

The Contrabandist; A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER V.

A week after his arrival at the chateau, Louis stood, one morning, on the terrace with his fair cousin, Helen Montauban, and evidently prepared for a stroll in search of amusement, judging from the gun and sketch book he carried.

"Away so early, Louis?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban.

"Even so, Helen. I am going to spend an hour in converse with Dame Nature, whom I have so sadly neglected since I came here. At that I scarcely dare look her in the face. An hour, and perhaps two, in proportion to the variety of the entertainment which I find."

"Then, if that is the case," returned Helen, in her calm, silver tones—"if that is the case, we shall hardly see you again till night fall. You will find no lack of amusement, as you may declare yourself, if you have not forgotten your former visits hither; though they have been few enough, I confess."

"O, I know there is no neighborhood more beautiful than this in the country," responded Louis. "But I must declare myself, my wanderings to the borders of the night, that would not be quite to my fancy. I shall be back here before noon."

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

Lightly he touched his lips to her fair hand, and, turning, descended the sloping path that would irregularly down the height.

A slight blush rose to her beautiful cheek, as her glance followed, for an instant's space, the handsome figure of the young count; and it deepened when he looked back, and seeing her still standing there, waved his hand to her. Hastily she left the spot, and re-entering the chateau, seated herself in the saloon by a window, at her embroidery. Here, putting the drapery aside, she could observe the receding figure of her cousin while pursuing, with slow and thoughtful fingers, her favorite employment.

Louis had disappeared from sight, and there was no outward attraction to break the rose-hued thread of meditation that wove itself in and out among the clustering buds and leaves expanding into life under her magic touch. The marquis was in the library among his books, looking to the exterior world, and wrapt in learned lore. Helen had no companion save her own meditations; but they were sufficient entertainment for one like her.

Louis continued to follow the main road leading from the chateau past the village, and onward to where it reached the forest, branching off into two distinct paths, one of which wound on through the forest, and the other skirted it to the left. His morning's work was before him. Turning his attention to the beauties of the quiet scenery about him, Louis paused now and then along the path, to add some charming sketch to the collection of fine drawings in his book, remembering his cousin's peculiar taste, and selecting such points as he knew would best please her. And wandering slowly and stately as he came at last within sight of the little dwelling of his pretty friend Rose.

Then Louis thought of the wish which he had expressed to her. "The cottage was at a distance yet; he wished to gain a more distinct view of it. Perhaps he should discover Rose herself seated at the door, and his scene already laid out for him.

He hastened forward. The turn in the path was soon reached, and the half-hidden cottage was in full sight now; and yes, there sat Rose at the door, working with her needle. He paused a moment to contemplate the scene. This little cottage, or farm house, so rude and plain in exterior, yet discovered to him through that open doorway, where the morning sun shone in so softly, one of the prettiest pictures in the world. Rose was looking so lovely that he could hardly commence his sketch. Yet a nearer view was needed; and, silently as possible, he moved forward, so as to trace her features distinctly, and at the same time to avoid disturbing her. Rapidly, and with a grace and vivacious touch that did justice to its present subject, Louis worked. It was the loveliest picture he had attempted that day, and he enjoyed it. Not many minutes was he in completing it, and then he advanced with a quiet step up the pathway to the door.

But Rose Lamonte was as busy with her thoughts as with her needle, and she did not bear the approaching footsteps. It was not until the shadow of the young man's form fell across the sill that she was aroused from her reverie. She looked up then, and started with some slight surprise on beholding the count. Immediately recovering herself, however, she welcomed him with a smile and hastened to offer him a seat.

He accepted it, and sat down near her. He had met Rose but twice before; yet it was in such circumstances that the awkwardness and constraint of first acquaintance was in a measure unknown to them, and it was the easiest thing in the world to fall into conversation now. He almost forgot that their acquaintance was of so recent a date, indeed.

"Where is your father, Rose, this morning?" he asked, at first. "I hoped to see him."

"I am sorry he is not here, monsieur," returned the young girl. "But he went to the forest, some more than an hour ago, to gather roots for me, and I do not know how soon he will come back. I suppose that monsieur le marquis and Mademoiselle Hele are well to-day?"

"Quite well, Rose. You have not been up to the chateau since last week, I think?"

"No. I do not think I have stayed away from there for so many days together in all the years since we came here. It seems a strange thing to inquire after them," said Rose, looking up.

"My uncle and Helen were mentioning it yesterday," rejoined Louis. "They intend sending for you to-morrow."

"O, I will not trouble them so far as to do that," responded the young girl. "I do not need any one to come for me now, because I can come alone quite as well. Will you be so good as to tell Mademoiselle Hele that I will come to-morrow?"

"I will do so—certainly," answered Louis. "But where, then, is that troublesome cousin of yours? Has he gone away?"

"Yes, monsieur. I hope we shall never see him again," she said, with a slight shudder of aversion. "My father spoke very sharply to him, and sent him to a place a great way from here. I do not know what place it was; my father did not tell me. But he says Gaspard shall never come back until he learns to be less insolent."

