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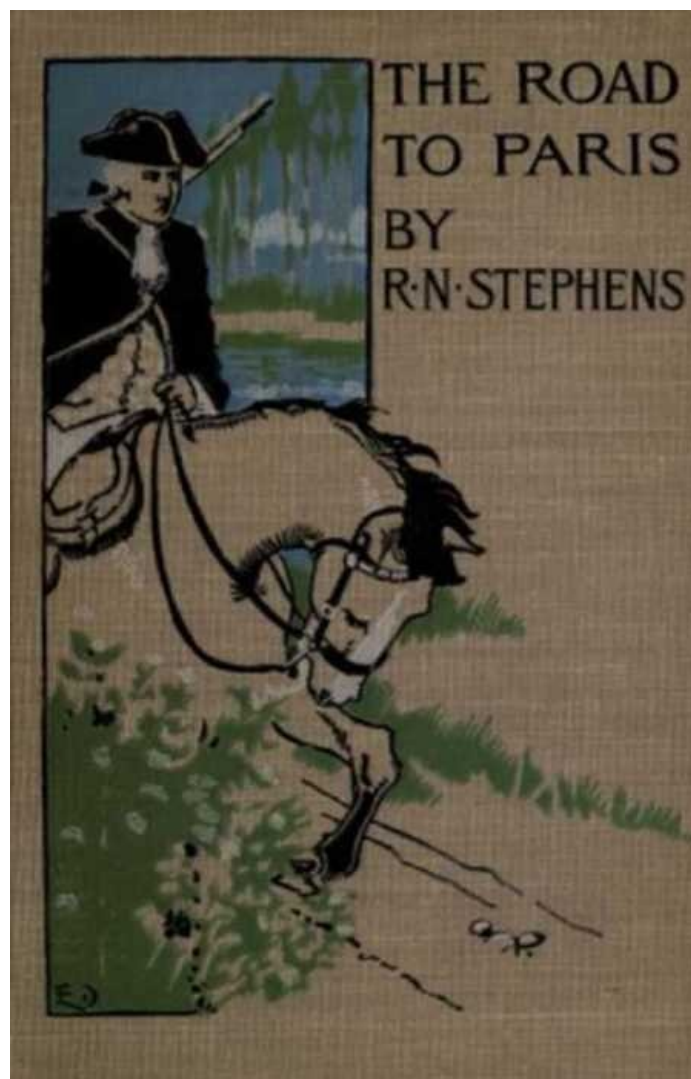
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ADVENTURE ***



THE ROAD TO PARIS

BY

R. N. STEPHENS

Works of

ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS

An Enemy to the King

(Sixth Thousand)

The Continental Dragoon

(Fifth Thousand)

The Road to Paris

L. C. PAGE AND COMPANY, Publishers

(Incorporated)

196 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

THE ROAD TO PARIS



"A WILD THRUST BETRAYED THAT HIS EYE WAS NO LONGER TRUE."

THE ROAD TO PARIS

A Story of Adventure

BY

ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS

AUTHOR OF

"AN ENEMY TO THE KING"

"THE CONTINENTAL DRAGOON," ETC.

Illustrated by

H. C. EDWARDS

"Hark how the drums beat up again
For all true soldiers, gentlemen;
Then let us 'list and march away
Over the hills and far away."

—Old Song.

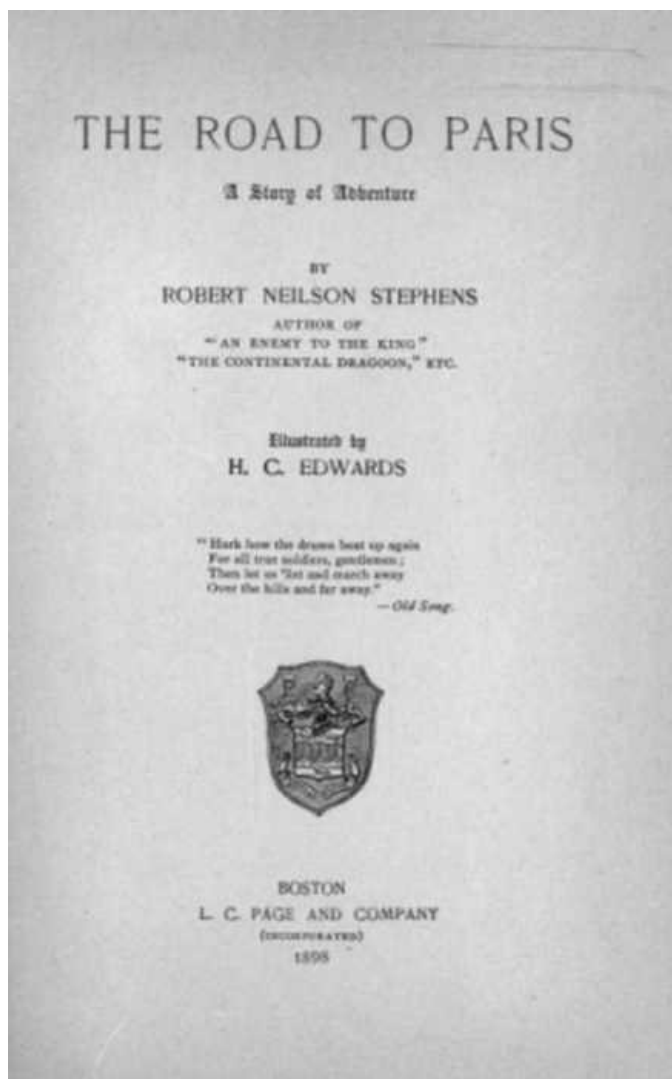
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*"D'Artagnan ... touched the earth, moistened
with the evening dew, with the ends of his fingers,
crossed himself as if at the holy-water vessel of a
church, and retook alone—ever alone—the road to
Paris."*

—THE VISCOUNT OF BRAGELONNE.

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INTRODUCTION.

"With our company of riflemen that marched in Arnold's army through the Maine wilderness to attack Quebec, there was a sergeant's wife, a large and sturdy woman, no common camp-follower, but decent and respected, who one day, when the troops started to wade through a freezing pond, of which they broke the thin ice coating with the butts of their guns, calmly lifted her skirts above her waist and strode in, and so kept the greater part of her clothes dry in crossing. Not a man of us made a jest, or even grinned, so natural was her action in the circumstances. I have often used this instance to show that what the world calls modesty is a matter of time and place, and I now hold that too much modesty is out of time and place when a man who has had more than a fair share of remarkable experiences undertakes a true relation of the extraordinary adventures that have befallen him. So, if the narrative on which I am setting

out be marred by any affectation, it will not be the affectation of modesty.

"When I was a boy in our valley behind the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania, I used to read the 'True Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from 1593 to 1629,' and wonder whether I should ever have any travels or adventures of my own to make a book of. When, afterwards, I did go a travelling, and adventures did come thick and fast upon me, I was too much engrossed in the travels and adventures themselves to give a thought as to what matter they might be for narration. Not till this breathing-place came in my life, did my boyhood dreams return to my mind, and did I realize that my part in battle and imprisonment, danger and escape, love and intrigue, would make a book that might be worth fireside reading. That book I now begin, and shall probably finish it if I be not interrupted by untimely death or by some new call to scenes of enterprise and turmoil,—for it is no retired veteran, but a man early in his twenties, that here tries whether with pen and ink he can make as fair a show as he has already made with implements less peaceful."

The foregoing lines constitute the first two paragraphs of a book entitled "The Travels and Adventures of Richard Wetheral, in America, England, France, and Germany, in the years 1775, 1776, 1777, and 1778," of which it happens, by strange circumstance, that I possess the only copy. The title-page shows that it was published by (or "printed for") J. Robson, Bookseller, in New Bond Street, London, in 1785. The three brown 16mo volumes first caught my glance when they lay with a heap of ragged books on a board before a second-hand shop in Twenty-sixth Street, there being attached to the board a weather-beaten square of pasteboard, bearing the legend, "Your choice for ten cents." Not until I had paid the dealer thirty cents and separated the three volumes forever from their musty companions, which were mostly of a theological character, did I discover, by parting a blank leaf from the adjacent cover, to which it had long been sticking, that the book was a treasure, for which the dealer would have charged me as many dollars as I had paid cents, had he anticipated my discovery. The long-concealed page bore on its brown-spotted surface an inscription, in eighteenth century handwriting, turned yellow by age, signed by the author of the book, and to the effect that he had caused his true narrative to be published without his wife's knowledge, thinking this book might afford her a pleasant surprise, but that the surprise with which she first perused it was so far from pleasant, she had forthwith, in the name of modesty, demanded its immediate suppression, which was at once accomplished by her indulgent husband, who had preserved only this one copy for the benefit of posterity. When I asked the bookseller how he had come by the copy, he told me, after an investigation, that he had bought it with a lot of religious books from the servant of a very old lady recently deceased. The dealer had thought, from the company in which it came, that the "travels and adventures" were those of some clergyman of a hundred years ago, and he had placed the three much dilapidated volumes among the ten-cent rubbish accordingly.

In giving this astonishing record of eighteenth century vicissitudes to the world, I have two reasons for making myself the historian, and not presenting the hero's book in his own correct and straightforward English. The first reason is, the public has been so satiated recently with novels told in the first person singular, that even a genuine autobiography must at this time be swallowed, if at all, with some nausea. The second reason is that the hero, writing only of his own doings and his own witnessings and in his own day, necessarily omitted many details, obtainable by me from other sources, and useful not only for filling in the background of his narrative, but also that they throw light on some points that were not quite clear to himself.

THE ROAD TO PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

In the Jacobite army that followed Prince Charlie and shared defeat with him at Culloden in 1746, were some who escaped hanging at Carlisle or elsewhere by fleeing to Scottish ports and obtaining passage over the water. A few, like the Young Chevalier himself, fled to the continent of Europe; but some crossed the ocean and made new lives for themselves in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and other provinces. Two of these refugees, tarrying not in the thickly settled strip of country along the Atlantic coast, but pushing at once to the backwoods of Pennsylvania, were Hugh Mercer, the young surgeon destined to die gloriously as an American general thirty years later, and Alexander Wetheral, one of the few Englishmen who had rallied to the Stuart standard at its last unfurling. From Philadelphia, where they disembarked from the vessel that had brought them from Leith, straight westward through Lancaster and across the Susquehanna, the two young men made a journey which, thanks to the privations they had to endure, was a good first lesson in the school of wilderness life.

They arrived one evening at the wigwams of a Shawnee village on the verge of a beaver pond, and were received in so friendly a manner by the Indians that Wetheral decided to live for a time

among them. Mercer, joined by some other enterprising newcomers from the old country, went farther westward; but the two friends were destined to meet often again. Wetheral built himself a hut near the Indian village and indulged to the full his love of hunting, fishing, and roaming the silent forest. Often he saw other white men, for already the Scotch and Irish and English had begun to build their cabins and to clear small fields on both sides of the Susquehanna, across which river there were ferries at a few infantile settlements. By 1750 so many other English and Scotch, some of the men having their wives with them, had put up log cabins near Wetheral's, and had cleared ground for farming all around, that the settlement merited a name, and took that of Carlisle. The Indians, succumbing to the inevitable, betook themselves elsewhere.

Wetheral, with all his love for the free life of the woods, welcomed civilization, for he was of gentle birth and of what passed in those days as good education, and had a taste for learning. His life was now more diversified. He not only hunted and fished, but also cultivated a few acres, and during a part of each year he did the duties of schoolmaster to the settlement,—for the Scotch-Irish, like the Puritans of New England, went in for book-learning. He sent the skins obtained by him in the chase to Philadelphia by pack-horse, and sometimes, for the sake of variety, accompanied them, passing, on the way, through the belt of country industriously tilled by the growing German Protestant population, and through that occupied by Quakers and other English, in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia. In his own neighborhood the people of the best manners and information were Presbyterians, and in course of time he came to count himself as one of them, less from religious ideas than from a natural wish to associate himself with the respectable and lettered element; for, much as he loved the roaming life of the hunter, he was repelled by the coarseness and violence and ill living of a certain class of nomadic frontiersmen who doubtless had good reason to keep their distance from politer communities.

He was one of the Pennsylvanians who went as pioneers in Braddock's fatal expedition, and on that he saw Colonel Washington. He marched with his old friend, Hugh Mercer, in the battalion of three hundred men under Col. John Armstrong, of Carlisle, in 1756, from Fort Shirley to the Indian town of Kittanning, which the troops destroyed after killing most of its hostile inhabitants. During a part of that year and of the next, he served in the provincial garrison at Fort Augusta, far north from Carlisle, and east of the Susquehanna.

Returning home when his period of enlistment was up, he stopped at the large house of a prosperous English settler possessing part of a fine island in the Susquehanna, fell in love with one of the settler's daughters, prolonged his visit two weeks, proposed marriage to the daughter, was accepted, spoke to her father, was by him violently rejected and subsequently ejected, ran away with the girl, or rather paddled away, for the means of locomotion in this elopement was an Indian canoe, and was married in the settlement of Paxton, near John Harris's ferry, by the Reverend John Elder.

As the young wife, who was kind of heart and wise of head, desired to be near the roof whence she had fled, that a reconciliation might be the more easily attempted, Wetheral traded off his field and cabin at Carlisle, returned northward across the Kitocktinning mountains to the neighborhood of his wife's former home, built a log house of two rooms and a loft, near the left bank of the Juniata, a few miles above that river's junction with the Susquehanna, and there, in the month of April, 1758, he became the father of Richard Wetheral, the hero of this book.

The child's arrival was aided by his maternal grandmother, who had already melted towards the young couple, although her husband still held out against them. The surgeon whom Mr. Wetheral had summoned from Fort Hunter, which the settlers were garrisoning because of signs of an Indian outbreak, arrived too late to do more than pronounce the boy a healthy specimen and predict the speedy recovery of the mother, who was indeed of sturdy stock. The household whose different members the observant infant soon began to discriminate consisted of the father, whose dauntless and hearty character has already been slightly indicated; the mother, who was comely and strong in nature as in face and form; a younger sister of the mother's, and a raw but ready youth hired by the father to aid in working the little rude farm and in protecting the family from any of the now rampant Indians who might threaten it. For Mr. Wetheral's house was so near Fort Hunter that he chose to stay and occupy it rather than to take refuge within the stockade of the fort, which latter course was followed by many settlers of the near-by valleys when the Indian alarm came in the month of our hero's birth.

But the Wetherals were not molested by any of the Indians that roamed the woods in small parties, in quest of the scalps of palefaces, during the spring and summer of 1758. Often, though, there came news by horse and canoe, and carried from settlement to settlement, from farm-cabin to farm-cabin, of frequent depredations: how in York County Robert Buck was killed and scalped at Jamieson's house and all the rest of its dwellers were carried away; how, near at home, in Sherman's Valley, a woman was horribly killed and scalped; how, in July, Captain Craig, riding about seven miles from Harris's Ferry, was suddenly struck in the face by a tomahawk thrown from ambush, put spurs to his horse and fled from his yelling savage assailants, escaping by sheer speed of his animal, the blood flowing from the huge gash cut in his cheek by the well-aimed hatchet; how fared the soldiers who set off in search and pursuit of the red-faced enemy, and who were none other than the hardiest of the settlers themselves, accustomed to shoot Indians or bear, to burn out rattlesnake nests, or to farm the ill-cleared land, as occasion might require.

Thus the talk to which Dick Wetheral (for it was early settled that he should be called Richard, a favorite name in his mother's family) became accustomed, as soon as he knew what any talk

meant, was of frightful perils and daring achievements. Such talk continued throughout all his childhood, though after 1758 the Indians were peaceful towards central Pennsylvania until 1763.

The boy early showed an adventurous disposition. His first explorations, conducted on all-fours, were confined to the two rooms on the ground floor of the house, but at that stage of his career a journey to the end of the kitchen from the extremity of the other apartment, which served as parlor and principal bedroom, was one of length and incident. New territory was opened to him to roam, on that eventful day when his aunt carried him up the ladder to the loft, which was divided by a partition into two rude sleeping-chambers, and in which he derived as great joy from being set at large as Alexander would have drawn from the discovery of a new world to conquer.

When the boy was in his second year, his world underwent a vast enlargement. This came about through his father's building a house to which the original log cabin of his birth became merely the rear wing. The new structure, made of logs covered with rough-sawn planks, destined to be annually whitewashed, provided two rooms on the ground floor, and two bed-chambers overhead. One of these lower rooms communicated by a door with the original log building, of which the ground floor was transformed, by the removal of the partition, into one large kitchen. From the new parlor a flight of stairs led to the room above, whence a low door and a few descending steps gave entrance to the old loft, so that the young explorer, by dint of long exertion, could reach the second story unaided. And now his days were full of experiences. From his favorite spot near the kitchen fireplace, to the farthest corner of the spare bedroom down-stairs, by way of the parlor (which was invariably called "the room"), was a trip sufficient for ordinary days. But in times of extraordinary energy and ambition, the crawling Dick would make the grand tour up the stairs and through the four second-story apartments, which seemed countless in number, and each a whole province in itself. So long ago was yesterday from to-day, at that time of his life, that this immense journey was full of novelty to him at each repetition, the adventures of one journey having been forgotten before another could be undertaken. And these adventures were as numerous as befell Christian in his Pilgrim's Progress. There were dark corners, queer-looking articles of furniture seemingly with life and expression, shadows of strange shapes, that made the young traveller pause and hold his breath and half turn back, until reassured by the sound of his aunt's voice calling to the chickens in the kitchen yard, his father or the hired man sharpening his sickle or calling to the plow-horse in the field beyond, or—most welcome and reassuring of all—his mother singing at her work in the rooms below.

What a great evening was that when the little indoor explorer found a fellow traveller! Dick was already in bed and asleep, having retired somewhat against his will, as he would have preferred to remain up until his father's return from a horseback journey on business down the river. When he was awakened by his mother, on whose face he saw a smile that promised something pleasant, he blinked once or twice in the candle-light, and looked eagerly around. He saw his father standing near his mother, and between the two a great black head whose long jaws were open in a kind of merry grin of good-fellowship, and from between whose white teeth protruded a red tongue that evinced an impulse to meet the wondering Dickie's face half way. The boy gazed for a moment, then threw out his hands towards the beaming face of the newcomer, and screamed with gleeful laughter. A moment later the dog was licking the youngster's face, while Dick, still laughing, was burying his fingers in the animal's shaggy black coat. Thereafter, the boy Dick was attended on all his expeditions by the dog Rover, and never were two more devoted comrades. The dog was a mixture of Scotch collie and black spaniel, and, though in size between those two breeds, looked a huge animal from the view-point of two years. If Dick required less than the usual grown-up assistance in learning to walk, it was because Rover was of just the size to serve as a support.

Dick now began to make excursions outdoors. Of course he had already spent much time in the open air, but always under the eye of some member of the household. His previous travels from the house had, by this guardianship, been robbed of the zest of adventure. The first trips abroad that he made independently were clandestine. Thus, one afternoon when the men were in the fields, and his aunt was busy tracing figures in the fresh sand that had been laid on the parlor floor, he availed himself of his mother's preoccupation over her spinning-wheel to sally forth from the kitchen door with no other company than Rover. His mother, humming a tune while she span, did not at first notice the silence in that part of the kitchen where Dick's presence was usually manifest to the ear. At last, the bark of Rover, coming with a note of alarm from a distance of several rods beyond the kitchen door, roused her to a sense of the boy's absence. With wildly beating heart she ran out, and towards the sound, which came from beyond the fruit-trees and wild grapevines that bounded the kitchen yard. She soon saw that Rover's call for help had reason. Little Dick was leaning over the edge of a deep spring, staring with amusement at his own image in the clear shaded water. Who knows but the nymphs of the spring would have drawn him in, as Hylas was drawn, had not the mother arrived at that moment, for the boy was reaching out to grasp the face in the water when she caught him by the waist?

Another time, it was not the warning bark of Rover, but the merest accident, that rescued the boy from a situation as perilous. His aunt, going into the little barn near the house, to look for eggs, saw him sitting directly under one of the plow-horses in a stall, watching with interest the movements of the animal's fore-feet, as they regularly pawed the ground. On being taken back to the house, little Dick was made to understand that solitary expeditions were forbidden, and in so sharp a manner that thereafter he rarely violated orders. He was carefully watched against the recurrence of temptation to travel. A constant source of terror to the mother, on Dick's account, was the nearness of the river, whose bed lay a few rods to the south, not far from the foot of a

steep bank which fell from the piece of ground on which the house stood. This piece of ground was surrounded by a rude fence, and the boy spent many a longing quarter of an hour in looking through the rails at the river that flowed gently, with constant murmur, below. Between the river and the bank ran what some called a road, what may have formerly been an Indian trail, and what in Dick's time was really but a rough path for horses. It led from the farms farther back up the river, behind the azure mountains at the west, down to the more thickly settled country beyond the mountains at the east, and afar it joined the road to Lancaster and Philadelphia.

The boy's parents early taught him his letters, for the elder Wetheral had brought a few books with his meagre baggage from the old country, and had since acquired, from some of the settlers of the best class, a few more, two by dying bequest, two by gift, and four or five by purchase and trade. With the contents of some of these, Dick first became acquainted through his father's reading aloud on Sundays and rainy days, before the kitchen fire. One of these was Capt. John Smith's account of his marvellous achievements. Strangely enough, or rather naturally enough, the parts of this book that most interested Dick were not where Smith told of his adventures with Indians in America, but where he related his doings in Europe; for Indians and primitive surroundings were familiar matters to Dick, whereas accounts of the old world had for him all that charm which a boy reared in the midst of civilization finds in pictures of wilderness life. A few of the books were illustrated with prints, which the boy studied by the hour. One of these books was an odd volume of a history of the world, and contained mainly that part which related to France. It had crude engravings of two or three palaces, a few kings, three or four queens, a Catholic killing a Huguenot in front of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a royal hunt, and the Pont Neuf, backed by the towers of Notre Dame and flanked by buildings along the Seine. These rough pictures, thanks to some mysterious cause or other, exercised on little Dick a potent fascination.

"Who is that?" he asked his mother one day, pointing to a wood-cut that purported to portray a human being, as he lay sprawling on the floor, his favorite book opened out before him.

"That is a king," replied his mother, looking down from her sewing. The mother and the boy were alone in the kitchen.

"King David?"

"No; a king of France."

"King George?"

"No; King George is king of England, where your father came from, and your grandfather, and of America, where we are. France is another country."

"Where does this king live?" pointing to the wood-cut.

"He is dead now. He died long ago. He lived in a city called Paris, in the country called France."

"Is that a house?" The boy had turned to a supposed picture of the Louvre.

"Yes, a great, big house, a palace they call it, because it belongs to the king."

"Did it belong to that king?"

"Yes, I think so. It is in the city where I told you that king lived, Paris."

"Is this house in that city, too?" He indicated a building in the picture that showed the Pont Neuf.

"Yes." The mother laid down her sewing and stooped beside the boy. "And so is this house in Paris. And this. And this, too. All these houses are in Paris."

"Do all these people live there, the pretty ladies and soldiers?"

"They all did, I suppose."

"How many houses are there in Paris?"

"Oh, a great many thousand."

"More than there are in Carlisle?"

"Oh, yes! A hundred times more."

"Where is Paris?"

"Oh, very, very far away."

"Which way?"

"Why, that way, I think." She pointed towards the east. "Your father can tell you exactly, when he comes in."

"How far away is it? As far as Carlisle?"

"Much farther than that. Your father can tell you."

"As far as Lancaster?"

"Oh, farther. Farther than Philadelphia. Away across land and water."

"As far away as the farthest mountains yonder, the blue ones against the sky?" He had risen from the floor, and he pointed eastward through the open kitchen doorway.

"Oh, yes. If you went clear across those mountains, you wouldn't be near Paris yet."

"But if I went on and on, far enough, I'd get to Paris at last, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, at last," said the mother, smiling, and drawing the boy to her and kissing him, impelled by the mere thought of the separation his query suggested to the fancy.

When she returned to her sewing, he continued looking for awhile towards the distant east, then resumed his study of the pictures. At supper that evening he made his father laugh by asking which way a body should go, to get to Paris. His mother explained how his curiosity had been aroused. His father, laughing again, and winking at the mother, said:

"Why, boy, a body would have to start by the road that goes down the river to your grandfather's, that's certain. And if a body travelled long enough, and never lost his way, yes, he would surely get to Paris at the end."

"Would he be very tired when he got there?"

"Very tired, indeed, if he didn't rest several times on the way," replied Wetheral, Senior, keeping up the joke.

The next afternoon Dick's mother, having baked some cakes of a kind that she knew her husband liked hot, sent some of them by the boy to the two men in the field, which was not far from the house but was partly hidden therefrom by the barn and out-buildings and some fruit-trees. Dick, being now four years old, had often gone to the fields with his aunt or mother when water or food had been carried out to the men at work, and as the way did not lie near the river, there seemed no risk in sending him now alone. When, after due time, he did not return to the house, the two women supposed the men had kept him with them in the field. But this was not the case. Mr. Wetheral and the hired man, having seen little Dick tripping back towards the house, ate the cakes in the shade of a tree and returned with sickles to their attack on the wheat, with no thought of the boy but that he was now safe home. When they returned in the evening for supper, their surprise in not finding him there was reciprocated by that of the women at his not coming back with the men. The dog, which had accompanied him to the field and from it, also was missing. The men immediately started in search.

The boy by this time was some distance away. He had crawled through the fence, near the barn, descended the declivity to the horse-path by the river, turned his face eastward, and trudged resolutely on with Rover at his heels. It was some time before he would admit to himself that he was becoming a little tired, and that the stones and twigs in the way were bruising his bare feet perceptibly. At last he conceded himself a short rest, and, following Rover's example, leaned over where the bank was low and the river shallow, and drank. He was soon up again and going forward, forgetful of his former fatigue, and heedless that the sun behind him was nearing the horizon. So long a time is a day to a child! In the afternoon the doings of the morning are of the dim past, or are forgotten, while the evening is yet far away, and countless things may be done before the night comes. He could surely reach those farthest blue mountains in an hour or so, and a little walking thereafter must bring him to this strange, wonderful Paris, so entirely different from his own home and from his grandfather's place down the river. He would have to pass his grandfather's place, by the way, on his walk, and it never occurred to him how long a time it would take him to reach merely his grandfather's, so vague was his recollection of his former visits there. He could see Paris, the king and the palaces and the soldiers and the beautiful ladies and the great bridge, and return home by supper-time; and he would have so many things to tell that his father and mother would make his punishment a light one, or might even forget to punish him at all.

He came to a place where the path divided. After a moment's hesitation, he took the wider branch, which carried him from the riverside, straight into the unbroken woods. Presently this path ended abruptly, so that there was nothing before him but thick undergrowth. Rather than retrace his steps to reach the branch that he had rejected, which must be the one he ought to have taken, he started to reach it directly through the woods, moving towards where he thought it should be. He made his way cautiously, lest he might tread on some rattlesnake or other serpent, which could not be as easily seen in the dimness of the forest as in the path by the river. That dimness increased apace, and still he had not found the path. At last the boy paused, perplexed and a little appalled. The chill of evening came on. He was very tired now. He began to think of Indians, bears, and other savage things with whose existence in the neighborhood he was well acquainted, and of monsters of which he had heard from his parents, such as giants, lions, and other horrible things. Wherever his view lost itself in the dark arches of the trees, he imagined mysterious and frightful creatures were concealed, ready to appear at any moment. He summoned heart, and trudged on again. Finally it became so dark that he feared to proceed lest he might, at any step, land in a nest of snakes. Rover stopped close beside him, and looked in his face, as if for counsel. He put his arm around the dog's neck, and the two together sank down on some mossy turf at the foot of a tree. Rover curled up with his chin on the boy's shoulder, and Dick lay with his head on the dog's shaggy side. Dick would have cried, had his impulse ruled, but he was already too proud to make such an exhibition of weakness in the presence of Rover. Thus they lay while night fell. Now and then Rover raised his head a little and listened. The boy was

too much overcome by his situation to think of what might ultimately befall. He could only wish, with an intensity as keen as could be endured, that he was home by his mother's side in the candle-lit kitchen, and nestle closer to the dog. The insects of the forest kept up an ear-piercing chorus of chirps, whirrs, and calls. At last reality melted imperceptibly into dreams, in which the boy was again toiling forward on the road to Paris. A terrible noise broke in upon his dream. Starting up, he found it was only the barking of Rover, a bark of eagerness and joy rather than of alarm or threat. A faint light approached slowly through the trees. It resolved itself at last into a lantern, and the huge dark object beside it became a man, who called out, as he came rapidly nearer:

"Dick, lad, are you there with the dog?"

A minute later the boy was in the arms of his father, who was striding back towards the path, while Rover ran yelping gleefully before and behind and on every side.

How short was the journey back to the house, compared with that which Dick had made from it in the afternoon! Almost before Dick had finished his explanation to his father, in somewhat incoherent speeches and a rather unsteady voice, they beheld the kitchen's open door, in which the mother stood waiting. She caught the boy in her arms, covered his face with kisses and tears, and declared he should never go out of her sight again.

"But I'll go some day, when I'm grown up," said little Dick, as he sat filling himself with supper a half-hour later. "I didn't know the road to Paris was so long."

And he didn't know his road to Paris should one day be taken with no thought of its leading him there, and how very roundabout that road should be.

