IN THE REIGN OF TERROR

G·A·HENTY

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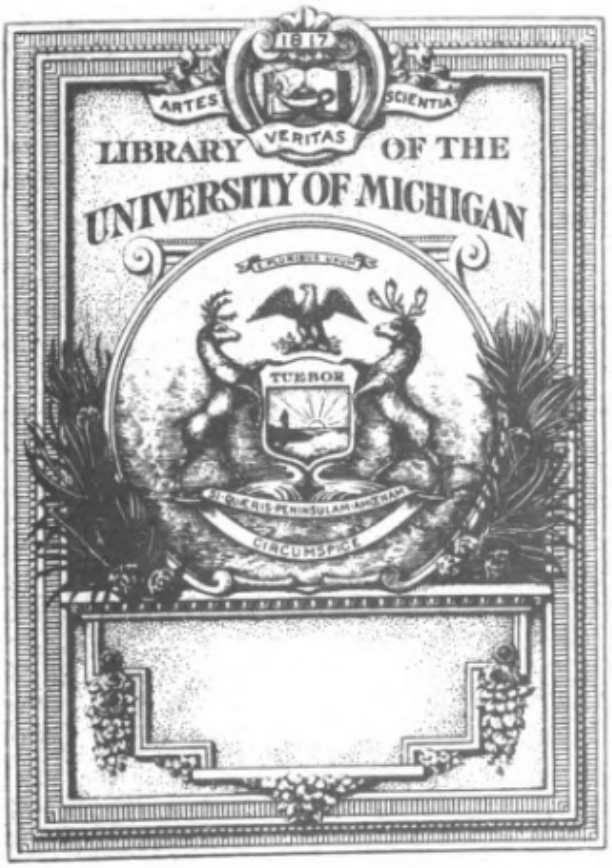

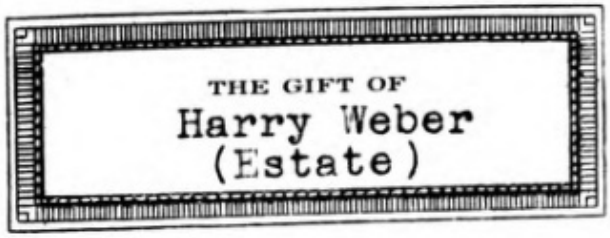

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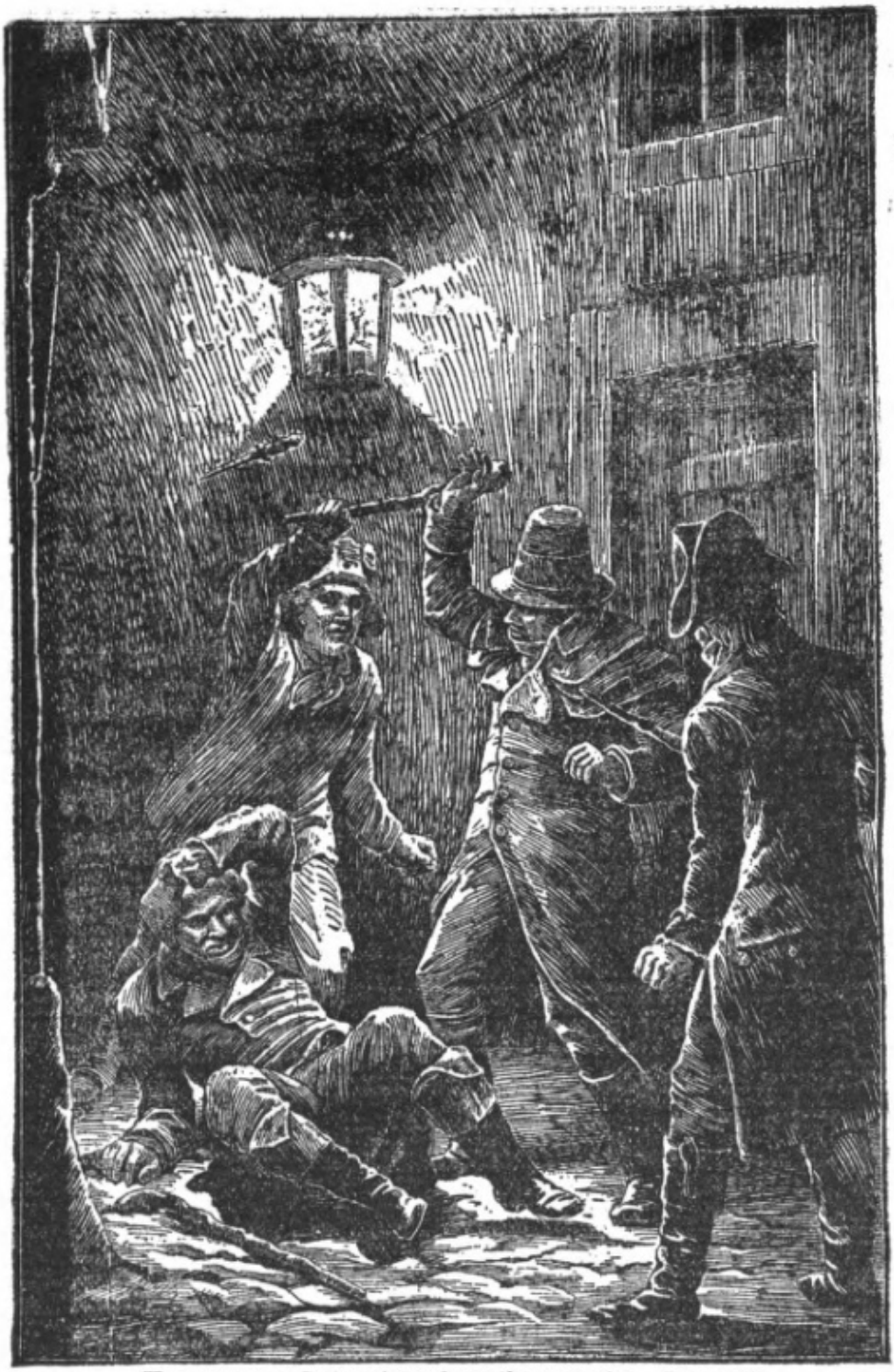

Harry rescues Robespierre from the assassins.—Page 223.
—*In the Reign of Terror.*

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IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WESTMINSTER BOY.

By G. A. HENTY,

Author of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "The Lion of the North," "With Clive in India," "The Young Carthaginian," "The Dragon and the Raven," "With Lee in Virginia," "By Pike and Dyke," "Captain Bayley's Heir," "By England's Aid," "Under Drake's Flag," "In Freedom's Cause," etc.

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A. L. BURT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

My Dear Lads: This time only a few words are needed, for the story speaks for itself. My object has been rather to tell you a tale of interest than to impart historical knowledge, for the facts of the dreadful time when "the terror" reigned supreme in France are well known to all educated lads. I need only say that such historical allusions as are necessary for the sequence of the story will be found correct, except that the Noyades at Nantes did not take place until a somewhat later period than is here assigned to them. Yours sincerely,

G. A. Henty.

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IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

CHAPTER I.

A JOURNEY TO FRANCE.

"I DON'T know what to say, my dear."

"Why, surely, James, you are not thinking for a moment of letting him go?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes, I am certainly thinking of it, though I haven't at all made up my mind. There are advantages and disadvantages."

"Oh, but it is such a long way, and to live among those French people, who have been doing such dreadful things, attacking the Bastile, and, as I have heard you say, passing all sorts of revolutionary laws, and holding their king and queen almost as prisoners in Paris!"

"Well, they won't eat him, my dear. The French Assembly, or the National Assembly, or whatever it ought to be called, has certainly been passing laws limiting the power of the king and abolishing many of the rights and privileges of the nobility and clergy; but you must remember that

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the condition of the vast body of the French nation has been terrible. We have long conquered our liberties, and, indeed, never even in the height of the feudal system were the mass of the English people more enslaved than have been the peasants of France.

"We must not be surprised, therefore, if in their newly-recovered freedom they push matters to an excess at first; but all this will right itself, and no doubt a constitutional form of government, somewhat similiar to our own, will be established. But all this is no reason against Harry's going out there. You don't suppose that the French people are going to fly at the throats of the nobility. Why, even in the heat of the civil war here there was no instance of any personal wrong being done to the families of those engaged in the struggle, and in only two or three cases, after repeated risings, were any even of the leaders executed.

"No; Harry will be just as safe there as he would be here. As to the distance, it's nothing like so far as if he went to India, for example. I don't see any great chance of his setting the Thames on fire at home. His school report is always the same —'Conduct fair; progress in study moderate'— which means, as I take it, that he just scrapes along. That's it, isn't it, Harry?"

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"Yes, father, I think so. You see every one cannot be at the top of the form."

"That's a very true observation, my boy. It is clear that if there are twenty boys in a class, nineteen fathers have to be disappointed. Still, of course, one would like to be the father who is not disappointed."

"I stick to my work," the boy said; "but there are always fellows who seem to know just the right words without taking any trouble about it. It comes to them, I suppose."

"What do you say to this idea yourself, Harry?"

"I don't know, sir," the boy said doubtfully.

"And I don't know," his father agreed. "At any rate we will sleep upon it. I am clear that the offer is not to be lightly rejected."

Dr. Sandwith was a doctor in Chelsea. Chelsea in the year 1790 was a very different place to Chelsea of the present day. It was a pretty suburban hamlet, and was indeed a very fashionable quarter. Here many of the nobility and personages connected with the court had their houses, and broad country fields and lanes separated it from the stir and din of London. Dr. Sandwith had a good practice, but he had also a large family. Harry was at Westminster, going backward and forward across the fields to school. So far he had evinced

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no predilection for any special career. He was a sturdy, well-built lad of some sixteen years old. He was, as his father said, not likely to set the Thames on fire in any way. He was as undistinguished in the various sports popùlar among boys in those days as he was in his lessons. He was as good as the average, but no better; had fought some tough fights with boys of his own age, and had shown endurance rather than brilliancy.

In the ordinary course of things he would probably in three or four years' time have chosen some profession; and, indeed, his father had already settled in his mind that as Harry was not likely to make any great figure in life in the way of intellectual capacity, the best thing would be to obtain for him a commission in his majesty's service, as to which, with the doctor's connection among people of influence, there would not be any difficulty. He had, however, said nothing as yet to the boy on the subject.

The fact that Harry had three younger brothers and four sisters, and that Dr. Sandwith, who was obliged to keep up a good position, sometimes found it difficult to meet his various expenses, made him perhaps more inclined to view favorably the offer he had that morning received than would otherwise have been the case. Two years before he had

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attended professionally a young French nobleman attached to the embassy. It was from him that the letter which had been the subject of conversation had been received. It ran as follows:

"DEAR DOCTOR SANDWITH: Since my return from Paris I have frequently spoken to my brother, the Marquis of St. Caux, respecting the difference of education between your English boys and our own. Nothing struck me more when I was in London than your great schools. With us the children of good families are almost always brought up at home. They learn to dance and to fence, but have no other exercise for their limbs, and they lack the air of manly independence which struck me in English boys. They are more *gentil*—I do not know the word in your language which expresses it—they carry themselves better, they are not so rough; they are more polite. There are advantages in both systems, but for myself I like yours much the best. My brother is, to some extent, a convert to my view. There are no such schools to which he could send his sons in France, for what large schools we have are under the management of the fathers, and the boys have none of that freedom which is the distinguishing point of the English system of education. Even if there were such schools, I am sure that madame my sister-in-law would never hear of her sons being sent there.

"Since this is so, the marquis has concluded that the best thing would be to have an English boy of good family as their companion. He would, of course, study with them under their masters. He would play and ride with them, and would be treated as one of themselves. They would learn

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something of English from him, which would be useful if they adopt the diplomatic profession. He would learn French, which might also be useful to him; but of course the great point which my brother desires is that his sons should acquire something of the manly independence of thought and action which distinguishes English boys.

"Having arranged this much, I thought of you. I know that you have several sons. If you have one of from fourteen to sixteen years, and you would like him to take such a position for two or three years, I should be glad indeed to secure such a companion for my nephews. If not, would you do me the favor of looking round among your acquaintances and find us a lad such as we need. · He must be a gentleman and a fair type of the boy we are speaking of. I may say that my brother authorizes me to offer in his name, in addition to all expenses, two thousand francs a year to the young gentleman who will thus benefit his sons. I do not think that the political excitement which is agitating Paris need be taken into consideration. Now that great concessions have been made to the representatives of the nation, it is not at all probable that there will be any recurrence of such popular tumults as that which brought about the capture of the Bastile. But in any case this need not weigh in the decision, as my brother resides for the greater part of the year in his chateau near Dijon in Burgundy, far removed from the troubles in the capital."

The more Dr. Sandwith thought over the matter the more he liked it. There were comparatively few Englishmen in those days who spoke the French language. It was, indeed, considered part of the

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education of a young man of good family to make what was called the grand tour of Europe under the charge of a tutor, after leaving the university. But these formed a very small proportion of society, and, indeed, the frequent wars which had, since the Stuarts lost the throne of England, occurred between the two countries had greatly interfered with continental travel.

Even now the subjects of France and England were engaged in a desperate struggle in India, although there was peace between the courts of Versailles and St. James. A knowledge of the French language then would be likely to be of great utility to Harry if he entered the army; his expenses at Westminster would be saved, and the two hundred and forty pounds which he would acquire during his three years' stay in France would be very useful to him on his first start in life. After breakfast next morning Dr. Sandwith asked Harry to take a turn in the garden with him, for the holidays had just begun.

"What do you think of this, Harry?"

"I have not thought much about it one way or the other, sir," Harry said, looking up with a smile. "It seemed to me better that you should do the thinking for both of us."

"I might perhaps be better able to judge

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whether it would be advantageous or otherwise for you to accept the offer, but you must be the best judge as to whether you would like to accept it or not."

"I can't quite make up my mind as to that, sir. I like school very much and I like being at home. I don't want to learn Frenchified ways, nor to eat frogs and snails and all sorts of nastiness; still, it would be fun going to a place so different to England, and hearing no English spoken, and learning all their rum ways, and getting to jabber French."

"It might be very useful to you in the army, Harry," and then the doctor stopped suddenly.

"The army!" Harry exclaimed in a tone of astonished delight. "Oh, sir, do you really think of my going into the army? You never said a word about that before. I should like that immensely."

"That slipped out, Harry, for I did not mean to say anything about it until you had left school; still, if you go to France I do not know why you should not keep that before you. I don't think the army is a very good profession, but you do not seem to have any marked talent for anything else. You don't like the idea of medicine or the church, and you were almost heartbroken when I wanted you to accept the offer of your Uncle John of a seat in

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his counting-house. It seems to me that the army would suit you better than anything else, and I have no doubt that I could get you a commission. Now, whenever we fight France is sure to be on the other side, and I think that it would be of great advantage to you to have a thorough knowledge of French—a thing which very few officers in our army possess. If you accept this offer you will have the opportunity of attaining this, and at the same time of earning a nice little sum, which would pay for your outfit and supply you with pocket-money for some time."

"Yes, sir, it would be first rate!" Harry exclaimed excitedly. "Oh, please, accept the offer; I should like it of all things; and even if I do get ever so skinny on frogs and thin soup, I can get fat on roast beef again when I get back."

"That is all nonsense, Harry, about frogs and starving. The French style of cookery differs from ours, but they eat just as much, and although they may not, as a rule, be as broad and heavy as Englishmen, that is simply a characteristic of race; the Latin peoples are of slighter build than the Teutonic. As to their food, you know that the Romans, who were certainly judges of good living, considered the snail a great luxury, and I dare say ate frogs too. A gentleman who had made the grand tour

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told me that he had tasted them in Paris and found them very delicate eating. You may not like the living quite at first, but you will soon get over that, and once accustomed to it you will like it quite as well as our solid joints. My principal objection to your going lies quite in another direction. Public opinion in France is much disturbed. In the National Assembly, which is the same as our Parliament, there is a great spirit of resistance to the royal authority, something like a revolution has already been accomplished, and the king is little more than a prisoner."

"But that would surely make no difference to me, sir!"

"No, I don't see that it should, Harry. Still, it would cause your mother a good deal of anxiety."

"I don't see it could make any difference," Harry repeated; "and you see, sir, when I go into the army and there is war, mother would be a great deal more anxious."

"You mean, Harry," the doctor said with a smile, "that whether her anxiety begins a little sooner or later does not make much difference."

"I don't think I quite meant that, sir," Harry said; "but yes," he added frankly, after a moment's thought, "I suppose I did; but I really don't see that supposing there were any troubles in France it

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could possibly make any difference to me; even if there were a civil war, such as we had in England, they would not interfere with boys."

"No, I don't see that it would make any difference, and the chance is so remote that it need not influence our decision. Of course if war broke out between the two countries the marquis would see that you were sent back safely. Well, then, Harry, I am to consider that your decision is in favor of your accepting this appointment."

"If you please, sir. I am sure it will be a capital thing for me, and I have no doubt it will be great fun. Of course at first it will be strange to hear them all jabbering in French, but I suppose I shall soon pick it up."

And so Mrs. Sandwith was informed by her husband that after talking it over with Harry he had concluded that the proposed arrangement would really be an excellent one, and that it would be a great pity to let such an opportunity slip.

The good lady was for a time tearful in her forebodings that Harry would be starved, for in those days it was a matter of national opinion that our neighbors across the Channel fed on the most meager of diet; but she was not in the habit of disputing her husband's will, and when the letter of acceptance had been sent off, she busied herself in preparing Harry's clothes for his long absence.

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"He ought to be measured for several suits, my dear," she said to her husband, "made bigger and bigger to allow for his growing."

"Nonsense, my dear! You do not suppose that clothes cannot be purchased in France! Give him plenty of under-linen, but the fewer jackets and trousers he takes over the better; it will be much better for him to get clothes out there of the same fashion as other people; the boy will not want to be stared at wherever he goes. The best rule is always to dress like people round you. I shall give him money, and directly he gets there he can get a suit or two made by the tailor who makes for the lads he is going to be with. The English are no more loved in France than the French are here, and though Harry has no reason to be ashamed of his nationality there is no occasion for him to draw the attention of every one he meets to it by going about in a dress which would seem to them peculiar."

In due time a letter was received from Count Auguste de St. Caux, stating that the marquis had requested him to write and say that he was much gratified to hear that one of the doctor's own sons was coming over to be a companion and friend to his boys, and that he was sending off in the course of two days a gentleman of his household to Calais to meet him and conduct him to Paris. On young

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Mr. Sandwith's arrival at Calais he was to go at once to the Hotel Lion d'Or and ask for M. du Tillet.

During the intervening time Harry had been very busy, he had to say good-by to all his friends, who looked, some with envy, some with pity, upon him, for the idea of a three years' residence in France was a novel one to all. He was petted and made much of at home, especially by his sisters, who regarded him in the light of a hero about to undertake a strange and hazardous adventure.

Three days after the arrival of the letter of the marquis Dr. Sandwith and Harry started by stage for Dover, and the doctor put his son on board the packet sailing for Calais. The evening before he gave him much good advice as to his behavior.

