

# The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A  
TRUE  
STORY  
OF  
THE  
SOUTH  
OF  
FRANCE

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

A few days after the first visit of Robin, he came again to the cottage. This time he had obtained work at the farm of Antoine Lebrun, the first place at which he had applied. It is needless to say that both were glad to hear of his good fortune.

It was at sunset when Robin came. He had come immediately on finishing his day's work, and Hugh invited him to stay with them an hour or two. This invitation Robin was nothing loth to accept; for it was given with a degree of cordiality that was rare with Hugh; and whether the beauty and shy grace of young Rose had any influence in Robin's decision to remain, we leave others to judge. At all events, when he had stayed perhaps two hours, and was taking his departure, Hugh invited him to repeat the visit. And Robin answered, quietly: "You are very good, monsieur, and I confess that I am only too glad to come; for I am somewhat strange yet among the work-people on the farm, and being in a new place, it makes one rather lonely. And I feel more acquainted with you, perhaps, because this was the first place at which I sought for work. I shall be pleased to come, monsieur, and then, it may be, if I come early enough, that mademoiselle, glancing towards Rose, 'will show me her garden, of which I hear you speak.'"

Hugh promised that this should be the case. And Robin departed.

On the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, Robin appeared. Hugh was surprised at seeing him so much earlier than usual, since the usual hour for leaving work was at sunset. But Robin said that Antoine Lebrun had allowed him to come earlier, because he had done more work on the two preceding days than any other of the men. And he had wished to see mademoiselle's garden in full daylight.

So Robin was conducted to the garden, and here, although he praised its beauty, yet he also found ample space for improvement, and volunteered, if Hugh was willing, to come down and work in it occasionally.

As there appeared to be no serious objection to such a proceeding, the arrangement was made; and nearly every afternoon, thenceforth, Robin came half an hour before sunset, and with spade, rake, scissors and pruning knife, busied himself in the garden, making such alterations for the better and training the favorite flowers of Rose so skillfully that they became even finer and more abundant than they had been in the earlier part of the season, when they seemed to want no addition to their beauty.

And while Robin worked among the flower beds, Rose sat at the garden door, with her sewing or embroidery, or, perhaps, a book; for Robin, she was pleased to find, was as fond of books as herself, and many a pleasant half-hour was passed thus by them. Robin had no father, no mother, no sisters, nor a home, such as others had, and he told them that this seemed like home to him. He always hastened to the cottage as soon as he was released from work and had eaten his supper, and not unfrequently remained a part of the evening with them. These visits were pleasant ones. Robin enjoyed them, and Rose always liked to see him coming; while Hugh Lamonte, though he said little on the subject now, seemed to regard him as a welcome visitor. Rose sometimes wondered at his evident liking for the young man, being usually, as he was, of a mood so unsocial; but she could not but admit that for one so handsome, so amiable and kind-hearted as Robin, to win the friendship of those about him, was not at all strange, and, therefore, it was less surprising, that as every one else seemed to like him so well, that her father should be also attracted towards him.

The Marquis of Montauban, late one afternoon, made his appearance at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte. This was no common occurrence; for visitors were generally rather repelled than attracted by the reserve and taciturnity of Hugh. This afternoon, Hugh Lamonte, with Robin, who had just come from the farm, and our pretty Rose, were together in the garden, when a knocking was heard within the door, and in to see who was there. The marquis was standing by the casement.

"Good evening, my child," he said, kindly, as she entered. "I have come to see your father. Is he at home?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered Rose. "I will call him."

She went out and informed her father of the desire of the marquis, and while he entered the kitchen, proceeded to assist Robin in tying up a rose bush, which had been bent down by a shower on the previous day.

It was twilight time when the marquis left Hugh, and getting into his carriage, drove away in the direction of the chateau. They heard him go away—Robin and Rose. But Hugh did not come out again; and when they went in, they found him seated by the table, in the gathering dusk, and leaning forward on it, with his face buried in his hands.

