

LAZARRE

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

(Based Upon the Mystery Surrounding the Fate of the Dauphin, Son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette)

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CHAPTER IX.

A PRIMROSE dawn of spring touched the mountains as Mme. de Ferrier and I stepped into the tunnel's mouth. The underground path to De Chaumont's manor descended by terraces of steps and entered blackness. The ground was slippery, and thick darkness seemed to press the soul out of the body. Yet I liked it, for when we reached the staircase of rock that entered the house she would vanish. And so it was. She did say, "Good night—and good morning."

And I answered, "Good morning and good night!" On reaching my room, the first thing I did was to make a bundle of everything I considered necessary and desirable. There was no reason for doing this before lying down, but with an easier mind I closed my eyes and opened them to find sunset shining through the windows and Dr. Chantry keeping guard in an armchair at my side.

"Nature has taken her revenge on you, my lad," said he. "And now I am going to take mine." "I have slept all day!" "Renegades who roam the woods all night must expect to sleep all day."

"How do you know I have been in the woods all night?" "I heard you slipping up the tunnel stairs without any shoes on at daylight. I have not been able to sleep two nights on account of you."

"Then why don't you go to bed yourself, my dear master?" "Because I am not going to let you give me the slip another time. I am responsible for you, and you will have me on your back when you go prowling abroad again."

"Again?" I questioned innocently. "Yes, again, young sir! I have been through your luggage and find that you have packed changes of clothing and things necessary and unnecessary to a journey—even books."

There was no escaping his tenacious grip. He sat by and exercised me in Latin declensions while I dressed. We had our supper together. I saw no member of the household except the men Pierre and Jean. Dr. Chantry ordered a mattress put in my room and returned there with me.

We talked long on the approaching departure of the count and Mme. de Ferrier. He told me the latest details of preparation and tremulously explained how he must feel the loss of his sister.

"I have nothing left but you, Lazarre." "My dear master," I said, patting one of his shriveled hands between mine. "I am going to be open with you."

I sat on the side of my bed facing his armchair, and the dressing glass reflected his bald head and my young head drawn near together.

"Did you ever feel as if you were a prince?" Dr. Chantry wagged a pathetic negative. "Haven't you ever been ready to do anything and everything because something in you said 'I must'?"

Again Dr. Chantry wagged a negative. "Now I have to break bounds—I have to leave the manor and try my fortune. I can't wait for times and times."

"He is going to France!" "I saw you enter the house and had a suspicion of your undertaking. It is the worst venture you could possibly make at this time. We will begin with my family. Any belief in you into which I may have been betrayed is no guarantee of Monsieur's belief. You understand," said Louis Philippe, "that Monsieur stands next to the throne if there is no dauphin or an idiot dauphin?"

"And do you know how to reach the seaport?" "Since I came that way I can return that way. You have youth, my lad, but I have brains and experience."

"It's plain what ails you, Dr. Chantry, and you might as well try to swim the Atlantic." The more I reasoned with him the more obstinate he became. There was a wonderful spring called Saratoga, which he had visited with De Chaumont a few years before as they came into the wilderness. He was convinced that the water would set him on foot for the rest of the journey.

"What will you do in France?" I put to him. He knew no more than I what I should do. And there was Count de Chaumont to be considered. How would he regard my leaving taking?

Dr. Chantry was as insensible to De Chaumont as I myself. Still he agreed to write a note to his protector while I prepared my quill to write one to Mme. de Ferrier. With the spirit of the true parasite he laid all the blame on me, and said he was constrained by duty to follow and watch over me, since it was impossible to curb a nature like mine. And he left a loophole open for a future return to De Chaumont's easy service when the hardships which he willingly faced brought him his reward.

This paper he brazenly showed me while I was struggling to beg Mme. de Ferrier's pardon and to let her know that I aimed at something definite whether I ever reached port or not.

CHAPTER X. "THIS is fine!" said Dr. Chantry when we descended from the rough stage which had brought us across a corduroy trail and found ourselves at the entrance of a spacious wooden tavern.

"When I passed Saratoga before there were only three log houses, and the inn had two rooms below and one above. It was lighted by pine torches stuck in the chinks of the wall—and see how candles shine through these windows!"

