

# YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1904.

NO. 87.

## LITTLE FRANCE

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN "THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS KING OF THE SEA

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "Commodore Paul Jones," "Seaborn James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

Copyright, 1904, by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

### CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

He forgot that he was her knight, and stooping down lifted her slender form in his strong young arms. She half-struggled a moment and then acquiesced. What was he to do with her? The carpetless room was bare of furniture and, save for themselves, empty. He hesitated, stepped into the window, sat down upon the low sill, and set her on his knee, holding her firmly, carefully, tenderly. She, too, forgot that she was a lady, and nestled against him as any child might have done.

"Now tell me," he whispered—they spoke softly all the time—"why did you come here, Anne?"

It was the first time he had addressed her without a title.

"I do not know," she answered. "I—my room is over there, you know. I could not sleep. I was thinking about the Lady Jehane and her lover the Baron de Croisac—and about you, Sir Philip." The pause between the "Sir" and "Philip" was a long one, which sweetened the name in his ears as she continued, "I heard a sound and I thought it might be his ghost. So I came—I hurried too. I had no time to dress."

"Were you not afraid?" "The marquis says the de Rohans are never afraid. I didn't like it, but I came on tiptoe, and then I saw something black outside on the balcony and I walked over there. I was a little afraid, I think, perhaps because I am part American," she added naively.

"Americans are never afraid, either," interrupted Grafton promptly. "Well, anyway, I saw it was you and I was not afraid any more. And I watched you stand and look, and then I saw you get over the wall, and then I was fearfully afraid—for you, Philip. I thought you might be killed. I slipped out and caught hold of you, you came back, and now we are here—together."

There was a long pause. She slipped her arm about his neck and held him as if she feared again that he might fall. He scarcely knew what to say, so he held her close and kept silent until she spoke once more, drawing herself away from him a little as she did so. "I don't think knights carry their ladies around like this, do they? I don't think it's quite proper, is it? But these stones are so cold, and I forgot my slippers, I was so anxious. Is it all right, Sir Philip?"

She wriggled her pretty toes as she anxiously sought for reassurance from her admirer and companion.

"Proper? Of course, and where is Josette?" he answered, glad to get back to the form if not the spirit of the play.

"Asleep," she answered, "the great stupid! She doesn't care whether there are any knights in the world or not. But what are you doing here? You have not told me yet."

"I—I—I thought I'd try—the tower, you know—the wall—to go down."

"Yes, and was it for me?"

For the life of him he could not lie to this confiding and innocent little girl.

"Lady Anne," he whispered, "it was for—"

But he did not seem to be able to tell her the truth either.

"Yes, Sir Philip, it was for—"

"For freedom then!" he said desperately.

"Oh!" she quivered, "and you were going to leave—me?"



SET HER ON HIS KNEE.

There was a world of reproach in her voice and then silence. Presently she discovered that she was weeping. Her small frame shook with subdued sobs. The sight alarmed him, pained him deeply; he could not throw off a guilty feeling as he held her closely, trying to soothe and quiet her. He was desperately uncomfortable, yet the scene must be ended if he were to get away. He could meet her in laughter on a common ground, but sobs were foreign to his philosophy. He had not enjoyed experience of this womanly weakness, which is the weapon of the helpless, and he was powerless before her tears. He could not bear to see her cry, and suppose the marquis should see him, what would he think? Would he not conclude that Grafton had broken faith with him? And yet there was a passing sweetness in the situation too. He had no wish to terminate the interview; he forgot for the moment that he intended to escape that night.

"Now, my dear little girl," he began at last, "it's all play, you know."

This was a most unfortunate statement. All her youthful energies had been bent toward the obliteration of this bitter fact. That is a moment of the greatest sadness when we find out our hardy maintained realities have only been some other person's play!

"It's been play all the time," she sobbed impulsively. "I knew it was so! I tried not to believe it! Josette told me so, and I said she was stupid; but she knew more than I! You have been playing with me from the first, haven't you? Let me go back to my dolls, monsieur, 'tis all I'm fit for."