He rose immediately on their entrance, and went to get a light; but he did not speak, and as the flare of the light shone on his countenance, both observed that it was unusually pale. Perceiving his silence and depression, Robin, filled with sympathy for him, shortly withdrew, without inquiring into its cause; for he saw plainly that Hugh was not ill, but that something unpleasant pressed upon his mind had taken place within the last hour.

As soon as Robin was gone, Rose went to her father and sitting down by him, begged him to tell her the cause of his downcast appearance. But he would not reply to her troubled inquiries.

"Rose, my dear child," he said, tenderly and sadly, "I cannot tell you what it is that affects me; at least, not now. Do not ask me. Be happy, and do not trouble yourself about me." It was all he

would say; and the depression which that visit of the marquis had left on him continued to mark his manner from that time.

Rose was anxious and uneasy. That this sudden change had been caused by something said or done during the time in which he had conferred with his guest, she could not doubt. And if so, what could that cause have been?—what was its nature? She exhausted her imagination with vain endeavors to guess at the truth. All remained in darkness. She retired to rest unhappy and perplexed.

Hugh worked as usual in the garden and the field all the next day; he made no allusion to the occurrences of the past evening, and affairs went on with the same quiet regularity as ever, at the cottage, without bringing any further unpleasant consequence from the visit of the marquis than what already displayed itself in her father's altered demeanor. That of itself was sufficiently productive of anxiety to Rose.

Robin made his accustomed visit at sunset. It was a relief to her; for if it could not divert her mind from the thoughts of her father's sadness, it at least served to break the almost insupportable silence that had reigned within the cottage all day long.

To-night, Hugh would not join them in the garden, but remained in the kitchen, reading, or seeming to do so. And Robin and Rose sat in the garden together, without working as usual, for she could do nothing but think of her father, and the young man, sympathizing deeply and earnestly with both, tried to console and cheer his fair companion with hopeful words and soothing tones. And Rose could not but take a sad pleasure in listening to his words, for Robin's friendship had already become dear to her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

There was a knock for admittance at the cottage door. Hugh Lamonte started uneasily from his chair. Every knock—every approaching footstep, of late, he imagined to be that of the Marquis of Montauban; for a time of restitution was coming, and it was to cost him dear. He hastily crossed the room, and flung the door wide open. An angry exclamation burst from his lips. Rose, seated by the



ROBIN, THE GARDENER.

casement with her sewing, trembled and turned pale; for the newcomer was Gasparde.

"Good afternoon, uncle," said the rogue, frankly.

"How, Gasparde," uttered Hugh, in increased astonishment, and without noticing the salutation—"how come you here?" "I have come," answered the man quietly, assuming an expression of the deepest seriousness, "to ask your pardon, and that of Mademoiselle Rose, for my old behavior; and I honestly hope you will forgive me."

Hugh looked at him, half incredulously, and with a searching glance he stepped back a pace, but made no answer. Gasparde followed up the movement, and stepped just within the door, so that he now beheld Rose. Apprehension and annoyance were plainly expressed on her countenance as she beheld him. He looked as unimpeachable as ever, though his words were certainly very fair.

"Good afternoon, Cousin Rose," he said, with gravity; and noticing the indication of her disposition towards him in her countenance, he hastened to add, with an air of penitence and sorrow: "O, I see, Rose, that you have not forgotten how I used to annoy you. I know I do not deserve that you should; but I confess I had hoped you would overlook it by this time; for I am sincerely sorry for my impertinence."

The young girl made no reply at first, the suddenness of all this astonished her. Hugh Lamonte stood silently regarding him with a half-angry, half-perplexed air. He doubted whether to put faith in the fair declaration of Gasparde.

"Cousin Rose," said the latter again, deprecatingly, "I promise you that I will never behave so impertinently again. I wish you would try to forget my insolence, and forgive me."

Rose looked up.

"Since you are sincerely repentant, Gasparde," she said, "I will endeavor to do both." And then she resumed her work.

"And you also, sir?" said Gasparde, turning to Hugh.

"The less said about that the better," returned Hugh, dryly; "but you may be grateful to Rose for forgiving you, which is more than you merit. And now, if you wish to say anything to me, you must come into the garden, for I am going there."

And picking up his tools, he went out, without saying another word.