"What a relief that is, Rose—is it not?"

ing. But you speak as though you had wished me to forget it."

"Was not over-desirous that you should remember it," answered the man.

"And why not? You are not sorry for helping me, I trust?"

"No, monsieur; nor unable or unwilling either, for that matter, to help you again, if you should need help. And, my faith! but I am afraid you will need aid most if things prosper as they have begun," he added, in a lower and half-suspecting tone.

"What do you mean?" queried the count, not a little puzzled.

"What do I mean, monsieur? Why, the fact is, it would be hard to tell. How do I know what is to happen?"

"What was that muttering for, then? What is your name? Tell me that. I cannot harm you."

"It is Jacques Leroux, monsieur."

"Jacques Leroux!—well, I shall remember it. Tell me now, 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 far into the why and wherefore of the secret."

"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 day. 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 pretty Rose Lamonte, who is now in the chateau, and who is not without a certain amount of influence, and who is not without a certain amount of influence, and who is not without a certain amount of influence."

"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 not 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.)

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, even yet?"

"No, darling," replied Henry. "Not even yet!"

The train sped on, and she was happy for another five minutes.

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 Titles.

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 It 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.

He—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's 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 Hiltone—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—Day tell me dat bully was alporty coming around here looking for scraps. Did yo' accommodate him?

Sam—Should say so. Ah hit him wid a bowl ob hash.

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 in 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 Vacuum—Ah, eat seems sat zo 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.

Time to Run.

Sandy—Why are yer running so fast, pard?

Cinders—Dere's a lynchin' mob behind me.

Sandy—Dey don't want to lynch yer, do dey?

Cinders—No, but dey want dis clothes-line I'm wearin as suspenders fer de rope.

Scheme That Failed.

"Say," exclaimed the man in a hoarse whisper, as he met his wife at the depot, "didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother?"

"Yes," answered she, "but she opened the message and insisted on coming along to investigate."—Chicago Daily News.

A Change of Opinion.

"So they named a cigar after you?"

"Yes," answered the sporting man, in a dubious tone.

"Quite a compliment."

"I thought so till I smoked one of the cigars. Then I concluded it was a libel."

Feminine Charity.

He—Miss Elderleigh certainly has a very expressive face.

She—Yes, indeed. It's the very best money can buy.

One of Many.

Rubberton—Did Jones die without a will?

Dr. Quackem—No, indeed. He died very much against his will.

Terrible to Contemplate.

LaMonte—I see some one has invented a projectile in the shape of a cigar that will annihilate an army.

LaMoyné—You don't say! I bet if they made it in the shape of a racing automobile it would kill twice as many.

Quite Another Matter.

"Before I give you my answer," said the duffy-haired summer girl, "I would like to know if you are in a position to keep me in the style to which I have always been accustomed."

"If the styles don't change too often I am," replied the wise youth. "Otherwise the odds are in favor of my going broke."

A Severe Test.

Her Father (prototyping)—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.

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 boom 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 he is nothing further to be said on the subject. Good-evening, sir."

Servants.

First Housewife—Some days I undo about everything the servant does.

Second Housewife—Gracious! How do you dare?

Hot Bread.

Mahoolo—Ain't yer 'n wan that told me alver to drink wather wid-out bollin'?

Physician—Yes, sir.

Murhoze—This O' bov a mold to number yo. O' drank boiled wather awn almost burned me mouth off.

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 1893 to 1895 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."—Washington Star.

Power Used in Piano-Playing.

One playing on the piano the music for three songs starts enough force to raise 1,000 pounds.

Many of man's mistakes are the result of his letting desire get a strange hold on duty.

TRIAL OF A SPELLBINDER.

Must Be Prepared for Interruptions and Ready to Make His Point.

"There is no man who needs to have such quick wit as the stump speaker," said a member of the District bar who dabbled in politics out in Ohio a good deal before he came to Washington to take a government job, and eventually to practice law. "The lawyer may claim that he is the one who has the monopoly on presence of mind while he is speaking, but, for me, just give me one of those veteran politicians who spends two months every year or so trying to get votes. Sometimes it is a story and at other times an evasive answer that will quiet the crowd, but a man must always have his wits with him."

"I think I take more pride in one little reply I once made to an interruption than in anything I ever did in my whole life. I was sent one evening out to a precinct that was the stronghold of the enemy. The meeting was held in the schoolhouse, and the building was crowded, mainly with people opposed to us. In addition to the issues of the campaign a hot local fight was on, and charges of a grave and, I regret to say, accurate character had been filed against one of the candidates on our ticket. The charge had appeared in a little two-by-four sheet that was conducted in the interests of the opposition."

"I got up and started in on my speech. Of course I was interrupted, but I paid little attention to these pleasantries, for they all come in a spellbinder's life. Finally an intelligent-looking old farmer arose and respectfully begged to be allowed to ask a question. The request was so courteously made that for a moment I was off my guard, and I said as pleasantly as possible: 'Certainly.'"

