

# Monsieur Beaucaire

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,

Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "The Conquest of Canaan."

Copyright, 1900, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"A mistake. No. All I requir—all I beg—is this one evening. 'Tis all shall be necessary. After, I shall not need monsieur."

"Take heed to yourself—after!" vouchsafed the Englishman between his teeth.

"Conquered!" cried M. Beaucaire and clapped his hands gleefully.

"Conquered for the night! Aha, it is riz'nable! I shall meet what you send—after. One cannot hope too much of your patience. It is but natural you should atten p' a little avengement for the rascal trap I was such a wicked fellow as to set for you. I shall meet some strange frien's of yours after tonight. Not so? I must try to be not too much frighten'." He looked at the duke curiously. "You want to know why I create this tragedy, why I am so unkind as to entrap monsieur?"

His grace of Winterset replied with a chill glance. A pulse in the nobleman's cheek beat less relentlessly. His eye raged not so bitterly. The steady purple of his own color was returning. His voice was less hoarse. He was regaining his habit. "'Tis ever the manner of the vulgar," he observed, "to wish to be seen with people of fashion."

"Oh, no, no, no!" The Frenchman laughed. "'Tis not that. Am I not already one of these 'men of fashion'? I lack only the reputation of birth. Monsieur is goin' supply that. Ha, ha! I shall be noble from tonight. 'Victor,' the artis', is condemn' to death. His throat shall be cut with his own razor. 'M. Beaucaire'—Here the young man sprang to his feet, caught up the black wig, clapped into it a dice box from the table and hurled it violently through the open door. "'M. Beaucaire' shall be choke' with his own dice box. Who is the Phoenix to remain? What advantage have I not over other men of rank who are merely born to it? I may choose my own. No! Choose for me, monsieur. Shall I be chevalier, comte, vicomte, marquis—what? None. Out of compliment, to monsieur can I wish to be anything he is not? No, no! I shall be M. le Duc, M. le Duc de—de Chateaurien. Ha, ha! You see? You are my confrere."

M. Beaucaire trod a dainty step or two, waving his hand politely to the duke, as though in invitation to join the celebration of his rank.



"M. BEUCAIRE SHALL BE CHOKED WITH HIS OWN DICE BOX."

The Englishman watched, his eye still and harsh, already gathering in creases. Beaucaire stopped suddenly. "But how I forget my age! I am twenty-three," he said, with a sigh. "I rejoice too much to be of the quality. It has been too great for me, and I had always belief myself free of such ambition. I thought it was enough to behold the opera without wishing to sing; but no, England have teach' me I have those vulgar desire'. Monsieur, I am goin' tell you a secret. The ladies of your country are very diff'rant than ours. One may adore the demoiselle, one must worship the lady of England. Our ladies have the—it is the beauty of youth. Yours remain comely at thirty. Ours are flowers. Yours are stars! See, I betray myself, I am poor a patriot. And there is one among these stars—ah, yes, there is one—the poor Frenchman has observe' from his humble distance. Even there he could bask in the glowing!" M. Beaucaire turned to the window and looked out into the dark. He did not see the lights of the town. When he turned again he had half forgotten his prisoner. Other pictures were before him.

"Ah, what radiance!" he cried. "Those people up over the sky, they want to show they wish the earth to be happy, so they smile and make this lady. Gold haired, an angel of heaven, and yet a Diana of the chase! I see her fly by me on her great horse one day. She touch his mane with her fingers. I buy that clipping from the groom. I have it here with my dear brother's picture. Ah, you! Oh, yes, you laugh! What do you know! 'Twas all I could get. But I have

heard of the endeavor of M. le Duc to recoup his fortunes. This alliance shall fail. It is not the way—that heritage shall be safe from him! It is you and me, monsieur! You can laugh! The war is open, and by me! There is one great step taken. Until tonight there was nothing for you to ruin. Tomorrow you have got a noble of France—your own protege—to besiege and sack. And you are to lose, because you think such ruin easy and because you understand nothing—far less—of divinity. How could you know? You have not the fiber. The heart of a lady is a blank to you. You know nothing of the vibration. There are some words that were made only to tell of Lady Mary, for her alone—bellissima, divine, glorieuse! Ah, how I have watch' her! It is sad to me when I see her surround' by your yo'ng captains, your nobles, your rattles, your beaux—ha, ha!—and I mus' hol' far aloof. It is sad for me, but oh, jus' to watch her and to wonder! Strange it is, but I have almos' cry out with rapture at a look I have see' her give another man, so beautiful it was, so tender, so dazzling of the eyes and so mirthful of the lips. Ah, divine coquetry! A look for another, ah-i-me, for many others! and even to you one day a rose, while I—I, monsieur, could not even be so blessed as to be the groun' beneath her little shoe! But tonight, monsieur—ha, ha!—tonight, monsieur, you and me, two princes, M. le Duc de Winterset and M. le Duc de Chateaurien—ha, ha! You see? We are goin' arm in arm to that ball, and I am goin' have one of those looks—I! And a rose! I! It is time. But ten minute', monsieur. I make my apology to keep you waitin' so long while I go in the nex' room and execute my poor mustachio—that will be my only murder for jus' this one evening—and inves' myself in white satin. Ha, ha! I shall be very gran', monsieur. Francois, send Louis to me. Victor, to order two chairs for monsieur and me. We are goin' out in the worl' tonight!"

