

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XIV.

"I shall see Robin this morning!" was the first thought of Rose, as she sprang from her couch at dawn, and her heart beat faster, and her cheeks flushed with a deeper red, and her eyes sparkled with happy excitement as she sat before her mirror. The blue-eyed Finette was in raptures.

Rose had hardly thought, during the absence of Robin, that she could be so deeply excited by the news of his anticipated return, but she was too overjoyed to remain quiet a single moment. At breakfast, it was impossible for her to eat; and the remarks everywhere made concerning the sudden improvement in her appearance, as well as on her sudden and contradictory loss of appetite, increased the tinge of crimson that already glowed in her young cheek.

One thing detracted from her otherwise perfect happiness. Louis had excused himself from appearing. She had curiously seen him the night before, after leaving the library, and then he had been unusually quiet, communing with himself during the entire evening, and he was absent this morning. She longed to see him to hear him speak, that she might know he was not offended with her; for she remembered the interview between them, and might not the abruptness, the violence, perhaps of her manner, unconscious though it was, have wounded him? Yes, despite the tender look of that silent parting, how her pulse quickened at the remembrance of his absence! She could not sigh.

"I wonder at what time I shall see Robin?" soliloquized the young girl. "Will Monsieur le marquis call me into the library, I wonder? Or will the meeting take place here, among all these people? Where is Robin?" was her next restless inquiry—an inquiry which she had started a thousand times, and as a matter of course, in vain, since the previous evening, and where is it that Monsieur le marquis has seen him so often of late?"

Her queries were interrupted by observing suddenly that the marquis was about to leave the apartment.

"Ah, he has not said a word to me!" muttered Rose. "He tantalizes me. Will he not come back and speak—only three words! Will he not even look at me, that I may understand what it may mean whether Robin is coming soon?"

But he neither spoke, turned nor gave her a single glance. Yet there was something, despite his evident care, which betrayed in his countenance the sympathy he felt with Rose. He went out, the Count de Clairville talked, aside, with his wife, Helen Montauban, at a distant window, sat calmly at her embroidery. Lord Egerton bent over her, and spoke from time to time, some words which, if their effect had been noted, might have been seen, ever and anon, to be followed by a deeper mantling of color in the fair cheek of the lady, though she secretly seemed pleased, either. Anon the young man toyed and trifled with the gorgeous silks that lay in a tangled mass of rainbow bloom in the tiny basket by Helen's side; and then his gaze rested on her face with an expression that it is hard to find, though at times it was clearly one of unhappiness and disappointment.

But Rose, albeit she glanced towards the pair more than once, hardly took note of these things. She could only think of the marquis, of Robin, and of the anticipated meeting. She was restless—uneasy. From one employment to another she turned, without being able to settle her attention undividedly upon any individual thing. Suddenly, mademoiselle called, gently.

"Rose, come hither a moment!" The young girl advanced towards the window.

"You wish to speak with me, Helen?" she asked.

"I have been telling Lord Egerton of some favorite books of his which are in the library," returned Mademoiselle Montauban, carelessly. "Will you have the kindness, Rose, to help him find them? He will tell you their titles."

Crisol Egerton murmured Francis Egerton, reproachfully, as he glanced at her quiet face before turning away.

"Not so, my lord," she answered, in the same tone, without lifting her eyes. At that instant a domestic entered, and coming directly to Rose, informed her that Monsieur le marquis desired to see her immediately in the library.

The young girl's heart bounded violently. "I am going now," she answered, and yet she paused.

Francis Egerton glanced back at Helen, with an air, half of triumph, half of sorrow, which said plainly, "You see your unkind advice to repel me avails you nothing. Why will you persist in this conduct—this treatment of me?"

Mademoiselle Montauban saw the look, and read it easily; but she never once changed countenance, and her eyes were instantly fixed on her embroidery again. Lord Egerton turned to Rose:

"You are going, mademoiselle?" "Yes—now." She gathered courage; she would not look up in her companion's face, but hastily proceeded to meet the marquis.

She had looked for Robin of the silver money, and the change bewilderment, until recollection came.

Helen, indeed, was no sturdy figure, in its blue bloom, its heavy boots, no large hat, such as had covered the garden's end, on peasant's garb, or peasant's air, and yet it was Robin!

"Why does he not speak?" said the young girl, trembling to herself. But suddenly the gentleman raised his hand, passed it across his brow, and held it there for an instant; then, laying aside the writing materials which he held, turned and advanced to meet her.

