

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE
STORY
OF
THE
SOUTH
OF
FRANCE

CHAPTER II.

It was, perhaps, at the distance of half a league from the cottage of Hugh Lamonte that the Chateau Montauban stood. It was situated on a rocky and abrupt eminence overlooking the valley below, where a small village looked more like the miniature group of dolls' houses which children play with than the ordinary habitations of ordinary men, while the stream that wound its way along at the foot of the hills was nothing more than a mere thread of silver.

On the night of the attack on Count Louis there were two persons seated in the library of this chateau; the one a lady, with beautiful and somewhat striking features, a tall and graceful figure, and a bearing at once haughty and captivating. Mademoiselle Montauban was a person of strong feelings, of deep energy, of quick yet firm resolves, and of decided action. She was pleasing to all; yet with the very grace and noble beauty which captivated one, there was an air of expression which repelled another. Her lofty pride, of insinuating command, all the world admired mademoiselle, but few loved her.

Her father, monsieur le marquis, on the other hand, was an extremely affable, polite and agreeable gentleman. He was universally kind and good to his peasant vassals around the country, and there was no poor people who did not have cause to thank him for many an act of generosity. He had been married twice; to a beautiful Frenchwoman, after the death of La Marquise Gidoulet, and to a young girl also. He mourned her loss long and sincerely; for they say he loved her even better than he lived Gidoulet, who was very violent and passionate. There was one child—a lovely, sunny-haired child, with features like her mother's, and eyes like fresh violets, by this second marriage. But he has only Helen to comfort his approaching old age now; and there is a large portrait in the saloon—the portrait of a smiling infant, painted nearly sixteen years ago, which he looks at and sighs.

The father and daughter sat in the library; he by a large table in the center of the apartment, reading, as was his custom in the evenings; she had drawn her seat forward near one of the deep windows overlooking the valley, and the road by which Louis was expected to come. Both were awaiting his arrival, but it was with far different degrees of feeling. The marquis, indeed, looked forward with pleasure to the meeting with his nephew, whom he had not received at all events, and he watched together a long time last night by the library window, for your appearance. And now tell me, my dear Louis, something more concerning that adventure of yours in the forest; for your sketch of it last night

was waiting still, even till midnight; but a thousand fearful emotions struggled in her breast, of which she gave no outward sign, or, at the most, but a faint one.

A dark form seemed to catch her eye, moving along rapidly through the path in the valley, coming nearer and nearer, while the clouds, passing still across the moon, veiled it ever and anon in shadow. Drawing nearer, till the soft silver radiance of the night shone full upon both horse and rider, and then there was only a slight start—a quick, convulsive clasp of the fair hand that rested on the cold stone—all a faint yet eager smile, and hovering about her beautiful lips, and flashing in those splendid eyes, as softly murmuring, "It is he!" she rose from the cushions on which she had knelt so long, and closed the casement.

"My dear uncle," cried Louis, warmly embracing the good marquis, as they met in the saloon, on the morning following the storm, "I cannot express half the pleasure it gives me to meet you."

The marquis smiled at his nephew's warmth.

"My dear boy, I also am delighted to see you. Let me welcome you to my old estate a thousand times. But sit down—sit down, Louis; I must take a leisurely look at you. Why, you have grown a hair's breadth since we met last, and all the handsomer, too, for your wanderings!"

"Oh, uncle, I appreciate your flattery, believe me," laughed his nephew; "I confess I had rather have it from you than any other, almost. But now, how have things been going on here since I saw you? and how is my fair cousin?"

"For the first," answered the marquis, "I can give a very satisfactory reply. My affairs are in a state of prosperity, and except, possibly, that Helen and I are a little lonely at times for want of company, we do very well. I need scarcely say that I am sure we shall be all the happier for your presence. For your other question, Helen herself must be applied to when you see her this morning. She was in excellent health yesterday, and all the while we watched together a long time last night by the library window, for your appearance. And now tell me, my dear Louis, something more concerning that adventure of yours in the forest; for your sketch of it last night

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The young man gave his uncle a sketch of his hardships and mishaps, to which the good marquis listened very attentively, and which occupied some few minutes, when, just as he was finishing by mentioning his application at the cottage for shelter, Helen Montauban entered.