A man who appeared to be the host met us, his sprightly interest in our welfare being tempered by the consciousness of having many guests, and told us the house was full, but he would do what he could for us.

"Why is the house full?" fretted Dr. Chantry. "You see, we are full of politicians from Washington. They crowd to the spring."

My master turned his nose like the inflamed horn of a unicorn against the politicians from Washington, and trotted to the fireplace, where blazing knots cheered a great taperset with many tables and benches.

And there rested Skenedonk in silent gravity, toasting his moccasins. The Iroquois had long made Saratoga a gathering place, but I thought of this Oneida as abiding in St. Regis village, for our people did not come to the summer hunting in May.

Forgetting that I was a runaway, I met him head-on and the fawn eyes in his bald head beamed their accustomed luster upon me. I asked him where my father and mother and the rest of the tribe were, and he said they had not left St. Regis.

"And why are you so early?" I inquired. He had been at Montreal and had undertaken to guide a Frenchman as far as Saratoga. It is not easy to surprise an Indian. But I wondered that Skenedonk accepted my presence without a question, quite as if he had himself made the appointment.

"This Bonaparte," said Louis Philippe, "has his troubles. His brother Jerome has married an American in Baltimore. A fine explosion that will make when it reaches his ears! Where are you going to land, Lazarre?"

I said that must depend on the ship I took. "And what are you going to do when you land?" I said I would think that out later.

Then the spirit being upon me, I burst bounds and told him impetuously that I was going to learn what the world held for me. Without means, without friends or power or prospects or certainty of any good results—impatient, reckless, utterly rash—"I am going," I cried, "because I must go!"

"There is something about you which inspires love for my boy," said Louis Philippe, and I heard him with astonishment. "Perhaps it comes from the mother. She was a witcher of all mankind!"

"I cannot understand why any one should love so ignorant a creature, but God grant there be others that love me, too, for I have lived a life stifted of all affection. And indeed, I did not know I wanted it until last year. When we talked late the other night and you told me the history of all my family the cruellest part of my lot seemed the separation from those that belonged to me. Separation from what is our own ought not to be imposed upon us even by God himself!"

"What?" said Louis Philippe. "Is he following a woman?" My face burned and probably went white, for I felt the blood go back on my heart. He took my hand and stroked it.

"Don't chain yourself behind that chair. Wait a little while for your good star to rise. I wish I had money. I wish I could be of use to you in France. I wish I stood nearer to Monsieur, for your sake. Every one must love this bold, pure face. It bears some resemblance to Mme. Royal. The sister of the dauphin is a good girl, not many years your senior, much dominated by her uncles, but a royal duchess. It is the fashion now to laugh at chivalry. You are the most foolish example of it I ever saw. It is like seeing a knight without horse, armor or purse, set out to win an equipment before he pursues his quest."

"Yes, I love you for it, my boy." "It would be well for me if I had more friends like you." "Why, I can be of no use. I cannot go back to France at this time, and if I could, what is my inducement there? I must wander around in foreign parts, a private gentleman eking out my living by some kind of industry. What are you going to do with the fretful old fellow you have with you?"

I groaned and laughed. "Carry him on my back. There is no getting rid of him. He is following me to France. He is my lesson master."

"How will you support him?" "He is supporting me at present. But I would rather take my chances alone."

"You have another follower," said Louis Philippe. "Your Indian has been in France, and after bearing our talk at the camp he foresaw you might be moved to this folly and told me he intended to guide you there or wherever you go."

"And Skenedonk too?" I shook with laughter. It was so like Skenedonk to draw his conclusions and determine on the next step. "What shall I do with them?" "The old master can be your secretary, and as for the Indian, you can take him for your servant."

"A secretary and a servant for an outcast without a penny to his pouch?" "You see the powers that order us are beginning well with you. Starting with a secretary and a servant, you may end with a full household and a court! I ought to add my poor item of tribute, and this I can do. There is a shipmaster taking cargo this month in New York bay who is a devoted royalist, a Breton sailor. For a letter from me he will carry you and your suit to the other side of the world, but you will have to land in his port."