She tried vainly to break away. "My dear child," he replied, still holding her, but utterly at a loss to know what to do or say, "you see I—"

"You never were my really truly knight, were you?" she went on through her tears. "You never cared anything for me; you were just amusing yourself, weren't you? Making fun of a foolish girl. Oh, monsieur, how could you? And now you are going to leave me!"

"Anne," he said at last, "you are only a little girl, and I am a grown man."

"Yes, I remember I said you were old for a knight, but you were all I had!" she wailed.

"But do you know," he continued, "it wasn't all play after all—not exactly—and if I lingered there on the balcony—if you saw me pause, it was because I did not wish to leave you. 'Tis truly so. Dear little lady, little playfellow and comrade, I am your knight and will be."

"And is there no other lady in England or America? You said 'no' once, but was it true?"

"It was true and it is true; there is no lady in England or America, or anywhere in the world, for me, except in this little corner of France, and if I hesitated about going away, it was for you, but don't you see? My duty—I am an English officer. My king is at war with yours. I must go back!"

"You love your country, monsieur, more than—but you do not love me at all, do you?" she asked piteously.

"Of course I do," he answered promptly. "I love you very much indeed; you are the sweetest little girl I know."

"Oh, the marquis loves me that way, and Jean-Renaud, and Josette, and—"

"It's different with you, you know. Not like that at all. You see, men do their duty because they ought to, and they love people because they have to."

"Do you have to love me, Sir Philip?"

"Yes, and I am glad to, my dear little girl. I am afraid if I stay here any longer and you grow any older—"

He hesitated; was he actually about to propose to this child? He resumed, rather tamely, "I had to go away, you see. Now let me go, and some day I will come back to you and—"

"Put me down, monsieur," she said gravely, with one of those swift changes of mood which he had often noticed before. "I insist upon it! There, you may go now, but you will never come back to me. I know it. You will be somebody else's knight, and I—"

Her little head dropped forward. He lifted his hand to her chin, turned her face upward and kissed her, and then drew her nearer to his breast as he might have done a little sister. Yet it was not such a kiss as a brother might have given, nor was it a sister whose lips met his own. It was the first time he or any man had kissed her, save her grandfather, whose love did not express itself in frequent caresses. She was but a child, yet something thrilled and leaped in her heart at his touch, and there was a faint echo of her feeling, a brief response to her heart-throb, in his own breast.

But in a moment she broke from his arms—never again could he hold her so as before. She stood and looked at him from those glorious eyes of hers, and time, in one swift moment, in the meeting kiss, wiped out the difference in years between the two. His thoughts changed as he gazed upon her. A new idea came to him. In a few years she would have grown—why not?

"Monsieur," she said at last, and the change in her was evidenced by the gravity and the added dignity of her manner, "you have kissed away the child. I am a woman; you cannot go now."

"Why not, Mademoiselle Anne? I can love you—from a distance—for I swear, child or not, I love you—and I can come back."

Love has nothing to do with this, monsieur, now; I am a French woman. You must not go; you shall not! You are a prisoner. The marquis is absent. The castle is mine until he returns. I am the chateleine. I could never look my grandfather in the face again if I allowed you to escape."

"And how would you prevent it, Mademoiselle Anne?"

"By standing in your way, so!" she answered, stretching out her slender arms and barring the window with her slight figure. "A feeble barrier, you say; yet you were my knight—even though only in play—and I, at least, do not forget it. Gentlemen do not pass to freedom over the bodies of their ladies," she continued quaintly. "Ah!" he cried, looking at her with

mingled pride and vexation, "I could brush you aside in a moment." "But you would not, Sir Philip," she went on, lapsing into the old style of address. "Besides, I should scream, and then—and you cannot go down those rocks at night. The danger—it would kill me—the thought hurts me here."

She laid her hand innocently upon her heart.

"The baron of old did it," he answered.

"Oh, yes; but he went for love."

"And I for liberty."

"And is liberty stronger than love, monsieur?"