Gasparde followed, with downcast eyes and humbled manner; and Rose, truly

confident in his sincerity, was almost sorry that her father treated him so ungraciously. She had some curiosity to know what could be his business with her father; but that was impossible. They remained in the garden for some time—perhaps half an hour; then both re-entered. Hugh saying to his companion:

"Well—well; come again to-morrow, and, meanwhile, I will think about it." "That will do," returned Gasparde. And as he crossed the room to the opposite door, he nodded to Rose, saying, respectfully: "Good morning, cousin."

"Good morning, Gasparde," she responded, as he went out.

When Hugh had shut the door and come back into the room, Rose could not but see that he was more thoughtful and gloomy than before. All day he preserved the same moody air; and Rose was unhappy, alike in being unable to divine the cause of his increased perplexity and trouble, or to alleviate it. He had not yet made any allusion to the object of the marquis' recent visit; but she knew that he was thinking of it continually. She knew, however, that she should only annoy him by seeming to notice his mysterious dejection, and so she became silent.

In the afternoon, Robin came as usual, after his day's work was done, and Rose even persuaded herself that he, too, seemed somewhat serious. He went out into the garden with her father, and thence to the field; and she could see them standing there, as if talking together, for a long time. They did not work as usual. At length, however, they left their post and came slowly up through the garden. They were conversing still.

"What is it about, I wonder?" asked the young girl, mentally.

The two entered. Robin did not speak; but Hugh advanced straight to Rose. "Rose," he said, gently, "there is our good neighbor Robin, who wishes to marry you. What do you say to it?"

"Wishes to marry me?" iterated the young girl, faltering and blushing.

"Exactly. Is it not sufficiently plain?" Rose was silent, her eyes cast down to the floor, and her fair cheek reddening still deeper. The tears fast gathered in her eyes. Robin wished to marry her. Hugh turned away, and, with folded arms, paced the room. Robin came to her side.

"Dear Rose," he said, softly, taking her hand, "your father has told you what I have asked him. It is true that I wish to marry you, if you are willing. I do not think you disliked me. Will you show me that you do not?"

She did not answer, but sat with her eyes still cast down, and her hand in his. "I know, dear Rose," he said, again, "that I am asking a great deal. I came here only a few weeks ago, and I was a stranger. I came seeking for work, and found it. I am poor, and have yet no home of my own, but that I trust to have some day. I love you, Rose, and I ask you if you will promise to marry me when I am rich enough to buy a little farm of my own."

"But—my father?" she hesitated, raising her eyes sorrowfully, as she thought of his loneliness. "No—no; I cannot leave him."

"Rose," said Hugh, turning to her, "the future is not in your hands. Do not think of me. If you love Robin sufficiently well to marry him, answer him at once. All will be well."

"Then I will marry you, Robin," she said in a low tone.

"You will forget that I am poor, and a stranger?"

"I do not need to forget it," was her answer. And her glance of timid, affectionate confidence was raised to his.

He bent forward with a thrill of inexpressible delight, and pressed his lips to those of the blushing girl.

"And you will never break your promise, though you should meet with trial and temptation and danger?"

"No; never—never, Robin; But why do you fear—and what?"

"I cannot tell you, Rose. But it will be a long time before we can marry, perhaps; for I will not ask you to share my lot with me until I have risen higher—far higher than I am now. And no one knows what may happen in that time. It will be a long time," he continued, after a while; "but I shall be patient; for I want to rise to something better than I am now, Rose. You are too good to marry a farmer, or a gardener. For your sake, I shall strive to render myself something higher than either."

"You need not be better than you are, Robin," said the girl, gently.

"But I mean to become more worthy of you, nevertheless," was his rejoinder. And now Hugh Lamonte turned to them.

"Since this is done," he said, "I give you both my blessing. Rose, my child," and he laid his hand solemnly on her fair head, "be true to Robin until he comes to claim you, and you will be rewarded."

There was a moment of deep silence. The young lover bent down, and tenderly kissed his betrothed bride, from whose gentle eyes the tears stole down.