"You will see much that is new, and perhaps a good deal that you don't like, Harry, but it is better for you never to criticize or give a hostile opinion about things; you would not like it if a French boy came over here and made unpleasant remarks about English ways and manners. Take things as they come and do as others do; avoid all comparisons between French and English customs; fall in with the ways of those around you; and adopt as far as you can the polite and courteous manner which is general among the French, and in which, I must

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say, they are far ahead of us. If questioned, you will, of course, give your opinion frankly and modestly; it is the independence of thought among English boys which has attracted the attention and approval of Auguste de St. Caux.

"Be natural and simple, giving yourself no airs, and permitting none on the part of the lads you are with; their father says you are to be treated as their equal. But, upon the other hand, do not be ever on the lookout for small slights, and bear with perfect good temper any little ridicule your, to them foreign, ways and manners may excite. I need not tell you to be always straightforward, honest, and true, for of those qualities I think you possess a fair share. Above all things restrain any tendency to use your fists; fighting comes naturally to English boys, but in France it is considered as brutal and degrading—a blow is a deadly insult, and would never be forgiven.

"So, whatever the provocation, abstain from striking any one. Should you find that in any way your position is made intolerable, you will of course appeal to the marquis, and unless you obtain redress you will come home—you will find no difficulty in traveling when you once understand the language—but avoid anything like petty complaints. I trust there will be no reason for complaints at all,

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and that you will find your position an exceedingly pleasant one as soon as you become accustomed to it; but should occasion arise bear my words in mind."

Harry promised to follow his father's advice implicitly, but in his own mind he wondered what fellows did when they quarreled if they were not allowed to fight; however, he supposed that he should, under the circumstances, do the same as French boys, whatever that might be.

As soon as the packet was once fairly beyond the harbor Harry's thoughts were effectually diverted from all other matters by the motion of the sailing boat, and he was soon in a state of prostration, in which he remained until, seven hours later, the packet entered Calais harbor.

Dr. Sandwith had requested the captain to allow one of his men to show Harry the way to the Lion d'Or. Harry had pulled himself together a little as the vessel entered the still water in the harbor, and was staring at the men in their blue blouses and wooden shoes, at the women in their quaint and picturesque attire, when a sailor touched him on the shoulder.

"Now, young sir, the captain tells me I am to show you the way to your hotel. Which is your box?"

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Harry pointed out his trunk; the sailor threw it on his shoulder, and Harry, with a feeling of bewilderment, followed him along the gangway to the shore. Here he was accosted by an officer.

"What does he say?" he asked the sailor.

"He asks for your passport."

Harry fumbled in his breast pocket for the document which his father had obtained for him from the foreign office, duly viséed by the French ambassador, notifying that Henry Sandwith, aged sixteen, height five feet eight, hair brown, eyes gray, nose short, mouth large, was about to reside in France in the family of the Marquis de St. Caux. The officer glanced it over, and then returned it to Harry with a polite bow, which Harry in some confusion endeavored to imitate.

"What does the fellow want to bow and scrape like that for?" he muttered to himself as he followed his guide. "An Englishman would just have nodded and said 'All right!' What can a fellow want more, I should like to know? Well, I suppose I shall get accustomed to it, and shall take to bowing and scraping as a matter of course."

The Lion d'Or was close at hand. In reply to the sailor's question the landlord said that M. du Tillet was within. The sailor put down the trunk, pocketed the coin Harry gave him, and with a

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"Good luck, young master!" went out, taking with him, as Harry felt, the last link to England. He turned and followed the landlord. The latter mounted a flight of stairs, knocked at a door, and opened it.

"A young gentleman desires to see M. du Tillet," he said, and Harry entered.

A tall, big man, whose proportions at once disappointed Harry's preconceived notions as to the smallness and leanness of Frenchmen, rose from the table at which he was writing.

"Monsieur—Sandwith?" he said interrogatively; "I am glad to see you."

Harry did not understand the latter portion of the remark, but he caught the sound of his name.

"That's all right," he said nodding. "How do you do, M. du Tillet?"

The French gentleman bowed; Harry bowed; and then they looked at each other. There was nothing more to say. A smile stole over Harry's face, and broke into a frank laugh. The Frenchman smiled, put his hand on Harry's shoulder, and said:

"Brave garçon!" and Harry felt they were friends.

M. du Tillet's face bore an expression of easy good temper, He wore a wig with long curls; he had a soldier's bearing, and a scar on his left cheek;

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his complexion was dark and red, his eyebrows black and bushy. After a pause he said:

"Are you hungry?" and then put imaginary food to his mouth.

"You mean will I eat anything?" Harry translated. "Yes, that I will if there's anything fit to eat. I begin to feel as hungry as a hunter, and no wonder, for I am as hollow as a drum!"

His nod was a sufficient answer. M. du Tillet took his hat, opened the door, and bowed for Harry to precede him.

Harry hesitated, but believing it would be the polite way to do as he was told, returned the bow and went out. The Frenchman put his hand on his shoulder, and they went downstairs together and took their seats in the salon, where his companion gave an order, and in two or three minutes a bowl of broth was placed before each of them.

It fully answered Harry's ideas as to the thinness of French soup, for it looked like dirty water with a few pieces of bread and some scraps of vegetables floating in it. He was astonished at the piece of bread, nearly a yard long, placed on the table. M. du Tillet cut a piece off and handed it to him. He broke a portion of it into his broth, and found, when he tasted it, that it was much nicer than it looked.

"It's not so bad after all," he thought to himself.

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"Anyhow, bread seems plentiful, so there's no fear of my starving." He followed his companion's example and made his way steadily through a number of dishes all new and strange to him; neither his sight nor his taste gave him the slightest indication as to what meat he was eating.

"I suppose it's all right," he concluded; "but what people can want to make such messes of their food for I can't make out. A slice of good roast beef is worth the lot of it; but really it isn't nasty; some of the dishes are not bad at all if one only knew what they were made of." M. du Tillet offered him some wine, which he tasted but shook his head, for it seemed rough and sour; but he poured himself out some water. Presently a happy idea seized him; he touched the bread and said interrogatively, "Bread?" M. du Tillet at once replied "*Pain*," which Harry repeated after him.

The ice thus broken, conversation began, and Harry soon learned the French for knife, fork, spoon, plate, and various other articles, and felt that he was fairly on the way toward talking French. After the meal was over M. du Tillet rose and put on his hat, and signed to Harry to accompany him. They strolled through the town, went down to the quays and looked at the fishing-boats; Harry was feeling more at home now, and asked

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the French name for everything he saw, repeating the word over and over again to himself until he felt sure that he should remember it, and then asking the name of some fresh object.

The next morning they started in the post-wagon for Paris, and arrived there after thirty-six hours' travel. Harry was struck with the roads, which were far better tended and kept than those in England. The extreme flatness of the country surprised him, and, except in the quaintness of the villages and the variety of the church towers, he saw little to admire during the journey.

"If it is all like this," he thought to himself, "I don't see that they have any reason for calling it *la belle* France."

Of Paris he saw little. A blue-bloused porter carried his trunk what seemed to Harry a long distance from the place where the conveyance stopped. The streets here were quiet and almost deserted after the busy thoroughfares of the central city. The houses stood, for the most part, back from the street, with high walls and heavy gates.

"Here we are at last," his guide said, as he halted before a large and massive gateway, surmounted by a coat of arms with supporters carved in stonework. He rang at the bell, which was opened by a porter in livery, who bowed profoundly upon seeing

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M. du Tillet. Passing through the doorway, Harry found himself in a spacious hall, decorated with armor and arms. As he crossed the threshold M. du Tillet took his hand and shook it heartily, saying, "Welcome!" Harry understood the action, though not the words, and nodded, saying:

"I think I shall get on capitally if they are all as jolly as you are."

Then they both laughed, and Harry looked round wondering what was coming next.

"The marquis and his family are all away at their chateau near Dijon," his companion said, waving his hand. "We shall stay a day or two to rest ourselves after our journey, and then start to join them."

He led Harry into a great salon magnificently furnished, pointed to the chairs and looking-glasses and other articles of furniture, all swathed up in coverings; and the lad understood at once that the family were away. This was a relief to him; he was getting on capitally with M. du Tillet, but shrank from the prospect of meeting so many strange faces.

A meal was speedily served in a small and comfortably furnished apartment; and Harry concluded that although he might not be able to decide on the nature of his food, it was really nice, and that there

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was no fear whatever of his falling away in flesh. M. du Tillet pressed him to try the wine again, and this he found to be a vast improvement upon the vintage he had tasted at Calais.

After breakfast next morning they started for a walk, and Harry was delighted with the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, and other public buildings, which he could not but acknowledge were vastly superior to anything he had seen in London. Then he was taken to a tailor's, the marquis having commissioned his guide to carry out Dr. Sandwith's request in this matter. M. du Tillet looked interrogatively at Harry as he entered the shop, as if to ask if he understod why he was taken there.

Harry nodded, for indeed he was glad to see that no time was to be lost, for he was already conscious that his dress differed considerably from that of French boys. Several street gamins had pointed at him and made jeering remarks, which, without understanding the words, Harry felt to be insulting, and would, had he heard them in the purlieus of Westminster, have considered as a challenge to battle. He had not, however, suffered altogether unavenged, for upon one occasion M. du Tillet turned sharply round and caught one offender so smartly with his cane that he ran howling away.

"They are awful guys!" Harry thought as he

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looked at the French boys he met. "But it's better to be a guy than to be chaffed by every boy one meets, especially if one is not to be allowed to fight. It was, therefore, with a feeling of satisfaction that he turned into the tailor's shop. The proprietor came up bowing, as Harry thought, in a most cringing sort of way to his companion. M. du Tillet gave some orders, and the tailor unrolled a variety of pieces of cloth and other materials for Harry's inspection.

The lad shook his head and turned to his guide, and, pointing to the goods, asked him to choose the things which were most suitable for him; M. du Tillet understood the appeal and ordered four suits. Two of these were for ordinary wear; another was, Harry concluded, for the evening; and the fourth for ceremonial occasions.

The coats were cut long, but very open in front, and were far too scanty to button; the waistcoats were long and embroidered, a white and ample handkerchief went round the throat and was tied loosely, with long ends edged with lace falling in front; knee breeches, with white stockings, and shoes with buckles, completed the costume.

Harry looked on with a smile of amusement, and burst into a hearty laugh when the garments were fixed upon, for the idea of himself dressed out in these seemed to him ludicrous in the extreme.

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"How they would laugh at home," he thought to himself, "if they could see me in these things! The girls would give me no peace. And wouldn't there be an uproar if I were to turn up in them in Dean's Yard and march up school!"

Harry was then measured. When this was done he took out his purse, which contained fifty guineas; for his father had thought it probable that the clothes he would require would cost more than they would in London, and he wished him to have a good store of pocket-money until he received the first installment of his pay. M. du Tillet, however, shook his head and motioned to him to put up his purse; and Harry supposed that it was not customary to pay for things in France until they were delivered. Then his companion took him into another shop and pointing to his own ruffles intimated that Harry would require some linen of this kind to be worn when in full dress. Harry signified that his friend should order what was necessary; and half a dozen shirts, with deep ruffles at the wrist and breast, were ordered. This brought their shopping to an end.

They remained three days in Paris, at the end of which time Harry's clothes were delivered. The following morning a carriage with the arms of the marquis emblazoned upon it came up to the door,

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and they started. The horses were fat and lazy; and Harry, who had no idea how far they were going, thought that the journey was likely to be a long one if this was the pace at which they were to travel.

Twelve miles out they changed horses at a post-station, their own returning to Paris, and after this had relays at each station, and traveled at a pace which seemed to Harry to be extraordinarily rapid.

They slept twice upon the road.

The third day the appearance of the country altogether changed, and, instead of the flat plains which Harry had begun to think extended all over France, they were now among hills higher than anything he had ever seen before. Toward the afternoon they crossed the range and began to descend, and as evening approached M. du Tillet pointed to a building standing on rising ground some miles away and said:

"That is the chateau."

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CHAPTER II.

A MAD DOG.

It was dark before the carriage drove up to the chateau. Their approach had been seen, for two lackeys appeared with torches at the head of the broad steps. M. du Tillet put his hand encouragingly on Harry's shoulder and led him up the steps. A servant preceded them across a great hall, when a door opened and a gentleman came forward.

"Monsieur le Marquis," M. du Tillet said, bowing, "this is the young gentleman you charged me to bring to you."

"I am glad to see you," the marquis said; "and I hope you will make yourself happy and comfortable here."

Harry did not understand the words, but he felt the tone of kindness and courtesy with which they were spoken. He could, however, only bow; for although in the eight days he had spent with M. du Tillet he had picked up a great many nouns and a few phrases, his stock of words was of no use to him at present.

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"And you, M. du Tillet," the marquis said. "You have made a good journey, I hope? I thank you much for the trouble you have taken. I like the boy's looks; what do you think of him?"

"I like him very much," M. du Tillet said; "he is a new type to me, and a pleasant one. I think he will make a good companion for the young count."

The marquis now turned and led the way into a great drawing-room, and taking Harry's hand led him up to a lady seated on a couch.

"This is our young English friend, Julie. Of course he is strange at present, but M. du Tillet reports well of him and I already like his face."

The lady held out her hand, which Harry, instead of bending over and kissing, as she had expected, shook heartily. For an instant only a look of intense surprise passed across her face; then she said courteously:

"We are glad to see you. It is very good of you to come so far to us. I trust that you will be happy here."

"These are my sons Ernest and Jules, who will, I am sure, do all in their power to make you comfortable," the marquis said.

The last words were spoken sharply and significantly, and their tone was not lost upon the two

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boys; they had a moment before been struggling to prevent themselves bursting into a laugh at Harry's reception of their mother's greeting, but they now instantly composed their faces and advanced.

"Shake hands with him," the marquis said sharply; "it is the custom of his country."

Each in turn held out his hand to Harry, who, as he shook hands with them, took a mental stock of his future companions.

"Good-looking," he said to himself, "but more like girls than boys. A year in the fifth form would do them a world of good. I could polish the two off together with one hand."

"My daughters," the marquis said, "Mesdemoiselles Marie, Jeanne, and Virginie."

Three young ladies had risen from their seats as their father entered, each made a deep courtesy as her name was mentioned, and Harry bowed deeply in return. Mademoiselle Marie was two years at least older than himself, and was already a young lady of fashion. Jeanne struck him as being about the same age as his sister Fanny, who was between fourteen and fifteen. Virginie was a child of ten. Ernest was about his own age, while Jules came between the two younger girls.

"Take M. Sandwith to the abbé," the marquis said to Ernest, "and do all in your power to set him

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at his ease. Remember what you would feel if you were placed as he is, among strange people in a strange country."

The lad motioned to Harry to accompany him, and the three boys left the room together.

"You can go to your governante," the marquise said to the two younger girls; and with a profound courtesy to her and another to the marquis, they left the room. Unrestrained now by their presence, the marquise turned to her husband with a merry laugh.

"But it is a bear you have brought home, Edouard, a veritable bear—my fingers ache still—and he is to teach manners to my sons! I always protested against the plan, but I did not think it would be as bad as this. These islanders are savages."

The marquis smiled.

"He is a little gauche, but that will soon rub off. I like him, Julie. Remember it was a difficult position for a boy. We did not have him here to give polish to our sons. It may be that they have even a little too much of this at present. The English are not polished, every one knows that, but they are manly and independent. That boy bore himself well. He probably had never been in a room like this in his life, he was ignorant of our language,

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alone among strangers, but he was calm and self-possessed. I like the honest, straightforward look in his face. And look at the width of the shoulders and the strength of his arms; why, he would break Ernest across his knee, and the two boys must be about the same age."

"Oh, he has brute strength, I grant," the marquise said; "so have the sons of our peasants; however, I do not want to find fault with him, it is your hobby, or rather that of Auguste, who is, I think, mad about these English; I will say nothing to prevent its having a fair trial, only I hope it will not be necessary for me to give him my hand again."

"I do not suppose it will until he leaves, Julie, and by that time, no doubt, he will know what to do with it; but here is M. du Tillet waiting all this time for you to speak to him."

"Pardon me, my good M. du Tillet," the marquise said. "In truth that squeeze of my hand has driven all other matters from my mind. How have you fared? This long journey with this English bear must have been very tedious for you."

"Indeed, Madame la Marquise," M. du Tillet replied, "it has been no hardship, the boy has amused me greatly; nay, more, he has pleased me. We have been able to say little to each other, though,

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indeed, he is quick and eager to learn, and will soon speak our language; but his face has been a study. When he is pleased you can see that he is pleased, and that is a pleasure, for few people are pleased in our days. Again, when he does not like a thing you can also see it. I can see that he says to himself, I can expect nothing better, these poor people are only French. When the gamins in Paris jeered him as to his dress, he closed his hands and would have flown at them with his fists after the manner of his countrymen had he not put strong restraint on himself. From the look of his honest eyes I shall, when he can speak our language, believe implicity what he says. That boy would not tell a lie whatever were the consequences. Altogether I like him much. I think that in a very little while he will adapt himself to what goes on around him, and that you will have no reason ere long to complain of his gaucheries."

"And you really think, M. du Tillet, that he will be a useful companion for my boys?"

"If you will pardon me for saying so, madame, I think that he will—at any rate I am sure he can be trusted to teach them no wrong."

"You are all against me," the marquise laughed. "And you, Marie?"

"I did not think of him one way or the other,"

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the girl said coldly. "He is very awkward; but as he is not to be my companion that does not concern me. It is like one of papa's dogs, one more or less makes no difference in the house so long as they do not tread upon one's skirt."

"That is the true spirit of the French nobility, Marie," her father said sarcastically. "Outside our own circle the whole human race is nothing to us; they are animals who supply our wants, *voilà tout.* I tell you, my dear, that the time is coming when this will not suffice. The nation is stirring; that France which we have so long ignored is lifting its head and muttering; the news from Paris is more and more grave. The Assembly has assumed the supreme authority, and the king is a puppet in its power. The air is dark as with a thunder-cloud, and there may be such a storm sweep over France as there has not been since the days of the Jacquerie."

"But the people should be contented," M. du Tillet said; "they have had all the privileges they ever possessed given back to them."

"Yes," the marquis assented, "and there lies the danger. It is one thing or the other. If as soon as the temper of the third estate had been seen the king's guards had entered and cleared the place and closed the door, as Cromwell did when the parlia-

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ment was troublesome to him in England, that would have been one way. Paris would have been troublesome, we might have had again the days of the Fronde, but in the end the king's party would have won.

"However, that was not the way tried. They began by concessions, they go on with concessions, and each concession is made the ground for more. It is like sliding down a hill; when you have once begun you cannot stop yourself, and you go on until there is a crash; then it may be you pick yourself up sorely wounded and bruised, and begin to re-climb the hill slowly and painfully; it may be that you are dashed to pieces. I am not a politician. I do not care much for the life of Paris, and am well content to live quietly here on our estates; but even I can see that a storm is gathering; and as for my brother Auguste, he goes about shaking his head and wringing his hands, his anticipations are of the darkest. What can one expect when fellows like Voltaire and Rousseau were permitted by their poisonous preaching to corrupt and inflame the imagination of the people? Both those men's heads should have been cut off the instant they began to write.

