

# The Contrabandist; A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Helen Montauban did not answer. But, at that moment, Lord Egerton directed towards her a glance, sorrowful and unquiet, and to Louis, who bent over her, that touched her, in the midst of her happiness, almost to tears, it told so eloquently of his true feelings, which he had been trying to hide ever since the arrival of Louis. It warmed her that she was not yet forgotten—that he loved her yet—what he would have given for the place occupied by another man, and which he was not allowed to secure.

The following morning, Louis, entering the library during his uncle's absence, found Rose reading in a great armchair by herself. She rose, with a slight blush, as he entered, and after exchanging a few words with him, was about to leave the apartment.

"Nay, Rose—do not go away quite yet," he said, in a gentle tone. "I have something I would say to you. Will you not wait one moment?"

"If you please, monsieur," she answered.

"In a little town, not many leagues from here, I met a friend of yours, or one who professed to be so. I am not quite sure that he is not an impostor—but no matter. His name was—Robin."

"Ah—Robin!" she repeated, in a subdued tone of mingled sadness and tenderness.

"You know him, then, dear Rose?" said Louis. "But listen, dear cousin. This young gardener declared to me that you

She went away; and, wondering, Rose unfolded the paper. Inside was written merely the words: "Come down to the cottage, dear Rose, a few moments. I will meet you there. I must speak with you directly.—Hugh Lamont."

"He has returned, then?" said Rose to herself, "and he is waiting for me? Yes—yes! I will go this moment. I will ask him to stay at home and take me back, and then I will tell them. They will be glad, perhaps, to have me go, and they will let me go. I will take my destiny into my own hands."

Throwing a handkerchief over her head, and wrapping a light mantle about her, she fastened the door of her apartment, and without saying a word to any one concerning her intention or allowing herself to be seen, she silently and secretly left the chateau by a side door, and going round the descent to the valley by a little-frequented path, was soon on the path leading to her former home.

Rose looked to see her father at the door; but he was not there, and concluding that she should find him within, she hastened forward, and had almost reached the door, when Gaspard appeared on the threshold.

"Good morning, my fair cousin!" he said, in answer to her brief and somewhat surprised greeting. "May I ask whom you seek?"

"My father, Gaspard. He is here—is he not?"

"He is ready to see you, if you will



GASPARDE'S DESPERATE THREAT.

were betrothed to him! He had been in my employ. I had discharged him because he no longer wished to remain with me. But he returned, after a long absence. He wished to become the possessor of a certain sum, he said, in order that he might purchase a small farm, and settle down; and in questioning further, I gained this information. Was not such an assertion ridiculous, dear Rose?"

With an earnest, unquiet glance, he watched her countenance. It was covered with a deep blush. Tears were in her eyes.

"It is true!" she said, in a low and sad voice.

He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Rose, is this possible?" he asked, at length, with an accent of subdued astonishment.

"I have said it," returned the young girl, inexpressibly pained by his manner.

"But, Rose, think a moment—a gardener! You, so young, so beautiful, the adopted child of a nobleman of most princely wealth! But forgive me—forgive me, dear child! I would not offend or hurt you. I am surprised—horrified—this confirmation of a most unpleasant fact. Rose, does my uncle know of this?"

"Alas, no!" answered the weeping girl.

"Nay, Helen?"

"No."

"My poor Rose! Ah, they take so much pride in you—we are all so proud of you! We love you, my child. We would give you a higher lot than this—a station more worthy of you. Think—dear Rose—what a terrible blow to them!"

"I know it," she said, in a troubled voice—"I know it! I should have told them when they wished to take me. I should have known that I should only work evil by coming hither. I should have remained in the lowly home they took me from. Ah, I shall repay with ingratitude their kindness to me—the love they feel for me!"

She leaned forward on the table, and laid her face in her hands.

"But, dear Rose, reflect; there is time yet," he urged, with a tone of earnestness and affection. "You would degrade yourself, dear Rose, were you to wed him. You would not render him happy, for he could not understand you. You would both be miserable, and you will break our hearts, Rose."

She raised her head; and checking her tears, looked at Louis mournfully.

"Monsieur, I cannot break his heart!" she said, gently. "He loves me—he trusts in me. I will not break his promise. He has said: 'I will make Robin happy.'—Robin—and you will love him still!"