CHAPTER II.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

The next time Dick went far from home was when the hired man, John Campbell, took him past his grandfather's island, and thence on down the Susquehanna and into Sherman's Valley, whither Campbell was bent on a courting expedition. During his visit at the house of Campbell's friends, Dick attended the burning out of a snake-nest, an occasion that was participated in by settlers from all the country round. The nest was in a pile of rocks in some woods that a farmer intended to transform into a field for cultivation. Here rattlesnakes and copperheads thrived and multiplied. Men with axes and sickles cleared a circle around the rock-pile, at some distance from it, and then set fire to the wood within. When the flame reached the snakes, for which there was no escape, their writhing was a novel sight. Dick, who at first enjoyed the spectacle as only a young boy can enjoy scenes of wholesale slaughter, at last came to being sorry for the victims, because they had no fair fighting chance. The loathsome odor that soon arose drove him away, so that he lost most of the rum-drinking and other jollification that followed the snake-burning.

Snakes, though he could pity those attacked with fire and at a disadvantage, were Dick's abomination. Their abundance was a chief reason why he dared not gratify his taste for roaming far from the house. As yet, when he came on one suddenly, he would act the woman,—that is to say, he would run in great fright, or sometimes stand still in greater, till help came or the snake fled of its own accord. It was several years before he had the courage, on hearing the shriek of some snake-affrighted harvesting woman in the fields, to vie with the men in running to her rescue. For a long time he envied the readiness with which his father, if confronted by a snake while reaping, would club it to death and then, sticking the point of the sickle through its head, hold it up for the other harvesters to see.

But there was a long season when the settlers need have no fear of rattlers and copperheads, nor of Indians, either; that was the winter. Dick was allowed to walk abroad a little more freely then, for the very reason that the cold was sure to bring him soon back again to the vast fireplace. There were other reasons than those of weather, why that fireplace was a magnet to Dick. There, in the time of little work, when the world outside was white and wind-swept, Dick's father would sit and read to the household, or tell of his fights and dangers on both sides of the ocean. There, when the cider went round, was great flow of joke and story and song. For Dick's father, though a man of strict standards of behavior, and outwardly stanch to his adopted sect, which in his neighborhood stood for decency and education, was a man of lively wit and of jocular turn of mind. Dick's mother, though of a severely Presbyterian family, and humbly religious, was of too kindly and cheerful a nature to be soured by piety, and too rich with the health of this pleasant earth to be constantly thinking of another world. She had sensibility and emotion, with the common sense and strength to control them. Her younger sister partook of the prevalent lightness of heart. Campbell, the hired man, whose raw stolidity was tempered by a certain taciturn jocoseness, contributed to the household mirth by the stupid wonder with which he listened to the others, the queer comments he sometimes made, and the snores with which he often punctuated the general conversation when he slumbered in his seat in the fireplace. Dick's place was opposite Campbell's, and when he sat there in the evening he could look up and see the stars through the top of the chimney. Rover's spot was at Dick's feet, whence in his dreams

he would echo the snores of Campbell.

The father would tell of his share in Prince Charlie's defeat at Culloden, of his own escape and Dr. Hugh Mercer's to the Scottish port whence they had sailed; of that fatal march of Braddock's army towards Fort Duquesne, and the fearful death that blazed out from the seemingly empty woods around, and the conduct of the young Virginia colonel, Washington, and the night burial of the mistaken English general by torchlight in the dismal forest; of the march of resolute John Armstrong, the Scottish Covenanter, of Carlisle, to Kittanning, in 1756; the destruction of the Indian town, the slaughter of the Indian chiefs, and the wounding of nearly all Armstrong's officers; how Wetheral's friend, Mercer, a captain in the expedition, wounded and separated from his men, wandering for weeks alone in the forest, living on roots and berries, once repulsing starvation by eating a rattlesnake, at last came upon waters that led to the Potomac, and so reached Fort Cumberland. Wetheral told of George Croghan, the Indian trader, who had figured in Braddock's campaign; and of Captain Jack, called also the Black Hunter, the Black Rifle, and the Wild Hunter of Juniata, who with his band of hunters scourged the Indians in revenge for his wife and children slain and his cabin burnt while he was away hunting; and of other border heroes, whose names have not lived as long.

In Wetheral's earlier reminiscences, the name that oftenest reached Dick's ears, and most agreeably impressed them, was that of Tom MacAlister, a former fellow Jacobite, whom Wetheral had thought killed at Culloden, but who had turned up, to his great surprise and joy, a sergeant in Braddock's army in America, in 1755. Surviving Braddock's defeat, he had retreated with the remnant of the British army, and since then Wetheral had neither seen nor heard of him. Of all the characters that figured in his father's stories, Dick made MacAlister his favorite. This was not only on account of the warlike deeds he had done, or the jests he had perpetrated, or the comical scrapes he had figured in, or the pithy sayings that Wetheral quoted from him, or the fact that he had served as a soldier in many lands, but also for a circumstance connected with Dick's early acquired love of song. When Dick would express a liking for some particular one of the many tunes his father whistled or sang, the father would say to the mother:

"You ought to hear Tom MacAlister play that on his fiddle or pipe, Betty!"

And when the boy, pleased with the words of some ballad of which his father had remembered but a part, would eagerly demand the rest, the father would usually say:

"I don't know it, Dickie, lad. If Tom MacAlister were here, he could sing it all for you."

Thus Dick came to think of this Tom MacAlister, whom he had never seen, and could with little reason expect ever to see, as the source, of at least the repository, of all the songs that ever were written, and all the tunes that ever were composed. Dick dearly loved the sound of a fiddle, and whenever there was a wedding anywhere in the sparsely settled neighborhood he would beg his parents to take him behind one of them on horseback, or to let him go with John Campbell, that he might enjoy the scraping of the fiddles, while the rustic guests danced, and made merry with rum, hard cider, and peach brandy.

If he could only hear Tom MacAlister play the pipe or fiddle! If he could but once see that hero in the flesh, touch the hands that had performed so many acts of valor, behold the face that had been turned towards so many foes, hear the voice that had uttered so much wisdom, sung so many ballads, and could tell so many true tales of marvellous experience! To Dick, this much-talked-of Tom, who might no longer be among the living, was as a hero of legend, a Jack the Giant Killer, a Mr. Greatheart, a Robinson Crusoe.

Some of the songs sung by Dick's father, and by his mother, too, who had picked up most of her tunes from her husband, were Jacobite ballads. One snowy day, in Dick's fifth winter, his father, mending a bridle beside the fire, was heard by Dick to sing in a low voice:

"There was a wind, it cam to me,
Over the south, an' over the sea,
An' it has blawn my corn and hay,
Over the hills an' far away."

Dick looked up from where he was sitting, by the legs of a skillet under which some brands were burning.

"Is that the tune it means when it says about Tom that was a piper's son, all the tune that he could play was 'Over the hills and far away?'" he asked.

"I don't know, son. There are a great many songs of 'Over the hills and far away.' Tom MacAlister used to sing them all."

Dick studied a moment, then asked:

"Who was Tom MacAlister's father?"

"A Highland man, and I've heard Tom say he was a great player on the bagpipe."

"Why, then," cried Dick, "maybe he was the Tom that was a piper's son!"

"I shouldn't doubt it in the least," replied Wetheral, with a wink and a smile at his wife.

But Dick's face, after glowing for a moment with the exultation of so great a literary discovery,

soon fell.

"No," he said; "because Tom MacAlister could play hundreds and hundreds of other tunes, and Tom that was a piper's son could play only 'Over the hills and far away.'"

"Ay," said the father, "but then, you see, that song might have been about Tom MacAlister before he had learned any other tune than the one. I think he told me once that for a very long time he couldn't play any other."

Mrs. Wetheral smilingly shook her head in hopeless disapproval of the jocular deceit practised by her husband on little Dick; but the boy was too taken up with his discovery to observe her movement, and so from that day, to him, Tom MacAlister and Tom who was a piper's son were one and the same Tom.

But there came a time when neither singing nor fiddling was in season, and when reminiscences of past dangers in foreign lands gave way to fears of imminent dangers at home. This was in the spring of 1763, when Dick was five years old, but possessed of such strength and endurance as would be marvellous in a boy of that age nowadays. Almost as soon as the woods and fields were green again, and the orchards white and pink with fruit-blossoms, came news, from every side, of Indian surprises and alarms. The Pennsylvania tribes, such as the Delawares and Shawnees, once friendly to the English settlers, but rendered contemptuous of them by Braddock's defeat, had not ceased ravages against them, even after Wolfe's victory at Quebec in 1759 had made the English masters of the continent. It seemed now, in 1763, as if the redskins had mustered their strength for a decisive series of revengeful blows against the colonists. In from the west and down from the north they came, unseen, unheard, penetrating the whole frontier in small parties, striking without warning, often where least expected, destroying by rifle-ball, knife, tomahawk, and fire. No one knew when a painted band, armed for slaughter, might not suddenly appear as if by magic from the apparently solitary wilderness around. No settler's family could go to bed at night with the assurance that they might not be aroused before dawn by smoke and flames or by the unearthly shrieks of savages. Most of the settlers in the valleys south of the Juniata fled across the mountains to Carlisle. Some from the vicinity of the Wetherals took refuge in Fort Hunter, which consisted of a rectangular stockade, with a log blockhouse rising from the corner, and with cabins inside to serve indifferently as barracks for the Provincial soldiers and as temporary lodgings for the people of both sexes and every age who took refuge there.

Dick's grandfather, deciding to remain in his large and strong house on his island in the Susquehanna, invited the Wetherals thither, actuated in part, perhaps, by the consideration that his son-in-law would prove a notable addition to the home garrison. Wetheral accepted, for the sake of his family, although the reconciliation between himself and his stiff-necked father-in-law had never been more than merely formal. The Wetherals had no sooner joined the large family in the island mansion than there came word, by terrified refugees, of killings and burnings on the Juniata, quite near, as distances between neighbors then went, to Wetheral's house. Later came similar tidings up from Sherman's Valley. Houses of those who had fled were burnt, and, as summer advanced, a great deal of their grain was destroyed. When harvest-time came, several of the men who had fled returned in parties, well armed, to get in their crops. A party, strong in numbers, would go from farm to farm, taking in each harvest as rapidly, and bestowing it as securely, as possible.

At a certain time in July, one such party of reapers was working on the farm of William White, who lived not far from Dick's grandfather. This party had been reinforced by some of the men now at the latter's place, one of whom was John Campbell. The nearness of White's house, the large force of men there, and the fact that the Indians were thought to have gone out of the neighborhood, had enabled Dick to get permission to go with Campbell to this reaping, at which there was a famous fiddler from Tuscarora, of whom the boy had often heard. On Saturday evening, after the work was done, Dick revelled to his heart's content in the scraping of this frontier virtuoso. The reapers made merry so late that night, that they were quite willing to observe the ensuing Sabbath by resting most vigorously.

All the warm sunny morning, they lay on the floor of the principal room. Dick alone showed any disposition towards activity. While the men slumbered, or turned heavily over on the floor, or stared drowsily at the wooden ceiling, or stretched and yawned, Dick amused himself by climbing up the ladder to the loft overhead.

He had reached the round next to the top one, and was about to thrust his head up through the opening into the loft, when he heard a slight creak from the door of the room below. He looked in time to see it swing open, and three painted, naked, feather-crowned bodies appear in the doorway, each one behind a rifle whose muzzle was instantly turned towards some sleeper on the floor. Terrified into dumbness, Dick's gaze involuntarily turned towards the window opposite the door. The oiled paper that had served instead of glass had been swiftly and silently cut away with a knife, and three savage heads appeared above the window base, each shining eye directed along a different rifle-barrel towards one of the prostrate reapers.

Dick opened his mouth to cry out, but he could emit no sound. Before he could form a thought, the six rifles blazed forth in concert, and an instant later the room below was filled with smoke, shouts of pain, and furious curses. A terrible chorus of piercing war-screams from outside the house showed that the redskins who had crept up so silently were in large number. Dick tarried no longer, but sprang up into the loft and ran wildly to a little window at the end of it. He supposed that he had been seen and would be followed up the ladder.

He thrust out his head and looked down. This little window was over the one through which three of the savages had fired into the room down-stairs. He saw three other Indians aiming in through the lower window, while the first three were reloading their rifles. Others were shrieking their war-whoop and brandishing the knives and tomahawks with which they were to complete the work begun with the rifles. Up from the ladder hatchway, amidst the noise of heavy bodies falling and of the men rushing to their arms and yelling and swearing, came the sound of another volley, fired probably through the doorway. Dick drew his head in and waited with wildly beating heart, wondering what to do, and fearing to look back towards the hatchway lest he might see savages rushing up after him, with gleaming knives and upraised tomahawks. But none came. The noise from the room below indicated that knives, tomahawks, and guns had business enough down there.

After what seemed a space of several minutes, Dick cautiously looked again out of the window. He saw now but one savage, and that one soon disappeared through the lower window, into the room where his fellows were completing the slaughter of the unprepared reapers. The hideous shrieks of triumph that came up through the hatchway told clearly enough that victory was with the attacking party, and that the scalping-knife was already in use.

Suddenly Dick's blood turned cold. A sound of sharp, eager grunting, detached from the general hubbub below, arose immediately beneath the hatchway. A red hand appeared through the opening, grasping the loft floor against which the ladder rested.

The little window at which Dick stood was neither glazed nor papered. He went out through it, feet first; hung for a moment by his fingers to the ledge, then dropped to the ground below, fell on his side, scrambled to his feet, turned his back to the house of shrieking slaughter, and ran across the field towards the nearest woods. Though the direction in which he went took him farther from his grandfather's, he nevertheless did not stop or turn, on reaching the woods, but ran straight on, as fast as the irregularities of the ground would let him, and for once with reckless disregard of possible snakes, his only thought being to put the greatest distance between himself and the yelling murderers behind him.

After a long run, he stopped for lack of breath, and began to consider his situation, as well as the rapid beating of his heart would allow him to do. He regretted that he had not taken Rover with him to White's,—if he had done so, he might now have at least the comfort of the dog's society. At last he decided to make for his grandfather's, by a détour which would take him far from the house where the savages were now holding their carnival of blood. This détour required several hours, as his bare feet suffered from contact with stones, thorns roots, and the rough bark of fallen branches. Finally, on hearing a sound as of a horse's foot crunching into stony soil, a little to the left and ahead, he stopped and stood still. The sound continued. Could it be that he was near a bridle-path and that this sound indicated some solitary traveller? As yet he could see nothing moving through the thick forest. While he waited, a slighter sound close at hand, that of an instant's movement among bushes, suddenly drew his glance. From a mass of laurel near the ground, gleamed a pair of eyes directly at him, on a level with his own. He started back, thinking they might belong to a wildcat or some other crouching animal.

Instantly the owner of the eyes swiftly rose, and stood erect from the bush,—a naked Shawnee, daubed yellow, and carrying knife and tomahawk. Dick turned and ran, casting back one look, in which he saw the Indian hurl the tomahawk after him. The boy fell forward on his face just in time to feel the wind of the hatchet instead of the hatchet itself, which cleft the air directly over his head and lodged in a tree-trunk in front of him. The Indian, abandoning his intention of remaining in the bush, for which he had doubtless had his own reason, now glided after Dick, who had not half risen when he felt the Shawnee's fingers grasp his long hair, and saw the knife describe a rapid circle in the air in preparation for its descent upon his scalp. The boy cast one despairing look up towards the Indian's implacable face.

The stillness of the woods was suddenly broken by a loud detonation. Something dug into the Indian's breast, a horrible grimace distorted his face, a fearful cry came from his throat, his knife-blow went wide, and he leaped clear over Dick, retaining some of the boy's hair in his clutch as he went. The next moment he lay sprawling, face downward, some feet away. He stiffened convulsively, and never moved again.

Dick looked towards the direction whence the shot had come. In a little opening among the trees he saw a horse standing; on its back a tall, gaunt, brown-faced stranger, from whose rifle-muzzle a little smoke was still curling. The newcomer was apparently about forty years old; wore an old cocked hat, a time-worn blue coat, whose long skirts spread out over the horse's rump, a red waistcoat, patched green breeches, and great jack-boots that had known much service. His long brown hair was tied in a queue, and, besides his rifle, he carried before him an immense pistol. A long, projecting chin gave a grotesque turn to his features, whose grimness was otherwise modified by amiable gray eyes.

"Sure, sonny," he called out to the astonished and staring Dick, "it's the part of Providence I played towards ye that time; in return for whilk favor, tell me now the way to one Alexander Wetheral's house, if ye ken it."

Not sufficiently learned in dialects to note the stranger's mixture of Scotch and Irish with the King's English, Dick eagerly proffered his services and said that Alexander Wetheral was his father.

"What, lad! Gie's your hand, then, and it's in front of me ye shall ride hame this day. It's a glad man your father 'ull be, when he sees ye bringing in Tom MacAlister as a recruit, and no such raw one, neither!"



"THE NEWCOMER WAS APPARENTLY ABOUT FORTY YEARS OLD."

Dick almost fell off the horse, to whose shoulders the stranger had lifted him.

Such was his first meeting with Tom that was a piper's son.

The two reached Dick's grandfather's without molestation, and the newcomer was duly welcomed. Lack of occupation in Europe, and the desire to be always enlarging his experiences, had brought him again to the New World, and in search of his early friend.

He had immediate opportunity to employ his courage and prowess. A few days after Dick's adventure, there came to his grandfather's house a settler named Dodds, with an account of how the same Indians who had shot the reapers at White's had thereupon gone to Robert Campbell's on the Tuscarora Creek, found Dodds and other reapers there resting themselves, and first made their presence known by a sudden deadly volley of rifle-balls. In the smoke and confusion, Dodds had made, unseen, for the chimney, which he had ascended by great muscular exertion while the massacre was proceeding in the room below. He had dropped from the roof and fled to Sherman's Valley, where he had given the alarm, which he was now engaged in spreading.

Dick's father and grandfather, with all the aroused settlers who could be summoned, speedily organized a party to make war on the savage invaders. In the expedition this force made, MacAlister was in his element. He was one of the detachment of twelve who overtook twenty-five Indians at Nicholson's house and killed several, at the cost of five of the white men. The chasing of Indians, and the fleeing from them, continued all summer. William Anderson was killed at his own house, depredations were committed at Collins's, Graham's house was burnt, and in September five white men were killed in a battle at Buffalo Creek. Finally a hundred volunteers, including Wetheral and MacAlister, went up the Susquehanna to Muncy, encountered two companies of Indians that were coming down the river, killed their chief, Snake, and drove the others back from the frontier. In the fall, the Wetherals, with their guest, went back to their own house, but not at the first waning of summer. Too many settlers, deceived by the earliest signs of winter, had in times past returned to their houses, thinking themselves safe from further Indian ravage; but, with the brief later season of warm weather, the Indians had reappeared for final strokes, and hence that fatal season received the name of Indian summer.

Tom MacAlister, impelled by his friendship for Wetheral, and by the charm that he found in the still wilderness, took the place formerly occupied in the household by John Campbell, who had

been killed at White's. If not in the field, at least at the fireside and in the dooryard, he was a vast improvement upon his heavy-witted predecessor. With a fiddle, bought from a settler, Tom soon verified all the assertions Wetheral had made about his musical ability.

As 1763 was the last year of general Indian outbreaks in the neighborhood, the arts of peace thereafter had full opportunity to thrive in the Wetheral household. From childhood to pronounced boyhood, and then to sturdy youth, Dick Wetheral grew, to the constant accompaniment of Tom MacAlister's fiddle. Dick became, in time, a fairly capable tiller of the soil, an excellent horseman, a good hunter, a comparatively lucky fisherman. He was a straight shot at a distant wild turkey, a quick one at a running deer, and a cool one at a threatening bear. He was a great reader, not for improvement, but for amusement and because books gave him other worlds to contemplate. When he had read and re-read all the volumes of his father's little stock, he took means to learn who else owned books in the neighborhood. The owners were few and far between, and fewer still were the books possessed by any one of them. But what books there were, Dick hunted down, taking many a long ride in the quest, buying a volume when he could, or trading for it, or borrowing it.

Thus he made the acquaintance of Fielding's novels, and one or two of Smollett's, and of Shakespeare's plays, and from all these he acquired standards of gentlemanly conduct and manners, and ideals of feminine beauty and charm, which standards and ideals kept him alike from close association with the raw youths of the neighborhood, and from succumbing to the primitive attractions of any of the farmers' daughters. Slowly and imperceptibly, by his reading and his thoughts, he was, if not fitting himself for a vastly different world from the one about him, at least unfitting himself for the latter. One cause of his strong attachment to Tom MacAlister, after he had come to regard that worthy in a more accurate light, and no longer idealized him as the half mythical hero of his childhood, was that Tom represented the great world of cities and courts.

Tom was the son of a Scotch father and an Irish mother, and one of the two had a sufficient streak of English blood to account for Tom's length of chin. To his mixed ancestry was due his unique intermingling of brogues and accents. It was a question which was the greater, the severity of his visage or the drollery of his disposition. It was looked upon as a caprice of nature that a man of so sanctimonious an aspect should on occasion swear so hard, and that he who could drink so enormously of liquor should retain such meagreness of body. He advocated strict morality, though he admitted having himself been a sad lapsing from virtue. He testified frankly to having broken "all the ten commandments and half a dozen more." He had been a great patron of the playhouses, could perform conjuring tricks, and was able to oppose a card-cheat with the latter's own weapons. As for religion, wherever he was, he took that, as he took the staple drink, "of the country," a practice which, he said, gave him in turn the benefit of all faiths, and saved him from a deal of inconvenience where piety ran strong. He had fought in 1743 with George II. against the French at Dettingen; "been out" with the Young Chevalier in 1745; followed Braddock to defeat in 1755; served under Frederick of Prussia, at Prague, Rossbach, and elsewhere; and had been under Prince Ferdinand, at Minden, in 1759. The disbandment of his regiment at the end of the Seven Years' War had put his services out of demand.

In winter evenings, before the flaming logs in the great chimney-place, when Tom was not recounting adventures he had experienced, or some he had imagined, or playing the fiddle, or taking huge gulps of hard cider or hot "kill-devil," he was singing songs; and of these the favorite in his list was one or other of the versions of "Over the hills and far away." First, there was the song with which Dick had been familiar since his infancy, and which for a long time he thought alluded to MacAlister himself, beginning thus:

"Tom he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young,
And all the tune that he could play
Was 'Over the hills and far away,'
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off."

Then there was the one which, when it was sung by Tom, Dick took to be a bit of veritable autobiography:

"When I was young and had no sense,
I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence,
And the only tune that it would play
Was 'Over the hills and far away.'"

But what was the song itself to which these verses alluded? Tom knew and sang several, but was cloudy as to which was the particular one. That mattered little, however, as all went to the same tune. There was one artfully contrived to lure recruits to the king's service, thus:

"Hark how the drums beat up again
For all true soldiers, gentlemen;
Then let us 'list and march away
Over the hills and far away."

Then there was one that Tom had heard at the play, sung by a gay captain and a dare-devil

recruiting sergeant, and of which the latter half would fill Dick's head with longings and visions:

"Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away.

"We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away.

"Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

"Courage, boys, it is one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen;
While conq'ring colors we display,
Over the hills and far away."

And there was a duet, which Tom had heard at the opera in London, and which he sang, imitating the respective voices of the highwayman and the adoring Polly.

The tune took a lasting possession of Dick, and the sweet-sounding recurrent line exercised upon him a witchery that increased as he grew. He chose for his bedroom the rear apartment of the loft over the kitchen, because its window looked towards the east, and his first glance at dawn, his latest at night, was towards the farthest hill-tops. There were hills to the west, too, a great many more of them; mountain ranges, from the straight ridge of the Tuscaroras, to the farthest Alleghanies; but Dick's heart looked not in that direction, where he knew there was but savage wilderness all the thousands of miles to the Pacific Ocean. Towards the east, where the live world was, he longed to wing. Strangely enough, so had circumstance directed, he never, till he was seventeen years old, travelled as far as to the farthest mountains in sight southward or eastward. His father had turned his back on the Old World, thrown his interests heart and soul with those of the new land, built up a well-provided home on the outer verge of civilization, joined irrevocably the advance guard of the westward march of men. What little business he had with towns could be done through the pack-horse men and wagoners. So Dick had only his imagination on which to call for an idea of the level country towards the sea. What was behind the hills? How he envied the birds he saw flying towards that distant azure band that backed the green hills nearer! Should it ever be his lot to follow them?

At seventeen Dick was a strong, lithe youth, five feet eleven inches tall, and destined to grow no taller; with a thoughtful, somewhat eager face, whose sharpness of feature and alertness of expression had some suggestion of the fox, but with no indication of that animal's vices; brown hair that fell back to its queue from a wide and open brow; and blue eyes both steady and keen. Such was his appearance one sunny spring morning when he started from the house to join the men in the field, from which the sound of his father's "whoa," and of Tom MacAlister's chirping to the plow-horses, could be heard through the blossoming fruit-trees in which the birds were twittering. He returned his mother's smile through the open kitchen window, at which she stood kneading the dough for the week's baking. As he went towards the lane which ran up in front of the house from the so-called road, he could hear her voice while she half unconsciously sang at her work:

"Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away."

He took up the tune and hummed it, and, though the cheerful solitude around him seemed ineffably sweet, he sighed as he followed with his eyes the course of a tiny white cloud towards the high blue eastern horizon. It was Saturday, next to the last day of April, 1775.

As he leaped over the rail fence, from the houseyard to the lane, he saw a horse turn into the latter from the road. He recognized the rider, a good-looking young man, one of the few in the neighborhood with whom Dick was intimate.

"Good morning, M'Cleland," said Dick, heartily. "Where from?"

"From Hunter's Mill, and I can stay only a moment to give you the news, if you haven't heard it." He stopped his horse.

"What news?" queried Dick, wondering whether it might be of another Indian war, like that of Lord Dunmore's in Western Virginia the preceding year; or whether there had been a renewal of the old feud between the Pennsylvanians and the Connecticut settlers up in the Wyoming Valley; or whether the English government had repealed or reinforced the Boston Port Bill. These were matters in which Dick and M'Cleland had both taken interest,—especially the last one, for nowhere had the difference between King and colonies, which quarrel had been growing ever

since the passage of the Stamp Act ten years before, been more thoroughly discussed than in the Wetheral household, and nowhere was the feeling for resistance to the King more ardent.

"Great news," said M'Cleland, controlling his voice with difficulty, while his eyes sparkled with excitement. "On the nineteenth the King's troops marched out from Boston to take some ammunition the people had stored at Concord. At Lexington they met a company of minutemen, and there were shots and bloodshed. The whole country around rose and killed God knows how many of the regulars on their way back to Boston. When the messengers left Cambridge, there was an army of Massachusetts men besieging the King's soldiers in Boston. There's no doubt about it. At Hunter's Mill I saw the man who met at Paxton the rider that talked in Philadelphia with the messenger from Cambridge, who had affidavits from Massachusetts citizens. Tell your people. I'm off up the river. Get up!"

Dick never went any farther towards the field. He called in his father and Tom, and there was a long discussion of the situation. Wetheral said that Pennsylvania would be organizing troops, in due time, to back up Massachusetts, and that the only course was to wait and join such a force. But Dick would not hear of waiting. "Now is the time men are needed!" was his answer to every counsel. First make for the scene of war; it would be time to join the Pennsylvania forces when these should arrive there. The father gave in, at last, and the mother had nothing to oppose to the inevitable but the protest of silent tears. To her, the whole matter was as lightning from a clear sky. It was settled; the boy should go, the father should stay. The mother had a day in which to get Dick's things ready. As for Tom MacAlister, who was subject to no man's will but his own, his first hearing of the news had set him preparing for departure. As he tied his own horse to the fence rail the next day, to wait for Dick, he bethought him how of old his motto had been always "up and away again," and he marvelled that he had remained twelve years contented in one place.

It was not yet Sunday noon when Dick, who it was decided should share with Tom the use of the latter's horse on the journey to Cambridge, according to the custom known as "riding and tying," mounted for the first stage. He wore a cocked hat, a blue cloth coat altered from one his father had brought from England, a linsey shirt, an old figured waistcoat, gray breeches, worsted stockings, home-made shoes, and buckskin leggings; carried a rifle, a blanket, and a change of shirts; and had two gold pieces, long saved by his mother against the time of his setting up for himself. Tom MacAlister was dressed and armed exactly as at Dick's first meeting with him, his clothes having been temporarily supplanted by homespun during his years of farm service.

There was a lump in Dick's throat when he put his arms around his mother's neck, and felt against his cheek the tear she had striven to hold back. The last embrace taken, he gave his horse the word rather huskily, and followed Tom MacAlister, who was already striding down the lane. Turning into the road, Dick looked back, and saw his father, his mother, his aunt, and Rover, the last-named now feeble and far beyond the age ordinarily attained by dogkind, standing together by the fence. His father waved an awkward military salute, his mother forced a smile into her face, and the old dog made two or three steps to follow, as in the past, then stopped and looked somewhat surprised and hurt that Dick did not call him. One swift glance from the puzzled dog to his mother's wistful face, and Dick's home in the Pennsylvania valley passed from his sight forever. He cleared his throat, swallowed down the lump in it, and turned his eyes forward towards the east. Tom MacAlister's grim face wore a look of quiet elation, and he could be heard softly whistling, as he trudged on, the tune of "Over the hills and far away."

CHAPTER III.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GEORGE.

As they proceeded, Dick laughingly alluded to the time when, at the age of four, he had started out on this same road, thinking it would take him to Paris in a few hours.

"And wha kens," said MacAlister, in all seriousness, "but this same road may yet lead ye there, or to Chiney, for that matter? Him that sets out on a journey knowing where 'twill land him is a wiser man nor you and me, my son!"

