this forest to-night to your uncle's chateau; that you carry about your person a considerable sum of money, besides a few jewels of heavy value, which you bear within a small casket, in the inner folds of the broad sash about your waist, and that your valise you left at the inn this morning. Thus you are sitting prey for those who frequent these places, and your present moment took possession of the count.

"Who are you?" he asked, "who knows all this so well?"

"I am your friend, Monsieur Louis, which is all I can tell you at present," said the man. "But, in the meantime, take these things, and your valise, with these, as you will have need in a little while after you have parted with me. And Louis felt a brace of heavy pistols placed in his hand.

"My good fellow, I have arms already—I do not need them," he returned.

"Though I thank you for them sincerely."

"But you do need them, monsieur, as you will shortly find, for your own sake as you think them, have had the charges withdrawn."

"How?" uttered the count, in surprise.

"It is even as I tell you; it was done at Charenton this morning, and you yourself had charged them. Those which I have given you will do you good service, and with them I do not fear for you, although there is danger about you. Be wary, and act with your usual bravery and calmness when the danger comes. It is not far off."

"And so I am to be waylaid?" asked Louis.

"Think the worst; it is the safest way, for then you will be better prepared for whatever chance presents itself."

"It is well. I thank you for your warning, and will endeavor to be ready."

At that instant, another broad sheet of lightning quivered like flame, and Louis beheld the person whom he brushed—a man of middling size, with bushy dark hair, a wild, uncombed beard, and a heavy moustache, wearing a rough jacket and a broad sash with long ends, within the folds of which were stuck a brace of pistols similar to those which Louis now held in his own hand. His head was uncovered, so that the lightning displayed his features clearly.

"Good!" said Louis. "I shall not be likely to forget your face in a hurry, my friend. Let me thank you again for your timely assistance."

"Nay—keep your thanks, monsieur—keep your thanks until the danger be past," returned the man, quietly. "Only hope you may get safely through, and that I may be at hand when you need warning again. Good night."

Louis continued his way, with strangely mixed feelings of wonder at what had just occurred, together with some degree of apprehension and curiosity as to the danger which menaced him. Nothing in the shape of danger appeared, and for, perhaps, the space of fifteen minutes, he was kept in suspense. But, suddenly, a branch above his head was bent and cracked sharply, and while he, startled, started, reared violently, and almost unseated his rider, the lightning flashed again and the figure of a man swung lightly down from the branch to the pathway. A strong hand seized Roland's bridle, a rough voice uttered "Stand!" a pistol was pointed at the count's head.

"What do you require?" asked Louis, briefly and sternly.

"Whatever money you carry about you. Give it to me, and be quick about it!" said the voice.

"You are mistaken, my man," uttered Louis, quietly, while one blow from his slight but powerful arm struck aside the uplifted weapon, and a second stretched the ruffian senseless among the bushes by the path. With a terrified snort, as the count gave him the spur, Roland galloped forward, but he was so severely startled a dozen rods above before two more men sprang out into the way.

Roland, scared by their sudden appear-

ance, shrank and reared, and while one of the villains seized him, and brought the beast to his feet again, the other leaped upon the young count, and, with a powerful grasp, snatched from him the very heart of a deep forest lying towards the south of France, and not far from the beautiful town of the Rhone. He was young—certainly not more than five-and-twenty; of a slight and elegant figure, yet with nerves and sinews that might have well become many a one of stouter frame and broader shoulders; with a fine head, a proud and noble nose, about which curled silver tresses of raven hair; dark, earnest hazel eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and lips somewhat compressed, shaded by a curling moustache, and showing, at a glance, the firmness and decision of his character. The whole countenance, with its delicate, finely cut, yet noble features, told of thought, and energy, and power, no less than of the gentleness and tenderest feelings with which the human heart is gifted.

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perhaps," Louis answered, "as far as the Chateau de Montauban. You know the old chateau?"

"Yes, indeed!" she replied, with a pretty smile and a slight blush. "I go there every day to carry flowers to Mademoiselle Helen. And I think you are—"

While he glanced towards her, and fell before her glance, the poor child was ashamed of having half guessed who he was.

"I am Louis d'Artois, the cousin of Mademoiselle Helen," he supplied. "And you, may I not know to whom I am indebted for the hospitality I have received, that I may, at least, return thanks for it?"