He listened, breathlessly.

"I shall love him and serve him till I die, monsieur."

She said it with mournful calmness. She bent and touched her lips to his hand. Then, turning, she left the room, without once looking back.

enter," answered Gaspard, stepping aside for her to pass in.

Rose was about to do so, when something in the glance or manner of this man struck her unpleasantly. She hesitated—paused.

"If he is within," she said, "why does he not come to meet me when he hears my voice?"

"You must come in, Rose, before you can see him," he returned. "Come—enter! What are you afraid of? Come in."

But I will not come in till I have seen him. He must come to the door. Will you ask him to do so? Father!" she called.

There was utter silence.

"I do not believe he is here. You are deceiving me, Gaspard!" she cried. A horrible fear—a suspicion of treachery, filled her mind; she trembled and turned deadly pale.

Gaspard smiled. It was the smile of an incarnate fiend. His hand was laid upon her arm.

"Ah! you begin to suspect, my pretty one," he said.

"Let me go, Gaspard!" she cried, and, frightenedly, "I am faint," murmured she to herself, "and there is no help near. O, pity—pity!"

"Nay—don't be in a hurry, my sweet Rose; you see I am not," he said, still holding her arm. "Yes—you are right; your father is not here, nor will he be. I wait for you to come. I waited for you. And now it is your turn to beg. You know how scornful you were once. You would not listen to my prayers. Times are changed now. I have trapped you cleverly; you shall not escape. I promise you."

"O, have mercy, Gaspard!" she pleaded.

"Go on, my dear! I like to hear you. Ah, this is charming!"

Gaspard, you told me once, you were sorry for persecuting me, and I have loved you. A man like you would not mean to keep me here; you will let me go; you are only jesting," she prayed in her agony.

But he smiled at her with a glowering expression.

"You are mistaken entirely, my dear. What let my prize go the moment I get it into my hands? No! I mean to take good care of you, my fair Rose. I mean you shall marry me shortly, whether you will or not. You cannot say nay, if you would. How does that suit you?"

But his words fell on ears that had heard of Rose; a rushing sound, as of swelling waters, was about her, and she felt senseless to the earth.

At that moment a man sprang hastily through the bushes. It was Jacques Lamont. He gazed, first at the prostrate figure of Rose, and then at Gaspard.

"Well, what now?" asked the ruffian.

"So you have got her? Poor Rose! It shall not be!—I must not be! Leave her!" he said, excitedly. "Little Rose, I will save you!"

"Ah!" shouted Gaspard, in a tone of rage; "out of the way! Do you dare attempt to marry my daughter? Touch her, and you die! And drawing from his belt a brace of heavy pistols, he presented them, with an oath, at Jacques.

The action was so sudden that the man started back. Gaspard took the moment to draw a pistol, and with a silver whistle hanging at his breast, almost instantly half a dozen brigands surrounded him.

"Raise that fellow!" uttered their lead-

### STRETCHING IT TOO FAR.

Privilege Does Not Permit a Lawyer to Advise His Client to Commit Crime.

Judge Thomas of the United States Court has a correct idea of legal ethics, and he enforces his views with refreshing directness and decision in his declaration that the relation of attorney and client does not excuse an attorney from withholding evidence bearing upon an intention or arrangement on the part of the client to perform some illegal act in the future or the actual doing of such an act. A man under indictment had been admitted to bail and then fled. The Grand Jury desired to learn who helped him in his flight. The lawyer who represented him said he was employed to do so by a third person, and the Grand Jury desired to reach this third person and find out where the accused man was and who was privy to his escape. The lawyer declined to give this information on the ground that his relation with a client was privileged. Judge Thomas refused to recognize this as within the proper limits of professional confidence and ordered him to answer the questions.