Presently MacAlister fell behind, and was soon lost to sight as Dick rode on. By and by Dick dismounted, tied the horse to a tree by the path, and went on afoot. When he had walked about an hour, he was overtaken and passed by MacAlister, on the horse, which Tom, on coming up to it, had untied and mounted. Walking on alone, Dick in due time found the horse tied at the path's side, and mounted to overtake and pass Tom in turn. He caught up to his comrade at the place where, it had been decided, they should cross the Juniata, which they did on horseback together, partly by fording and partly by swimming the horse. Proceeding as before, and not losing the time to cross to the island for a visit to Dick's grandfather when they reached the Susquehanna, they came at nightfall to the house of a farmer on the west bank of that river, and lodged there. At early dawn they were on their way again, and just as the sun rose Dick reached the crest of the farthest mountains southeast of his home. Who could describe his feelings as he looked for the first time over the fair wooded country that rolled afar towards the purple and golden east? Did his mother, at this moment, looking towards the farthest azure line, know he was there at

last, and that he saw what the birds had seen that he had so often envied when they flew eastward? "Get up!" he cried, and urged his horse down the eastern mountainside towards his future.

Riding and tying, the two comrades came to Harris's ferry-house, whence they crossed the Susquehanna in a scow, to the small collection of low buildings—stone residence, old storehouse for skins, blockhouse for defence, and others—which then constituted Harrisburg. While they were crossing, the ferryman at the pole entertained them with anecdotes of the parents of the John Harris of that day,—how they were sturdy Yorkshire people; how the wife Esther once in time of necessity rode all the way to Philadelphia in one day on the same horse; how she was once up the river on a trading trip to Big Island, and heard of her husband's illness and came down in a bark canoe in a day and a night; how she was a good trader, and could write, and had boxed the ears of many an Indian chief when he was drunk; how she could swim as well as a man and handle firearms as well as any hunter; how she worked at the building of her brick house five miles up the Susquehanna; how she once ran up-stairs and took from a cask of powder a lighted candle that her maid had mistakenly stuck in the bung-hole; how the then present John Harris was the first white child born thereabouts and was taken to Philadelphia to be baptized in Christ's Church. Dick would have liked to see the inside of the church at Paxton, three miles from Harrisburg, because one of his acquaintances, having got a girl into trouble, had made public confession before the congregation there, praying in the usual formula:

"For my own game,
Have done this shame,
Pray restore me to my lands again."

He would have liked, also, to seek out some member of the gang of "Paxton Boys" that had killed the Conestogo Indians in Lancaster County, in 1764, and get the other side of that story, which was generally accepted as one of unwarranted massacre of friendly natives. But the impulse to press forward overcame the other, and the travellers, having followed the left bank of the Susquehanna, by the road which had been in existence from Harris's since 1736, lodged on the second night of their journey at a wooden tavern in the village of Middletown. The next morning they turned directly eastward, their backs towards the Susquehanna, and proceeded on the road to Lancaster. They now entered the band of country settled by German Protestants, whose fertile farms gave the slightly undulating land a soft and smiling appearance.

At noon, dining at a rude log hostelry, more farmhouse than tavern, they were invited to drink by two thin, middle-aged, merry fellows, in brown cloth coats and cocked hats, who said they were Philadelphia merchants returning from a view of some interior land which they intended to purchase for the purpose of developing trade. They invited Tom and Dick to drink with them, laughed so boisterously at Tom's sage jokes, and expressed so much admiration of Dick's intelligence and book-learning, that when all four left the tavern to proceed eastward, Dick and Tom, seeing that the two jolly merchants were afoot, took counsel together and agreed to share with them the use of the horse. This generous idea was engendered by a hint that one of the merchants made in jest. The horse was a huge animal and could easily bear any two of four such thin men as were those concerned. Lots were cast to determine which two should be the pair to mount first. One of the two merchants held the straws, and as a result of the drawing he and his companion got on the horse together and started. A turn in the road hid them from view in half a minute. Dick and MacAlister were about to follow afoot, when they were reminded by the tavern-keeper that the drinks taken at the merchants' invitation were yet to be paid for.

"Bedad," said Tom, "our friends were so busy laughing at my tale of the ensign's wife at the battle of Minden, they forgot to settle the score." Dick, who had been provided with sufficient silver to see him to Philadelphia, besides his two gold pieces, speedily paid the bill, and the two comrades resumed their journey. After several minutes of silence, Tom expressed some belated surprise at the fact that two substantial merchants should be travelling afoot. Dick replied that there must be some interesting reason for so unusual a circumstance. "Ay," said Tom, "we'll speer them when we catch up to them." The two trudged on. By and by Dick began to look, each time the road made a turn, for the horse standing at the side of the way, accordingly to agreement. An hour had passed since the tavern had been left behind. Another hour followed. At last Dick broke the silence:

"Is it likely our friends may have lost their way?"

Tom MacAlister drew a deep breath and replied:

"Devil a bit is it them that's lost their way! It's us that's lost our horse."

"Why, what do you mean? Two such worthy Philadelphia merchants!"

"Philadelphia nothing! I'll warrant they do be a pair of rascals from the Connecticut settlement in the Wyoming Valley, turned out of the community for such-like tricks as they've played on us new-born babes. That's the effect on me of twelve years' residence in the wilderness. My son, it's time we throwed off our state of innocence and braced ourselves to meet the mickle deviltry of the world. Richard, lad, I tell it to ye now, though ye'll no mind it till ye've had it pounded into ye by sore experience, your fellow man is kittle cattle, and your fellow woman more so!"

They might have had to walk all the way to Lancaster but that they were overtaken by a train of pack-horses from Carlisle, and paid the pack-driver to shift the horses' loads and give them the

use of one of the animals. At evening they arrived at Lancaster, which then had some thousands of inhabitants and was to Dick quite a busy and town-like place. He saw the prison where the Indian chief Murrhancellin had been confined on being apprehended by Captain Jack's hunters for the murder of three Juniata men the previous year. Dick went to see the barracks, the Episcopal and German churches, and a house where some of the famous Lancaster stockings were made. He gazed with wonder and hidden disapproval at the long beards of the Omish men, and enjoyed the bustle of horses and wagons before the excellent tavern where he and Tom passed the night. The next morning the two got seats in one of the huge covered wagons engaged in the trade between Philadelphia and the interior. They dined at the Duke of Cumberland Tavern, and put up at evening at the sign of the Ship, thirty-five miles from Philadelphia. This distance was covered the next day, and a little before sunset, the wagon having crossed the picturesque Schuylkill by the Middle Ferry and passed under beautiful trees down the High Street road, through the Governor's Woods and by brick kilns and verdant commons, and across little water-courses spanned by wooden bridges, Dick set his eyes on Philadelphia, whose spires and dormer windows reflected the level sun rays, and whose trim brick and wooden houses rose among leafy gardens. The town then had about thirty thousand people, and lay close along the Delaware, its built-up portion extending at the widest part about seven or eight streets from the river, not counting the alleys and by-streets. As the wagon lumbered down High Street, which was then popularly (as it is now officially) known as Market Street, Dick kept his emotions to himself, satisfying his curiosity without betraying it, and in no outward way disclosing how novel to him was the actual sight, which neither excelled nor fell short of the scene he had so often imagined, much as it differed from it in general appearance. At Fourth Street, as the wagon continued east, the houses began to be quite close together. At Third, the markets began, and ran thence down the middle of the street towards the Delaware. The wagon, with its eight horses, stopped for some reason at the Indian King Tavern, near Third Street, whereupon Tom and Dick, having settled with the wagoner, and not intending to lodge at that inn, proceeded afoot down Market Street, a part of which was paved with stones and had a narrow sidewalk for foot-passengers. This last-named convenience was one that even some of the first cities of Europe then lacked.

The animation of the streets quite put to shame Dick's recollections of the little bustle at Lancaster. The rifles and baggage of the two did not attract much attention among the citizens and tradespeople, in those days of much hunting, and especially at a time when there was already talk of new military companies forming, when the provincial militia was drilling and recruiting, and when men were coming to town to offer the colonies their services in the event of general revolt. Delegates were already arriving from other colonies to attend the Second Continental Congress, which was to meet on the tenth.

As the two comrades approached the London Coffee House, at Front and Market Streets, they saw three well-dressed citizens issue from the door and greet with the utmost respect a stocky old gentleman who had just turned in from Front Street, and whose face was both venerable and worldly, kind and shrewd, while his plain brown coat took nothing from his look of distinction, and his walking-stick seemed quite unnecessary to one whose vigor was still that of youth. He cordially responded to the three gentlemen, the first of whom detained him for the purpose of introducing the third. The name by which the old gentleman was addressed startled Dick for the moment out of his self-possession, and he stopped and stared with unfeigned curiosity and pleasure. It was his first sight of a world-famous man, and the writer of Poor Richard's Almanac, whose proverbs every Pennsylvanian knew by heart, the celebrated philosopher, the wise agent of the provinces, who had just returned from London, lost nothing in Dick's admiration from the youth's visual inspection of his face and person.

While Doctor Franklin stood talking with the three, Dick and Tom went on past Front and Water Streets, turned down along the wharves, and presently arrived at their recommended destination, the Crooked Billet Inn, which stood at the end of an alley on a wharf above Chestnut Street. The two engaged lodging for the night, bestowed their belongings, and went for supper to Pegg Mullen's Beefsteak House, at the southeast corner of Water Street and Mullen's Alley. Having devoured one of the steaks for which that house was famous, and as it was not yet dark, Dick proposed a walk about the city. But Tom demurred as to himself, and said in a low tone, turning his eye towards a party of young gentlemen who sat at a near-by table:

"Go and see the sights, lad, and ye'll meet me at the Crooked Billet some time before the hour of setting out, the morning. I've other fish to fry, for a private purpose of my own. And should ye see me in company with yon roisterers, mind to call me captain or not at all, for I'm bent on introducing myself to their acquaintance, and that'll require me belonging to the quality."

Dick looked at the group indicated, which consisted of a handsome, insolent-looking young man of about twenty-five and three gay dogs of the same age, whose loud conversation had dealt exclusively with cards and other implements of fortune. With no hope or wish of fathoming MacAlister's designs, Dick paid the bill (for his friend was almost without money), and left the eating-house. He first inspected parts of Water and Front Streets, where many rich merchants lived over their shops; then viewed the handsomer residences in South Second Street; saw the City Tavern and some of the well-dressed people resorting there; looked at Carpenter's Hall, where the Congress had met the preceding year; walked out to the State House, crossed Chestnut Street therefrom, to drink at the sign of the Coach and Horses, the old rough-dashed tavern nestling amidst great walnut-trees; loitered on the bridge to look down at Dock Creek each time he crossed that stream. When, at dusk, the street lamps were lighted (for, thanks to Franklin, Philadelphia had long possessed the best street lamps in the world), the town assumed

what to Dick was a fairylike appearance. Of the people he saw in the streets, perhaps a third wore the broadbrims of the Quakers. A few of the faces were of the German type, but most were of the unmistakable English character, and from such of these as were not Quaker a trained observer might easily have picked out a Church of England person or a Dissenter at sight. On first entering the city Dick had been struck with the prettiness of the young women, but now that night had fallen and he had returned to the vicinity of the river, the few of the fair that he saw abroad were of rather bedraggled appearance.

As he walked along the wharves, listening to the lap of the tide against the piles and vessels, he heard a sharp scream of mingled pain and anger, in a feminine voice. Looking quickly towards the wharf whence it came, he saw, in the light from the corner of a small warehouse, a young woman recoiling from the blow of a sailor who was about to strike her again. She dodged the second blow, and the sailor made ready to deliver a third, but before he could do so Dick's fist landed on the side of his head and he dropped to the wharf, dazed and limp. Dick then took off his hat to the woman, who was a slender creature of about twenty, dressed with a cheap attempt at gaiety. With quite attractive large eyes, she quickly viewed Dick from head to foot.

"Rely on my protection, madam," said he, tingling with exultation at having had so early an opportunity to figure as a rescuer of assailed womankind.

"I am afraid he will follow me," said the girl, in a low tone, glancing at the sailor, after her examination of Dick's appearance.

"He will do so at his peril, if you'll accept my arm to the place where you are going," said Dick, with great gallantry and inward self-applause.

The girl took the proffered arm, cast a final look at the sailor, who was foggily trying to get on his legs, and led Dick off at a rapid gait. They had turned into an alley towards Water Street before the sailor had fully regained his senses. Up Water Street the girl went, giving Dick the opportunity to see, by a window light or a street lamp here and there, that her features, though pale, were well formed. For beauty they lacked only something in expression. After passing several streets, the girl turned into another alley that led towards the river, stopped at a mean two-story wooden house half way down, and asked her preserver to come in and accept some refreshment. He did so with alacrity, and found himself in a small room beneath the rafters, the floor bare, the single window broken in most of its small panes, a tumble-down bed taking up half the apartment, a broken wooden chair beside a dressing-table, the whole lighted by a single tallow candle that the girl obtained down-stairs. Without consulting her guest, she called to some invisible person below for brandy and water, with two tumblers. Dick sat on the chair, his hostess on the bed, both in silence, till the liquor was brought by a fat, red-faced woman with unkempt hair, who grinned amiably at Dick, and departed only after several suggestive looks at the brandy. Her fishing for an invitation to partake was all in vain, being unobserved by the inexperienced Dick.

When he was alone with the heroine of his first adventure, and the brandy had been tasted, Dick undertook to overcome her reticence, being sure that she had some story of unmerited misfortune to tell. She soon gratified him with a tale as harrowing as might have been found anywhere in fiction. She was the daughter of people of quality who had lost their all through the schemes of designing persons, and her only weapon against starvation was her needle. She had that evening delivered some sewing to the wife of a sea-captain on his vessel, which was to sail that night, and it was on her return therefrom that she had been accosted by the sailor, whose blows were elicited by the repulse she had given him. Her face became more animated as she talked, and Dick began to think her fascinating. Brandy was called for and served repeatedly, and at last the red-faced woman who brought it said she was going to bed and could serve no more that night, and her bill was ten shillings. Dick promptly paid, forgetting that he was the invited guest, and not neglecting the occasion to show in a careless way how much money he carried. The girl then told him that, as he would certainly find his tavern closed should he return to it at so late an hour, she would, in spite of appearances and on account of his character and his services to her, share her own poor accommodations with him for the rest of the night. As Dick was now in a state in which he would have solicited this favor had it not been offered, he readily accepted.

When he awoke, at dawn, he found himself alone. Taking up his waistcoat to put it on, he noticed that a certain inner pocket did not bulge as usually. A swift investigation disclosed that all his money had disappeared, silver as well as gold. There was not a sign of his hostess left in the bare, squalid room. He hastened down the steep, narrow stairs, and met, in the entry below, the red-faced servitor, of whom he inquired the whereabouts of the girl. The fat woman professed entire ignorance of all occurrences since she had left the young people the night before. From that moment to this, she said, she had slept like a top, and from her reply Dick learned that she was the proprietress of the house, and that the unfortunate daughter of people of quality was a new lodger, of whom she knew nothing. A theory formed itself in Dick's mind, and he hastened from the house to the Crooked Billet, where he was astonished to find Tom MacAlister just arrived from a night, like Dick's, passed elsewhere than at that inn. Dick rapidly recounted his adventure to Tom, over a morning glass at the bar, and ended his narration with the words:

"Do you know what her disappearance means?"

"What?" grunted Tom.

"It means that my robbers have carried her away in order to silence all evidence of their crime! Or, maybe, the sailor tracked us and procured a gang to abduct her, and robbed me in doing so, either in revenge or to pay his accomplices!"

"Huh! Ye're ower fu' of them there things ye read in the novel-books, Dickie, lad."

"By George, this proves that real life is sometimes very like the novels! I hope this affair will end like them. We must find the girl, Tom; we must rescue her!"

"Be jabbers, we maun be spry about it, then, for the New York stage-coach starts from the sign of the George in an hour."

"Come, then! But I won't leave Philadelphia till I've found her, though we have to wait for another day's stage-coach. Come, Tom, for God's sake don't be so slow!"

Tom indeed walked so deliberately from the Crooked Billet that Dick had to accelerate his progress by tugging at his arm. Dick hurried him up along the wharves, without the slightest plan of action formed. "Bide a wee," said Tom, presently; "sure, there's no arriving anywhere till ye've laid out your line of march. Come wi' me into yon tavern, and we'll plan a campaign in decency and order." Dick saw the good sense of this, and turned with Tom up an alley towards a wretched-looking place, of which the use was indicated alike by its dirty sign and by the sounds of drunken merriment issuing from its windows. As Dick and Tom entered, they saw by whom those sounds were produced,—a sailor and a young woman drinking together in great good-fellowship at a table. Dick recognized both,—the sailor whom he had knocked down the night before, the girl in whose defence he had knocked him down. Both looked up as he entered, and the girl burst out laughing in a jeering, drunken fashion. "That's him," she said to her companion, who thereupon began to bellow mirthfully to himself, regarding Dick with mingled curiosity and amusement.

"Wha might your friends be?" queried MacAlister of Dick.

"Come away," said Dick, a little huskily; and when the two were out in the alley, whither the derisive shouts of the pair inside followed them, he added, "If the stage goes in an hour, we'd better be taking our things to the sign of the George."

"But your money? 'Twas a canny quantity of coin ye had in the bit pocket there."

"Damn the money! I couldn't prove anything, and I want to get away from here. But—by the lord, how can we go on without money?"

"Whist, lad! If some folk choose to spend the nicht a-losing of their coin, there's others knows how to tell a different tale the morning. Do ye mind the braw soldier-looking lad I proposed to thrust my company on, in the beefsteak house? If I didn't introduce myself as Captain MacAlister, retired on half pay from his Majesty's army, and if I didn't pile up a bonny pile of yellow boys through handling the cards wi' him and his pals in his room at the George all nicht, then I'm seven kinds of a liar, and may all my days be Fridays! Oh, Dickie, lad, a knowledge of the cards, ye'll find, comes in handy at mony a place in the journey through this wicked, greedy, grasping world!" And old Tom made one of his pockets jingle as he finished.

The two travellers returned to the Crooked Billet, paid for the lodging they had not used, got their weapons and baggage, and went to Second Street and thereon north to Arch, at the southwest corner of which the sign of St. George battling with the dragon hung before the fine and famous inn where the stage-coaches departed and arrived. The "Flying Machine" was already drawn up before the entrance, the horses snorting and pawing in impatience to start. Dick and Tom saw their belongings safely stowed in the coach, which was a flat-roofed vehicle simple and plain in shape, and loitered before the inn, watching the hostlers and enjoying the fine spring sunshine, while MacAlister gave Dick a further description of the card-playing young man from whom much of the money had been won.

"I took the more joy in winning," added Tom, "for because the young buck showed himsel' sic a masterfu', overbearing de'il and ill-natured loser, not at all like his friend wi' the French name, who dropped his round shiners like a gentleman. And mind here, now, take heed to call me captain should they fa' in wi' us on the way to New York, for, frae the talk of them, I conjecture that them and the Frenchman's sister start the morning hame-bound for Quebec, on their ain horses."

"Do they come from Quebec?"

"Ay, on business for the Frenchman and his sister, wha, it seems, cam' in for the proceeds of some estate in this town, them being of English bluid on the mother's side. That I gathered frae the Frenchman's talk wi' a man of the law wha called while his hot-headed friend and me and the others were at the cards. Ah, now I mind the friend's name,—Blagdon, Lieutenant Blagdon; for, bechune you and me, he's a King's officer on leave of absence frae Quebec, only he keeps it quiet just now, lest the mob might throw a stane or two his way."

"Then what's he doing here?"

"Bearing company to the Frenchman and his sister. It's like there's summat bechune him and the girl, though devil a bit could I find that out, wi' all my speering. But come, lad, while we ha' our choice of seats."

They entered the coach, where they were soon joined by other passengers. While Dick was watching the driver on the front seat take up lines and whip, three horses were brought from the yard, and at the same time two young gentlemen and a young lady came out of the inn and stood ready to mount. Dick did not observe them until his attention was called from the driver by some low-spoken words of MacAlister's:

"That's a sour-faced return for a friendly salutation! 'Tis the English lieutenant that gave me a scowl for my bow. Sure, the French Canadian has more civility."

By this time the three were mounted. Dick at once recognized the robust but surly-looking young man on the right as the arrogant talker of the beefsteak house, and the rather slight but good-looking and well-mannered youth on the left as one of the other's companions there. The lady between the two was partly concealed from Dick's view by the English officer, until with a crack of the driver's whip the stage-coach pulled out, when, by looking back, he had a full sight of her. The sight caused his lips to part and himself to throw all his consciousness into his eyes alone.

Catherine de St. Valier, daughter of a younger branch of the noble French Canadian family of that name, was then in her seventeenth year, tall and well developed for her age, in carriage erect without stiffness, her face oval in shape with chin full but not too sharp or too strong, nose straight and delicate, dainty ears, forehead about whose sides hair of dark brown fell in curves but left the middle uncovered, brows finely arched and high above the eyes, which were of a piercing black and never too wide open, full red lips, complexion pale but clear, with a very faint touch of red in each cheek, her countenance dignified and made doubly interesting by a slight frown ever present save when she smiled, which was rarely and then naturally and with no gush of overpowering sweetness. The slightly thrown-back attitude of her head was no affectation, but was a family characteristic, possessed also by her brother.

"What is it, lad?" whispered MacAlister, catching Dick's arm. "Sure, ye'll be leaving that head of yours behind ye in the road if ye bean't carefu'!"

"Sure," Dick murmured, as he drew his head in, "I think I've left this heart of mine back yonder under the sign of the George."

Tom gave a low whistle. "Weel, weel," he then said, "it 'ull soon catch up, for this Flying Machine, as they call it, is no match for them Virginia pacers the Canadian folk is mounted on."

This prediction was soon fulfilled. Ere the stage-coach had passed the outskirts of the city, a little above Vine Street, the three riders had cantered by at a gait that promised soon to take them far ahead.

"Nay, don't be cast down," quoth Tom. "We're like to run across them on the journey, and they'll have to wait in New York for their baggage, which goes by wagon. I mind now, frae the gentlemen's talk, they'll go up the Hudson by sloop till Albany, then by horse again to Montreal, and then by the St. Lawrence to Quebec. What a pity they don't be bound for Boston,—eh, lad! But whist, Dickie! The sea do be full of good fish, and it's mony a sonsie face ye'll be drawing deep breaths about, now ye're over the hills and far away,—and ganging furdur every turn of the coach-wheels."

CHAPTER IV.

OF A BROKEN SABBATH AND BROKEN HEADS.

In those days the tri-weekly stage-coaches made the trip from Philadelphia to New York in the unprecedented time of two days, passing Bristol and several other thriving Pennsylvania villages, taking ferry over the Delaware River to Trenton, which then consisted mainly of two straggling streets and their rustic tributaries; bowling through New Jersey woods and farms and hamlets, and crossing ferries and marshes to Paulus Hook, where the passengers alighted and boarded the ferry-boat for the city whose fort, spires, and snug houses adorned the southernmost point of the hilly island of Manhattan. Several times, during the first day of their trip, Dick and MacAlister had brief sights of the three Canadians, who sometimes fell behind the stage-coach, and as often overtook and passed it again. Dick nursed a hope of meeting the party at dinner, or at the tavern where the coach should stop for the night, yet he inwardly trembled at thought of such a meeting, knowing how awkward and abashed he should feel in the presence of that girl. His hopes, however, were disappointed, for, though the riders stopped where the stage did, they ate in private rooms, and the only one of the party who came into the bar or public dining-room anywhere was the English lieutenant, Blagdon, who ignored MacAlister, and bestowed on Dick only a look of disdain.

On the second morning the Canadians, as before, started with the stage and were soon out of sight ahead. Dick kept a lookout forward, while MacAlister engaged in talk with the other passengers, with whom his narrative powers had by this time made him highly popular. For a long time Dick was rewarded with no glimpse of the scarlet riding-habit his eyes so wistfully sought. But at last, at a turn of the road, it came into view against the green of the woods. Strangely, though, it was not on horseback. The two young gentlemen stood beside the girl in the

road, and not one of their three animals was to be seen. All this was quickly noticed by the others in the stage-coach, who uttered prompt expressions of wonder, while the driver whipped up his four horses.

When the coach came up, Lieutenant Blagdon hailed the driver, who immediately stopped.

"We are in a predicament," began the young lieutenant, in an annoyed and embarrassed manner. "Half an hour ago, as we were riding by these woods, several wild-looking ruffians rushed out from these bushes on either side of the road, with pistols and fowling-pieces, which they aimed at us, and demanded our money and horses. We were so completely taken by surprise, our anxiety for this lady's safety was so great, we could not have drawn our pistols before they could have brought us down,—in short, we had to yield up our horses and what little money we carried, and the robbers made off by the lane yonder, leaving us here."

From the passengers came cries of "Outrage!" "See the authorities!" and "Alarm the county!" When others had had their say, Tom MacAlister was for organizing a pursuing party of the passengers, and was seconded by a reverend-looking gentleman, who asked if one of the robbers was not blind of an eye.

"The affair was so quickly over, I for one did not notice any peculiarities of appearance among them," answered Blagdon.

The young Frenchman, standing with his sister at the edge of the road, now spoke, in perfectly good English: "One of them called another Fagan, in ordering him to keep quiet; and said 'That's right, Jonathan,' to one who said we shouldn't delay in hope of assistance, as they would shoot us at the first sound of wheels or horses coming this way."

"That makes it certain," said the clerical-looking man; "they are the Pine Robbers, as we call them in our part of Monmouth County, where they are a great curse. It is surprising, though, that they should venture so far inland and from their burrows in the sand-hills by the swamps near the coast. I can be of use in tracking them, as I live at Shrewsbury, which is not far from the swamps they inhabit and the grogeries they resort to."

But the officer, learning from further talk that proper steps for the recovery of the property might require several days, and yet fail, said the attempt was not to be thought of; that the horses were the only considerable loss, as his party had relied on money to be taken up in New York, and that therefore they could do no more than take places in the stage-coach for that city.

As the inside places were all filled, and one of them would be required for the girl, Dick was out in the road in an instant, blushing and blundering out to the Frenchman an offer of his seat to the lady, with the declaration that he would ride outside,—which in those days meant on the flat roof of the coach. The Frenchman bowed thanks and held out his hand to lead his sister to the coach; but she stood reluctant, and said:

"But the portrait, Gerard!" As she spoke her eyes became moist.

"I fear we must lose it, Catherine," said Gerard, sadly.

"If I can be of any service," said Dick, speaking as calmly as his heartbeats would let him, and meeting with hot cheeks the first look the girl's fine eyes ever cast upon him.

"I thank you," said Gerard, "but I fear nothing can be done. My sister speaks of a miniature portrait of our mother, who is dead. One of the robbers, the one called Jonathan, seeing the chain by which it was suspended from her neck, tore it from her and carried it away."

"I will try to recover it, sir," said Dick, bowing to the girl while he addressed the brother. Hearing a derisive "Huh!" behind him, Dick turned and saw Blagdon viewing him with a contemptuous smile, which was assumed to cover the chagrin caused by Dick's undertaking a task the officer himself had shirked. Dick reddened more deeply, with anger, but said nothing and went to the coach for his rifle and baggage. MacAlister, always accepting whatever enterprise turned up for him, promptly got out, with his own belongings, as also did the reverend gentleman, who explained that he had intended leaving the coach at the next village, to go thence by horse to his home at Shrewsbury. The vacant places were taken by the Canadians, accounts were settled with the driver, Gerard de St. Valier courteously thanked Dick again, giving him a New York address but begging him to reconsider so desperate a project, Catherine sent back one grateful but hopeless look, the driver cracked his whip, the coach rolled off, and the three men were left alone in the forest-bordered road.

After a brief consultation, in which it came out that the clerical gentleman was the Reverend Mr. McKnight, the Presbyterian pastor of Shrewsbury, it was decided that the three should go back to the last village passed, which was nearer than the next one ahead, hire horses there, then return, and make for Shrewsbury by way, first, of the lane down which the robbers were said to have fled. They would stop at Freehold, report the robbery to the county authorities, and call for the services of sheriff and constable in hunting down the malefactors.

"If the loss were merely of money and horses," said the pastor, as the three trudged along with their baggage on their backs, "I should not stir far in the matter, seeing that the losers are apparently well supplied with this world's goods. But the young lady's sorrow at the loss of the keepsake was too much for me. It will be a kind of miracle if we get it back. The man Fagan is a desperate rascal, and so, for that matter, are Jonathan West and all the others. The man whom

those young people heard giving orders to the rest was doubtless Fenton, who learned the blacksmith's trade at Freehold and was an excellent workman at it before he took to crime. These men will stop at nothing. When they are not at refuge in their sand-caves on the edges of swamps, among the brush, they are plundering, burning, and killing, by night, or spending their ill-gotten money at some low groggery in the pines. They will rob anything, from a poor tailor's shop to a wagon carrying grain to mill, and, though it doesn't sound like Christian charity to say so, they ought to be hanging now in chains from trees, as they probably will be some day."

At the village, so much time was lost in obtaining horses, that it was dark before the three arrived at Freehold, and therefore they put up for the night at the tavern next the court-house, which abode of justice was of wood, clapboarded with shingles, and had a peaked roof. In the tavern it was learned that Fenton and his gang had been seen passing two miles east of the court-house, that afternoon, going towards Shrewsbury, three on horseback, the others in a wagon. Mr. McKnight visited a justice of the peace, the sheriff, and the constable; but, as it was now Saturday night, those useful officers would not think of budging before Monday. Dick feared that if a day were lost, even though the miniature should be recovered, the Canadians would have left New York before he could arrive there to restore it to them. Accordingly, the next morning, the three men set out alone towards Shrewsbury, the clergyman having stipulated that his share in the enterprise should be kept secret, lest his act might serve the indiscriminating as an example of Sabbath-breaking.

"I am clear in my conscience on that score," said the minister to Tom and Dick, "and, having put my hand to the plow in this business, I will not turn back. I can guide you to a rough drinking-place in the woods, where it is most likely the ruffians will be found. To counterbalance their superior numbers, we must use strategy, and we have in our favor the fact that most of them are likely by this time to be helpless with liquor."

