

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A
TRUE
STORY
OF
THE
SOUTH
OF
FRANCE

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The next day Robin came again. "Rose," he said, "I saw, yesterday, going away from here, when I was coming down, a man whom I think I have seen before. Do you know who it was?" "You mean, I think, Gaspard, my cousin. But hush!—here he comes." And at that moment the individual designated entered the cottage door. He made a civil obeisance to Rose and the young man, and accosting Hugh, requested, in a low tone, to speak with him alone. The two retired, as before, to the garden. There a somewhat lengthy conference was held, during which time Rose and Robin were conversing together indoors, and Gaspard's name was not infrequently mentioned in the course of their dialogue. The young man seemed to be somewhat interested in him, and asked several questions concerning him, by which he gathered the knowledge that Gaspard had some time very deeply offended both Rose and her father; but he also heard of his having come the previous day to make apologies for so doing. And, meanwhile, Hugh emitted the colloquy between himself and Gaspard in the garden, when they prepared to re-enter the house. The countenance of the former was gloomier and darker than ever. "Captain," said the man, "I don't remember having seen that person in the kitchen before. I suppose you won't think it impertinent if I ask you who he is?" "He is to become the husband of Rose," returned Hugh. "His name is Robin Marron." And he glanced closely at the countenance of his companion to detect some signal of his feelings at this announcement. But all was undisturbed there. "So Rose is to be married?" said Gaspard. "Well, he will make her an excellent husband, I hope; and I wish her much happiness, with all my heart. I suppose, monsieur, you have not forgotten the time when I wished so earnestly to marry Rose myself—have you? But," he continued, "I am going to be married to another young girl, at some distance from here, shortly." And the lie was believed. They went in, and Gaspard remained a short time longer, affecting an air of the most perfect friendliness towards Robin. And when he took his departure, to return to the village, Robin accompanied him. They went along the road talking together of one thing and another in a careless way, speaking on a great many subjects, and dwelling on none long, till they came to a little grove, past which the road ran, about half way between the cottage and the village. "A pleasant place yonder," observed Robin, nodding his head towards it. "Yes—yes; pleasant enough," responded Gaspard; "but I dare say there are pleasant places." "Just so, my friend," rejoined the young man; "you are right. And those that have more agreeable associations, as well. For instance, if a man had been shot there by an unseen enemy, the place wouldn't be quite so attractive as many another."

He glanced casually at the face of his companion as he said it; but beneath the careless tone and manner was a meaning, and in that glance he read, like lightning, the expression of Gaspard's face. It was one of sudden, startled uneasiness. The man looked quickly up at him, without answer. The effect was satisfactory. Robin went on: "I had a master formerly, who was, one day, wounded in the manner which I have described, and in that very wood which we have passed." "And he told you about it?" said Gaspard, watching Robin closely. "You are right. He told me about it." "Did he guess who fired at him?" "I suppose so. Though he kept it to himself. He said he meant to punish the rogue when he could catch him."

"Who was your master, if I may ask?" "The Comte d'Artois. You may have heard of him possibly. But I must bid you adieu, my friend; for here I am at the farm."

"Adieu," returned Gaspard; and he continued his route, muttering, "I have you now, my master! You think I am cowed—do you? Ah! wait—only wait! You are taking a great deal of trouble to win my pretty cousin; but I shall have her yet! Only time—time. I will let you just grasp the prize, and then tear it from you. The later my vengeance, the sweeter it will be!"

