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The Helmet of Navarre

Continued from page two.

after a moment my master added: " must in justice say that M. Ferou is not aware that I am using this passage; he is, with madame his wife. supping with the Archbishop

M. Etienne leaned his shoulder against the wall, smiling pleasantly and waiting for the duke to make the next move. Mayenne kept a nonplussed silence. The situation was indeed somewhat awkward. He could not come forward without encountering an agile opponent, whose exceeding skill with the sword was probably known to him. He could not turn tail, had his dignity allowed the course, without exposing himself to be spitted. He was in the predicament of the goat on the bridge. Yet was he gaping at us less in fear, I think, than in bewilderment. This Ferou, as learned later, was one of his righthand men, years-long supporter. Mayenne had as soon expected to meet a lion in the tunnel as to meet a foe. He cried out again upon us, with an instinctive certainty that . a great prince's question must be answered.

"How came you here?" "I don't ask," said M. Etienne, "how it happens that M. le Duc is walking this rathole. Nor do I feel disposed to make any explanation

'Very well, then," said Mayenne "our swords, if you are ready, will make adequate explanation. "Now, that is gallant of you,"

turned M. Etienne, "as it is evident that the closeness of these walls will cases, to examining and treating the inconvenience Your Grace more than The walls of the passage were roughly laid, Mayenne perched his

lantern on a projecting stone. "On guard, sir," he answered. The silence was profound. Mayenne had no companion following him. He

was alone with his sword. He was not head of the state, but only a man with a sword, standing opposite another man with a sword. Nor was he in the pink of form. Though he gave the effect, from his clear for and proud hearing, perhaps ale from his masterful energy, of tremendous force and strength, his body was in truth a poor machine, his great corpulence making him clumsy and scant of breath. He must have known, as he eyed his supple antagonist, what the end would be. Yet he merely said: "On guard, monsieur."

M. Etienne did not raise his weapon. I retreated a pace that I might not be in the way of his jump should Mayenne spring on him. M. Etienne

"M. de Mayenne, this encounter was none of my contriving. Nor have I any wish to cross swords with you. Family quarrels are to be deprecated. Since I still intend to become your cousin, I must respectfully beg to be released from the obligation of fight-A man knowing himself overmatch-

ed cannot refuse combat. He may, even as Mayenne had done, thip: himself compelled to offer it. But he insists on forcing battle with a reluctant adversary, he must be a hot head indeed. And Mayenne was no usts, members of the Royal Col- hothead. He stood hesitant, feeling lage of Dental Surgeons. We have that he was made ridiculous in acall the latest methods of dentistry cepting the clemency and should be Special attention will be given to still more ridiculous to refuse it. He Orthodonia. Crown and Bridge half lifted his sword, only to lower work. The successful extraction of it again, till at last his good sense

"M. de Mar, it appears that, after dentures continues to be a specialty all, some explanations are necessary. of this office. Office nearly oppo- You think that in declining to fight you put me in your debt. Possibly you are right. But if you expect that in gratitude I shall hand over Lorance de Montluc, you were never more mistaken. Never, while I live, shall she marry into the king's camp. Now, monsieur, that we understand each other, I abide by your decision

whether we fight or not. For answer M. Etienne put up his blade. The Duke of Mayenne, saluting with his, did the ike. "Mar," he said, 'you stood off from

us, like a coquetting girl, for three years. At length, last May, you refused point-blank to join us. I do not often ask a man twice, but I ask you. Will you join the League to-night and marry Lorance to-morrow?"

No man could have spoken with a franker grace, I believed then, I believe now, he meant it. M. Etienne believed he mean; it. "Monsieur," he answered, "I have

shilly-shallied long; but I am planted squarely at last with my father on the king's side. You put your interesting nephew into my father's house to kill him; I shall not sign myself with

"In that case," returned Mayenne, "perhaps we might each continue on "With all my heart, monsieur.

Each drew back against the wall to let the other pass, with a wary eye for daggers. Then M. Etienne, laughing a little, but watching Mayenne like a lynx, started to go by. The duke, seeing the look, suddenly raised his hands over his head, holding them there while both of us squeezed

past him. "Cousin Charles," said M. Etienne, "I see that when I have married Lorance you and I shall get on capitally. Till then, God have you ever in

"I thank you, monsieur. You make "I have no need to make you witty. Agent, Issuer of Marriage Licences. M. de Mayenne, when you have submitted to the king, as you will one of these days, I shall have as delightful a kinsman as heart of man could wish. You and I will yet drink a loving oup together. Till that happy

hour I am your good enemy. Fare you He bowed; the duke, half laughing despite a considerable ire, returned the obeisance with all pomp. M. trysts and melees existed not, and the Etienne took me by the arm and detunnels and countersigns were but the parted. Mayenne stood still for a smoke of a dream. It was a street of space; then we heard his retreating shops all shuttered, while above the footsteps, and the glimmer of his burghers' families went respectably to

