

# The MARSHAL

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**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I**—Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney dines, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, in the home of the lad's parents in the village of Vielles, France, where the emperor had briefly stopped to hold a council of war. Napoleon prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte.

**CHAPTER II**—At the age of ten Francis meets a stranger who is astonished when the boy tells him he may one day be a marshal of France under another Napoleon.

**CHAPTER III**—Francis demonstrates his nerve by climbing a lofty church steeple. This deed is witnessed by the stranger who marvels at the boy's sameness and asks him to visit him at the Chateau.

**CHAPTER IV**—Francis visits General the Baron Gaspard Gourgand, who with Alice, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns with the emperor.

**CHAPTER V**—Francis' father loses his possessions in a game of chance.

**CHAPTER VI**—The general offers Francis a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon.

**CHAPTER VII**—Marquis Zappi and son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Francis shows marked attention to Marquis Zappi because he once saved the life of the general. The Marquis before leaving for America asks the boy to be a friend of his son. Francis solemnly promises.

**CHAPTER IX**—Francis goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward to the general. Alice, Pietro and Francis meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francis saves his life.

**CHAPTER X**—The general discovers Francis loves Alice, and extracts promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro.

**CHAPTER XI**—Francis is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years, in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants and through him sends word to his friends of his plight.

**CHAPTER XII**—The general, Alice and Pietro hear from Francis and plan his rescue.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Francis as a guest of the Austrian governor of the castle prison inspects the interior of the wine cellar of the Zappis.

**CHAPTER XIV**—Francis receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. He starts and reaches the wine cellar.

**CHAPTER XV**—Francis goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. He has an interview with Alice before leaving and nearly reveals his love for her.

**CHAPTER XVI**—Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys.

**CHAPTER XVII**—Francis takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother, Francis lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the Prince and his mother to escape.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—Francis escapes through a secret passage from the wine cellar. Alice awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy."

**CHAPTER XIX**—Francis, as guest of Harry Hampton on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to America to manage Pietro's estate in Virginia.

**CHAPTER XX**—Francis wins respect and admiration of the aristocratic southerners. He becomes a favorite in the home of the Hampton.

**CHAPTER XXI**—Lucy Hampton falls in love with Francis and pleads with him for the story of Napoleon.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

**CHAPTER XXII.**

**The Story Again.**

The girl, her face lifted to him, looked bewildered. "I don't understand." The visionary eyes stared at her un-



Stretched Out His Arm as if to Hold a Sword.

certainly. "I have never told this thing," he said in a low tone. "Ah—but it's only me," begged the girl. "Only you, Mademoiselle!" His voice went on as if reflecting aloud. "It is the guiding star of my life—that story; yet I may tell it"—he paused—"to only you!" Again the girl quivered, feeling the intensity, mistaking its meaning. "I should be glad if you would tell it."

she spoke almost in a whisper, but Francis, floating backward on a strong tide to those old beloved days, did not notice.

"It may seem a simple affair to you, Mademoiselle—I can not tell that. It has affected my life. The way of it was this: Napoleon marched to Germany in the year 1813, and passed with his staff through our village. The house of my father was the largest in the village, and it was chosen to be, for an hour, the Emperor's headquarters, and the Emperor held a council of war, he and his generals, there. I, a child of three, was sleeping in a room which opened from the great room, and I awakened with the sound of voices, and ran in, un-noticed, for they were all bent over the table, looking at the maps and lists of the mayor—and I pulled at the sword of Marshal Ney. And the marshal, turning quickly, knocked me over, I cried out, and my grandmother ran to me, and I have often heard her tell how she peeped from the door under the shoulder of the big sentry who would not let her pass, and how she saw a young general pick me up and set me on my feet, and how all the great officers laughed when he said that the sword was in contest between Marshal Ney and me. And how, then, the young general suggested that, to settle the point amicably, the marshal should draw his sword and give me the accolade—the blow of knighting. And so, Mademoiselle, to shorten the tale, it was not the marshal, but the Emperor himself who chose to do it. He made me kneel before him, I—a baby—and he struck my shoulder the blow of the accolade, and said the words which I have told you."

Francis sprang to his feet and stood as he repeated once more the Emperor's words. His voice shook.