It was sunset again, and our pretty heroine, Rose Lamonte, was returning from the Chateau Montauban, whither she had gone early in the afternoon to see Mademoiselle Montauban, who, she was told by her father, wished to speak with her on a matter of importance. With a light and happy heart, Rose had gone to meet the lady, and, three or four hours afterwards, was returning home, with tears in her eyes, and a story very different from that usual with her. Walking slowly along, wrapped in sorrowful meditation, she was suddenly aroused by the voice of Robin pronouncing her name. He was just going down to the cottage. "Why, what ails you, my Rose?" he asked, tenderly. "You are weeping! Why is this?" "O, Robin, my father is going away!" was her sad answer. "Going away? Ah, how sorry I am for you, dear child! But how soon is he going, and where will he go to?" "I do not know. He did not tell me; Mademoiselle Helen told me, and she knew nothing further than what I have just said to you. But I am afraid it will be very soon." And the tears chased each other over her fair cheeks. "Why did he not acquaint you with this fact, Rose?" "Indeed, I do not know. Perhaps he had not the courage. Poor papa! And besides, the Marquis and Mademoiselle Montauban are to keep me at the chateau until he returns; that was why she wished me to come up this afternoon, to tell

me of this, and so he left it all for her to tell."

"I knew you were going to stay at the chateau, Rose, but not that your father was going away. I learned it from him last week," said Robin. "You did? And you did not let me know?" "He preferred that I should not then. But do not weep," dear Rose!" said the young man, soothingly; "he will return, and, perhaps, will remain away but a short time. And it will be pleasant for you to be at the chateau a little while, only I am afraid you will forget me—will you not?" "Ah, how can you think so?" asked his companion, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You know, Robin, that I could not forget you!" "I will not go in to-night, I think, dear Rose. You will have a great deal to say to your father, and you will be better alone. To-morrow I will come. You will know then, I dare say, on what day he is going, and can tell me. I should like to hear." He bent down and kissed her. There was sympathy and tenderness in his glance and caress. She went in. Her father, standing in the opposite doorway, looking out into the garden, turned quickly and beheld her. He held out his arms. "Well, you know now," he said, with sorrowful gentleness, as she came up to meet his sad embrace—"you know now, Rose?" "Yes, father—I know; you are going away. But it will not be long before I shall see you again? You will come home soon?" "I do not know; do not ask me, I entreat, Rose!" He spoke with the desperate energy of sorrow. "But where are you going, and how soon, papa?" "I cannot tell you where I am going. But it may be to Nantes or Bordeaux. And I am going in two days." "In two days?—so soon! O, papa!" She sat down, poor little Rose, and covering her face with her hands, wept sadly. Hugh paced the floor with folded arms, and despair on his dark countenance. "O!" he murmured, with fierce grief, "has not my revenge turned upon me?" The next evening Robin came. He seemed more serious than usual, and heard of the arrangements for the departure of Hugh in silence. At length he said: "You are going, then, the day after to-morrow?" "Yes, and Rose will go to the chateau to-morrow evening. The Marquis and his daughter are coming for her." "Yes, Robin," she said; "to-morrow evening I shall be gone." Robin sat down by her, and took her hand in his. "Rose," he said, "do you not think this makes me as sorrowful as you can be? What shall I do when you are here no longer? I cannot see you in your new home as I have seen you here. I cannot come there in my rude dress, though, one day, I mean to make myself worthy to enter even that proud place. There is nothing for me to do but to go away."

"Ah, Robin," uttered Rose, with tearful eyes, "do not go! What shall I do with no one left?" "Do not weep, my little one," entreated the young man, sadly; "can you not see it is for the best? I cannot stay here without meeting you daily, as of old. And we may not meet now you are to dwell at the chateau. We both would be more unhappy should I stay. If I go away I may gain some situation where I may obtain wealth, and rise gradually to a position worthy to come back and win you. Now, Rose, tell me I may go."

"Go, then, if it must be so," she responded, striving to check the fast flowing tears. "But I shall be so lonely!" "Let me go to-morrow morning, Rose. I cannot bear to see you go away—to wait till you are gone."

And thus it was.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not without a sigh of regret that Helen Montauban observed the pain which she was forced to inflict on one who loved deeply and truly. Francis Egerton had inspired her with a sentiment of the most earnest esteem; but the knowledge of the depth of his regard for her had almost decided her, at first, to break off an intimacy which, on his part, claimed something more than the name of friendship. This, however, seemed too harsh a measure. She could not persuade herself to go so far. She liked him sincerely; her regard for him was too real—too deep, to permit her thus absolutely to relinquish the occasional society of Lord Egerton; while she trusted to cure him, in time, of the passion, which she felt too well, from a consciousness of her own preference in a different quarter, she should never be able to return.