If this view were more generally enforced by all courts the legal profession would be less often reproached as the patron of law-breaking. Honorable lawyers would not for an instant admit that their business was to make crime safe. No lawyer except the "shyster," whose type, of course, invades every profession, would deliberately set out to assist a criminal to forge or steal. But so intense is professional feeling and the desire to do full duty to a client that lawyers often fail to draw the line between guarding the rights of a client and helping him to do wrong. Lawyers have advised and helped men who have committed crime to escape on the eve of discovery. Others, as counsel for corporations, have advised how law could be violated without incurring immediate penalties and made themselves generally participants in illegal conspiracies under the protection of professional privilege. We sometimes hear such practices defended, or at least excused, on the ground that a lawyer cannot make himself the judge of what act or plan of his client coming to his knowledge is criminal, and that the only safe rule is absolute faithfulness to him in all his doings.

Judge Thomas does not take that view of the lawyer's duty and refuses to stretch the veil of professional confidence to cover flight from justice. It is perhaps not often that a case comes up offering the chance for judicial interference between lawyer and client, but it is not to be denied that some lawyers do have relations with clients which call for it when ever possible, and that all judges should be as ready as Judge Thomas to interfere.—New York Tribune.

### A Bad Speller.

"Sometimes," said Willis Washington, "I am tempted to believe in reincarnation."

"I am not surprised that you should be," answered Miss Cayenne. "You know, every one in a while you spell some word in a way that reminds me of the way those old fellows spelled in the Elizabethan period."—Washington Star.

## IS ON BLOODY SOIL.

DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT ON FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

Shaft Recalls the Story of That Decisive Engagement Between Generals McClellan and Lee—President Roosevelt in Attendance.

Forty-one years ago the bloody battle of Antietam, between the Confederate forces under Gen. Robert E. Lee and the Union troops under Gen. George B. McClellan, was fought on the soil of Maryland. In commemoration of the part taken in the engagement by the troops of New Jersey a monument was recently erected by that commonwealth, and dedicated in the presence of President Roosevelt, who delivered an address.

The battle was one of the bloodiest conflicts of the war. After the defeat of the army of the Potomac in the seven days' fighting along the Chickahominy the Confederates resolved upon an invasion of Maryland. The seven days' fighting had been highly encouraging to the Confederates, and correspondingly depressing to the Union side. The Federals had lost in those battles a total of 20,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, 32 pieces of artillery, 35,000 tons of arms and implements, quantities of military stores. What was still more discouraging, the magnificent army of McClellan had been pushed back to the James river. This situation thoroughly aroused the government at Washington. Two orders were issued in quick succession, each calling for 300,000 fresh troops, and within the brief period of three months 600,000 men were raised, armed and placed in the field.

Washington being threatened by the invasion of Maryland, measures for its further protection were adopted. The commands of Gens. Banks, Fremont and McDowell were combined and placed under Maj. Gen. John Pope. McClellan's army at Harrison's Landing and Burnside's corps, which was awaiting orders in Hampton Roads, were ordered to re-enforce Pope. The latter had then under him a splendidly equipped army of 100,000 men, and proudly made the boast that he would soon capture Richmond. In quick succession the Confederates met and defeated him at Cedar Mountain, Bull Run and Chantilly, crossed the Potomac, near Leesburg, and concentrated their forces at Frederick.

During his brief campaign Pope had lost 30,000 men, 8 general killed, 30 pieces of artillery and 20,000 stand of arms. The Confederate loss was 9,000 men and 5 general.

Pope was promptly relieved of his command and McClellan was again made commander of the army of the Potomac. McClellan, after reorganizing the broken forces, turned over to him by Pope, moved out to give battle to Gen. Lee. The right wing was commanded by Burnside, the center by Sumner, and the left by Franklin. Lee returned from Frederick and took up a strong position in front of Sharpsburg, with his front protected by Antietam creek.

Battle of Antietam.

On the afternoon of September 17 the Union forces took up their position in front of the Confederates, the Antietam creek separating the two armies. A heavy cannonading by the Federals opened the proceedings the following day, and in the afternoon Gen. Hooker's corps was sent by McClellan to force a passage across the Antietam, at the extreme right of one of the four stone bridges spanning the stream. Hooker crossed by the upper bridge, beyond the range of Confederate fire, and was soon engaged with the Confederates left under Hood. He forced the latter back and, being re-enforced during the night by Mansfield's corps, was thus in good position to resume operations the next day.

