

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER VI.

A month passed. Louis had intended to leave the chateau at the expiration of a month. It went by, but still he lingered; and, as he had no pressing business elsewhere, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as in places where he might be so well employed. So he was in no hurry to depart.

Time passed very pleasantly at the chateau. A great portion of his days was passed indoors, in the society of his uncle and his beautiful cousin Helen; and in the pursuit of his favorite amusements. Louis was as fond of sketching as ever, and nearly every morning he might have been seen roving about the neighborhood in search of food for his pencil, as we have already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Mademoiselle Montauban the result of his labor; though, on the first occasion of this kind, it must be allowed that the exhibition of his sketches was subjected to some slight rebuff, the picture of Rose and her dwelling being withheld. For what reason, however, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew at the time.

He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, both at the chateau and at the cottage, where he had met her father also. The admiration of Louis for our pretty heroine certainly was not on any means on the decrease, while Hugh Lamonte was an enigma to him. The peculiarity of this man's appearance and manners was a matter of no little perplexity to him as to others. The gravity and reserve of Hugh were so many subjects of mystery. But it was a mystery not likely soon to be solved. Nobody knew anything concerning him previous to the time of his coming to occupy his present abode. His former place of residence was unknown. Conjecture had done her best, and the mystery remained a mystery still.

Louis often spoke with his uncle on this subject. The good marquis could only shake his head in perplexity.

"He is a strange man, that is all I can say, my dear boy," said he; "and yet there is something about him which attracts me. That lofty sternness which sometimes wears stripes on his brow, and which I never observe it without thinking of—"

"Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis.

"Of my—of Henri—your uncle, my boy. We quarrelled once, and I, and he were just that look and manner afterward. You never saw him, Louis. And the good marquis sighed.

"What was the reason of the quarrel, uncle?" asked Louis.

"It is a long story. I cannot tell you now," was the answer; "but, some day, perhaps, I will relate it to you."

It was no uncommon thing now for Louis to encounter Jacques Leroux now, in his usual stroll about the neighborhood. They often met; and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who had taken pains to render him a service, spent many an hour in conversation with him, while reclining on the banks of the valley stream, engaged in angling, or roaming over wood and hill, with his beloved portfolio, for Louis was an unwearied artist.

And all this time Gaspard was away. Hugh and Jacques along the whole where, as a neighbor, Hugh Lamonte, uneasy at a neighborhood so little to be desired, had dispatched him to manage the affairs of that portion of the chateau engaged in the contraband trade, well reasoning that, being so far distant as the coast itself, he had nothing to do with an apartment from him. Gaspard, as may be guessed, had been no little dissatisfied with this arrangement, and resolved to return, secretly, as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

It was one day when Louis had been rambling about during the whole morning, that, wearing out, he threw himself beneath the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half way between the chateau and the cottage. He had a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an hour thus. At the end of that time, however, he closed it, and taking up his gun, which he had thrown on the turf beside him, he took his way towards the road, which was not many steps distant.

But he had hardly reached it ere a bird whistled through the air, struck his left arm, ploughing up the flesh as it went, and continuing its course till it lodged in the trunk of a large tree by the roadside.

It had evidently proceeded from some place very near by, as he had not time to look for the source of the compliment, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, saturating completely the sleeve which covered it. Hastening on, he sat down by the trunk of the tree which had received the bullet, and taking his handkerchief, folded it into a bandage. At that moment, raising his eyes, he beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and the man ran up.

"What's the matter now, Monsieur Louis?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Shot in the arm? Winged like a wild fowl? Why, what—?" He glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis recognised the impression which he entertained.

"Well, my good fellow," he said, lightly, despite the slight faintness he felt from the loss of blood, "you do not think I would commit intentional suicide—do you? and if I did, I should certainly select a surer spot than this. But I am glad you are here. This one-handed work is rather awkward. Just fasten the bandage about it tightly, if you please—so. That is it. Be sure the knot is fast."

And during this time Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his own inference, to let him keep them, and tell him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had suddenly occurred to him, as he endeavored to account for the case himself, which made him resolve to trust his own dexterity in finding out the truth, and keep silent on the subject until then. For whoever had fired this shot at him was an enemy, since he could not bring himself to believe the deed unintentional, and what enemy had he besides Gaspard?

Louis passed several days in deep reflection. A double object occupied his attention, which was, in part, the discovery of the present whereabouts of Gaspard, whom he believed to be in the neighborhood, without the knowledge of Hugh Lamonte; the other part the reader will presently understand.

A half-presented scheme was in progress of completion. For a time, as we have said, he meditated on this, and finally laid it out to his own satisfaction.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are old, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Hardupp—My wife is sick, doctor. What will you charge for attending her?

Physician—Three dollars a visit.

Hardupp—Well—or we don't care to entertain visitors. Couldn't you make it a ten-minute call for a dollar?

Preparing for the Bill.

Wedely—I'm learning to swear in French.

Singleton—Because why?

Wedely—Because my wife has transferred her patronage to a French milliner.

He Was Nearsighted.