Since his arrival just after Rose had become an inmate of the Chateau Montauban, she had begun to feel that she had a means of assistance at hand. She did not pause for time to define any plan, or to say to herself, in so many words, that such and such an ultimate issue had been guessed at, or hoped for, by her; but she appropriated the means presented to her, and trusted that they would succeed.

Meeting, on the very first evening of his arrival at the chateau, with a repulse, gentle, though firm, from Helen—a disappointment to hopes long, yet doubtfully, cherished; and feeling that the dejection and unhappiness which he felt would, if observed, draw upon him the attention of those about him, he endeavored to conceal all evidence of his feelings under a calm exterior, and to evince as much interest in affairs about him as was possible.

He found himself thrown daily into the society of Rose Lamonte, often by chance, oftener by Helen's own agency. He admired her beauty—her innocence and grace, had a charm for him. Helen Montauban knew it. He first merely acknowledged, and was sensible of her presence; then he sought it. Rose confessed to Helen her admiration of him, and seemed to evince a pleasure in his

society. It was plain that she did not dislike him; and Helen, although she had many doubts at first, changed them finally for most agreeable yet secret speculations on the future, little dreaming that Francis Egerton was yet true to her, or that Rose Lamonte's thoughts, even in his presence, turned and dwelt fondly, though sadly, on the memory of her humble, yet unforgotten, lover.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Montauban thought often and anxiously of her cousin; for Louis had not written once since his departure from the chateau, and two months had now elapsed, and nearly the third, since that time. Her father also mentioned him frequently, and expressed his perplexity at his silence, and no less at his prolonged absence. Many an hour, at nightfall, Helen knelt sadly at her easement, with her glance sorrowfully fixed on the road below that wound through the valley and beyond the hills—the road over which he had passed on the morning when he left her.

"When will he traverse it again?" she asked herself. "When, kneeling here, at my sad post, in the twilight or the dawn, shall I behold him returning?"

One afternoon, being oppressed with a slight headache, she had thrown herself upon her couch to dispel it, if possible, by slumber. Suddenly her uncle's step, light and quick, came through the gallery, and immediately Jessie herself entered the chamber, bearing a light. Her face was suggestive of something pleasant. She came on tiptoe to the bedside. "O, I am awake, Jessie," said Helen; "but I have slept a great while."

"Yes, mademoiselle—a long time; but I hope your headache has quite left you now; for monsieur le comte, your cousin, in mademoiselle, Monsieur d'Artois—" "Jessie, is he here?" asked Helen, quietly, as she rose.

"Yes, mademoiselle, he has just come." She entered her dressing room, and hastened to bathe her face and head and rearrange her hair. But she trembled from head to foot. She descended the stairs just in time to meet Louis himself. He it was, but paler and thinner than usual. He came forward with an exclamation of pleasure. "Helen, my dear cousin!" he cried, warmly embracing her. Her cheek burnt—her heart beat rapidly, as he pressed his lips to hers. She could not speak at first.

"My own fair Helen, and so lovely as ever—yes, a million times lovelier!" he said, smilingly, as he gently turned her face so that the glow of the pendant lamp above them fell full upon it. "But you do not speak, cousin. And yet I know you welcome me."

"Indeed, I welcome you, Louis, most warmly. But you are pale—you have been ill."

"I have been ill—yes; but not long or seriously; and as soon as I recovered, I came hither."

He pressed her hand in his with kindly affection, as he released her. She turned and entered the saloon. Her father stood by the hearth, and the guests were grouped about it, chatting together, as she came in. She was greeted with unanimous exclamations of pleasure, and drawn into their circle. There were inquiries on all sides concerning her late indisposition, and infinite rejoicings at the arrival of Louis. In the midst of the conversation Louis re-entered.

