

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER V.

week after his arrival at the chateau, stood one morning on the terrace with his fair cousin, Helen Montauban, evidently prepared for a stroll in the garden, and a sketch book in her hand. "How early, Louis?" asked Madeleine Montauban.

"Even so, Helen. I am going to spend the day in converse with Dame Nature. I have so sadly neglected since I came here. An hour, and perhaps two, proportion to the variety of the entertainment which I find."

"Then, if that is the case," returned she, in her calm, silver tones—"if that is the case, you will hardly see me again to-day. You will find no lack of company, as you may declare yourself, I have not forgotten your former wish; though they have been few and far between, I confess."

"I know there is no neighborhood so beautiful than this in the country," said Louis. "But as for extending your wanderings to the borders of the sea, that would not be quite to my liking. I shall be back here before noon."

"That is well. And pray, Louis," she said, with impressive earnestness—"do not go too deep into the forest. Remember your adventure there not seven days since."

"I have touched his lips to her fair hair, and, turning, descended the sloping bank that wound irregularly down the hillside. A slight blush rose to her beautiful cheeks, as his glance followed, for an instant, the handsome figure of the young man, and it descended when he turned back, and waving his hand to her, hastened to the spot, and re-entering the chateau, seated herself in the saloon by the window, at her embroidery. Here, putting the drapery aside, she could observe the young man, as he came and went, and she expressed to her cousin while she was working, with slow and thoughtful fingers, her favorite employment, until he had disappeared from sight, and she was no outward attraction to break the thread of meditation that she had woven in and out among the clusters and leaves expanding into life her magic touch. The marquis was busy among his books, lost to the exterior world, and wrapped in learned studies. Helen had no companion save her meditations; but they were sufficient to sustain her for one like her.

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"In that case, monsieur," returned the young girl, smiling at his frankness—"in that case, it would be useless either to give or withhold permission. It is yours, however, by right, monsieur."

"Then I will keep it. And now, since the morning is nearly gone, I think I can stay no longer. I should like to see your father, Rose; but since he does not come, I must wait until another time."

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LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

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

"Henry," whispered the bride of two hours, "you don't regret marrying me, do you?"

"What do I know what is to happen?"

"What was that nutting for, then?"

"What is your name? Tell me that. I cannot harm you."

"It is Jacques Leroux, monsieur."

"Jacques Leroux?—well, I shall remember now. But come, sit down on this bank by the roadside a moment. I wish to talk with you."

"Very well, monsieur. Only I warn you, you must not ask too many questions. It is enough that I was inclined to help you that night. You must not inquire too closely into the why and wherefore of the secrecy."

"Let me ask what I please, Jacques. You are not forced to answer, if you do not like. In the first place, then, how did you come to know all about the affair in which I was engaged?"

"That, monsieur, is one of the questions which I must decline to answer."

"Why did you conceive so great an interest in me—a stranger?"

"That I cannot tell, unless it was because I liked your appearance."

"You had seen me before, then?"

"I had seen you before, monsieur."

"Where—when?"

"It would do you no good to know."

"You are cool, Jacques. I see I shall gain no satisfaction from you. But, at least, let me know to what part of the country you belong, and whether I shall ever see you after this."

"I am not conscious of belonging anywhere in particular, monsieur, though one may be apt to see me most generally in this direction. I dare say we shall meet very often, if you remain at the chateau up there."

"You spoke of my needing assistance at a future date. Do you think it probable that I shall?"

"I do not say. One may very often need help, you know; especially when one has enemies. The old fable of the lion and the mouse is as useful to-day as ever it was."

"Where are my enemies? Who are they?"

"You know best, monsieur, whether you have gained the ill-will of any one."

"You mean—but no! What should you know concerning that? You—"

"I mean, monsieur, to speak in so many plain words, that ugly cousin of yours, Rose Lamonte—Gaspard. I should hardly dare to utter his name aloud, but I know that he is not within earshot by a long way."

"You do know, then, that he is my enemy?"

"As far as jealousy can make him, monsieur. And though he is away now, it does not follow that he may not harm you some day. He did not fancy your treatment of him the other day. But now, monsieur, I have lingered here long enough. I am going to see Hugh Lamonte."

"Ah!" exclaimed the count; "then you know Hugh?"

"Yes, monsieur. I help him sometimes, in his garden. He wants me this morning."

The young count pursued his way, thinking with some curiosity, and with a little perplexity, of his new acquaintance.

"That accounts for it," he said to himself. "He learned the story from Hugh. I suppose, or overheard something. But I wonder how he became acquainted with the danger which was awaiting me that night? However, I suppose I must not trouble myself about it."

And Jacques pursued his route to the dwelling of Hugh Lamonte—of his chief. For though Louis had no suspicion of it at present, this man was concerned, though in no very important degree, with the very gang who had sent out men to waylay him in the forest. This was the secret of his knowledge respecting their business.

(To be continued.)

A Little Run.
Mrs. Witherly—I bought this rug for the baby to play on.
Witherly—Well, don't let her know it.