She was beautiful and self-possessed as she was warmly, taking the offered hand and kissing with deferential affection, the fair cheek of the lady—"my dear Helen, this is truly delightful. I am very happy to behold you again. How do you do?"

"Well, Monsieur Louis, I thank you, and you?"

"Admirably, my dear friend," and he seated himself by her side.

"You have, then, arrived at the chateau at length, Louis? It is some time since we saw you," she said, regarding him with polite interest.

"Yes, it is a long time, I think, since we met, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of a visit to the chateau."

"Your journey, I trust, was as favorable as a few drawbacks, such as travelers must meet with at times, but nothing very serious."

"My dear boy," said the marquis, "what, then, do you call serious?"

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She seemed very unusually lovely, too, this morning; for the cool, soft winds came freshly from the north, blowing her fair cheeks with a rose tint, and bringing a darker, clearer light to her beautiful eyes; and when, turning her face to him, she smiled, with more than a glow to him, the animation and cheerfulness of her countenance, saying, "What a charming hour this is, Louis! He could not help expressing the thought that lay beneath his words, that she was so charming as you are. Yet, but half so charming as you are, he returned, gaily, yet earnestly, as he kissed her fair hand. "I was just deceiving myself with the idea that you were cheating me with a shadow; I was only when you spoke that I was undeceived. I forgot that the goddess—"

"Louis, no compliments!" uttered his cousin, imperatively. "Here comes my father."

It was on the night of the adventure of Count Louis that two men might have been seen emerging from the forest and directing their steps in the road to the cottage of Hugh Lamonte, which Louis had left some ten minutes previously.

One of these, the elder, was a tall, sturdy man, dressed in the coarse garb of a peasant, and his features were by no means displeasing. At present, they wore a look of deep thought, an air almost of sternness, as he walked rapidly, and in silence, listening to his companion, who was speaking in low, but bitter and angry tones, and evidently on some exciting subject.

This man, whose dress was much the same as that of the first, had a less prepossessing appearance than the other. Like that of his companion, his countenance was unshorn and rude; but the expression of the features was sinister and forbidding, the features themselves, apart from their expression, anything but agreeable. You might have been assured a thousand times that he was nothing more or less than a simple and honest peasant, as he was generally understood to be; but for all that, you would have disliked to meet this man on the highway at midnight, or in the depths of the forest from which he had just emerged.

"I tell you," he was saying, vengefully—"I tell you, if I have but the power, I will make him pay dear for this; two of our best fellows disabled, and my own brains nearly knocked out by that arm of his. Who would think it had so much strength?"

"Chut, Gasparde!" said the other, a little sternly; "do you want to show your claws? Better speak a little lower, if you don't want to put your neck in danger. One can never tell how many ears there may be in these bushes along here."

"I can shut them up, unless they belong to another like the one that dealt with me to-night. I shall feel his fist for a little while to come."

"Do you want to put yourself in the way of feeling it again, captain? Wait till I get on his track the next time. I'll cure him of his impudence!"

"Better hold your tongue, comrade. Why didn't you cure him to-night?—three to one, and beaten at that! A fine story to tell the men!"

"Who knew he had his pistols? He must have found out before he started that somebody had drawn his teeth. Ah, he bit with them, I can tell you! If we had a dozen like him in the band, it would be worth something, captain. As it is, I'll take care he doesn't do us any harm, but that he has got off. If you had been there to-night, instead of minding something else, we might have sung a different tune; but now all the way to mend matters is to give him a little music to dance to."

"Blockhead!" muttered the elder, with a frown.

"What do you say, then, captain?" asked his companion. "But here we are, and the light is burning in the window," as they reached the cottage.

