

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS OF ELLSWORTH YOUNG

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.

that. Then horse and lad shot out

ing, for he had run his horse hard, and

ing. The captain took a step close to

game-cock, have you? But wait. Do

you know what we will do to you, you

bantam of a Frenchman? Do you know

how we will treat you for this, we Aus-

Color deepened in his cheeks, and

"You may do what you like, Mes-

sieurs," he said gaily. "It is for you;

my part is done. The prince is safe.

CHAPTER XIV.

The window of the cell was small,

but it was low enough so that a man

standing could see from it the vast

François drew up his figure magnifi-

trians?"

cently.

him and shook his fist in his face.

SYNOPSIS.

France under another Homaparte. At the age of ten Francols meets a stranger who is astonished when the boy tells him of his ambition. Francols visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empireunder Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. indion with stories of his campaigns, fination with stories of his cappaigns, fination with the crossing and hated himself of the futility of the words. But the Queen stood with a hand hat the Queen stood with a hand hat the former store of the Austrian general, with but a word. He sust him the queen stood with a hand hat the queen stood with a hand hat the differ of momentary anxiety, for the Queen. It was a life of momentary anxiety, for the Queen hat the queen stood with a hand hat the prince were for momentary anxiety, for the Queen hat the will not held the queen stood with a hand hat the will not held the queen stood with a hand hat the prince were for momentary anxiety, for the Queen hat the queen stood with a hand hat the will not held the queen stood with a hand hat the will not held the prince with the general adders. The boy campaigned with the general adders the prince with the general adders the prince with the general adders the prince with the general adders thought. The other boy's face turned to him. The other boy's face turned to him. The other boy's face turned to him. The other boy's face

CHAPTER XII.

The Mother of a Prince.

The walls of the palace at Ancona dropped to the sea; against them the waves danced. Out on the blue water lay a fleet of fishing-boats, and the wind flapped torn sails, and the sunlight glanced on battered bulls and littered decks. The woman who sat by an open window of the palace pushed the black trailing of her gown from her, as if the somberness hurt her eyes; she laid her head against the window-frame and stared at the breeze-tossed waves and the fishing

"It may be our only hope of escape -those wretched boats," she said, half aloud, and her blue eyes were full of sadness, almost of hopelessness.

A sound caught her ear, and she lifted her head quickly. The door into the next room was partly open and some one moved there, that was all She turned, the lines of her figure falling again into a melancholy pose.

"The doctor takes a long time," she spoke, and gazed out once more to the

girl years before who had romped in travel." the gardens of Malmaison, who had led the laughter which echoed through those avenues of lime and plantain. whose sweetness and vivacity had drawn the figure of Napoleon himself into the vortex of gladness which was her atmosphere. Always brightness Queen smiled at him. seemed to follow her through the en-

most more intense than she could bear Five days before, at Forli, her older gage is on board. It will be known boy had died, and her sore heart stirred with a sickening throb as she thought of this other-Louis now her only child, lying in the room beyond in a high fever, ill with the disease with which his brother had fallen A woman's soul might well be overcrowded with such sorrow and such fear, but there was more. Her two boys had thrown in their let shortly before with the Italian revolutionists. and had fought, and had distinguished themselves. And now that the revolution of the Romagna was a failure. that the Austrian army was advancing victoriously, now that death had taken the older to safety, the younger -Louis-the invalid lad in the room beyond, was in imminent danger. He was excepted from the general amnesty; the natural ways of escape were closed, for the authorities of Tuscany and of Switzerland had let her know that the Prince would not be permitted in those territories. From Rome two of her son's uncles. Cardinal Fesch and King Jerome, had sent Francois Was on His Knee by the word that if he were taken by the Austrians he was lost. And at the moment when Hortense had decided to carry her boy off to Turkey by way of Corfu, an Austrian fleet appeared in the Adriatic.

in such a critical state were the affairs of the black-gowned woman who gazed from the palace windows to the sea. The doctor was with her son. The boy's condition seemed to her no better, but worse than the day before; she waited an official verdict. The door opened and she looked up as a tall man came in.