"Oh, that men should put into their mouths an enemy to steal away their brains!" misquoted Tom, who thought it proper that he should speak piously in the presence of the minister.

"It is fortunate for us if they have done so, in this case," said the clergyman, with a smile. A moment later he sighed pensively. "My congregation will be disappointed this morning. I was expected to arrive home last night and to preach to-day. I have my sermon in my pocket."

"What is the text, sir, if I may be so bold?" asked Tom.

"Leviticus, sixth chapter, fourth verse: 'Then it shall be, because he hath sinned, and is guilty, that he shall restore that which he took violently away.'"

"By the powers," cried Tom, forgetting himself, "ye're like to get more results putting that text into action the morning than by holding forth on it frae your ain pulpit!"

Under the pastor's guidance, the party turned presently from the road into the pine forest, through which their horses passed freely by reason of the complete absence of undergrowth. MacAlister and Dick had left their baggage at Freehold, and Mr. McKnight's was so light as to encumber him little. Dick and Tom had their rifles, while the minister carried Tom's pistol. They proceeded in silence some miles, now and then emerging on clear places, skirting swamps, and advancing over ground that became more and more sandy. At last, in the midst of woods, the minister held his finger to his lips, and all three stopped. From a distance came the sound of a coarse voice singing in maudlin tones a tuneless song. The three dismounted, tied their horses to trees, and walked cautiously forward in single file, Mr. McKnight leading. A low, one-story log building came into view among the trees. At one end of it, under a shed roof, stood four horses and a wagon. The bawling of the song came through a small, unglazed window, of which the oiled paper was torn.

"They take their pleasure in security now," whispered the minister, halting a moment, "because the officers of justice will not break the Sabbath to attack them. On other days they would not be so unguarded. I will look through the window, and see how the land lies; then we shall decide what to do."

He led the way to the groggery and applied his eye to a slit in the oiled paper, while Dick and Tom stood on either side. In a moment, the preacher crouched down beneath the window, and, motioning Tom and Dick to do likewise, whispered:

"There has evidently been a fight. Fagan and another are lying on the floor with their heads bound in bloody rags. Another is lying near them, dead drunk, as his position shows. Jonathan West is sitting on the floor, also drunk; it is he who is singing. Fenton and Burke are playing cards, Fenton's back towards the door, Burke facing it. The keeper of the place is lying asleep on the bar, and his wife is behind it paring potatoes. If we are speedy, two of us shall have only Fenton and Burke and the woman to deal with, while one goes through West's clothes in search of the miniature."

"Then let us go in at once," said Dick.

"Softly," quoth the minister; "let us all understand what each is to do. You, lad, perhaps should search West—"

"Nay," put in Tom; "trust me for that. I've plied my fingers on the battle-field, and can do the thing so quick I can tak' my ain fu' share of the fighting, too."

"You are right," said the pastor. "The door is unbarred. Let us all three burst in at once. You, lad, who look the strongest, deal with Fenton, the man sitting with his back to the door. Strike him down with the butt of your rifle, and be ready to shoot if he attempts to rise. I shall take care of the other card-player. You, Captain MacAlister, search Jonathan West for the portrait, and keep your eye on the woman behind the bar. If I am not mistaken, she will prove the worst foe of all."

At MacAlister's suggestion, he and Dick each looked through the slit to get a view of the chosen field of battle. Then the three stepped softly around to the door. Each grasped his weapon tightly, and the minister pushed the door open. All made a move to rush in,—but started back on being confronted by Fenton and Burke, who stood, each with pistol raised, doubtless put suddenly on their guard by the sound of footsteps.

Old Tom was the first to recover from surprise. He made a swift lunge at Burke, which caught that person in the neck, almost breaking it, and sent him flying back into the room. Tom leaped after him, and was followed by the minister. Fenton turned to shoot the latter with his pistol, and Dick availed himself of this movement to bring down his rifle-butt heavily on the rascal's unkempt head. Fenton did not fall, but, after staggering a moment, during which Dick reversed his weapon, turned to shoot the latter, uttering a savage curse the while; he thus opened his mouth wide, and Dick thrust the muzzle of the rifle therein, and forced Fenton rapidly backward into the groggery, to the very farthest corner thereof, pinning him therein with the rifle-muzzle in his mouth. "Drop the pistol, or I'll fire," cried Dick; and Fenton, perceiving his disadvantage, did so. Dick kicked the pistol towards the minister, who picked it up. The gentle McKnight had been raining blows on the head of Burke, who now succumbed and lay without protest, leaving the minister free to draw the woman's attention from Tom. She had run around the bar and threatened with her knife the deft-fingered MacAlister while the latter was going through West's clothes, an operation preceded by a quieting blow on the robber's skull from Tom's rifle-butt. Of the four prostrate men, the drunkest one slept on through the fray, the two gory-headed rascals opened their eyes and looked on with apathy, while the proprietor got down off the bar and looked around for some weapon with which to take a hand. At this moment Dick, who continued to hold the ferocious but speechless Fenton against the wall, felt something smooth slipped into his left hand, heard from Tom the words, "'Tis yours to guard, lad," saw at an instant's glance that it was the miniature portrait of a woman, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. The proprietor of the place had now picked up a fowling-piece from a corner and was aiming it at Dick. It was knocked up by MacAlister, who then fell on its holder and was in a fair way to beat out his brains, when the woman, having seen her spouse in danger, abandoned her contest with the minister, and bounded panther-like at Tom. She lodged the point of her knife in his cheek, and drew it out for a second blow, whereupon the minister, putting a pistol in each of his coat-pockets, ran up behind her, caught her by the long hair, and dragged her out of the house. He did not stop until she was on her back on the ground. Before she could rise, Tom had sent her husband reeling with a final blow, and had come to aid the minister, knowing that the latter had more than a match in the woman. Tom placed his feet on her hair, which was lying about her head, and, digging his heels into the sandy earth, put the muzzle of his rifle against her forehead, and told her it was his custom, as a soldier, to make short work of cutthroat she-devils of camp-following buzzards. So she lay still, glaring and panting. Mr. McKnight reëntered the groggery, aimed both his pistols at Fenton, and told Dick to release that worthy and back out of the place with rifle kept ready to shoot. Dick obeyed, and backed out side by side with the minister. A minute later, the three thief-hunters were running for their horses. They mounted, and made their way back to the place where they had turned into the pines from the road.

"And won't ye stand in danger of retaliation from the devils?" queried MacAlister, as Mr. McKnight turned to take leave.

"I think they were so drunk, and the thing was so quickly done, they did not know me from a stranger like yourselves. They would not suspect a minister of such work on a Sabbath day."

"Begorra, if more such work was done by ministers on Sabbath days, more of the wicked would get punishment in this world! By the Lord, 'twas a fine illustration ye gave of the penalties that follow wrong-doing, and none the waur for that ye thumped a rascal's head instead of the pulpit, and made the way of the transgressor hard instead of merely saying it was."

"That's the grandest minister I ever saw, and the only sermon I never went to sleep at," said MacAlister to Dick, as the two rode back towards Freehold, Mr. McKnight having taken his way towards Shrewsbury after a friendly farewell and a tender of his compliments to the young lady to whom Dick was to restore the miniature.

That night they slept at the village where they had hired their horses. They had to lose another day in waiting till the stage-coach came along, and so it was Tuesday morning when they found themselves again on a "Flying Machine" bound for New York. This time MacAlister's face was tied up in cloths, the wound in his cheek being not serious, but vastly inconvenient for the time being. "Another war-scar, bedad!" quoth he. "A mark of the battle of Shrewsbury Pines."

The greater part of the journey was dampened by a series of April showers, but when they arrived at Paulus Hook and descended from the coach, the sun reappeared for a brief display before setting. As they crossed in the ferry to New York, that English-Dutch-Huguenot seaport town, in the midst of its hills and trees, seemed to smile upon them. Looking out towards the bay, with its backing of green heights, Dick got his first hint of the ocean beyond, and was deeply stirred thereat. In those days a beach ran at the foot of bluffs that were crowned by gardens and other grounds behind the spacious residences on the west side of Broadway. There was no

commerce along the North River, all the Dutch Hudson sloops and the New Jersey boats rounding the point to make landing in the East River. Dick's gaze, coming in from the bay, past the green islands, close at hand, rested successively on the fort whose walls rose from sloping green banks, the governor's garden, the water ends of crooked streets, the little forest of masts in the East River, the tiny village of Brooklyn nestling at the foot of the heights on Long Island, and finally on the ferry landing-place, on which he and Tom presently set foot. On the recommendation of a fellow passenger on the ferry, they took lodgings in a small tavern near the Whitehall slip. During supper Dick was absent-minded and perturbed. He was all afire to return the miniature to Miss de St. Valier. Tom advised him to wait till the next day, as it was now quite late. But Dick was fearful the Canadian party might depart before he could see them. Moreover, the prospect of again beholding the entrancing Catherine and receiving thanks from her own lips, although a delicious one, was also disquieting, and Dick was anxious to face the interview at the earliest possible moment. He therefore put himself and his clothes into the best possible appearance, and, while Tom sought the Coffee House, found the way to the boarding-house in Queen Street at which Gerard de St. Valier had told him the party would stay. At the door, where he inquired with much concealed trepidation, a black servant told him the Canadians had left. His heart sank, but rose again a moment later, when the mistress of the house, Mrs. Carroll, having overheard, told him the St. Valiers and Lieutenant Blagdon had gone to the King's Arms Tavern for their last night in New York, intending to take sloop the next morning for Albany. It was now dark, the street lamps having been lighted for some time, and Dick decided that, after all, the morning would be the more suitable time for approaching the Canadians. Being very tired and desiring to rise early, he went to bed, and dreamt of the eyes of Miss de St. Valier.

The next morning he made a hasty breakfast, and was already on the way to the King's Arms when it occurred to him that he might make himself ridiculous by intruding on the peerless Catherine too early. He therefore walked about the town awhile, viewing the markets near the East River; then going up Broad Street from the Exchange to the City Hall of that day; then admiring the marble image of William Pitt in a Roman toga, at Wall and William Streets; the great dry goods shops in William Street, up to Maiden Lane; the fine broad red and yellow brick residences, some with many windows, double-pitched and tile-covered roofs, balustrades and gardens, in William Street, Queen Street, Hanover Square, and elsewhere: finally crossing to the Broadway, and beholding the leaden statue of King George, in the Bowling Green or parade-ground before the fort. At last he entered the King's Arms, which was next but one to the fine Kennedy house at the foot of the west side of Broadway, both facing the Bowling Green and fort. In the public room he saw Tom, who sat reading the New York *Gazette*, and who now merely winked at him, being of no mind to figure with him in the restoration of the portrait. Dick put on a bold face and asked the man in charge to announce him to Mr. and Miss de St. Valier.

"And, pray, what do you desire of them?" queried an insolent voice at Dick's elbow. He looked around and encountered Lieutenant Blagdon, who stood eyeing him with a manifest resentment that betrayed an uneasy divination of Dick's purpose.

Dick was on the point of answering hotly, but contented himself with a defiant look and the quiet reply:

"I wish to restore the portrait of which Miss de St. Valier was robbed while in your company last Saturday."

Blagdon's wrath was now mingled with chagrin, at the confirmation of his fear that another had accomplished for the lady the task he had not offered to undertake. After a moment's pause, controlling his expression, he said:

"Miss de St. Valier and her brother left New York yesterday. As I sail after them on the next Albany sloop, you can give me the portrait. I'll carry it to them."

Dick looked the other in the face for a moment in surprise, then said, with a contempt as genuine as the lieutenant's was affected:

"You lie, you know they are still here."

"What!" gasped Blagdon, and turned to an Irish officer in whose company he was,—for there were still a few British troops in New York, the last of them not leaving the barracks in Chambers Street for Boston until June 6th. "By God, did you hear that?" And with great fury, Blagdon, who was himself unarmed, grasped the other officer's sword, drew it from the sheath, and would have thrust it into Dick's breast, had not the Pennsylvanian quickly leaped aside. Furious in turn, at so sudden and violent an onslaught, Dick caught the sword with both hands near the guard, wrenched it from Blagdon, and struck the latter heavily on the head with the hilt. The lieutenant fell, leaving a curse unfinished, and lay quite motionless on the floor.

After a moment, during which every one in the room stood startled, the Irish officer stooped over Blagdon, felt his head and chest, and said, looking up:

"He's done for! The blow has killed him!"

Dick heard a whisper in his ear, "Run for your life, lad!" and felt himself pushed aside by old Tom, who gave no sign of knowing him, and the seeming purpose of whose violent movement was to get a look at the prostrate man.

Mechanically, as in a dream, Dick took the hint and sped out of the tavern. As he issued forth, a

picture of the Bowling Green with its statue and locust-trees, the green and gray fort and the one linden and two apple-trees that stood on the city side thereof, was imprinted lastingly on his memory, heedless as he was of it at the time. Still holding the officer's sword, and with no course determined on, he ran up the Broadway. He had not gone far, when he heard a shout behind him, doubtless from some witness of the blow, "Murder! Murder! Stop that man!" On he went, while the hue and cry gathered behind him. Up the roughly paved Broadway, steering wide alike of the house-stoops at the side and the gutter in the middle, he ran. Once, as he neared Trinity Church, he glanced back. The pursuing crowd behind him now looked a multitude, and at its head, crying "Stop that man!" louder than any other, but giving him a quick gesture to hasten on, was Tom MacAlister.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BROADWAY TO BUNKER HILL.

Despite the circumstances, Dick had a brief feeling of mirth at the ludicrous appearance of his comrade, who led the chase with such well-simulated zeal and a face still circumscribed by the white cloth used to keep in place the bandage on his cheek. Determined to resist capture to the last, now that he had adopted the course of flight, Dick plunged forward and on past Trinity Church. Broadway was not then a business street, and the few people whom Dick passed or who emerged from the residences or cross streets did not know what was the matter until it was too late to head him off, so great a start he had of his pursuers. Before he had reached St. Paul's Church, he looked back again, whereupon Tom, with his hand before his body so that the pursuers behind him could not see it, motioned to turn off into the next cross street. Dick obeyed, and was thus for a time lost to the sight of the party in chase. Presently the loud voice of Tom showed that he, too, had deviated into the cross street. Dick turned his head and saw that Tom was the only one who had yet done so. MacAlister now violently gesticulated to the effect that Dick should turn into some yard or other hiding-place. Dick immediately ran through the open gateway of what proved to be a yard used as a repository for tan. He took refuge behind a high pile of this article, and sank to the ground, breathless and half-exhausted. There was no one else in the tan-yard. As he lay panting, he heard Tom stride by, still hoarsely bawling, "Stop that man!" The direction taken by the voice indicated that its owner had turned from this street into another, and soon the sound of the crowd running by was evidence that they had seen Tom make this last turn and had supposed he was still on the trail of the hunted man. Their voices and footsteps died out presently, and Dick was left to ponder on the situation.

He dared not venture out of the yard, lest he be seen by one of those who had engaged in the chase. He knew that Tom, having led the hue and cry on a false track, would at the proper time come back for him. Therefore he could only wait. Meanwhile, as he was led to consider by the approaching voices of some boys at play, what if he should be discovered in the tan-yard? Swiftly choosing the remotest and highest pile of tan, he crouched behind it, hastily scooped out a hole with both hands, backed into this extemporized burrow, laid Blagdon's sword beside him, and then, with his hollowed palms, drew in after him sufficient of the previously removed tan to conceal himself from any but the most minute observer. Thus buried in the tan, with barely enough space open about his head to admit a little dim light and a small quantity of dusty air, he made himself as comfortable as might be. By and by his ears told him that the small boys had entered the tan-yard; then that they were having a sham battle, playing that the tan-pile next his own was Ticonderoga. History was soon reversed, and the English drove the French from Ticonderoga, whereupon the French properly fell back to Quebec, which was no other place than the tan-pile in which Dick lay entombed. He felt the tan shift above him, and saw it slide down before him and cut off more of his meagre supply of light and air, while the shouts of Quebec's defenders came to him from overhead. Finally the English charged Quebec and tumbled the French back from the heights, an operation that resulted in Dick's having a series of heavy weights alight on his head, a foot thrust into his eye, his opening entirely closed up, and himself almost choked. Regardless of consequences, he thrust his head out through the tan, and saw, to his unexpected joy, that the last small warrior was scurrying away from behind Quebec. After awhile the boys left the tan-yard, and Dick found some relief in a change of position, though he did not emerge from his cave. Now and then, as the day advanced, he could hear steps and voices of people passing the tan-yard, and would lie close in fear that some of them would turn in. He amused himself by imagining what would follow should the tan in which he lay be loaded on some cart or wagon. So passed an interminable day, beautiful outside with New York's incomparable sunshine, but to Dick an age of numbness and pain, due to his long retention of each cramped position he assumed; of hunger and thirst, of alarms and conjectures, and of frequent thoughts of the man he had felled, thoughts which he invariably put from him in his horror of regarding himself as a slayer. At nightfall he came out of his hole, but remained behind the tan-pile, listening for a familiar step. At last it came, cautious but unmistakable. Dick rose, saw a gaunt form in the gateway, and bounded towards him.

"Whist, lad!" said Tom, grasping Dick's offered hand. "Sure ye sprung up like a ghaist. The coast is clear now, though eyes will be kept open for ye in the city and about, for mony a day to come. Let us sit down and wait a minute or two, till it do be just a wee bit darker. 'Twas a grand chase I

led them, mon, was it not, now?"

"'Twas the best trick I ever saw played. But where did you pass the day?"

"Why," said Tom, as he sat on a tan-pile, "that's just it. If any of them had caught up wi' me, 'twould have come out sure what joke I'd played them, for, ye see, they'd 'a' found out I was crying 'Stop' at naething at all. So, for your ain skin's sake, I had to keep well ahead until I had got out of the town, and then lose myself frae the ither shouting devils, which I did by turning into the woods at a bend of the road."

"You had the devil's own endurance to outrun them all," put in Dick.

"Why, ye see, when I got near blowed, I found ither legs than my ain to help me out. In front of a tavern, ayont yonder, a horse was whinneying as I came up. All I had to do was to jerk the knot of his halter and jump on, and who could say me nay when it was chasing a law-breaker I was, in the interests of justice? And that's how I got away frae the chasing mob. What was there to do but spend the day in the woods, safe out of sight and ken of man? For, d'ye mind, if I had come back into the town, and gone to the tavern for my clothes, why, seeing that news and descriptions must have been all about by then, as word of mouth goes nowadays, I'd have been held for complicity in your escape, and then who'd have come to let you out of your ain hole,—for I ken you maun hae lodged in one of them tan-piles the day. Nay, nay, lad, never thrust yourself in the way of forcible detention; that's a rule of mine! We'll let our shirts and blankets and guns rot in the tavern, and gang on our way rejoicing."

"But Blagdon,—do you think he is dead?"

"Devil a bit! He'll have come to before they were done chasing his murderer, and the time he'll spend nursing a bloody head will enable him to reflect on his sins. But, for a' that, we'll be ganging our way, for murderous assault is nane sic a pleasant charge to face, however innocent ye be, when the other side has money and great friends and ye're a penniless stranger. Besides that, this Blagdon will have the backing of the soldiery and the lieutenant-governor, and the tavern people will naturally swear to onything on his side, even to attempted robbery or the like. Come, Dickie boy, that sword ye retain, as your proper spoils of war, is worth in money all we leave behind at the tavern."

The two friends went from the tan-yard and by obscure streets to the Bowery lane, and followed that till it became the Boston highroad, along which they then proceeded northward through the country. When they had passed a few suburban mansions, some fields and swamps and wooded hills, Tom said, "Whist a bit!" and turned aside into a little copse. In a moment he emerged, leading a large horse.

"This will save expense of transportation, lad," said he, as he came into the road; "and moreover 'twill further compensate us for the loss of our guns and baggage. Bedad, 'twas a lucky blow ye struck that there lieutenant, to make me lead a chase in front of the tavern where the good horse here called my attention by a loving whinney."

"What?" cried Dick. "You don't mean to say you are going to keep the horse you found at the tavern!"

"And wha better should keep him? Do ye see what horse it is? Lad, there's the hand of Providence in all this! Sure, your eyes ain't used to starlight if ye couldn't make out auld Robin at the first glance."

Dick stood in joyful amazement. The horse was indeed the one that had disappeared beneath the self-styled merchants with whom Dick and Tom had agreed to ride and tie, on the road to Lancaster. The comrades now went on in the darkness, taking turns at riding, but keeping together and holding the horse to a slow pace. Dick felt in his pocket the miniature whose restoration he had failed to effect. When, now, might he hope to place it in the hands of the charming Canadian girl? He put the question, but in other words, to his companion, as they rode by the dark Murray mansion and began to descend towards Turtle Creek.

"If there is war," he added, "there's little chance of my getting to Quebec for many a day to come."

"Don't presume to read the future, lad!" said MacAlister. "Wha kens what turn of the wind of circumstance may blow ye to Quebec? The older ye grow in the ways of this precarious world, the less ye'll pretend to say what to-morrow will bring forth. 'He started east and he landed west,' as the auld song says."

It was near dawn when they passed the Blue Bell Tavern, but, hungry and tired as both were, Tom advised that there be no stopping till they should have left the island of Manhattan behind. "When ye're an auld hand at the business of this warld," said he, "ye'll no tak' ae chance in a hundred, of trusting yersel', e'en for the time being, in the arms of justice. Law and justice, my son, are fearfu' things for an honest man to have aught to do wi'. I'd rather trust my case to the decision of auld Nick himsel', putting it to him in my ain way, man to man, and perhaps over a good glass of spirits or two, than to ae judge or jury in Christendom."

Giving Hyatt's Tavern also the go-by, they crossed the Harlem by the Farmers' Bridge and continued on the Boston post-road; presently took the left, where the road forked, and so arrived betimes at East Chester, which stood invitingly in its pleasant valley, its church tower and belfry

rising among the locust-trees. At the tavern there Tom casually threw off a brief story to account for having ridden all night, and the two speedily possessed themselves of a stiff drink, a hot breakfast, and a clean bed. In the afternoon, being anxious to get out of the province of New York, lest some extraordinary effort might be made to detain them, they again took horse, passed through the Huguenot village of New Rochelle, stopped later at Mamaroneck to rest the horse, crossed the Byram River to Connecticut at evening, and put up, before night was well advanced, at Stamford, which wound irregularly along an undulating and stony road. When they took the road for Norwalk the next morning, they were thoroughly refreshed, and Dick, having got all the tan-dust out of his ears, nostrils, and pores, was able to enjoy fully the beauty of Long Island Sound where it was visible beyond the coves that here and there indented to the road. That day and the next two days were uneventful. Between Norwalk and Fairfield they met a courier from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety to the Continental Congress. He tarried no longer than to tell them the New England army was increasing daily and holding the King's troops tight in Boston. At Stratford and Milford the tavern talk was all of the war; of how the Connecticut troops already started would acquit themselves, and how many more would be needed; how this village farmer or that would behave when faced by a British grenadier; of what steps the Continental Congress would take, what dark plots the Tories might be weaving in New York, and what might occur should the British war-vessels bombard the coast towns.

In New Haven, which they entered on a bright, sunny forenoon, a newly formed company was awkwardly drilling on the green, in sight of the churches and the college building. While the horse rested, Dick got into conversation with a young gentleman who stood watching the crude man[oe]uvres. Learning that he was Mr. Timothy Dwight, a tutor at the college, Dick obtained the favor of a view of the college library, and had the delightful sensation of handling copies of Newton's works and Sir Richard Steele's, presented by those authors themselves. The scenes of military preparation witnessed here and at Brentford increased Dick's eagerness to be at the scene of action. Riding on Sunday through Seabrooke and to New London, he and Tom had difficulty, by reason of the strict observance of the day, in obtaining tavern accommodations. But, as Tom remarked, the rule of not letting the left hand know what the right one does may work both ways and concern the receiving as well as the giving of money, and their coin at last found takers. At New London, where the New York and Boston stage-coach was resting over Sunday, they learned from its passengers that both the British and the provincials had barriers on Boston Neck, that the provincials barred Charlestown Neck as well, and that no one could come out of Boston without a pass from General Gage, while the American army allowed no one to enter Boston without a permit. The *Connecticut Gazette* was full of war tidings. All these signs of the times made Dick glow with delightful anticipation. The two comrades crossed the Thames, by ferry, to Groton, the next morning, and in the forenoon they passed by fair green slopes and blossoming orchards to the village of Stonington, which lay drowsily on a point of land that jutted out into a beautifully surrounded bay.

While they drank a pot of ale together at the tavern, they left the horse Robin tied by the trough in the roadway, where he was viewed with some admiration by two or three villagers and a well-dressed gentleman who appeared to be a stranger in the place. Drinking rum and water, near MacAlister and Dick, sat a sea-captain, who, after overhearing a part of their talk, asked them why, inasmuch as they were in haste to reach Cambridge, they did not take passage on his schooner, which was about to sail that afternoon and would land at some port near Boston within the territory under the provincials' control. Not waiting for their answer, he asked them to drink with him, toasted the Continental Congress so heartily, damned the King and Parliament so valiantly, and proved so stout a patriot and jolly companion, that Dick, allured also by the prospect of a sea-voyage, soon declared that for his part he would prefer going by the schooner, and Tom offered no objection. When the bargain had been made, a mild, pale-eyed old farmer came in, called Tom and Dick aside, and asked if they would sell him their horse, or trade it for another, as he was in need of just such an animal for his farm work. He made so good an offer that Tom, foreseeing little use for the horse on his joining the army, consented after very little haggling; whereupon the farmer went home to get the coin from his strong-box.

"Whist!" said Tom to Dick, with sparkling eyes and a grim smile. "'Tis the intervention of Providence again. No sooner do we plan to go by sea than this honest farmer offers to take our horse off our hands, and names a price I'd nae be sic a fool to ask, mysel'. 'Tis a sin and shame to profit by sic innocence!"

They rejoined the sea-captain, whose convivial society made time so rapid that the farmer was soon back with the money, which he emptied from a stocking to the table. Tom rattled each piece and found it good, then went out and untied the horse and placed the halter in the farmer's hands,—saddle and bridle having gone into the bargain. Tom then returned to the tavern, where he and Dick had dinner with the sea-captain. When, after dinner, all three set forth to go aboard the schooner, they saw the horse Robin being ridden up and down the road by the well-dressed strange gentleman, who was apparently trying the animal. The sea-captain saluted the rider as an acquaintance and asked him when he was going back to Providence. In the short conversation that ensued, it came out that the gentleman had just bought the horse from the farmer who had owned him. "When I came here this morning, I had no intention of buying a horse, though I really needed one," the gentleman added. "I saw this beast in front of the tavern yonder, and said to the farmer, who I didn't then know was the owner, that I would give so much for it. I went about my business then, and when I got back, there was the owner, offering me the horse at the price I had named."

"Begging your pardon," queried Tom MacAlister, with a queer look, "might I inquire without offence what that price was?"

"Certainly," replied the Providence gentleman, and he mentioned an amount once and a half as large as that for which the innocent farmer had bought the horse from Tom.

Dick looked up at the sky, while MacAlister heaved a deep sigh, shook his head dismally, and walked towards the schooner.

It was already laden, and the crew were busy with ropes and sails, under the direction of the mate. The gentle lap of the waves, the creak of the timbers, the straining of the ropes, and the flapping of canvas, had their due effect on Dick in the lazy, sunny afternoon. When they had cast off, and the little wharf and still town and green slopes swiftly receded, while the creaking schooner sped under a light wind towards the open ocean, Dick felt as in a kind of joyous dream. When that green cape, the "Watch Hill" of the Indians, in fact and name, had been some time passed, the wind changed both in quarter and force, and the mate opined possible sudden bad weather from the east. Dick felt inward threats of seasickness, but repressed them. Tom, the piper's son, showed no sign of the slightest qualm. At nightfall, having feasted his stomach with fresh-caught codfish, for he had promptly taken on a sea appetite, and his eyes on the far-reaching billows, Dick retired with Tom to a bunk beneath the hatches, and soon slept. When he awoke, he was in pitchy darkness.

"Whist!" said a voice in his ear. "What do ye think, lad? For why did I pinch ye then? Because, sticking my head out the hatchway for a taste of air, I heard the rascal captain prattling with the scoundrel mate. This vessel's bound straight for Boston, lad, and their cursed intention is to hand us ower to General Gage for a pair of treasonable rebels! How d'ye like that, now?"

"Let's scuttle his damned vessel first!" quoth Dick.

"Softly, Dickie boy! Aiblins it 'ull come to that, and aiblins we'll find ither means. Devil a bit let him know we've spied their dirty trick, mind! Providence is mostly our friend,—saving in the matter of horses."

So the two kept their own counsel. Going on deck at dawn, they found the captain so sharing the mate's fears of a bad blow,—that he had decided to put back to Block Island. MacAlister sent Dick the faintest hint of a wink. When the old harbor in the east side of that green rolling island whose Indian name was Manisses was made, MacAlister said he and his friend would like to go ashore to stretch their legs a bit. The captain, doubtless deeming it not yet wise to arouse their suspicions, called a fisherman's boat, which landed them from the schooner's place of anchorage. They walked up from the landing to some fishermen's shingle houses, well back from the beach, and speedily closed a bargain with a sea-browned islander to take them to the mainland in his smack.

The fisherman, allured by the large price offered, and having less to risk than the captain of the laden schooner, promptly embarked, under the astonished eyes of the anchored captain, whom Tom gravely saluted by placing thumb to nose and wiggling his fingers. The captain replied by vociferously hoping to God the gale would blow the two travellers to hell. The gale, however, continued to remain in abeyance, though the sky was filled with clouds and the sea had an unaccountable choppy look and feel. Tom, having questioned the fisherman regarding localities, now proposed that the latter should take them to Newport, and doubled his offer of pay. Induced by greed and by the confidence born of previous good luck in all weathers at sea, the islander consented, regardless of the capricious behavior of his sail and the sudden ominous quiverings of his boat. Yet the storm held off.