## CHAPTER II.

THE chairmen swarmed in the street at Lady Malbourne's door, where the joyous vulgar fought with muddled footmen and tipsy link boys for places of vantage whence to catch a glimpse of quality and of raiment at its utmost. Dawn was in the east, and the guests were departing. Singly or in pairs, glittering in finery, they came mincing down the steps, the ghost of the night's smirk fading to jaedness as they sought the dark recesses of their chairs. From within sounded the twang of fiddles still swinging manfully at it, and the windows were bright with the light of many candles. When the door was flung open to call the chair of Lady Mary Carlisle there was an eager pressure of the throng to see.

A small, fair gentleman in white satin came out upon the steps, turned and bowed before a lady who appeared in the doorway, a lady whose royal loveliness was given to view for a moment in that glowing frame. The crowd sent up a hearty English cheer for the beauty of Bath.

The gentleman smiled upon them delightedly. "What enchanting people!" he cried. "Why did I not know, so I might have shout' with them?" The lady noticed the people not at all. Whereat, being pleased, the people cheered again. The gentleman offered her his hand. She made a slow courtesy; placed the tips of her fingers upon his own. "I am honored, M. de Chateaurien," she said.

"No, no!" he cried earnestly. "Behold a poor emperor's should envy." Then reverently and with a gallant office vibrant in every line of his light figure, in white satin and very grand, as he had prophesied, M. le Duc de Chateaurien handed Lady Mary Carlisle down the steps, an act figured in the ambitions of seven other gentlemen.



THE CROWD SENT UP A HEARTY ENGLISH CHEER FOR THE BEAUTY OF BATH.

"Am I to be lef' in such unhappiness?" he said in a low voice. "That rose I have beg' for so long!" "Never!" said Lady Mary. "Ah, I do not deserve it, I know so well! But—" "Never!" "It is the greatness of my onworthiness that alone can claim your charity. Let your kin' heart give this little red rose, this great alms, to the poor beggar." "Never!" She was seated in the chair. "Ah, give the rose," he whispered.

Her beauty shone dazzlingly on him out of the dimness. "Never!" she flashed defiantly as she was closed in. "Never!" "Ah!" "Never!" The rose fell at his feet. "A rose lasts till morning," said a voice behind him. Turning, M. de Chateaurien looked beamingly upon the face of the Duke of Winterset. "'Tis already the daylight," he replied, pointing to the east. "Monsieur, was it not enough honor for you to han' out madame, the aunt of Lady Mary? Lady Rellerton retain' much trace of beauty. 'Tis strange you did not appear more happy." "The rose is of an unlucky color, I think," observed the duke. "The color of a blush, my brother." "Unlucky, I still maintain," said the other calmly. "The color of the veins of a Frenchman. Ha, ha!" cried the young man. "What price would be too high? A rose is a rose! A good night, my brother, a good night. I wish you dreams of roses, red roses, only beautiful red, red roses!" "Stay! Did you see the look she gave these street folk when they shouted for her? And how are you higher than they, when she knows? As high as yonder horse boy!" "Red roses, my brother, only roses. I wish you dreams of red, red roses!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

### Mr. I. G. Ross, Of Locust Hill Farm, One Of the County's Scientific Farmers, Tells Why He Doesn't Grow Tobacco.

Locust Hill Farm, Sept. 23rd.

Mr. Editor :

I have received a letter asking me why I do not grow tobacco, and I wish to answer it through your paper, so if there should be anyone else that might wish to know, they could learn through your paper, and thereby save them the trouble and expense of writing me and also save me the same trouble and expense of answering it as it is very common thing for us to forget to furnish a stamp with our letters when we want information and write for it.

My first reason is this: When our creator created this planet that we now inhabit he placed in it all the chemical elements that was to furnish plant food and so arranged them that the inhabitants could improv' it and at the same time it would furnish them food and clothing out of it. Therefore, we should never plant anything that will not furnish food and clothing. All the plants that furnish clothing also furnish food. Take the cotton and the flax they both feed and clothe us. Every time we plant a plant of anything that does not

we are robbing our soil of the necessary plant food generations will need to feed themselves upon. If we plant a plant of tobacco we are planting something that does not furnish food nor clothes anything, and at the same time we have upon our soil that is impoverishing it of the plant food that we should use. It is making the father rich and the son poor. If we are increasing our bank account we are losing it. Our bank accounts will be worth nothing to the rising generation if the plant food had remained in our soils, it would be left.

Tobacco is a plant that belong to the savage, because it is not improved and kept in tide with civilization. Where it was discovered it could be used in its natural state, but today with the advance of civilization it has to be worked by the middle man, and he gets all the profits in it. Science has failed in every instance where it has made any attempt to improve it. All that science has done or can do is to watch the diseases of the plant, and they are so fast that it is always a year behind.

Mr. W. A. Petree, who is authority on the plant, has honor enough about him to tell you that science cannot improve the plant. All it does is to try to watch the diseases of the plant.

My next is the influence it has on the health and morals of the people who use it—the habitual use of it, especially in the young, tends to decrease of bodily and mental vigor and a deficiency of the blood and palpitation of the heart. It is an admitted fact that a disease of the eye is caused by smoking and especially of the cigarette, and it is uncommon among the users of the strong black plug. My last is that it is not decent to use in any form that I have ever seen it and these are some of the reasons why I do not grow the weed. And I hope my friend will be satisfied with my answer. I would be glad for him to give some of his reasons for growing it.

Yours respectfully,  
I. G. ROSS.

### Parties Charged With Shooting John Fulp Discharged—Fulp Improving.

The trial of Will Wall, Joe Wall, Grady Pulliam and John Pleas Lesley was held before Justice Joel I. Blackburn near Walnut Cove last Thursday. They were charged with shooting John Fulp on Saturday night, September 14th. As no evidence could be procured, the warrant was dismissed and the defendants discharged. The latest report from Fulp is that he is rapidly getting well. It is supposed that he was not shot through the lung as was first reported.