We hurried along now without prelanterit, include the first state of had supported Mayenne would supported we must have come half a mile underbentures, investment stocks and stumbled abruptly against a step and step against a ste kneecaps. I picked myself up at once had enough of the Hotel de Lorand ran headlong up the stairs, to hit and ran headlong up the stairs, to hit my crown on the ceiling and reel back on M. Etienne, sweeping him off his it, as be feet, so that we rolled in a struggling that the range of the ra feet, so that we romes of the passage. W Victoria Nor the county And for the minute the place was no of Victoria. Farm stock and all longer dark; I saw more lightning

"Are you hurt, Felix?" cried

was a trap-door."
We ascended the stairs a time this time most cautio our hands and knees. Above us at the spirit, a wooden ceiling. "Ah, I have the cord!" he exclaimunder a lady's window." The next instant we heard a faint

above us. Before we had time to wonder whether any marked it but us we morning and find out. heard steps overhead, and a noise as of a chest being pulled about, and

then the trap lifted. We climbed out not mean to go to-night." "Not to-night, Felix! I've had into a silk-mercer's shop. "Faith, my man," said M. Etienne to the little bourgeois who had opened to us, "I am glad to see you ap-

He looked at us, somewhat troubled "You must have met"-he suggested with hesitancy. Yes," said M. Etienne: "but he

pear so promptly."

did not object. We are, of course, of "Of course, of course," the fellow assented, with a funny assumption of knowing all about it. "Not every one has the secret of the passage. Well, I can call myself a lucky man. 'Tis mighty few mercers have a

duke in their shop as often as I. We looked curiously about us. The shop was low and dim, with piles of stuff in rolls on the shelves, and other stuffs lying loose on the counter before us, as if the man had just been measuring them-gorgeous brocades and satins. Above us a bell on the rafter still quivered.

"Yes, that is the bell of the trap, the proprietor said, following our glance. "Customers do not know where it rings from. And if I am not at liberty to open I drop my brass. The personage was also of a portliyardstick on the floor. But they told ness, and the collision had knocked "They told me something else I had

near forgotten," M. Etienne answered, and, drawing a crown in the air, gave the password, "For the Cause." "For the King," the shockeeper made instant rejoinder, drawing in the air in his turn a letter C and the

M. Etienne laid a gold piece on the counter, and if the shopkeeper had felt any doubts of this well-dressed

"I new saint in the calendar-la Sainte Ferou! But what a madcap of red honor I was! Ask Jacques, else. But as we went down the Rue de a saint, then! My faith, she must have led them a dance when Francis I. was

"But I was going home-on my sac-

l'Eveque we saw two men in front of us. As they reached the wall by M.

pads fell on them. The two drew

the ruffians were a dozen-a score. We

M. Etienne wheeled round to me.

"Felix, here is work for us. As I

and therefore, since he is my particu-

ed me by the hand and we dashed up

At the corner the noise of a fray

came faintly but plainly to our ears.

M. le Comte without hesitation plung-

ed down a lane in the direction of the

fighting to-night, but two against a mob! We know how it feels."

The clash of steel on steel grew

ever louder, and as we wheeled

around a jutting garden wall we came

Etienne. "Shout, Felix! Montjoie St

We charged down the street, draw-

ing our swords and shouting at the

It was too dark to see much save

mass of struggling figures, with every

now and then, as the steel hit, a

point of light flashing out, to fade

and appear again like a brilliant

glowworm. We could scarce tell which

were the attackers, which the two

But if we could not make them out.

neither could they us. We shouted

as boldly as if we had been a com-

pany, and in the clatter of their heels

on the stones they could not count

our feet. They knew not how many

followers the darkness held. The

hot combat close under the left wall.

held off two, while a sixth man, cry-

ing on his mates to follow, fled down

M. Etienne knew now what he was

about, and at once took sides with the

solitary fencer. The combat being

made equal, I started in pursuit of

the flying figure. I had run but a

few yards, however, when I tripped

and fell prostrate over the body of a

man. I was up in a moment, feeling

hands over his heart dipped into a

pool of something wet and warm

like new milk. I wiped them on his

sleeve as best I could, and hastily

groped about for his sword. He did

When I rose with it my quarry was

swallowed up in the shadows. M

Etienne, whose light clothing made a

distinguishable spot in the gloom, had

driven his opponent, or his opponent

had driven him, some rods up the

lane the way we had come. I stood

perplexed, not knowing where to busy

myself. M. Etienne's side I could not

reach past the two duels; and of the

four men near me, I could by no

means tell, as they circled about and

about, which were my chosen allies.

