SISTER ROSE

By Wilkie Collins

CHAPTER XI.

"YOU know what we suffered in the first days of our suspense after the success of your stratagem," began Trudaine. "I think it was on the evening after we had seen you for the last time at St. Lazare that confused rumors of an impending convulsion in Paris first penetrated our prison walls. During the next few days the faces of the turnkeys showed us that those rumors were true and that the Reign of Terror was actually threatened with overthrow at the hands of the Moderate party. Then the news of Robespierre's attempted suicide, of his condemnation and execution, reached us. The confusion produced in the prison was beyond description. The accused who had been tried and those who had not been tried got mixed up.

"From the day of Robespierre's arrest no orders came to the prison authorities, no death lists reached the prison. The turnkeys, terrified by rumors that the lowest accomplices of the tyrant would be condemned with him, made no attempt to maintain order. Some of them, that hunchback among the rest, deserted their duties. The disorganization was so complete that when the commissioners from the new government came to St. Lazare some of us were actually half starved for want of the bare necessities of life. To inquire separately into our cases was impossible. The documents concerning us were incomprehensible to the new commissioners, and they were obliged to make short work of it by calling us up before them in dozens. Tried or not tried, we had all been arrested by the tyrant and had been accused of conspiracy against him. We were trusted by Tallien and the men of the 9th Thermidor because we had been suspected by Robespierre, Couthon and Saint-Just. Arrested informally, we were now liberated informally. When it came to my sister's turn and mine, we were not under examination five minutes. No such thing as searching question was asked us. I believe we might even have given our own names with impunity. But I had previously instructed Rose that we were to assume our mother's maiden name—Maurice. As the Citizen and Citoyenne Maurice, accordingly, we passed out of prison. Under the same name we have lived here ever since. Our future happiness will depend on our escape from death being kept a secret among us three. We must still know nothing of Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville except that they were two among the hundreds of victims guillotined during the Reign of Terror."

He took up his sister's hood, which lay in a window seat near him.

"Come, Rose," he said. "The sun is shining. The sweet spring air is inviting us out. Let us have a quiet stroll along the stream. Why should we keep our friend cooped up in this narrow little room when we have miles of beautiful landscape to show him? Come! It is high treason to Queen Nature to remain indoors on such a morning as this."

Without waiting for her reply he put on her hood, drew her arm through his and led the way out. Lomaque's face grew grave as he followed them.

"I am glad I only told the bright side of my budget of news in her presence," thought he. "She is not well at heart yet. I might have hurt her if I had not held my tongue."

They walked for awhile down the banks of the stream, talking of indifferent matters, and then returned to the cottage. They parted for a little while at the cottage door. Rose retired to her upstairs room, from which she had been summoned by her brother. Trudaine and Lomaque returned to wander along the banks of the stream.

With one accord and without a word passing between them they stopped and looked each other in the face. Trudaine spoke first. "I thank you for having spared her," he began abruptly. "She is not strong enough yet to bear hearing of a new misfortune unless I break it to her first."

"You suspect me, then, of bringing bad news?"

"I know you do. When I saw your first look at her, I knew it. Speak without fear. After three years of rest and quietness I can bear any trial calmly and, if need be, can strengthen her to bear it too. I know your news is bad, for I know beforehand that it is news of Danville. Has he discovered the secret of our escape from the guillotine?"

"No; he has not a suspicion of it. He believes, as his mother, as every one

"I thank you for having spared her."

does, that you were both executed the day after the revolutionary tribunal sentenced you to death."

"You speak positively?"

"On the authority of Danville's own act. You have asked me to speak out. Danville is on the point of being married."

"Are you certain?"

"Listen to how I made the discovery. Before last week I knew nothing of Danville except that his arrest on suspicion by Robespierre's order was, as events turned out, the saving of his life. He was imprisoned, as I told you, on the evening after he heard your names read at the prison grate. He remained in confinement at the Temple, unnoticed in the confusion—just as you remained unnoticed at St. Lazare—and he profited in the same manner as you by the overthrow of the Reign of Terror. I knew this, and I knew that he walked out of prison in the character of a persecuted victim of Robespierre, and for better than three years past I know no more. Last week I was waiting in my employer's shop, Citizen Clairfait's, for some papers to take to the counting house when an old man entered with a sealed parcel and handed it to one of the shopmen, saying:

"'Give that to Citizen Clairfait.'

"'Any name?' said the shopman.

"'The name is of no consequence,' answered the old man; 'but, if you like, you can give mine. Say the parcel came from Citizen Dubois.' And then he went out.

"'Does that old fellow live at Chalons?' I asked.