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OLD FAVORITES

My Lodging Is on the Cold Ground.

My lodging is on the cold ground,
And hard, very hard, is my fare;
But that which grieves me more, love,
Is the coldness of my dear,
Yet still he cried, "Turn, love, to me—
I pray thee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the only girl, love,
That is adored by me."

II.
With a garland of straw I will crown
Thee, love;
I'll marry thee with a rush ring;
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
So merrily I will sing.
Yet still he cried, "Turn, love, to me—
I pray thee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the only girl, love,
That is adored by me."

III.
But if thou wilt harden thy heart, love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
O, I must endure the smelt, love,
And tumble in straw all alone.
Yet still he cried, "Turn, love, to me—
I pray thee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the only girl, love,
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IV.
The Graves of a Household.
They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

V.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight
Where were those dreamers now?

VI.
One 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

VII.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep.
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

VIII.
One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wraps his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

IX.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
It leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

X.
And parted thus they rest, who played
In childhood's days of glee,
Where voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

XI.
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song and cheer—
Alas! for love, if thou were all,
And naught beyond, oh, Earth!

XII.
Surgery in Germany.
American Practitioner Would Be Out
of Place Over There.

A young surgeon who went to Germany four years ago to complete his studies in pathology, recently returned to this country. He makes this interesting comment on national differences in the profession, says the World's Work:

"It is science over there; here it's the business of healing. Here one gets the elementary things in college, learns more in hospital and in general practice, and turns the knowledge into money. The average American practitioner would be out of place over here. With them it's study, study, study from the time they receive their degree until they die. At the hospitals or meeting places, they talk nothing but shop. I have known a group of German doctors to leave their dinner half eaten to visit a case under discussion. They are the worst possible practitioners, for they are interested only in technique. I knew a man who went to a German physician with a pain in his leg. That doctor spent an hour each day for five days studying it, and after that time he knew all there was to know about that pain, but he didn't stop it. In this country we would have treated it and thought no more about it except to congratulate the patient in a few days on getting well. They don't care for the patient. He is only a specimen. I heard a doctor say perfectly mechanically that he hoped a certain patient would die so that he might learn some fact from the autopsy."

XIII.
He Cannot Lose.
The conversation happened to turn on an eccentric capitalist, who had retired from business with a fortune large enough to satisfy the average ambition, but not so large as popular report credited him with having.

"What is he doing with his money?" was asked.

"The only thing I have heard of his doing with it," was the reply, "is buying up mortgages on little one or two story houses owned by widows or orphans."

"I should call that pretty poor business for a man of his means."

"He seems to be satisfied with the investment. He never forecloses the mortgages, and never collects any interest on them."

XIV.
Dangerous Charms in Women.
Experience teaches that charms in a woman is of even greater worth than beauty. The world's history furnishes innumerable instances of this, and in the lurid light of the ghastly Serbian tragedy Queen Draga stands forth as the latest example of the wondrous power of fascination. Like the poet, unappreciated, she must be born, not made, who possesses this dangerous and subtle quality. But to a certain extent it can be cultivated, and Queen Draga made a cult of charm and its twin sister, tact, from the cradle to the grave. She was not strictly beautiful, she had no ancestry, she was very much the senior of the young King who risked his throne and finally gave his life for her; but she possessed to a marvellous degree the power to sway, to fascinate, and to hold those with whom she came in contact, says the London World.

And, furthermore, she understood the art of dressing almost better than any other woman in Europe. She died in a peignoir, but its beauty seems to have impressed even her assassins; and in life she is said to have never misser an effect or made an error in the details of her dress. In a greater country than that in which she rose to the highest position, Queen Draga would have been an European power with whom to reckon, for no woman can dress to absolute perfection and sway men and women alike by her ineffable charm without becoming a danger. Happily, the ability to do both is given only to the very few, but every woman may well be counselled to make this her ambition.

EARLY PYRAMIDS IN MEXICO.

An Archaeologist Describes Them and a City Antedating Columbus.