"My name is Rose Lamoignon, monsieur."

"Indeed!" he said, kindly. "I have heard my cousin speak of you, then, as well as her father. You and I are not quite strangers after all, then. I am much obliged to you for your kindness to me to-night. I shall not soon forget it."

"Good night, monsieur," she returned, quietly.

The moon shone one moment full upon the gentle face and pretty figure of his cottage hostess, and then she disappeared, and then he had closed the door. The landscape was peaceful and, withal, beautiful, as he glanced over it; field, wood and hill lay calm and quiet all around. The air was still, and the silvery beams of the moon shone fair upon the scene, while some light cloud, at intervals, crossed her sweet face, and reflected a passing shadow upon the quiet earth below. How different this scene from that of two hours before! Louis could hardly realize the violent contrast he had had, as he rode along in the silence now.

(To be continued.)

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.**

**Man!**—I think it's queer of Mabel to hold spite against you just because somebody told her you said she was "such a little thing."

**Woman!**—The smaller some people are the more spite they can hold.

**A Thing to Remember.**  
"You must admit," she said, "that in these days few men die for honor."  
"Well, but you must remember," he answered, "that lots of the men who die for dollars might have died for honor if it had come first."

**Venda.**  
"I see the 'sold' tag on Dauber's picture."  
"Yes, old Smith bought it."  
"Why don't they hang the tag on old Smith?"

**Quite a Strain.**  
Farmer—What's the matter with the cow?  
"Hastus—I spec she done fell down an' strained her milk."

**Useful These Times.**  
"I think we better include a branch of cooking in Harry's education," said the wealthy old gentleman.  
"Cooking?" gasped his amazed wife.  
"Why, Harry will graduate soon and be a great man."  
"I know, dear, but those days of strikes a person never knows when he'll be called to cook his own meals in a hotel."

**Out of Season.**  
"Why are yer so sad?" asked Dusty Dennis.  
"Why?" growled Sandy Pikes, "dat lady said if I'd split de wood she'd give me an old pair of shoes she promised me last winter."  
"An' did she?"  
"Yes, she give me a pair of snow-shoes."

**Her Envy Was Natural.**  
"Why do you dislike that Bickerford girl so thoroughly?"  
"Well, it's because her hair is curly."  
"So is yours."  
"But her's curls naturally."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

**Her Reply.**  
"What kind of cake do you prefer, Miss Kittish?" asked Mr. Fosdick, as he handed the tray, which held quite a variety.  
"Wadding cake," she replied, demurely.—Detroit Free Press.

**Careful of Appearance.**  
"But does your mother insist that you must take a chaperon?"  
"Yes, but she can follow behind in Jim's old auto—and it's sure to break down."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

**The Only Way It Could Happen.**  
"Talk about yer wonderful divin'! I stayed under water three hours de udder day."  
"Huh! D'ye tink I'm easy? Where did this happen?"  
"Right down yonder by de tracks. I fell asleep under dat water tank."

**Definition.**  
Little Willie—What's a hypocrite, pa?  
Pa—A hypocrite, my son, is a man that believes something he doesn't say.

**His Objections.**  
"You used to say she was like a Dresden doll," said Harry Blueface.  
"Too much so," spoke Gustie Gunn.  
"How could that be?"  
"Why, she cried 'Mamma' every time she was squeezed."

**Where It Is Strenuous.**  
"Mamma," queried little Mary Ellen, "is the pen mightier than the sword?"  
"Of course it is," replied the wise mother. "Your father couldn't sign checks with a sword."

**Rapid-Fire Thought.**  
"Always think before you speak," said little Tommy's mamma.  
"Gee, naw," he answered, "if you do think you must do some pretty fast thinkin' sometimes when you git to goin' for paw."

**He Was Modest.**  
Landlady—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer?  
Mr. Newcomer—Oh, about half of it will be ample, thank you.

**The Safer Way.**  
He—Shall I be the first to tell your father?  
She—No, I'd rather break it to him.—Detroit Free Press.

**Hard Luck.**  
"Oh, dear!" wailed the first summer bud. "My new bathing suit is a wreck!"  
"What happened to it?" asked budlet No. 2.  
"I got caught on the beach in a sweater this morning, that's what," answered she of the woolen wall.