A low, glad cry escaped the lips of Rose as she beheld that face—Robin's face—and then she was silent—she turned pale. Which was this change which she beheld as he came toward? What countenance was it? Did she indeed behold Robin himself, or—The cloak dropped from his shoulders.

"Robin—Louis!" she uttered, quivering with emotion.

"Well, which is it?" With the same light, beaming, sunny smile that she had met every day for the last two weeks—with the familiar voice and air that blended in one two characters hitherto distinct he came forward, and taking her hand, led her to the table.

"It is Robin," he said, smiling, and she covered her face with her hands.

"My Rose—my little, faithful, noble-hearted darling!" Louis murmured, lovingly, and with the softest emotion in his tones, as he led her to a seat.

"My generous—brave Rose, will you forgive this long and heavy trial? You have conquered—nobly conquered! You are victorious, love. Look up and speak to me. Let me see, at least, the Louis who has not lost the heart that Robin won."

She did look up. The sweet face, tinged with reddest blushes, sparkled with blended tears and smiles.

"You deceived me, Louis. I see it now; I understand it all. But you deceived me most cruelly!" she said.

"And almost broke my own heart, Rose, as well as your own. Ah, if you now how I suffered last night, you would forgive me."

And Rose could do so. The period of probation was passed. The unhappiness to which each had been subjected, in its duration, was terminated, now, in Louis d'Artois had perfected his scheme, and tested it fully, to his own satisfaction. The outward charms of the woman he loved were nobly equalled by her truth, her firmness, her constancy. Neither ambition, nor pride, nor egotism, had tempted her, for one instant, to swerve from her faith. She had remained true to the humble lover who had won her first affection.

"How can I take Louis? I am proud to be Robin," returned she, gravely. "I came here to meet Robin; he has vanished and you are answerable for his disappearance. I refused to see him last night, to answer for your sake, love. I will put on my peasant's dress once more and take my spade, and toil in the garden from morning till night; while you sit, as you need to sit, just by the cottage door and sing to me while you sew. What a pretty cottage girl you were, Rose! I believe I loved you the first time we met."

"Ah! what, Rose?" "That you loved Helen," she answered, blushing.

"Helen, that little mouse, what put that thought into thy pretty head?" "It came there, Louis; I do not know well how. I suspect the idea was a very natural one. She is so beautiful!"

"My pet, Helen must never hear you acknowledge that little piece of innocent audacity. Helen? Ah, she would smile with amusement at the mere mention of such a thing! She would not marry me, Rose, she likes me, quite as well, I believe, but I should as soon contemplate an alliance with a queen as with her."

"You make me smile, Louis. How modest you are! You mean to say that Helen—"

It required some hours of retirement and solitude in the solitude of her own chamber to restore to Rose anything like her usual tranquillity. The excitement of the last four and twenty hours had their effect on her, and every nerve was throbbing to the tension produced by it. Quiet was impossible, as she fastened her door, and walked the floor to work off in some degree the restless agitation she felt. When she had succeeded in wearying herself with the exercise she sat down, and leaning back among the cushions, laughing and resolutely shut her eyes, with the determination to sleep. This was a difficult matter, however. Her mind was not quite composed yet. Rose, for once, had not had her face, had her hair re-arranged and made some alterations in her dress and descended to the salon.

Louis was gone to the village. The marquis and his friend, Count Frederic, walking together on the terrace, were engaged in conversation. The Countess Marie, in one corner, read quietly from a favorite book. Helen Montauban worked at her embroidery and wore a brighter and better pleased expression than in the morning; for Francis Egerton was away. She looked at Rose immediately to her side.

"Truant! where have you been?" she said, smiling, as she made the young girl sit by her and stroked her bright hair.

"In my chamber, Helen," answered Rose, laying her pretty head against the shoulder of her companion, with happy and loving confidence.

"A penance of solitude and reflection, my fair sister? What sin have you committed?"

"No sin—no penance was mine. I was restless. I went to become calm and quiet."

"And succeeded, I think. But what sits you, Rose? What is in your eyes—your face? Some reflex from underlying emotions—glad emotions. You have had good news?"

"No—yes! Ah, do not ask me—at least, not now!" laughed the young girl. "Come to my chamber to-night—will you, Helen, or, I will come to yours; it does not matter which, and then I will tell you what I cannot dare tell you now, here, in this broad daylight, with eyes and ears all about us. Yes—ah, yes, Helen! I am glad!"