"How about those charges against Sheriff Smith?" he inquired with an air of triumph, as he excitedly waved a copy of the paper in which they were printed. "I was struck speechless. Two things were against me. I was young and easily disturbed, and the charges were true, and I could not refute them. The old gentleman saw my plight, and pressed his advantage, repeating the question and shaking the paper in my face. It all came to me like a flash. 'Great Lord!' I exclaimed, in a voice of thunder. 'Do you mean to say that you, a reputable man, read that paper?'"

"That was enough. The sheet was disreputable, and the old man hung his head sheepishly for a second, and the crowd, seeing his embarrassment, hooted him until he sat down."

"I finished my speech in triumph, and think I made some votes that night, but I did not breathe easily until I was in the carriage and started for home."

BORROW A SEAMAN'S GARB.

Mendicants Who Overrun England Dressed in Sailors' Raiment.

In England there is a class of mendicants who are known to the thieves generally as "turnpike sailors." The term is used to denote a beggar masquerading in mariner's garb. Among the Wessex peasants, whose vocabulary, if limited, is singularly effective, it bears a rarer meaning. Thus they designate a particular class of "traveling folk" who roam the country from place to place as a sailor roams the sea. The name might well be applied to the whole nomad tribe—tinkers, hawkers, gipsies, itinerant showmen and the like—but for some reason or other it is confined to the tramp proper, the seedy, out-at-elbows individual who is to be seen slouching along the high road or begging from door to door in the villages.

Sometimes he is alone. More often a friend of his own degree keeps him company. Occasionally a depressed-looking wife and ragged children straggle at his heels. He toils not, neither does he spin. He "pays no rent," as an aggrieved householder remarked to the present writer, and he seldom puts into port for longer than a night at a time unless compelled by circumstances beyond his control, when he is lodged in a spacious mansion, is boarded gratis and is provided with the "job" which he professes to be always anxiously seeking and seldom manages to find. As a rule, he sleeps "rough"—in the open, that is—in any convenient shed, except when the state of his finances permits him the luxury of the tramps' lodging house, which, on the evidence of a country policeman, is "the noisiest, drunkenest" he had almost said "the filthiest"—place in the town.

Left as Willing Slaves.

Although slavery in the United States has long been abolished, there are still some reminders of the institution in the south. It is doubtful if the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln altogether abolished the idea in the minds of some good old southern families. This was clearly demonstrated by the will of an aged woman who died recently in southern Maryland. Before the war there had been many slaves in the family, and at the time of her death three old black mummies still remained of the once large number. Her goodness to her old servants was rewarded by a lifetime of devotion. They were never to leave her, and she in turn kept faith with them.

During her last illness she made a will dividing all her goods and chattels equally between three daughters. Each of her children got a barrel of pork, a cow, ten bushels of wheat and a third of the corn meal and poultry on the old homestead. Then came this paragraph, eliminating, of course, the names of the daughters:

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REGULATOR LINE

PORTLAND AND THE DALLES ROUTE

AN WAY LANDING.

STEAMERS

"BAILEY GATZERT" "DALLES CITY"

"REGULATOR" "MELLAGO"

Connecting at Lyle, Wash., with Columbia River & Northern Railway Co.

FOR

Wahkeena, Daly, Centerville, Goldendale and all Klaskan Valley points.

Steamers leave Portland daily (except Sunday) 7 a. m., connecting with C. R. & N. train at Lyle 9:30 p. m. Leaves Goldendale, arrives The Dalles 6:30 p. m.

Steamer leaves The Dalles daily (except Sunday) 7:30 a. m.

C. R. & N. train leaving Goldendale 6:35 a. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 9 p. m.

Steamer Matiko, plying between Cascade Locks and The Dalles, leaves Cascade Locks daily (except Sunday) 8 a. m., arrives The Dalles 11:30 a. m. Leaves The Dalles 8 p. m., arrives Cascade Locks 9 p. m.

The steamer Bailey Gatzert leaves Portland 7 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; leaves The Dalles 7 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Round trip tickets between these points 50 cents. Good on Steamer "Bailey Gatzert" only, affording an excellent opportunity to view the magnificent scenery of the Columbia river.

Excellent meals served on all steamers. Fine accommodations for teams and wagons.

For detailed information of rates, berth reservations, connections, etc., write or call on nearest agent, or

Gen. office, Portland, O. H. Campbell, agent.

Reele & Morse Agents, Hood River, Or.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

(Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the Valley.)

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour and Feed, etc.

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PORTLAND AND THE DALLES ROUTE

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O. R. & N.

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AND UNION PACIFIC

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Chicago	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Portland	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:30 a. m.
Huntington	St. Paul Fast Mail.	7:30 a. m.
Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:30 a. m.

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5:30 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change	6:00 p. m.
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Daily	Columbia River Steamer	5:00 p. m.
Ex. Sunday	To Astoria and Way Landings.	Ex. Sunday
6:00 p. m.		
6:45 a. m.	Willamette River Steamer, Corvallis and way landings.	9:30 p. m.
Mon., Wed. and Fri.		Tues., Thu. and Sat.
7:00 a. m.	Tamhill River.	6:30 p. m.
Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lr. Riparia 4:30 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake River.	Lr. Lewiston 5:30 a. m. Daily except Friday.

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