The struggle opened early in the morning of the 17th with the Confederates, some 65,000 strong, occupying their old position. The aggregate strength of the Union forces was 85,000 men. Hooker's and Mansfield's corps, 18,000 strong, were on the Confederate side of the stream, with Sumner's corps ready to follow. The rest of the Union forces had not crossed the Antietam.

Hooker opened the battle and succeeded in forcing the Confederates' left wing, commanded by Jackson, back a half a mile. Re-enforcements were hurried to Jackson's aid, and the Union troops were hurled back to their position of the morning. Sumner's corps now engaged the enemy a little to the left of Hooker, and gradually pressed back the Confederates. The latter, receiving re-enforcements, made a desperate counter attack, and Sumner met the same fate as Hooker, being hurled back to the Antietam.

The scene now changed to the extreme Union left, where the corps of Burnside and Porter were stationed. Burnside had orders to cross the Antietam by a stone bridge, all the approaches to which were commanded by the Confederate fire. He suffered heavily in attempting to reach the bridge, and seeing the futility of further sacrifice sent a force further down the creek to try and find a ford. This force succeeded in gaining the Confederate side of the stream, thus creating a diversion which enabled him to send the main body of his force across

## NEGATIVE DIETING.

Threatens to Eliminate All Natural Food from Our Bill of Fare.

Death by elimination seems to be the fate that confronts us all; that is, if we conform to all the discoveries and prohibitions which hygienic scientists present us. Such is to be the exterminating effect of food experiments that nothing will be left for us to eat if it is. The relief afforded the race by the microbotic conquests will be offset by the knowledge that there is nothing good nor safe nor nourishing under the sun; that man is born to dyspepsia and disease and death, and that the only amount of happiness he can expect is for a forty-day period by the Tanner route.

In our childhood days—we believe there are no longer such things for any member of the race—we "pieced" between meals. A big slice of bread and butter, well jammed—heaven was the vision of fulfilled desire, and we had it. But the doctors told our

mothers that "piecing" was bad for the stomach and that was eliminated. This was really the signal for the onslaught, back and forward. Babies had to have prepared foods, and the child who was not brought up on one of these could not hope to attain the prize, neither from the food company nor from life. But the adults are suffering far more. At the beginning of the day they have been denied their breakfast; to go without breakfasting has been advertised as the vade mecum of health. If you were thin you became fat; if you had embonpoint you grew gracile; if you had any ill it fled. Then came the tabloid lunch; two or three little pellets sufficed for the middle of the day. Dinner we have yet with us, but how long we know not.

Meat has been slandered because it is bad for the temperature, and for the temperament, vegetables have been ordered discarded because they made too much work for the stomach; breadstuffs are tabooed because they make too much work for the alimentary canal; fresh fruits have too much acids and cooked fruits too little nourishment. Pie, on which New England produced a race of intellectual giants, is anathematized, and ice water, the chosen stimulant of that commercial giant, the American business man, is relegated to the lower regions—where, may it be good. And now comes Dr. Wiley to insinuate that soda water and ice tea are of the devil. This contradictoryness of temperatures is confusing to the upright theological mind. What shall we do to be healthy?—St. Paul Dispatch.

## BEAR BLOCKED HIS PATH.

Man Was Willing to Give Brain the Whole Log, but He Couldn't.

Conductor Dave Houston, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, who is taking a ten days' vacation at Seaside, had a thrilling experience with a big bear which he will not soon forget. He only took a few of the incidents, as he desired to keep it quiet, but the story leaked out. Conductor Houston is a great fisherman, and never lets an opportunity slip to cast the line. He had hardly got settled at the seaside when he went out on the Necanicum river to have a fish by himself. He made his way through the brush until he came to a log, one end of which projected out into the creek. "That's the very place," thought the conductor, and adjusting his line and pole, he crept out on the log, where he found himself perched above the cool water of Necanicum creek. Houston lifted his tried and trusted pipe and then cast his line. He fished and smoked perhaps an hour without getting a bite.

Suddenly there was a movement in the bushes back of him, and then he felt the log he was sitting on tremble. Instinctively the conductor turned around, when to his amazement he gazed into the face of a big black bear. The latter seemed to be sizing him up and estimating how much of a meal the conductor would make, and whether he would "scrap" when it came to the point. For the conductor there seemed no escape. The bear sat complacently on the shore end of the log, and it was not possible for Conductor Houston to get past the monster. The bear held him there for several hours before a hunter came along and killed the animal. The bear weighed 250 pounds when dressed. Conductor Houston now has a few more grey hairs in his head as a result of his experience.—Portland Oregonian.