"My dear uncle, I cannot express the pleasure it gives me to find myself here once more," he said, "and particularly in the midst of such excellent company."

In a little while the evening repast was spread, and they gathered about the board, a congenial party enough, as it went; afterward they repaired, by the invitation of the Marquis, to the library, where they passed the remainder of the evening. Rose and Francis Egerton, who, of late, had occasionally sung together, were prevailed upon by the Marquis and his guests to do so now. Both had fine voices and excellent taste, and their united melody poured forth in one sweet, harmonious strain, that could not fail to please. Louis, standing behind the seat of Mademoiselle Montauban, regarded Rose and her companion with a quiet but closely observant glance.

"Is not Rose a little nightingale?" softly whispered Helen, looking up at him. "My dear cousin, when did she come here?" "Something more than a month ago. She is prettier than ever; do you not think so?" "Decidedly. Francis seems tacitly to agree with us, too, it appears to me. Is he not very attentive to her? And yet, he does not look quite happy to-night. What ails him, I wonder?" (To be continued.)

Fiendish Woman.

Mr. Subbubs—Thank goodness the winter's nearly gone and the summer is coming, when I won't have to bother about the old furnace.

Mrs. Subbubs—That's so. By the way, dear, don't you think you'd better look at the lawn mower and see if it needs any repairing?—Philadelphia Press.

Attachments.

Polonious—Attachments are quickly formed in our profession.

Hamaker—Alas, 'tis true!

Polonious—Why that note of melancholy in thy tone?

Hamaker—I was thinking of my wardrobe which my landlord has this day attached.—Ohio State Journal.

Microbi-humor.

First Microbe—Have you ever gone up against any of these microbe killers the doctors are talking about?

Second Microbe—Lots of them.

First Microbe—Aren't you afraid?

Second Microbe—Afraid, nothing. Why, I'm a microbe-killer killer, I am.

Art in the Proper Direction.

Agent—Don't you want an enlarged photograph of yourself?

Stout Gentleman—Enlarged! What for?

Agent—That's so. But—say—let us make you one three sizes smaller.

The Question Nowadays.

Friend—I understand your receiving teller has skipped out?

Bank President (sadly)—That's what!

Friend—Did he leave much?—Puck.

A Dilemma.

Mrs. Von Blumer—I don't know what we shall do about that cook.

Von Blumer—What's the matter now?

"She threatens to stay."—Life.

U. S. GRANT, JR., LIVES OVER BOTTOMLESS PIT

Golden Hill is the name given to a section of the fashionable residence district of San Diego, Cal. It is in this section of the city that U. S. Grant, Jr., resides. It has just been discovered that this section of the city is situated over a bottomless pit.

A gang of men were engaged in grading F street, which passes through this section of the city, when they found it necessary to resort to blasting to remove a strata of adamant like earth, which they encountered. A charge of dynamite was put in near the junction of F and 20th streets, and it was exploded. Upon examining the place, however, it was



HOME OF U. S. GRANT, JR.

found that the shot had taken a downward course and had opened up a subterranean passage into an unknown depth. Another charge was later placed at 200 feet further up the street, with a similar result. Soundings were taken of this passage, but the workmen were unable to find the bottom. No little apprehension is felt by those living in that section of the city.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

The subject of advertising is yet in its infancy, says the Davenport (Ia.) Times, and we believe the time is not far distant when every commodity which is for sale, every article that can be sold, will be advertised. Hence the necessity of every merchant and business man becoming familiar with what is proving the greatest business problem of the age and the motive power which moves thousands of factory wheels and makes millions of dollars for those who use it. Every man who has ambition to succeed, to push ahead, to become influential and wealthy, must use the modern machinery at hand to accomplish such a purpose.