Compté d'Artois, monsieur.

"The Compté d'Artois" Hugh regarded the young man fixedly for a moment, till the red color flushed into his cheeks again. "Let me see your certificate, if you please," he said.

"This certifies that the bearer, Robin Maron, is industrious, honest and temperate, and will be found faithful and trustworthy by whoever may need his services."

Louis, Compté d'Artois.

"That is well," said Hugh, quietly, as he returned the paper. "And speaks excellently for you, Master Robin. But it is not of much use here, I am afraid. Is there nothing else you could do?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," answered Robin. "I like this neighborhood, and I have some fancy for farm work. Doubtless I could make myself useful to some of our neighbors."

Well, it is a busy time, and there is even a chance for one who comes recommended like you. Extra work-people are wanted by several of the farmers. There is Antoine Lebrun and Pierre Martin, both of whom I know need one or two more men. They live something like a mile or two beyond here. You will wish to start out, and work among some of them."

Thank you, I will try them," returned Robin, rising, and taking up his stick and bundle, which he had laid beside him on the floor.

(To be continued.)

A BRITON'S IDEA OF FREEDOM.

It was to Lett himself on the White House Lawn, and He Did It.

"I never go to Washington that I do not think of a young Englishman who went around the city with me a dozen years ago," said a man who had just returned from the inauguration ceremonies. "We saw everything that there was to be seen. He was pleased with everything, and he said so; but the thing that impressed him most was the lack of formality and the absence of guards."

"He never tired talking of this and comparing the simplicity of the arrangements in Washington with the pomp of the rulers of Europe as guarded. Particularly he was impressed by the fact that any one who wished was allowed to go into the White House grounds, and wander around without showing any passes or credentials of any kind."

"Well, one day we were wandering around and we went past the White House. The Englishman stopped and watched the stream of men and women going into the grounds."

"By Jove," he said, "it is wonderful and no mistake. Why, they let you do just as you please. Do you know, I think that if a fellow wanted to be could go in there and roll over on the lawn and there wouldn't be a person who would think of speaking to him about it. Of course, no one would speak to him about it, I said. What's more, if you want to do it I'll stay here and watch you, and if any one else says anything about it I'll help you lick him."

"Will you?" he said.

"I mean it, I said.

"He looked at me for a minute and then he walked into the White House grounds. There was a crowd there, but he no paid the least attention to him. He went out on the lawn, right in front of the main entrance to the building, and lay down flat on his back. Then he rolled over three times, slowly and deliberately. Then he got up and walked out of the grounds, as happy as though he had found \$10.

"No one looked at him, and no one spoke to him; to roll over on the White House lawn might have been the proper thing to do so far as the attention that it attracted went. The Englishman said that if he had acted that way in any of the capitals on the other side he would have been locked up as a dangerous character. He was very proud of his exploit and I suppose that he is still telling the story of it in England."—New York Sun.

Never Again.

At the mounted games of Squadron A, not so many years ago, a bright young man sat between two pretty girls. In the potato race a trooper of the name of Bellamy came in second.

"Ah! I am so sorry," exclaimed one of the fair ones. "It seemed once as though he would win."

"But," said the bright young man, "he was looking backward" (which had been true).

"He wasn't," snapped the girl. "He never turned around once."

Now the bright young man says he will probably go through life and never see another Bellamy looking backward. Such is the fate of a punster.—New York Evening Sun.

Would Never Do.

"I was thinking," said the architect, "that you might call the house The Crescent."

"Not on your life," protested the proprietor of the new theater, "that would be a hoodoo from the start. The crescent is never full."—Philadelphia Press.

Sharp Travel.

The Actor—Do many actors come to this locality?

The Farmer—Should say so. Why, I can't keep a fence because the boys use all the rails to ride them out of town on."

His Knowledge of Eggs.

"Some physicians declare," remarked the statistician, "that there is as much strength in a couple of eggs as in a pound of beef."

"Huh!" snorted the actor, "are you sure they mentioned beef or Limburger cheese?"—Philadelphia Press.

Her Last Chance.

"That man, my dear, who courts Miss Bess is rather fast, they say."

"He'll have to be quite fast or she won't let him get away."—Baltimore Press.

Ingenious Artist.

Friend—How did you ever get that beautiful red sunrise.

Artist—I sketched a tomato.

Which Is Worst.

The Optimist—Sunshine always follows rain.

The Pessimist—Rain always follows sunshine.—Somerville Journal.

JOLLY JOKER

Some days ago two little fellows of 7 and 8 years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The 7-year-old boy listened intently to the conversation, when the older boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly: "You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I!" replied the younger. "I do know. I know for certain, I do."

"Well, now, what is it?"

"It's bones with the people off!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Spare Room.

"We're a trifle upset," said the man who lives in a flat. "Had to take all our winter clothes out of the hall closet."

"Why, how was that?"

"To put up a cot in it; friend from out of town dropped in yesterday and spent the night with us."—Philadelphia Press.

Paid for Her Trouble.

Tess—Roxley's young widow has \$2,000,000, I hear.