"The scribblers are at the root of all the trouble with their pestilent doctrines; but it is too late now,

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the mischief is done. If we had a king strong and determined all might yet be well; but Louis is weak in decision, he listens one moment to Mirabeau and the next to the queen, who is more firm and courageous. And so things drift on from bad to worse, and the Assembly, backed by the turbulent scum of Paris, are masters of the situation."

For some time Harry lived a quiet life at the chateau. He found his position a very pleasant one. The orders of the marquis that he should be treated as one of the family were obeyed, and there was no distinction made between himself and Ernest. In the morning the two boys and himself worked with the abbé, a quiet and gentle old man; in the afternoon they rode and fenced, under the instructions of M. du Tillet or one or other of the gentlemen of the marquis' establishment; and on holidays shot or fished as they chose on the preserves or streams of the estate. For an hour each morning the two younger girls shared in their studies, learning Latin and history with their brothers. Harry got on very well with Ernest, but there was no real cordiality between them. The hauteur and insolence with which the young count treated his inferiors were a constant source of exasperation to Harry.

"He thinks himself a little god," he would often

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mutter to himself. "I would give a good deal to have him for three months at Westminster. Wouldn't he get his conceit and nonsense knocked out of him!"

At the same time he was always scrupulously polite and courteous to his English companion—much too polite, indeed, to please Harry. He had good qualities too: he was generous with his money, and if during their rides a woman came up with a tale of distress he was always ready to assist her. He was clever, and Harry, to his surprise, found that his knowledge of Latin was far beyond his own, and that Ernest could construe passages with the greatest ease which altogether puzzled him. He was a splendid rider, and could keep his seat with ease and grace on the most fiery animals in his father's stables.

When they went out with their guns Harry felt his inferiority keenly. Not only was Ernest an excellent shot, but at the end of a long day's sport he would come in apparently fresh and untired, while Harry, although bodily far the most powerful, would be completely done up; and at gymnastic exercises he could do with ease feats which Harry could at first not even attempt. In this respect, however, the English lad in three months' time was able to rival him. His disgust at finding himself so

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easily beaten by a French boy nerved him to the greatest exertions, and his muscles, practiced in all sorts of games, soon adapted themselves to the new exercises.

Harry picked up French very rapidly. The absolute necessity there was to express himself in that language caused him to make a progress which surprised himself, and at the end of three months he was able to converse with little difficulty, and having learned it entirely by ear he spoke with a fair accent and pronunciation. M. du Tillet, who was the principal instructor of the boys in their outdoor exercises, took much pains to assist him in his French, and helped him on in every way in his power.

In the evening there were dancing lessons, and although very far from exhibiting the stately grace with which Ernest could perform the minuet or other courtly dances then in fashion, Harry came in time to perform his part fairly. Two hours were spent in the evening in the salon. This part of his day Harry at first found the most tedious; but as soon as he began to speak fluently the marquis addressed most of his conversation to him, asking him questions about the life of English boys at school and about English manners and customs, and Harry soon found himself chatting at his ease.

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"The distinction of classes is clearly very much less with you in England than it is here," the marquis said one day when Harry had been describing a great fight which had taken place between a party of Westminster boys and those of the neighborhood. "It seems extraordinary to me that sons of gentlemen should engage in a personal fight with boys of the lowest class. Such a thing could not happen here. If you were insulted by such a boy, what would you do, Ernest?"

"I should run him through the body," Ernest said quietly.

"Just so," his father replied, "and I don't say you would be wrong according to our notions; but I do not say that the English plan is not the best. The English gentleman—for Monsieur Sandwith says that even among grown-up people the same habits prevail—does not disdain to show the *canaille* that even with their own rough weapons he is their superior, and he thus holds their respect. It is a coarse way and altogether at variance with our notions, but there is much to be said for it."

"But it altogether does away with the reverence that the lower class should feel for the upper," Ernest objected.

"That is true, Ernest. So long as that feeling generally exists, so long as there is, as it were, a

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wide chasm between the two classes, as there has always existed in France, it would be unwise perhaps for one of the upper to admit that in any respect there could be any equality between them; but this is not so in England, where a certain equality has always been allowed to exist. The Englishman of all ranks has a certain feeling of self-respect and independence, and the result is shown in the history of the wars which have been fought between the two nations.

"France in early days always relied upon her chivalry. The horde of footmen she placed in the field counted for little. England, upon the other hand, relied principally upon her archers and her pikemen, and it must be admitted that they beat us handsomely. Then again in the wars in Flanders, under the English general Marlborough, their infantry always proved themselves superior to ours. It is galling to admit it, but there is no blinking the facts of history. It seems to me that the feeling of independence and self-respect which this English system gives rise to, even among the lowest class, must render them man for man better soldiers than those drawn from a peasantry whose very lives are at the mercy of their lords."

"I think, Du Tillet," the marquis said later on that same evening, when the young people had re-

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tired, "I have done very well in taking my brother Auguste's advice as to having an English companion for Ernest. If things were as they were under the Grand Monarque, I do not say that it would have been wise to allow a young French nobleman to get these English ideas into his head, but it is different now.

"We are on the eve of great changes. What will come of it no one can say; but there will certainly be changes, and it is a good thing that my children should get broader ideas than those in which we were brought up. This lad is quiet and modest, but he ventures to think for himself. It scarce entered the head of a French nobleman a generation back that the mass of the people had any feelings or wishes, much less rights. They were useful in their way, just as the animals are, but needed no more consideration. They have never counted for anything.

"In England the people have rights and liberties; they won them years ago. It would be well for us in the present day had they done so in France. I fancy the next generation will have to adapt themselves to changed circumstances, and the ideas that Ernest and Jules will learn from this English lad will be a great advantage to them, and will fit them for the new state of things."

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It was only during lessons, when their gouvernante was always present, at meal times, and in the salon in the evening, that Harry had any communication with the young ladies of the family. If they met in the grounds they were saluted by the boys with as much formal courtesy as if they had been the most distant acquaintances, returning the bows with deep courtesies.

These meetings were a source of great amusement to Harry, who could scarcely preserve his gravity at these formal and distant greetings. On one occasion, however, the even course of these meetings was broken. The boys had just left the tennis-court where they had been playing, and had laid aside the swords which they carried when walking or riding.

The tennis-court was at some little distance from the house, and they were walking across the garden when they heard a scream. At a short distance was the governess with her two young charges. She had thrown her arms round them, and stood the picture of terror, uttering loud screams.

Looking round in astonishment to discover the cause of her terror, Harry saw a large wolf-hound running toward them at a trot. Its tongue was hanging out, and there was a white foam on its jaws. He had heard M. du Tillet tell the marquis

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on the previous day that this dog, which was a great favorite, seemed strange and unquiet, and he had ordered it to be chained up. It had evidently broken its fastening, for it was dragging a piece of chain some six feet long behind it.

It flashed across him at once that the animal was mad, but without an instant's hesitation he dashed off at full speed and threw himself in front of the ladies before the dog reached them. Snatching off his coat, and then kneeling on one knee, he awaited the animal's attack. Without deviating from its course the hound sprang at him with a short snarling howl. Harry threw his coat over its head and then grasped it round the neck.

The impetus of the spring knocked him over, and they rolled together on the ground. The animal struggled furiously, but Harry retained his grasp round its neck. In vain the hound tried to free itself from its blinding encumbrance, or to bite his assailant through it, and struggled to shake off his hold with its legs and claws. Harry maintained his grasp tightly round its neck, with his head pressed closely against one of its ears. Several times they rolled over and over. At last Harry made a great effort when he was uppermost, and managed to get his knees upon the animal's belly, and then, digging his toes in the ground, pressed with all his weight upon it.

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There was a sound as of cracking of bones, then the dog's struggles suddenly ceased, and his head fell over, and Harry rose to his feet by the side of the dead hound just as a number of men, with pitchforks and other weapons, ran up to the spot from the stables, while the marquis, sword in hand, arrived from the house.

The gouvernante, too, paralyzed by fear, had stood close by with her charges while the struggle was going on. Ernest had come up, and was standing in front of his sisters, ready to be the next victim if the dog had overpowered Harry. Less accustomed to running than the English boy, and for a moment rooted to the ground with horror at his sisters' danger, he had not arrived at the spot until the struggle between Harry and the dog was half over, and had then seen no way of rendering assistance; but believing that the dog was sure to be the conqueror, he had placed himself before his sisters to bear the brunt of the next assault.

Seeing at a glance that his daughters were untouched the marquis ran on to Harry, who was standing panting and breathless, and threw his arms round him.

"My brave boy," he exclaimed, "you have saved my daughters from a dreadful death by your courage and devotion. How can I and their mother

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ever thank you? I saw it all from the terrace—the speed with which you sprang to their assistance—the quickness of thought with which you stripped off your coat and threw it over its head. After that I could see nothing except your rolling over and over in a confused mass. You are not hurt, I trust?"

"Not a bit, sir," Harry said.

"And you have killed it—wonderful!"

"There was nothing in that, sir. I have heard my father, who is a doctor, say that a man could kill the biggest dog if he could get it down on its back and kneel on it. So when I once managed to get my knees on it I felt it was all right."

"Ah, it is all very well for you to speak as if it were nothing!" the marquis said. "There are few men, indeed, who would throw themselves in the way of a mad dog, especially of such a formidable brute as that. You too have behaved with courage, my son, and I saw you were ready to give your life for your sisters; but you had not the quickness and readiness of your friend, and would have been too late."

"It is true, father," Ernest said in a tone of humility. "I should have been too late, and, moreover, I should have been useless, for he would have torn me down in a moment, and then fallen upon my sisters.

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"M. Sandwith," he said frankly, "I own I have been wrong. I have thought the games of which you spoke, and your fighting, rough and barbarous; but I see their use now. You have put me to shame. When I saw that dog I felt powerless, for I had not my sword with me; but you—you rushed to the fight without a moment's hesitation, trusting in your strength and your head. Yes, your customs have made a man of you, while I am a boy still."

"You are very good to say so," Harry said; "but I am quite sure that you would be just as quick and ready as me in most circumstances, and if it had been a matter of swords, very much more useful; but I am glad you see there is some advantage in our rough English ways."

The marquis had put his hand approvingly upon Ernest's shoulder when he addressed Harry, and then turned to his daughters. The governess had sunk fainting to the ground when she saw that the danger was over. Virginie had thrown herself down and was crying loudly; while Jeanne stood pale, but quiet, beside them.

The marquis directed one of the men to run up to the chateau and bid a female servant bring down water and smelling salts for the governess, and then lifted Virginie up and tried to soothe her, while he stretched out his other hand to Jeanne.

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"You are shaken, my Jeanne," he said tenderly, "but you have borne the trial well. I did not hear you cry out, though madame and the little one screamed loudly enough."

"I was frightened enough, father," she said simply, "but of course I wasn't going to cry out; but it was very terrible; and oh, how noble and brave he was! And you know, papa, I feel ashamed to think how often I have been nearly laughing because he was awkward in the minuet. I feel so little now beside him."

"You see, my dear, one must not judge too much by externals," her father said soothingly as she hid her face against his coat, and he could feel that she was trembling from head to foot. "Older people than you often do so, and are sorry for it afterward; but as I am sure that you would never allow him to see that you were amused no harm has been done."

"Shall I thank him, papa?"

"Yes, presently, my dear; he has just gone off with Ernest to see them bury the dog."

This incident caused a considerable change in Harry's position in the family. Previously he had been accepted in consequence of the orders of the marquis. Although compelled to treat him as an equal the two boys had in their hearts looked upon him as an inferior, while the girls had regarded him

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as a sort of tutor of their brothers, and thus as a creature altogether indifferent to them. But henceforth he appeared in a different light. Ernest acted up to the spirit of the words he had spoken at the time, and henceforth treated him as a comrade to be respected as well as liked. He tried to learn some of the English games, but as most of these required more than two players he was forced to abandon them. He even asked him to teach him to box, but Harry had the good sense to make excuses for not doing so. He felt that Ernest was by no means his match in strength, and that, with all his good will, he would find it difficult to put up good-naturedly with being knocked about. He therefore said that it could not be done without boxing-gloves, and these it would be impossible to obtain in France; and that in the next place he should hardly advise him to learn even if he procured the gloves, for that in such contests severe bruises often were given.

"We think nothing of a black eye," he said, laughing, "but I am sure madame your mother would not be pleased to see you so marked; besides, your people would not understand your motive in undertaking so rough an exercise, and you might lose somewhat of their respect. Be content, Count Ernest; you are an excellent swordsman, and although I am

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improving under M. du Tillet's tuition I shall never be your match. If you like, some time when we are out and away from observation we can take off our coats, and I can give you a lesson in wrestling; it is a splendid exercise, and it has not the disadvantages of boxing."

Little Jules looked up to Harry as a hero, and henceforth, when they were together, gave him the same sort of implicit obedience he paid to his elder brother. The ceremonious habits of the age prevented anything like familiarity on the part of the younger girls; but Jeanne and Virginie now always greeted him with a smile when they met, and joined in conversation with him as with their brothers in the evening.

The marquise, who had formerly protested, if playfully, against her husband's whim in introducing an English boy into their family circle, now regarded him with real affection, only refraining from constant allusions to the debt she considered she owed him because she saw that he really shrank from the subject.

The marquis shortly after this incident went to Paris for a fortnight to ascertain from his friends there the exact position of things. He returned depressed and angry.

The violence of the Assembly had increased from

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day to day. The property of all the convents had been confiscated, and this measure had been followed by the seizure of the vast estates of the church. All the privileges of the nobility had been declared at an end, and in August a decree had been passed abolishing all titles of nobility. This decree had taken effect in Paris and in the great towns, and also in some parts of the country where the passions of the people were most aroused against the nobility; but in Burgundy it had remained a dead letter. The Marquis de St. Caux was popular upon his estates, and no one had ever neglected to concede to him and to the marquise their titles. He himself had regarded the decree with disdain. "They may take away my estates by force," he said, "but no law can deprive me of my title, any more than of the name which I inherited from my fathers. Such laws as these are mere outbursts of folly."

But the Assembly continued to pass laws of the most sweeping description, assuming the sovereign power, and using it as no monarch of France had ever ventured to do. Moderate men were shocked at the headlong course of events, and numbers of those who at the commencement of the movement had thrown themselves heart and soul into it now shrank back in dismay at the strange tyranny which was called liberty.

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"It seems to me that a general madness has seized all Paris," the marquis said to his wife on his return, "but at present nothing can be done to arrest it. I have seen the king and queen. His majesty is resolved to do nothing; that is, to let events take their course, and what that will be heaven only knows. The Assembly has taken all power into its hands, the king is already a mere cipher, the violence of the leaders of these men is beyond all bounds; the queen is by turns hot and cold; at one moment she agrees with her husband that the only hope lies in conceding everything; at another she would go to the army, place herself in its hands, and call on it to march upon Paris.

"At any rate there is nothing to be done at present but to wait. Already numbers of the deputies, terrified at the aspect of affairs, have left France, and I am sorry to say many of the nobles have also gone. This is cowardice and treachery to the king. We cannot help him if he will not be helped, but it is our duty to remain here ready to rally round him when he calls us to his side. I am glad that the Assembly has passed a law confiscating the estates of all who have emigrated."

Although the marquise was much alarmed at the news brought by her husband she did not think of questioning his decision. It did not seem to her

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possible that there could be danger for her and hers in their quiet country chateau. There might be disturbance and bloodshed, and even revolution, in Paris; but surely a mere echo of this would reach them so far away.

"Whenever you think it is right to go up and take your place by the king I will go and take mine by the queen," she said quietly. "The children will be safe here; but of course we must do our duty."

The winter passed quietly at the chateau; there was none of the usual gayety, for a deep gloom hung over all the noble families of the province; still at times great hunting parties were got up for the chase of the wolves among the forests, for, when the snow was on the ground, these often came down into the villages and committed great depredations

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CHAPTER III.

THE DEMON WOLF.

Upon the first of these occasions Harry and Ernest were in high spirits, for they were to take part in the chase. It was the first time Ernest had done so, for during the previous winter the marquis had been in attendance on the court. At an early hour the guests invited to take part in the chase began to assemble at the chateau. Many who lived at a distance had come over night, and the great courtyard presented a lively aspect with the horses and attendants of the guests. A collation was spread in the great hall, and the marquise and her eldest daughter moved about among the guests, saying a few words of welcome to each.

"Who is that young man who is talking to mademoiselle your sister, Ernest?" Harry asked, for since the adventure with the mad dog the ceremonious title had been dropped, and the boys addressed each other by their Christian names.

"That is Monsieur Lebat; he is the son of the Mayor of Dijon. I have not seen him here before,

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but I suppose my father thinks it is well in these times to do the civil thing to the people of Dijon. He is a good-looking fellow too, but it is easy to see he is not a man of good family."

"I don't like his looks at all," Harry said shortly. "Look what a cringing air he puts on as he speaks to madame la marquise. And yet I fancy he could be insolent when he likes. He may be good-looking, but it is not a style I admire, with his thick lips and his half-closed eyes. If I met him at home I should say the fellow was something between a butcher and a Jew peddler."

"Well done, monsieur the aristocrat!" Ernest said, laughing. "This is your English equality! Here is a poor fellow who is allowed to take a place out of his station, thanks to the circumstances of the time, and you run him down mercilessly!"

"I don't run him down because he is not a gentleman," Harry said. "I run him down because I don't like his face; and if he were the son of a duke instead of the son of a mayor I should dislike it just as much. You take my word for it, Ernest, that's a bad fellow."

"Poor Monsieur Lebat!" Ernest laughed. "I dare say he is a very decent fellow in his way."

"I am sure he is not, Ernest; he has a cruel, bad look. I would not have been that fellow's fag at school for any money."

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"Well, it's fortunate, Harry, that you are not likely to see much of him, else I should expect to see you flying at his neck and strangling him as you did the hound."

Harry joined in the laugh.

"I will restrain myself, Ernest; and besides, he would be an awkward customer; there's plenty of strength in those shoulders of his, and he looks active and sinewy in spite of that indolent air he puts on; but there is the horn, it is time for us to mount."

In a few minutes some thirty gentlemen were in the saddle, the marquis, who was grand louvetier of the province, blew his horn, and the whole cavalcade got into motion, raising their hunting caps, as they rode off, to the marquise and her daughters, who were standing on the step of the chateau to see them depart. The dogs had already been sent forward to the forest, which was some miles distant.

On arriving there the marquis found several woodmen, who had been for the last two days marking the places most frequented by the wolves. They had given their reports and the party were just starting when a young forester rode up.

"Monsieur le marquis," he said, "I have good news for you; the demon wolf is in the forest. I

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saw him making his way along a glade an hour since as I was on my way thither. I turned back to follow him, and tracked him to a ravine in the hills choked with undergrowth."

The news created great excitement.

"The demon wolf!" the marquis repeated. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, monsieur. How could I mistake it! I saw him once four years ago, and no one who had once done so could mistake any other wolf for him."