A strange expression flitted for a moment over the countenance of Mademoiselle Montauban. It filled her dark eyes with a glance of quick and searching meaning, as they rested fixedly on Rose. But it was only for an instant; for Rose lifted her head again, and these sweeping, jolly eyelashes veiled every gleam of the awakened spirit.

(To be continued.)

IT WAS THE WRONG JESSE.

Dilemmas of a Young Man Who Courted a Girl in the Dark.

Thomas Schureman, who lives on Holly avenue, in West Indianapolis, a few weeks ago, made a bad loan, and in lieu of the money, he was overwhelmed with the borrower's gratitude, and a magic lantern.

Thought Schureman, was without practical value, but the magic lantern might be pressed into service. The machine was set up and a number of private exhibitions were given, attended by Mr. Schureman, the operator, and Mr. Schureman's dog, Bill.

A state of perfection was reached in the course of time, and, the other night, a number of friends were invited to the Schureman home to witness the first public exhibition of the collection of slides. Unfortunately for the host, he invited a man who was engaged to a girl. The man could not appear on time, but the girl took her chair at the hour set. The seat at her side was reserved for the young man.

Half the performance was over when Schureman's assistant at the door was interrupted in his observation of the pictures by the appearance of the belated young man. "Where's Miss Heustic sitting?" he asked.

As well as the darkness would permit—and it might be said that the room was as dark as could be—the usher directed the new arrival to the seat reserved for him.

"Here," said Mr. Schureman, bringing the picture into focus, "we find real Japan—Japan unadorned by contact with the Western world of commerce, far from the—"

Just then a girl sitting three chairs from the front felt her hand pinched, and saw vaguely a young man take his seat at her side.

SOUTH WATER STREET CHICAGO



Most of the streets of a great city, regardless of how widely diversified their interests may be, hold some few things in common. "But South Water Street, Chicago, is an exception. There is nothing else like it in any particular, certainly nothing in Chicago that can parallel its jolly, hearty cosmopolitan atmosphere, its ever-present good fellowship, its deafening battle and roar during the day and its unearthly stillness and unbroken solitude at night. Here are no unemotional frills. Along the street many men of large wealth and some millionaires do business, but they are guarded by no private office called off from the inquisitive eyes of the crowd, nor is there any ceremony to be observed if you want to approach them. These heads of South Water street stores are nearly all at work before 8 in the morning and it is very little short of 6 when they leave for home at the close of the day. During all of this time, with the exception of a scant hour for lunch, they are right down in the heart of the yelling, bustling crowd with their eyes on every detail and with more than a nodding acquaintance with every drayman and operator on the street.

South Water street is the one thoroughfare in Chicago in which no family lives over night. Every block of its length is crowded tight with two or three story brick buildings, but there is not an inch of these utilized for living rooms of any character. There is no space even for the cot of a night watchman, for here, though millions of dollars' worth of business is done in a week, there is very little if anything to attract thieves. It would certainly be a bold robber who would try to get away with potatoes or beets or cabbages enough to pay him for the risk.

The coming of daylight and the starting of business are simultaneous. Long before the sun struggles through the mist of the lake, steamer whistles that daily announce the arrival of hundreds of tons of fruit and produce begin to scream and soon freight trains are rolling in from California along the tracks bordering on the north side of the river, loaded down with grapes, melons and garden truck, and bound for the warehouses where a few hours later auction sales are held to dispose of them. There is no gradual growing of the bustle. It seems to spring into life within half an hour and the transformation is a wonderful one. By 6 o'clock the wagons are on the move and a few minutes later the din of clattering hoofs on the slippery cobblestones is deafening.

When 7 o'clock comes the wagons that have been pouring continuously into the narrow street for over an hour, till one wonders how any more can possibly squeeze in at all, begin to back up in front of the stores, either full of great heaps of produce from the trains or boats or waiting for their turn to be filled with goods destined for hotels, restaurants, department stores, groceries and fruit stands all over the city.

SHARK MADE A QUICK TRIP.

Traveled from the African to the Florida Coast in Two Days.

A prominent government official, who has returned from a visit to Palm Beach, Fla., tells about seeing a huge man-eating shark that was captured at that place, says the New York Tribune. It was one of the biggest sharks ever caught in Florida waters and was evidently a sailor of many years. The animal measured over 18 feet in length, had a sword attachment that was as long as an arm and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as one of the man-eating variety—a dangerous beast.