They were all sombrely clad, their

faces blurred in the darkness. When

one made a clever pass I knew not

whether to rejoice or despair. But

at length I picked out one who fenc-

ed, though valiantly enough, yet with

greater effort than the rest; and 1

deemed that this had been the hard-

est pressed of all and must certainly

be one of the attacked and the one

most deserving of succor. He was

plainly losing ground. I darted to his

side just as his foe ran him through

The assailant pulled his blade free

and darted back against the wall to

face the two of us. But the sword

of the wounded man fell from his

"I'm out of it," he cried to me; "I

go for aid." And as his late combat-

ant sprang forward to engage me I

heard him running off, stumbling

There had been little light toward

the last in the court of the house in

the Rue Coupejarrets, and less under

the windows of the Hotel de Lorraine;

but here was none at all. I had to

use my sword solely by the feel of

his against it, and I underwent chill-

ing qualms lest presently, without

in the least knowing how it got there,

I should find his point sticking out

of my back. I could hardly believe

he was not hitting me; I began to

prickle in half a dozen places, and

knew not whether the stings were real

or imaginary. But one was not imag-

inary; my shoulder which Lucas had

pinked and the doctor bandaged was

throbbing painfully. I fancied that

in my earlier combat the wound had

opened again and that I was bleed-

ing to death; and the fear shook me.

I lunged wildly, and I had been sent

to my account in short order had not

at this moment one of the other pair

near us, as it afterward appeared,

driven his weapon square through his

"I am done for. Run who can!" he

cried as he fell. The sword snapped

in two against the paving-stones; he

rolled over and lay still, his face in

My encounterer, with a shout to his

single remaining comrade, made off

down the lane. On my part, I was

very willing to let him depart in

vis-a-vis's breast.

where I had.

not need it now, and I did.

comrades we had come to save.

"A rescue, a rescue!" cried

full upon the combatants.

Denis! A rescue, a rescue!"

top of our lungs.

the lane.

"I said I wanted no more

ran for our lives."

"Natheless it galls me," he went on, half to himself, "to know that I was lost by my own folly, save by pure chance. I underrated the enemyworst mistake in the book of strategy. I came near flinging away two lives and making a most unsightly mess was saying, M. Marceau, your decree is most offensive to the general-duke, "Monsieur made somewhat of

lar enemy, most pleasing to me. A beautiful night, is it not, sir? I wish you a delightful walk home." He seiz-"Aye. I would I knew whether killed Brie. We'll go round in the "I am thankful that monsieur does

enough. No: we'll get home without passing near the Hotel de Lorraine. if we go outside the walls to do it. To-night I draw my sword no more. To this day I have no quite clear idea of how we went. A strange city at night-Paris of all cities-is a labyrinth. I know that after a time we came out in some meadows along the river bank, traversed them and plunged once more into narrow, high-walled streets. It was very late, and lights were few. We had started in clear starlight, but now a rack of clouds hid even their pale shine. "The snake-hole over again," said

M. Etienne. "But we are almost at But, as in the snake-hole, came light. Turning a sharp corner we ran straight into a gentleman and his porte-flambeau, swinging along at as

"A thousand pardons," M. Etienne cried to his encounterer, the possessor of years and gravity but of no great size, whom he had almost knocked down. "I heard you, but knew not you were so close. We were speeding to get home."

you that, doubtless, monsieur? he | the wind out of him. He leaned pantadded, regarding M. Etienne again a ing against the wall. As he scanned M. Etienne's open countenance and princely dress his alarm vanished. "It is unseemly to go about on a night like this without a lantern," said with asperity. "The municipality should forbid it. I shall certainly

bring the matter up at the next sit-Monsieur is a member of the Parliament?" M. Etienne asked with immense respect.

"I have that honor, monsieur," the



"I went to my post and he began singing."

gallant who wore no hat they vanished in its radiance. "And now, my friend, let us out

into the street and forget our faces.

The man took up his candle to light us to the door. "Perhaps it would not trouble monsieur to say a word for me over there?" he suggested, pointing in the direction of the turnel. "M. le Duc has every confidence in me. Still, it would do no harm if monsieur should mention how quickly I let him out." "When I see him I will surely mention it," M. Etienne promised him.

"Continue to be vigilant to-night, my friend. There is man Followed by the Bourgeois's thanks and adieus, we walked out into the sweet open air. As soon as his door was shut again we took to our heels, nor stopped running till we had put half a dozen streets between us and the mouth of the tunnel. Then

we walked along in breathless si-Presently M. Etienne cried out: "Death of my life! Had I fought there in the burrow I should have changed the history of France!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The street before us was as orderly as the aisle of Notre Dame. Few wayfarers passed us; those there were talked together as placidly as if love-

without any expense of remit-ting. We also purchase mortgages We hurried along now without pre-that the floor which the little shop is in the Rue de la And I. But I held my tongue about

it, as became me. "They were wider awake than hought-those Lorrainers. Pardieu!