"We are in luck indeed, gentlemen," the marquis said. "We will see if we can't bring this fellow's career to an end at last. I have hunted him a score of times myself since my first chase of him, well-nigh fifteen years ago, but he has always given us the slip."

"And will again," an old forester, who was standing close to Harry, muttered. "I do not believe the bullet is cast which will bring that wolf to earth."

"What is this demon wolf?" Harry asked Ernest.

"It is a wolf of extraordinary size and fierceness. For many years he has been the terror of the mothers of this part of France. He has been known to go into a village and boldly carry off an infant at midday. Every child who has been killed

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by wolves for years is always supposed to have been slain by this wolf. Sometimes he is seen in one part of the province and sometimes in another.

"For months he is not heard of. Then there is slaughter among the young lambs. A child going to school, or an old woman carrying home a fagot from the forest is found torn and partly devoured, and the news spreads that the demon wolf has returned to the neighborhood. Great hunts have over and over again been got up specially to slay him, but he seems to lead a charmed life. He has been shot at over and over again, but he seems to be bullet-proof.

"The peasants regard him not as an ordinary wolf but as a demon, and mothers quiet their children when they cry by saying that if they are not good the demon wolf will carry them off. Ah, if we could kill him to-day it would be a grand occasion!"

"Is there anything particular about his appearance?"

"Nothing except his size. Some of those who have seen him declare that he is as big as three ordinary wolves; but my father, who has caught sight of him several times, says that this is an exaggeration, though he is by far the largest wolf he ever saw. He is lighter in color than other

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wolves, but those who saw him years ago say that this was not the case then, and that his light color must be due to his great age."

The party now started, under the guidance of the forester, to the spot where he had seen the wolf enter the underwood.

It was the head of a narrow valley. The sides which enclosed it sloped steeply, but not too much so for the wolf to climb. During the last halt the marquis had arranged the plan of action. He himself, with three of the most experienced huntsmen, took their stations across the valley, which was but seventy or eighty yards wide. Eight of the others were to dismount and take post on either side of the ravine.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, that I cannot find posts for the rest of you, but you may have your share of the work. Over and over again this wolf has slipped away when we thought we had him surrounded, and what he has done before he may do again. Therefore, let each of you take up such a position as he thinks best outside our circle, but keeping well behind trees or other shelter, so as to cover hfmself from any random shot that may be fired after the wolf. Do you, on your part, fire only when the wolf has passed your line, or you may hit some of us."

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The two lads were naturally among those left out from the inner circle.

"What do you think, Ernest; shall we remain on our horses here in the valley or climb the hills?"

"I should say wait here, Harry; in the first place, because it is the least trouble, and in the second, because I think he is as likely to come this way as any other. At any rate we may as well dismount here, and let the horses crop that piece of fresh grass until we hear the horn that will tell us when the dogs have been turned into the thicket to drive him out."

It was half an hour before they heard the distant note of the horn.

"They have begun," Ernest exclaimed; "we had better mount at once. If the brute is still there he is just as likely, being such an old hand at the sport, to make a bolt at once, instead of waiting until the dogs are close to him."

"What are we to do if we see him?" Harry asked.

"We are to shoot him if we can. If we miss him, or he glides past us before we can get a shot, we must follow shouting, so as to guide the rest as to the direction he is taking."

"My chance of hitting him is not great," Harry said. "I am not a very good shot even on my feet;

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but sitting in my saddle I do not think it likely I should get anywhere near him."

A quarter of an hour passed. The occasional note of a dog and the shouts of the men encouraging them to work their way through the dense thicket could be heard, but no sound of a shot met their ears.

"Either he is not there at all, or he is lying very close," Ernest said.

"Look, look!" Harry said suddenly, pointing through the trees to the right.

"That is the wolf, sure enough," Ernest exclaimed. "Come along."

The two lads spurred their horses and rode recklessly through the trees toward the great gray beast, who seemed to flit like a shadow past them.

"Mind the boughs, Ernest, or you will be swept from your saddle. Hurrah! the trees are more open in front."

But although the horses were going at the top of their speed they scarcely seemed to gain on the wolf, who, as it seemed to them, kept his distance ahead without any great exertion.

"We shall never catch him," Harry exclaimed after they had ridden for nearly half an hour, and the labored panting of the horses showed that they could not long maintain the pace.

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Suddenly, ten yards ahead of the wolf, a man, armed with a hatchet, stepped out from behind a tree directly in its way. He was a woodcutter whose attention being called by the sound of the galloping feet of the horses, had left his half-hewn tree and stepped out to see who was coming. He gave an exclamation of surprise and alarm as he saw the wolf, and raised his hatchet to defend himself. Without a moment's hesitation the animal sprang upon him and carried him to the ground, fixing its fangs into his throat. There was a struggle for a few moments, and then the wolf left its lifeless foe and was about to continue its flight.

"Get ready to fire, Harry," Ernest exclaimed as the wolf sprang upon the man, "it is our last chance. If he gets away now we shall never catch him."

They reined in their horses just as the wolf rose to fly. Harry fired first, but the movement of his panting horse deranged his aim and the bullet flew wide. More accustomed to firing on horseback, Ernest's aim was truer; he struck the wolf on the shoulder, and it rolled over and over. With a shout of triumph the boys dashed forward, but when they were within a few paces the wolf leaped to its feet and endeavored to spring toward them. Harry's horse wheeled aside so sharply that he was hurled from the saddle.

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The shock was a severe one, and before he could rise to his feet the wolf was close upon him. He tried as he rose to draw his hunting-sword, but before he could do so, Ernest, who had, when he saw him fall, at once leaped from his horse, threw himself before him, and dealt the wolf a severe blow on the head with his weapon.

Furious with rage and pain the wolf sprang upon him and seized him by the shoulder. Ernest dropped his sword, and drawing his hunting-knife struck at it, while at the same moment Harry ran it through the body.

So strong and tenacious of life was the animal that the blows were repeated several times before it loosed its hold of Ernest's shoulder and fell dead.

"Are you hurt, my dear Ernest?" was Harry's first exclamation.

"Oh, never mind that, that's nothing," Ernest replied. "Only think, Harry, you and I have killed the demon wolf, and no one else had a hand in it. There is a triumph for us."

"The triumph is yours, Ernest," Harry said. "He would have got away had you not stopped him with your bullet, and he would have made short work of me had you not come to my rescue, for I was half stunned with the fall, and he would have done for me as quickly as he did for that poor fellow there."

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"That is true, Harry, but it was you who gave him his mortal wound. He would have mastered me otherwise. He was too strong for me, and would have borne me to the ground. No, it's a joint business, and we have both a right to be proud of it. Now let us fasten him on my horse; but before we do that, you must bind up my shoulder somehow. In spite of my thick doublet he has bit me very sharply. But first let us see to this poor fellow. I fear he is dead."

It was soon seen that nothing could be done for the woodman, who had been killed almost instantly. Harry, therefore, proceeded to cut off Ernest's coat-sleeve and bathed the wound. The flesh was badly torn, and the arm was so useless that he thought that some bones were broken. Having done his best to bandage the wound, he strapped the arm firmly across the body, so as to prevent its being shaken by the motion of the riding. It was with the greatest difficulty that they were able to lift the body of the wolf, but could not lay it across the horse, as the animal plunged and kicked and refused to allow it to be brought near. Ernest was able to assist but little, for now that the excitement was over he felt faint and sick with the pain of his wound.

"I think you had better ride off, Harry, and bring

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some one to our assistance. I will wait here till you come back."

"I don't like to do that," Harry said. "They must be seven or eight miles away, and I may not be able to find them. They may have moved away to some other part of the forest. Ah! I have an idea! Suppose I cut a pole, tie the wolf's legs together and put the pole through them; then we can hoist the pole up and lash its ends behind the two saddles. The horses may not mind so much if it's not put upon their backs."

"That might do," Ernest agreed; "but you mustn't make the pole more than six or seven feet long, or we shall have difficulty in riding between the trees."

The pole was soon cut and the wolf in readiness to be lifted, but the horses still refused to stand steady.

"Blindfold them, Harry," Ernest said suddenly, "and tie them up to two trees a few feet apart."

This was soon done, and the boys then patted and soothed them until they became quiet. The pole was now lifted, and this time they managed to lay it across the saddles and to lash it securely to the cantles. Then they mounted, and taking the bandages off the horses' eyes set out on their way. The horses were fidgety at first, but presently fell into a quiet walk,

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For upward of an hour they heard nothing of the huntsmen. Not a sound broke the stillness of the forest; the sun was shining through the leafless trees, and they were therefore enabled to shape their course in the direction in which they had come. Presently they heard the sound of a shot, followed by several others, and then the bay of hounds. The sound came from their left.

"They have been trying a fresh place," Ernest said, "and I expect they have come upon two wolves; one they have shot, the hounds are after the other."

They turned their horses' heads in the direction of the sounds, and presently Harry said:

"They are coming this way."

Louder and louder grew the sounds of the chase; then the deep tones of the hounds were exchanged for a fierce, angry barking.

"The wolf is at bay!" Ernest exclaimed.

A minute later some notes were sounded on the horn.

"That is the mort, Harry. We shall arrive before they move on again."

Five minutes later they rode into a glade where a number of horsemen were assembled. There was a shout as they were seen.

"Why, Ernest," the marquis called as they

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approached, "we thought you had lost us. You have missed some rare sport; but what's the matter with your arm, and what have you got there?"

"We have got the demon wolf," Ernest replied; "so you haven't had all the sport to yourselves.'"

There was a general exclamation of surprise and almost incredulity, and then every one rode over to meet them, and when it was seen that the object slung between the two horses was really the demon wolf there was a shout of satisfaction and pleasure. Again the notes of the mort rang out through the woods, and every one crowded round the lads to congratulate them and to examine the dead monster. Ernest was lifted from his horse, for he was now reeling in the saddle, and could not have kept his seat many minutes longer. His wound was carefully examined, and the marquis pronounced the shoulder-bone to be broken. A litter was made and four of the foresters hoisted him upon their shoulders, while four others carried the wolf, still slung on its pole, behind the litter. While the preparations were being made Harry had given the history of the slaying of the wolf, saying that he owed his life to the quickness and courage of Ernest.

"And I owe mine to him," Ernest protested from the bank where he was lying. "The wolf would have killed me had he not slain it. I was lucky in

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stopping it with a ball, but the rest was entirely a joint affair."

The slaying of the demon wolf was so important an event that no one thought of pursuing the hunt further that day. The other two wolves were added to the procession, but they looked small and insignificant beside the body of that killed by the boys. Harry learned that no one had suspected that they had gone in pursuit of the wolf. A vigilant lookout had been kept all round the thicket, while the dogs hunted it from end to end, but no signs had been seen of it, and none were able to understand how it could have slipped between the watchers unseen.

After the ravine had been thoroughly beaten the party had moved off to another cover. On their way there the marquis had missed the two boys. No one had seen them, and it was supposed that they had loitered behind in the forest. Two or three notes of recall had been blown, and then no one had thought more of the matter until they rode into the glade when the second wolf had just been pulled down by the pack.

It was afternoon when the hunting party arrived at the chateau. Before they started homeward the marquis had sent off two horsemen; one to Dijon to bring a surgeon with all speed to the chateau, the

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other to tell the marquise that Ernest had been hurt, and that everything was to be got in readiness for him; but that she was not to make herself uneasy, as the injury was not a serious one. The messengers were charged strictly to say nothing about the death of the demon wolf.

The marquise and her daughters were at the entrance as the party arrived. The sight of the litter added to the anxiety which Ernest's mother was feeling, but the marquis rode on a short distance ahead to her.

"Do not be alarmed, Julie," he said; "the lad is not very seriously hurt. He has been torn a bit by a wolf, and has behaved splendidly."

"The messenger said he had been hurt by a wolf, Edouard; but how came he to put himself in such peril?"

"He will tell you all about it, my dear. Here he is to speak for himself."

"Do not look so alarmed, mother," Ernest said as she ran down to the side of the litter. "It is no great harm, and I should not have minded it if it had been ten times as bad."

"Bring up the wolf," the marquis said, "and Harry, do you come here and stand by Ernest's side. Madame la marquise," he went on, "do you see that great gray wolf? That is the demon wolf

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which has for years been the terror of the district, and these are its slayers. Your son and M. Sandwith, they, and they alone, have reaped the glory which every sportsman in Burgundy has been so long striving to attain; they alone in the forest, miles away from the hunt, pursued and slew this scourge of the province."

He put his horn to his lips. The others who carried similar instruments followed his example. A triumphant traralira was blown. All present took off their hunting-caps and cheered, and the hounds added their barking to the chorus.

"Is it possible, Edouard," the marquise said, terrified at the thought of the danger her son must have run in an encounter with the dreaded beast, "is it possible that these two alone have slain this dreadful wolf?"

"It is quite possible, my dear, since it has been done, though, had you asked me yesterday, I should almost have said that it could not be; however, there it is. Ernest and his brave young friend have covered themselves with glory; they will be the heroes of the department. But we must not stay talking here. We must get Ernest into bed as soon as possible. A surgeon will be here very shortly. I sent a messenger on to Dijon for one at the same time I sent to you."

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The marquis stayed outside for a few minutes while the domestics handed round great silver cups full of spiced wine, and then bidding good-by to his guests entered the chateau just as the surgeon rode up to the entrance.

"Please tell us all about it?" his daughters asked him when, having seen the surgeon set the broken bone and bandage the wound, operations which Ernest bore with stoical firmness, he went down to the salon where his daughters were anxiously expecting him. "All about it, please. We have heard nothing, for Harry went upstairs with Ernest, and has not come down again."

The marquis told the whole story, how the wolf had made his escape unseen through the cordon round his lair, and had passed within sight of the two boys some distance away, and how they had hunted it down and slain it. The girls shuddered at the story of the death of the woodcutter and the short but desperate conflict with the wolf.

"Then Ernest has the principal honor this time," the eldest girl said.

"It is pretty evenly divided," the marquis said. "You see Ernest brought the wolf to bay by breaking its shoulder, and struck the first blow as it was flying upon Harry, who had been thrown from his horse. Then, again, Ernest would almost certainly

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have been killed had not Harry in his turn come to his assistance and dealt it its mortal blows. There is not much difference, but perhaps the chief honors rest with Ernest."

"I am glad of that, papa," Mademoiselle de St. Caux said; "it is only right the chief honor should be with your son and not with this English boy. He has had more than his share already, I think."

"You would not think so if he had saved your life, sister," Jeanne broke in impetuously. "It was very brave of them both to kill the wolf; but I think it was ever, ever so much braver to attack a great mad dog without weapons. Don't you think so, papa?"

"I don't think you should speak so warmly to your elder sister, Jeanne," the marquis said; "she is a grown-up young lady, and you are in the school-room. Still, in answer to your question, I admit that the first was very much the braver deed. I myself should have liked nothing better than to stand before that great wolf with my hunting-sword in my hand; but although if I had been near you when the hound attacked you I should doubtless have thrown myself before you, I should have been horribly frightened and should certainly have been killed; for I should never have thought of or carried out so promptly the plan which Harry adopted of

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muzzling the animal. But there is no need to make comparisons. On the present occasion both the lads have behaved with great bravery, and I am proud that Ernest is one of the conquerors of the demon wolf. It will start him in life with a reputation already established for courage. Now, come with me and have a look at the wolf. I don't think such a beast was ever before seen in France. I am going to have him stuffed and set up as a trophy. He shall stand over the fireplace in the hall, and long after we have all mouldered to dust our descendants will point to it proudly, telling how a lad of their race, with another his own age, slew the demon wolf of Burgundy."

Ernest was confined to his bed for nearly a month, and during this time Harry often went long rides and walks by himself. In the evening the marquis frequently talked with him over the situation of the country, and compared the events which had taken place with the struggle of the English parliament with the king.

"There was one point of difference between the two cases," he said one evening. "In England the people had already great power in the state. The parliament had always been a check upon the royal authority; and it was because the king tried to overrule parliament that the trouble came about. Here

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our kings, or at least the ministers they appointed, have always governed; often unwisely, I admit, but is it likely that the mob would govern better? That is the question. At present they seem bent on showing their incapacity to govern even themselves."

The Marquis de St. Caux had, in some respects, the thoughts and opinions of the old school. He was a royalist pure and simple. As to politics, he troubled his head little about them. These were a matter for ministers. It was their business to find a remedy for the general ills. As to the National Assembly, which represented only the middle class and people, he regarded it with contempt.

"Why, it was from the middle class," he said, "that the oppressors of the people were drawn. It is they who were farmers-general, collectors, and officials of all kinds. It is they who ground down the nation and enriched themselves with the spoil. It is not the nobles who dirtied their hands with money wrung from the poor. By all means let the middle class have a share in the government; but it is not a share they desire. The clergy are to have no voice; the nobility are to have no voice; the king himself is to be a cipher. All power is to be placed in the hands of these men, the chosen of the scum of the great towns, the mere mouthpieces of the ignorant mob. It is not order that these gentry are organizing, it is disorder."

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Such were the opinions of the marquis, but he was tolerant of other views, and at the gatherings at the chateau Harry heard opinions of all kinds expressed.

During his rambles alone he entered as much as he could into conversation with the peasants, with woodcutters, foresters, and villagers. He found that the distress which prevailed everywhere was terrible. The people scarcely kept life together, and many had died of absolute starvation. He found a feeling of despair everywhere, and a dull hatred of all who were above them in the world. Harry had difficulty in making them talk, and at first could obtain only sullen monosyllables. His dress and appearance showed him to belong to the hated classes, and set them against him at once; but when he said that he was English, and that in England people were watching with great interest what was passing in France, they had no hesitation in speaking.

Harry's motives in endeavoring to find out what were the feelings of the people at large, were not those of mere curiosity. He was now much attached to the marquis and his family; and the reports which came from all parts of France, as well as from Paris, together with the talk among the visitors at the chateau, convinced him that the state

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of affairs was more serious than the marquis was inclined to admit. The capture of the Bastile and the slaughter of its defenders—the massacres of persons obnoxious to the mob, not only in the streets of Paris but in those of other great towns, proved that the lower class, if they once obtained the upper hand, were ready to go all lengths; while the number of the nobility who were flocking across the frontier showed that among this body there existed grievous apprehensions as to the future.

Harry had read in a book in the library of the chateau an account of the frightful excesses perpetrated by the Jacquerie. That dreadful insurrection had been crushed out by the armor-clad knights of France; but who was to undertake the task should such a flame again burst out? The nobles no longer wore armor, they had no armed retainers; they would be a mere handful among a multitude. The army had already shown its sympathy with the popular movement, and could not be relied upon. That the marquis himself should face out any danger which might come seemed to Harry right and natural; but he thought that he was wrong not to send his wife and daughters, and at any rate Jules, across the Rhine until the dangers were passed. But the marquis had no fears. Some one had mentioned the Jacquerie in one of their conversa-

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tions, but the marquis had put it aside as being altogether apart from the question.

"The Jacquerie took place," he said, "hundreds of years ago. The people then were serfs and little more than savages. Can we imagine it possible that at this day the people would be capable of such excesses?"

The answer of the gentleman he addressed had weighed little with the marquis, but Harry thought over it seriously.

