

LAZARRE

By *Mary Hartwell Catherwood*

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WANDERING.

Chapter I—Continued.

The Indian led me upstairs to one of the chambers and opened the door. In the room was Louis Philippe, and when we were shut alone together, he embraced me and kissed me as I did not know men embraced and kissed.

"Do you know Skenedonk?" I exclaimed.

"If you mean the Indian who brought you at my order, he was my guide from Montreal."

"But he was not with you at the potter's camp."

"Yes, he was in the hut, wrapped in his blanket, and after you drove the door in he heard all that was said. 'Lazarre'—Louis Philippe took my face in his hands—'make a clean breast of it.' We sat down, and I told him without being questioned what I was going to do. He gravely considered.

"I saw you enter the house, and had a suspicion of your undertaking. It is the worst venture you could possibly make at this time. We will begin with my family. Any belief in you into which I may have been betrayed is no guaranty of Monsieur's belief. You understand," said Louis Philippe, "that Monsieur stands next to the throne if there is no dauphin, or an idiot dauphin?"

I said I understood.

"Monsieur is not a bad man. But Belonger, who took charge of the dauphin, has in some manner and for some reason, provided himself with a substitute, and he utterly denies you. Further, supposing that you are the heir of France, restored to your family and proclaimed—of what use is it to present yourself before the French people now? They are so-called with this Napoleon. The empire seems to them a far greater thing than any legitimate monarchy. Of what use, do I say? It would be a positive danger for you to appear in France at this time. Napoleon has proscribed every Bourbon. Any prince caught alive in France will be put to death. Do you know what he did last year to the Duke d'Enghien? He sent him to Germany for the duke, who had never harmed him, never conspired against him—had done nothing, in fact, except live an innocent life away from the seat of Napoleon's power. The duke was brought to Paris under guard and put in the dungeons of Vincennes. He demanded to see Bonaparte. Bonaparte would not see him. He was tried by night, his grave being already dug in the castle ditch. That lovely young fellow—he was scarcely above 20—was taken out to the ditch and shot like a dog."

"I stood up with my hands clenched.

"Sit down," said Louis Philippe. "There is no room in the world at this time for anybody but that jealous monster."

"He shall not lie to me here," I said.

"You intend to go?"

"I intend to go."

"This Bonaparte," said Louis Philippe, "has his troubles. He has married an American in Baltimore. A fine explosion that will make when it reaches his ears. Where are you going to land, Lazarre?"

I said that must depend on the ship I took.

"And what are you going to do when you land?"

"I would like to think that out later."

Then the spirit being upon me, I burst bounds and told him impetuously that I was going to learn what he had said and attack him with my fists, without friends, or power or prospects, or certainty of any good results—impudent—reckless—utterly rash—I am going. I cried, "because I must depend on the ship I take."

"There is something about you which inspires love, my boy," said Louis Philippe; and I heard him with astonishment. "Perhaps it comes from the mother; she was a witcher of all mankind."

"I cannot understand why anyone should love so ignorant a creature, but God grant that there be others that love me, too; for I have lived a life stunted of all affection. And, indeed, I did not know I wanted it until last year. When we talked late the other night, and you told me the history of all my family, the cruellest part of my lot seemed the separation from those that belonged to me. Separation from what is our own ought not to be imposed upon us even by God Himself!"

"What?" said Louis Philippe. "Is he following a woman?"

My face burned, and probably went white, for I felt the blood go back on my heart. He took my hand and stroked it.

"Don't chain yourself behind that chariot. Wait a little while for your good star to rise. I wish I had money. I wish I could be of use to you in France. I wish I stood nearer to Monsieur, for your sake. Every one must love this bold, pure face. It bears some resemblance to Madame Royal. The sister of the dauphin is a good girl, not many years your senior. Much dominated by her uncles, but a royal duchess it is the fashion to laugh at chivalry. You are the most foolish example of it I ever saw! It is like seeing a knight without horse, armor or purse, set out to win a campaign before he pursues his quest! Yet I love you for it, my boy!"