Making clever use of the wind when it was brisk, the skipper had his boat at evening off the precipitous southern coast of the island on which Newport lies. As he was about to tack, in order to round the point and so reach the town, which then occupied only a spot on the island's western side, the storm came, almost without a moment's warning, and bringing with it a pelting deluge of rain. Before the mariner could regain any kind of mastery of his little craft, it had been dashed close to the corrugated land. Dick and Tom escaped being thrown out of the boat only by grasping its timbers and holding on with all strength. The vessel was tossed about, for a time, like a cork. Once it seemed in the act of hurling itself into a gaping chasm which rent the rough sea-wall from the height of forty feet to unknown depths,—a cleft as wide as a man is tall, and cut back into the land a hundred and fifty feet. But the boat fell short of these grinning jaws and in another minute was far away from them.

From the time when the storm first broke upon them to the time when, by some strange freak of wind and sea, the smack was riding in a broad bay east of the threatening sea-wall,—a direction therefrom exactly opposite to that which the elements seemingly ought to have borne it,—no one aboard spoke a word. But now the skipper, whose nasal voice and distinct New England enunciation easily cut through the tumult of wind and water, briefly expressed his intention of letting the sea carry the boat straight towards the smooth beach ahead, there being one chance of safety therein. Tom and Dick awaited the issue with more of curiosity than of aught else, MacAlister looking exceedingly grim, as always in times of peril, and Dick, as always in similar times, wearing a kind of droll smile, as if the joke were on his courage for having got into such a plight. Before either's senses had caught up to the passing occurrence, there was a sudden tremendous shock underneath them, a grinding through some gritty yielding substance, a rolling away of the sea from the nearly overturned boat; and they found themselves high on the beach,

out of reach of the next wave, that rushed angrily in as if to clutch them back again.

"'Twas the big brother did it," shouted the skipper, starting to draw his craft farther up on the beach, and motioning for the aid of the others.

"What's the big brother?" shouted Dick.

"The third wave. It be always the highest. We'll make the rest of the voyage to Newport in these here craft," and he pointed down to his boots.

They moved off through the rain accordingly, and, after a walk of a mile and a half, arrived at the town, then a busy seaport with a goodly commerce and a lively trade to the African coast. "For a cold wetting outside, a hot wetting inside," said Tom, heading for the first tavern sign; and the three rain-soaked voyagers promptly put his prescription to the test, taking it in the shape of a steaming punch of kill-devil, and looking the while through the tavern windows at the rain pouring down upon the wharves and the vessels safe in harbor.

Next day's weather deterred the two travellers from taking the sloop through Narragansett Bay for Providence, but they arrived at that town on the 18th, and lodged in a tavern in the street that ran at the hill's foot on the eastern side of the Cove, occupying a room that looked up towards the street crossing the hillside and towards the college on the summit beyond. Leaving Providence the next day, and going afoot with a newly recruited body of troops bound for the provincial camp outside Boston, they passed through Attleboro and other places where the signs of war's proximity were increasingly plentiful, lodged for the night at Walpole, and on the evening of May 20th reached the outskirts of the camp of Rhode Island troops at Jamaica Plain.

Dick thrilled as his eyes ranged over the field dotted with tents, and as they rested on the muskets and cannon,—for the Rhode Island men had a train of artillery, and were well equipped, though as yet an insubordinate lot. Wishing to be nearer the heart of affairs, Dick hastened on to Roxbury, followed by the unobjecting MacAlister, and there found several Massachusetts and Connecticut regiments quartered in tents, log and earth huts, barns, taverns, and private houses. So well did MacAlister know what steps to take, that on the following Monday the two were accepted as volunteers, and quartered with Maxwell's company in Prescott's regiment; were comfortably lodged in a dispossessed horse's stall, and had traded off Dick's Irish officer's sword for a fiddle, with two fowling-pieces thrown into the bargain.

On the previous day, Sunday, which was the day after that of the arrival of Dick and Tom, a vessel had taken some British troops to Grape Island, in Boston Harbor, to get the hay there stored. An alarm of bells and guns had brought out the people of Weymouth, Hingham, and other towns, and they had landed on the island with three companies sent by General Thomas from Roxbury, driven the British away, burnt the hay, and taken off a number of cattle. This un-Sabbath-like exploit was the talk of the camp on Monday, and Dick deplored his not having heard of it in time to have sought a part in it.

Captain Maxwell's men proved excellent hosts, and, though not on its rolls, Dick and Tom shared the company's service and experiences in every way. Colonel Prescott's regiment was soon ordered to Cambridge, where was stationed the centre of the New England army, consisting of fifteen Massachusetts and several Connecticut regiments, one of the latter being General Putnam's. Here were the headquarters of General Ward, the commander-in-chief, in a fine wooden residence near Harvard College, and here was Colonel Gridley, the chief engineer, with most of the artillery. Here were also most of the Yankees' fortifications, these being yet in process of construction, and consisting mainly of breastworks in Cambridge and on the road near the base of Prospect Hill. Further north and northeast was the army's left wing, consisting mainly of Colonels Stark's and Reed's New Hampshire regiments, and stationed at Medford, Chelsea, and near Charlestown Neck.

It was the lot of Dick and MacAlister, as participants in the fortunes of Maxwell's company, to occupy part of a log hut near Cambridge Common and in sight of the college, and to have no share in the enterprises of May 27th and 30th, in which American detachments went to Noddle's Island, near Chelsea, and drove off sheep, cattle, and horses, on the first occasion killing and wounding several British marines and capturing twelve swivels and four four-pounders from a British schooner. There was a skilful removal of sheep and cattle from Pettick's Island also, on May 31st; and on the night of June 2d Major Greaton took from Deer Island eight hundred sheep and a lot of cattle, and captured a man-of-war's barge and four or five prisoners. Dick pined and chafed that circumstance kept him out of all these interesting proceedings, but Tom the Fiddler (a name promptly bestowed on him by Prescott's men) consoled him with many a "Whist, man, bide a wee; there'll be bigger business a-brewing!"

So Dick bided, with eager anticipations, although, in his inexperience, heeding the grumbling of others, he thought the conviviality between certain American and British officers on the man-of-war *Lively*, on the occasion of an exchange of prisoners, June 6th, did not look much like war. He was better pleased at the derision with which the raw troops received General Gage's proclamation of June 12th, which somehow promptly found its way into camp. In that document the British commander pronounced those in arms and their abettors to be rebels and traitors, and offered pardon to such as should lay down their arms, excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock. Continually there came exciting rumors that the British intended to sally out of Boston to attack their besiegers. But Dick did not know what the American commanders knew, on June 13th,—that General Gage intended to take possession of Dorchester Heights on the 18th; hence it

was with surprise and a keen thrill that, on Friday evening, the 16th, he obeyed the order to fall in, and marched beside MacAlister with the company to Cambridge Common.

There he found that Maxwell's men were part of a detachment which included other companies of Prescott's regiment, a part of Bridge's, a part of Frye's, and a number of Connecticut troops under Captain Knowlton, of Putnam's regiment. There was also some artillery, with Colonel Gridley himself. And there stood the tall, powerful figure of Colonel Prescott, wearing a long blue coat, his strong, stern face shaded by the slightly turned up brim of a great round hat. The air was charged with expectation, with a sense of great events at hand. The force paraded on the Common, and then stood with heads bared and hands resting on the guns, while a venerable-looking gentleman, whom a whispering comrade named to Dick as President Langdon of Harvard College, raised his hand heavenward and uttered a tremulous prayer for the aid of the Lord of Hosts. There was a period of waiting, during which the colonel consulted quietly with Gridley and the other officers, while the suppressed excitement of the men made some appear moody and abstracted, some nervous and sharp in their whispered speeches, others extraordinarily calm in tone, others oddly jocular. Dick was one of the last, in mood and countenance, but was so filled with emotion that he dared not trust himself to speak. Tom was placidly grim and patient, keeping his wits about him and exhibiting no change in tone or manner. The fallen darkness gave the human figures, the distant trees and scattered houses, the rolling landscape, a mysterious look. At last, at nine o'clock, in low, quick tone, the order was given to march.

First went two sergeants, carrying dark lanterns; then strode Colonel Prescott, at the head of the detachment. Behind the infantry and the cannon, the shovels and other tools were borne, with which to make entrenchments. Keeping strict silence, as they had been ordered, the men trailed past Inman's Woods, Prospect Hill, and Cobble Hill, crossed a level space (another common), and halted at Charlestown Neck. Here, in the darkness, General Putnam rode up, and they were joined by other officers also.

Presently Captain Nutting's company and a few Connecticut men separated from the detachment and marched to the lower part of Charlestown, to act there as a guard. The main force was soon on the march again, and followed the road over a smooth round hill (the real Bunker's Hill), at the base of which it halted again. Prescott gathered the officers around him, and quietly made known the orders he had come to carry out. Watching the group alertly, Dick saw the officers look or point, now at the hill just crossed, now at the hill ahead, as if discussing which to use for the purpose in hand. Finally the men were marched to the hill ahead, from which Boston on its hills and hillsides could be seen sleeping, across the wide mouth of the Charles River.

As soon as the men halted, Colonel Gridley began to move rapidly about the summit of the hill, marking out lines and angles in the earth as he did so. Guns were stacked by all but certain designated men, of whom Dick and Tom were two, who remained under arms. Spades were distributed to the others, who were soon turning up the earth along the lines traced by Colonel Gridley. As General Putnam started to ride back over the road they had followed, Captain Maxwell received an order from Colonel Prescott, and in turn gave the word of march to a party of his men, in which were numbered Dick and Tom.

This little force followed the captain down into Charlestown, whose commodious houses among the trees were now deserted. When the party neared the Old Ferry, which led to Boston, the men were assigned to different posts along the shore, to watch the motions of the enemy, on their men-of-war in the river and in Boston opposite, during the night. With what delicious feelings did Dick pace the shore, to the sound of the lapping water, in sight of the dark looming vessels of the foe, in hearing of the British sentinel's voice who passed the "All's well" on to his comrade! Twice during the night Colonel Prescott came down with another officer to see what might be seen from the shore. It was almost dawn when Tom and Dick were marched back to the hill, where the men had been doing beaver work in the night.

A great change had been made in the appearance of the hill. Mounds of earth six feet high now enclosed the crest on three sides and most of the fourth. A rough breastwork had been thrown up as if in continuation of one of the sides of this redoubt. On the inner side of these works rough platforms of wood and earth were being made, and Dick and Tom were now assigned to aid in this duty, the rule of the night having been that men should dig and mount guard alternately. Dawn came, calm and clear, while the men were working at the spades. As both mounted a pile of earth, to level it, Dick took the opportunity to look down over the parapet, towards Boston. At that instant there came a flash of fire and a belch of smoke from the port-hole of a vessel in the river, a sullen boom, and a spattering of earth and dust in the near hillside.

"Bedad," said old Tom, looking down towards the man-of-war, "that vessel's called the *Lively*; and frae the way she says good morning I'm thinking we're like to have a lively day of it!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIND OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

It was a fine, clear morning, promising a hot day. Looking across the earthwork, Dick could see

people on the housetops and hills of Boston and the near-by country, attracted by the sound of the *Lively's* firing and by the news that the Yankees had fortified the hill. Dick and MacAlister were presently relieved, whereupon they rested at their rifles, while others went on working at the platforms. The firing from the river ceased, but the calm which followed was so like that which precedes a storm, that Dick was not even startled at the louder booming that soon arose, from a hill-battery in Boston as well as from the war-vessels in the river. The men around Dick made jokes about the enemy's fire, and about what fate might befall one another within a few hours. The prevalent spirit accorded with the half tragic, half comical feeling that thrilled Dick's breast and showed in his face.

There came a slight shock and a general sensation when the word went around that one of the British cannon balls had struck and killed Asa Pollard, of Stickney's company in Bridge's regiment; and there followed some ado over the matter of his burial, Colonel Prescott commanding that he be buried immediately, a chaplain insisting on performing a service over the body, and Prescott thereupon ordering dispersed the crowd of men that gathered to hear the service. At this a number of men rebelliously left the hill. To shame the timid and encourage the brave, Prescott stepped to the top of the parapet and walked calmly around thereupon, coolly giving orders, in perfect heedlessness of the balls that plowed the hillside near at hand. A captain did likewise, and thereupon the men took to cheering defiantly at each notable specimen of British marksmanship.

Keyed up to the pitch of recklessness, the men could laugh at the British fire, but the intense heat of the sun, the fatigue of their labors, and the hunger and thirst due to the neglect of many to bring provisions, were foes not as easily disdained. Thanks to Dick's respect for orders, and to Tom's wisdom of experience, these two had enough to eat and drink; but many, as they perspired or lay exhausted, growled or cursed, and thought war a useless, uncomfortable business.

During the morning, while the men worked with the spades, or waited idly and wondered when, if ever, their first shot would be fired, there were frequent consultations of the officers, frequent despatchings of messengers from the hill, or from one part of the hill to another, frequent signs that seemed to promise action but brought none. There was a moment of interest for Dick when he became aware, first by sound, and then by sight, that the cannon in a corner of the redoubt had begun to reply to the British fire, which had gained in severity and in the number of its sources.

At about eleven o'clock the men were ordered to cease work on the entrenchments, and their tools were piled in the rear. General Putnam now rode up, evidently from Cambridge, and had some discussion with Prescott, and, apparently as a result thereof, a large party took up the tools and started off towards Charlestown Neck. Some of this party stopped at the next hill, to which Putnam rode, and there they began to throw up breastworks under his orders. Thus the morning passed, in tedious expectancy.

The burning noon found Dick and Tom again at the parapet, which was now manned with waiting musket-men. Dick's wandering gaze rested on two war-ships that were moving up the river towards those already firing. "Begorra, there's a thing or two doing, yonder in the town," said MacAlister, with a slight revival from a tone of languor. Dick looked across to Boston. Through some streets and towards the wharves, trailed a long, wide line of scarlet, flashing at countless points where the sunlight fell on polished metal. The line was of British regiments, doubtless coming to attack the Yankee redoubt.

An oppressive silence fell for a moment on Dick and all his comrades, while their eyes glistened; then, simultaneously, they raised a wild, half hysterical cheer, and many a man grasped his weapon tighter, and sent towards the scarlet line afar an unconscious smile of defiant welcome.

The thunder of the British batteries and ships all at once swelled to tremendous volume. The fields by the river, below the redoubt, were deluged with cannon-shot. "To hinder us frae ganging doon to stop their landing," explained MacAlister to Dick. Scarlet troops could be seen moving in Boston towards different wharves, from which at last they crowded into barges, a few of them hauling field-pieces along with them.

Dick thrilled at the fine sight when the barges were rowed out into the river and towards a point of land eastward from the hill on which the Yankee army waited. Passing between the belching vessels and the river's mouth, and as the wind drove the cannon smoke westward, the barges with their loads of scarlet and steel stood out clear in the sunlight.

It was one o'clock when the barges huddled together at the point, and the red-coated troops filed ashore, and began to form in lines, now on the same side of the river with the colonials who had defied them. Dick admired the precision of the three lines in which they formed, the patience with which they waited while their officers consulted and while the barges went back apparently for more troops, the matter-of-fact manner in which many of them ate their dinners while they stood.

He was drawn from this sight presently by a cheer from his own comrades, which heralded the arrival of some teams with provisions and barrels of beer. While he was partaking of the consequent good cheer, there was another outburst of enthusiasm, this time over the arrival of Doctor Warren, recently made a general, and General Pomeroy, who both came to serve for the day in the ranks, as volunteers. Soon General Putnam rode back again to the redoubt.

Now the British were seen beginning a movement from the point, and along the Mystic River,

which ran by the hill's northern base as the Charles ran by its southern one. Some artillery and some Connecticut troops, detached to oppose this movement, went down the hill and began to construct a kind of breastwork of a pair of stone and rail fences and some fresh-cut hay that lay in the fields. But Dick had no attention for this business, or for the reinforcements that began to arrive over Charlestown Neck in the fire of the British ships and batteries. All his powers of sight were for the well-drilled enemy, who had ceased to move along the Mystic, and now stood near the point.

At about three o'clock the British barges came back from Boston on their second trip, and, landing short of the point, disembarked their troops at a place much nearer the redoubt than the first force was. "It's them we'll be having dealings wi'," said MacAlister, nodding towards the new arrivals. "There's a regiment that we'll ken the name of later, and a battalion of marines, not to speak of them companies of light infantry and grenadiers. Whist, lad, it's like we'll hae the worth of our labors."

While Dick waited, with his eyes on the force at the foot of the hill, in front of him, he was vaguely conscious that things were doing elsewhere; that the field-pieces of the British right wing—the force first landed—were conversing with the Yankees' cannon; that parties were being sent out from the redoubt to flank the enemy and were doing a little futile skirmishing; and that the roars of cannon were more deafening, the balls raining more thickly and incessantly on the hillside from the ships and the Boston batteries. At last the British left wing—the newly landed force, of which Tom had spoken—began to march towards the redoubt. This left wing had meanwhile been augmented by some of the regiments that had crossed the river on the first trip of the barges.

"They're coming, boy," said old Tom. "It's a general movement of both divisions. They are the best troops in the world, son, dour devils every ane of them, and they mane to tak' this hill as sure as we mane to hould it. It's a grand disputation ye're like to see this day, lad!"

Colonel Prescott strode around the platform, instructing the men upon it how to fire, the men behind it how to hand loaded guns to the first, how to reload, how to take the places of the disabled. "Remember," said he, "wait for the word before you fire. Mind you put every grain of powder to good use; there's none for wasting. Aim at their waist-bands, and bring down their officers. That musket must be lower, man, when you come to fire. You, there, with your finger ready to pull, wait for the word, I tell you!"

Warfare and orders were different with the Yankee army on the hill, from what they were with the disciplined soldiers marching up to the attack.

Dick was dimly aware of flashes from British artillery posted near some brick-kilns near the hill's foot, but all his thoughts were on the infantry, as yet distant but steadily approaching, with a precision that was proof against marshy ground, tall grass, stone or rail fences, and other impediments. On they came, at a steady walk, to the beating of their own drums, marching in silence, looking neither to right nor to left, outwardly as calm as if on parade, showing in their faces no complaint against the heat nor any fear of the fate that might await them, men patient, machine-like in response to orders, their scarlet coats blazing in the sun, their steel bayonets flashing, men perfectly groomed, lifted to disdain of death by the sense of comradeship and of the occasion's bigness and by devotion to the sun-lit flag that fluttered slightly in the faint breeze,—so they came, their faces fixed with a mild curiosity on the redoubt, and it seemed to Dick that, coming in fashion so orderly and businesslike, they could not in possibility be turned back or stayed. Thrilled with admiration, "By the Lord," he said to MacAlister, "that's the way to march to one's death! Who could be afraid to face all hell, either marching with them, or waiting here to fight against them?"

"Bedad, ye've got the feeling, lad!" Tom answered. "When great matters do be brewing, a man's ain life is sic a wee sma' thing, he'll no haggle over it!"

The British left wing approached in long files, its right composed of tall-capped grenadiers, who came towards the breastwork north of the redoubt, its centre consisting of several regiments of ordinary foot, its extreme left being made up of marines, whose commander's figure was recognized by one of Dick's comrades as that of Major Pitcairn, who had called on the rebels on Lexington Common to disperse. When the redcoats were still at a considerable distance, they deployed into line and fired at the Yankees' works, all in unison, as if each was part of a great machine. In his admiration of their movement, and of the quiet and easy manner in which the marching officers had ordered it, Dick heeded not the whizz of bullets overhead. On some of his comrades the strain was too great to resist, and they impulsively fired their pieces at the approaching scarlet lines. Prescott's voice rose in loud reproof of these, and some of the officers ran along the top of the parapet, kicking up the guns of men who were taking aim.

On came the enemy, firing at regular intervals in obedience to slight gestures of their officers. And now they were so near that man might be distinguished from man, each by his face, though all the countenances had in common the impassive, obedient, patient, unquestioning look of British veterans. With the Yankees the tension of inward excitement was such that Dick and most of his comrades would not trust their voices to speak; but some grumbled nervously, or even growled as in ordinary moods. "Bean't we ever going to give it to them?" demanded one, and "Air we going to let them walk right into the fort, 'thout our moving a finger?" queried another. It began to look to Dick as if the enemy were indeed dangerously near, and he glanced at Tom MacAlister, who was motionlessly breasting the parapet, gun-butt against shoulder, eye following

out the barrel, finger bent to pull at the word. Presently all growlings ceased, and nothing was heard but the roar of the cannon, the throbbing beat of the enemy's drums, and the singing of the bullets in the air. Then the powerful voice of Prescott rang out in the single word, "Fire!"

There was flash, a crack, a belch of smoke, along the whole redoubt; and, when the smoke rose, Dick got an indistinct impression of great gaps in the scarlet lines, of red-coated soldiers lying on the ground in various positions, some writhing and grimacing, some perfectly still, some pierced and bleeding, some without visible wound. Those still afoot were looking astonished and were trying to retain or recover the regular formation of their lines. Some of them fired back at the redoubt. Dick mechanically grasped the loaded gun handed to him by a man behind the platform, and as mechanically relinquished his own emptied weapon to the same man; in another moment he was blazing away again at a scarlet coat. Then he himself reloaded, and fired a third time; and after that he saw the broken scarlet lines in front of him roll back down the hill, in a kind of disorderly order, many of the redcoats falling behind and plunging presently to the earth.

"We have actually driven them back!" was his thought, and he bounded to the top of the parapet, thrown forward by an irresistible impulse to give chase; but he was stayed by the hindering grasp of Tom MacAlister upon the seat of his breeches. He looked around in surprise, for several men had leaped over the parapet, with a cheer, to follow the fleeing foe. But officers leaped after these men and vehemently ordered them back into the redoubt. "They're beaten!" cried Dick, ecstatically.

"Maybe," quoth old Tom; "but it'll no be them, I'm a-thinkin', if they stay so!"

All the world knows they did not stay so; that the rest of that hot, eventful afternoon, until the termination of the fight, had nothing in it to give Dick an impression different from those he had already received; that the British re-formed by the shore, charged up the hill a second time, and were a second time driven back by the deadly American marksmanship; that to aid their second attempt they set fire to Charlestown, but, the smoke being driven westward, failed to accomplish their purpose thereby; that the British cannon did a little more work this second time; that the British soldiers were somewhat impeded in their charge by the bodies of dead and wounded comrades they had to step over; that their officers had to do some threatening and sword-pricking and striking to persuade them forward; that their second retreat was in greater disorder than their first, and left the ground covered more thickly with dead and wounded; that they waited a long time before they began their third attack; that on the American side there was much bungling in attempts to bring on reinforcements that arrived over Charlestown Neck; that many of the cowardly and the disgruntled slunk away; that in each charge the occurrences at the redoubt were similar to those at the breastwork and at the stone and rail fence; that the second attack left the Americans with very little ammunition. The few artillery cartridges that contained all the powder at hand were opened, and the powder was given out to the men with instructions to make every kernel of it tell.

"If they're driven back once more, they can't be rallied again," said Colonel Prescott; and his men cheered and replied, "We're ready for them!" The few men with bayonets were placed at points the enemy would probably attempt to scale. It was seen that the British boats had been sent back to Boston,—so that the British troops would not have them to flee to, as old Tom divined,—also that the British had received reinforcements from the vessels.

When they advanced in column to the third attack, they came without knapsacks, and their whole movement was concentrated upon the redoubt and breastwork, while their artillery was sent ahead and so placed as to enfilade the Americans in flank. The red lines were but twenty yards away when Prescott gave the order to fire. The columns wavered at the volley, but recovered form in a moment, and sprang forward with fixed bayonets, without firing in return. Dick, knowing he had fired his last round, and following Tom's example, turned his weapon around to use it as a club. He was now at the southeastern corner of the redoubt.

The British surged up to the southern side, like a tidal wave, their front line being lifted by the men behind. A red-coated officer set foot on the parapet, cried out "The day is ours!" and fell, pierced by the last bullet of some Yankee inside the redoubt. The whole first rank that mounted the parapet was shot down, but there was no powder left for the ranks that followed. Dick brought down his rifle-butt with all his strength on the head of the nearest redcoat. Before he could raise his weapon, he felt in his leg the violent thrust of a British bayonet. He made a wild movement to clutch it, but it was drawn out of him by its owner's hand. Dick fell forward on one knee, and a moment later toppled over the parapet and fell outside the redoubt, upon the quivering body of a dying redcoat, by whose advancing comrades he was soon trodden into insensibility.

When he opened his eyes again it was late in the evening. The *mêlée* was over. He lay on some hay on the hillside, with a number of other men, some wounded, some apparently whole, all under guard of sentries who paced on every side. He soon perceived that the men under guard were of the Yankee army, while those who guarded them were British, and, as he presently recognized the redoubt not far away, he knew that the British had won the day and that he was a prisoner. Before night a surgeon came and examined his wound, had it washed and tied up by an assistant, and pronounced it of no consequence. Dick passed the night in exhaustion, pain, and thirst, on his bed of hay on the hillside.

The next day, while the British were fitting the redoubt for their own service, and also beginning new works, Dick and his fellow prisoners were marched down to the river, conveyed by boat to

Boston, and led through certain streets of that town, some of which were curved, some crooked, some steeply ascending, some flanked by closely built rough-cast houses with projecting upper stories, some by commodious brick or wooden residences in the midst of fine gardens; and so into a stone jail that stood with its walled yard on the south side of the way. At one side of the entrance, within this prison, was a guard-room, into which each prisoner was taken for his name to be entered in the records. Dick was the last to be directed thither. When he had been duly registered by the proper officer, he turned to follow the guard to the cell assigned him.

"So we've got you at last," came, in a slightly Irish accent, from a British officer, who appeared to be in some authority at the prison, but whom Dick had not before observed closely. "Faith, we'll take care you shall stay with us awhile, and we'll not give you a chance to murder English officers, either, as you tried to murder Lieutenant Blagdon in New York. What have you done with my sword, you spalpeen?"

Dick recognized the officer in whose company Blagdon had been at the time of the occurrence in the King's Arms Tavern. He would have made an answer, although the other's question did not in its tone imply expectation of one; but the guard hurried him away, in obedience to a sudden gesture of the Irishman.

"At least," thought Dick, "though that man, as Blagdon's friend, counts himself my enemy, he has done me the service of informing me that Blagdon is not dead. '*Tried* to murder Blagdon,' he said. Tom the piper's son was right. And, thinking of Tom, I wonder where he is now. Evidently not a prisoner, for our lot seems to comprise all that were taken. Killed? I can't think that! Does he know what has become of me, I wonder? Shall I ever see him again?"

Having been conducted up a narrow stairway, he was led along a corridor and ushered into a large, bare apartment whose wooden door opened thereupon. But if this apartment was bare as to its wooden walls and floor and ceiling, it was far from empty, being occupied already by half a score of men, some of whom were of the party of prisoners that had come with Dick. The guard now closed the door and fastened it on the outside, Dick having been the last prisoner lodged.

Dick and his roommates had of floor space barely sufficient for all to lie down at once, and of light they had only what came from a single window, which looked across the jail-yard to some rear out-buildings and gardens appertaining to houses in the street beyond. The unpainted wood that encased the cell was interrupted only by the window and in certain places where the inside of the stone outer wall of the prison was visible. There were in the cell two large wooden pails, which were removed and returned once a day.

Regularly each day the door opened to admit men who brought water, bread or biscuit, and sometimes porridge or stew or other food; and the prisoners were now and then taken, singly or in small parties, to walk in the yard. They were made by their guards to suppose themselves recognized not as prisoners of war but as rebels or traitors, and to consider the slightest acts of consideration towards them as unmerited privileges. As the days passed, it became manifest that Dick received fewer such privileges than fell to any of his fellow prisoners. He promptly attributed this to the influence of the Irish officer.

Did that officer, Dick asked himself, know the story of the miniature? Probably not, or he would have made some attempt, on Blagdon's behalf, to obtain it. Such an attempt would doubtless have failed, however, as was shown in the search made of Dick's person on his capture, a search which had not disclosed the picture. For Dick, to be ready against the chance of war, had encased the keepsake in a tight-fitting silken bag, which he had then concealed in his plentiful back hair, fastening it by means of tiny cords entwined with locks of hair and with the ribbons that tied his queue. There it remained during his imprisonment.

Of the thirty prisoners taken by the British in the battle, only a few were in Dick's cell, the others being confined in other apartments in the jail. Among Dick's roommates were some citizens of Boston, in durance for various alleged offences against the royal government. One was charged with having drawn plans of British fortifications, another with having given intelligence to the rebels by means of correspondence smuggled through the lines, another with having had firearms concealed in his house,—the people having, on unanimous vote of town meeting, delivered up their weapons on April 27th. A printer was held under the accusation of having published seditious matter, and one childlike old gentleman pined in the cell because he was said to have made signals to the rebels from a church steeple.

This last-mentioned person, a mild, bewigged individual, his features rendered sharply angular by age, spent his time sitting in a corner of the cell, his eyes fixed distressedly on vacancy, his lips now and then opening to utter a childish whimper of protest against his situation. The printer knew this old gentleman, and gave Dick an account of him. He was, it appeared, a retired merchant and ship-owner, who, at a time when people were frequently ascending to roofs to view the doings of the besieging Yankees, had climbed to a church steeple, on being bantered by some jocular fellows who had cast doubts on his ability for such exertion. The gesticulations with which he had called attention to his success were taken by some prominent Tories to be designed for the information of the rebels outside the city. Denunciation and imprisonment had speedily followed. The printer, although he had no sympathy for the old man, whom he pronounced a rank Tory, said that the charge was all the more absurd for the very reason of the prisoner's Toryism, which captivity had not extinguished. When the old gentleman came out of his state of staring and moaning, as he infrequently did, it was to deplore articulately the rebellion that had got him into trouble, and to curse the rebels who were responsible. "Though he has enemies among the

Tories," said the printer, "he has friends among them also, and it is quite likely he will be released as soon as General Gage takes time to consider his case."