"Civilization has increased, marquis, since the days of the Jacquerie, but the condition of the people has improved but little. Even now the feudal usages are scarce extinct. The lower class have been regarded as animals rather than men; and the increase of civilization which you speak of, and from which they have received no benefit, makes them hate even more bitterly than of old those in position above them.

"I am a reformer; I desire to see sweeping changes; I want a good, wise, and honest government; and I desire these things because I fear that, if they do not come peacefully, they will come in a tempest of lawlessness and vengeance."

"Well, they are getting all they want," the marquis said peevishly. "They are passing every law, however absurd, that comes into their heads. No

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one is opposing them. They have got the reins in their own hands. What on earth can they want more? There might have been an excuse for rebellion and riot two years since—there can be none now. What say you abbé?"

The abbé seldom took part in conversations on politics, but, being now appealed to, he said mildly:

"We must allow for human nature, monsieur. The slave who finds himself free, with arms in his hands, is not likely to settle down at once into a peaceful citizen. Men's heads are turned with the changes the last two years have brought about. They are drunk with their own success, and who can say where they will stop? So far they find no benefit from the changes. Bread is as dear as ever, men's pockets are as empty. They thought to gain everything—they find they have got nothing; and so they will cry for more and more change, their fury will run higher and higher with each disappointment, and who can say to what lengths they will go? They have already confiscated the property of the church, next will come that of the laity."

"I had no idea you were such a prophet of evil, abbé," the marquis said with an uneasy laugh, while feelings of gloom and anxiety fell over the others who heard the abbé's words.

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"God forbid that I should be a prophet!" the old man said gravely. "I hope and trust that I am mistaken, and that He has not reserved this terrible punishment for France. But you asked me for my opinion, marquis, and I have given it to you."

Despite these forebodings the winter of 1790 passed without disturbance at the chateau.

In the spring came news of disorder, pillage, and acts of ruffianism in various parts. Chateaux and convents were burned and destroyed, and people refused to pay either their taxes or rents to their landlords. In the south the popular excitement was greater than in other parts. In Burgundy there was for the most part tranquillity; and the marquis, who had always been regarded as an indulgent seigneur by the people of his estate, still maintained that these troubles only occurred where the proprietors had abused their privileges and ground down the people.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE CLOUDS GATHER.

Occasionally and at considerable intervals Harry received letters from his father. The latter said that there was great excitement in England over the events which had taken place in France, and that his mother was rendered extremely anxious by the news of the attacks upon chateaux, and the state of tumult and lawlessness which prevailed. They thought he had better resign his situation and return home.

Harry in his replies made light of the danger, and said that after having been treated so kindly, it would be most ungrateful of him to break the engagement he had made for three years, and leave his friends at the present moment. Indeed, he, like all around him, was filled with the excitement of the time. In spite of the almost universal confusion and disorder, life went on quietly and calmly at the chateau. The establishment was greatly reduced, for few of the tenants paid their rents; but the absence of ceremonial brought the family closer to-

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gether, and the marquis and his wife agreed that they had never spent a happier time than the spring and summer of 1791.

The news of the failure of the king's attempt at flight on the 20th of June was a great shock to the marquis. "A king should never fly," he said; "above all he should never make an abortive attempt at flight. It is lamentable that he should be so ill-advised."

At the end of September the elections to the Legislative Assembly, as it was now to be called, resulted in the return of men even more extreme and violent than those whom they succeeded.

"We must go to Paris," the marquis said one day toward the end of October; "the place for a French nobleman now is beside the king."

"And that of his wife beside the queen," the marquise said quietly.

"I cannot say no," the marquis replied. "I wish you could have stayed with the children, but they need fear no trouble here. Ernest is nearly seventeen, and may well begin, in my absence, to represent me. I think we can leave the chateau without anxiety, but even were it not so it would still be our duty to go."

"There is another thing I want to speak to you about before we start," the marquise said. "Jeanne

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is no longer a child, although we still regard her as one; she is fifteen, and she is graver and more earnest than most girls of her age. It seems ridiculous to think of such a thing, but it is clear that she has made this English lad her hero. Do you not think it better that he should go? It would be unfortunate in the extreme that she should get to have any serious feelings for him."

"I have noticed it, too, Julie," the marquis said, "and have smiled to myself to see how the girl listens gravely to all he says, but I am not disposed to send him away. In the first place, he has done a great deal of good to the boys, more even than I had hoped for. Ernest now thinks and speaks for himself, his ideas are broader, his views wider. He was fitted before for the regime that has passed; he is rapidly becoming fit to take his part in that which is to come.

"In the next place, my dear, you must remember the times have changed. Mademoiselle Jeanne de St. Caux, daughter of a peer and noble of France, was infinitely removed from the son of an English doctor; but we seem to be approaching the end of all things; and although so far the law for the abolition of titles has been disregarded here, you must prepare yourself to find that in Paris you will be no longer addressed by your title, and I shall be

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Monsieur de St. Caux; or may be they will object both to the de and the St., and I shall find myself plain Monsieur Caux."

"Oh, Edouard!" the marquise exclaimed aghast.

"I am quite in earnest, my dear, I can assure you. You will say she is still the heiress of a portion of our estates, but who can say how long the estates will remain after the title is gone? Just as the gentlemen of the pavé object to titles because they have none themselves, so being penniless they will object to property, and for aught I know may decree a general division of lands and goods."

"Impossible, Edouard!"

"Not at all impossible, Julie. The beggars are on horseback, and they intend to ride. Last week I called in from my bankers all the cash at my disposal, about five thousand louis, and to-morrow Du Tillet is going to start for Holland. He will hand it over to a banker there to forward to Dr. Sandwith, to whom I have written asking him to undertake the charge. If you will take my advice you will forward at the same time all your jewelry. If things go wrong it will keep us in our old age and furnish a dot for our daughters.

"The jewels of the St. Caux have always been considered as equal to those of any family in France, and are certainly worth half a million francs even

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to sell. Keep a few small trinkets, and send all the others away. But I have wandered from my subject. Under these circumstances I think it as well that we should not interfere in the matter you speak of. Personally one could not wish for a better husband for one of our daughters than this young Englishman would make.

"His father is a gentleman, and so is he, and in such times as are coming I should be glad to know that one of my girls had such a protector as he would make her; but this is, as you said at first, almost ridiculous. He is two years older than she is, but in some respects she is the elder; he regards her as a pretty child, and all his thoughts are given to his studies and his sports.

"He has something of the English barbarian left in him, and is absolutely indifferent to Jeanne's preference. A French lad at his age would be flattered. This English boy does not notice it, or if he notices it regards it as an exhibition of gratitude, which he could well dispense with, for having saved her life.

"You can leave them with a tranquil heart, my dear. I will answer for it that never in his inmost heart has the idea of his ever making love to Jeanne occurred to this English lad. Lastly, I should be sorry for him to leave because his good spirits and

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cheerfulness are invaluable at present. Ernest is apt to be gloomy and depressed, and cheerfulness is at a premium in France at present. Moreover, should there be any difficulty or danger while we are absent I trust very much to that lad's good sense and courage. That incident of the dog showed how quick he is to plan and how prompt to carry his plans into effect. It may seem absurd when there are several of our staunch and tried friends here to rely in any way on a lad, but I do so. Not, of course, as before our faithful friends, but as one whose aid is not to be despised."

Thus it happened that on the same day that the marquis started for Paris, M. du Tillet set out from the chateau, taking with him some trunks and packages which appeared but of little value and were not likely to attract attention, but which contained a considerable sum of money and the famous St. Caux jewels.

Life at the chateau was dull after the departure of its heads. They had few visitors now; the most frequent among them being Victor de Gisons. The estates of the duke, his father, adjoined those of the marquis, and between him and Marie a marriage had long before been arranged by their parents. For once the inclination of the young people agreed with the wishes of the elders, and they were warmly

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attached to each other. No formal betrothal, however, had as yet taken place, the troubles of the times having caused its postponement, although formerly it had been understood that in the present autumn the marriage should be celebrated.

The young count had at the assembly of the states general been a prominent liberal, and had been one of those who had taken his seat with the third estate and had voted for the abolition of the special privileges of the nobility, but the violence of the Assembly had alarmed and disgusted him, and in the winter he had left Paris and returned to his father's estates.

Ernest and Harry studied with the abbé, and fenced and rode as usual with M. du Tillet after his return from Holland. The ever-darkening cloud weighed upon their spirits, and yet life at the chateau was pleasant. The absence of their parents and the general feeling of anxiety knit the rest of the family closer together. Much of the ceremonial observance which had, on his first arrival, surprised and amused Harry was now laid aside. Marie, happy in the visits of her lover and at the prospect of her approaching marriage, did her best to make the house cheerful. Harry, who had not much liked her at first, now found her most pleasant and agreeable, and the younger girls walked in the grounds

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with their brothers and chatted when they were gathered in the evening just as Harry's sisters had done at home. Jeanne was, if the group broke up, generally Harry's companion. Ever since the affair of the mad dog she had treated him as her special friend, adopting all his opinions and falling in with any suggestion he might make with a readiness which caused Ernest one day to say laughingly to Harry :

"One would think, Harry, that you were Jeanne's elder brother, not I. She listens to you with a good deal more deference than she does to me."

The winter came and went. From time to time letters arrived from Paris, but the news was always in the same strain. Things were going worse and worse, the king was little more than a prisoner in the hands of the people of Paris. The violence of the Assembly was ever on the increase, the mob of Paris were the real masters of the situation, the greater part of the nobility had fled, and any who appeared in the streets were liable to insult.

The feeling in the provinces kept pace with that in Paris. Committees were formed in every town and village and virtually superseded the constituted authorities. Numbers of chateaux were burned, and the peasants almost universally refused any longer to pay the dues to their seigneurs. But at present

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none dreamed of personal danger. The nobles who emigrated did so because they found the situation intolerable, and hoped that an army would be shortly raised and set in motion by foreign powers to put down the movement which constituted a danger to kings, nobles, and property all over Europe. But as yet there was nothing to foreshadow the terrible events which were to take place, or to indicate that a movement which began in the just demand of an oppressed people for justice and fair treatment, would end in that people becoming a bloodthirsty rabble, eager to destroy all who were above them in birth, education, or intellect.

Therefore, although the Marquis de St. Caux foresaw the possibility of confiscation of the property and abolition of all the privileges of the nobility, he was under no uneasiness whatever as to the safety of his children. His instructions were precise: that if a small party of peasants attacked the chateau, and it was evident that a successful resistance could be made, M. du Tillet should send word down to the mayor of Dijon and ask for help, and should, with the servants of the chateau, defend it; if it was attacked by a large mob, no resistance was to be offered, but he was to abandon it at once and journey to Paris with the children. But the time went on without disturbance. In Dijon as else-

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where a committee had been formed and had taken into its hands the entire control of the management of the town. At its head was the son of the mayor, Monsieur Lebat.

"I do not understand that young fellow," M. du Tillet said one day on his return from Dijon. "I do not like him; he is ambitious and pushing, he is the leader of the advanced party in Dijon, and is in communication with the most violent spirits in Paris, but I am bound to say that he appears most anxious to be of service to the family. Whenever I see him he assures me of his devotion to the marquis. To-day, Mademoiselle Marie, he prayed me to assure you that you need feel under no uneasiness, for that he held the mob in his hand, and would answer for it that no hostile movement should be made against the chateau, and in fact I know, for I have taken the precaution of buying the services of a man who is upon the committee, that Lebat has actually exerted himself to benefit us.

"It has several times been urged by the most violent section that the mob should be incited to attack the chateau, but he has each time successfully opposed the proposition. He has declared that while no one is more hostile than himself to the privileges of seigneury, and while he would not only abolish the nobles as a class but confiscate

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their possessions, he considers that in the case of the marquis nothing should be done until a decree to that effect is passed by the Assembly.

"Until that time, he argues, the people should discriminate. The chateaux of tyrants should be everywhere leveled to the ground, but it would be unworthy of the people to take measures of vengeance against those who have not notably ground down those dependent upon them, and that as the marquis has not pushed the privilege of his class to the utmost, his chateau and property should be respected until the Assembly pass a decree upon the subject."

"I am sure we are much indebted to this Monsieur Lebat," Marie said. "He was here at the hunting party and seemed a worthy young man of his class. Of course he was out of place among us, but for a man in his position he seemed tolerable."

"Yes," Monsieur du Tillet agreed, but in a somewhat doubtful tone of voice. "So far as assurances go there is nothing to be desired, and he has, as I said, so far acted loyally up to them, and yet somehow I do not like him. It strikes me that he is playing a game, although what that game is I cannot say. At any rate I do not trust him; he speaks smoothly, but I think he has a double face, and that he is cruel and treacherous."

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"That is not like you, Monsieur du Tillet," Marie laughed, "you who generally have a good word for every one. It seems to me that you are hard upon the young man, who appears to be animated by excellent sentiments toward us."

Spring came again. M. du Tillet learned that the mob of Dijon were becoming more and more violent, and that spies and watchmen had been told off to see that none of the family attempted to fly for the frontier. He therefore wrote to the marquis urging that it would be better that the family should move to Paris, where they would be in no danger. In reply he received a letter begging him to start as soon as the roads were fit for travel.

About the same time Victor de Gisons received a summons from his father to join him in Paris.

The messenger who brought the letter to M. du Tillet brought one also for Marie from the marquise, saying that the heads of both families were of opinion that the marriage must be still further postponed, as in the present state of affairs all private plans and interests must be put aside in view of the dangers that surrounded the king. Marie acquiesced in the decision, and bade her lover adieu calmly and bravely.

"They are quite right, Victor; I have felt for

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some time that when France was on the verge of a precipice it was not the time for her nobles to be marrying. *Noblesse oblige.* If we were two peasants we might marry and be happy. As it is we must wait, even though we know that waiting may never come to an end. I have a conviction. Victor, that our days of happiness are over, and that terrible things are about to happen."

"But nothing that can happen can separate us, Marie."

"Nothing but death, Victor," she said quietly.

"But surely, Marie, you take too gloomy a view. Death, of course, may separate all lovers; but there seems no reason that we should fear him now more than at other times. A few farmers-general and others who have made themselves obnoxious to the mob have been killed, but what is that! There should at least be no hostility to our order Many of the nobles have been foremost in demanding reforms. All have cheerfully resigned their privileges. There is no longer the slightest reason for hostility against us."

"My dear Victor," Marie said quietly, "you do not ask a wild beast about to rend his prey what is the reason for his actions. I hope I may be wrong; but at least, dear, we shall see each other again before long, and, whatever troubles may come, will

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share them. My mother in her letter yesterday said that she and the marquis had determined that we should join them in Paris; for that although the disorders have abated somewhat they are anxious at the thought of our being alone here, and in the present position of things they have no hope of being able to leave the king. She says my father is very indignant at the great emigration of the nobility that is going on. In the first place, he holds that they are deserting their post in the face of the enemy; and in the second place, by their assemblage across the frontier and their intrigues at foreign courts against France they are causing the people to look with suspicion upon the whole class."

"You have kept your good news till the last, Marie," Victor said. "Here have we been saying good-by, and it seems that we are going to meet again very shortly."

"I have been bidding farewell," Marie said, "not to you, but to our dream of happiness. We shall meet soon, but I fear that will never return."

"You are a veritable prophet of ill to-day, Marie," Victor said with an attempt at gayety. "Some day, I hope, dear, that we shall smile together over your gloomy prognostication."

"I hope so, Victor—I pray God it may be so!"

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A week later three carriages arrived from Paris to convey the family there; and upon the following day the whole party started; the girls, their gouvernante, the abbé, and some of the female servants occupying the carriages, Monsieur du Tillet, the boys, and several of the men riding beside them as an escort.

They met with no interruption on the road, and arrived in Paris on the last day of April, 1792. Harry was glad at the change. The doings at Paris had been the subject of conversation and thought for nearly two years, and he had caught the excitement which pervaded France. He was tired of the somewhat monotonous life in the country, and had for some time been secretly longing to be at the center of interest, and to see for himself the stirring events, of which little more than a feeble echo had reached them at the chateau.

The change of life was great indeed; the marquis had thrown himself into the thick of all that was going on, and his salon was crowded every evening with those of the nobility who still remained in Paris. But he was regarded as by no means a man of extreme views, and many of the leaders of the party of the Gironde with whose names Harry was familiar were also frequent visitors — Roland, Vergniaud, Lanjuinais, Brissot, Guadet, Lebrun and Condorcet.

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Harry was struck with the variety of conversation that went on at these meetings. Many of the young nobles laughed and chatted with the ladies with as much gayety as if the former state of things were continuing undisturbed; and an equal indifference to the public state of things was shown by many of the elders, who sat down and devoted themselves to cards. Others gathered apart in little groups and discussed gloomily and in low tones the events of the day; while others who were more liberal in their views gathered round the deputies of the Gironde and joined in their talk upon the meetings of the Assembly and the measures which were necessary to consolidate the work of reform, and to restore peace and happiness to France.

The marquis moved from group to group, equally at home with all, chatting lightly with the courtiers, whispering gravely with the elders, or discussing with the tone of the man of the world the views and opinions of the deputies. Victor de Gisons was constantly at the house, and strove by his cheerfulness and gayety to dissipate the shade of melancholy which still hung over Marie.

Toward the end of July the Marquis de St. Caux and the little body of royalists who still remained faithful to the king became more and more anxious; the position of the royal family was now most pre-

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carious; most of the troops in Paris had been sent to the frontier, and those left behind were disorganized and ready to join the mob. Two out of the three Swiss battalions had been sent away, and but one remained at the Tuileries. Of the National Guard only the battalion of Filles St. Thomas and part of the battalion of the Saints Peres could be trusted to defend the king. The rest were opposed to him, and would certainly join the populace.

On the 14th of July a large number of National Guards from the provinces had arrived in Paris; and the battalion from Marseilles, the most violent of all, had, immediately that it arrived in the city, come into collision with one of the loyal battalions.

The royalists were wholly without organization, their sole aim being to defend the king should he be in danger, and if necessary to die by his side.

On the evening before the 10th of August the tocsin was heard to sound and the drums to beat to arms. All day there had been sinister rumors circulating, but the king had sent privately to his friends that the danger was not imminent and that he had no need of them; however, as soon as the alarm sounded the marquis snatched up a sword and prepared to start for the palace. He embraced his wife, who was calm but very pale, and his children. Ernest asked to be allowed to go with him, but the marquis said;

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"No, my son, my life is the king's; but yours at present is due to your mother and sisters."

It was twenty-four hours before he returned. His clothes were torn, his head was bound up, and one of his arms disabled. The marquise gave a cry of delight as he entered. No one had slept since he left, for every hour fresh rumors of fighting had arrived, and the sound of cannon and musketry had been heard in the early part of the day.

"It is all over, wife!" he said. "We have done our best, but the king will do nothing. We cannot say we have lost the battle, for we have never tried to win it; but it would be the same thing in the long run."

Before hearing what had passed the marquise insisted upon her husband taking refreshment and having his wounds bound up and attended to. When he had finished his meal the marquis began:

"We had a good deal of difficulty in getting into the Tuileries, for the National Guard tried to prevent our passing. However, we most of us got through; and we found that there were about a hundred assembled, almost all men of family. The Marshal de Mailly led us into the king's apartment.