"By heaven, Little France," he answered impulsively, calling her by a name which she loved to hear, "I know not if it be! I am afraid 'tis not, since—"

"Since what, monsieur?"

"Since I stay here with you," he replied decisively. "Now, you must go to bed. I want not your death upon my hands."

He stepped forward and lifted her in his arms again. She weakly protested, but allowed it. They both felt the end of the game had come, yet for the last time she indulged herself. To-morrow would see—nay, to-night saw her a child no longer. Yet she clung to the spirit of the play, the hardest to be lost of all the ideas which cherish.

"You promise me on your word of honor that you will not seek to escape when I am gone to bed, Sir Philip?" she asked, nestling against him, her arms around his neck, her head on his shoulder, as he carried her toward her chamber.

"I promise you, Lady Anne, on the faith of a knight—your knight." "And you are not playing this time?" "Not this time," he answered, setting her down at the door of the room. "Good-night," he added, pressing his lips as of old to the little brown hand.

"I trust you, Sir Philip," she answered. "Good-night, and we will never play together as we have."

"Yes, yes, to-morrow!" he cried after her, as she shook her head sadly and disappeared.

"Good God, man!" said Grafton to himself, as he sat down in his room to think it over, "you had a glorious chance for liberty, and here you had to go to indulge in theatrics with that little Rohan girl! And you are fool enough to be satisfied with the situation, my boy," he soliloquized. "Are you falling in love with a child of 13? And yet how she looked when—"

"Pull yourself together, man! 'Tis time to get out of here—such a thing is preposterous—and impossible at best."

And yet he had lived long enough to know that it is always the impossible that happens when hearts are under consideration.

Fortunately it was only the next morning that the marquis came home with the welcome tidings for Grafton—or were they unwelcome after all—that he was exchanged, that he was free to go that instant if he would.

"I am glad, Sir Philip," said Anne, weeping as she bade him good-bye alone in the tower-room, "that you didn't run away last night. You will be my knight in earnest and come back to me some day? You promise me?"

"Yes, in earnest," he answered, smiling, "and some day I shall come back, I promise you."

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE GENERAL'S HEART.

FIVE years had elapsed since Philip Grafton left the Rose of the Rohans in tears, and a thousand leagues of ocean now divided him from the old Breton tower; five years filled with high endeavor and honorable enterprise. He had risen to the rank of post-captain some years since and had been successfully engaged in his profession in many seas. His father had died meanwhile and he was alone in the world. To no woman among the many who had looked love in his eyes had he given his affection, and his friends regarded him as a confirmed bachelor.

Was he still dreaming of Anne? It is enough to say he had not forgotten her—perhaps that is all.

It was evening on the 12th of September, 1759, a clear though moonless night. The wind fell as the sun set, and the ships slowly drifted up the river with the heavy flood-tide. On the shore to the left lay the camp of Bougainville. The white tents of the soldiery on the heights of Cap-Rouge could be dimly detected in the soft illumination from the irradiating stars overhead. Lights twinkled here and there on the heights, or moved along on the crest of the bluffs, showing that, as usual, the French were on the alert and watchful.

There was much unwonted but subdued bustle on the English fleet as well. Men were being paraded and mustered on the decks, arms and equipments looked to, ammunition pouches filled to repletion, and the haversacks and canteens of the men provided with food and water, for it was hardly known when and where they would get anything to eat after they left the ships.

Far down the river the distant lights on Cape Diamond were almost hidden in clouds of smoke, and the muffled yet continuous roaring of the heavy guns from Admiral Saunders' ships of the line and the batteries at Point Levis, with the answer of the French from the works at Beaufort and the citadel of Quebec, told a tale of furious cannonade. The admiral was certainly doing his part. As he had promised, he would keep them busy at the end of the line.

Four bells in the first night watch had just been struck on the 50-gun ship Sutherland, carrying the flag of Admiral Holmes, commanding the squadron of Cap-Rouge, when a boat

was seen making its way through the water approaching the starboard gangway of the ship. Halls passed between the Sutherland and the approaching cutter.