But July came and went, and the old Tory still lingered in prison, growing constantly more fretful in his active moments, more trance-like in his passive ones, more feeble and more attenuated. Meanwhile, Dick suffered exasperatingly from the heat, confinement, vile air, want of sleep, and lack of exercise. His wound, slight as it was, was slow in recovery, because of the bad conditions of his prison life; yet he scarcely heeded it, so insignificant it was in comparison with the wounds and other ailments of some of his fellow prisoners. One of these, in whose thigh a grape-shot had torn a hideous gash that finally became insupportable to more senses than one, was declared by the surgeon to require amputation, and the operation was consequently performed in the prison, little to the sufferer's immediate relief, although he ultimately recovered. Accounts came, through guards and surgeon's assistants, of similar operations in the jail, not all of which were as successful as that performed on Dick's cell-mate.

Fevers and numerous internal disorders assailed Dick and his comrades, and their cell, in its half light by day and in its black darkness by night, was the lodging of enfeebled wretches who sat or lay in close contact on the floor, thrown by pain or restlessness into every conceivable attitude. Accustomed as he was to outdoor air, and deprived, as he came to be, of a breath of it, as well as of all exercise, Dick began early in August to lose vitality with alarming rapidity. He became as thin and as sharp of feature as the old Tory himself. His exclusion from the occasional outings in the prison yard became a theme of general talk in the cell.

One day the surgeon examined Dick's wound, assuming as he did so a kind of grave frown, and uttering certain ominous ejaculations to himself, his manifestations having, to Dick's keen intelligence, the appearance of being put on for a purpose. Later, the same day, through a good-natured guard, the prisoners received two pieces of news. The first was that the new commander-in-chief of the rebels, Washington, who had arrived at Cambridge early in July, had threatened retaliation for any ill-treatment of American prisoners, and was taking measures that must eventually result in the exchange of those now in the jail. The second was that the old Tory's friends were working vigorously on his behalf, and that an order of release from General Gage might soon be expected. To every one's surprise, the old gentleman heard this information with stupid indifference.

The next day, the surgeon returned, accompanied by the Irish officer, and made another examination of Dick's wound. This done, the surgeon turned to the officer, and said, in a kind of forced tone and shamefaced manner, as if he were acting a part he despised, "Amputation will be necessary in this case, sir."

"Indeed?" said the officer, without even a serious pretence of surprise. "Then let it be done immediately."

"Immediately, the devil!" cried Dick. "Cut my leg off? Why, there's nothing the matter with it! I walked on it all the way to this prison!"

"My good man," said the officer, loftily, "you don't know what is best for you. It's our duty to care for you, even against your own will. Don't double up your fists! You'll only hurt yourself by resisting. We shall use force, for your own welfare, if need be." The officer left the cell, and the surgeon briefly told Dick to be ready to be taken down-stairs in half an hour, by which time preparations would be made for the operation in the room used for such purposes; then he followed the officer.

Before Dick could recover from his bewilderment, or his comrades could offer other than expressions of indignant amazement, the cell door again opened, and the friendly guard came in and whispered to the printer that some of the Tory's friends were down-stairs with a coach and with an order for the old gentleman's release. The guard had been sent up-stairs to break the news to the Tory and to make him so presentable, if possible, that his friends might not have too much cause to complain of the effects upon him of his imprisonment. The guard, knowing the old gentleman's state, preferred to entrust the news-breaking to the superior delicacy and tact of the printer, and, having easily engaged the latter to perform it, went from the cell to wait in the corridor.

The printer, glancing at the old man and supposing him to be asleep, rapidly confided to his fellow prisoners what the guard had said, and then stepped over to the Tory and shook him gently by the shoulder. After a pause, he repeated the shaking, then stooped closer to the old man and grasped his body. A moment later, the printer turned to the expectant prisoners, and said in a loud whisper, "By God, I think they're too late with their damned release! If I know anything, the old man's dead!"

Meanwhile, the Tory's friends, three gentlemen of middle age, sat down-stairs in the guard-room, talking with the Irish officer, who explained that the prisoner would take a few minutes to make his toilet. When ten minutes had passed, the officer went to the corridor, and called up the dim stairway, "Mr. Follansbee's friends are impatient to see him," a speech meant as a signal for the guard to conduct the old gentleman down-stairs. The officer then stood at the side of the stair-foot, while the three gentlemen waited just within the guard-room door, opposite the officer.

In a minute the guard appeared at the head of the stairs, followed by two armed comrades, and supporting by the arm a bent, trembling, heavily wigged, sharp-featured, blinking person, whose clothes, of rich texture, were the same the old Tory had worn into the prison, but were now sadly

soiled.

Slowly and painfully their wearer descended from step to step, in the half light of the stairs and corridor. When he reached the foot, the Irish officer stepped back to make more room for the Tory's three friends. These now came from the guard-room, and stood with half smiling, half shocked faces, to give the old man greeting. When he reached the lowest step, they held out their hands to him, but, to their astonishment, as the guard let go his arm, he darted forth between two of them, strode past the sentries at the outer prison door, and, ignoring the waiting coach, plunged down the street with an alacrity miraculous in one so enfeebled, and turned off at right angles into the first street that ran southward.

"His imprisonment has crazed him!" cried one of the three gentlemen.

"Hell and damnation!" cried the Irish officer, rushing up the stairs and motioning the guard to follow. Entering the cell, he stepped over the prostrate bodies of several prisoners to a figure that lay motionless in a corner. The clothes on this figure were Dick Wetheral's, but the face was that of the dead old Tory. With a curse, and a gesture of threat at the prisoners in the cell, the officer bounded back to the door, fastened it, and leaped down the stairs to order a pursuit.

At about the same moment, Dick, tossing the old man's wig back towards the prison from which he ran, thus conversed jubilantly and defiantly with himself:

"Cut my leg off, eh? Not if it and its comrade serve me properly to-day! The printer was right, —'twould have been a shame to waste that order of release on a dead man!"

As he ran, he divested himself of the old Tory's cumbersome coat, throwing it over a gate into an alley-way between two houses, and he also mentally justified his apparent selfishness in consenting to be the one who should use the opportunity of escape. As the printer and others had argued, in the few moments available for discussion, Dick's leg was at stake, he had been singled out for the harshest treatment, there was an evident intention to persecute the life out of him, and the others might be presently exchanged, which Dick could not hope to be as long as the machinations of his enemy could hinder.

When the vital resources called forth by excitement were used up, and Dick fell back to his weakened and wounded condition, his gait became a walk. Fortunately, until that time, his way had been mainly through a deserted street, so that his running had attracted no attention. Reaching a more populous thoroughfare, on which he saw more soldiers than citizens, he proceeded southwestwardly in a preoccupied manner, his coatless condition being easily accounted for by the heat of the season. At last he sat down to rest on the steps of a large brick church, at a corner where the street opened to a great, green, hilly, partly wooded space, which he knew, from previous description and from the military tents now upon it, to be the Common.

While he was viewing the scene, and gaining breath, and wondering how he should ever get out of the town, he became conscious of a hurried movement of men, at some distance back on his own route. Standing on the highest church step to look, he saw a squad of soldiers led by an officer whom he took to be the Irishman. Other people about had noticed this movement, which was rapidly nearing.

To get out of the way inconspicuously, Dick descended from the church steps, and started at a walk up the steep street that ran by the side of the church and which bounded the end of the Common. As he tugged up the hill, he knew by cries and footsteps that the soldiers were making good speed towards the corner he had left; and just as he reached the top of the hill he heard a shout from the foot of it.

"Stop that rebel!" were the words, and the voice was that of the Irish officer. Dick turned into the street that went along the upper side of the Common, and thence he bounded through the first open gate on the right-hand side, into a flowery garden before a broad residence whose wide door, flanked by glass panels and surmounted by a great fan-light, gaped hospitably from a spacious vine-embowered porch. As he made for this porch, for the time hidden from his pursuers on the up-hill street by the trees at the corner of the Common, a young lady came idly from the door. She first halted at the approaching cry, "Stop that rebel," and then stepped back in surprise as Dick, tripping on the steps that led up to the porch, fell prone at her feet.

"Dear me, what's the matter?" she said, breathlessly; then quickly stooped and picked up something from near Dick's head.

"That belongs to me!" he said, hoarsely, rising to his knees, and reaching out for it greedily. It was the precious miniature, which had in some manner worked from its fastenings in Dick's queue.

"Who are you?" asked the girl, who was slender, blue-eyed, and fair, still retaining the portrait.

"Stop that rebel!" came the cry from around the corner of the Common.

Dick's mind worked quickly. "I'm the man they're hunting," he said.

The girl frowned, murmured the word "rebel," and looked down at him with an expression of dislike. From this he knew she was a Tory, hence friendly to his pursuers and at bitter enmity with his cause.

She looked mechanically at the portrait, which had escaped from its silken bag. "Is this a lady

who is waiting for you to come back from the fighting?" she asked, with sudden softness of tone and countenance.

"Yes," lied Dick, promptly; "as you also doubtless wait for some one!"

The girl blushed, and looked sympathetically at the portrait, then at Dick.

"Stop that rebel!" The voice had turned the corner of the Common, but its owner was still concealed from view by the trees and bushes of the garden. "The open gate yonder," it added; "search that place!"

"Sit down," quickly whispered the girl to Dick, handing him the portrait. "There,—under that bench!"

Dick obeyed, from lack of other choice, at the same time losing hope, for the space beneath the bench was open to the view of any one entering the porch.

A moment later he felt and saw himself closed in from sight, by the skirts and petticoat of the young lady, who had taken her seat on the bench immediately over him.

In this novel hiding-place he lay, half stifled, while the girl politely answered the questions of the Irish officer, whom she directed to a rear alley, whither, she said, the fugitive must have betaken himself; and when the last soldier had gone from the premises she blushing arose and faced her equally flushed guest, who stammered the thanks he could better look than speak. Not waiting for talk, she immediately conducted him to the garret of the house, where he passed the rest of the day, and the ensuing night, on a pile of old bedclothes behind some barrels. Next afternoon, she brought him a pass obtained from Major Urquhart, the town-major, permitting one Dorothy Morrill to pass the barriers at Boston Neck. She gave Dick a maid-servant's frock and cap, showed him how to put up his hair in feminine fashion, and led him out of the house and grounds by a back way while the family sat at supper.

"'Tis all for the sake of the lady who is waiting for you," were her last words, and Dick, bowing low so as to avoid her eyes, took the way she had described, to Boston Neck. In the streets he was chucked under the chin by certain jocular soldiers, which demonstrations he took as evidence of the excellence of his disguise.

His heart was in his mouth when he showed his pass to the sergeant of the guard, at the gate in the barriers, for failure at the last moment is a sickening thing. But he was passed through without special question, and went on his way rejoicing to Roxbury, past the George Tavern, and so to the American lines, where, taking off his woman's garb before the astonished sentries, he was recognized by one of General Thomas's officers, and allowed to proceed through Brookline to Cambridge.

There he found things greatly changed since he had been taken prisoner, as he had found them at Roxbury also. The camps were larger, better equipped, and more orderly. Everywhere manifest was the presence of the new commander-in-chief, whose headquarters were at Cambridge, where the army's centre lay. Best of all, to Dick, companies of riflemen had arrived from Virginia and Pennsylvania, one from his own county, Cumberland. He knew its captain, Hendricks, by reputation, and, learning from Captain Maxwell that Tom MacAlister had regularly joined this organization, he hastened to follow the last-named hero's example, much to the said hero's unconcealed delight, although not to his surprise, for nothing ever surprised him. Dick found him quartered on Prospect Hill, in a hut of boards, brush, stones, and turf, and just returned from a day spent with a rifle in picking off British soldiers in Boston.

Dick was warmly welcomed by Captain Hendricks, and speedily mustered in. He doffed his prison-worn clothes for a rifleman's suit, which had belonged to a man who had died in camp; renewed acquaintance with his friend, M'Clelland, who was now a lieutenant in the company, and with Lieutenant Simpson and others from his own part of the country; and passed his days, like the other riflemen, on the hills, blazing away at British soldiers afar in the town, even bringing down a redcoat near the camp on the Common now and then.

He counted as a great event his first sight of Washington, as the commander-in-chief rode along the lines when the regiments were assembled for morning prayers. The large, soldierly figure, the mien of dignity and simplicity, the self-contained countenance, quite equalled all Dick's previously formed impressions of the Virginia hero, and would have done so without aid of the buff-faced blue coat over the buff underdress, the epaulettes, the small sword, and the great, warlike cocked hat with its black cockade.

On a fine September morning, the 8th of the month, Dick and Tom took note of these general orders of the commander-in-chief: "The detachment going under the command of Colonel Arnold, to be forthwith taken off the roll of duty and to march this evening to Cambridge Common, where tents and everything necessary are provided for their reception. The rifle company at Roxbury and those from Prospect Hill, to march early to-morrow morning, to join the above detachment. Such officers and men as are taken from General Green's brigade, for the above detachment, are to attend the muster of their respective regiments to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, upon Prospect Hill; when the muster is finished, they are forthwith to rejoin the detachment at Cambridge."

"And what do ye think of that, now, sonny," said old Tom, softly. "Do ye mind a word I spoke to ye once, about the wind o' circumstance?"

"Why, what do you mean?" queried Dick.

"Nothing," said the piper's son, "only that order includes us, and maybe it's well ye keep it guid hauld of the bit picture, for this detachment will be bound for nane ither place than Quebec, lad!"

Quebec! Dick reached back and clutched the portrait, which had been restored to its former hiding-place; and only in a vague, distant way he heard the next ensuing words of MacAlister:

"It's ever over more hills and farther away, boy; and wha kens but the road will lead to Paris yet, afore all's said and done?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH THROUGH MAINE.

It was on Monday morning, September 11th, that Dick and Tom marched with their fellow riflemen from Prospect Hill, bound first for Newburyport, thence by sea for the mouth of the Kennebec River, and thence through the Maine wilderness into Canada and to Quebec.

The little army of 1,100 men, consisting of the two Pennsylvania rifle companies,—one from Cumberland County and one from Lancaster County,—Captain Morgan's company of Virginia riflemen, and two divisions of New England infantry, set forth in gay spirits. Its commander, Col. Benedict Arnold, of Connecticut, had recently arrived in Cambridge from his achievement with Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, his deeds on Lake Champlain, and his capture of St. John's. He was a short, stout, ruddy, handsome man, with a face complacent but resolute. His soldiers admired his bravery, and the most ungovernable of them yielded to his great persuasiveness.

Dick found himself more immediately under the command of Capt. Daniel Morgan, who led the division composed of all three rifle companies; a large, strong man, whose usually severe mien softened on occasion into a singularly kindly one; a rigid disciplinarian, impetuous yet sagacious, easily aroused but soon calmed. Dick's own captain, William Hendricks, was tall and noble-looking, gentle and heroic in face and heart. The two lieutenants, John M'Clelland and Michael Simpson, were both old acquaintances of Dick's, the former being notable for his openness of character, the latter for his gaiety and his skill as a singer. Sergeant Grier was a faithful, reliable man, whose stout and intrepid wife accompanied him on the campaign and without difficulty kept the respect of the soldiers. The Lancaster company's captain, Matthew Smith, was soldierly and good-looking, but unlettered and turbulent. Two of his best men were a pair of adventurous youths no older than Dick,—Archibald Steele and John Joseph Henry.

Of the two New England divisions, one was under Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, the other under Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, of Connecticut. But Dick, on the march, came little in contact with the Yankee troops.

Sleeping by the way on the first night of the expedition, the army reached the little town of Newburyport on Tuesday, and camped here several days, completing its equipment. It was joined here by several volunteers, including two young men named Aaron Burr and Matthew Ogden, and Colonel Arnold attached these two to his staff. On Monday afternoon, September 18th, the army embarked on ten transports, which set sail in the evening, and which, under a fair, strong breeze, reached the mouth of the Kennebec at dawn. Continuing on the transports a short distance up this river, to Gardiner, the army left them at Colonel Colborn's ship-yard, and proceeded in two hundred bateaux to Fort Western,—on whose site the city of Augusta was later built,—reaching that place on Saturday, September 23d, having camped by the river during the nights.

Here Colonel Arnold sent forward a pioneer party to explore the river and to blaze a way through the wilderness at each place where boats could not navigate and where the men would have to go by land. Dick openly envied the lucky fellows selected for this duty,—Steele, Henry, four more of Smith's men, and three of Morgan's. As, from the camp on a pine-clad slope, he watched them set out, he would have given much for a place in one of their two light birch-bark canoes, each of which was partly laden with pork, meal, and biscuit.

"Hoot toot, lad!" said MacAlister, divining the boy's feelings. "It's work enough ye're like to have, whether ye gang before or behind, ere ye set eyes on the inside of Quebec town!"

It was Dick's lot not to go behind. The rifle companies constituted the van of the army, and set out from Fort Western in their bateaux a day in advance of the second division, Greene's, which in turn by a day preceded Eno's division, the third and last. This order was to be maintained until the army should have gone some way up the Kennebec, marched to that stream's branch, the Dead River, proceeded thereon, and made thence to the Chaudiere, where all should unite for the advance on Quebec. Colonel Arnold waited at Fort Western till the last division was off, then took a canoe, with Indians at the paddles, passed the third and second divisions, and overtook the advance at Norridgewock Falls, in the country of the moose deer.

Dick now found himself in a wilderness more solitary and picturesque than his own Pennsylvania forests. The last cabin of white settlers had been left behind. Civilized habitation would not again be seen until the army should reach the French settlements in Canada. The river, pursuing a

turbulent way among rocks and over cataracts, was set amidst solitudes of fir-trees, hemlocks, birch, and other species, and these crowned the eminences that rose now gently, and now abruptly, on every hand. Within sound of the eternal tumult of Norridgewock Falls, were the ruins of a deserted Indian village, and as Dick lay at night under his blanket on his bed of evergreen branches, listening to the noise of the waterfall, and of MacAlister's snoring, he would look through his tent opening and imagine the ghosts of bygone red men, or that of the good French priest, Father Ralle, who had come to this village in 1698, and been killed when a party from Massachusetts suddenly attacked the place in 1724.

It was the task of Dick and his fellow riflemen to open the way, remove impediments from the streams, learn the fords, explore the portages or carrying-places where, the waters not being navigable, the boats had to be carried over land, and free these last of obstructions. For this work their attire was more suitable than was such garb as Dick had discarded on joining them; it consisted of hunting-cap, flannel shirt, cloth or buckskin breeches, buckskin leggings, moccasins, and outside hunting-shirt of brown linsey-woolsey, with a belt in which a knife and a tomahawk were carried. Each of Morgan's men wore on his cap a front-piece inscribed with the words, "Liberty or Death." This ever present reminder to the men, of the cause for which they toiled and suffered, came not amiss. It was not from the rifle companies that the desertions occurred, which united with swamp-fever and fatigue to reduce the army to fewer than a thousand able men before October 13th.

Dick soon realized the truth of old Tom's prediction concerning hard work. At the times when some of the men marched along the river banks, while some forced the bad and heavy bateaux, with their loads of provisions and other supplies, up the rapid stream, the lot of the former, struggling through thickets and swamps and over rocks, was no worse than the lot of the latter, wading and pushing against the current, which oftentimes upset or swamped their boats, and damaged provisions, arms, and ammunition. More than once a whole day was spent in getting around some single cataract, the men unloading the cargoes, carrying them—and sometimes the boats also—on their shoulders, then relauching and reloading for another tug against the swift stream. Before the Great Portage, from the Kennebec to the Dead River, had been traversed, Dick was injured to the life of an amphibious being, as well as to that of some swamp-infesting animal or of some inhabitant of the underbrush. His breeches and leggings were torn almost from his legs by thickets, which spared not the skin under them, and below the hips he was thoroughly water-soaked. But he still slept and ate well, there being at this time plenty of trout and salmon in the ponds and streams, with which to eke out the diet of pork, meal-cakes, and biscuit. As yet the weather, though cold at night, caused no suffering to a youth of Dick's hardiness, or to a veteran as well seasoned as MacAlister.

"I prophesy that will be the langest fifteen mile ye'll often gang over," said Old Tom, when he and Dick came to a halt at last on the bank of the Dead River, having put behind them the Great Portage and its three intervening lakelets, after days of dragging and pushing of boats over a rough ridge, and through ponds and bogs. "I gather from offeecial sources," continued the Fiddler, "that we're like to reach the Chaudiere River in eight or ten days, though I hae my doots, seeing it's mony a mile up this river we'll be ganging, and then over God knows what kind of country after that. Weel, weel, lad, it's Quebec or nothing now, if ye hauld out, for devil a bit will ony mon of us gang willingly back over the road we've come by!"

So jubilant were the men at having overcome the difficulties of the great carrying-place, that they whistled and jested as they launched their boats on the sluggish waters of the Dead River. They acted as if the end of their journey were in sight. Colonel Arnold had already sent an Indian messenger to General Schuyler, whose army from the province of New York had in August started under Montgomery from Ticonderoga to enter Canada below Montreal and eventually unite with Arnold's force before Quebec. The colonel thought to receive an answer to this letter on arriving at the Chaudiere.

"It's a blithe lot of men, true for ye, wi' their whistling and capering," said old Tom, in an undertone, as he and Dick stood recovering their breath after much pulling and shoving of boats. "All looks weel and bonny the day, but ye maun put nae trust in appearances. Do ye moind, ayont Curritunk, afore we left the Kennebec, how ye steppit sae merrily on the green moss that seemed to cover level ground for sae lang a stretch, and how ye found 'twas rotten bog beneath the surface, and full of them snags that tripped ye up and cut your feet in the devil's ain way? Mony's the mon like that,—and woman, too!"

Up the Dead River for eighty-three miles the army proceeded, the riflemen still leading. Seventeen times they had to unload their boats and carry the loads past places that were not navigable. On this part of the journey the men were assailed by rains and cold weather. Lieutenant M'Cleland, more fragile in body than in spirit, was one of many whose constitutions began to yield to these assaults. With a cold in the lungs, he toiled on, performing his duties and refusing aid, until his increasing weakness compelled him to relinquish the former and accept the latter, on his comrades' insistence and his captain's orders. When the chosen route departed from the Dead River, to cross a mountain, M'Cleland was placed on a litter and so carried forward.

"If I can only hold out till we enter Quebec!" he said from his litter, one bleak, drizzling day, while Captain Hendricks, Dick, MacAlister, and others bore him up the wooded mountain-side,—for the captain took his turn at the litter with the others.

Captain Hendricks cheerily said there could be no doubt of that, and Lieutenant Simpson, who

happened to be walking immediately behind the litter, predicted that the sufferer would begin to mend as soon as the troops should reach the Chaudiere, and reminded him, for the tenth time, that a boat was being carried across the mountain purposely to take him down that river while his comrades should march along the banks.

The lieutenant brightened up at this reassurance that he was not to be left behind,—as more than one ailing man had necessarily been,—and, turning his eyes to Dick, said:

"Do you remember the morning, Dick, when I galloped up to your house with the news of the beginning of this business? How long ago that seems, and how far away!" His voice had sunk, and he was silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then he resumed, with as much cheerfulness as his weakened state would allow him to show, "We didn't imagine ourselves, that morning, marching into Quebec together, as we shall be before many a day!"

Dick's answer was prevented by a fit of coughing on M'Cleland's part, after which the sufferer closed his eyes and went into a feverish doze. Old Tom glanced down at him, and for a moment looked grimmer than usually.

Before starting to cross this mountain, which was one of the great snow-covered chain running northeastwardly, Colonel Arnold and the first division had camped at the base to rest. The tents had been flooded by heavy rains and by sudden torrents from the mountains. The inundation had upset several boats, destroyed provisions, and dampened the spirits as well as the bodies of the men. Rations were shortened, and the dejecting news went round that there remained a journey of twelve or fifteen days in a wilderness devoid of supplies. After consulting with the officers on the ground, Arnold sent orders back to Colonel Greene and Colonel Enos to bring forward as many men as they could furnish with fifteen days' provisions, and to send the rest of their forces back to Norridgewock. These orders despatched, Arnold and the riflemen started on their march across the mountain.

Drenched with rain at the outset, they were soon chilled by wintry winds, and presently impeded by snow and ice. But at last the crest of the mountain no longer crossed the bleak sky ahead. Valleys, set with icy streams and frozen lakes, came into view, their sombreness not lessened by the color of their dark evergreens. The down-hill and cross-country march of the scantily fed men brought them at last to Lake Megantic, the source of the Chaudiere. Here they met a courier whom Colonel Arnold had sent ahead to the valley of the Chaudiere to sound the French *habitans*, whose humble farms would be the first human abodes reached in Canada. This emissary said that the peasants would give the American army a hospitable reception. Colonel Arnold thereupon chose to precede the army down the Chaudiere, with a foraging party, that he might obtain and send back supplies and also have provisions collected for the army's use on its arrival at the habitations. He therefore caused the little remaining food to be given out equally to the companies, ordered them to follow as best they could to the Chaudiere settlements, and set out with a birch canoe and five bateaux. In the colonel's party was Archibald Steele, with whose pioneer force the riflemen had reunited at the Dead River, and whom Dick, compelled as before to remain behind with the main advance, again had reason to envy.

"Whist, lad!" quoth old Tom. "The post of honor, ye'll find, is back where the starving will be. There'll be low spirits henceforth, I'm thinking, and waurk for the fiddle, hearting up the men when they've leetle dourness left to fa' back on and it's devil a bit of difference whether they live or die. Lord, Lord! It's a gang of living ghaists we are, Dickie. Wi' the clothes of us torn to flinders by the stanes and briers, and wi' nowt left to our shoes but the tops, we'd do fine to scare away the crows from the corn fields in a ceevilized country. Sure, the wind is like to pull the tatters frae our backs, and make us a shocking sight to the ladies when we march in triumph into Quebec!"

"If we ever get to Quebec," said a soldier, dismally, who had overheard Tom's last words.

"We'll get to Quebec!" said Dick, positively; and he involuntarily put back his hand and felt his queue.

Dick now went to speak to his friend M'Cleland, who had been placed in a boat, which was to be navigated across the lake and down the Chaudiere by Sergeant Grier and several others.

"Mind you land him safe!" called out the sergeant's buxom wife, as the boat moved off; and the sergeant replied he would do his best.

"I'm afraid the poor lieutenant finds it a long way to Quebec," said Mrs. Grier, taking place in the line of riflemen as it started for the Chaudiere by land.

"It's a lang way for some more of us," replied Tom MacAlister, who marched behind her. "There's that puir blind Shafer, the drummer in the Lancaster company. Look at him now, yonder. It's ten to one he can't see a dozen foot ahead of his nose, yet he's always in his place, next man to one ahint Captain Smith,—except when he fa's into a bog, through lack of eyesight. It must be the sense of hearing keeps him sae straight after the heels of young Henry afore him. Sure, if every man was like him, Captain Morgan would never have to look black and curse inside because of stragglers from the camp."

"It's a sin," said Mrs. Grier, "the tricks the men play on him, stealing his cakes away from under his very eyes. Och! there he goes now, tumbling off the log into the gully, drum and all! You're right, MacAlister,—the way to Quebec is a long one to Shafer, the drummer."

"Yet I'd wager a pound or two, if I had it," said Tom, "the puir, blind, naked, hungry body will be beating his drum at Quebec, when mony a stout rascal that laughs at him now will be sleeping here in these gullies wi' the bitter wind for bed-covering."

The troops came presently to a pond, which would require so wide a detour to skirt, that the far shorter way was to cross it. Trying the ice that covered it, the men found that too thin to bear their weight. With dogged resignation, they began to break the ice with their guns, and waded in. Mrs. Grier raised her skirts above her waist and followed the man ahead, through the chilling water, to the opposite shore. Dick and Tom waded immediately after her. No one offered either smile or comment. On the tired troops marched, in Indian file, hungry, shivering, aching, each man feeling that the next step might be his last.

When they reached the Chaudiere, many of the riflemen did not wait for the order to halt, but exhaustedly sank to the frosty ground in line. Tom, always respecting discipline, trudged on till the word came, followed through force of example by Dick; and then these two also dropped in their places.

"Chaudiere," said MacAlister, glancing down that stream. "That means caldron, and frae the look of things down yonder I won't gainsay the fitness of the name. It's unco' wild navigation we're like to have, down that there boiling torrent, I'm thinking!"

And so it proved, when an attempt was made to launch boats. Every one that was put into the river was stove in by rocks, on being hurled forward by the rapids. But Captain Morgan persisted, until he had lost all of his boats. The ammunition, arms, and other equipments were thereupon taken up by the men, who proceeded along the banks of the turbulent stream.

It happened that Dick and Tom were at the front of the division, when they turned the corner of a projecting rock, and came unexpectedly on a group that stood around a fire, beside which a man was lying. It required but a glance to inform Dick that this group consisted of Sergeant Grier's party and that the man on the ground was Lieutenant M'Cleland. The sight of a damaged boat, and of a rock near the verge of a cataract, told the story,—that the boat had lodged on the rock, and that the men had managed to bring the feeble lieutenant ashore in time to save him from speedy death. In a moment Dick was kneeling at his side, whither he was soon followed by Captain Hendricks and Lieutenant Simpson.

"It was a foolish thing to let you go by the river," said Hendricks to the prostrate man, whose breath came in quick, feeble movements, and whose weather-browned features had an ashy pallor.