"Rise Chevalier Francis Beaupre, one day a Marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he cried, thrilled through with the words which he repeated.

The girl leaning forward, watched him; with a gasp she spoke. "Then—that is why you are really Chevalier Beaupre? Did the Emperor have the right to—to knight you?"

"But yes, Mademoiselle," Francis answered with decision. "I have studied the question, and I believe that the accolade—the knighting—was always a right of the monarchs of France, dismissed, perhaps at times, but yet held in abeyance, a right."

The glance of the brilliant eyes met hers with a frank calmness which showed that he claimed nothing which he did not feel; that this haphazard nobility had lived in his soul and grown with his growth, and come to be part of him. With a gentle humility, very winning as it sprang from his gentle pride, he went on.

"I know, Mademoiselle, that I am a peasant and that I must be content with a small place in life at the present. I know this. And even that position which I have is more than my brothers. For you must know, Mademoiselle, that the others grew up to be farmers or tradesmen." He hesitated, and then in a few words told her of General Gourgand, the seigneur of Vielles, and how he had given the peasant boy all the opportunities which his own son could have had. And as he talked he remembered how, after his father's ruin, he had stood inside the bare, little, new cottage and watched through the window his mother standing at the gate and talking to the seigneur, who held Lisette's bridle. It seemed to him he could see the dark braided hair of La Claire, coiled around her head, and the deep point of her white neck-handkerchief as she stood with her back to him, and the big bow of the apron tied about her waist. The picture came vividly. And it opened his heart so that he talked on, and told this strange or in a strange land many things that had lain close and silent in his heart. He told her about the general's gruffness, which could not hide his goodness; and how he had come to be the child of the castle as well as of the cottage; something of Pietro also he told her; but he did not mention Alice.

"You spoke of three children, Monsieur; who was the third?" asked Lucy.

Francis went on as if he had not heard the question. "It was a happy life, Mademoiselle," he said. "And it has been so ever since—even, for the most part, in prison. I have wondered at times if the world is all filled with such kind people as I have met, or if it is just my good luck."

Lucy Hampton had been reading aloud to her sick black mammy that day, and some of the words of the book she had read came to her, and seemed to fit. "The kingdom of God is within you," she quoted softly, to Francis. Then she considered a moment.

"Monsieur, would it be impertinent for me to ask you a question—a personal question?"

"I think not, Mademoiselle," he smiled at her.

She went on, hesitating a little. "Father was talking of how Prince Louis Bonaparte served, a few years ago, with the Italian revolutionists. I wondered if—by chance you had fought under him."

He shook his head. "I had not that happiness, Mademoiselle." "The heir of the Bonapartes now is that Prince Louis Napoleon, is it not?" she questioned. "Yes, Mademoiselle." "And he made an attempt on the city of Strasburg, a few months ago, and was tried for it—and all that—father talked about it so much I could not help knowing a little about it, but I don't remember distinctly."

"But certainly, Mademoiselle. It was the prince."

"Then, haven't they just done something to him? Isn't there something people are interested in just now about that Prince Louis?"

The grave bright smile flashed out at her. "In truth, Mademoiselle, there is. The prince was shipped by his jailers on the frigate Andromède more than four months ago, for what port is unknown. One has not heard of him lately, and there are fears that he may have suffered shipwreck. But I do not fear. It is the hope of France, it is France's destiny which the Andromède carries. It will carry that great cargo safely. The young prince will yet come to his own, and I—and perhaps you, Mademoiselle—who knows?—will cry for him 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

The tone full of feeling thrilled through the girl. She flushed and stammered as she went on, but Francis, carried away by his enthusiasm, did not think of it. "If you will let me ask just one question more, Monsieur, I will promise not to ask any after."

The flicker of amusement lighted his face. "Ask me a thousand, Mademoiselle."

"No, only one. Did that seigneur—that General Gourgand—did he have any—any daughter?"

The Frenchman rose in a business-like way, the way of a teacher of language at the end of a lesson.

"One," he answered briefly in a matter-of-fact tone. And then, "Mademoiselle has talked enchantingly well this evening, but I have perhaps talked too much. I may have tired Mademoiselle. I have the honor to wish you a good evening."

His heels together, he stood in the doorway and made his bow. "Au plaisir de vous revoir," he said, and was gone.