"Boat ahoy!" "The Porcupine!" promptly answered a rather small man in the stern-sheets of the boat, giving the name of the vessel he commanded and following his reply with the sharp command, "Way enough! In bows!"

As he spoke he motioned to a midshipman who sat beside him. Following his officer's direction, the helm was put over and the boat swept gently alongside the gangway, the men unshipping the oars at the same time.

"Leave a keeper in the boat and let the men go aboard the ship," continued the officer, rising, "then have the boat dropped astern. You will follow me on deck, Mr. Robinson," he added, as he seized the manropes and ran rapidly up the battens to the gangway.

"Good evening, Capt. Grafton," said the officer of the deck, removing his cap and bowing low to the newcomer as he stepped aboard. "The general has been asking for you."

"Ah, good evening, Hatfield! You say the general is waiting for me? Where is he?"

"In the cabin yonder, sir."

"That's well. Will you have me announced?"

"Mr. Giles," said Hatfield, turning to the midshipman, "present my compliments to the general and say that Capt. Grafton is here to see him."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the boy, touching his cap and springing aft toward the cabin.

"'Tis a fine night, Hatfield," remarked Grafton, as they stood waiting.

"Indeed yes, sir."

"And a good time for our enterprise. I believe it is set finally for this evening."

"I believe so, sir. The orders have been sent around to all the ships."

"And time enough," responded Grafton. "We cannot stay in this cursed river much longer. Winter will soon be on us."

"The general's compliments to Mr. Hatfield, will Capt. Grafton please come below in the cabin?" interrupted the midshipman.

"By the way, Hatfield," said Grafton, as he turned to follow the midshipman, "where are Capt. Rous and the admiral?"

"Below sir, in the admiral's cabin, supervising the details for the evening. Do you go with them, captain?"

"I believe that I am to have charge of the debarcation," answered Grafton heartily; "would you like to go?"

"Indeed I would, sir."

"Very well, I'll speak to Capt. Rous. I shall doubtless see you again in a few moments."

Presently Grafton entered the cabin. "Ah, Grafton, glad to see you!" said a tall, thin man seated at a table, who appeared to be very ill. "Prompt as usual, I see."

"You said nine o'clock, general, and you know we sailors can be quite as punctual as you gentlemen of the army—wind and tide permitting, of course."

"Well, captain, I—stay! You will excuse us, Monckton, and gentlemen all, I am sure," said the general, turning to his most trusted subordinate and three or four staff officers with whom he had been in consultation. "I have something of a private nature to say to Capt. Grafton, and with your permission—no, no, keep your seats!" he added, as he saw them rising, "we will withdraw to the inner cabin. You see, I have two rooms, Grafton, by the courtesy of Capt. Rous, luxurious quarters for a soldier in the course of an active campaign."

The two men, bowing to the officers, who returned their salutations with elaborate courtesy, withdrew into the inner cabin. Motioning the sailor to a seat the general sank down on a transom, rested his elbow on the post-sill, leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed through the open port toward Cap-Rouge. Grafton did not presume to break the silence.

"Philip," he said at last, turning about and leaning forward toward his friend, "we try it to-night."

"Yes, James."

"And you are to have charge of the boats?"

"Thank you for that."

"I wanted a good man upon whom I could depend. There must be no miscarriage here if we can help it. 'Tis our last chance. You saw Admiral Saunders, as I requested?"

"Yes, and he delays sailing for a short time longer, though he takes a great risk."

"A noble fellow!" exclaimed the young general heartily. "If he fails to take the town, I will ever bear testimony that our want of success was not due to any lack of co-operation on his part."

"Shall we succeed, think you, Wolfe?" asked Grafton.

"What think you of the prospects yourself?"

"I am a sailor, I know little of such things. Give me the deck of a ship and I am at home. I fear nothing there—unless it be a lee-shore—but on land I prefer your views."

