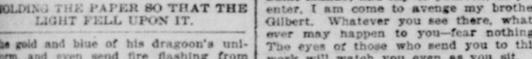




Copyright, 1907, by Max Pemberton. PART I.

The Chevalier Eugene Sabatier was accounted one of the handsomest rogues in all Paris. But he looked neither handsome nor rugged when he stood in the main room of the Hotel Beauriville on the 23rd day of May in the year 1790, and reflected earnestly upon the strange tale related to him by the physician, had just called on him.



He held the paper so that the light fell upon it. The gold and blue of his dragon's uniform, and even send fire flashing from the heavy brass helmet he held in his hand. As for Mademoiselle Corinne, the mistress of the Hotel Beauriville, she sat in a low chair drawn far behind the curtain of the window that her pretty face was all in the shadow; nor could you distinguish the color of her robe nor the tint of the lace which hid her exquisitely white neck.

"Eugene," she asked, earnestly, "you will avenge your brother?" "As God is my witness," he answered, "I will know the truth this night."

The woods of Vincennes were very dark when Eugene Sabatier passed through them on his way to his brother's house. But his head was too full of terrible thoughts to permit him to notice the state of the night or even the dangers of the road.

"Eugene," she said, for they had been chosen together, and no formalities stood between them. "Eugene, do not think that Antonio would jest with you at such a moment. This is no new thing to him. He has known your brother, Count Brives, for twenty years."

"You are right," he answered, "but I am not a child. I know that Antonio would not jest with me at such a moment. This is no new thing to him. He has known your brother, Count Brives, for twenty years."

"Antonio is never wrong," said Corinne, "if you ask him. He will tell you the truth. Your brother was poisoned three weeks after he became marshal of the palace—an appointment which Antonio Sabatier had applied for but had failed to obtain."

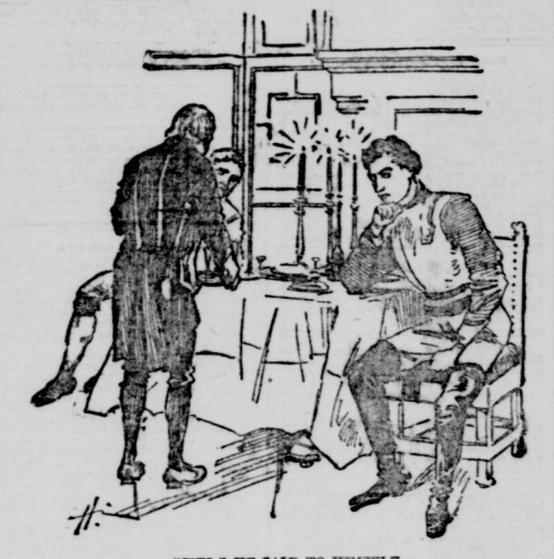
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and to dream of a day when there should be no sign of wealth and station before them. That day would come quickly enough if his brother, the Count of Brives, were to die, since the count had neither wife nor child, and the title and lands would then descend to him. He remembered that Corinne had promised that all this should happen twenty hours after he had sat down to supper at the chateau, and he laughed again at the absurdity of her promise. Only when he remembered poor Gilbert did his own courage come back to him; and riding quickly out of the wood he swore that the truth should be hidden no longer.

He was not more than a hundred yards from the gloomy house now, and he could hear the voices of boatmen rising up from the river bank. Behind him lay Paris, her lights beginning to shine brightly as in joy of the newly come night; before him the road sloped gently toward the Seine, meeting it at last at a point where the Marne flows into the greater stream. He could see his brother's chateau, which had the shape of an old time fortress, standing up black and threatening almost at the water's edge. In the distance it appeared to be the stronghold of the hamlet, which lay in its shadow, a hamlet of tumbling cottages with old Norman church, red roofed, squat, yet with picturesque. But when you rode into the one street of this village, you observed that a meadow lay between the great house and its humbler children, and that the former was graced about with a wood of poplars. Indeed, it was a very lovely house, and all the villagers murmured it, as they shunned its melancholy, silent, solitude, loving master, Count Charles of Brives.

These villagers were all going to their beds when the young captain of Condé's legion rode at a canter through their hamlet. He, on his part, took little notice of them or of their dwellings, so entirely did apprehension of the peril to come play upon his mind. Twice already had



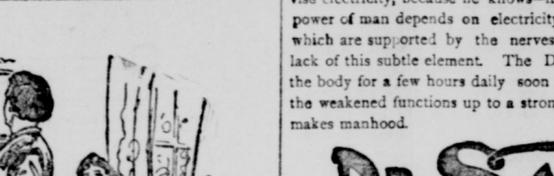
"CIEL," HE SAID TO HIMSELF.