And through the opposite casement glared and gleamed a pair of fiendish eyes upon that little group. The big-and-lover, Gasparde, had heard every word—witnessed every look and action within. They did not see him; they did not hear the bitter curses hissed through his shut teeth, nor mark the clenched hand that menaced them.

(To be continued.)

## Joy Enough.

Mrs. Subbubs—You didn't get much pleasure out of your walk, did you, dear?

Mr. Subbubs (beamingly)—Indeed, I did.

Mrs. Subbubs—But, that shower of rain. See how wet you are.

Mr. Subbubs—O! that doesn't matter. What do you think? I found a golf ball I lost last summer.—Philadelphia Press.

## Not Yet.

"Kite-flying time has arrived," remarked the Observant Boarder.

"But the kites do not keep up with modern progress," added the Cross-Eyed Boarder.

"How's that?"

"I have seen no stringless kites yet."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

## Mixed.

Nebb—Who is that ordinary-looking woman with Mrs. Meek?

Nick—Mrs. Meek is the ordinary-looking woman; that swell-dressed creature with her is Mrs. Meek's hired girl.—Ohio State Journal.

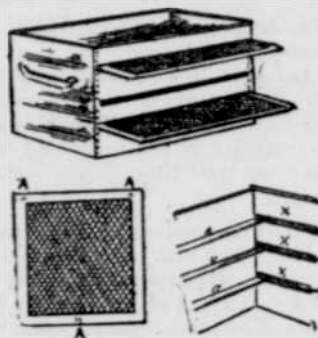
The only position some men can hold is opposition.



## Home-Made Grain Sieve.

Where there is only a small quantity of grain to clean on a farm, a fanning mill seems to be in the nature of a luxury. Then there are often times when but a small lot of grain is to be cleaned for some special purpose. In either case the hand-made arrangement shown in the illustration will be found exceedingly useful. A box of convenient size is secured and handles fastened to either side for ease in handling. Inside this box strips are placed upon which the frames are to be run, as shown in the small cut on the right side of the engraving.

Frames of proper size and weight are covered with wire netting with meshes of various size. The upper mesh should be quite coarse and fastened into the box about three inches from the top. This is not to be taken out, but the frames below are to be made so they will slide in and out readily. It is a good plan to have



HOME-MADE GRAIN SIEVE.

more frames than slots, so that one may readily sift any grain one has. This little arrangement is inexpensive and any one at all handy with tools could build one in a short time.

## Selection of Young Dairy Stock.

Many persons who claim to have a pretty good idea of what a dairy animal should be, still adhere to the old notion that it should be deep in the flanks, and wedge-shaped, increasing in depth and width backward. So far as mature cows are concerned, there may be something in this, if we add depth of udder; but we have to consider points that are applicable to the young calf, the undeveloped heifer, and the sire as well. Many good cows lack depth of flank, nor are all heifers of great promise and bulls noted as great sires specially remarkable for deep flanks; indeed, the reverse is generally the case. A deep flank is generally accompanied by a level or straight bottom line, so desirable in beef animals; but a promising dairy youngster is usually deep in the middle, with the bottom line from the middle running upward to the brisket, and toward the flank, which shows good depth through the middle of the body, but the reverse behind the shoulders and in front of the hips.—American Cultivator.

## Double Saw-Horse.

Unless coal is burned exclusively on the farm saw-horse such as is shown in the cut will be found a great labor-saving device. It is used for sawing both long and short pieces of wood, and if made four feet or more long it can be used by two men in operating a cross-cut saw. The two cross strips at the close ends are but fifteen inches apart, so one is able to saw strips as short as needed for any store. This double saw-horse should be made of tough material and be braced as shown in the cut. The horse from which the



DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

drawing was made was held together with iron bars, but the round pole, such as is commonly used in the center, would answer with inch-thick strips at the bottom on either side, if it was necessary to reduce the cost.

## Over-Feeding the Horse.

While most horses on the farm are properly fed, and in some cases underfed rather than overfed, there are farmers who are not judicious feeders, and when the animal gets out of order they depend upon condition powders to set it straight instead of regulating the feed. It may not be generally known that a prolonged use of condition powders will produce indigestion of a most violent type. Horses that are fed on grains largely, and who do not perform a great deal of labor, are quite liable to indigestion, and the easiest way to cure the trouble is to cut off the grain for a week or more and feed exclusively of bran mash and good hay.

