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THE REFUGEES
By **A. CONAN DOYLE**,
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"
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"On my life, justice seems to be administered in a strange fashion in our city of Paris!" exclaimed the king.
"And yet there may be a very good reason for it," suggested Pere la Chaise. "I would suggest that your majesty should ask this man his name, his business and why it was that the dragoons were quartered upon him."
"You hear the reverend father's question."
"My name, sire, is Catinat, by trade I am a merchant in cloth, and I am treated in this fashion because I am of the Reformed church."
The king shook his head and his brow darkened. "You have only yourself to thank, then. The remedy is in your hands."
"And how, sire?"
"By embracing the only true faith."
"I am already a member of it, sire."
The king stamped his foot angrily. "I can see that you are a very insolent heretic," said he. "There is but one church in France, and that is my church. If you are outside that you cannot look to me for aid."
"My creed is that of my father, sire, and that of my grandfather."
"If that have sinned it is no reason why you should. My own grandfather erred also before his eyes were opened."
"But he nobly atoned for his error," murmured the Jesuit.
"Then you will not help me, sire?"
"You must first help yourself."
The old Huguenot stood up with a gesture of despair, while the king continued on his way, the two ecclesiastics on either side of him murmuring their approval into his ears.
But the king bore the face of a man who was not absolutely satisfied with his own action.
"You do not think, then, that these people have too hard a measure?" said he. "I hear that they are leaving my kingdom in great numbers."
"And surely it is better so, sire, for what blessing can come upon a country which has such stubborn infidels within its boundaries?"
"Those who are traitors to God can scarce be loyal to the king," remarked

"I think," said Pere la Chaise, drawing Bossuet aside, "that your grace has made some impression upon the king's mind."
"With your powerful assistance, father."
"But there is another who has more weight than I—Mme. de Maintenon."
"I hear that she is very devout."
"Very. But she has no love for my order. She is a Sulpician. Yet we may all work to one end. Now, if you were to speak to her, your grace. Show her how good a service it would be could she bring about the banishment of the Huguenots."
"I shall do so."
"And offer her in return that we will promote"—He bent forward and whispered into the prelate's ear.
"What! He would not do it."
"And why? The queen is dead."
"The widow of the poet Scarron!"
"She is of good birth. Her grandfather and his were dear friends. If she will serve the church, the church will serve her. But the king beckons, and I must go."
The thin dark figure hastened on through the throng of courtiers, and the great bishop of Meaux remained standing with his chin upon his breast, sunk in reflection.

CHAPTER V.
THE elderly Huguenot had stood silent after his repulse by the king, with his eyes cast moodily downward and a face in which doubt, sorrow and anger contended for the mastery. He was a very large, gaunt man, rawboned and haggard, with a wide forehead, a large, fleshy nose and a powerful chin. He was dressed as became his rank, plainly and yet well, in a sad colored brown kersey coat with silver plated buttons, knee breeches of the same and white woolen stockings, ending in broad toed black leather shoes cut across with a great steel buckle.



"I can see that you are a very insolent heretic," said he.
Bossuet. "Your majesty's power would be greater if there were no temple, as they call their dens of heresy, within your dominions."
"My grandfather has promised them protection. They are shielded, as you well know, by the edict which he gave at Nantes."
"But it lies with your majesty to undo the mischief that has been done."
"And how?"
"By recalling the edict."
"And driving into the open arms of my enemies 2,000,000 of my best artisans and of my bravest servants. How say you, Louvois?"
"With all respect to the church, sire, I would say that the devil has given these men such cunning of hand and of brain that they are the best workers and traders in your majesty's kingdom. I know not how the state coffers are to be filled if such taxpayers go from among us."
"But," remarked Bossuet, "if it were once known that the king's will had been expressed your majesty may rest assured that even the worst of his subjects bear him such love that they would hasten to come within the pale of the holy church."
The king shook his head. "They have always been stubborn folk," said he.
"Perhaps," remarked Louvois, glancing maliciously at Bossuet, "were the bishops of France to make an offering to the state of the treasures of their sees we might then do without these Huguenot taxes."
"The kingdom is mine and all that is in it," remarked Louis as they entered the grand salon in which the court assembled after chapel, "yet I trust that it may be long before I have to claim wealth of the church. Where is Mansard? I must see his plans for the new wing at Marly."