The shark was caught by a shark fisherman. He used a large rope for a line and had a windlass as a reel. At the end of the line was a huge steel hook and this was baited with a large bright tin can. The shark bit at the bait and was entrapped. He was landed after the roughest time the fisherman ever experienced. It was the interior of the fish, however, that excited the greatest interest. When he was cut open a whole porpoise was found in the stomach. There was also a large piece of partly digested shark and the head of an ostrich. The piece of shark inside the monster was out of the back and contained the backbone of the dead animal.

A careful examination showed that the backbones were larger than the backbones of the captured shark. A number of scars on his body showed that he had been in conflict with another shark and the finding of a piece of the adversary showed that the conflict had ended in the death of the opponent—that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the man-eater was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one ostrich farm in Florida and when that institution was communicated with the owners said they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in one minute's time is a fact that the shark had been in African waters and had captured a stray ostrich or the head of one that

had been killed and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest.

AN UNFAMILIAR DIALECT.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which the cockneys speak, it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

The woman who wished to see the city all by herself. Somebody told her that if she went to the terminus of some bus lines—it did not matter which—and waited a little, she would hear the conductor call out the places on the route, and then could choose that which she wished to visit.

She found a place where buses were arriving and departing, and waited. She heard many curious names, but failed to understand much that the bus men said. Every now and then the man on the step of a bus would call out, "Mobbloch! Mobbloch!" and she wondered what part of London "Mobbloch" might be. She had never heard of it before, and she had been studying London for six months. At last she ventured to address a conductor who looked approachable.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said, "where one takes the bus for Marble Arch?"

You would hardly expect to find very much of an artistic touch among such matter-of-fact surroundings, and yet there is no thoroughfare in the city that has such beautiful color contrasts as this. Almost from one end to the other the eye lights everywhere on great masses of color of every conceivable shade—the bright yellow of bananas, the fragrant green of great barrels of watercress bunching out between big lumps of ice, the variegated kale, golden pumpkins, the tons of thousands of baskets of grapes with the bloom of freshness still over them, the guineas and peaches and plums and pears, the varying shades of green re-arranged in unripe tomatoes, heaps of cabbages and young onions, the barrels of glorious red and pink and yellow apples, boxes of carrots and parsnips and snow-white Chinese radishes, mountains of peaches in all their bewildering sun-kissed shades, bundles of fragrant horse-radish done up so fearfully tight that you feel sure its circulation must be seriously interfered with; brown plantains, the glaring, glossy red of enormous peppers, thousands of corks of golden butter, and cheese in its many delicate shades of yellow—all these things mingle in one long level of color that makes a sight of this street a delight to one who sees its beauty and mingles with its bustle for the first time.

Here and there the sidewalks, instead of being burdened with heaps of grape baskets or orange boxes, are filled with crates of clattering chickens or stately geese that stick their heads through the slats of their cages and survey the scene with a solemnity that makes us believe they know what is in store for them. The meat men crowd out everything else in the block between 5th avenue and Franklin street, and you can see nothing but a wilderness of carcasses, butchers, drivers in white and blue jumpers, and hundreds of the well-known stock yards wagons, with their magnificent teams of gray and their clanking trappings.

Up and down the narrow alleys, between the piles of goods, men with loaded trucks race along, passing one another, in some miraculous way, without upsetting anything or running over anybody. Though the wagons are continually moving off from the front of the stores and going out of the street loaded with merchandise, half a dozen seem to be coming in for every one that leaves, and there is no abatement in the rush and stir. In this indescribable confusion, with the thoroughfare choked and with wagon wheels interlocking each other everywhere, there are fewer accidents and altercations between drivers than on any other street in the city. The reason for this is simple enough. Every driver who ventures into South Water street knows the unwritten rules for the guidance of himself and his team by heart, and, being fully aware of the disastrous consequences if he transgresses any of them, he is extraordinarily careful.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Changed His Mind.

It is a wise father who knows just what story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. One day he met his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with:

"Hullo, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest 4-year-old in town. She said—"

"Excuse me, old man," exclaimed Jackson, "I'm on my way to keep an engagement! Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jackson is the handsomest man I know! Haw, haw! How's that for precocity, eh?'"

"Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy shop and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

Tolerates Nothing Home Made.

Mrs. Gaddie—I see you're going in for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet?

Mrs. Norich—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.—Philadelphia Press.

"I've known, Hooligan, you look like the devil with a mustache?" "Yes; I'm going to shave it off." "Lave it on; you'll look worse without it."—Life.