## Value of Alfalfa.

It has been demonstrated that alfalfa can be grown in nearly all of the States and when farmers, and dairymen especially, learn of its great feeding value it will be found on every farm. Once established it may be cut several times a year and for many years. It is rich in protein and when fed with corn fodder makes nearly a

balanced ration, furnishing the proportion of protein needed by stock during the winter. Dairymen have long recognized the necessity of feeding grains or other fodder containing protein, but grain under the expense when the protein feeds must be bought. If alfalfa will furnish the bulk of the expensive protein, as it undoubtedly will, a chance to save considerable in the cost of feeding is offered by growing alfalfa.

## Don't Forget Plowing.

When one is growing a diversified lot of crops there is little time for choosing seasons in which to do the necessary branches of the work. In many localities there is a rooted objection to fall plowing, and in some cases these objections may be sound, although in the majority of cases there are three good arguments in favor of fall plowing to one against it. There is more time to do the work, and as a result it is better done in the fall. Fall-plowed soil can be worked earlier in the spring, because it is open and warms up earlier. In the normal season one can plant in fall-plowed ground a week or ten days earlier than in ground plowed in the spring. In some sections where it does not seem advisable to harrow after fall plowing, and especially when sod land has been turned under, a disc harrow can be run over the ground to advantage, leaving the work of the smoothing harrow to be done in the spring.

## A Horse Malady.

Most farmers are familiar with the horse that puffs and wheezes at his work. The disease is technically known as "roaring," and is said to be similar to asthma in humans. There is really no cure for it, but trouble may be greatly alleviated by treatment, and especially by proper feeding. If the disease is not so seated that the animal cannot do farm work, then that given it should be light and the feed should consist of little hay, and this wet each time; feed mainly on grains. Take one drachm iodide of potassium and mix with one-half drachm nux vomica. Give this dose twice a day for two or three weeks during each bad attack, and during the period let the work of the horse be that which does not require much speed. The care and treatment indicated will relieve the animal greatly, although it is doubtful if it will ever amount to much for steady work.—Crown Point (Ind.) Register.

## Planting a Peach Orchard.

Were I to set a large peach orchard I would prefer June budded trees. The roots are all in a bunch, and the tree can be easily started right and kept so. A great many persons in starting an orchard are in too big a hurry. They must have trees to come into immediate bearing, and so go to the nurseries and pick out the larger trees, overlooking the fact that the larger and older the tree the greater shock it receives. Years ago I set a large orchard from nursery rows two, three and four years old, and in five years the two-year-olds were the largest, thickest and best in every way. When set, the roots were all there, and the trees hardly stopped growing, while the older trees had mangled and cut roots, with too much body and limbs, and were more or less stunted. Be careful in setting an orchard, if roots are mangled, to cut them off smooth and trim most of the limbs or top.—Vevay (Ind.) Reville.

## Now He Hides.

Thirty years ago I saw a man riding the first riding implement I ever beheld. I remarked to the man who was with me that when I got so I had to ride to farm I was going to quit the business. I have been riding every kind of machine possible for all these many years. I have no quarrel with the man who rides when he farms.—Farm Furrows.

## Farm Notes.

The horse will be here when all the automobiles have been sold for scrap iron.

The shoats that are intended for breeders should not be made to become too fat.

The scarcity of help has caused people to think more and plan the work more carefully.

Some farmers say that it will eventually kill alfalfa to mow it at any other than the time to cut for hay, namely, while it is in bloom. Has any one had experience that will serve to settle this question?

The machinery will run so much better when it is kept well oiled. Make the hired man run smoothly by a generous supply of oil of kindness. Keep him in a good humor and get more work done and the farm animals will have better care and attention.

When sugar prices are low, German farmers can hereafter utilize their crops more profitably by drying the beets for use as cattle feed. Experiments have shown this method to be feasible, and the dried beets can be easily stored.