His doubts as to what his next step should be were soon resolved for him in a very summary fashion. These were days when, if the Huguenot was not absolutely forbidden in France, he was at least looked upon as a man who existed upon sufferance, and who was unshielded by the laws which protected his Catholic fellow subjects. For twenty years the stringency of the persecution had increased until there was no weapon which bigotry could employ, short of absolute expulsion, which had not been turned against him.
Two of the king's big blue coated guardsmen were on duty at that side of the palace and had been witnesses to his unsuccessful appeal. Now they tramped across together to where he was standing and broke brutally into the current of his thoughts.
"Now, Hymnbooks," said one gruffly, "get off again about your business."
The old Huguenot shot a glance of anger and contempt at them and was turning to go when one of them thrust at his ribs with the butt end of his halberd.
"Take that, you dog!" he cried.
"Would you dare to look like that at the king's guard?"
"Children of Bellial!" cried the old man, with his hand pressed to his side, "were I twenty years younger you would not have dared to use me so."
"Ha, you would still spit your venom, would you? That is enough, Andre! He has threatened the king's guard. Let us seize him and drag him to the guardroom."
The two soldiers dropped their halberds and rushed upon the old man, but, tall and strong as they were, they found it no easy matter to secure him. They had hardly won their pitiful victory, however, before a stern voice and a sword flashing before their eyes compelled them to release their prisoner once more.
It was Captain de Catinat, who, his morning duties over, had strolled out on the terrace and had come upon this sudden scene of outrage. At the sight of the old man's face he gave a violent start and, drawing his sword, had rushed forward with such fury that the two guardsmen not only dropped their victim, but, staggering back from the threatening sword point, one of them slipped and the other rolled over him, a revolving mass of blue coat and white kersey.
"Villains!" roared De Catinat. "What is the meaning of this?"
The two had stumbled to their feet again, very shamefaced and ruffled.
"If you please, captain," said one, saluting, "this is a Huguenot who abused the royal guard."
"His petition had been rejected by the king, captain, and yet he refused to go."
De Catinat was white with fury. "And so when a French citizen has come to have a word with the great master of his country he must be harassed by two Swiss dogs like you?" he cried. "By my faith, we shall soon see about that!"
He drew a little silver whistle from his pocket, and at the shrill summons an old sergeant and half a dozen soldiers came running from the guardroom.
"Sergeant, you will arrest these men."