"It would be well for me if I had more friends like you."

"Why, I can be of no use! I cannot go back to France at this time, and if I could, what is my influence there? I must wander around in foreign parts, a private gentleman, asking out my living by some kind of industry. What are you

but delicious masses of grayness they were, roofed with thick and overhanging thatch.

"The stables of France are nothing but covered dunghills," Doctor Chantry grumbled; so when I crept with the Indian to lodging over the cattle, one of the beds in the house was hired for the gouty master. Even at Inns there were two or three beds in a room where they set us to dine.

"An English innkeeper would throw their furniture into the fire and cry in a language fortunately not understood."

"But we have two good rooms on the ground floor, and another for Skenedonk. I sometimes remonstrated with him, 'at three shillings and sixpence a day, in your money.'"

"You would not see any man, let his rank be what it may," Doctor Chantry retorted, "dining at the table in the inn-land. And look at these walls!—papered with two or three kinds of paper, the bare spots hung with tapestry moth-eaten and filled with spiders. And what have we for table—a board on cross-bars! And the oaken chairs are rush-bottomed, and so straight the backs are a persecution! The door hinges creak in these inns, the wet blows through—"

So his complaints went on, for there never was a man who got so much out of small miseries. Skenedonk and I must have failed to see all in our travels that he put before us. For we were full of enjoyment and wonder; at the country people, wooden shod, the women's caps and long cloaks; at the quiet fair roads which multiplied themselves until we often paused enchanted in a fairy world of sameness; at market towns, where fountains in the squares were older than America, the country out of which we arrived.

Skenedonk heard without shifting a muscle all Doctor Chantry's grievances; and I told him we ought to cherish them, for they were views of life we could not take ourselves. Few people are made so delicately that they lose color and fall at the sight of raw tripe brought in by a proud hostess to show her respect for a dinner; or at the sight of a woman with a table with its head tucked beneath its wing.

"We are fed with poulet, poulet, nothing but poulet," said Doctor Chantry, "and the poulets themselves are ashamed to look us in the face!"

We fared well, indeed, and the wine was good, and as strongly to him as I sustain myself on it though it proved his death. He could not march as Skenedonk and I regularly marched. We hired a cart to lift him and our knapsacks from village to village, with a driver who carried the road to Paris. When the distances were long we sometimes mounted beside him. I noticed that the soil of this country had not the rank look of other lands which I afterwards saw to the east and north; but Napoleon was already making good the ancient thoroughfares.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

HOW HITCHCOCK "ARRIVED"

Funny Man of "King Dodo" Had Many Tribulations Before He Made Good.

A few months in the chorus of the W. T. Carleton Opera company convinced Raymond Hitchcock, who plays the title role in "King Dodo," that he would have a hard time doing as funny as he could in that organization, so he became a minstrel. For two years he was an end man in Charley White's company, rattling the bones, thumping the tambourine, and helping to pull the intercomer's chestnuts out of the fire. He found it such hard work that he fell back on his mournful face and pathetic voice and became the leading tragedian of a centennial-traveling combination.

Hitchcock himself says that fond flatterers should see his original creation of a number of years ago, Hawkshaw, the demon detective, so realistically in a Wisconsin town that before morning half of the leading citizens had departed for parts unknown.

Hitchcock's real life work appears to be the making of many people laugh by dressing up in ridiculous clothes and doing funny things. He got started a number of years ago in the playhouse Castle Garden Opera companies in a minor capacity. And he had a pretty hard time of it at first.

Hitchcock has no ambition to write a comic opera—at least he did have. It was eight years ago that he wrote the book for a masterpiece in three acts, which was called "King Dodo." Louis F. Gottschalk wrote the music and the only reason the thing wasn't a howling success was the fact that Mr. Hitchcock's kind and thoughtful landlady burned up the two coal scuttles full of the last act one day in a well meant effort to tidy up his room. Since then he has shunned the muse and stuck to amusing other people.

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