Pools of stagnant water should not be allowed to exist where hens can get to them; cover up, fill up or fence up. Poultry should have a constant supply of nice, clear, sparkling water. Wash out the drinking vessels frequently and occasionally put a drop of carbolic acid into the water.

Any cow can be milked dry in a few weeks by irregular milking, sometimes at intervals of twenty-four hours and sometimes six. Separation from her usual company, a change to a new voice are sources of irritation that more or less impair the milking qualities of the cow.



The Macmillan Company announces a new play by Stephen Phillips, "David and Bathsheba."

Thomas E. Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" will appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co.

The Hobart Company is about to publish a new novel by General Charles King, entitled "An Apache Princess." The first book on the list of Harper & Brothers is Robert W. Chambers' new love story, "The Malis of Paradise."

Perhaps the title of "The Lightning Conductor" is a little misleading. Henry Holt & Co. have had requests for review copies from two scientific periodicals.

Prof. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois is at work on a novel which A. C. McClurg & Co., the publishers of his successful book, "The Souls of Black Folk," will bring out in the fall of 1904.

Maurice Maeterlinck's great play, "Monna Vanna," produced in London and considered by the censor—many think most absurdly—as immoral, will be published by the Harpers.

Clara Louise Burnham's new novel is entitled "Jewel." The central figure of this story, Jewel, will perhaps hold a position beside "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the hearts of all readers, yet the book is not a juvenile in any sense of the word.

One of the most significant of the forthcoming publications is "Ireland Under English Rule," which is to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author of this book is Thomas Adde Emmet, M. D., a grand-nephew of Robert Emmet.

The Macmillan Company will publish within a few weeks a very important work, entitled "The Island of Fu-mosa, Past and Present." The work deals with the history, people, and their government, resources and commercial products.

Charles Josselyn, whose "The True Napoleon" received favorable criticism last year, has in press for early publication by Paul Elder & Co. a collection of interesting and instructive selections from famous authors, entitled "My Favorite Bookshelf."

Doubleday, Page & Co. have received the manuscript of a "Life of General Samuel C. Armstrong," founder of Hampton Institute, by his daughter, Mrs. Edith Talbot. It is an intimate record and interpretation of one of the most inspiring personalities in our recent history.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr., author of "The Stage as a Career," has prepared a new preface for his "Liberty and a Living," which, published some years ago by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has been out of print for some time. According to the subtitle, "Liberty and a Living" is "the record of an attempt to secure bread and butter, sunshine and content, by gardening, fishing and hunting."

## WISDOM OF KING SOLOMON

How He Exemplified It in the Presence of the Queen of Sheba.

"Here is the legend of the visit of the queen of Sheba to King Solomon," said the Pascagoula Diogenes in the rotunda of the Great Southern Hotel, Gulfport, Sunday. "The queen regaled over a people that lived on the border of the Red Sea who were the richest in Arabia. They were represented leading an idle life owing to the abundance of natural produce of their country, which afforded the sustenance of life and also frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon and balsam that gave them an extensive commerce with other nations."

"The queen, owing to the splendid reputation of King Solomon, whose power and wisdom had spread to the remotest parts of the world, visited him at his own court. Presenting herself at the foot of his throne, in each of her hands she held a wreath of flowers—one composed of natural, the other of artificial. Art in the labor of the mimic wreath has exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature, so that at the distance it was held by the queen to exercise the sagacity of the monarch for his judgment it was deemed impossible for him to decide which wreath was the production of nature and which the work of art. Solomon was for a moment perplexed, yet to be vanquished by a woman irritated his pride."

"An expedient presented itself to the king by a swarm of bees on the outside of a window which he ordered opened. The bees rushed in the court and alighted on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. Sheba was baffled and was convinced of the wisdom of Solomon. Such is the story handed down that the bee only rests on the natural beauties and never fixes on the painted flowers, however imitable the color may be laid on."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Jews Are Most Prolific.

In greater New York the average number of children in Protestant families is 1.87; in Catholic families, 2.03; in Hebrew families, 2.54.

It is easy to please a young girl. Just remember she wants you to forget that she was christened Hannah, and not Annette, as she calls herself.