**No Mourning in It.**  
"What of my future?" asked the fair maid.  
"You will never know what grief or sorrow is," answered the fortune teller.  
"And—will I marry?" queried the fair one, anxiously.  
"Sure," replied the visionary prophetic. "Four times."

**Matter of Choice.**  
Mrs. Homer—I can't understand how Mrs. Mooker can waste so much time on that horrid puddle.  
Mrs. Nextdoor—Why, is it possible that you have never met her husband?

**As Others See Us.**  
He—Charlie Napleigh and Miss Wiscry are doing a courtship stunt.  
She—Ah, indeed! Another case of two souls with but a single thought.  
He—Yes; and it's doughnuts to fudge that she originates the thought.

**An Awful Job.**  
De Borum—I wonder what time it is?  
Miss Meeker (wearily)—Really, I can't say!  
De Borum—Well, it must be about time I was going home.  
Miss Meeker—Oh, I'm sure it is ever so much later than that!

**Evening Up.**  
Miss—I hope you'll suit. I've had eleven cooks in the last three months.  
Cook—That's nothing. I have had twice as many places—Detroit Free Press.

**Too Much Pyrography.**  
"Maria," said Mr. Stubb, as he gazed on the scorched cakes, "these new fads are a nuisance."  
"What now?" queried Mrs. Stubb, passing the coffee.  
"Why, Lucy Ann has gone and practiced pyrography on these flannel cakes."

**Rather Ambiguous.**  
Softened—Wasn't that—a beastly absurd rumor about me—aw—losing me mind?  
Miss Flasher—Yes; that certainly was the limit.

**A Peach.**  
"Me gal's a peach!"  
"What kind of a peach?"  
"Why, a cling; see!"

**Always the Autocrat.**  
"She is very haughty since her family attained wealth," said the sensitive woman. "I don't if there is anybody she doesn't snub."  
"Yes, there is," answered Miss Cayenne. "If she wants good dinners, she's got to be polite to the cook the same as the rest of us."—Washington Star.

**Her Frankness.**  
"I can't see what you find in me to admire," said the lovely youth who had recently blown himself for a \$75.00 engagement ring.  
"Why," gurgled the fluffy-haired angel of his domestic dreams, "that's just what everybody else says."  
And immediately the silence became oppressive.—Chicago News.

**Strenuous Service.**  
The parson had just delivered a fiery sermon on the evils of rum. One of the members was seen to be wriggling uneasily in his pew.  
"Behold!" cried the excited parson. "One of my shafts has struck the right man. See how uneasy our wayward brother is."  
"Yes," retorted the accused man; "you'd be uneasy, too, if you had a June bug down your back."

**Helpful Little Wife.**  
"Henry," greeted the little blue-eyed woman, "do you remember of saying you were going to color your meerschaum brown?"  
"Yes, dear," replied her big husband.  
"Well, I knew you were busy, so I colored it."  
"You? How did you color it, pray?"  
"Why, I painted it, of course."

**Quick at Language.**  
Mrs. Blinker—My Tommy has begun to study French.  
Mrs. White—Has he, indeed?  
Mrs. Blinker—Yes; and I know he'll learn the language in no time. I judge, you see, by the rapidity with which he acquired the slang dialect of the street boys.—Boston Transcript.

**God's Country.**  
Do you know where God's country is located? When we were out in the Territories enduring hardships and privations, we used to talk of "back in the States" as "God's country." The early pioneers of the West looked toward the Atlantic seaboard and think of "God's country" along the Ohio and think of "God's country." Now the poor devils who are compelled to remain for a time in the Philippine Islands know that any part of the United States is "God's country." Nearly all of them upon returning to American shores remark: "It is good to be back in God's country once more." It is not likely that Alaska is included in the good land, for men returning from the big Territory of the Arctic circle upon landing at Tacoma declare they are again in "God's country." But since our colonial acquisitions, the sobriquet "God's country" is fast becoming recognized as meaning the United States.

Kind words are never lost—unless a woman puts them in a letter and gives it to her husband to mail.

## "SAGE OF WHITEHALL."

General Cassius M. Clay, Noted Kentuckian, Who Is Dead.

Death came to General Cassius Marcellus Clay, warrior, statesman, abolitionist, author, and noted duelist, at his home, White Hall, in Madison County, Kentucky. His demise was due to general exhaustion.