"'Sire,' he said, 'here are your faithful nobles, eager to replace your majesty on the throne of your ancestors.' The National Guard in the palace withdrew at once, leaving us alone with the Swiss.

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"We formed in the courtyard; and the king, with his hat in his hand, walked down our ranks and those of the Swiss. He seemed without fear, but he did not speak a word, and did nothing to encourage us. Several of our party, in trying to make their way to the palace, had been murdered, and the mob cut off their heads and put them on pikes; and these were paraded in the streets within sight of the windows. Roederer, the procureur-general of the department of Paris, came to the king and pressed him to leave the Tuileries.

"'There are not five minutes to lose, sire,' he said. 'There is no safety for your majesty but in the National Assembly.'

"The queen resisted; but upon Roederer saying that an enormous crowd with cannon were coming, and that delay would endanger the lives of the whole of the royal family, he went. But he thought of us, and asked what was to become of us. Roederer said that, as we were not in uniform, by leaving our swords behind us we could pass through the crowd without being recognized. The king moved on, followed by the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children. The crowd, close, and menacing, lined the passage, and the little procession made their way with difficulty to the Assembly.

"We remained in the palace, and every moment

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the throng around became more and more numerous. The cannon they brought were turned against us. The first door was burst open, the Swiss did not fire, the populace poured in and mixed with us and the soldiers. Some one fired a gun. Whether it was one of the Swiss or one of the mob I know not, but the fight began. The Swiss in good order marched down the staircase, drove out the mob, seized the cannon the Marseillais had brought, and turning them upon their assailants opened fire. The mob fled in terror, and I believe that one battalion would have conquered all the scum of Paris had not the king, at the sound of the first shot, sent word to the Swiss to cease firing. They obeyed, and although the mob kept firing upon them from the windows, the great part of them marched calm, and without returning a shot, to the Assembly, where, at the order of the king, they laid down their arms and were shut up in the church of the Feuillants.

"A portion of the Swiss had remained on guard in the Tuileries when the main body marched away. The instant the palace was undefended the mob burst in. Every Swiss was murdered, as well as many of the servants of the queen. The mob sacked the palace and set it on fire. When the Swiss left we had one by one made our way out by

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a back entrance, but most of us were recognized by the mob and were literally cut to pieces. I rushed into a house when assaulted, and, slamming the door behind me, made my way out by the back and so escaped them, getting off with only these two wounds; then I hurried to the house of a friend, whom I had seen murdered before my eyes, but his servants did not know of it, and they allowed me to remain there till dark, and you see here I am."

"But what has happened at the Assembly, and where is the king?" the marquise asked, after the first exclamation of horror at the tale they had heard.

"The king and his family are prisoners in the Temple," the marquis said. "The Commune has triumphed over the Assembly, and a National Convention is to be the supreme power. The king's functions are suspended, but as he has not ruled for the last three years that will make little difference. A new ministry has been formed with Danton, Lebrun, and some of the Girondists. He and his family are handed over to the care of the Commune, and their correspondence is to be intercepted. A revolutionary tribunal has been constituted, when, I suppose, the farce of trying men whose only crime is loyalty to the king is to be carried out.

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"We must be prepared, my love, to face the worst. Escape is now impossible, and, indeed, so long as the king and queen are alive I would not quit Paris; but we must prepare for sending the children away if possible."

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CHAPTER V.

THE OUTBURST.

"MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS," M. du Tillet exclaimed, hurrying into the salon, in which the marquis with his family were sitting, on the evening of the 21st of August, "I hear that it is rumored in the street that all the members of noble families are to be arrested."

The room was lit up as if to receive company, but the crowd which had thronged it a fortnight before were gone. The Girondists had first withdrawn, then the nobles had begun to fall off, for it had become dangerous for them to show themselves in the streets, where they were liable to be insulted and attacked by the mob. Moreover, any meeting of known Royalists was regarded with suspicion by the authorities, and so gradually the gatherings had become smaller and smaller.

The only constant visitor now was the Count de Gisons, but he to-night was absent. The news was not unexpected. The violence of the extremists of the Mountain had been increasing daily. At the Cordeliers and Jacobin clubs Danton, Robespierre,

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and Marat had thundered nightly their denunciations against the aristocrats, and it was certain that at any moment the order for their arrest might be given. Such bad news had been received of the state of feeling in the provinces, that it was felt that it would be more dangerous to send the young ones away than to retain them in Paris, and the marquise had been a prey to the liveliest anxiety respecting her children. It seemed impossible that there could be any animosity against them, but the blind rage of the mob had risen to such a height that it was impossible to say what might happen. Now that she heard the blow was about to fall she drew her younger girls instinctively to her, as if to protect them, but no word passed her lips.

"It might still be possible to fly," M. du Tillet went on. "We have all the disguises in readiness."

"A Marquis de St. Caux does not fly from the *canaille* of Paris," the marquis said quietly. "No, Du Tillet; the king and queen are in prison, and it is not for their friends to leave their post here in Paris because danger threatens them; come when they may, these wretches will find us here ready for them."

"But the children, Edouard!" the marquise murmured.

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"I shall stand by my father's side," Ernest said firmly.

"I do not doubt your courage, my son. I wish now that I had long ago sent you all across the frontier; but who could have foreseen that the people of France were about to become a horde of wild beasts, animated by hate against all, old and young, in whose veins ran noble blood. However, although it is the duty of your mother and I to stay at our posts, it is our duty also to try and save our house from destruction; therefore, Du Tillet, I commit my two sons to your charge. Save them if you can, disguise them as you will, and make for the frontier. Once there you know all the arrangements we have already made."

"But, father," Ernest remonstrated.

"I can listen to no argument, Ernest," the marquis said firmly. "In this respect my will is law. I know what your feelings are, but you must set them aside, they must give way to the necessity of saving one of the oldest families of France from perishing."

"And the girls?" the marquise asked, as Ernest bent his head in sign of obedience to his father's orders.

"I cannot think," the marquis said, "that they will be included in the order for our arrest. They

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must go, as arranged, in the morning to the house of our old servant and remain quietly there awaiting the course of events. They will pass very well as three of her nieces who have arrived from the country. You had better send a trusty servant to prepare her for their coming. You, Harry, will, of course, accompany my sons."

"Pardon, marquis," Harry said quietly, "I am firmly resolved to stay in Paris. I may be of assistance to your daughters, and there will be no danger to me in remaining, for I have no noble blood in my veins. Besides, my traveling with M. du Tillet would add to his danger. He will have difficulty enough in traversing the country with two boys, a third would add to that difficulty."

"I cannot help that," the marquis said. "I ought long ago to have sent you home, and feel that I have acted wrongly in allowing you to remain so long. I must insist upon your accompanying my sons."

"I am sorry to disobey you, monsieur le marquis," Harry said quietly but firmly; "but from the moment of your arrest I shall be my own master and can dispose of my actions. I am deeply sensible of all your goodness to me, but I cannot yield, for I feel that I may be of some slight use here. There

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are so many strangers in Paris that there is little fear of my attracting any notice. A mouse may help a lion, monsieur, and it may be that though but a boy I may be able to be of service to mesdemoiselles."

"Do not urge him further, Edouard," the marquise said, laying a hand on her husband's arm as he was again about to speak. "Harry is brave and thoughtful beyond his years, and it will be somewhat of a comfort to me to think that there is some one watching over our girls. I thank you, Harry, for your offer, and feel sure that you will do all that can possibly be done to protect my girls. You will be freer to do so than any of our friends, for they are likely to become involved in our fate, whatever that may be. Marie, you will view our English friend as joint guardian with yourself over your sisters. Consult him should difficulty or danger arise as if he were your brother, and be guided by his advice. And now, girls, come with me to my room, I have much to say to you."

"I am glad my wife decided as she did, Harry," the marquis said, putting his hand on his shoulder when his wife and daughters left the room, "for I too shall feel comfort in knowing that you are watching over the girls. Now leave us, for I have much to arrange with Monsieur du Tillet."

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After a prolonged talk with M. du Tillet the marquis sent for Ernest. As soon as he entered the lad said:

"Of course, sir, I shall obey your commands; but it seems to me an unworthy part for your son to play, to be flying the country and leaving a stranger here to look after your daughters."

"He is hardly a stranger, Ernest," the marquis replied. "He has been with us as one of the family for two years, and he risked his life for your sisters. You could not stay here without extreme risk, for if your name is not already included in the warrant for arrest it speedily will be so, and when they once taste blood these wolves will hunt down every one of us. He, on the other hand, might proceed openly through the streets without danger; nevertheless, I would not have kept him if he would have gone; but I have no power of controlling him, and as he chooses to devote himself to us I thankfully accept his devotion.

"And now, my son, it may be that after our parting to-morrow we shall not meet again, for God alone knows what fate is in store for us. I have, therefore, some serious advice to give you. If anything happens to me, you will, I know, never forget that you are the head of the family, and that the honor of a great name is in your keeping; but

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do not try to strive against the inevitable. Adapt yourself to the new circumstances under which you will be placed, and lay aside that pride which has had much to do with the misfortunes which are now befalling us.

"As to your sisters, Marie is already provided for, that is if De Gisons is not included in the order for arrest. I have already sent off a message to him to warn him; and as it has already been arranged between us that while his father will stay and face whatever will come, it is his duty, like yours, to escape the danger which threatens our class, I trust that he will at once endeavor to leave the country; but I imagine that he will stop in Paris until some means are devised for getting your sisters away.

"As to the others, if you all reach England and settle down there do not keep up the class distinctions which have prevailed here. Marry your sisters to men who will protect and make them happy. That these must be gentlemen goes without saying; but that is sufficient. For example, if in future time a gentleman of the rank of our English friend here, of whose character you can entirely approve, asks for the hand of either of your younger sisters, do not refuse it. Remember that such a suit would have the cordial approval of your mother and myself."

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A look of great surprise passed over Ernest's face. It had seemed to him so much a matter of course that the ladies of his house should marry into noble families that the idea of one of them being given to a gentleman belonging to the professional class was surprising indeed.

"Do you really mean, sir, that if my friend Harry were some day to ask for Jeanne's hand you would approve of the match?"

"That is exactly what I do mean, Ernest. In the stormy times in which we are living I could wish no better protector for her. Were he a Frenchman in the same position of life, I own that I might view the matter in a different light; but, as I have said, in England the distinction of classes is much less marked than here; and, moreover, in England there is little fear of such an outbreak of democracy as that which is destroying France."

A few minutes later Monsieur du Tillet entered with the clothes which had been prepared for the boys. They were such as would be worn by the sons of workmen; he himself was attired in a blue blouse and trousers. Jules was aroused from the couch on which he had for the last hour been asleep, and he and Ernest retired to dress themselves in their new costume, M. du Tillet accompanying them to assist in their toilet. Both boys

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had the greatest repugnance to the change, and objected still further when M. du Tillet insisted it was absolutely necessary that they should cut their hair and smear their faces and hands with dirt.

"My dear Monsieur Ernest," he said, "it would be worse than useless for you to assume that attire unless at the same time you assumed the bearing and manners appropriate to it. In your own dress we might for a short time walk the street without observation; but if you sallied out in that blouse with your white hands and your head thrown back, and a look of disdain and disgust on your face, the first gamin who met you would cry out: 'There is an aristocrat in disguise!'

"You must behave as if you were acting in a comedy. You are representing a lad of the lower orders. You must try to imitate his walk and manner. Shove your hands deep in your pockets, shuffle your feet along carelessly, let your head roll about as if it were uneasy on your neck, round your shoulders, and slouch your head forward. As to you, Jules, your rôle should be impertinence. Put your cap on the wrong way; hold your nose in the air; pull your short hair down over your forehead, and let some of it spurt out through that hole in your cap. To be quite correct, you ought to address jeering remarks to every respectable man and

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woman you meet in the streets; but as you know nothing of Parisian slang, you must hold your tongue. See how thoroughly I have got myself up. You would take me for an idle out-of-elbows workman wherever you met me. I do not like it; but, as I have to disguise myself, I try to do it thoroughly."

It was, however, with a feeling of humiliation that the boys presented themselves before the marquis. He looked at them scrutinizingly.

"You will do, my boys," he said gravely. "I should have passed you in the street without knowing you. Now come in with me and say good-by to your mother and sisters. The sooner you are out of this house the better, for there is no saying at what hour the agents of this *canaille* may present themselves."

The parting was a sad one indeed, but it was over at last, and Monsieur du Tillet hurried the two boys away as soon as their father returned with them.

"God bless you, Du Tillet!" the marquis said as he embraced his friend. "Should aught happen to us, you will, I know, be a father to them."

"Now, Harry," the marquis said when he had mastered the emotion caused by the parting, which he felt might be a final one, "since you have chosen to throw in your lot with ours, I will give you a few

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instructions. In the first place, I have hidden under a plank beneath my bed a bag containing a thousand crowns. It is the middle plank. Count an even number from each leg and the center one covers the bag.

"You will find the plank is loose and that you can raise it easily with a knife; but wax has been run in, and dust swept over it, so that there is no fear of its being noticed by any who may pillage the house, which they will doubtless do after we are arrested. I have already sent an equal sum to Louise Moulin. Here is her address; but it is possible that you may need money, and may be unable to communicate with my daughters at her house; at any rate do you keep the bag of money in your charge.

"You had best attire yourself at once in the oldest suit of clothes you have got. My daughters will be ready in a few minutes. They are already dressed, so that they can slip out at the back entrance. Should we be disturbed before morning I shall place them under your escort; for although I hope that all the servants are faithful, one can answer for no one in these times. I would send them off now, but that the sight of females moving through the streets at this time of night would be likely to attract attention on the part of drunken men, or of fellows returning from these rascally

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clubs, which are the center and focus of all the mischief that is going on.

"I can give you no further advice. You must be guided by circumstances. If, as I trust, the girls can live undisturbed and unsuspected with their mother's old nurse, it were best that they should remain there until the troubles are finally over, and France comes to her senses again. If not, I must leave it to you to act for the best. It is a great trust to place in the hands of a youth of your age; but it is your own choosing, and we have every confidence in you."

"I will do my best to deserve it, sir," Harry said quietly; "but I trust that you and madame la marquise will soon be able to resume your guardianship. I cannot believe that although just at present the populace are excited to fury by agitators, they can in cold blood intend to wreak their vengeance upon all the classes above them."

"I hope you may be right," the marquis said; "but I fear that it is not so. The people are mad so far. All that has been done has in no way mitigated their sufferings, and they gladly follow the preachings of the arch scoundrels of the Jacobin Club. I fear that before all this is over France will be deluged with blood. And now, when you have changed your clothes lie down, ready to rise at a

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moment's notice. Should you hear a tumult, run at once to the long gallery. There my daughters will join you, prepared for flight. Lead them instantly to the back entrance, avoiding, if possible, any observation from the domestics. As these sleep on the floor above, and know nothing of the dangers which threaten us, they will not awake so quickly, and I trust that you will be able to get out without being seen by any of them. In that case, however closely questioned, no one will be able to afford a clue by which you can be traced."

When he had changed his clothes Harry extinguished all the lights in the salon, for the marquis had long before ordered all the servants to retire to rest. Then he opened the window looking into the street and took his place close to it. Sleep under the circumstances was impossible.

As the hours passed he thought over the events of the last few days. He was fully aware that the task he had undertaken might be full of danger; but to a healthy and active English lad a spice of danger is by no means a deterrent. He could, of course, have left his employment before the family left their chateau; but after his arrival in Paris it would have been difficult for him to have traversed the country and crossed the frontier, and he thought that the danger which he now ran was not

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much greater than would have been entailed by such a step.

In the next place he was greatly attached to the family of the marquis; and the orgies of the mob had filled him with such horror and disgust that he would have risked much to save any unfortunate, even a stranger, from their hands; and lastly, he felt the fascination of the wild excitement of the times, and congratulated himself that he should see and perhaps be an actor in the astonishing drama which was occupying the attention of the whole civilized world.

As he sat there he arranged his own plans. After seeing his charge in safety he would take a room in some quiet locality, alleging that he was the clerk of a notary, and would, in the dress of one of that class, or the attire of one of the lower orders, pass his days in the streets, gathering every rumor and watching the course of events.

Morning was just breaking when he heard the sound of many feet coming along the street, and looking out saw a crowd of men with torches, headed by two whose red scarfs showed them to be officials. As they reached the entrance gate the men at the head of the procession stopped. Harry at once darted away to the long gallery, and as he did so heard a loud knocking at the door.

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Scarcely had he reached the gallery when a door at the further end opened, and three figures, the tallest carrying a lamp, appeared. The girls, too, had been keeping watch with their father and mother. They were dressed in the attire of respectable peasant girls. Virginie was weeping loudly, but the elder girls, although their cheeks bore traces of the many tears they had shed during the night, restrained them now. When they reached Harry, the lad, without a word, took the lamp from Marie's hand, and led the way along the corridor and down the stairs toward the back of the house.

Everything was quiet. The knocking, loud as it was, had not yet aroused the servants, and, drawing the bolt quietly, and blowing out the lamp, Harry led the way into the garden behind the house. Then for a moment he paused. There was a sound of axes hewing down the gate which led from the garden into the street behind.

"Quick, mesdemoiselles!" he said; "there is no time to lose."

He took the key out of the door, and closed and locked it after him. Then throwing the key among the shrubs he took Virginie's hand and led the way rapidly toward the gate, which was fortunately a strong one.

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"In here, mesdemoiselles," he said to Marie, pointing to some shrubs close to the gate. "They will rush straight to the house when the gate gives way and we will slip out quietly."

For nearly five minutes the gate, which was strongly bound with iron, resisted the attack upon it. Then there was a crash, and a number of men with torches, and armed with muskets and pikes, poured in. Virginie was clinging to Marie, who, whispering to her to be calm and brave, pressed the child closely to her, while Jeanne stood quiet and still by the side of Harry, looking through the bushes.

Some twenty men entered, and a minute later there was the sound of battering at the door through which the fugitives had sallied out.

"Now," Harry said, "let us be going." Emerging from the shelter, a few steps took them to the gate, and stepping over the door, which lay prostrate on the ground, they turned into the lane.

"Let us run," Harry said; "we must get out of this lane as soon as possible. We are sure to have the mob here before long, and should certainly be questioned."

They hurried down the lane, took the first turning away from the house, and then slackened their pace. Presently they heard a number of footsteps

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clattering on the pavement; but fortunately they reached another turning before the party came up. They turned down and stood up in a doorway till the footsteps had passed, and then resumed their way.

"It is still too early for us to walk through the streets without exciting attention," Harry said. "We had better make down to the river and wait there till the town is quite astir."

In ten minutes they reached the river, and Harry found a seat for them at the foot of a pile of timber, where they were partially screened from observation. Hitherto the girls had not spoken a word since they had issued from the house. Virginie was dazed and frightened by the events of the night, and had hurried along almost mechanically holding Marie's hand. Marie's brain was too full to talk; her thoughts were with her father and mother and with her absent lover. She wondered that he had not come to her in spite of everything. Perhaps he was already a captive; perhaps, in obedience to his father's orders, he was in hiding, waiting events. That he could, even had his father commanded him, have left Paris as a fugitive without coming to see her, did not even occur to her as possible.