LIBRARY LITTLEBITS

An illustrated edition of Everyman is promised in the near future from the house of J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

The first two additions to be made to the American Sportsman's Library are "Guns, Ammunition and Tackle" and "Bison, Musk-Ox, Sheep and Goat Family."

Kate Douglas Wiggin's new book, "Half a Dozen Housekeepers; a Story for Girls in Half a Dozen Chapters," will be brought out by the Henry Aldine Company.

Jack London's new novel, which he is just finishing, is to appear serially in the Century Magazine. It is said to have all the primitive strength of "The Call of the Wild," but is even more thrilling.

Ruskin's biographer and friend, W. G. Collingwood, has written a supplementary volume of reminiscences which he calls "Ruskin Relics." The book is announced for publication by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Ruth McNery Stuart, author of "Napoleon Jackson," has finished another story of Southern life with the scene laid in the city of New Orleans. It is entitled "George Washington Jones; a Christmas Gift That Went a Begging."

A. B. Heppburn, formerly comptroller of the currency, is the author of an extensive and carefully written volume on the "History of Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for Sound Money," which the Macmillan Company is publishing.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have ready John Ozenham's new novel, "Barbe of Grand Bayou;" also "The Golden Fetich," a new story by Eden Phillips, many of the scenes of which are laid in the heart of Africa, where the hero has thrilling adventures. Both books are illustrated.

William Matthews, whose book entitled "Getting on in the World" had such an extraordinary success thirty years ago, has just published a new book for young men called "Conquering Success, or Life in Earnest." It is said to be written with all his old-time earnestness and enthusiasm.

W. A. Wilde & Co. have in press an interesting story for young people, by Eva Madden, entitled "The Little Queen," which is based upon that famous incident in English and French history, the marriage of the little seven-year-old Princess of the royal house of France to Richard II. of England.

Dr. E. E. Hale and members of his family—E. E. Hale, Jr., Arthur, Herbert, and the late Robert B. Hale—are the authors of "Ballads of New England History," begun more than twenty years ago and continued intermittently as a diversion. It is soon to be published by Little, Brown & Co., and will be illustrated by Miss Ellen Hale, Philip Hale and Miss Lillian Hale.

"The Pit" has reached its eighty-third thousand, while "The Octopus," the former novel of the late Frank Norris' "Wheat Epic," is in its twenty-seventh thousand. "The Leopard's Spots," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., has sold 115,000 and "The One Woman," by the same author, has hurried the printing presses to supply 55,000 copies within the few weeks since publication.

The Use of Tobacco.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to get any authoritative conclusion about the effects of using tobacco. Literature is filled with opinions in its praise and maledictions in equal measure. There is abundant medical opinion on its evil effects on the heart, the throat and lungs, on the nerves, and everybody knows that the chronic smoker whose appetite is ruined, digestion impaired, whose nerves are torn to shreds, who is a hypochondriac, a lamentable object and a cross to his friends. On the other hand, nearly everybody smokes, and there is no easier way of starting a mutiny than to cut off the tobacco supply of soldier or sailor. Persons who are engaged in hard labor, or in exhausting pursuits of any kind, know that a smoke, banishes fatigue and knits up the raveled shreds of care. If your dentist be complaisant he will say that smoking preserves the teeth and "kills the germs;" your doctor if he wants to stand high in your estimation, will tell you to "use tobacco, but use it in moderation."

Some things, however, we do know about tobacco: It costs a vast sum of money, is one of the most important industries in the world, and an important source of revenue to all nations. Americans consume 7,000,000,000 cigars annually, and the yearly increase in the consumption is nearly 600,000,000. Smokers use 3,000,000,000 cigarettes annually, and consume in other forms, as in snuff, plug, and smoking tobacco, 315,000,000 pounds, exclusive of the tobacco exported and that used in manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. The Federal treasury receives \$65,000,000 annual revenue from the tobacco tax; the manufacturers alone pay in dividends \$10,000,000 and in wages \$50,000,000 a year, and the annual value of the manufactured product in this country is upward of \$200,000,000.

To Be Considered.

"It looks to me as if some of these trust magnates felt themselves superior to the government itself."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "you must not overlook the fact that a trust magnate is a great deal surer of his job than a government official."—Washington Star.

Little Things Show.

The German state gives to one university more than the British government allows to all the universities and colleges in England, Ireland and Scotland together.

Compression of the waist may be harmful, but if the right young man attempts it most girls are willing to take chances.