Doing His Share.
Angry Father—Young man, you are sitting up too late with my daughter. Last night I heard you kissing her.
Caperton—Well, sir, some one has got to.

No Tittles.
Willie Winterman—And so you won't marry me?
Mamie Montana—Why, how perfectly ridiculous you are, Willie. Why, you're nothing but an American.

Why He Tasted Bitter.
A physician had occasion to prescribe quinine to a patient, an elderly lady who was not used to modern ways of administering medicine. The quinine was ordered in capsules—twelve, each containing four grains. About a week later the doctor was called to attend a daughter of the old lady, and he noticed what he supposed were the quinine capsules he had prescribed. Turning to the mother, he asked why she had not taken the medicine.

"Sure, doctor, do you mean that bitter powder? Yes, I took it, but had hard work getting it out of those little glass things it was put up in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pressed.
"Why, how rumpled your shirt waist is, Edith."
"Dear me! and it has only just been pressed, too."
Edith was quite as self-possessed as ever. But St. John colored deeply.

She Knew Him.
Ho—When did you begin to suspect I was in love with you?
She—The day you told me I could have anything I wanted on the bill of fare.

Important to Young Men.
A girl would rather have a half pound of 40-cent candy in a fancy box with a red ribbon round it than a pound of 80-cent candy in a paper bag.—Somerville Journal.

A Common Affliction.
"How is he fixed?"
"Oh, he has the usual strawberry appetite and prune income."—Puck.

Would Fix It.
Miss Matilda—Your company is distasteful to me.
Corporal Pinhead—Then I'll resign from it. I don't like being a soldier, anyway.

Expensive Luxuries.
Vera Hitone—Will you keep your promise and resign from your club just as soon as I become your wife?
Cal U. Mette—I'll have to. Couldn't afford both, you know.

All Scraps.
Pete—Dey tell me dat bully was always coming around here looking for scraps. Did yo' accommodate him?
Sam—Should say so. Ah hit him wid a bowl ob bash.

The Next Best Thing.
Polebunter talks about making an Arctic trip in an automobile.
"Why, he couldn't reach the pole that way."
"No, but he could come back and tell how he didn't."

Behind the Scenes.
Sweet Singer—The tragedian says is coming through the Rockies on a train last winter he couldn't see out of the windows.
Soubrette—Terrible snowstorm, I guess.
Sweet Singer—Box car, more likely.

End in Sight.
Count Vacuus—Ah, eat seems zat ze rich American girls are getting scarcer and scarcer for us.
Count Dodo—Yes, monsieur, all ze get-rich-quick concerns are receiving hard blows in America.



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A Severe Test.
Her Father (protestingly)—You wish to marry my daughter, eh? Why, she has only just graduated!
Sutor (magnanimously)—I know it! And yet I love her!—Puck.

A Comparison.
A farmer named Ed Armstrong was driving a bunch of cattle along the road near Salinas the other day, when a couple of automobile enthusiasts came tearing along at a tremendous speed. Armstrong feared that his cat, the would-be frightened and stampered, so he held up his hand and asked the automobilists to wait until he could get his herd in shape. The men only laughed at him, and continued going at full speed, defying Armstrong to catch them. He waited until his horse, took down his riata from the saddle, and was swinging the loop preparatory to landing it over their heads, when the courage of the occupants of the car waned, and the machine was brought to a sudden stop. The drivers waited patiently while the cattleman drove his herd to one side of the road, and, after thanking them kindly, he allowed them to pass, without even so much as referring to the ugly disposition they had shown until he had forced them to wait.

Stout Man—Hullo! You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.
Bow-Legged Man—You look as if you had swallowed one.

He Was a Rude Man.
"John," said the young wife who prides herself on being sensible right up to the limit, "just notice how easy-fitting my new shoes are."
"Yes, I see," answered John.
"And John," she continued, "do you know why I always get my shoes so large?"
"Oh," replied the ungallant other half of the sketch, "I suppose it's because you have such big feet."

Her Only Comment.
"Nevertheless, my dear," said the masculine portion of the combine, "there are a number of men in the world who are my mental inferiors."
"John," rejoined the wife of his bosom as she looked him square in the eye, "you were always a confirmed cynic."

Out at First.
"Sir," began the young man, "I came to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. I feel that I am not worthy of her, but—"
"Young man," interrupted the stern parent, "I fully agree with you on that point, and there is nothing further to be said on the subject. Good-evening, sir."

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People Eat Less Bread.
"Well, how's business?" asked a reporter of a wholesale flour agent.
"You would be surprised," he replied, "to know that in the time of general prosperity we are selling less flour than in hard times. From 1863 to 1865 I sold more flour than ever before or since. Business is thriving in many lines, but the country is too prosperous for the flour men and the bakers."

Why Is It? Simply because the people have money enough to buy other things than bread. When the country is hard up people get along on bread as the staple of the table. Now they use the fancy cereals, breakfast foods, can use more meat and vegetables and generally expand their diet, which, of course, lessens the demand for bread."
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GOOD Short Stories

W. J. Lampton, the humorous versifier, wrote to a man who had asked him for his photograph: "My Dear Boy—I send you the photograph for which you ask. It is such a good likeness that it hurts."