With these thoughts there was mingled a vague wonder at her own position. A few weeks since,

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petted and cared for as the eldest daughter of one of the noblest families of France, now a fugitive in the streets under the sole care of this English boy. She had, the evening before, silently sided with Ernest. It had seemed to her wrong that he should be sent away, and the assertion of Harry that he intended to stay and watch over her and her sisters seemed at once absurd and presumptuous; but she already felt that she had been wrong in that opinion.

The decision and coolness with which he had at once taken the command from the moment he met them in the gallery, and the quickness with which he had seized the only mode of escape, had surprised and dominated her. Her own impulse, when on opening the door she heard the attack that was being made on the gate, was to draw back instantly and return to the side of her parents, and it was due to Harry only that she and her sisters had got safely away.

Hitherto, although after the incident of the mad dog she had exchanged her former attitude of absolute indifference to one of cordiality and friendliness, she had regarded him as a boy. Indeed she had treated and considered him as being very much younger than Ernest, and in some respects she had been justified in doing so, for in his light-

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hearted fun, his love of active exercise, and his entire absence of any assumption of age, he was far more boyish that Ernest. But although her thoughts were too busy now to permit her to analyze her feelings, she knew that she had been mistaken, and felt a strange confidence in this lad who had so promptly and coolly assumed the entire command of the party, and had piloted them with such steady nerve through the danger.

As for Jeanne, she felt no surprise and but little alarm. Her confidence in her protector was unbounded. Prompt and cool as he was himself, she was ready on the instant to obey his orders, and felt a certain sensation of pride at the manner in which her previous confidence in him was being justified.

After placing the girls in their shelter Harry had left them and stood leaning against the parapet of the quay as if carelessly watching the water, but maintaining a vigilant lookout against the approach of danger. The number of passers-by increased rapidly. The washerwomen came down to the boats moored in the stream and began their operation of banging the linen with wooden beaters. Marketwomen came along with baskets, the hum and stir of life everywhere commenced, and Paris was fairly awake.

Seeing that it was safe now to proceed, Harry re-

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turned to his companions. He had scarcely glanced at them before, and now looked approvingly at their disguises, to which the marquise had, during the long hours of the night, devoted the most zealous attention. Marie had been made to look older than she was. A few dark lines carefully traced on her forehead, at the corners of her eyes and mouth, had added many years to her appearance, and she could have passed, except to the closest observer, as the mother of Virginie, whose dress was calculated to make her look even younger than she was. The hands and faces of all three had been slightly tinged with brown to give them a sunburnt aspect in accordance with their peasant dresses, and so complete was the transformation that Harry could scarcely suppress a start of surprise as he looked at the group.

"It would be safe now, mademoiselle," he said to Marie, "for us to proceed. There are plenty of people about in the streets; but as the news has, no doubt, already been spread that the daughters of the Marquis de St. Caux had left the house before those charged with their father's arrest arrived, it will be better for you not to keep together. I would suggest that you should walk on with Virginie. I will follow with Jeanne a hundred yards behind, so that I can keep you in sight, and will come up if any one should accost you."

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Marie at once rose, and taking the child's hand set out. They had to traverse the greater part of Paris to reach their destination. It was a trial for Marie, who had never before been in the streets of Paris except with her mother and closely followed by two domestics, and even then only through the quiet streets of a fashionable quarter. However, she went steadily forward, tightly holding Virginie's hand and trying to walk as if accustomed to them in the thick heavy shoes which felt so strangely different to those which she was in the habit of wearing.

From time to time she addressed an encouraging word to Virginie as she felt her shrink as they approached groups of men lounging outside the wine-shops, for there was but little work done in Paris, and the men of the lower class spent their time in idleness, in discussions of the events of the day, or in joining the mobs which, under one pretext or another, kept the streets in an uproar.

Fortunately Marie knew the way perfectly, and there was no occasion for her to ask for directions, for she had frequently driven with her mother to visit Louise Moulin. The latter occupied the upper floor of a house in a quiet quarter near the fortifications in the northwestern part of the town. A message had been sent to her the night before, and she

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was on the lookout for her visitors, but she did not recognize them, and she uttered a cry of surprise as Marie and Virginie entered the room.

"Is it you, mademoiselle?" she exclaimed in great surprise; "and you, my little angel? My eyes must be getting old, indeed, that I did not recognize you; but you are finely disguised. But where is Mademoiselle Jeanne?"

"She will be here in a moment, Louise; she is just behind. But you must not call me mademoiselle; you must remember that we are your nieces Marie and Jeanne, and that you are our aunt Louise Moulin, whom we have come to stay with."

"I shall remember in time," the old woman said. "I have been talking about you to my neighbors for the last week, of how your good father and mother have died, and how you were going to journey to Paris under the charge of a neighbor, who was bringing a wagon load of wine from Burgundy, and how you were going to look after me and help me in the house since I am getting old and infirm, and the young ones were to stop with me till they were old enough to go out to service. Ah, here is Mademoiselle Jeanne!"

"Here is Jeanne," Marie corrected; "thank God we have all got here safely. This, Louise, is a

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young English gentleman who is going to remain in Paris at present, and to whom we are indebted for having got us safely here."

"And your mother," Louise Moulin exclaimed, "the darling lamb I nursed, what of her and your father? I fear, from the message I got last night, that some danger threatens them."

"They have, I fear, been arrested by the *sans culottes*," Marie said mournfully as she burst into tears, feeling, now that the strain was over, the natural reaction after her efforts to be calm. For her mother's sake she had held up to the last, and had tried to make the parting as easy as possible.

"The wretches!" the old woman said, stamping her foot. "Old as I am I feel that I could tear them to pieces. But there I am chattering away, and you must be faint with hunger. I have a nice soup ready on the fire; a plate of that will do good to you all. And you too, monsieur; you will join us, I hope?"

Harry was nothing loth, for his appetite was always a healthy one. When he had finished he said:

"Madame Moulin, I have been thinking that it would be an advantage if you would take a lodging for me. If you would say that a youth whose friends are known to you has arrived from Dijon, to

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make his way in Paris, and they have asked you to seek a lodging for him, it will seem less strange than if I went by myself. I should like it to be near, so that you can come to me quickly should anything out of the way occur. I should like to look in sometimes to see that all is well. You could mention to your neighbors that I traveled up with the same wagon with your nieces."

"I will do that willingly," the old woman said; "but first, my dears, you must have some rest; come in here." And she led the way to the next room. "There is a bed for you, Mademoiselle Marie, and one for the two young ones. The room is not like what you are accustomed to, but I dared not buy finer things, though I had plenty of money from your mother to have furnished the rooms like a palace; but you see it would have seemed strange to my neighbors; but, at least, everything is clean and sweet."

Leaving the girls, who were worn out with weariness and anxiety, to sleep, she rejoined Harry.

"Now, monsieur, I will do your business. It is a comfort to me to feel that some one will be near of whom I can ask advice, for it is a terrible responsibility for an old woman in such dreadful times as these, when it seems to me that every one has gone mad at once. What sort of a chamber do you want?"

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"Quite a small one," Harry answered, "just such a chamber as a young clerk on the lookout for employment and with his pocket very slenderly lined would desire."

"I know just such a one," the old woman said. "It is a house a few doors away and has been tenanted by a friend of mine, a young workwoman, who was married four days ago—it is a quiet place, and the people keep themselves to themselves, and do not trouble about their neighbors' affairs."

"That will just suit me," Harry said. "I suppose there is no porter below, so that I can go in or out without being noticed."

"Oh, we have no porters in this quarter, and you can go in and out as you like."

Half an hour later the matter was settled, and Harry was installed in his apartment, which was a little room scantily furnished, at the top of the house, the window looking into the street in front.

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CHAPTER VI.

AN ANXIOUS TIME.

HARRY and the girls had brought bundles of clothes with them in their flight, as it would have looked strange had they arrived without any clothes save those they wore. Harry had brought with him only underlinen, as he had nothing else which would be of service to him now. No sooner had Louise Moulin left him than he went out and purchased, at a second-hand shop, a workman's suit. This he carried home, and dressing himself in it descended the stairs again and set out to retrace his steps across Paris.

When he reached the mansion of the marquis he found a crowd of people going in and out. Those leaving the house were laden with articles of furniture, clocks, pictures, bedding, and other things. A complete sack of the mansion was indeed taking place. The servants had all fled after the arrest of the marquis and his wife, and the mob had taken possession of the house. The lofty mirrors were smashed into fragments, the costly hangings torn

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down, and after they had destroyed much of the elaborate furniture, every man and woman began to lay hands upon whatever they fancied, and the mansion was already stripped of the greater part of its belongings.

With his hands in his pockets, whistling carelessly, Harry wandered from room to room watching the proceedings. Several barrels of wine had been brought up into the salon, and round these were gathered a number of already drunken men, singing, shouting and dancing.

"Drink, drink, my garçon," a woman said, holding a silver goblet full of wine toward him, "drink confusion to the tyrants and liberty and freedom to the people."

Harry drank the toast without hesitation, and then, heartsick at the destruction and ruin, wandered out again into the streets. Knowing the anxiety which Marie would be suffering as to the safety of her lover he next took his way to the mansion of the Duke de Gisons. The house was shut up, but groups of men were standing in the road opposite talking.

Sauntering along Harry stopped near enough to one of these to hear what they were saying. He learned that the duke had been arrested only that morning. It had been effected quietly, the doors

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had again been locked before those in the neighborhood knew what was going on, and a guard had been left inside, partly, it was said, in order that the mansion might be preserved from pillage and be used for public purposes, partly that the young count, who was absent, might be arrested when he returned.

As Harry knew that the duke had estates in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau he thought it probable that Victor might have gone thither, and he at once proceeded toward the gate by which he would enter on his return thence. He sat down a short distance outside the gate and watched patiently for some hours until he perceived a horseman approaching at a gallop, and at once recognized Victor de Gisons. Harry went forward on to the road and held out his arms. The young count, not recognizing him, did not check his horse, and would have ridden him down had he not jumped aside, at the same time shouting to him by name to stop.

"What do you want, fellow?" Victor exclaimed, reining in his horse.

"You do not recognize me!" Harry said. "I am Harry Sandwith, count, and I am here to warn you of the danger of proceeding."

"Why, what has happened?" Victor exclaimed anxiously; "and why are you in this disguise, Monsieur Sandwith?"

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"A great number of arrests have taken place in the night, among them that of the Marquis de St. Caux and your father. Men are waiting inside your house to arrest you as you enter."

Victor uttered an exclamation of anger.

"That is why I have been sent away," he said. "My father had no doubt received a warning of what was about to happen, and yesterday at noon he requested me to ride to his estate and have an interview with the steward as to the rents. I wondered at his sending me so suddenly, and, feeling uneasy, rode there post-haste, saw the steward last night, and started again on a fresh horse this morning. This accounts for it. He knew that if I were there nothing would have induced me to separate myself from him, while by sending me away he left it to me to do as I thought fit afterward, trusting that when I found that he was already imprisoned I might follow the counsel he had urged upon me, to make my escape from the country. And how about the ladies, how about Marie?"

"The marquise was conveyed to prison with the marquis. The three young ladies are all safe with their mother's old servant, Louise Moulin; this is her address. They are in disguise as peasants, and no suspicion will, I hope, arise as to their real position. Not that the marquis thought it probable

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they would be included in the order of arrest, but he said there was no knowing now to what lengths the mob might go, and he thought it better that they should disappear altogether for the present. Ernest and Jules went away in disguise with Monsieur du Tillet. After seeing the young ladies in safety this morning I went down to see what had happened at your father's mansion, in order to assuage Mademoiselle de St. Caux's anxiety respecting your safety, and found, as I expected, that the duke had been arrested, and learned that a party were inside waiting to arrest you on your return."

"I thank you indeed," Victor said, "and most warmly. I do not know what to do. My father is most anxious that I should cross the frontier, but I cannot go so long as he and Marie are in danger."

"If you enter Paris as you are," Harry said, "you are certain to be arrested. Your only chance would be to do as I have done, namely to disguise yourself and take a small lodging, where you might live unsuspected."

"And in that way I can see Marie sometimes," Victor said.

"You could do so," Harry agreed, in a somewhat hesitating way, "but it would greatly add to her danger, and, were you detected, might lead to the discovery of her disguise. Besides, the thought that

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you were liable to arrest at any time would naturally heighten the anxiety from which she is suffering as to the fate of her father and mother."

"But I cannot and will not run away and leave them all here in danger," Victor said passionately.

"I would not advise you to do so," Harry replied. "I would only suggest, that after seeing Mademoiselle de St. Caux once, you should lead her to believe that you have decided upon making for the frontier, and she will therefore have the happiness of believing that you are safe, while you are still near and watching over her."

"That is all very well," Victor said; "but what opinion would she have of me if she thought me capable of deserting her in that way?"

"You would represent that you were obeying the duke's orders; and besides, if you did suffer in her opinion it would be but temporarily, for when she learned the truth, that you had only pretended to leave in order that her position might be the safer and that her mind might be relieved, she could only think more highly of you. Besides, if necessary, you could at any time again present yourself before her."

"Your counsel is good, Monsieur Sandwith, and I will, at any rate for a time, follow it. As you say, I can at any time reappear. Where are you

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lodging? I will take a room near, and we can meet and compare notes and act together."

Harry gave him his address.

"You have only to walk upstairs to the top story. My room is the one directly opposite the top of the stairs."

"I will call on you to-morrow morning," Victor said. "I will ride my horse a few miles back and turn him loose in some quiet place, and buy at the first village a blouse and workman's pantaloons."

"I think," Harry said, "that would be unwise, count; it would look strange in the extreme for a gentleman dressed as you are to make such a purchase. You might be at once arrested, or a report of the circumstance might be sent into Paris and lead to your discovery. If you will wait here for half an hour I will go back and buy you the things you want at the first shop I come to and bring them out to you. Then you can ride back and loose the horse as you propose; but I should advise you to hide the saddle and bridle, as well as the clothes you are now wearing, most carefully. Whoever finds your horse will probably appropriate it and will say nothing about it, so that all clue to your movements will be lost, and it will be supposed that you have ridden to the frontier."

"*Peste*, Monsieur Sandwith! you seem to have a

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head ready for all emergencies. I know what a high opinion the marquis had of you, and I perceive that it is fully justified, and consider myself as fortunate indeed in having you for a friend in such a time as the present."

"We have need of all our wits," Harry said quietly. "The marquis was good enough to accept my offer to do all that I could to look after the safety of mesdemoiselles, and if I fail in my trust it will not, I hope, be from any lack of care or courage."

The meeting had taken place at a point where it could not be observed from the gate, and the count withdrew a few hundred yards further away while Harry went back into Paris. The latter had no difficulty in purchasing the clothes required by the count and returned with them in little over a quarter of an hour, and then, having seen De Gisons ride off, he sauntered back into Paris and made his way toward the heart of the city.

Crossing the river he found a vast crowd gathered in front of the Hotel de Ville. The news of the wholesale arrests which had been made during the night had filled the populace with joy, and the air was full of shouts of "Down with the Aristocrats!" "Vive Danton! Vive Marat! Vive Robespierre!" Hawkers were selling, in the crowd, newspapers

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and broadsheets filled with the foulest attacks, couched in the most horrible language, upon the king, the queen, and the aristocracy.

At various points men, mounted upon steps or the pedestals of statues, harangued the mob, while from time to time the crowd opened and made way for members of the city council, who were cheered or hooted according to their supposed sentiments for or against the cause of the people. After remaining there for some time Harry made his way to the entrance to the Assembly. A crowd was gathered here, and a tremendous rush was made when the doors were opened. Harry managed to force his way in and sat for some hours listening to the debate, which was constantly interrupted by the people in the galleries, who applauded with frenzy the speeches of their favorite orators, the deputies of the Mountain, as the bank of seats occupied by the Jacobin members was named, and howled and yelled when the Girondists ventured to advocate moderation or conciliation.

It was late in the evening before the sitting was over, and Harry was unable to leave his place earlier. Then he went and had supper at a wine-shop, and after sauntering on the boulevards until the streets began to be deserted he again crossed the river and made his way to the mansion. Not a

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light was to be seen in the windows and all was still and quiet. The great door stood open. The work of destruction was complete, the house was stripped of everything that could be carried away.

Harry made his way up to the bedroom of the marquis. The massive bedstead still stood in its place, having defied the efforts of destruction which had proved successful with the cabinets and other furniture. Sitting down on the floor Harry counted the boards beneath the bed, and then taking out a strong knife which he had purchased during the day he inserted it by the side of the middle board and tried to raise it. It yielded without difficulty to his effort.

As soon as it was lifted he groped in the cavity below it, and his hand soon came in contact with the heavy bag. Taking this out and putting it beneath his blouse he replaced the board and made his way downstairs. He felt too fatigued to walk across Paris again, and therefore made his way down to the river and curled himself up for the night at the foot of the wood pile where the girls had found shelter in the morning, and, in spite of the novelty of his situation, fell instantly asleep.

It was broad daylight when he woke, and an hour later he regained his lodgings, stopping by the way to breakfast at a quiet restaurant frequented by the

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better class of workmen. As when he had sallied out the day before, he was fortunate in meeting no one as he made his way up the stairs to his room. His first step was to get up a board and to deposit beneath it the bag of money. Then, having changed his clothes, he went out and made a variety of purchases for housekeeping, as he did not wish to be obliged to take his meals at places where any one sitting at the table with him might enter into conversation.

His French was quite good enough to pass in the salon of the marquis, but his ignorance of the Parisian slang spoken among the working classes would have rendered it difficult for him to keep up his assumed character among them, and would have needed the fabrication of all sorts of stories as to his birthplace and past history. Although in the position in which he was placed Harry felt that it would be impossible always to adhere to the truth, he shrank from any falsehoods that could possibly be avoided.

His first duty in order to carry out the task he had undertaken was to keep up his disguise, and this must be done even at the cost of telling lies as to his antecedents; but he was determined that he would avoid this upleasant necessity as far as lay in his power.

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At nine o'clock he made his way to the apartments of Louise Moulin. His entry was received with a cry of satisfaction from the girls.

"What is the news, Harry?" Jeanne exclaimed. "We expected you here yesterday evening, and sat up till ten o'clock."

"I was over the other side of the river discharging a mission your father had confided to me, and did not get back till this morning."

"I knew he was prevented by something," Jeanne said triumphantly. "I told you so, Marie —didn't I?"

"Yes, dear, I was wrong to be impatient; but you will forgive me, Harry? You can guess how I suffered yesterday."

"It was natural you should expect me, mademoiselle. I was sorry afterward that I did not tell you when I left you that I should not be able to come in the evening, but indeed I did not think of it at the time."

"And now for your news, Harry," Jeanne asked impatiently; "have you learned anything about our father and mother?"