Great archaeological value is attached to the discovery of an ancient city in a remote portion of the state of Puebla, and in order to ascertain the exact import of the find the federal government has commissioned the sub-director of the national museum, F. Rodriguez, who is one of the foremost Mexican engineers, to visit the ruins and make investigations, says a special to the Philadelphia Press. Dr. Nicolas Leon, the archaeologist and ethnologist of the institution, accompanies him.

Dr. Leon reports that the ruins have never been known to the world of science and that they are the most primitive that have been discovered in Mexico and are, in fact, so ancient that it will require a great deal of time and study to learn in what epoch they were built, as well as by what people. Dr. Leon has made the following statement in reference to the discoveries:

"In a range of small hills that extends from north to south from the highest neighboring mountains we found a very numerous series of pyramidal constructions guarded by elaborate trenches and connected, for purposes of communication, by wide avenues, which were set off at intervals by sloping acclivities, platforms and staircases. All the pyramids were found to be quadrangular and to have been built with especial reference to the cardinal points. Those important monuments were constructed entirely of rocks and sandstones cut and laid in juxtaposition. The surface dressing of the pyramids is small stones worked into cubical forms of very ornamental appearance and laid close together.

"As a rule, every four of the pyramids surround a court. All of them are so grouped that each and every one of them guards the entrance to the courts. But if in any case the entrances are not protected, great walls with bases much wider than their summits re-enforce the pyramids. These walls are of such size that their summits are really streets.

"They are well paved with flat stones and have platforms, staircases and sloping acclivities like the avenues. On one of the highest of the platforms and at the bases of all the pyramids we found pieces of pottery which were certainly made before the time of Columbus and which were evidently the remains of a civilization relatively more advanced than that of the builders of the pyramids.

"We found also many sculptured scenes in bas-relief of prehistoric times. Figures of human beings and animals in stone and iron were quite numerous. Domestic utensils of stone painted rose color were scattered over the ground.

"Stone knives and arrow heads of the obsidian epoch were encountered in great abundance. Leagues of the mountainous country are covered with ruins."

CORN AS FUEL.

Acres of Corn Equals over Two Tons of Substitutes for coal have for many years commanded attention and especially so during the last eight or nine months in the United States, with coal prices at abnormal figures as a result of the anthracite miners' strike last year. Peat and briquetted sawdust, wood, oil, and many other substances have been under consideration, and among them also corn, this last particularly having been spoken of as something quite new, though, as a matter of fact, corn has for a long time been used as fuel in the farming districts of the western sections of the United States, and that, too, with very satisfactory results.

In a general way, it was recognized there that when corn was abundant and cheap and coal was expensive, the former made a cheaper fuel than the latter, although no scientific determination of their relative efficiency had been made until a short time ago, when tests were made by the Department of Agriculture of the University of Nebraska, says Cassler's Magazine. These showed, among other things, that of corn, which, if burned, will yield from 22,512,000 to 45,024,000 units, not counting the heat that could be obtained from the stalk. Since a ton of good coal will give up from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 units, an acre of ground each year is capable of producing fuel which is equal to from 0.87 or 1.23 to 1.74 or 2.56 tons of coal. The stalk will probably increase this amount by one-fourth or one-third.

The experience gained from boiler tests with corn fuel made it appear doubtful whether corn would be a practical fuel for the generation of power, unless it were burned in some special furnace that would assure the perfect combustion of the volatile matter which forms so large a percentage of the whole corn, and which is driven off at a comparatively low heat. Some form of automatic stoker would also be desirable, since the corn burns rapidly and must be frequently fired, making the work of the firemen very arduous, and at the same time tending to cause incomplete combustion by the excess of cold air entering through the fire door. Undoubtedly corn may, at times, be a cheap and economical fuel for domestic use. It is cleaner and more easily handled than coal and contains but a very small amount of ash. It burns rapidly with an intense heat, and this is apt to be destructive to the cast-iron flues of the stove. Here, again, therefore, some special form of fire-box, that will not be injured by the heat, and that will utilize as much of the heat as possible, should be used.