"We'll carry you on as we did over the mountain,—all the way to Quebec," said Dick, pressing M'Cleland's hand.

But the lieutenant merely smiled faintly, took on a look of drowsy resignation, essayed to shake his head, and whispered the word, "Farewell!" Dick had to yield the hand he held, and his place by his friend's side, that his captain and certain of his comrades might clasp the hand once ere it should be cold. Even as Dick was thinking of the sunny April morning when his friend had ridden up, all life and animation, with the news of Lexington, the soldier sighed his last farewell.

When the troops took up their march and left the dead man there, as they had left many another in those bleak wilds, Dick had a moment of heart-sickness, when all seemed dark before him, and when he wished that he and M'Cleland might be back in their Pennsylvania valley, and that there had never been a war.

"Heart up, lad!" came over his shoulder, softly, the voice of old Tom. "It's mony a friend ye'll leave cauld by the wayside ere ye come to lie there cauld yoursel'. Ye'll learn to keep looking forward, as ye gang over the hills and far away. Sae hauld up your head, and swallow your Adam's apple, and fasten your mind's eye on Quebec!"

And Dick braced himself and did so.

By the 29th of October the last mouthful of meat was eaten and the last biscuit gone. A little flour remained, and this was divided equally, each man receiving five pounds. This they boiled in kettles of water, without salt, into what they called a bleary, subsequently eating it out of the wooden bowls around each one of which several half-numb fellows sat or lay at meals. At such times, those who were not reduced to a state of wretched apathy or speechless despair, discussed the probabilities of their ever receiving food from Colonel Arnold's advance party, or of their perishing in the chill wilderness. Many were the growlers and foreboders of evil.

"Bedad," said Tom MacAlister, after two or three of these had been having their say, "ye put me in mind of the complaining children of Israel, though it's far waur than them ye be, for they had forty years in the wilderness afore ivver they set sight on the Promised Land."

"Ay," replied one of the malcontents, "but the Lord sent them manna from heaven, whereas he sends us only rain and snow and wind. And who can say for certain when we shall catch sight of our Moses again, eh, boys?"

Suspicious like this, real or pretended, that their leader had deserted or even betrayed them, were plentiful among these troops, as they were, indeed, throughout the American armies during most of the war for independence. It was by making men forget these thoughts, or ashamed of them, that the example of uncomplaining endurance set by Dick, and the soldierly conduct and

musical performances of old Tom, were of great use to the officers in holding the troops to their weary task. At night an immense fire was made, and, while the men lay around it to warm their bodies, MacAlister fiddled and Lieutenant Simpson sang for them. The lieutenant had a rich, manly voice, and as many songs at command as Tom had tunes,—songs of war, comic songs, songs of love,—and his voice and that of Tom's fiddle, rising above the crackling of the fire, made sounds unwonted in that wintry wilderness accustomed only to the murmur of waters and the howling of winds.

The last pinch of flour found its way into the pot and thence into some half famished stomach. The men's lives now depended entirely on the arrival of supplies from Colonel Arnold's foraging party before starvation could complete its work. After going a day unfed, MacAlister and Dick boiled their leather cartouch-boxes in the pot, drank the broth, and afterward chewed up the leather. The next day they discussed the advisability of following the example of some of the other riflemen, who had boiled their moccasins and leggings. Wandering through the camp, while off duty, they came to a startled halt, at sight of a number of men actually eating some roasted meat. Partaking speedily of this feast, on invitation, Dick, not recognizing the flavor of the flesh, asked what it was.

"Whist, lad," said old Tom, tearing the meat from a bone with his teeth, "be content with what Providence sends, and discipline your curiosity. Ye'll no relish your supper the better for speering."

But the men's talk soon disclosed that the meat was of Captain Dearborn's Newfoundland dog, which had been an army pet. Dick ate no more that evening, but the next day, drawn irresistibly to the same mess, he accepted a ladleful of greenish broth, which, the men told him, had been made of the dog's bones, these having been pounded up for the purpose.

"He's all gone now, poor fellow," said one of the men; "even the insides of him, and Lord knows when we'll eat next!"

On the march, the troops came to a place where the Chaudiere swept a smooth beach, through which protruded parts of sand-roots. At sight of these, many of the men broke madly from the file, dug out the roots with their fingers, and ravenously ate them on the spot.

Captain Morgan, sharing without exemption the sufferings of the men, was no less severe against insubordination during this starving time than he had formerly been. His rigid yet fair rule, and the kindly and tactful authority of Hendricks, kept the men moving along towards the distant goal, however listlessly and hopelessly some of them went. As for the Lancaster company, if Captain Smith was unduly boisterous, his men had before them such examples of unquenchable spirit as young Henry, and of unwearying patience as Shafer, the half blind drummer. But it was, on the whole, a despairing band of haggard and half naked men that moved at crawling pace along the rocky Chaudiere.

"The farther we march, the farther away seems the Promised Land," muttered the man whom old Tom had once likened to the murmuring children of Israel.

MacAlister, who had begun to limp, for the once made no answer, and Dick, toiling heavily along behind him, had to clench his teeth and think of the girl in Quebec, to keep from succumbing to the general despair.

Suddenly, from the tree-hidden distance in front, came a sound that made every man's head go up in eager, half-incredulous joy. It was the lowing of cattle.

The troops pushed rapidly forward, every ear and eye alert. When a clear space was reached, and a few men of Colonel Arnold's party, with some Canadians and Indians, were seen coming up the river with a herd of cattle, several of the soldiers shrieked wildly, others laughed like lunatics, many wept like women, and some rushed forward and threw their arms around the great brown necks of the cattle. Dick smiled and cheered and waved his hat, and old Tom's face warmed for a moment into a gratified grin. In after years both often used to say that the joyfullest sight of their lives was that of these cattle coming up the river on that wintry day in the wilderness.

While they ate, around their camp-fire, they heard how Arnold's party had fared, how three of its boats had been dashed to pieces on the way down the Chaudiere, the cargoes lost, the crews put in great peril of their lives, one boat-load of men nearly thrown over a cataract; how the party was cordially received at Sertigan, the nearest French settlement, whose first house Arnold had reached on the night of October 30th, and how he had started provisions back towards the army early the next morning.

It was two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, November 4th, when the riflemen, having swiftly waded mid-deep through a wide stream that flowed from the east, came in sight of the first house they beheld in Canada, a small, squat, wooden building, which, with its barn and little outhouses, had a look of snugness and comfort all the greater for the bleak surroundings. The men rushed forward to it joyfully, and found that Colonel Arnold had laid in a great quantity of food.

Stared at curiously by the wool-clad Canadian family of seven persons, the famished troops ate voraciously, cramming their throats with boiled beef, hot bread, and boiled or roasted potatoes. Warned by MacAlister, Dick restrained his appetite and fed but moderately. Within a few hours he realized the value of old Tom's admonition, for many of the men sickened from the sudden repletion and some died of it. The army now had not only supplies but also a reinforcement,

which consisted of the Abenaki chief, Natanis, with his brother, Sebatis, and several of his tribe, all these Indians having distantly accompanied the troops, unseen, from the Dead River. They had feared that, in the wilderness, the army might receive them as enemies. These allies were welcomed as compensating slightly for the defection of the entire third division, which, through the misunderstanding or disobedience of Enos, had gone back in its entirety, with the medicine-chest and a large stock of provisions, when Arnold had ordered its incapacitated men returned to Norridgewock.

The army made a halt at the French settlements, while Colonel Arnold distributed among the Canadians a printed manifesto furnished him by General Washington, of which the purpose was to enlist Canadians to the cause of the revolted colonies. On the 7th of November the two divisions, now together and numbering only six hundred men, were four leagues from the St. Lawrence. Hope and expectation had reawakened. Around the camp-fire that night there were conjectures as to how and when the attack on Quebec would be made; as to how it was at present garrisoned and fortified; as to what the army from New York, under Schuyler and Montgomery, must have done by this time in the vicinity of Montreal; as to when Colonel Arnold should receive replies to the messages he had sent by Indians to those commanders; as to when the two armies would unite; as to which side would be taken by the different elements of Canada's population,—the old French aristocracy, the Catholic priesthood, the French peasants, the few British and Irish immigrants who had come in since the English had taken the country from the French. Thus far, the humble *habitans*, at least, had given the Americans kindly welcome, calling them *nos pauvres frères* and refusing payment for lodging and food in their little farmhouses. Again and again was told the story of Wolfe's victory in '59, and it was questioned whether the American commanders would ascend to the Heights of Abraham to attack, as he had done, or would assail the city on some other side.

Arnold's boldly outlined, resolute countenance, with the fire in the eyes, and the look of inward planning, had the prophetic aspect of victory, and throughout the little army confidence grew apace. Lieutenant Simpson's voice and Tom MacAlister's fiddle now sounded out blithely. Even the cold was less heeded. A deeply thrilling expectancy glowed in Dick, making him view things about him as in a kind of dream.

"Sure, the Promised Land seems to be coming into sight, after all," said old Tom, to the grumbler who marched ahead of him. The army had broken camp and was marching towards the St. Lawrence.

"Who said it wasn't?" queried the other; but he added, a moment later, "Though we haven't set foot on it yet, and as for what's in sight, all I can see ahead is woods, with a parcel of ragged walking corpses trailing through."

They were, indeed, a procession of sorry-looking creatures. Unkempt, ill-shaven, limping from footsoreness, bending forward from the habit induced by fatigue, sunken of cheek, haggard of eye and feature, half naked, many of them barefoot, bearing their rifles and baggage as heavy burdens, they were an army more fitted to appall by their ghastly aspect than by military formidableness. So they plodded through the forest.

On Thursday, November 9th, blinking their eyes at the sudden light as they emerged from the shades, Dick and MacAlister stepped out in file from the woods, presently came to a halt, drawn up in line with the little army, and stood staring in a kind of stupid wonder at the scene before them,—first a clear space sloping gradually, next a wide river flowing tranquilly, a few vessels moored in the river, then some houses and walls massed irregularly at the base of high cliffs, and finally, at the top of these cliffs, a huddle of fortifications, towers, spires, and roofs, and, over all else, the flag of England.

"'Tis Quebec, lad!" said old Tom, in a singularly dry tone, little above a whisper; "the Promised Land!"

Dick made no answer, but stood gazing with moistened eyes, unable to speak for the emotion that stirred within him.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITHIN THE WALLS OF QUEBEC.

To be in front of Quebec was one thing, but to be inside of it was another. Dick could only bide in patience, depending on the doings of those in authority, and on circumstance, for his hoped-for entrance into the city and meeting with Catherine de St. Valier.

There was neither any visible sign of the army from the province of New York, nor any news from it. Dick was promptly assigned to duty with a party sent to look for boats, that the army might at the chosen time cross from Point Levi, near which it camped, to the Quebec side of the river. Neither Dick nor any of his comrades found craft of any kind; instead, they got, from the *habitans*, the information that the British at Quebec had recently removed or destroyed all the boats about Point Levi. So the coming of the American army had been expected! The inference

from this fact, and from the non-arrival of word from the New York army, was that Arnold's Indian messengers had betrayed his purpose to the enemy in Quebec, and time proved this conclusion true. There was naught to do but remain at Point Levi and search the riverside afar for boats.

In a short time this quest resulted in the assembling of forty birch canoes, obtained from Canadians and Indians, with forty Indians to navigate them. But now came windy, stormy weather, in which the roughness of the river made impossible a crossing in such fragile craft.

During this period of discomfort in the camp, intelligence began to come, through the inhabitants, of the state of affairs in Quebec. General Carleton, the governor, was away, up the St. Lawrence, perhaps directing movements against the army from New York, somewhere in the vicinity of Montreal. But the defences were being strengthened and the garrison reinforced, under the direction of the lieutenant-governor, Caramhe, and of the veteran Colonel Maclean, who had returned from Sorel with the Royal Highland Emigrants, three hundred Scotchmen enlisted by him at Quebec. Recruits had come also from Nova Scotia and elsewhere. Quebec had observed the colonial troops camped between woods and river, and the military and official people despised and laughed at them. The merchants and business folk disliked Governor Carleton for his affiliation exclusively with the official and military classes and the old French aristocracy, but would nevertheless stand staunchly for English rule and the defence of the city. The French seigneurs, reconciled to the treaty of 1763, had no reason to desire a change of government, and it was likely that the priesthood, the artisans, and the peasants would be neutral save when favoring the winning side.

Such reports helped to furnish camp talk, and Dick was as interested in it as any one was, but the walled town that loomed high across the wide river had for him another interest. He would stand gazing at it by the hour, wondering in what part of it she was, and what would be the manner of his first sight of her. When he saw young Burr, of Arnold's staff, set forth in a sledge, and in a priest's disguise, from a friendly monastery, at a distance from the camp, with a guide, Dick promptly guessed the mission, the bearing of word from Arnold to the New York army; and for once Dick did not envy another a task of peril, for Dick preferred now to remain near Quebec.

Four days after the army's arrival at Point Levi, there came at last a messenger from General Montgomery, whom Schuyler's illness had left in supreme command of the expedition from New York Province. His news set the camp cheering. The town of St. John's, which the British had retaken after Arnold's capture of it, had fallen to Montgomery on the 3d of November, after a siege of seven weeks. The New York general was to have proceeded thence to Montreal, capture that town, and come down the river to join Arnold. On top of these inspiriting tidings, came the joyfully exciting orders to make ready for an immediate crossing of the river.

At about ten o'clock that night, Monday, November 13th, the troops paraded noiselessly on the beach near a mill at Point Levi. Dick's heart exulted as he found himself still in the van when the riflemen, directed in the gloom by the low-spoken orders of Morgan, stepped into the canoes that awaited them at the edge of the dark river. Silently, at the word, each boat pushed off, the Indians dipped their paddles, and the men found themselves in the swift current. Dick looked over the shoulder of old Tom towards the distant frowning heights, and recalled the story of how Wolfe, traversing the same river towards those same heights, on that fateful night sixteen years before, to find death and immortal fame on the morrow, had recited some lines from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and said he would rather be their author than take Quebec. Dick's emotion on realizing that he was where great history had been made, mingled presently with the one image that dominated his mind whenever his eyes or thoughts were on Quebec.

But now and then an incident occurred to disturb his contemplations. The canoe behind him upset, and there was excitement, with loss of time, in rescuing its occupants, some of whom had to cross the river half submerged in the chill water, each holding to the stern of a canoe. Dick's boat, overcrowded, spilt a few of its passengers without entirely overturning, but no man was lost. The course lay between two of the enemy's war-vessels, a frigate and a sloop, yet the riflemen passed undiscovered. The transit seemed interminable, much to Dick's wonder, for from Point Levi the opposite shore had not appeared to be half as far as it was.

At last the canoe glided along the shore of Wolfe's Cove, at the base of a steep ascent a mile and a half from the town, and Dick leaped ashore after Lieutenant Simpson, on the spot where the English general had landed on that September night in '59. The little landing-place was soon thronged with the dark figures of the men from the first boats, and Dick, ere he had taken time to look around, was stealthily scurrying up the slanting path, one of a party quickly sent in different directions by Morgan to reconnoitre the town's approaches.

Clambering up the way by which Wolfe's army had ascended, he looked back and saw the dark river dotted in a long line with the boats of the crossing army. The continued silence testified either to the skill or good luck of his comrades, or to the blindness of the watches on the British vessels and on the guard-boats that patrolled the river. Reaching the top of the precipice and standing at last on the Plains of Abraham, Dick made sure that the head of the ascent was unguarded, and he thereupon, in obedience to his orders, descended back to the landing-place, and reported. More of the army had now arrived, and in an uninhabited house at the Cove a fire had been made, at which Dick went to warm himself and found old Tom.

At four o'clock in the morning, a sudden angry booming in the river proclaimed that the British had discovered the boats then crossing. But the bark was not followed by a bite, and at last the

entire army was safe on land at the Cove. The men were in eager expectation of an immediate attack, which Captain Morgan openly showed himself to favor; but Colonel Arnold probably supposed from the firing that the garrison would be on the alert, and so, with guards set, the troops passed the night, as best they could, at the Cove.

On Tuesday the gaunt army marched up the precipice and stood where Wolfe's regiments had formed on the day they took Quebec from France. Far in front lay the town, behind its walls and bastions, and by them cut off upon its promontory. Old Tom knew the place from description, and pointed out, to Dick, Cape Diamond at the right, and the citadel crowning that height; at the left, close to a bastion, the open gate of St. John's, where Montcalm fell; between these two, the St. Louis Gate, the towers of churches, and the roofs of official residences. The soldiers waited, while the officers held council.

Suddenly, from the wall-encircled city, came the sound of drums beating to arms, and soon the walls became thronged with troops and citizens. At the same time the gate of St. John's was closed. Colonel Arnold thereupon marched his men towards the town and paraded them within a hundred yards of the walls, ordering them to give three cheers, which they did heartily, Dick tingling with the expectation of battle.

But the enemy stayed behind his walls, even though presently the Americans fired a few taunting volleys at him; and, after awhile, their demonstration being answered from the ramparts by a large piece of artillery, they marched back to a safe distance and encamped. That evening Colonel Arnold sent a flag, demanding surrender, but the Highlanders guarding the city gate fired on it. Then ensued more days of waiting.

The officers quartered in some now abandoned country residences and farmhouses, and many of the men were lodged in peasants' cottages and barns. During these days of inaction, riflemen were sent to the suburbs, outside the walls, to annoy the enemy, as they had annoyed him in Boston from the hills about Cambridge. While engaged in this, in the suburb of St. John's, Dick and MacAlister, by crawling away betimes on knees and elbows, narrowly escaped the capture that befell one of the Virginians who lay concealed with them in a thicket, a party of the enemy having made a sortie from the gate.

When they got back to camp, they learned that fresh news had come from Montgomery,—that Montreal had capitulated to him on the 12th, but that Governor Carleton had contrived to elude him and was supposed to have fled down the river, bound for Quebec. Orders were now given to be in readiness to march, it having been decided to retire up the river to Point aux Trembles, to await Montgomery at greater distance from the enemy. Dick's heart fell at thought of going, even for a short time and a score of miles, further from Quebec. Before he had time to brood over the matter, he was summoned to wait on Captain Hendricks, whom he found sitting with Colonel Arnold and Captain Morgan at a table in the chief room of a stone farmhouse. Hendricks returned his salute with a friendly look, Morgan with an approving one, and Arnold with a pleasant but piercing gaze and the words: "How would you like to go into Quebec, and learn the exact strength of each battery there and of each force of men in the garrison?"

When Dick grasped the full sense of this question, which he was delayed in doing by his mental notice of the present harmony between Arnold and Morgan after an open quarrel over the short allowance of flour to the riflemen, he waited a moment for breath, then answered:

"I should be delighted, sir!"

"It is necessary," Arnold went on, "that we have information more reliable than the reports we are getting from the inhabitants, for no two of these reports agree. There is a method just now by which a shrewd man may easily enter the city, without arousing suspicion there. This method requires that our man shall play a part. I am told you have ability in that direction."

Dick recalled his Boston escapes, and bowed.

"Here," said Arnold, handing Dick a sealed missive from the table, "is a letter from General Carleton, who is now somewhere up the river, to Colonel Maclean in Quebec. The messenger who carried it has fallen into our hands. It was so carelessly sealed that we were able to open and refasten it without seeming to have broken the wax. You are to personate the messenger, carry the letter to Colonel Maclean, get the information we want, and send it in a way I shall tell you of,—for you will probably be kept in the city, and any failure in your own attempt to get away might keep your information from reaching us. After that, you may escape when you best can. You understand, your report to me is not to be put to the risk that your body will doubtless undergo in getting back from the enemy."

"I understand."

"As General Carleton's message doesn't contain any description of the bearer, but merely tells Maclean to enroll him into service, you may assume what character you please. The messenger was a Tory hunter, from the province of New York, dressed much like you. So it may be well to pretend that character, wearing your own clothes. Captain Hendricks tells me you know enough of Montreal and the intervening country, from description, to answer knowingly if you should be questioned about it. Sit yonder, and read this letter from General Montgomery to me, and this copy of General Carleton's message to Colonel Maclean. They will let you know how matters were at Montreal, and with General Carleton, when the messenger left."

Dick glanced down at the papers pushed towards him, and resumed heed of Arnold's instructions, which continued while the speaker now and then jotted down a word or two on a piece of paper:

"You will leave the camp with this pass, on the side farthest from the town, so it may appear you are going to reconnoitre up the river; for your destination must of course be a secret, lest some informant of the enemy's might follow and expose you. You will go around the camp by land, and reach the city after dark. The letter you carry will get you admittance without delay. Once within the walls, obtain the information as you are best able to. Put it in writing, and take it to a woman called Mère Frappeur, who keeps a wine shop in the upper town, near the Palace Gate. She is an Irish woman, the widow of a French fish-monger, and she has a boat in which she sometimes goes fishing herself. When you meet her, if no one else is about, whistle 'Molly, my Treasure,'—do you know the tune?"

Dick, who had heard Tom fiddle it a thousand times, softly whistled the opening part. Arnold nodded, and went on:

"If you look at her in such a manner as to show that the tune is a signal, she will soon come to an understanding with you. You will ask her, in my name, to take your written message, in her boat, at night, close to the shore immediately on this side of the British stockade near the foot of Cape Diamond. There she will whistle 'Molly, my Treasure,' and will be answered with the same tune by a man whom I shall have in waiting there each night, from to-morrow. She will give him the message and afterwards report to you. When you are sure the information is safe in that man's hands, you may escape and report to me, when you find opportunity or create it. I have made some notes here, that you will fix in mind before you start; but destroy that paper and my pass, as soon as you are clear of the camp, so that you will carry no papers to Quebec other than General Carleton's letter."

Dick took the sheet handed to him, and read the words: "Strength of each battery,—number men in each force,—Mère Frappeur,—wine shop near Palace Gate,—Molly, my Treasure,—boat,—each night,—shore this side stockade near foot Cape Diamond." While the three officers discussed in low tones at one end of the table, Dick sat at the other end, and memorized every circumstance mentioned in the letters of Montgomery and Carleton. He then rose, and, being noticed by Colonel Arnold, returned those two letters, and took his leave, retaining the pass, Arnold's brief notes, and the genuine letter from Carleton to Maclean. He was followed from the room by the kindly smile of Captain Hendricks.

It was now almost nightfall. Dick returned to his quarters, in a barn loft, put from his pockets and attire whatever might betray him, and saw with satisfaction that his clothes, now mended by old Tom and replenished from the stock of a dead comrade, no longer bore striking evidence of his march through Maine. He assured himself for the thousandth time that the miniature was still in its hiding-place; made a hasty supper with his mess on the barn floor below; called MacAlister aside and told of his coming absence on reconnoitring duty; shook the old fellow's hand, and was gone.

"Guid luck, and a merry meeting in this waurld or some ither!" was old Tom's farewell.

Dick tore up his pass as soon as it had been honored at last by the outermost picket; for in his zeal to respect his commander's every wish he was determined to make so wide a detour in rounding the camp that he could not possibly come near another sentry. The night was well advanced when he strode finally between the colonial army and the frowning city. Skulking past Mount's Tavern, giving a wide berth to every farmhouse or suburban residence that might perchance shelter some American force on special duty, he stood at last between the suburb of St. Louis and that of St. John's, and hesitated as to which gate to approach. He chose that of St. John's, and, hastening up to it with an air of importance and fatigue, was challenged at some distance by a sentry on the wall. His prompt account of himself got him speedily through the wicket, and soon a guard officer was escorting him to Colonel Maclean, who was for the time quartered in a house near the bastion of La Potasse, in order to be close to the barracks and St. John's Gate.

Maclean sat in a room on a level with the street, holding vigil with some officers. Dick faced him across a table on which were a candelabra, writing materials, and a great mass of papers. The British commander, Scotchiest of the Scotch, was rugged, frowning, and sharp-speaking, but seemed to have a solid substratum of good-nature. He read Carleton's letter in silence, then scrutinized Dick with gray eyes as hard as granite, and pelted him with a succession of gruff questions, to which Dick replied with quiet readiness and a steady return of look. The questions were all on matters covered by the letter, which, Dick could easily see, the sagacious Scot did not suspect of having been opened. Dick's answers evidently convinced the colonel that the letter had not changed bearers since leaving General Carleton's hand. For the colonel's address was a little less gruff, when he presently asked:

"What is your name, my guid mon?"

"Tammas MacAlister," replied Dick, under a prompt inspiration, and added, in imitation of the Fiddler's manner of speech, "Ye maun hae kenned my fayther, and his fayther afore him, that baith piped ahint the heels of Charlie Stuart in '45, though the present generation is loyal, soul and body, to the powers that be. I oft heard them tell of the Macleans, and what a grand family they are,—begging your pardon."

"I dare say," answered the colonel, his face having lost its rigor. "Though I don't mind at the

moment, I maun hae kenned your forebears in days lang syne. 'Tis strange I didn't heed your Scottish tongue sooner. Ye're the build and face of a true Caledonian, and ye'll mak' a braw recruit for the Royal Emigrants. Captain, let MacAlister mess and quarter with your company for the time being, and see that he reports to me to-morrow at ten o'clock." The officer addressed sent an attendant for a sergeant, in whose charge Dick was placed, and by whom he was soon assigned to a bunk in the adjacent barracks, his mind in a whirl of emotions, thoughts, and plans, all regarding his military mission and his intended visit to Catherine de St. Valier.

The next morning, at breakfast, Dick studied carefully each man of the mess. Pretending to a previous knowledge acquired through a seafaring uncle, he asked an old Quebec man whether there were any St. Valiers still in the city. He soon learned that Gerard and Catherine were the last of their branch of the family, that it was an impoverished branch, and that they were now living with their unmarried uncle in the latter's house in Palace Street, near the street that led from the St. John's Gate.

Dick next, observing that a certain prating corporal affected expert knowledge of the town's defences, and had a truly Scotch tenacity of assertion, lured him subtly into an argument regarding the present state of Quebec as compared with that in Wolfe's time; and thus elicited, as to the disposition of artillery, a statement so exact and full that, to be relied on, it required only to agree with some report from another source. Dick secretly assigned each section of a piece of biscuit to represent some particular post named by the corporal, and on that section he made tiny finger-nail scratches equal in number to the cannon said to be at the post. Being under orders to remain with the sergeant, he found, by using his eyes skilfully while about the barracks, that the corporal's account was correct as far as concerned certain guns in the vicinity of St. John's Gate.

During the morning there came to the barracks a barber who had customers among soldiers stationed at different parts of the town. Now that the troops remained near their posts when off duty, ready to respond in case of sudden attack, this practitioner, instead of keeping shop as usually, made the rounds to visit the customers who could not visit him. Dick was shaved by him, and, during the operation, led him to discourse upon those parts of the city to which duty called him. The observant barber incidentally let fall numerous bits of information that confirmed, if they did not augment, certain details of the knowing corporal's disclosures.

This barber and the corporal had the knack possessed by small boys and dogs, of nosing into every opening whence anything might be seen, and had come by far more and far other information than they were properly entitled to possess. Dick had begun the day with the knowledge, won in his own experience, that in every score of people there are two or three such investigating persons. Keen observation had enabled him to single out the two such from the host of men he met in the barracks, and by the closest attention he had picked out, from the chaff of their talk, the few grains that were to his purpose. It was not, therefore, mere good luck that had brought him so promptly a better approximate account of the city's heavy armament than he could have obtained in hours of suspicious loitering around the various batteries.

At ten o'clock he reported to Colonel Maclean at the latter's temporary headquarters. He had to give an account of his supposed journey from Montreal and of how he had contrived to pass the American camp. Maclean said it would be useless to send him back with a message to General Carleton, as the latter's whereabouts would doubtless remain unknown until his arrival at Quebec, which might occur at any time. He proposed, therefore, that Dick should enlist in the Royal Highland Emigrants.

Dick, who had borne in mind from the first that his task must be done ere the arrival of Carleton, as the governor would know him from the genuine messenger, replied that to serve in the Emigrants was the ambition of his life. The colonel asked Dick what soldiering he had seen. Dick replied, "Nane, afore the fighting between the Lakes and Montreal. But, considering the stock I'm of, I should tak' well to the profession, seeing that I hae done weel at most things I've put a hand to, from the rifle to the quill pen." At the last words, the colonel looked at the mass of papers on his table, as Dick had designed he should do, and said, "If ye have skill at pen waurk, there's a task of copying ye might set to, before we mak' a Royal Emigrant of ye. My secretary is more useful at the new fortifications these times, having the gift of construction in works as well as in words; yet I'm sore wishful for a copy of these letters, for my ain keeping."

Dick repressed his elation, and it was soon arranged that he should forthwith write out a copy of some correspondence that the colonel set before him. Maclean then left the office, to make his usual rounds, and Dick was left alone with an adjutant, a door-attendant, and two guards at the entrance. The adjutant sat writing at one side of the table, Dick at the opposite side, both using ink from the same receptacle.

To his disappointment, Dick found the correspondence to concern a bygone question of misappropriated supplies, and hence to be of no value as information for his commander. While he wrote, his eye ranged the table, at intervals, and took in every visible bit of writing thereon, making note of such sheets, wholly or partly in view, as contained matter arranged in columns. He acquainted himself with the exact location of three such sheets among the countless others that encumbered the table. He then waited the opportunity that would come with the adjutant's departure from the room.