"Shall we fail? God knows!" murmured Wolfe softly, half soliloquizing. "I tried to turn their flank on the Montmorenci and failed there. I tried a direct attack on the Beauport lines and failed again. This time I know not. The path's a poor one at best. A hundred men at the top might hold an army," suddenly, as if awakened from a dream. "Of course not! We shall not fail! We can't fail! Philip, I must have Quebec! And now, at that! 'Tis our last chance, and mine!"

"'Tis sure a hard fate, but this body of mine is done for. I may last for a few days longer, but my race is about run."

"Don't say that, James!" exclaimed

his boyhood friend, protesting even against the bitter assurance in his heart of the truth of the dying soldier's words.

"It isn't the saying, old friend, but the fact, that makes it hard to bear—and 'tis true. This poor frail body is not equal to the demands I have made upon it. If it carry me through to-night and to-morrow I shall say naught. Death may have its way. Peace, Philip, I know what you would say, but I know myself 'tis useless. I want to strike one good blow for old England before I go. I should like to see the Cross of St. George floating above Cape Diamond before—but we shall see. Stobo says the path is practicable. He's a canny Scot and should know what he's talking about. I have examined it carefully as we floated past it, and I believe that we can get up. Once let me get on those plains and I interpose between Montcalm and his base of supplies. He must fight, retreat or surrender."

"'Tis easy to tell," answered Grafton, "what he will do then."

"Quite. He is a splendid soldier, as many of our poor fellows have cause to know—and a fighter always. I honor him."

"But suppose you get caught between Montcalm and Bougainville's men from Cap-Rouge, Wolfe?"

"The chances for their arriving on the field together are very remote, and we must crush the one who first makes his appearance. Then we can easily deal with the other."

"Have you issued all the necessary orders?"

"All."

"Have you thought of everything?"

"Everything but defeat. The men are to enter the boats about 11 o'clock," he continued. "They are to row up the river as if to make a landing at Cap-Rouge and then return to the ships. When the tide turns and the ebb begins they are to drop silently down the river. The ships will follow after an hour's interval. The boats will land the men at the designated point, and then go across to the other side and ferry over Burton's troops, who will have marched there before this, I presume. Those are your orders, Grafton."

"What then?"

"Then we will bide the issue. 'Tis a desperate hazard."

"Ay, desperate, indeed."

"We play for a great stake, Grafton, and fortune has been so hard to us perhaps the tide may turn and luck may serve."

"You are too wise a man to be lucky, Wolfe," responded the naval officer.

"Well, perhaps the luck will be with England, then. In fact, it is. Two deserters from Cap-Rouge have apprised us that a flotilla of provision boats is to be sent down to Quebec to-night. We will be that flotilla."

"Yes," laughed Grafton, "and give the French such a breakfast as they will find it difficult to digest, I'll warrant."

"Quite so," said Wolfe, smiling. "But now that you have your official instructions, Philip, there is another thing I want you to do for me."

"Anything on earth, old friend."

"I know that, I know that," answered the soldier. "You have always been a friend to me since we were boys together in old England. No one could be truer or better than you have been."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Grafton, hastily, with the Anglo-Saxon inclination to the avoidance of a scene. "We have been friends since my father sent me to the English school, where we met. I was a little colonial lad from Massachusetts, and mighty lonely by I was, Jimmie, until you took me up and championed me."

"But you fought your own battles, Phil."

"You saw that I had fair play, anyway. I'll tell you what it is, Wolfe, if your body only equalled your spirit, what a knight you would have been!"

"Well, it's about that body that I want to speak. As I told you, I am doomed. I shall never get back to England alive; the physicians have said so, and I feel that it is true. Look at me, you can see for yourself! If I were not for the fight I should be in my back now, and if I have to die I'd rather do it on the field yonder—after we have won, of course—but that's as God pleases. This is what I want you to do."

As he spoke the young general unbuttoned his waistcoat, loosened his shirt, and drew from his neck a little gold chain to which was attached a golden locket enclosed in a tight leather case. He slipped the chain over his head, drew the locket from the case, opened it and held it toward the light. He looked long and earnestly at the picture it contained—the portrait of a young and lovely woman. Observing that his friend had considerably turned his head, he raised it softly to his lips. A single tear fell upon the ivory miniature as he closed the locket, slipped it back in the leather case and extended it to Grafton. Deep tribute of affection lies in the tear of a soldier—of a soldier like Wolfe.