XV.
Trying Not to Grieve Papa.
"There, Georgie, you not only broke mamma's pretty dish but you told her a story about it, which is much more naughty. Papa will be so grieved when I tell him."

"Will he feel awful bad 'cause I did it, mamma?"

"Yes."

"I'm so sorry. I know what I'll do, mamma. I'll tell him you did it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

XVI.
A Proverbial Beauty.
Towne—I didn't see you at Mrs. Hanson's tea this afternoon. She was superb; the most beautiful woman there.

Brown—O, she's a reigning belle, you know.

Towne—Well, on this occasion she was only regined, but she poured—Philadelphia Press.

XVII.
Out in the Weather.
Church—They say the new moon is a "wet" one.

Gotham—Well, I don't see how it can be anything else if it has been left outdoors.—Youkers Statesman.

XVIII.
Gambling Among Workmen.
Gambling among workmen is almost unknown as compared with the same evil in Great Britain, says the Moseley commissioners.

XIX.
Rebuked.
A burglar recently broke into the home of one of the most matter-of-fact men in London. He was busily removing the silver plate when the owner appeared. The thief turned like a flash and levelled a pistol at the other's head, while he growled:

"Move a foot, guv'nor, an' you're a dead un."

"I beg your pardon," answered the other; "if I move, it will be good proof that I am alive. You should be more careful as to the meaning of your words."

XX.
Measures Small.
Just why any one would want to measure a millionth of an inch is not plain to us, yet there is a machine that will measure with accuracy that tiny distance. A picture of it, taken at the office of the United States Coast Survey in Washington, is presented herewith. The way in which it works is too technical to be popularly interesting, but it depends upon half a dozen small mirrors reflecting into each other and casting a resultant ray of light upon a fine scale.

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LAW OF FIFTY AND SIXTY.

How a Southern Judge Broke Up the Pistol-Carrying Habit.

"Speaking of pistol toters in some of the States of the South," said a man from Tennessee, "reminds me of a jurist famed in the history of the western part of my State because of an arbitrary rule laid down by him, which has been since accepted by all the judges who followed him. It now has all the force of a law promulgated by the supreme lawmaking power of the State. 'Fifty and sixty,' as they call it, is a law in West Tennessee, and has been a law in that region since the days of John Harrigan, who was for some time a judge on the criminal court in Shelby County.

"Judge Harrigan made up his mind to break up the habit of carrying pistols. To do this he established the rule of fining every man caught with a pistol on his person \$50 and sending him to the county workhouse for sixty days. During his whole administration he never departed from this rule. Every man caught with a pistol, no matter who he was, was fined \$50 and sent to the workhouse for sixty days. He had to serve the sixty days at hard labor, too. Harrigan would not turn him out. There was no power that could get him out. As a result of the enforcement of this rule pistol-toting showed a vast decrease in that section.

"I recall one case where a prominent, well-to-do young man of Arkansas was arrested for carrying a pistol. He was given 'fifty and sixty.' The Governor of Arkansas, the two United States Senators, Congressmen and other influential men tried to get the judge to temper the judgment, but he would not do it. 'Breaking a rule destroys it,' he said, and he stuck to it.

"Some time afterward a young man walked up to Judge Harrigan in the rotunda of a Memphis hotel. 'Isn't this Judge Harrigan?' said the young man. 'No, sir,' said the judge. 'I am John Harrigan. But you are the criminal court judge, aren't you?' persisted the young man. 'I am when on the bench,' said the judge, 'but here and elsewhere out of the courtroom I am John Harrigan.' He had recognized the young man from the beginning. 'By the way, Judge,' said the young man directly, while they were talking across a table, 'that 'fifty and sixty' rule of yours is all right, for it broke me of a very bad habit, that of carrying a pistol everywhere I went. The same thing might have been said by many young men who had been broken of the same habit in the same way.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.