The stirring life which General Clay led had begun to tell on him in late years. He believed that a conspiracy to assassinate him had been formed and some years ago fortified his home at White Hall and entered a life of exclusion that ended only a few weeks ago.

One of the final scenes in the life of this remarkable man was enacted in a courtroom at Richmond, Ky., when he was declared insane. A week previously Dora Richardson Brock, the divorced child wife of the aged Kentuckian, had declared her intention of going on the stage. It is alleged General Clay had been insane for several years, and his mad love for a 16-year-old girl, who was 13 when she married him, is held to have been largely responsible for his condition.

At the time of the strange marriage General Clay was 90 and Dora Richardson was 13. He was cultured, a man of repute in the affairs of the nation, the son of a famous family, and the possessor of wealth. She was illiterate, untutored in the ways of the world, content amid her lowly surroundings.

General Clay treated his wife as a



WHITE HALL, HOME OF GENERAL CLAY.

child and sought to amuse her and make her happy. He bought her dolls, picture books, toy furniture, and the many other things which have been made to amuse children. Finally the old man purchased his young wife a doll about twenty inches long and filled with mechanical contrivances that caused it to talk and cry and laugh.

The general's attempt to educate his wife were futile. She read a little and wrote a little, but she had no taste for books and art. After a few months she ran away to the home of her brother, where she received the attentions of a farmer boy. General Clay divorced her, and she married the young man, whose name was Riley

person who engages in the industry being known as an oyster planter. Thousands of acres of oysters are under cultivation in Hampton Roads, which, during the harvesting season, is often literally alive with the reaping machines of the oystermen.

When the oysters are from one and a half to two years old they are usually large enough to be sold, and, as a rule, part of them are sold at this age and the rest in the third or fourth year, after which time the ground is allowed to rest a year before being planted again. Great care must be exercised in the selection of bottoms for oyster planting, if the planter would be financially successful.

The largest packer in Hampton opens from 100,000 to 200,000 bushels of oysters in a year. In this house, as the men open the oysters, they drop the shells on an inclined plane, from which they slide into a trough and are carried along by scrapers attached to an endless chain called a "shell conveyor," which takes them without further labor to the shell pile in the yard. When a shucker has filled his gallon measure he carries it to the strainer, where the oysters are strained and measured. They are then emptied into large casks kept full of fresh water, by means of which any loose shell or grit is washed out. From these casks the oysters are dipped into a second strainer, and when separated from the water are again measured and packed.

The shells are sold for 1 to 3 cents a bushel, and are used extensively by oyster planters for the propagation of oysters. They are placed in small piles on grounds found suitable for the purpose, where the spat or small oyster will attach itself to the shells. They are also used for making shell lime and for building the excellent shell roads found in some parts of the Virginia peninsula.

## MARRIED A FAMOUS LAWYER.

Mrs. Clarence S. Darrow.

She was Ruby Hamerstrom, of St. Louis, and a writer of some note. Mr. Darrow, a lawyer of Chicago, represented the United Mineworkers in the arbitration proceedings which settled the great coal strike. The couple will spend a year in Europe.

**A Toilette Envelope.**  
A genius has invented an envelope which records of itself any attempt to tamper with its contents. The flap is imbued with some chemical composition which, when operated on by a dampening process, or any other means of penetrating to its enclosure, records the transaction by causing the words "Attempt to open" to appear. It is thought that the ingenuity will think twice before pursuing their researches in the face of such an invention.



GENERAL CASSIUS M. CLAY.

## STEALING SERVANT GIRLS.

The Desperate Straits to Which Some Housekeepers Have Come.

A new phase of the everlasting servant girl question has recently come to light—the hiring of servants by women going actually to other persons' houses and offering girls higher wages. This prevails to an alarming extent in nearly all the large cities.

A woman who will do this—well, she will do other things of which strong language could be used, and yet these women are to be found among the best people—that is, it should be added that they live on the best streets in town, but a woman who will hire away her friends' servants cannot be strictly said to be entitled to any position. This happens every day and can be accounted for to a certain extent by the scarcity of servants, and the desperation of housekeepers, who will resort to almost any means to obtain them.

Not so long ago something of this kind happened to a Chicago woman, and in recounting the affair to a friend she said she felt a pardonable degree of pride for the manner in which she handled the matter. This woman lives in a flat and had just hired a general housework servant.

About two days afterward the bell