"Doctor," she stammered and stopped-she feared to ask.

"Your majesty," the old man said sreater privacy by Fritz and the docgravely, "I grieve to be the bearer of bad news."

could not face more trouble.

increased since yesterday. With his palace in which she was staying had see her sad-faced boy so pleased and his manner, stared at him, annoyed as and, by leaning close to the bars, the youth and s-rength we may nope-if been chosen for the residence of the exhibitated, did remember, and was the tale of the emperor, promising so hill that sloped down into wooded he is carefully nursed—but to move general commanding. The probability gracious and grateful to the young well, halted at its beginning. The country; beyond that the sand of the him would be madness."

for me-bow can I save him?"

And the doctor still stood silent,

tense did always the unexpected thing. She shook her finger at him.

"I'm not going to tell you," she said "At least not till I have to—not till Prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed, ory of a groom whom no one of the dismounted riders, straight toward the tomorrow at all events. But all today, word was brought that a messenger half-awake soldiers knew for Prince landlord's horse held by a groom unfriend—my best friend," he explained take, children like them. There was a shock of gently.

Mothers for 24 years. They are so preasures to the landlord's horse held by a groom unfriend—my best friend," he explained take, children like them. There was a shock of gently.

Louis Napoleon; in the middle of der the trees. There was a shock of gently.

A. S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv. think that you are saving the Prince Queen. from his enemies-and tomorrow you was gone.

sall for Corfu?" she demanded.

unhesitatingly.

"You will see that the luggage of she ordered.

There had been a spirited young that his Highness is well enough to that he can travel with your Majesty upon the prince's face.

Fritz knew perfectly that there was

"You shall know about it, Fritz." The daughter of France she had is for you and me to make them be flashed defiance at a world of enemies. been, the queen of Holland, and now lieve it, Fritz. You must get a pass- and she went over and threw her arm glance between drooping lids, "What this lad he?" port signed by all of the authoritiestive, in her nephew's palace at An- that is easy today; you must engage cona, with the Austrians at the gate his place in the packet for tonight; not take you. I can save you." of the city, she waited in anxiety al- you must tell the servants-tell every



an ill woman. Do you understand the that his head lifted a little from the emperor, which miladi-her majestyplan, Fritz?"

"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz answered with his face alight.

And so the packet sailed for Corfu, tossing with fever in a little room ternally. beyond his mother's, carried there for

Two days later, as the Queen sat Louis Napoleon demanded, laughing highnesses will remember, was in a "He is worse, Doctor?" The words quietly by her boy's bedside, she heard boyishly. "Mother, he saved my life most dangerous condition. Desperate came with a gasp; she felt that she that the vanguard of the Austrians from the falling wall. Do you remem- bands-" Why was it the landlord had entered the city, and almost at ber the story of my runaway trip?" Yes, your Majesty, the fever has once Fritz came to tell her that the And Hortense, smiling, delighted to The party, caught by the fervor of sky and the sea-line six miles away. of this had not entered her mind; it Frenchman. "It is a good omen to man stood as if drawn to his tiptoes, shore. The jailer stood close by the

Queen Hortense struck her hands | seemed the last straw. The Austrian | have you come to us today," she said | every muscle tense, his head turned | little window in the stormy sunset for before at Dijon.

So for a week they lived side by prince to safety?" suffering with the impotent desire to side with their enemies and only a might think that the Prince were capture, for his room was next that not dared to hope for yet."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Ruse.

"Let me see him too, my mother." puzzled and pleased, the physician "It may be that I can help you. I told, the Marquis Zappi. Their pass- hubbub of voices, and a mass of uniwish to help."

dered, and a moment later the young slight alert person whose delicate face awakening the least suspicion. man who was for years the confiden- was made remarkable by a pair of Fritz Rickenbach considered it his sage they might have remarked that was full of friends high and low. business to know everything. "To be trembled as he looked at the he answered the Queen's question.

tomorrow.

morning, too good to be true. Yet it mere secretary as I am I am yet must believe that he is gone, and it shall not take you," and her eyes emperor."

drawing together under the concentra- and then filled with tears. tion of her brain.

laughed—a spontaneous laughter him; he looks like Napoleon!" which seemed to flood her with youth- A deferential knock sounded at the in the employ of the Marquis Zappi, thick grizzled hair,

his bearing, his accent.

the Bonapartes?"

parte seemed to remember something, had carried in four battles?

pillow as he waited for the answer. "Francois Beaupre, sire." The young as also to the highnesses."

man seemed to be out of breath. servants of Hortense moved busily was it? Not in Rome-not in Switzerhad not sailed in the packet but lay other hand was on his shoulder fra- strongly, for the tale.