"And what will the charges be?" "Nothing except gratitude if I put the case as strongly to him as I intend to do. God knows, I may be casting a foul lot for you. His ship is stanch, rigged like the Italian sail ships. But it is dirty work crossing the sea, and there is always danger of falling into the hands of pirates. Are you determined?"

I looked him in the eyes and said I was, thanking him for all his goodness to one who had so little expectation of requiting him. The sweeter heartiness of an older man so far beyond myself in princely attainments and world knowledge, who could stoop to such a raw savage, took me by storm.

I asked him if he had any idea who the idiot was that we had seen in Belleguer's camp. He shook his head, remembering.

The Duke's "Thirteen Clock." An ingenious timekeeping arrangement existed today which was designed by that famous Duke of Bridgewater who lived South Lancashire with canonical and died a hundred years ago. The duke was a great stickler for punctuality, and was annoyed that the workmen on his estate at Worsley did not return to work after dinner as promptly as they left off when the clock struck 12. When he remonstrated, he was told that while the workmen always heard the clock strike 12, they often failed to hear the single stroke of 1. The Duke of Bridgewater quickly found a remedy for this difficulty. He had a clock made that would strike thirteen times an hour after noon, and that clock proclaims 1 o'clock with a baker's dozen of sonorous strokes to this day. The "thirteen clock" is one of the curiosities of Worsley Hall.—Westminster Gazette.

The Wonders of Color. A small and simple experiment can be tried by any reader which will go far to convince him or her what a debt we owe to color and what a good thing it is we have sunlight, which enables our eyes to take advantage of the beautiful hues of nature. Make a room quite dark and then burn some carbonates of soda in the flame of a bunsen gas burner. It will burn with an orange yellow light sufficiently strong to illuminate everything in the room, but illuminate after a sudden shock you will realize with the light is, all distinct, bright thoughts and all distinct variations of color have vanished. Only light and shade remain. A crimson curtain, a blue violet, a red tablecloth, a yellow blind—all look gray or black or white. The faces of those present look positively repulsive, for all natural color has disappeared.

No other experiment will so well convince those who have witnessed it how great a loss would be that of our sense for color.

The Trouble With Him. "Well, sub," said Brother Dickson, "I 'traid' de wot de wot! I will never get along in de wot!" "Why, what de matter with him?" "Only dis: He skeered er thunder en he can't dodge lightning!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, Clarendon County, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. Rebecca H. Moise, Plaintiff, against Thomas B. Owen, Myra Owen, Thomas Reynolds Owen, C. C. Thames and Marion Moise, Defendants. Decree of Foreclosure.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas in the above stated action, to be directed, bearing date May 5, 1903, I will sell at public sale, for cash, to the highest bidder, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 2d day of November, 1903, being sales day, the following described real estate: "All of that lot of land in the village of Silver, in Clarendon County in said State, bounded on the North by lands of Mrs. M. A. Thames, East by the Public Road leading from Sumter to Santee River, South by land of Mrs. Briggs, formerly H. S. Briggs, and West by lands of Mrs. M. A. Thames, and being the land conveyed to Elizabeth A. Owen by Deed dated December 4, 1893. Purchaser to pay for papers. **J. ELBERT DAVIS,** Sheriff Clarendon County. Manning, S. C., October 7, 1903.

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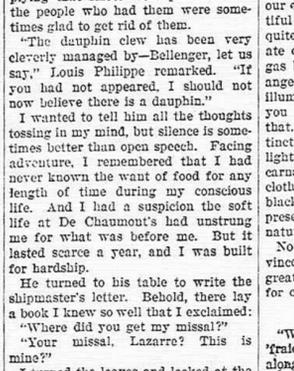
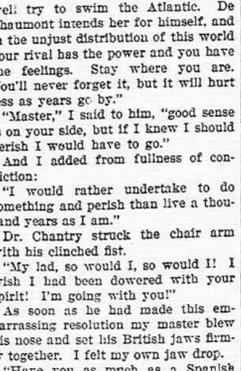
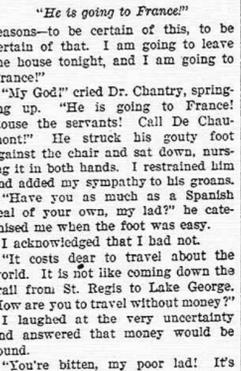
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