Ignorance is no excuse for indifference.

He left Tampa on Friday morning

## GOOD Short Stories

A statement was printed in the Topeka Capital that William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, wore a plug hat at the dinner given to President Roosevelt in Topeka. Soon after Mr. White returned to Emporia he sent this dispatch to the Capital: "Dohy story that I wore plug hat. Mob forming around office. Sheriff refuses protection. Wife consulting an attorney, seeking divorce. Printers threatening strike."

At a recent meeting of the London Authors' Club, Canon Teignmouth Shore spoke of having met James Russell Lowell shortly after that gentleman had gone as minister to England. "That distinguished man was cogitating over his first public utterance in this country, and wondering to what length he should speak. He had thought of speaking for about forty minutes. He had asked a countryman of his what his view was, and had received this answer: 'Well, Mr. Lowell, my advice to you is that if you find after you have been speaking two minutes you have not struck oil, you had better give up boring.'"

Early one morning recently, before inspecting some regiments of the manoeuvring ground, the present "Mott" of the German army, Count Haeseler, went into the regimental canteen and asked for five cents' worth of bread and sausage, such as is supplied to the ordinary soldier. The man in charge thought he would do himself a good turn by handing the general an extra large piece of either luxury. Later in the morning, when halt had been called, the general ordered the soldiers to produce the rations supplied by the canteen for five cents. Naturally, those shown were not of such satisfactory dimensions as had been sold to the chief. He said, quietly: "Take your rations back to the canteen and tell Herr M— that Count Haeseler commands him to give each of you as large a portion as he had himself for the same money. My five cents is not worth more than yours."

## DECLINE OF A BUSY CITY.

Nevada Town Once Prosperous and Progressive Now Slowly Dying.

"Virginia City, Nev., has just about reached the limit of going down hill," said George W. Sproule, clerk of the United States Court. "The authorities have abolished the street lights, discharged the solitary night watchman and reduced the fire department to two men. Listen to this," continued Mr. Sproule, as he picked up a Nevada newspaper and read: "The Virginia Enterprise says that owing to the shortness of funds in the Storey County treasury the commissioners have found it necessary to cut off all expenses possible. After the first of next month there will be no more street lights on the old Comstock. The fire department is to be reduced to two men and the one policeman now doing duty at night will be dispensed with. Poor old Virginia! It seems a pity that a place once the liveliest in the world should go so completely to the dogs that there is nothing left worth stealing and the few people left there must either stay at home nights or carry lanterns."

"I lived in Virginia City nearly 30 years ago," said Mr. Sproule, "and at that time the town had a population of 40,000 persons. It doesn't seem possible that it should have reached its present state of dilapidation. In those days it was the liveliest place in the West, bar none."

"There are hundreds of persons now living in Montana who once lived in Virginia City, and none of them but will remember the old town in its palmy days, and to think that now there isn't even a policeman on duty there!"—Helena Record.

## Not Posted.

"This is not much of a farming country around here, is it?" said the owner of a farm of several thousand acres in the Great West to an old resident on Long Island.

"It ain't, hey?" was the contemptuous reply. "I reckon you ain't very well posted about the country around here, mister. Talk about it not being no great of a farming country! Well, sir, I kin tell you that Job Hawkins' sold more'n forty dollars' worth of cauliflowers an' nineteen dollars' worth of potatoes last season, an' I know o' folks clear'n' a clean fifty dollars a year on their hens. An' yit some folks thinks this ain't no farm'n' country!"

## Cooking Schools.

A new story is told of Josiah Flynt and his tramping with tramps.

"How's the eating?" he asked a Weary Willie.

"Pretty bad, pard, and I'll tell you what's the matter. These 'ere cook'n' schools is penetratin' to the uttermost parts, and the woinin folks is learnin' how to mutilate the victuals into French dishes."—New York Times.

## Information Wanted.

"Who was it?" asked Peckham, "who said: 'Give me liberty or give me death?'"