"The old chateau of Vicques-my was going to remember, didn't 1?"

together. "What can I do? What can officer demanded the Queen's own with all the dazzling charm which she toward the doorway, listening. Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of the tree years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor National Poleon, in the home of the lad's parents in the village of Vicques, France, where in the village of Vicques, France, where the emperor had briefly stopped to hold a stays he will be taken—they will die of that poleon, in the home of the lad's parents in the village of Vicques, France, where the stays he will be taken—they will die of that poleon, in the home of the lad's parents in the village of Vicques, France, where the demanded the queen's own to throw into a sentence.

And the doorway, insteads of the doorway of the how how to throw into a sentence.

And the doorway, insteads of the doorway, insteads of the doorway, insteads of the doorway of the how how to throw into a sentence.

And the doorway of the lady of the how how to throw into a sente row, and help me carry away the the court of the inn.

> The dark young face was pale, standing startled. He spoke fast and coming back." help her. "If-If only the Austrians few feet lay between the Prince and "Your majesty, it is a happiness I had low. "Madame, it is a squad of Aus-

The other boy's face turned to him, princes-if the prince-" He glanced "Why, my dear old Pietro!" and flung alive with the crossing and weaving that they might recognize a man's and he answered very simply, "But uncertainly from one lad to the other. out his hands eagerly toward the man,

Madame de Campan flashed for a mo- both to change and be the sons of procession of whose true character landlerd. "Hide him, take care of him care of you these five years." late queen of Holland, as they all are responsible." knew more or less clearly, drove away | There was the rush of a flying figure

ports were examined and they went formed figures fell toward him as he "Send Fritz to me," the Queen or In a moment Fritz introduced a through the gates of the city without threw himself on the horse. A sol-

Not once in all their dramatic series sword twinkled and the man was unmore of the history of her middle visionary shadows, yet alive with fire. tense and her sons betrayed, but they there was a vortex of men and a franyears, perhaps, than any other, stood One saw first those uncommon eyes had to fear the indiscretion of their tic borse, and riding the storm a buoybefore her. "Fritz, when does a packet and then the man. If they had not friends more than the malignity of ant figure of fury, flashing a blade, been entirely concerned with his mes- their enemies, and this part of Italy with infinite swiftness, this way and

At length it was time for Prince from the living canvas, streaked the night," your Majesty," he answered Prince's face; that his voice shook as Louis and the sham marquis to drop background of trees a second and were their liveries and travel as the sons gone, and the Austrian troopers scram-"I have the unhappiness, your Maj- of the English woman for whom their bled into their saddles to follow. Prince Louis is on board, and that a esty, to bring you had news," he said. passport was made out. The clothes Through sun-spotted, breeze-tossed carriage is ready to take him there." speaking to her, but still gazing ea which Beaupre was to wear had be woods tore the chase; across a road gerly at the Prince. "The Marquis longed to the young man dead at Forli and over a low fence, and still Fran-"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz still Zappl, my employer, is ill. He was -Louis Bonaparte's brother-and as cois led, but the heavy horses gained. stood regarding her seriously. "It is taken suddenly last night, and today he presented himself dressed in them. It was a hopeless hunt, for the landa great happiness to me, your Majesty. is much worse, and there is no chance he saw the painful flush which crept lord's mount was no match for the