When the late "Tom" Ochiltree first started out in life he went into the practice of law with his father. "Well, Tom," the senior partner is said to have remarked, "what shall we style the firm?" Whereupon Tom immediately suggested: "Why not Thomas P. Ochiltree & Father?"

To explain why his trip had proved so poor, a commercial traveler once wrote a long account of how the weather had affected business in the territory in which he had traveled. In due time he received this reply from his firm: "We get our weather reports from Washington. Don't send us any more; what we want is orders."

It is said that Mark Twain was standing in a crowded street car, hanging to a strap, the other day. As the car swung around a corner the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist arose and bowed. "Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."

A strange story comes from China of a remarkable operation for appendicitis performed by Mrs. William H. Logan, wife of a medical missionary in China. When living in the far interior of that vast country, 800 miles from the nearest doctor, her husband was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Logan saw that his only chance of recovery lay in an operation which he asked his wife to perform according to instructions which he gave her. A more appalling position for a human being to be placed in could scarcely be imagined; but this heroic woman, who, might, perhaps, have screamed if a mouse had run over her feet, placed her husband under an anesthetic, and with her unskilled hand successfully removed his appendix. Afterward, when he had rallied sufficiently to be moved, she took him 800 miles by wagon and rail to a physician, who completed the cure.

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Book Lover Is Still Dazed.
A new woman had just moved into the neighborhood. She was of the distinct literary type. Books were her hobby.

Her neighbors called. One of them in particular seemed to desire to make an impression. She professed an enthusiasm for new books and borrowed several. The books were returned within a few days, but she would not comment as to their contents, very much to the disappointment of the lender.

Book after book was borrowed and returned with the same result. Finally, after two or three weeks, when the ambitious neighbor called again, a new morocco-bound Bible was lying on the parlor stand. The neighbor picked it up and glanced through it.

"I believe I'd like this," was the remark, the same as usual.

"Well take it," said the obliging new neighbor, "and when you finish it let me know how you like it," she added, with the slightest twinkle in her eye and a shade of suspicion in her voice.

The borrower hesitated for a moment, took the book, and was gone with it for over a week.

Finally she returned with it, laid it where she had found it, and, thanking her obliging friend, started to go without a word further.

"Well, how did you like it?" called the book lover after the other's retreating figure.

"O, I don't know," was returned; "it's good in places. But he does finally get her in the end, don't he?"

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Named After Depew.
"There is a town in western New York," says Chauncey M. Depew, "that bears my name, and in this town some persons by boring tapped a natural gas well, and thereupon formed The Depew Natural Gas Company, Limited."

"Mr. Choate and I met shortly after this on a public occasion, when both were set down for speeches. He had the last word. After dealing with other matters, he drew from his pocket the prospectus of the gas company and read it. Then he looked the company over, looked at me, and, reading the title at the head of the prospectus, queried with quiet emphasis, 'Why limited?'"—Boston Post.

Silenced by the Glare.
Hetty Green recently bought a parrot of a bird fancier who warranted the bird to be a splendid talker, but Mrs. Green found after some months that it never made a sound approaching the semblance of a word. She called on the bird fancier and demanded an explanation.

"Well, ma'am," said that worthy, "that there bird was brought up in my humble home, and I expect when it went to your residence and saw all the beautiful, luxurious surroundings, it was struck dumb with surprise. I dare say it won't ever talk again, but that ain't no ways my fault, so I can't take it back."

Why He Sat Down.
Maude Adams says that while attending a performance in the Palace Theater, London, a young dude insisted on standing up in the pit, to the great annoyance of those behind him.

Angry abouts of "Sit down!" "Turn him out!" etc., were raised, but he still persisted in keeping his position. At last a cockney in the gallery cried out in a voice of sympathy:

"Let 'im alone; he's only a poor tailor resting 'imself."

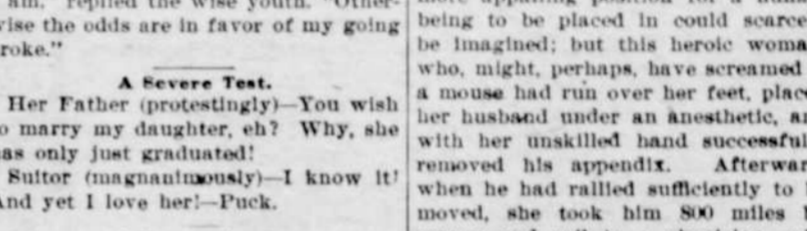
The dude sat down instantly.

It is usually the idiot who rocks the boat that lives to regret it.

There is no earthly hope for the man who boasts of his fallows.

DUTIES OF THE CARDINAL.
High Church Dignitaries Must Have Some Exceptional Qualities.

The title of cardinal makes its first appearance in history in the fourth century, and church authorities declare that the name means "principal," and that it is also derived from the Latin "cardo," which is hinge or pivot of a door. In the early days certain



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