"When you get back to England, old friend," he said, slowly, "I want you to give this to Katharine Lowther, and tell her how, the night before I—before the battle, I mean, I gave it to you in the cabin of the ship, and how I loved her to the end. I have sent my farewells to my mother and the rest by some who know them, but I lay this last duty upon you. Nay, man, slip it around your neck. 'Twill not hurt Kitty, 'twould not hurt any girl to have her portrait worn against so honest a man's heart. And—"

He hesitated, "don't mention this to any one, and see that it does not leave your pocket for my knife to cut the rope, but it wasn't there."

"There was only one thing for me to do, and that was to get off that cow pony and leave him to his fate. It seemed to me that he was being pulled along at the rate of a mile a minute when I dropped off in the sand. The fall shook me up considerably, but I was thankful I got out of it alive. I sat up and watched the camel and pony disappear in the distance. I looked back and saw my three cowboys coming out towards me. None of the other camels was in sight."

"One of the Texans told me he had roped a camel and was being carried off the same way as I, when he saved the pony by cutting the rope. We rode back to the ranch without any camels, and I have never had any desire to domesticate them desert animals since then."—Gila City (Ariz.) Cor. St. Louis Post Dispatch.

"God bless you, Jim," answered Philip, his voice choking with emo-

tion. "On my word I will tell no one of it, and no one shall see it or know it until I give it to Miss Lowther. I pledge you, old friend. But I won't say good-by. I hope to congratulate you to-morrow—in Quebec."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### LASSOED A WILD CAMEL.

The Beast Then Proceeded to Take Cattlemen on a Journey.

A report from Topeka, Kan., that an expedition may be organized to round up the wild camels of this region has aroused much interest here.

There are several droves of these camels in Arizona. They are frequently seen on the borders of the great salt desert. If it had been proved possible to capture and domesticate the animals they would have been put to practical use by the people of this section before this.

The men who have attempted to do what the members of the Topeka expedition now purpose doing met with signal failure, and none of them care to go through the experience again.

"Them Eastern fellers can round up all the camels they want to. I don't want no more of it in mine," was the remark which "Clem" Miller made when told of the project. Miller has a ranch near the Mexico border between Gila City and Yuma. "I would not mind being off at a safe distance when the round-up takes place, but excuse me from participation in it. It would be fun for the onlooker, but awful for the other fellow. Maybe they do use camels on the 'Sahary' desert, but they must be of a different breed from these 'Arizona' animals."

"When I started my ranch a few years ago I thought it would be a good idea to rope a few of these camels that roam around here an' use 'em to bring my ranch supplies over from Yuma. I also had an idea that I could establish a regular line of these 'beasts of burden,' as my school teacher used to call them, and do a regular freight business with them between the towns of Arizona. I wasn't no tenderfoot when I struck this part of the country. I'd lived too long in West Texas, and in the Apache region of New Mexico not to know how to hold my own on the range or in the mountains. I had never met a wild animal that could get the best of me in a square deal. But to tell the truth I had never considered the camels as being wild animals. The only camels I ever had seen until I came to Arizona was them that are carried around in circuses back East. They were tame enough."

"Well, one morning, four years ago, about this time of year, I set out with three of my cowboys to round up a bunch of camels. My cowboys were experts with the rope. Two of them were Texans and the other was a Mexican whom I had picked up in Sonora. His name was Manuel. He was the only one of the party who objected to going. He hung back and repeatedly told me that the camels were 'no bueno,' and I had to give him a good 'cussin' in my best Spanish before I could get him to hunch up to the game."

"It was night on to moon when we first caught sight of the drove of camels. There were five of the animals feedin' on some desert plains near one of the big sand dunes about seven-tenths miles north of my ranch. They were probably a half mile away from us when they first saw us. They rose their heads and seemed to sniff the air a few times and then leisurely disappeared behind the