Jess—Yes; but just think of earning that much money in one year.

Tess—Why, she didn't earn the money herself.

Jess—Of course she did. Wasn't she married to him for a year?—Philadelphia Press.

Apprehensive.

Willie—Er—darling, w-w-hat are those heavy sounds on the stairs?

Madge—That's only papa walking in his sleep.

Willie (skeptically)—Does er—does he sleep with his shoes on?—Baltimore American.

Worse than Lottery.

"Love, after all is a lottery."

"It's worse than that, my boy, for when a man draws a prize it frequently costs him all he's got."—Detroit Free Press.

One of Many.

Mifkins—How does your friend Hooker spend his time since he retired from active business?

Hifkins—Oh, he fishes all summer and lies about it all winter.

Putting Him Wise.

He (on the beach)—What a pity to go into the water with that pretty bathing suit.

She—Oh, I am not going into the water. This is the suit I take my sun bath in.

Never Wore Them.

"That chap must have come out here to starve," said Amber Pete.

"Why so?" asked the new arrival in the Western town.

"He's a collar salesman."

Accommodating.

Mendicant—Can you help a poor man out, sir?

Pat Party—I am sorry I am too stout to grant your request, but I have a big bonce in the other room, and he will give you any assistance you need.

What Always Happens.

She—Your proposal was quite unexpected.

He—That being the case, you should have prepared for it.

She—Because why?

He—Because it's the unexpected that always happens, you know.

All in the Family.

He—Why you be my wife?

She—Certainly not.

He—Then will you grant me one favor?

She—What is it?

He—Be a mother to me. Father is going to propose to you to-night.

Then He Pondered.

Rose—Isn't it funny, Mr. Sapp, how one person's feelings affect others?

Charlie Sapp—How do you mean?

Rose—Why, you said you felt better when you traveled, and so did every one around here.

Grief.

When the postman brought the widow only a bill for her mourning goods, she burst into tears.

"How cruel and indelicate to make me think of earthly things when my grief is so new!" she wailed. "Besides, the gowns don't fit!"

About Women.

Some women are close observers and all women are clothes observers.—Somerville Journal.

A Long Job.

Newsam—I suppose you heard that Bragg had committed suicide.

Grewsum—You mean Bragg, the self-made man?

Newsam—Yes.

Grewsum—Well, well; so he finished himself at last, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

Catching Ring-Tail Monkeys.

Ring-tail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, are caught in an interesting way. A cocoon is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the cut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wire. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoon on his paw and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at a tree trunk.

The Onset of Prevention.

Cholly—What makes you think old Niggard thought you had come to him to borrow money?

Jack—Oh, he began talking right away about how hard up he was.—Somerville Journal.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

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

DEALER IN

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

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Lumber Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

THE GLACIER

Published Every Thursday
\$1.50 A YEAR.

Advertising, 50 cents per inch, single column, per month; one-half inch or less, 25 cents. Reading notices, 5 cents a line each insertion.

THE GLACIER prints all the local news fit to print.

When you see it in THE GLACIER you may know that others see it.

REGULATOR LINE

PORTLAND AND THE DALLES ROUTE
All Way Landings.

STEAMERS

"BAILEY GAZETTE" "DALLES CITY" "REGULATOR" "MELTAKO" (Connecting at Lyle, Wash., with Columbia River & Northern Railway Co. FOR

Whakens, Daily, Centerville, Goldendale and Klallam Valley points.

Steamers leave Portland daily (except Sunday) 7 a. m., connecting with C. & N. train at Lyle 6:30 p. m. for Goldendale, arrive The Dalles 6:30 p. m. Leave The Dalles daily (except Sunday) 7:30 a. m. C. & N. train leaving Goldendale 6:15 a. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. Steamer Netlick, leaving Cascade Locks and The Dalles, leaves Cascade Locks daily (except Sunday) 8 a. m., arrives The Dalles 1:30 p. m. Leaves The Dalles 8 a. m., arrives Cascade Locks 6 p. m. The steamer Bailey Gazette 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 Gazette" 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.

J. C. Campbell, Manager. Gen. Office, Portland, Or. Beale & Morse Agents, Hood River, Or.

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago Special \$1.00 m. S. P. \$1.50 m. Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East	4:00 p. m.
Astoria Express \$1.35 p. m. Huntington	St. Paul Fast Mail	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail \$1.00 m. Spokane	Atlantic Express	7:30 a. m.

70 HOURS

PORTLAND TO CHICAGO
No Change of Cars.
Lowest Rates. Quickest Time.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

\$3.00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change	5:00 p. m.
	For San Francisco—Sails every 3 days	
Daily Ex. Sunday 4:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers.	5:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
	To Astoria and Way Landings.	
4:45 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River.	2:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
	Salem, Independence, Crook, Jewell and way landings	
7:30 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Vanilla River.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
	Oregon City, Dayton and way landings	
11:15 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Snake River.	11:15 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
	Riparian to Lewiston.	
	Ly. Lewiston	8:00 a. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

A. N. ROAR, Agent, Hood River.