"Certainly, captain," said the sergeant.
"See that they are tried today for assaulting an aged and respected citizen who had come on business to the king."
"He was a Huguenot on his own confession," cried the culprits together.
"Hum!" The sergeant pulled doubtfully at his long mustache. "Shall we put the charge in that form, captain? Just as the captain pleases."
"No," said De Catinat, with a sudden happy thought. "I charge them with laying their halberds down while on duty and with having their uniforms dirty and disarranged."
"That is better," answered the sergeant, with the freedom of a privileged veteran. "Thunder of God, but you have disgraced the guards! An hour on the wooden horse with a musket at either foot may teach you that halberds were made for a soldier's hand and not for the king's grassplot."
The Huguenot had stood in the background, grave and composed, without any sign of exultation, during this sudden reversal of fortune, but when the soldiers were gone he and the young officer turned warmly upon each other.
"Amory, I had not hoped to see you!"
"Nor I you, uncle. What in the name of wonder brings you to Versailles?"
"My wrongs, Amory. The hand of the wicked is heavy upon us, and whom can we turn to save only the king?"
The young officer shook his head. "The king is at heart a good man," said he. "But he can only see the world through the glasses which are held before him. You have nothing to hope from him."
"He spurned me from his presence."
"Did he ask you your name?"
"He did, and I gave it."
The young guardsman whistled. "Let us walk to the gate," said he. "By my faith, if my kinsmen are to come and bandy arguments with the king it may not be long before my company finds itself without its captain. What is amiss?"
"Twenty men of Moab have been quartered upon me, with one Dalbert, their captain, who has long been a scourge to Israel."
"Captain Claude Dalbert of the Languedoc dragoons? I have already some small score to settle with him. What has he done?"
"His men are over my house like moths in a cloth bale. No place is free from them. He sits in the room which should be mine, his great boots on my Spanish leather chairs, his pipe in his mouth, his wine pot at his elbow and his talk a hissing and an abomination. He has beaten old Pierre of the warehouse and thrust me into the cellar."
"Ha!"
"Because I have dragged him back when in his drunken love he would have thrown his arms about your cousin Adele."
"Oh!" The young man's color had been rising and his brows knitting at each successive charge, but at this last his anger boiled over, and he hurried forward with fury in his face, dragging his elderly companion by the elbow.
"How did you come, uncle?"
"In a caleche."
"Where is it?"
"That is it, beyond the auberge."
"Come, let us make for it."
"And you, Amory, are you coming?"
"My faith, it is time that I came, from what you tell me. There is room for a man with a sword at his side in this establishment of yours."
"But what would you do?"
"I would have a word with this Captain Dalbert. Ha, here comes our caleche! Whip up, driver, and 5 livres to you if you pass the gate of the Invalides within the hour."
It was no light matter to drive fast in an age of springless carriages and deeply rutted roads, but the driver lashed at his two rough, unclipped horses, and the caleche jolted and clattered upon its way.
"When was all this?" asked the guardsman.
"It was yesterday night."
"And where is Adele now?"
"She is at home."
"And this Dalbert?"
"Oh, he is there also!"
"What! You have left her in his power while you came away to Versailles?"
"She is locked in her room."
"Pah! What is a lock?" The young man raved with his hands in the air at the thought of his own impotence.
"And Pierre is there."
"He is useless."
"And Amos Green."
"Ah, that is better. He is a man by the look of him."
"His mother was one of our own folk from Staten Island, near Manhattan. She was one of those scattered lambs who fled early before the wolves when first it was seen that the king's hand waxed heavily upon Israel. He speaks French, and yet he is neither French to the eye nor are his ways like our ways."
"And you have left him in the house?"
"Yes; he was sat with this Dalbert, smoking with him and telling him strange tales."
"What guard could he be—he a stranger in a strange land? You did ill to leave Adele thus, uncle."
"She is in God's hands, Amory."
"I trust so. Oh, I am on fire to be there!"
Soon, as the road curved down to the river bank, the city wall grew nearer and nearer until they had passed the southern gate and were rattling over the stony causeway, leaving the broad Luxembourg upon their right and Colbert's last work, the Invalides, upon their left. The young officer had his head still thrust out of the window, but his view was obscured by a broad gilded carriage which lumbered heavily along in front of them. As the road broadened, however, it swerved to

Continued on Page 7.

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Assignee's Notice To Creditors.
In the Matter of Barclay and Bell of the Town of Durham in the County of Grey, and Province of Ontario, Insolvents.

NOTICE is hereby given that Barclay & Bell of the Town of Durham in the County of Grey, carrying on business as Implement Agents at the said Town of Durham, have made an assignment to me under R. S. O. 1897 C. 147 of all their estate credits and effects for the general benefit of their creditors.
A meeting of their creditors will be held at the office of MacKay & Dunn in the Town of Durham, Solicitors for the Assignee, on Tuesday the 9th day of April 1907 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of receiving a statement and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.
Creditors are requested to file their claims with the Assignee, with the proof and particulars thereof required by the said Act, on or before the day of such meeting.
And Notice is further given that after the first day of May, 1907, the assignee will proceed to distribute the assets of the debtors amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall then have been given and that he will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim he shall not then have had notice.
WILLIAM CALDER, Assignee.
MacKay & Dunn, Solicitors for Assignee.
Durham, Ont., March 28th, 1907.

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