"Patrick Henry," replied his friend.

"And what was the result?" queried Peckham. "Did they give him a divorce or did he die?"—Chicago News.

## Clever Invention.

A certain novelty looks like a full-sized cigar, but it is a pencil, and when the lower edge is turned a piece of black lead makes its appearance at the tip.

Women envy a man when they see the contented look on his face as he carelessly poses, with his hands in his pockets and whistles.

## THINKS HE IS A THEORIST.

Strenuous Life Is All Right When It Is Confined to Talk.

"Roosevelt may talk all he likes about the strenuous life," said the young-looking middle-aged man, who has always gone in for athletic sports, "but I am rather inclined to the belief that Roosevelt is more or less a theorist. Take my own case, for example. I am just exactly the same age as the president and I dare say I feel equally as young, for I have always taken good care of myself. Without ever having acquired great proficiency in any particular branch of sport I have always managed to hold my own with ordinary comers, and the early part of this season when I was asked to make the ninth man in a baseball game I had no hesitancy in accepting the invitation. That resulted in a broken finger on my right hand that incapacitated me for several weeks."

"No more baseball for me," I said to myself. "Tennis is about my size." So I switched to tennis, with the result that in jumping for a high ball at the net I came down and sprained my ankle, which laid me up for another week. Then I went down to the shore. One day in swimming out at sea I was seized with cramps and nearly drowned, and next day, while sailing, I was knocked overboard by the boom as the sail came about. Then I came home and took counsel with myself. "Golf is about your size," I said to myself, and I started in to play golf. The other day on the links I didn't hear a fellow yell "Fore" and the consequence was I got a crack in the back of my cranium that nearly put me out of business for good. The doctor said after I came to that if it had been half an inch lower I would now be twanging a golden harp. So I have about concluded that the strenuous life is only to be courted by middle-aged men when it's confined to talk."—Philadelphia Record.

Strange Story of the Killing of a Florida Judge Twenty-four Years Ago.

The following story is told to the Washington Post by J. B. Wall, of Tampa, Fla., who vouches for its accuracy.

"In 1879, William B. Center was the county judge of Hernando county, Fla., of which county Brooksville was and is the county seat. Judge Center was a widower, of about forty years of age, who resided a short distance outside the corporate limits of the village, with four young children, and two maiden sisters, who kept house for him. He was a fairly good officer, but was a dissipated man, inclined to be quarrelsome when drinking, and had made a number of enemies, by several of whom his life had been threatened more than once.

"Brooksville is fifty miles north of Tampa, and, as this was before the days of railroads in Southern Florida, our mail connections were limited to a semi-weekly mail service by hack.

"One Tuesday morning, in the early spring of that year, a friend brought into my office a copy of the Savannah Morning News, published the Saturday preceding, which in its column of Florida news items, contained the following:

"W. B. Center, county judge of Hernando county, was shot from his horse by an unknown assassin and instantly killed last Saturday morning, about 8 o'clock, while riding in his office, as was his usual custom, just where the road from Bay Post enters the town on the west."

"The occurrence made such an impression on my mind that, in the lapse of twenty-four years, I am able to give it almost verbatim.

"Judge Center having been well known to me, I naturally spent much time in speculation as to which of his enemies had probably taken his life. The following Thursday, to my great surprise, Judge Center walked into my office, having stopped one day in Tampa on his return from a visit to the Manatee River section. Of course, I hunted up the paper and showed him the account of his taking off, and we indulged in some speculation as to the source of the news item, I suggesting to him that some enemy of his, who had determined to kill him, had taken a freak idea of inserting an account of it in advance, he taking the position that some smart lackey, who had a taste for the sensational, had written it.

## He Left Tampa on Friday morning

for Brooksville, reaching home that night, and the next morning, just one week after the publication of the account of his death, and two weeks after it purported to have occurred, about 8 o'clock, and at the exact spot where it was reported to have taken place, he was shot from his horse and instantly killed, and from that day to this his assassin has never been discovered.

"I wrote to the publisher of the News to ascertain the source of its information, and was told that the letter containing the item had been mislaid, or destroyed, and no record kept of the writer.

"It was the strangest coincidence, if a coincidence, that ever came within the scope of my observation."