"'No,' said the shopman. 'He is here in attendance on a customer of ours, an old ex-aristocrat named Danville. She is on a visit in our town.' I leave you to imagine how that reply startled me. The shopman could answer none of the other questions I put to him. The next day I was asked to dinner by my employer. On entering the room I found his wife just putting away a lavender colored silk scarf, on which she had been embroidering in silver what looked like a crest and coat of arms.

"'I don't mind your seeing what I am about, Citizen Lomaque,' said she, 'for I know we can trust you. That scarf is sent back to us by the customer, an ex-emigrant lady of the old aristocratic school, to have her family coat of arms embroidered on it.'

"'Rather a dangerous commission, even in these mercifully democratic times, is it not?'

"'The old lady, you must know, is as proud as Lucifer and, having got back safely to France in these days of moderate republicanism, thinks she may now indulge with impunity in all her old fashioned notions. She has been an excellent customer of ours, so my husband thought it best to humor her. But he would not trust her commission to any of the workroom women to execute. We are not living under the Reign of Terror now. Still, there is nothing like being on the safe side.'

"'Pray what is this ex-emigrant's name?'

"'Danville. She is going to appear in that fine scarf at her son's marriage.'

"'Marriage!' I exclaimed, thunderstruck.

"'Yes. What are you so amazed at? By all accounts the son deserves to make a lucky marriage this time. His first wife was taken away from him in the Reign of Terror by the guillotine.'

"'Whom is he going to marry?' I inquired, still breathless.

"'The daughter of General Berthelin, an ex-aristocrat by family, like the old lady, but by principle as good a republican as ever lived, who snaps his fingers at his ancestors and says we are all descended from Adam, the first genuine sans culotte in the world.'

"The Citoyenne Clairfait gossiped on all through the dinner, but said nothing more on this subject. The very next day I made the following discoveries: Danville's mother is staying with General Berthelin's sister and daughter at Chalons. Danville himself is expected to arrive every day and escort them to Paris, where the marriage contract is to be signed at the general's house. Prompt action being necessary, I accepted my employer's commission for Paris. I left with all speed and am now on my way. On the road here the diligence by which I traveled was passed by a carriage posting at full speed. I could not see inside the carriage, but I looked at the box seat and recognized on it the old man Dubois. I said to myself what I now say again to you. 'No time is to be lost.'"

"No time shall be lost."

"Your sister?"

"It is there only that my purpose falters. If it were only possible to spare her all knowledge of this last trial and to leave the accomplishment of the terrible task to me alone?"

"I think it is possible. We must depart for Paris by the diligence tomorrow morning, and we must take your sister with us. We shall be in time. People don't sign marriage contracts in the evening after a long day's journey. Leave the care of Rose in Paris to me and also the responsibility of keeping her in ignorance of what you are doing. Go to this General Berthelin's house at a time when you know Danville is there (we can get that information through the servants) and put it beyond the power of your sister's infamous husband to add another to the list of his crimes."

"You forget the suddenness of the journey to Paris. How are we to account for it without risk of awakening my sister's suspicions?"

"Leave that to me. Let us return to the cottage at once. No; not you. There is that in your face which would betray us. Leave me to go back alone. I will say that you have gone to give some orders at the inn. Leave it to me." And, waving his hand, Lomaque turned quickly in the direction of the cottage. Nearly an hour passed before Trudaine ventured to follow him. When he entered the path which led to the garden gate, he saw his sister waiting for him at the door. Her face looked unusually animated, and she ran forward to meet him.

"Oh, Louis! I have a confession to make, and I must beg you to hear it patiently to the end. You must know that our visit Lomaque, though he came in first upon us all, occupied himself the first thing at my request, in writing the letter which is to secure us our dear old home on the banks of the Seine. When he had done, he looked at me and said, 'I should like to be present at your happy return to the house where I first saw you.' 'Come with us,' I said. 'I am not an independent man,' he answered. 'I have a margin of time allowed me at Paris, but it is not long. If I were only my own master—' And then he stopped. Louis, I remembered all we owed to him. I remembered that there was no sacrifice we ought not to be too glad to make for his sake. I felt the kindness of the wish he had expressed, and perhaps I was a little influenced by my own impatience to see my flower garden and the rooms where we used to be so happy. So I said to him: 'I am sure Louis will agree with me that our time is yours and that we shall only be too glad to advance our departure so as to make traveling leisurely enough for you to come with us to Rouen. We should be worse than ungrateful'— He stopped me. 'You have always been good to me,' he said. 'I must not impose on your kindness now. No, no! You have formalities to settle before you can leave this place.' 'Not one,' I said, for we have not, as you know, Louis. 'Why, here is your furniture, to begin with,' he said. 'A few chairs and tables hired from the inn,' I answered. 'We have only to give the landlady our key, to leave a letter for the owner of the cottage, and then'— He laughed. 'Why, to hear you talk, one would think you were as ready to travel as I am!' 'So we are,' I said. 'Quite as ready, living in the way we do here.' He shook his head, but you will not shake yours, Louis, I am sure, now you have heard my long story. You don't blame me, do you?"

Before Trudaine could answer, Lomaque looked out of the cottage window.

"I have just been telling my brother everything," said Rose.

"And what does he say?"

"He says what I say," answering for her brother—"that our time is your time, the time of our dearest friend."

"Shall it be done, then?" asked Lomaque, looking at Trudaine.

"You did quite right, dear, to speak as you did," he said gently. Then, turning to Lomaque, he added in a firmer voice, "It shall be done!"

CHAPTER XII.

TWO days after the traveling carriage described by Lomaque had passed the diligence on the road to Paris, Mme. Danville sat in the drawing room of an apartment in the Rue de Grenelle handsomely dressed for driving. Consulting a large gold watch that hung at her side and finding that it wanted a quarter of an hour to 2 o'clock, she rang her handbell and said to the maid who answered the summons:

"I have five minutes to spare. Send Dubois here with my chocolate."

The old man soon made his appearance. After handing the cup of chocolate to his mistress he ventured to pay the old lady a compliment.

"I am rejoiced to see madame looking so young and in such good spirits this morning."

"I think I have some reason for being in good spirits on the day when my son's marriage contract is to be signed," said Mme. Danville, with a gracious nod of the head. "Dubois, I shall

"Silence! Is my coach at the door?"

yet live to see him with a patent of nobility. The mob has done its worst. The end of this infamous Revolution is not far off. Our order will have its turn again soon, and then who will have such a chance at court as my son? He is noble already through his mother. He will then be noble through his wife. Though this coarse mannered, passionate old soldier father of hers be as republican as he pleases, he has inherited a name which will help my son to a peerage. The Viscount d'Auville (d with an apostrophe, Dubois)! The Viscount d'Auville! How splendid it sounds!"

"Charming, madame; charming. Ah, this second marriage of my young master begins under much better auspices than the first."

"Are your wits failing you, you old fool? What do you mean by referring to such a subject, on this day of all others? You are always harping on those two wretched people who were guillotined, as if you thought I could have saved their lives. Were you not present when my son and I met after the time of the Terror? Did you not hear my first words to him when he told me of the catastrophe? Were they not, 'Charles, I love you, but if I thought you had let those two unfortunates, who risked themselves to save me, die without risking your life in return to save them, I would never look at or speak to you again?' Did I not say that? And did he not answer: 'Mother, I risked my life for them. I proved my devotion by exposing myself to arrest. I was imprisoned, but my exertions could not save them?' Did you not stand by and hear him give that answer, overwhelmed by generous emotion as he spoke? Do you not know that he really was imprisoned in the Temple? Do you dare to think that we are to blame? I owe you much, Dubois, but if you take such liberties with me"—

"Oh, madame, I beg a thousand pardons. I was"—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAILROADS' INTERESTS.

While many of the papers read last week before the Farmers' Congress were technical and are properly treated in the farm journals, that of H. E. Lounsbury of the S. P. Co. on the subject "The Railroads' Interest in Dairy Interests" is of general concern and liberal extracts are here reproduced:

"One of the functions of the railroad traffic department is to promote the establishment of various industries along its lines. This assertion can be easily proven. The railroad is largely dependent upon the products of the country which it traverses for freight and passenger business, and the addition of a new factory or industry in its territory adds materially to the increase in volume of traffic to be handled.

The transportation of freight and passengers is the railroad's stock in trade. This is practically the only means it has of obtaining revenue, while there are numerous ways of spending it. To induce the movement of traffic, rates are therefore so adjusted as to meet the changing needs of the country, and if this were not so, and rates were prohibitive, it would be useless to talk about the establishment of any new industries.

"Applying this argument to the agricultural condition of Western Oregon, we find that in less than five years' time there has been a remarkable increase in all lines of industrial enterprise, and perhaps no industry has received a more marked advance than dairying, which is the main subject of interest at this meeting. The average citizen regards a creamery as a very small concern, but no one can look into the details of its operations and discover what it means to the agricultural interests of the country without at once becoming convinced that it plays an important part in adding to the prosperity of the farmers and others whom it serves, and while the money while it distributes to its patrons every month is considerable yet there are other resultant benefits which are considered equally as valuable.