"Your highness, I am sorry," he light weight and clever horsemanship The Queen threw out her hands with stammered. "It is grief to me." And counted, and it was fully four miles a complication somewhere, and he a gesture of hopelessness. "What can then he threw himself impulsively on from the inn when Bleu-bleu stumbled wanted to know what it was. His we do?" she exclaimed. "Am I to plan his knees by the side of Louis' chair, and fell at a ditch, and Francois curiosity was patent, but his deep in- and plan and have always an uncon- "My prince, I wear them with rever- pitched over his head. His lead was terest in the affairs of his people querable obstacle? Can I not save ence," he said, and then, hesitating, he short by now, and they were on him could not be an impertinence, and the my boy? I might have known that added: "Perhaps I would seem less in a moment, in a mass; he was seized everything seemed too bright this unworthy if your highness knew that, by a dozen burly Austrians. ment of the place; always she said. "The Austrians are com- is not possible that after all they I am noble. It is not simple Francois as he stood panting, staring defiantly. me-you will not repeat that name? I seemed to move in galety. Today, on ing. The Prince can not be moved. should"—she looked at her son; her Beaupre whom you honor, but a man a March morning of 1830, this was she If they take him, it means death. They courage came springing back, "They created chevaller by the sword of the manded sternly, and wheeled to a was not quite steady. I must have

about his neck. "Louis, don't let your- is it you mean, monsieur?" he deself be excited, dearest. They shall manded, But at the moment the queen entered the room, and the lads sprang shook his head. "No, my captain, I It was as if she put a spur to her to their feet. Her eyes caught the have never seen this one." one that the Prince goes to Corfu. brain; there was a moment's silence picture of the young Frenchman in his the word of the doctor as to her son. and you must see that the proper lug- and the two lads watched her brows new dress at once; they opened wide

"Louis, Louis!" she cried, and laid "Of course," she said suddenly, and her hand on his arm. "He looks like

fulness. She turned her blue glance door. Francois sprang to it, and the swiftly on the newcomer, the slender landlord stood in the opening, bowing boy with the luminous eyes, "You are elaborately-a soldiery old man with

"A thousand pardons for disturbing "But yes, your majesty. I am the miladi and the messieurs," and miladi secretary of Monsieur le Marquis" smiled forgiveness. "Might an old She paused a second, seemed to take soldier of the emperor dare to say that stock of the young man, of his looks, one could not help knowing the emperor's kinsmen?" He bowed low You are French. Have you a sym- again to both boys alike, and again pathy with the family of my son, with | Hortenee smiled at him. It was comforting to know that the two seemed it was as if a door had been opened brothers to the world in general, and nto a furnace, so the eyes blazed she was so used to recognition and Your majesty, I would give my life loyalty now that they appeared to befor his highness," he said quietly. The long together. "Might an old soldier impassive face of the young prince of the emperor dare to show miladiturned toward the speaker, and the her majesty-and the highnesses, the half-shut heavy glance, which had the sword which the emperor himself had Napoleonic gift of holding a picture, touched, the sword which he. Jean rested on him attentively. Louis Bona- Gredin, an old culrassier of the guard, "What is your name, monsieur?" he was a little story of the sword, a story that I stay, but they will not molest asked, and it might have been noticed also of the wonderful goodness of the permitting, he would like to tell to her

And, her majesty permitting, and "Sire!" Louis Napoleon repeated. And the boys pleased and interested, the and all day before the sailing the then, "I have seen you before. Where old cavalryman brought the sword and drew it from its sheath and gave it to between the palace and the boat, car- land-ah!" His hand flew out, and each of them to handle, and called on rying luggage and making arrange with that Francois was on his knee by them to remark how it was as keen ments. And only one or two knew the bedside, and had kissed the out- and bright as it had ever been at Ulm the secret that Prince Louis Bonaparte stretched thin fingers, and the prince's or Austerlitz. He cleared his throat,

> "Miladi-her majesty-permitting." he began, "it was on a day two days playfellow, Francois. I told you then after the great battle of Austerlitz. The country, as her majesty and the stopped?

a better light as he dropped the medi-

council of war. Napoleon prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Honaparte. At the rope of the way," she cried in an agony rope—the friends of Hortense; it was of indecision. "Doctor, tell me, think an officer who had protected her years the marquis and travel with us, tomor- open door at the end, which gave on aloud. "If the governor had been here this would not have been allowed to "Mon dieu!" He faced the three, run on. I am glad the governor is

> With that the prisoner threw off the trian soldiers; they are upon us. What cover from his shoulders and sat up can we do?" He hesitated only a sec- suddenly, with wild bright eyes star-"Bleu-bleu-my horse saddled ing at the jailer. "Pietro!" he called in astonishment.