Felix, you and I came closer quarters

with death than is entirely amusing."
"If that door had not opened"—I

little man replied, delighted to impress us, as he himself was impressed, by the sense of his importance. "Oh," said M. Etienne with increasing solemnity, "perhaps monsieur had

a hand in a certain decree of the 28th of June?" The little man began to look un-"There was, as monsieur says, a

measure passed that day," he stam-"A rebellious and contumacious decree," M. Etienne rejoined, "most of-

fensive to the general-duke." Whereupon he fingered his sword. "Monsieur," the little deputy cried "we meant no offense to his Grace, or to any true Frenchman. We but desire peace after all these years blood. We were informed that

Grace was angry; yet we believed that even he will come to see the matter | the dirt. in a different light"-"You have acted in a manner insulting to his Grace of Mayenne," Etienne repeated inexorably, and he glanced up the street and down the street to make sure the coast was

teeth chattered. The linkman had retreated to the other side of the way, where he seemed on the point of fleeing, leaving his master to his fate. I thought it would be a shame if the badgered deputy had to stumble home in the dark, so I growled out to the fellow:

"Stir one step at your peril!" I was afraid he would drop the flambeau and run, but he did not; he only sank back against the wall, eying my sword with exceeding deference. He knew not that there was but a foot of blade in the scabbard.

and don't he street, after M. Etienne mutterthe principal and interest repaid to
the principal and interest repaid to
without any expense of remitting. W. The busilight slowly faded away.

"It wasn't necessary to tell him the
my master said, pausing a moment to
to be seen or heard. He turned to his
to be seen or heard. He turned to his
to be seen or heard. He spoke first, in a voice husky

He spoke first, in a voice husky
take his bearings. "See under the
take his bearings. "See under the
take his bearings. "See under the
take his bearings." am Pierre Marceau!"

"Oh, you are Pierre Marceau? And can M. Pierre Marceau explain how he happened to be faring forth from his dwelling at this unholy hour?" "I am not faring forth; I am faring home. I-we had a little con-that is, not to say a conference, but merely a ussion on matters of no im-

The clash of swords up the lane had ceased at the stricken man's cry, and clear. The wretched little deputy's out of the gloom came the sound of footfalls fainter and fainter. I deemed that the battle was over. The champion came toward me, three white patches visible for his face

and hands; the rest of him but darkness moving in darkness. He held a sword rifled from the enemy, and advanced on me hesitatingly, not sure whether friend or foe remained to him. I felt that an explanation was due from me, but in my ignorance as to who he was and who his foes were, and why they had been fighting him The burgher looked up the street and why we had been fighting them, and don the street, after M. Etien- I stood for a moment confused. It

"A friend," I said. "My master and to help the weaker side. Your friend in Canada and will give my patrons 21 For Toronto..... was hurt, but he got away safe to the benefit thereof. The unknown made a rapid step

toward me, crying, "What"—
But at the word M. Etienne emerged from the shadows. "Who lives?" he called out. "You, strictly private and confidential. M. Etienne sternly, "of knowing Felix?"
where M. Marceau lives. M. Mar- "Not l

de Mirabeau's garden a gang of foot-

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my man. Permit me to congratulate you, monsieur l'inconnu, on our com ing up when we did." The unknown said one word:

sprang forward with the impulse to throw my arms about him, in the pure rapture of recognizing his voice. This struggler, who we had rushed in, blindfold, to save, was Monsieur! If we had been content to mind our own business, had sheered away like the deputy-it turned me faint to think how long we had delayed with old Morceau, we were so nearly too

convince myself that he was all safe. to feel him quick and warm. I made one pace and stopped; for group parted. Two men remained in remembered what ghastly snape stood between me and Monsieur-that horrible lying story. Across the way one sturdy fighter "Dieu!" gasped M. Etienne, "Mon-

late. I wanted to seize Monsieur, to

For a moment we all kept silence, motionless; then Monsieur flung his sword over the wall.

"Do your will, Etienne." His son darted forward with a cry. (Continued next week.)

him to find out if he were dead; my

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33 For Haliburton

2.40 p.m 31 For Coboconk 6.80 p.m. 18 For Peterboro 9.28 a.m.

21 From Port Hope 9.10 a.m.

24 From Toronto..... 56 From Whitby.....

ALL BUSINESS of this nature 28 For Toronto 6.28 p.m. Soothern 19 For Toronto..... 8.05 a.m Lindsay, Cas 61 For Fencies Falls...... 8.15 p.m.

cess to the cheapest money market 10 For Belleville...

EXPENSES OF LOAN kept dows 43 For I. B. & O. Jet 11.00 a.m. to the lowest possible point consis- 55 For Whitby tent with accuracy and necessary re | 27 For Toronto ...