He perused the slip of parchment which old Antonio had entrusted to him with so stern a warning; but now, at the mouth of the village, he drew rein for the third time, and holding the paper so that the light from the lantern of the inn fell upon this or that word, he read every word of it again and again; and having read it, he repeated it twenty times aloud to be sure that his memory had it. There were but three lines of writing in all—done clearly in great bold characters; and Eugene soon knew them so well that he could say them backwards or forwards as he pleased.

Beware of the purple glass. The half of that within it is life. The whole is death.

"Bah," said he, tearing the paper into shreds and letting the night wind scatter it. "They tell a tale to frighten children—not men. What an injustice to believe this of my brother until I have something beyond an old man's gabble to go upon. How should he know of a purple glass, and how can there be both life and death within it? I will listen to no such fables; but sup with the count as a brother should."

This was all very well in promise, but the performance was a different matter. Though Sabatier kept telling himself that he had nothing to fear, his heart beat wildly when ultimately he stood at the gate of the chateau, and heard the great bell booming in the tower above him. What he hearkened if that gate, which now shut behind him with such an ominous clang, should never open to his knock again. How if the wren should find his body lapped upon by the waters of the Seine? He had nothing to do but to try vainly to clothe him with warmth. He could not suppress a shudder when a voice whispered in his ear—"all this is



"DIEU," CRIED HE, "DO YOU FORGET THAT I AM GOING TO THE HOUSE OF MY BROTHER?"

great silver vein of the valley, he began to be more fearful than ever he had been in all his life. And this was surprising, since there was no danger of his being lapped by the waters of the Seine, nor was there any chance of his being lapped by the waters of the Seine, nor was there any chance of his being lapped by the waters of the Seine.

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was half of a mind to hint to his brother the cruel slander put around about him; but, restraining himself, he began to talk of the Hotel Beauriville and of its fascinating mistress. "You have seen Corinne lately?" he asked indifferently. "The count looked up quickly. 'You speak of Mademoiselle de Monteville?' he asked. 'Certainly I do, but I thought you were such good friends.' 'Count Charles shrugged his shoulders. 'I know her a little,' said he with assumed nonchalance, 'and you—' 'Oh," said Eugene, with whole-hearted energy, 'I know her very well indeed, brother.' The count put out his glass that Armand might fill it with champagne. The action helped him to conceal from Eugene the deep flush upon his face, and the angry brightness of his eyes. But he said no word to betray himself; and began cleverly to talk of other subjects with a loquacity quite foreign to him. As for the younger man, though he was quite content now to believe that Corinne had told him a silly story, none the less did the influence of his surroundings weigh heavily upon him.

His face was dark as the great room in which he sat; and just as in that chamber eight candles cast an aureole of light at its center, so in his own heart was there a glow of light where he remembered his love for pretty Corinne. "Shall I ever see her again?" he asked. A relentless fonder warned him that he might not. Danger seemed all about him. He knew that his brother hated him, hated him because his mother had loved him, hated him for his looks, his friends, his successes. But he did not know that he hated him most of all because of his very name. "Armand," he cried to the toothless old serving man, "bring a flask of Armagnac and set glasses. You can go to the lodge then."

Eugene was surprised at the request. "Do you live alone here, brother?" he asked. "Certainly," replied the count; "am I not a soldier who has been alone all my life?" It was a bitter question, and Eugene shuddered—he knew not why. Far from feeling his brother wrong, he pitied him and would have been very glad to have said so; but just when the word was upon his lips, Armand returned with the flask of wine of Armagnac and two long glasses, which he set upon the table. Eugene observed their color immediately. They were of a deep purple tint. "Ciel," he murmured to himself, while his heart beat fast and the blood rushed to his brain, "the purple glass!" In the same moment, Armand left the room; and a little while after a gate in the court yard was shut with a loud clang. The brothers were alone in the house of gloom.

(To be concluded.)

AN EDGAR ALLEN POE-M. Hear the flutter with his flute— Silver flute. Oh, what a world of waiting is awakened by its tone! How it demurely— How it demurely— How it demurely—

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How it demurely— How it demurely— How it demurely—

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Table with columns: No. 1, No. 2, Lv., Ar., No. 3, No. 4. Rows: 4:00pm, 4:15pm, 4:30pm, 4:45pm, 5:00pm, 5:15pm, 5:30pm, 5:45pm, 6:00pm, 6:15pm, 6:30pm, 6:45pm, 7:00pm, 7:15pm, 7:30pm, 7:45pm, 8:00pm, 8:15pm, 8:30pm, 8:45pm, 9:00pm, 9:15pm, 9:30pm, 9:45pm, 10:00pm, 10:15pm, 10:30pm, 10:45pm, 11:00pm, 11:15pm, 11:30pm, 11:45pm, 12:00am, 12:15am, 12:30am, 12:45am.

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