But the game was out of his hands, and would have sprung from the bed

the old cavalryman gleaming in his held him down, yet gently. "Be quiet, signor," he said respectfully. "It is Marquis Zappi was to put on another palace, and out between the lines of "It is monsieur there who is the only old Battista; you will see if you The vivacity of the schoolgirl of livery, and over the frontier they were drowsy Austrian sentinels passed a prince," he explained rapidly to the look. Only Battista, who has taken

The brilliant dark eyes stared at had changed. The guard watched the are gone, see that the prince and the him hungrily; then with a sigh the departure; the sick lady-Hortense- queen escape. That is for you; you light went out of them and the head fell on the pillow.

slowly in her traveling caleche, and on the hallway, and out Francois the box was a young man in the livery of a groom whom no one of the dismounted riders, straight toward the spoke slowly. "I thought it was my Mothers for March are so pleasant to March are so pleasan The day before the escape, as the the box was a young man in the liv- flashed across a broken line of a dozen charm made the worn face bright. He

of two or three years younger who parition, saber gleaming at wrist, shot medicine?" Battleta asked then, not may know how. Goodby, Doctor," and the silent, grave young man begged. was, the queen's servants had been across the court. Then there was a much noticing the words, for the sick man was clearly light-headed, yet with a certain pleasant throb of memory which always moved within him at the dier caught at the bridle. The naked name of Pietro. It happened that the tial servant of Hortense, who knew eyes large and brilliant and full of of escapes and disguises were flor- der Bieu-bleu's feet. For a second jailer also. The signor took the medicine at once, like a good child.

think, Battista?" he asked earnestly.

"I want to be better; I must get well, for I have work to do as soon as I come out of prison."

now, I think, for it is five years; they will let you go soon, I believe," Battista lied kindly. "You are good to me, Battista," the time.

big cavalry horses, yet the rider's Marquis Zappi."

"Whom-whom did you eay, mered. signor?"

reason. The color went out of his face a genial frame of mind and he conas the tide ebbs. "Battista, did I say ducted the bunch personally. "What is this?" the Austrian de would never have said it but that I trooper in a bunch. "Friedrich, thou been out of my head; I have never the universe. He is perfectly harm-The dull eyes of the prince shot a knowest the cub of the Bonapartes, is spoken his name before in this place. Oh, if I should bring danger to him! without him the world would not And Friedrich lunged forward, gasp- Battleta, for God's sake, you will not move. Strange notion, isn't it?"

repeat that name "" Battista spoke low, glancing at the The boy looked from one to anoth- bid, signor," he whispered, "that I er of the threatening group, smiling, should speak, here in his own castle,

There was a long silence. The prisoner and his jailer gazed at each other "You have fooled us, you young as if saying things beyond words Then the boy put out his long hot fingers and caught the man's sleeve.

"Battista," he murmured, "Battista case"-nervous prostration, is that true? Is it possible? Do you

know-my Pietro?" "Know him, signor?" Battista's deep voice was unsteady. "My fathers have served his for eight hundred years." The man was shaking with a loyalty

"But, Battista, I know you now; he has spoken to me of you; it was your son, the little Battista, who was his

him away with weak hands. "Go quickly-you have been here too long. There might be suspicion. I could not live if I brought trouble on you." "It is right so far, signor," Battista

answered. "It is known you are ill; I must care for the sick ones a little. But I had better go now."