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

**MADE AUXILIARY BISHOP**

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 14.—Rev. Edward Kozlowski, formerly of Bay City, Mich., was consecrated auxiliary bishop of Milwaukee in St. Stanislaw's church today before a large congregation and a number of visiting prelates and priests. The new bishop was escorted to the church by a large parade of uniformed Polish societies and church organizations. Archbishop Messmer officiated at the consecration ceremony.

**INDIANA MONUMENT DEALERS**

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 14.—The Indiana Retail Monument Dealers' association began its annual convention in this city today with many members in attendance. During the day reports of officers were presented and a number of questions of interest to the membership discussed. The gathering will end tomorrow evening with a banquet for the dealers, manufacturers and others connected with the trade.

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**U. S. MOST WONDERFUL LAND**

Resident of Bombay Says He Regards America Most Remarkable Nation on Earth.

Washington.—"India, to Americans the most wonderful country in the world, is not nearly so interesting as the United States," remarked J. B. Rose of Bombay, a practitioner of the new science of chiropractic, who with his American wife is making a tour



Full Dress Costumes of the Children of Mr. Rose's Home Land.

of this country, and is at the Raleigh.

"Many Americans have told me that they enjoyed India more than any other country," he continued. "I cannot understand it, for I look upon this country as the most remarkable nation on earth. If I were to select a place to live, I should pick Washington as the most delightful city. It is far more beautiful, cleaner, and more interesting than any city I have visited in this country; and as for Europe, there is no city that can compare with it. Bombay and Calcutta, the two principal cities of India, are exceedingly interesting and curious, I have no doubt. I was born in Bombay. My father was a Hindu and my mother an American of Scotch-Irish parentage. When I was a boy I went among the sick and I found that I was deeply interested. I studied the science of chiropractic and have practiced it for several years. There are very few chiropractors in the United States. In India the science is growing rapidly in popularity. It is an advanced form of osteopathy, and it is claimed that many diseases can be permanently cured by it. It is a simple method of adjusting the spine, which as we know, is the seat of the nervous system.

"Calcutta is the most modern city in India," added Doctor Rose. "It has skyscrapers, improved streets, sewerage, public utilities, including trams, electric lights, and telephones, and while the climate is exceedingly hot, it is invariably tempered by daily rainfalls. Our hotels are not so modern, perhaps, as the best hotels of your principal cities, but life is pleasant in the cities of India.

"Mohammedanism, perhaps, received a severe blow when the war against Turkey in Europe drove the religion out of Europe," concluded Doctor Rose. "I am a Mohammedan, and nothing could ever persuade me to change my religion, but I am forced to the belief that the victory over the Turks will in all probability lead to many of them changing their faith Mohammedanism, however, will flourish as long as the world lasts."

**SPOILS OF ATHENS FROM SEA**

Ancient Treasures of Fabulous Value Found on Ship Off Tunis—Cargo of Sculpture.

London.—Sunken art treasures of fabulous value have just been recovered from the wreck of a ship off Madhia on the Tunisian coast.

Tunisian ships sent to investigate the report of Greek sponge fishers found a sunken vessel of about 400 tons, 100 feet long and 25 broad. She was laden with an extraordinary cargo, consisting of blocks of marble, bases and capitals for columns, cippi, statues, furniture, tiles, leaden piping, lamps, amphorae, etc.

Among the fragments were found figures of a demigod and a maiden and fawn, which correspond almost exactly with the Borghese vase dug up in Rome and now in the Louvre. A Hermes of Dionysos bears the signature "Boethos," the sculptor of the celebrated "Child With a Goose" of the second century B. C.

In the bottom of the hold the treasure seekers found about 60 columns of bluish-white marble 13 feet high. All the inscriptions deciphered relate to Attica and personages of the middle fourth century B. C.

Some writing on lead ingots also is in the Latin of that epoch and experts have concluded that the vessel was loaded in Attica for Rome and probably the cargo was the spoil after the taking of Athens by Sulla in 88 B. C.

Deprive Town of Water. Denver.—In an effort to kill off the new town of Ramona, where the sale of liquor is permitted, prohibitionists of Colorado Springs cut off Ramona's water supply, it is alleged. An investigation is under way.

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