"I am sorry to say I have not, except that they, with many others, were taken to the prison of Bicêtre. But I have good news for you, Mademoiselle Marie. After going first to the house and

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finding it in the possession of a hideous mob, who were plundering and drinking, I went to see what had taken place at the hotel of the Duc de Gisons. I found that he had, like your father, been arrested in the night. I learned that the count was absent, and that a party were inside in readiness to arrest him on his return. Thinking it probable that he might have gone down to their estate near Fontainebleau, I went out beyond the gate on that road and waited for him. I had the good fortune to meet him, to warn him of his danger, and to prevent his returning to the town. He rode away with a suit of workman's clothes I had procured for him, and was to enter Paris in that disguise in the evening. He is to call on me at ten o'clock, and I will then conduct him hither. I thought it best to come in before to let you know that he was coming."

Marie burst into tears of happiness at hearing that her lover had escaped from the danger which threatened. Worn out by the fatigue and anxiety of the previous night, she had slept for some hours after reaching the shelter of the old nurse's roof, but she had lain awake all night thinking over the danger of all those dear to her. She was now completely overcome with the revulsion of feeling.

"You are a dear boy, Harry!" Jeanne said with frank admiration, while Marie sobbed out exclama-

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tions of gratitude. "You do seem to think about everything; and now Marie knows that Victor is safe, I do hope she is going to be more like herself. As I tell her, they cannot hurt father or mother. They have done no wrong, and they must let them out of prison after a time. Mamma said we were to be brave; and at any rate I try to be, and so does Virginie, though she does cry sometimes. And now I hope Marie will be cheerful too, and not go about the rooms looking so downcast and wretched. It seems to me a miserable thing being in love. I should have thought Marie would have been the last person to be downcast, for no one is prouder of being a St. Caux than she is."

"I shall be better now, Jeanne," Marie said smiling, as she wiped away her tears. "You shall not have any reason to complain of me in future."

"But do you not think, Harry," she went on with a return of her anxiety, "that it is very dangerous for Victor to come back into Paris? I know that his father has long been praying him to make for the frontier."

"I do not think it is very dangerous at present, mademoiselle, although it may be later, if this rage against the aristocrats increases; but I hope that when he has once seen you, which is his principal object in returning to Paris, he will carry out his

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father's wishes and make for the frontier, for his presence here can be of no possible utility."

"Oh, I hope so," Marie said, "for I am sure Victor would soon be found out, he could never make himself look like one of these *canaille*."

"Why shouldn't he?" Jeanne said indignantly. "Harry does, and he is just as good-looking as Victor."

Marie burst into a fit of laughter.

"What a champion you are, child, to be sure! But you are quite right. Clothes, after all, do go a long way toward making a man. Still, although I think that it is dangerous for Harry, I think it will be more dangerous for Victor; because, you see, he is a man and he has the manner of his race, and would find it more difficult to pass himself off as a workman than Harry, who has got something of English"—and she hesitated.

"Roughness," Harry put in, laughing. "You are quite right, mademoiselle. I can assure you that with these thick shoes on I find it quite natural for me to slouch along as the workmen do; and it will be much more difficult for the count, who always walks with his head thrown back, and a sort of air of looking down upon mankind in general."

Marie laughed this time.

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"That is a fair retort. Victor certainly has the grand manner. However, I shall order him to go; and if he won't obey his father's wishes, he will have to give way to mine."

"I think, mademoiselle, that it would be wiser for Monsieur de Gisons to meet you elsewhere than here. The arrival of three relations to stop with Madame Moulin is sure to attract some little attention among her neighbors just at first. You will be the subject of talk and gossip. My visit will no doubt be noticed, and it will be as well that there should not be more material for talk. The less we attract attention the better. No doubt many have escaped arrest, and there will be a sharp lookout for, as they will call us, suspicious persons. I should propose, if you have no objection to such a course, that you should stroll out with your sisters and Louise through the fields to St. Denis. The count will be in my room in a few minutes. We can keep a lookout from my window and follow you at a distance until we get clear from observation beyond the gates."

Marie looked at Madame Moulin, who nodded.

"That would be the best plan, my dear. What Monsieur Sandwith says is very true. The less we give the neighbors to gossip about the better; for though your disguises are good, if sharp eyes are

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watching you they may note something in your walk or air that may excite suspicion."

"That being arranged then you must excuse me, for it is just the time when the count was to arrive, and I fancy that he will be before rather than behind time."

Indeed, upon reaching the door of his room Harry found the young count standing there.

"Oh, it is you, friend Harry! I have been here ten minutes, and I began to be afraid that something might have happened to you and to imagine all sorts of things."

"It is still three or four minutes before the time we agreed upon, Victor," Harry said in a loud voice, for at this moment one of the other doors opened and a woman came out with a basket in her arms.

"I have been looking about as usual, but without luck so far. I suppose you have had no better fortune in your search for work?" He had by this time unlocked his door, and the two entered together.

"I must call you by your Christian name, count, and will do so, if you don't mind, when alone as at other times, otherwise the title might slip out accidentally. Will you, on your part, call me Henri? As you know the marquis and his family

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called me Harry, which is the ordinary way in England of calling any one whose name is Henry, that is unless he is a soft sort of fellow ; but I must ask them to call me Henri now, Harry would never do here."

"Have you seen them?" was the count's first question.

"I have just left them, Victor, and if you look out from that window into the street you will in a few minutes see them also; they are just going for a ramble toward St. Denis, and we will follow them. I thought it safer not to attract attention by going to the house, and I also thought that it would be more pleasant for you to talk to Mademoiselle de St. Caux out there in the fields, than in a little room with us present."

"Much more pleasant; indeed, I was wondering whether I should get an opportunity for a few minutes' talk alone with her."

They both took their places at the open window and leaned out apparently chatting and carelessly watching what was passing in the street.

A quarter of an hour later they saw Louise Moulin and the girls come out of their house.

"We had better come away from the window now," Harry said; "Virginie might look up and nod; we can't be too careful."

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They waited three or four minutes to allow the others to get well ahead and then started out after them; they walked fast until they caught sight of the others, and then kept some distance behind until the party had left the town and were out among the fields which lay between Paris and St. Denis. They then quickened their pace and were soon up with them.

The greeting between the lovers was a silent one, few words were spoken, but their faces expressed their joy at meeting again after the perils through which they had passed; there was a little pause, and then Harry, as usual, took the lead.

"I will stroll on to St. Denis and back with Jeanne and Virginie; Madame Moulin can sit down on that log over there, and go on with her knitting; you, Victor, can ramble on with mademoiselle by that path through the field; we will agree to meet here again in an hour."

This arrangement was carried out; Jeanne and Virginie really enjoyed their walk; the latter thought their disguise was great fun, and, being naturally a little mimic, imitated so well the walk and manner of the country children she had seen in her walks near the chateau that her sister and Harry were greatly amused.

"I like this too, Harry," Jeanne said. "It would

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not be nice to be a peasant girl for many things; but it must be joyful to be able to walk, and run, and do just as you please, without having a gouvernante always with you to say, Hold up your head, Mademoiselle Jeanne; Do not swing your arms Mademoiselle Jeanne; Please walk more sedately, Mademoiselle Jeanne. Oh, it was hateful! Now we might run, mightn't we, Harry?"

"Oh, by the way, Jeanne, please call me Henri now; Harry is English, and people would notice directly if you happened to say it while any one is near."

"I like Harry best," Jeanne said; "but, of course, I should not say it before the people; but may we run just for once?"

"Certainly you may," Harry laughed; "you and Virginie can have a race to the corner of that wall."

"Come on, Virginie," Jeanne cried as she started, and the two girls ran at full speed to the wall; Jeanne, however, completely distancing her younger sister. They were both laughing when Harry came up.

"That is the first time I have run a race," Jeanne said. "I have often wanted to try how fast I could run, but I have never ventured to ask mademoiselle; she would have been horrified; but I don't know how it is Virginie does not run faster."

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"Virginie has more flesh," Harry said, smiling. "She carries weight, as we should say in England, while you have nothing to spare."

"And she is three years older," Virginie put in. "Jeanne is just sixteen, and I am not thirteen yet; it makes a difference."

"A great deal of difference," Harry agreed; "but I don't think you will ever run as fast as she does. That will not matter, you know," he went on, as Virginie looked a little disappointed, "because it is not likely that you will ever race again; but Jeanne looks cut out for a runner—just the build, you see—tall, and slim, and active."

"Yes," Virginie agreed frankly, "Jeanne has walked ever so far and never gets tired, while I get dreadfully tired; mamma says sometimes I am quite a baby for my age."

"Here are some people coming," Harry said; "as we pass them please talk with a little *patois*. Your good French would be suspicious."

All the children of the marquis, from their visits among the peasants' cottages, had picked up a good deal of the Burgundian *patois*, and when talking among themselves often used the expressions current among the peasantry, and they now dropped into this talk, which Harry had also acquired, as they passed a group of people coming in from St. Denis.

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They walked nearly as far as that town, and then turned and reached the point where the party had separated a few minutes before the expiration of the appointed hour.

The two girls ran away to Louise Moulin, and chatted to her gayly, while Harry walked up and down until, a quarter of an hour later, the count and Marie made their appearance. The party stood talking together for a few minutes; then adieus were said with a very pale face, but with firmness on Marie's part, and then the girls, with Louise, turned their faces to Paris, while Harry and Victor remained behind until they had got well on their way.

"It was hard to deceive her," Victor said; "but you were right. She insisted that I should go. I seemed to resist, and urged that it was cowardly for me to run away and to leave her here alone, but she would not listen to it. She said it was a duty I owed to my father and family to save myself, and that she should be wretched if she thought I was in Paris in constant danger of arrest. Finally, I had to give way to her, but it went against the grain, for even while she was urging me she must have felt in her heart it would be cowardly of me to go. However, she will know some day that Victor de Gisons is no coward."

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"I am sure it is better so," Harry said. "She will have anxiety enough to bear as to her father and mother; it is well that her mind should be at ease concerning you."

"In reality," Victor said, "I shall be safer here than I should be journeying toward the frontier. The papers this morning say that in consequence of the escape of suspected persons, and of the emigration of the nobles to join the enemies of France, orders have been sent that the strictest scrutiny is to be exercised on the roads leading to the frontier, over all strangers who may pass through. All who cannot give a perfectly satisfactory account of themselves and produce their papers *en regle*, are to be arrested and sent to Paris. Therefore, my chance of getting through would be small indeed, whereas while remaining in Paris there can be little fear of detection."

"Not much risk, I hope," Harry agreed; "but there is no saying what stringent steps they may take as time goes on."

Victor had taken a lodging a few houses from that of Harry. Every day the excitement in Paris increased, every day there were fresh arrests, until all the prisons became crowded to overflowing. It was late in August; the Prussians were advancing and had laid siege to Verdun, and terror was added

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to the emotions which excited to madness the population of Paris. Black flags were hung from the steeples, and Danton and his allies skillfully used the fear inspired by the foreign enemy to add to the general hatred of the Royalists.

"We Republicans," he said in the rostrum of the Assembly, "are exposed to two parties, that of the enemy without, that of the Royalists within. There is a Royalist directory which sits secretly at Paris and corresponds with the Prussian army. To frustrate it we must terrify the Royalists."

The Assembly decreed death against all who directly or indirectly refused to execute or hindered the orders given by the executive power. Rumors of conspiracy agitated Paris and struck alarm into people's minds, while those who had friends within the prison walls became more and more alarmed for their safety.

On the 28th of August orders were issued that all the inhabitants of Paris were to stay in their houses in order that a visit might be made by the delegates of the Commune to search for arms, of which Danton had declared there were eighty thousand hidden in Paris, and to search for suspected persons. As soon as the order was issued Harry and Victor went to their lodgings, and telling their landlords that they had obtained work at the other end of the

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town, paid their rent and left the city, and for the next two days slept in the woods.

They passed most of their time discussing projects for enabling their friends to escape, for from the stringency of the steps taken, and the violence of the Commune, they could no longer indulge in the hopes that in a short time the prisoners against whom no serious charge could be brought would be released. At the same time they could hardly persuade themselves that even such men as those who now held the supreme power in their hands could intend to take extreme measures against so vast a number of prisoners as were now in custody.

Victor and Harry knew that their friends had at first been taken to the prison of Bicêtre, but whether they were still confined there they were of course ignorant. Still there was no reason to suppose that they had been transferred to any of the other jails.

The Bicêtre was, they had discovered, so strongly guarded that neither force nor stratagem seemed available. The jailers were the creatures of Danton and Robespierre, and any attempt to bribe them would have been dangerous in the extreme. Victor proposed that, as he as well as Harry was well provided with funds, for he had brought to Paris all the money which the steward of the estates had collected, they should recruit a band among the ruffians

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of the city, and make a sudden attack upon the prison. But Harry pointed out that a numerous band would be required for such an enterprise, and that among so many men one would be sure to turn traitor before the time came.

"I am ready to run all risks, Victor, but I see no chance of success in it. The very first man we spoke to might denounce us, and if we were seized there would be no one to look after the safety of Mademoiselle de St. Caux and her sisters. My first duty is toward them. I gave my promise to their father, and although it is not probable that I can be of any use to them, I will at any rate, if possible, be at hand should occasion arise."

On the evening of the 30th they returned to Paris, and took two fresh apartments at a distance from their former quarters.

They were greatly anxious as to the safety of the girls, and Harry at once hastened there, but found that all was well. The deputies, learning from the landlord that only an old woman and her nieces inhabited the upper story, and having a heavy task before them, had only paid a short visit to the room, and had left after asking Louise one or two questions.

The girls, however, were in a state of terrible anxiety as to their parents, although Louise had

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avoided repeating to them the sinister rumors which came to her ears when she was abroad doing her marketing, for she now went out alone, thinking it better that the girls should appear as little as possible in the streets.

"It is terrible," Marie said. "I think night and day of our father and mother. Can nothing be done? Surely we might devise some means for their escape."

"I can think of nothing," Harry said. "The prison is too strong to be taken without a considerable force, and it would be impossible to get that together."

"Could we not bribe these wretches?"

"I have thought over that too," Harry replied; "but, you see, it would be necessary to get several men to work together. One might, perhaps, bribe the man who has charge of the cell, but there would be other warders, and the guard at the gate, and the latter are changed every day. I do not see how that could possibly be done."

"Would it be any use, do you think, were I to go to Danton or Robespierre and plead with them for their lives? I would do that willingly if you think there would be the slightest chance of success."

"It would be like a lamb going to plead with

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a wolf. You would only attract attention to them."

"Could you not get hold of one of these wretches and force him to sign an order for their release?" Jeanne suggested.

"Eh!" Harry exclaimed in surprise. "Jeanne, you have the best head of us all. That idea never occurred to me. Yes, that might be possible. How stupid of me not to think of it!"

"Do not run into any danger, Harry," Marie said earnestly. "Such a scheme could hardly succeed."

"I don't know, mademoiselle. I think it might. I will think it over. Of course there are difficulties, but I do not see why it should not succeed."

"Certainly it will succeed if Harry undertakes it," Jeanne said, with implicit trust in his powers.

Harry laughed, and even Marie, anxious as she was, could not help smiling.

"I will try and deserve your confidence, Jeanne; but I am not a magician. But I will talk it over with"—and he hesitated—"with a young fellow who is, like myself, a Royalist, and in disguise. Luckily, we ran against each other the other day, and after a little conversation discovered each other. He, too, has relatives in prison, and will, I am sure, join me in any scheme I may undertake. Two

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heads are better than one, and four are much better than two when it comes to acting. And now I must say good-night. I hope when I see you again I shall be able to tell you that I have formed some sort of plan for their release."

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CHAPTER VII.

THE SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

VICTOR DE GISONS was, as usual, waiting near the door when Harry left Louise Moulin's.

"What is the news, Henri? Nothing suspicious, I hope? You are out sooner than usual."

"Yes, for I have something to think of. Here have we been planning in vain for the last fortnight to hit upon some scheme for getting our friends out of prison, and Jeanne has pointed out a way which you and I never thought of."

"What is that, Henri?"

"The simplest thing in the world, namely, that we should seize one of the leaders of these villains and compel him to sign an order for their release."

"That certainly seems possible," Victor said. "I wonder it never occurred to either of us. But how is it to be done?"

"Ah, that is for us to think out! Jeanne has

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given us the idea, and we should be stupid if we cannot invent the details. In the first place we have got to settle which of them it had better be, and in the next how it is to be managed. It must be some one whose signature the people at the prison would be sure to obey."

"Then," Victor said, "it must be either Danton or Robespierre."

"Or Marat," Harry added; "I think he is as powerful as either of the others."

"He is the worst of them, anyhow," Victor said. "There is something straightforward about Danton. No doubt he is ambitious, but I think his hatred of us all is real. He is a terrible enemy, and will certainly stick at nothing. He is ruthless and pitiless, but I do not think he is double-faced. Robespierre is ambitious too, but I think he is really acting according to his principles, such as they are. He would be pitiless, too, but he would murder on principle.

"He would sign unmoved the order for a hundred heads to fall if he thought their falling necessary or even useful for the course of the Revolution, but I do not think he would shed a drop of blood to satisfy private enmity. They call him the 'incorruptible.' He is more dangerous than Danton, for he has no vices. He lives simply, and they say is fond of

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birds and pets. I do not think we should make much of either Danton or him, even if we got them in our power.

"Danton would be like a wild beast in a snare. He would rage with fury, but I do not think that he would be intimidated into signing what we require, nor do I think would Robespierre. Marat is a different creature altogether. He is simply venomous. He hates the world, and would absolutely rejoice in slaughter. So loathsome is he in appearance that even his colleagues shrink from him. He is a venomous reptile whom it would be a pleasure to slay, as it would be to put one's heel upon a rattlesnake. Whether he is a coward or not I do not know, but I should think so. Men of his type are seldom brave. I think if we had him in our hands we might frighten him into doing what we want."

"Then Marat it shall be," Harry said; "that much is settled. To-morrow we will find out something about his habits. Till we know about that we cannot form any plan whatever. Let us meet at dinner-time at our usual place. Then we will go outside the Assembly and wait till he comes out. Fortunately we both know him well by sight. He will be sure to go, surrounded, as usual, by a mob of his admirers, to the Jacobin Club. From there we

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can trace him to his home. No doubt any one could tell us where he lives, but it would be dangerous to ask. When we have found that out we can decide upon our next step."

They were, however, saved the trouble they contemplated, for they learned from the conversation of two men among the mob, who cheered Marat as he entered the Assembly, what they wanted to know.

"Marat is the man for me," one of them said. "He hates the aristocracy; he would bathe in their blood. I never miss reading his articles in the *Friend of the People.* His cry is always 'Blood! blood!' He does not ape the manner of the bourgeois. He does not wash his face and put on clean linen. He is a great man, but he is as dirty as the best of us. He still lives in his old lodgings, though he could move if he liked into any of the fine houses whose owners are in the prisons. He wants no servants, but lives just as we do. Vive Marat!"

"Where does the great citizen live?" Victor asked the men in a tone of earnest entreaty. On learning the address they took their way to the dirty and disreputable street where Marat lodged.

"The citizen Marat lives in this street, does he not?" Victor asked a man lounging at the door of a cabaret.

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