With that he slipped to his knees and lifted the feverish hands to his "The friend of my young mas-Hps. ter," he said simply, but his voice broke on the words. The traditional Postum could not exceed my own exfaithfulness of centuries was strong in Battista; the Zappis had been good masters; one had been cared for and contented always; one was terrorized and ground down by these "Austrian swine;" the memory of the old masters, the personality of anyone connected with them, was sacred. Battista bowed his head over the hands in

his own, then he stood up. "I shall be back at bedtime, signor,"

But the jailer was at his side and

"Ah, Battista," he said, "my good

"Will it make me better, do you "But yes, signor; the doctor is

Surely, signor. That will be soon

boy said, "and just now you gave me a great pleasure. It warms me yet to think of it, for, you see, I thought you were Pietro-my dear Pietro-the

Battista, breathless; stared, stam-

composed in spite of his quick breath- the name of my young master."

long pent up, but Francois lifted his head, leaned on his elbow, and looked at him thoughtfully.

body-servant when they were children?"

"Yes, signor."

"I did not dream of it; I never knew what castle this was; I never dreamed of Castleforte; you would not tell me." "I could not, signor. It was forbidden. It is forbidden. I am risking my life every minute," "Go. Battista," and Francois pushed

he said quietly, and was gone.

To Pipe Smokers

<u>ම දෙදෙදෙදෙදෙදෙදෙදෙදෙදෙදෙද</u>ෙල



We Are Independent

and have no one to please but our cus-tomers. We have been making highgrade smoking tobacco for more than ualf a century and "Wild Fruit" is our hair a century and wine Fruit is our best effort. It is Union Made. Packed in five cent foil packages, ten cent cloth pouches, eight and sixteen ounce time. Premium coupons in all packages. Should you fail to find the "Wild Fruit" cents in postage stamps and we will mail you an original package.

Jno. J. Bagley & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Had the Proof.

0 2222222222222222

Stonemmason (in box describing assault)-lie walks into my yard and rams me up agen one o' me own stones Counsel-Did he hurt you?

Stonemason-Hurt me! Why, I've got "sacred to the memory of" stamped all down me back -Tatler.

Between the Acts. "Sir," said the man in the orchestra chair, "in passing to and fro you have ruined my silk hat.

"I cannot help that, sir," said the other. "If you had gone out between the acts yourself your hat would not have suffered!"-Puck.

Deadly Work of Scorpion.

Some scorpion bites cause little more than burning pain and numbness in the part affected for a few days. But the more poisonous varieties cause death, and that especially, when they sting young children or debilitated old people. The lower classes of people in Mexico suffer more thanthe well-to-do, because of their custom of going about half naked most of the

Common Form of Insanity. A party of Clevelanders entertained some holiday visitors and having showed them everything interesting in Cleveland proper they had to take them to Newburg for a view of the But the prisoner had flashed into asylum. The superintendent was in

"Here is a oneer case ladies" said, pausing at a particular cell. "This man has the delusion that he possesses the motive power that runs less, but he actually believes that

"Why, not at all!" exclaimed one of the women. "My husband has the eavy iron door of the cell. "God for. same idea and he always has had it. Is he crazy, too?"

> ANOTHER COFFEE WRECK What's the Use When There's an Easy Way Out?

> Along with the coffee habit has grown the prevalent "American Dis-

> The following letter shows the way out of the trouble: "Five years ago I was a great coffee drinker and from its use I became so nervous I could scarcely sleep at all nights. My condition grew worse and worse until finally the physician I consulted declared my trou-

bles were due to coffee. "But being so wedded to the beverage I did not see how I could do without it, especially at breakfast, as that meal seemed incomplete with-

out coffee, "On a visit, my friends deprived me of coffee to prove that it was harmful. At the end of about eight days I was less nervous, but the craving for coffee was intense, so I went back to the old habit as soon as I got home and the old sleepless nights came near making a wreck of me.

"I heard of Postum and decided to try it. I did not like it at first, because, as I afterwards discovered, it was not made properly. I found, however, that when made after directions

on the package, it was delicious. "It had a soothing effect on my nerves, and none of the bad effects that coffee had, so I bade farewell to coffee and have used only Postum since. The most wonderful account of the benefit to be derived from perience.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of "The Road to Wellville."

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well

Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

(TO BE CONTINUED)