The profits of advertising are not direct, as the returns from a sale. Nevertheless, when the proper medium for bringing an advertisement before the public is selected the profits are usually immediate, although, of course, they come in a round-about manner. If at times they seem delayed it is because the merchant's announcement did not reach the people whose patronage he seeks or because there is no pressing demand for the special line of wares which he may have for sale. In either case the profit is sure to come eventually; for the purpose of advertising is to awaken interest in the tradesman's goods, and once having aroused that interest the wary merchant will perceive the necessity of sustaining it—a result sure to be attained by a persistent use of a great newspaper's advertising columns.

PRIZE FOR BEST DISPLAY OF IRRIGATION PRODUCTS



Of the four prizes offered at the National Irrigation Congress at Ogden, Utah, for the best display of fruit raised under irrigation, the best barley, hops and sugar beet, the cup presented by United States Senator W. A. Clark was the most attractive. It contains 270 ounces of silver and is worth \$500. The other three cups were given by the citizens of Ogden.

Promoters of Courage.

Spartacus—Women are a great incentive to manly courage.

Smarticus—That's right. Since I've been married and had a few tilts with my wife the prospect of a scrap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me.—Baltimore American.

Between Friends.

Vivian—Do you like her new hat?

Viola—No; it's perfectly lovely!—Judge.



Give Warning of Approach of More Serious Trouble.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability, bordering upon hysteria? Are your spirits easily affected so that one minute you laugh, and the next fall into convulsive weeping?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the ovaries, and especially between the shoulders; sometimes loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy, with a tendency to cry at the least provocation?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Undoubtedly you do not know it, but in nine cases out of ten this is caused by some uterine disorder, and the nerves centering in and about the organs which make you a woman influence your entire nervous system. Something must be done at once to restore their natural condition or you will be prostrated for weeks and months perhaps, and suffer untold misery.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women have written us so.

How Mrs. Holland, of Philadelphia, suffered among the finest physicians in the country, none of whom could help her—finally cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For over two years I was a constant sufferer from extreme nervousness, indigestion, and dizziness. Menstruation was irregular, had backache and a feeling of great lassitude and weakness. I was so bad that I was not able to do my own work or go far in the street. I could not sleep nights.

"I tried several splendid doctors, but they gave me no relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I soon began to feel better, and was able to go out and not feel as if I would fall at every step. I continued to take the medicine until cured.

"I cannot say enough in behalf of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and heartily recommend all suffering women to try it and find the relief I did."—MRS. FLORENCE HOLLAND, 622 S. Clifton St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Jan. 6, 1902.)

Another case of severe female trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after the doctors had failed.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in poor health for several years. I had female trouble and was not able to do my housework alone. I felt tired, very nervous, and could not sleep. I doctored with several doctors. They doctored me for my stomach, but did not relieve me. I read in your book about your medicine, and thought I would try it. I did so, and am now cured and able to do my work alone, and feel good. I was always very poor, but now weigh one hundred and fifty pounds.

"I thank you for the relief I have obtained, and I hope that every woman troubled with female weakness will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I have recommended it to many of my friends."—MRS. MARIA BOWERS, Millersville, Ohio. (Aug. 15, 1901.)

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all of the virtues of this medicine?

How shall the fact that it will help them be made plain? Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick, and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

What He Thinks.

When a man boasts that he has no education, he makes a mental reservation that he is pretty smart anyway.—Washington Democrat.

One From the Growler.

Bumley—How did "The Drunkard's Dream" strike you?

Freer—As the work of bad whiskey and a worse artist.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple, and are a threatening danger always, because, while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic, slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract so much from one's personal appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in an unhealthy, polluted condition healing is impossible, and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment, for the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system which local remedies cannot cure. A blood purifier and tonic is what you need. Something to cleanse the blood, restore its lost properties, quicken the circulation and invigorate the constitution, and S. S. S. is just such a remedy.

S. S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified and the system purged of all morbid, unhealthy matter the healing process begins, and the ulcer or sore is soon entirely gone.

S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, external or internal, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on "The Blood and Its Diseases" free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA