

## The Tragedy In The Rue Cresol

Remarkable Short Story Adapted from the French and Offered to Readers of the Home and Farm Magazine Section.

**T**HAT NEW YEAR'S DAY will long be remembered in the quiet little house in the Rue Crusol, where, eight days ago, there were only smiles and happiness, but where today all is desolation and horror. On the second floor, where so many merry birds twittered amid the foliage of hanging baskets filled with growing plants and flowers, giving the windows the appearance of bright and fragrant bowers, lawyers, mourners, and officers of justice have entered; and while a coffin is being borne away to Pere-Lachaise, and a carriage is rolling toward the Maison-Blanche, legal seals are affixed to everything—to the cages and the baskets; and little placards, stamped in black, announce the administrator's sale for the following Thursday.

One year ago two young men lived there in that familiar intimacy which, commenced at college and cemented by a similarity of tastes and character, occasionally produces a strong and sincere affection. Paul was studying engineering; Emile was a notary's clerk. They had been school companions, and meeting again at the beginning of the battle of life, resolved to pass together through that period of trials which intervenes between the happy days of boyhood and the experiences of after life, when it is so difficult to form new ties. The perfect harmony of their friendship was undisturbed by a single unkind word or action. Could it, then, have been other than sincere and strong, faithful and devoted?

Paul was engaged to a sweet, simple girl, and though very much in love with her, he never thought of being astonished that Emile should converse with her on the easy terms of familiar acquaintance; while Emile, who would have thrown himself into the fire to save the young girl's fan, never dreamed that his want of formality could surprise Paul. Their friendship was founded on esteem and confidence—a confidence so great that during the early part of April Paul, who had for some time been in communication with an American company for the construction of a railroad, said to his friend:

"An opportunity presents itself by which I can prove my ability, and establish myself in my profession. The superintendence of a railroad in Louisiana is offered to me. I shall be obliged to be absent for at least a year. I can not take Hortense, and the thought of leaving her breaks my heart. In love, jealousy is a virtue. I will not confide her to my brother's care, but I place her in your charge. You will guard her as you would a sister, and in one year, when I return, I shall find her faithful to her promise, and I shall make her my wife."

"You can depend on me," Emile said, simply pressing the hand of his friend. And Paul departed, free from care, and full of trust.

They were left alone—she with all the charms of youth and beauty; he with all the fervor of a young and tender heart of twenty years, susceptible to all the uncontrollable emotions of affection. Emile and Hortense renounced all selfish interests and pleasures in order to concentrate all their thoughts, all their purposes, all their wishes in the supreme gratification of performing an accepted and acknowledged duty. When Hortense would return from the studio, at the end of her lesson, Emile would go to meet her and conduct her home. They talked of love and mutual affection, he supporting the cause of the absent lover, she allowing her heart to be deluded by the soft music of his voice, which filled her soul with insidious delight. On Sunday, when there were no lessons, and the studio was closed, he accompanied her to the environs of Paris, to fetes and to places of amusement, and the passers-by, stopping to look at this couple, so young and so beautiful, on whom radiant happiness seemed to smile, exclaimed:

"Two lovers! Ah, they are in paradise."

This paradise became a hell. By dint of speaking of love to the young girl Emile felt awoken in him a magnetic echo, a world of strange, nameless sensations, the power and na-

ture of which he tried in vain to disregard, and which responded to his mental conflict by imperious demands and vehement defiance.

By dint of listening to Emile Hortense was forced to the secret confession that there was no other voice in the world which could speak the language of true passion so well, and that the woman who should receive such love would indeed be happy.

The fire which they intended to fan for another burned them to the quick, and their scruples, their duty, their vows to the absent one could not quench it. The flames spread and devoured them. Without betraying their feelings by word, look, or gesture, they gradually avoided each other's society, and never dared to speak of Paul, his love, and his hopes. His name was never mentioned. It would have sounded like a reproach ringing in their ears. Emile soon stopped paying Hortense any little attentions, so afraid was he that she would discover his secret. He talked to her of acquaintances which he pretended to have made, and of love affairs which never existed. He bought photographs of pretty women at the stationer's, and showing her one of them, said:

"That's my sweetheart. What do you think of her?"

Hortense answered with feigned indifference: "She is very pretty."

Then they separated, retired to their rooms, and wept bitterly. For two months Paul had not written. Emile's letters were unanswered. Hortense had written twice, but received no reply.

Matters had reached this pass on the morning of that fatal first of January. Emile awaited the appearance of Hortense, to offer his good wishes and presents for the year. He had succeeded in procuring from Paul's relations his photograph, reduced from a portrait, and had set it in a gold locket bearing Hortense's initials in a spray of diamonds. When the young girl received the present she opened the case, and seeing Paul's photograph, she blushed, turned pale, and began to weep.

"Why these tears?" said Emile, almost ready to suffocate. He quickly recovered himself.

"You don't understand me," said Hortense. "I weep, but it is from pleasure," and she burst into sobs.

Emile went away, and did not return until near evening. Hortense waited for him, seated by the fireplace, and still weeping. The locket, partly open, was lying on the mantelpiece. Emile, quite perplexed by her appearance, mechanically cast his eyes upon it, and uttered an exclamation. His picture had taken the place of Paul's.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Hortense, what have you done?"

"Leave me," she said, taking the locket and slipping it into her dress. "Leave me; don't speak to me—I am going mad!"

"Mad!" repeated Emile, really alarmed.

"Don't you see? Can't you understand anything?" the girl cried out, a prey to violent agitation. "Don't you see that this kind of life is impossible? Can't you understand that I love you, and that this life of falsehood and restraint is killing me!" and throwing her arms around him, she hid her face on his breast and sobbed, while he trembled like one shaking with fever. It required a few moments for this intense emotion to subside; then, making a violent effort, he disengaged himself from her embrace, and obliging her to sit down, said in a broken voice:

"Hortense, I love you!"

"Oh, Emile!" interrupted Hortense, overjoyed.

"Let me speak. I love you. For a long time I have vainly struggled against the feeling which has overwhelmed me, fool that I was. How could one help loving you? When I felt that intense love taking possession of my heart the memory of Paul rose up before me like a reproach. At this very moment it causes me deep remorse."

"But I love you," faltered the girl.

"Be still! Those words are a crime. Poor boy! He is so full of trust; relying on our honor, counting on your fidelity, on my word, he——" He stopped, overcome by emotion.

"But why is he not here?" Hortense asked, suddenly.

"Because he has confidence in us. I will not betray him for any consideration. Death sooner!"

They paused, and a strange, thrilling look was exchanged between them. All their thoughts and emotions seemed to be fixed on that idea of death, thus abruptly invoked as a menace, a refuge, and an expiation.

"Yes," said the young girl, crowding all her long pent-up feeling into that one second. "I would rather die than think of——" She did not finish. She was going to pronounce Paul's name. Emile took her two hands in his, placed himself in front of her, and with a penetrating look scanned her face, in search of confirmation of the desperate thought just expressed.

"Would you?" he asked slowly, with determined energy.

Hortense rose, and with solemn affection exclaimed: "Instantly!" and falling into each other's arms they remained in a long embrace. This was their death sentence.

The following morning at an early hour the postman appeared at the door with a letter bearing the postmark of New Orleans. He knocked and rang without avail. No one answered, and he was going away when a neighbor stopped him, saying that Emile was at home. They rang and knocked again. Suddenly the neighbor turned pale.

"Do you smell anything?" she asked, frightened.

"No," he replied.

"That smell! Charcoal! My God! Could anything have happened?"

The concierge was called, and said that the night before very late Emile had gone out to buy a sack of charcoal. The neighbor remembered that the evening before at different times she had seen Hortense at the window,

her eyes all swollen and red from crying.

There is no doubt about it," she exclaimed, "they have perished. We must send for the magistrate."

The magistrate on arriving forced open the door. The woman's predictions were only too true. Emile was lying extended on a lounge, Hortense on a chair, both cold and insensible. Restoratives were immediately applied. Alas! all their efforts to revive Emile were useless. The carbonic acid gas had done the work. He was dead. Hortense still breathed. They succeeded in restoring her. When she had recovered her senses, the magistrate proceeded to open before her the letter addressed to Emile. It contained only the words:

"My Dear Emile: I hope you are well and happy—you and your little sweetheart—for you know very well that I am not so foolish as to believe that you are waiting for my permission to fall in love with Hortense. Don't let your conscience trouble you for breaking your promise. I have been married a month. PAUL."

Hortense, on hearing this, rose, ran to the lounge where lay the body of Emile, and showing him the letter, with feverish excitement, exclaimed:

"Look, Emile, look! Isn't it an excellent joke?"

Then she burst into a peal of hysterical laughter.

She was insane.

### Tacoma to Build Fruit Warehouse.

After a conference between city officials and a representative of the Bay Island Producers' Union the Tacoma council authorized Engineer J. E. Corbin to prepare plans for a receiving warehouse for perishable freight that will be an addition to the municipal dock. The council specified that the building must not cost in excess of \$20,000. The idle money in the municipal dock fund will be used to build the structure.

## For Governor



**WM. A. CARTER**  
Of Portland, Republican

Realizing that conditions have become such as to require drastic measures for the reduction of taxes and the consequent high cost of living, William A. Carter was the first gubernatorial candidate to announce this in his platform and to stand for the semi-annual payment of taxes. The curtailment of a number of useless boards and the consolidation of others, with a saving of at least \$500,000 annually to the taxpayers of the State is to be put up to the people at the November election in the shape of an initiative measure, prepared by Mr. Carter and which is now being circulated for signatures. Other prominent planks in the Carter platform are a stand for laws to prevent the Legislature from repealing laws made by the people; to prevent cold storage of food products until same shall have spoiled, for the purpose of maintaining high prices; law giving Governor power to veto single items in appropriations; rigid law enforcement and good roads. Laws for the protection and advancement of interests of working people of the State, and building up of industries, which he advocates, are of particular interest to all who are

interested in the upbuilding of the State, while his advocacy of more active participation of women in legislation, particularly in laws affecting schools, home and domestic relations, are in line with his slogan: "PROTECT THE HOME." Inasmuch as he is a strong advocate of good roads, his candidacy should appeal strongly to those in outlying districts.

Mr. Carter was born in Greenville, Tennessee, forty years ago, and at the age of 18 moved with his parents to Jackson County, Oregon. He worked as a farm hand, a section hand, where he received \$1.37 a day, and in the mines while studying law of nights. He was admitted to the bar to practice in 1898 and been successful in his profession since. That year he was captain of a company of volunteers from the Rogue River Valley to fight in the Philippines. Was City Recorder of Gold Hill, Oregon, four terms. In 1901 he was sent to the Legislature from Jackson County and led the fight in that body for the reduction of railway fares from four to three cents. He is married and has three children.

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