"It is conservatively estimated that the wheat yield of the Willamette Valley for this year was something like 3,500,000 bushels, and the oats yield about the same. If we calculate that there was an average of say 18 bushels of wheat per acre, and 35 bushels of oats, it would mean that approximately 295,000 acres of land in this Valley were under cultivation with these two crops. If the example recited could be applied to these 295,000 acres, which are but a small portion of the tillable lands of the state, and I see no reason why it should not be, so as to increase the value of the various yields say $10 per acre, the increase in revenue to the farmers of the Willamette Valley from this source alone would be $2,950,000 per year. The crops raised would be practically doubled in amount, to say nothing of the vast amount of money which the operation of a number of creameries always puts in circulation. "During the past year no less than 5000 persons holding settlers' tickets from the East have passed through Portland on their way to points in this territory looking for homes. Probably most of them represent the farming class who have already sold or contemplate selling their farms in the East and moving to Oregon to enjoy the advantages of our mild climate and productive soil. Here is where the dairy industry is a most prominent factor in the movement to settle the country with a desirable class of people. No doubt but few of the new comers possess the means or inclination to go into the business of raising hops because there are practically no returns on the investment inside of two years. No doubt but few of them can spare the time in the planting of young orchard necessary to wait for the fruit to grow; but, with a creamery near at hand, they can secure a herd of dairy cows and make a good living from the start.

"I feel safe in making the assertion that a greater number of newcomers will choose to make their homes in sections where dairying is being carried on than in districts where exclusive crops are grown. In the dairy section they will find a thrifty and enterprising community where the people are busy every day in the year, and receiving an income monthly, while in the exclusive crop section most of the business is done during a few months and the revenue received once a year. It is easy to be seen that the ordinary citizen, depending upon the annual sale of crops, will put less money in circulation during the year than the man receiving a monthly income, although the latter may be smaller."

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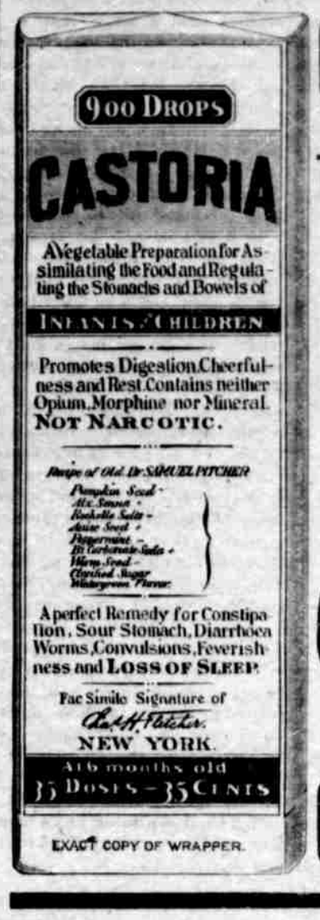

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"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cures constipation, sick headache. 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

PURE FOOD LAW.

The national pure food law introduced in the House by Congressman Tongue at the beginning of this session has been pushed so vigorously that it has passed the House by an unexpected majority. It now goes to the Senate, where it is probable that the opponents of the bill will make their real opposition. The provisions of the bill are thus sumarised:

The pure food bill inhibits the introduction into any state or territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other state or territory, or from any foreign country, or the shipment to any foreign country, of any article of food or drug which is adulterated or misbranded. The above inhibition is made to apply to any one shipping, delivering or receiving, within the regions named only, such food adulterated. Adulterations in the bill are defined as follows:

In the case of drugs, if sold under a name recognized in the United States Pharmacopeia, and the drug differs from the standards of strength, quality and purity as determined by the test laid down in such pharmacopeia, at the time of the investigation, so that its strength or purity falls below the professed standard under which it is sold; if it be an imitation of or offered for sale under the name of another article; and, in the case of a confectionery, if it contain terra alba, barytes, talc, chrome yellow or other mineral substances, or poisonous colors or flavors.

In the case of foods, when any substance is mixed with it so as to lower or injuriously affect its quality or strength, so that such product, when offered for sale, shall tend to deceive the purchaser.

If any substance or substances have been substituted for the product when sold shall tend to deceive the purchaser.

If any valuable constituent of an article has been wholly or in part abstracted.

If it be an imitation of or offered for sale under the distinct name of another article.

If it be mixed, colored, powdered or stained in a manner whereby damage of inferiority is concealed.

If it contain any added or poisonous ingredients which may render such article injurious to health.

If it is falsely labeled as a foreign produce or imitation of another substance of a previously established name, or which has been trade-marked or patented.

If it consists, in whole or in part, of a filthy, decomposed or putrid animal or vegetable substance, or any portion of animal unfit for food, or if it is the product of a diseased animal or one that has died otherwise than by slaughter.

The last section of the bill provides that any article of food or drug that is adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of this bill, and is transported, or being transported, from one state to another for sale, or if it be sold in the District of Columbia or the territories, or if it be imported from a foreign country, shall be liable to confiscation by a process of libel for condemnation in the United States courts. Such goods, it is also provided, shall not be sold in any state contrary to the laws thereof.

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