But the adjutant, whose work was behind, through his having accepted more than his regular duties, continued to write. Shortly after noon, the colonel returned, with some of his staff, and had dinner in the adjoining room. Dick was sent to dine with his mess. He made short work of

dinner, and hastened back, hoping he might arrive at the office table before the adjutant, who was to have dined with the colonel's staff. But Dick found the adjutant already at work, an odor of wine about him telling that he had finished his dinner. The colonel and the other officers presently went out, as they had done in the forenoon. The afternoon passed on as the forenoon had, with the difference that, outside the window, snow began to fall. Dick utilized some of the time by transcribing, on a bare sheet of paper, the statement he had recorded on his piece of biscuit, which he now set before him on the table as if intending presently to eat it. He then adroitly slipped the sheet of paper from the table to his lap and thrust it carefully beneath his jacket with his left hand while continuing to write with the other.

When the gray afternoon began to darken, Dick resolved on a desperate measure. As if his hunting-knife galled him, he took it from his belt and placed it on the table, with its point thrust under the inkstand. A few minutes later, as if to remove it out of the way of his paper, he lifted it suddenly in such manner that it overturned the inkstand, deluging one of the adjutant's hands with ink. That officer arose with an expression of disgust, darted an angry look at Dick, called the attendant to mop up the ink, and went into a closet to wash his hand.

Dick, with a pretence of rescuing the papers from the spreading pool of ink, swiftly grasped the three sheets he had singled out and placed them, each on top of a different pile, within range of his eye. The adjutant, returning to his delayed work, did not notice what rearrangement Dick had made of the papers. While the two wrote silently on, Dick scanned the farthest of the three papers. He soon saw that it was a list of provisions, and of trivial consequence. The next one of the three turned out to be a statement of arms needed to complete the equipment of a certain militia company. Dick turned his eye, with diminishing hopes, to the third and last. This is what he saw there, and copied in feverish haste, with trembling fingers:

In garrison at Quebec, November 17th.

70 Royal Fusileers.
230 Royal Emigrants.
22 Artillery, fire-workers, etc.
330 British militia.
543 Canadians.
400 Seamen.
50 Masters and men of vessels.
35 Marines.
120 Artificers.

1800

The copy of this return, deluged with sand in Dick's impatience to dry the ink, followed the artillery account to concealment, and Dick, casting a peculiar smile across the table at the busily writing adjutant, went on copying the colonel's correspondence.

Presently candles were lighted by the attendant. Then in came Colonel Maclean, shaking off the snow and blustering at the cold, and accompanied by two officers, one of whom said, hastening to the fireplace:

"I'll wager this is the kind of weather they've been waiting for, though, to be sure, one never knows when they may melt away in the night, as—who the devil's that?"

The colonel turned to look where the speaker did, but saw only a flying figure that darted through the door, plunged past the guards, and was gone in the falling snow and gathering gloom. The figure was Dick's, for the man who had spoken was Lieutenant Blagdon.

Dick had been minded for an instant to stay and outface him. But on the heels of that impulse had come the thought that Blagdon knew sufficient that differed from the name and nationality and other particulars Dick had given Maclean, to prove the imposture, and that the word of a well-known British officer would of course be taken against Dick's. Hence the timely bolt for the street.

He had turned naturally in the direction that led towards Palace Street, at which thoroughfare he arrived without having attracted attention, his rapid pace being that which a soldier might use in carrying a hurried order. He knew Palace Street by its width and the rich appearance of its houses. Not looking back to see whether a pursuit had yet been started, he turned leftward and hastened on, now changing his gait from a run to a rapid stride. Duty required that he should first make safe his information by finding Mère Frappeur and entrusting it to her. He asked an artisan where her wine shop was, but the artisan was French and shook his head in sign of not understanding. A short distance farther on, Dick picked out an English face among the snow-pelted passers-by, and repeated his question.

"About the fifth or sixth house in the second little street to the right," replied the Englishman, who had the look of a merchant's clerk; "the street that turns off beyond the St. Valier house,—the house with the large garden."

The St. Valier house! Dick would have to pass it, then, on his way to Mère Frappeur's wine shop! He sprang forward, barely taking time to thank his informant, and ran plump into a begowned priest, who, thrown from his balance, uttered a rapid series of words, as to which Dick did not know whether they were Latin ejaculations or French execrations. Dick was further impeded on

his way by having to make room for a squad of soldiers, and to pass round a sledge that had come to a standstill where streets crossed. He now cast a look backward, from a slight eminence, and saw a half dozen troops turn into Palace Street where he had turned into it. One of them carried a lantern, held close to the snow. Dick knew what that meant,—they were tracing him by his footprints in the snow. He blamed himself now for having, in his desire to avoid collisions, kept so clear of other walkers.

At last he reached the street indicated by his informant. He readily recognized, by its location and the great garden in whose midst it was set, the St. Valier residence. Through the half-open gate in the wall, he saw a light in the two windows at one side of the wide front door; and the momentary sound of confused voices told him that a numerous assemblage was within. He turned into the little street that ran by the long side wall of the garden. Presently he passed a smaller gate, which also stood open and which led to the rear of the grounds. Just across the street from this gate, there was a crowd looking excitedly in through the open door of a narrow one-story house, in whose lighted window appeared the inscription, "C. Frappeur, Vins."

"The wine shop," thought Dick, and, as he ran across the street towards the crowd, he asked himself how he should go about transacting his business with Mère Frappeur in the presence of so many people and in the brief time before the arrival of the troops on his track. He edged into the crowd and elbowed his way towards the door, but so great was the curiosity of the people to see what was within, that he had considerable strife to enter the shop. The crowd resented his forcible passage, and jabbered noisily in French. The throng in the shop was as great as that without. Dick laboriously pushed his way to the front. "What the devil are you doing?" quoth the first English voice that Dick had heard here,—that of a burly subaltern of militia.

"I must see Mère Frappeur," cried Dick.

"See her, then," replied the subaltern, shoving Dick forward, and pointing to a bench, on which she lay,—a priest at her head, a surgeon at her feet. Mère Frappeur was dead from the accidental discharge of a militia captain's pistol, whose owner had been getting drunk in her wine shop.

It took Dick a few seconds to comprehend the truth and to consider what next to do. He turned and struggled out of the shop and through the crowd in the street. As he came finally free of contact, he glanced towards Palace Street, and saw the soldiers with the lantern, coming around the corner of the St. Valier garden. He dashed immediately through the gate in the side wall, crossed an open space between snow-covered evergreens, and bounded up a half dozen steps to the rear porch of the St. Valier mansion. From this porch a large door led into the house. Dick boldly gave four quick, loud knocks. As the lantern's light appeared at the gateway in the side wall, the door of the house gaped wide, and Dick stepped at once into a dim, spacious hallway, which led to several rooms and a staircase. While the servant closed the way behind Dick, and looked inquiringly at him, a door near the farther end of the hallway opened, admitting from a brilliant parlor a noise of merry conversation, and then a woman, who stopped in the centre of the hall, and looked at Dick with the surprise due to his sudden intrusion. It was Catherine de St. Valier.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INCIDENTS OF A SNOWY NIGHT.

There was a moment's pause, while Dick hastily tore open the silken bag in his queue and took therefrom the miniature. Then he advanced to her, bowing low, his hunting-cap in one hand, the portrait held out in the other. She glanced at the miniature curiously, then uttered a low exclamation of pleasure, her face suddenly assuming a faint but joyous smile, and took the portrait, her fingers touching his as she did so.

"When I said I would get it back for you, in New Jersey," quoth Dick, while she looked affectionately at the miniature, "I didn't think to take so long a time."

She now looked from the portrait to him. "Then you are the young gentleman who left the stage-coach, to go after the robbers?" she said, in a tone showing that she had not recognized him at first.

Dick bowed. "I would have returned it to you in New York, but—something hindered me." In contemplating the fine lines of her face, and the dark lustre of her eyes, Dick heeded not the possibility that his seekers might even now be on the porch.

"How can I thank you, sir?" she said, her look and tone having, from the circumstances, a tenderness such as she had not before evinced to any man. Perhaps this very exception in Dick's favor, though due to the occasion, separated him at once and forever in her mind from all other men, and made it natural that he, on whom she had scarcely even looked, should acquire in an instant a first place in her thoughts.

Dick had read enough to be able to make such fine speeches as were seriously affected and seriously taken in those days. He answered:

"By permitting me to worship you."

She looked at him a moment, at loss for a reply, but not disapprovingly. Before she could speak, there came a loud pounding at the rear door. The old servant, who had locked it after Dick's entrance, now returned to it to open it again.

"I think that is a party of troops in search of me," said Dick, quietly, to Catherine. "I came to Quebec on a secret mission for the United Colonies, and I have been discovered."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Catherine, suddenly showing deep concern. "Don't open the door, Antoine! Do you mean, sir," turning to Dick, "that, if you were caught, you would be—"

"Hanged, probably," said Dick, seeing out of the corner of his eye that the servant had stepped aside from the door without unlocking it.

The knock was repeated, more loudly. Catherine looked distressed and perplexed.

"They will be let in, eventually," she said, in a whisper, "for my uncle will hear them, and come to see what is the matter. You must hide till they go!"

"They will search the house," replied Dick.

She stood thinking, for a few seconds. "There is one room they shall not enter," she said. "Come!"

She went swiftly up the wide staircase, Dick following at her elbow. At the first landing, which was visible from the front part of the hall, she pushed back a door, whereupon Dick, obeying her look, stepped into a chamber that had a window at the farther end, as could be known by the faint whiteness there, and by the sound of snowflakes pelting the panes. Dick stopped at the threshold to say, "But the servant?"

"He is faithful to me," she whispered from the landing. At that moment the knocking again sounded, this time with angry violence. There came from the parlor a young gentleman whom Dick, looking through the chamber doorway and down the first flight of stairs, recognized as Catherine's brother, and who said to the servant:

"What is that knocking, Antoine? My uncle wonders why you don't go to the door."

"I have been busy elsewhere, Monsieur Gerard," said the old servant; and then he could be heard turning the lock.

A moment later there came the sound of men rushing in, and then the voice of Lieutenant Blagdon, saying, loudly and angrily:

"What the devil has come over this house, Gerard, that it opens so easily to rebel spies, and stays closed all night against the King's troops?"

Before the astonished Gerard could reply, another gentleman appeared from the parlor, attracted by the noisy arrival of Blagdon and the troops. He appeared to be about sixty, but he carried his tall figure stiffly erect, and his eyes were bright and keen. He held a hand of playing cards, and his face still wore a smile, which was rather that of heartless gaiety than of kindly merriment. Behind him, in the doorway, appeared other gentlemen and a few ladies, these last standing on their toes to see what was the disturbance.

"What is going on, Lieutenant Blagdon?" demanded the old gentleman.

"A very remarkable thing, Monsieur de St. Valier," replied Blagdon. "A rebel spy, who was discovered at Colonel Maclean's quarters, seems to have found a refuge in your house."

"What!" cried the old gentleman, whom Dick now understood to be Catherine's uncle. "My house shelter a rebel! You seem to be walking in your sleep, Lieutenant Blagdon, under the delusion of some ridiculous dream!"

"I implied no knowledge on your part, Monsieur de St. Valier, when I said the fellow had got into your house. We followed his track in the snow, and though we lost it for a moment in a crowd, before the wine shop yonder, we soon came on the same footprint, which led through the snow to your porch. The same feet left marks of snow on the porch, to your very door, and there are no marks leading away from it. Moreover, I know the man, and have reason to think he would have come to this house while in Quebec."

At this point Catherine hastened down the stairs, at first nonchalantly, but, on approaching the foot, assuming a look of wonderment at the scene in the hall.

"Why, what has happened, Gerard? What is it, uncle?" she asked.

"And now," cried Blagdon, excitedly, "I know the man has been here since I left Miss de St. Valier an hour ago!" Catherine saw, as did her brother, that Blagdon's eyes were fixed balefully on the miniature, which she had thoughtlessly retained in her hand.

"What man?" queried Catherine, turning red.

"The man who brought you back that portrait, which you didn't have an hour ago," cried Blagdon, half mad with jealousy. "Sure proof the man must have entered this house since he left Colonel Maclean's quarters, where he had been all day!"

"You are wrong, Lieutenant Blagdon," said Catherine, quietly. "Though you didn't know it an hour ago, I have had my mother's portrait since yesterday, as I meant to tell my uncle when I should see fit. It was handed to Gerard in the street by a man who did not wait for any words,—is it not so, Gerard?"

Dick, looking down from the darkness of the landing, saw Gerard bow in confirmation, and knew that the understanding between brother and sister was complete. He saw, also, Blagdon shake his head, with a derisively incredulous laugh.

"If any one came in by that door," said the elder St. Valier, "the servant should know it. You were here, Antoine. Did you admit any one?"

"Lieutenant Blagdon and the soldiers," replied Antoine.

"But Antoine could not have been minding his business," said Blagdon, "for we had to knock several times before he let us in."

"But," put in Antoine, "the door was locked before I admitted monsieur and the troops. Monsieur must have heard me unlock it. Does not that show that no one could have come in before monsieur, even if I were not at my place?"

"It shows merely that the man, after coming in, himself locked the door," said Blagdon. "He doubtless found it unlocked when he arrived. I'll wager Antoine will not take oath the door was locked at the time the man must have entered."

"Well, well," said Monsieur de St. Valier, "the question can be easily settled. I certainly don't wish to have a rebel spy lodged in my house. Let your troops search the place, lieutenant!"

"Thank you, monsieur," said Blagdon, his eyes flashing triumph; while Dick stepped back into the chamber from his doorway at the landing. Dick dared not close the door after him, lest its creak or the noise of its latch might attract the attention of the people in the hallway below. Dick had seen that some of these guests were British officers, availing themselves of a brief relief from duty.

"Neither Lieutenant Blagdon nor any other man shall search *my* chamber!" said Catherine, with a pretence of that capricious determination which a woman may show without visible reason and yet not excite suspicion. She ascended the short flight of stairs with dignity, and stood on the landing, her back to the door. She had the superior sense to leave the door ajar, so that her action seemed the result, not of solicitude regarding some person in the chamber, but of a whimsical antagonism aroused by the manner in which Blagdon had spoken to her.

Blagdon gave some instructions, in a low voice, to an under officer. The latter, whom Antoine accompanied in obedience to a gesture from Monsieur de St. Valier, led four men into the rooms opening on the hall, while Blagdon and two of the troops remained where they were, as a guard to the great doors at the hall's either end. The searching party next went below stairs. During these operations Monsieur de St. Valier laughed and chatted with his guests, who stood grouped at either side of the parlor doorway, while Gerard remained at the stair-foot, apart from the others, watching his sister and listening for any sign from the searching troops. These presently came empty-handed from the lower regions, and hurried up-stairs, passing Catherine and her doorway as they went. After several minutes they returned, disappointed of their prey. Every room but Catherine's had now been looked through, the searchers having doubtless been ordered by Blagdon to leave that one exempt. He had probably hoped that the fugitive might be found elsewhere, and that his own duty and inclination might thus be fulfilled without further direct conflict with Catherine. He now braced himself for such contest,—a contest doubly difficult from the fact that he was in love with her and desired her love in return.

"Search that room!" he commanded the under officer, indicating Catherine's.

Dick, in the darkness beyond the threshold, ran to the window at the chamber's further end, and tried to open it; but it would not yield to his strongest pressure. Not able in the darkness to learn how it was fastened, he despaired of finding exit by means of it. So he returned to his place near the open door, outside of which stood Catherine, who dared not communicate with him in the gaze of the people below.

Meanwhile Catherine had capped Blagdon's order with the words:

"Whoever tries to enter this room must first deal with my brother and myself!"

"Right, sister!" cried Gerard, at the foot of the stairs. "He will have to pass over my body!"

Blagdon's men hesitated. Monsieur de St. Valier looked puzzled and annoyed. Little as he loved his niece and nephew, it would not do, before his guests, either to take a stand against Catherine or to risk the possible disclosure that she was really concealing a rebel in her chamber. So he remained silent and motionless, though manifestly ill at ease within. The guests waited curiously for developments.

"Miss de St. Valier betrays the truth," said Blagdon. "Her unwillingness to have the room examined shows that the man is there."

"Mlle. de St. Valier," replied Gerard, "is not accustomed to having her chamber invaded by men!"

"She has apparently made no difficulty of admitting to it the favored man!" cried Blagdon, in a

voice evidently designed to be heard by Dick. The lieutenant had been suddenly inspired with the thought that such a spirited youth as Dick, being in love with the girl, would himself come forth to resent an insult offered her. Dick, indeed, now back from the window, heard the words, and, grasping his hunting-knife, would have bounded to the landing; but at that instant came Catherine's prompt reply, also uttered for his ears:

"If a man were there, Lieutenant Blagdon, he would be wiser than to be tricked out, for your purposes, by any insult of yours!"

Dick took the hint, and stayed where he was.

"He would not have to avenge the insult," cried Gerard. "That shall be my business. I look to you for reparation, Lieutenant Blagdon!"

"As you please," said Blagdon. "I shall have time presently. But now I am serving the King. The rebel, I perceive, is content to leave such matters to other hands. 'Tis what one might expect of a fellow that hides behind petticoats. But petticoats sha'n't protect him any longer. To that room, men,—"

But Catherine's voice rose louder than the lieutenant's, interrupting the order. "Why, lieutenant," she cried, with pretended irony, "if a spy were in the room, do you think he would not have escaped through the window by this time?"

Dick knew these words also were intended for him. She was not aware he had tried the window in vain. He held his knife the tighter, and awaited events.

"That was meant for his hearing!" cried Blagdon. "Saunders, take Jarvis and MacDonald outside and guard the window of that room. Make haste, or the rascal may drop from it before you get there." The subaltern and two men hurried out by the rear door. Blagdon, who now had four men left, cast a quick glance at the officers visible among the guests, to see if they were commenting on his previous negligence in not having placed guards outside before entering the house, a negligence due to his impatience and to his certainty that the fugitive was within. "Now, men, you first two seize any one who attempts to interfere, and you others follow me!"

He started for the stairs, but at the foot he encountered Gerard, who held the way so well for a few seconds, with body and both arms, that no one could pass him, the rear soldiers being obstructed by the scuffle between Gerard on one side and Blagdon and one of his men on the other. Catherine saw that this unequal contest must soon end in her brother's being thrown down or dragged aside. She shrank at the thought that, unless she could obtain other interposition, her own person would next have to serve as barrier, in which case Dick would certainly appear, for she had heard no sound of the window being opened.

"Gentlemen," she cried to the officers in the hallway, "you've heard Lieutenant Blagdon's accusation against me. Well, if you permit, he may enter my room to search, provided he enters alone."

"But I don't permit!" cried one of the officers, running to the side of the staircase, whence he stepped up to the outer end of a stair and then leaped with agility over the baluster, landing above the scrimmage at the foot. "By gad, I won't stand idly by and see such an indignity committed against a lady!" And he drew his sword, which, being in uniform and ready for any sudden call to duty, he wore.

"Nor I!" came from three or four more mouths, and in a few moments every officer present, having followed the leader's mode of passage, stood with drawn weapon on the stairs, between Catherine and Blagdon's party.

"I say, this is not fair play!" cried one of the officers, seeing Gerard at last held down on his back by two of the soldiers. Thereupon there was a swift charge of the officers down the stairs, each impelled to risk court martial by the desire to stand well in the esteem of a beautiful woman. Those were gallant days! Men were willing to chance anything for a grateful glance from a pair of lovely eyes,—that is to say, some men were,—and women were content to be the kind of women for whom men would take the chance.

The result of this movement was that Blagdon and his men were hurled backward to the front door, and Gerard, whom the officers leaped over in rescuing him, rose to a sitting posture and regained his breath. Blagdon stood defeated, at a loss. There came a knock on the front door. At St. Valier's gesture, Antoine opened it, and in walked Colonel Maclean and a member of his staff. The colonel, who had come on invitation, to join Monsieur de St. Valier's guests at dinner, looked around in surprise.

"Colonel," spoke up Blagdon, yet half breathless, "there is resistance here. The spy has been tracked to this house and to that room. These gentlemen have hindered me and my men from going to take him."

"We consider," explained one of the officers, "that Miss de St. Valier's chamber ought not to be entered without her consent, especially when she herself stands in the way, and when violence would have to be used against her in order to pass."

"Hoot toot!" said the colonel. "Do you mean that the young lady refuses, then? It must be because the matter was gone about in a way displeasing to the sex. I'm sure she won't object to my taking

just a peep inside her nest, seeing how matters lie." Maclean did not use Scotch words save when speaking to Scotchmen. "I didn't notice the outside of this house guarded, when I came in," he added, turning to Blagdon.

"There are guards beneath the window of that room," replied the lieutenant, "where 'tis certain the man is hid."

"Well," said the colonel, half playfully, "to save the lady's proper feelings, which she has full right to indulge, I'll go alone into the room. You'll not mind the intrusion of a gray-headed colonel, who comes in the cause of the King and of Quebec, my dear young lady, I'm sure." And he started up the stairs.

"Will you not take my word, colonel?" asked Catherine, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Why, yes," he answered; "but, as a matter of form, duty requires I should take a glimpse. You there with the lantern, and the next man, follow me."

Maclean and the two soldiers chosen left all the others—St. Valier and his guests, Blagdon and the two remaining privates, Maclean's staff officer and Gerard—huddled well to the front of the hall, in that part whence they could see the landing before Catherine's door. Catherine suddenly disappeared into her room. "Go behind the door," she whispered to Dick as she passed him. He did so. Maclean entered the chamber, followed closely by his two men. By the light of the lantern, the colonel could see that Catherine was standing before a door that had the look of communicating with a closet in the side of the room. Her attitude and expression were of a desperate determination to protect that door from being entered.

"So that's where the spy is?" quoth Maclean, quickly. Dick saw the ruse, and stood ready to profit by the one chance it gave him against ten.

"For God's sake, colonel, don't open this door!" cried Catherine. "I give you my word, the spy is not behind it!"

"Madam, I must!" said Maclean, gravely. "Your own conduct shows you have some one concealed there. 'Tis your kind heart makes you wish to save the life of a hunted man, but perhaps many lives of loyal subjects depend on his capture. I beg you, stand aside, madam."

"I will not stand aside! While I have the strength, I will protect this door!" said Catherine.

Completely deceived by her solicitude over the door behind which Dick was not, the colonel, with as much gentleness as he could use, caught her in his arms and drew her from before that door, she resisting and protesting with the ejaculations, "For the sake of heaven! Take my word! There's no one there! Believe me! Don't open, I beg!" He then threw wide the door, and peered through the opening.

"Why!" he said, "there's a stairway here. Men, follow me down the steps!" He strode through the newly opened doorway, the two men at his heels. Catherine instantly flung the door shut upon them, and locked it.

"Across the landing," she whispered loudly to Dick; "window at the other side of the house—no guards there!"

"I love you!" he whispered back, having emerged from behind his door. "Shall we meet again?"

"God knows! Perhaps! Good night!" she said.

He seized her hand, in the darkness, and pressed it to his lips; then dashed through the doorway, across the landing, up the little flight of stairs at his left, into the first room ahead whose door he ran against, then to a window, which at once gave way to the force he brought to bear against it. He stepped out to the roof of the porch in front of the house, slid down a corner-post, ran through the yet open gateway to Palace Street, hastened leftward to the first intersecting street, and turned, again leftward, into that street, which led him towards the wall-crowned precipice that overlooked the St. Lawrence.

Meanwhile, the people in the hallway had caught the momentary view of his figure as it leaped across the landing, but they, in their ignorance of what had passed in Catherine's room, and in the unlikelihood of the fugitive's eluding Maclean without any outcry or pursuit on the latter's part, had supposed the flying apparition to be that of one of Maclean's men, despatched by the colonel on some business to them unknown. Dick had not remained a sufficient time in sight for his rifleman's attire to be distinguished in the half-darkness of the landing. So they waited for some appearance from Catherine's chamber.

Catherine remained standing in her room. Very soon a noise at its inner door told that Maclean had returned from his false quest, which had taken him only to an unused and bolted outer door originally designed to give a side entrance to the room, that apartment having been formerly devoted to the purposes of an office. She did not heed Maclean's efforts to open the door, which she had locked on her side. These efforts soon became extremely violent, and at last resulted in the breaking of the door, and in the appearance of the now irate colonel, followed by his men with the lantern.

"Why, miss," said he, "somebody locked that door behind me!"

"Yes," replied Catherine, lightly, affecting a triumphant smile of pleased revenge; "I did! You

wouldn't take my word that nobody was behind it, and I thought I'd punish you!"

With which she left the room and went serenely down-stairs, followed by the somewhat mystified and crestfallen colonel, who had left his two men to make fast the broken door.

"The young lady was right. No one was there," said Maclean, gruffly, and went immediately to Monsieur de St. Valier, who gave a deep breath of relief and returned to the parlor, whither his guests accompanied him. Blagdon, to be at a distance from Catherine and Gerard, who stood talking together at the stair-foot, went with his two men to the rear of the hall, to wait for the two who had been up-stairs with Maclean. Thus it happened that, of the people in the hall who had seen the figure cross the landing, none but Gerard saw the two privates reappear presently from Catherine's room; and, as Blagdon was in no mood for questions when those two rejoined him, the impression was not corrected that the flying figure had been one of them. Blagdon forthwith led his four men, with the three who had been put on guard beneath the window, to the barracks, dismissed them, and repaired to a drinking-place. Catherine and Gerard went back to their uncle's guests; but the sister, bearing up against the exhaustion caused by the scene she had passed through, showed an abstraction not entirely to be attributed to happiness at the recovery of her mother's portrait.

Dick plodded on through the snow, past near and distant churches, monasteries, seminaries, gardens, fine houses, and mean houses, keeping a frequent lookout behind him, and up and down what streets he crossed, and came eventually to the low rampart near the grand battery, from which the precipice fell steeply to the narrow strip of the lower town that lay between the cliff's base and the St. Lawrence.

This rampart, which could avail mainly to shield the batteries that commanded the shipping in the St. Lawrence, was easy of ascent from the inside, as it could not be expected that any one would attempt leaving the upper town by the almost perpendicular precipice of more than two hundred feet. Yet such was the wild intention that Dick had formed. The attempt, on the part of a fugitive, seemed the more preposterous for the fact that, should he accomplish the almost impossible feat of safely descending the cliff, he would but find himself in the lower town, which was defended at either end and closely guarded along its river edge,—unless, indeed, he should traverse the face of the cliff diagonally, so as to arrive at the base outside the southern barrier of the lower town. As all the world knows, the walls of Quebec encircled the upper town on its high promontory, while the lower town, lying against that promontory's foot, needed no other defence on one side than the promontory itself. It was neither practicable nor necessary that a wall should run down the promontory's side; hence a man, finding himself on the steep declivity between the upper and the lower town, had a way of exit open to him, provided he could traverse obliquely the face of the cliff and could avoid observation from above or below. This way of escape recommended itself to Dick because the city gates would by this time be watched for him, and because it would bring him directly to the place where Arnold's man would be waiting to receive the report that was to have been brought by Mère Frappeur in her boat.

Dick knew the rampart overlooking the St. Lawrence would be the least guarded, as the British force was too small for the proper manning of the many and large defences. Slinking at a distance past the right flank of the grand battery, whose overworked sentries were shivering in the snow, he found a place where a platform enabled him to mount easily the rampart. Across this rampart he crawled, on hands and knees, making out through the falling flakes a single sentry who paced several rods away. Looking over the outer edge of the rampart, his head turned giddy, for a moment, at sight of the precipice falling sheer almost three hundred feet to the narrow fringe of houses and the gloomy river below.

But he chose a spot where there was ample footing at the rampart's base, turned about, backed from the rampart, hung for a moment by his fingers, and dropped to the chosen place, his fall softened by what snow had lodged there. He immediately turned his face towards his distant destination, and peered through the flake-filled darkness for what projections and indentations of the cliff might serve his progress. He thanked his stars for the evidence soon afforded him that his adopted mode of escape was within possibility, perilous though it might be; and then for the falling snow, which shielded him from sight, and for the snow already fallen, which now and then helped him to adhere to the cliff, for the irregularities of the precipice were such that the snow's lodgment had endured here and there on its steep face. These irregularities gave him footing, and so enabled him to proceed.

Many times he slipped, tearing his clothes and scraping his skin, but each time he kept his wits and availed himself of the first stopping-place that offered. The descent was a work of hours, so cautiously did he have to proceed, so carefully to pick out his next footing, so often to rest and regain his breath. At last he passed above the blockhouse and battery which together constituted the inner barrier of this end of the lower town. In the light from the blockhouse he could see a sentry pacing from the cliff's foot towards the wharf by the swift river.

Some minutes more of effort brought Dick past the top of a stockade, which formed the outer barrier. The exultation of success almost intoxicated him. He let himself slide down what remained of the cliff, heedless alike of the sharp projections and of the Canadian militia housed behind the stockade. As he stood, at last, in the narrow way between river and cliff, restraining an impulse to shout with glee, he took the two sheets of paper, containing his report, from beneath his hunting-shirt, and started forward, loudly whistling "Molly, my Treasure."

Suddenly, from over the top of the stockade, a shot was fired. Dick felt a sting, in the vicinity of

the bayonet-wound received at Bunker Hill, and fell forward on his hands and knees. A gate in the stockade was thrown open, and two soldiers strode forth, lowering their faces to avoid the falling snow. At the same moment, a tall form sprang out from the shadow of a broken rock in front of Dick, completed the whistled passage of music suddenly cut off by Dick's fall, and said:

"Ye're nae woman in a boat, but ye're a braw whistler, and I'll tak' your papers!"



"IT WAS THE MAN SENT BY ARNOLD."

It was the man sent by Arnold,—old Tom MacAlister.

"Take them, Tom, and away with them quick, for God's sake!" cried Dick, handing them to him.

"But ye're hurt, lad!" cried Tom, thrusting the papers deep into an inner pocket.

"The devil I am!" lied Dick. "Only slipped on the snow. You save those papers, or all my work will go for naught! I'll get my wind and follow! Go, Tom! The papers first, don't you understand? I'll have my breath before those fellows can nab me!" And Dick raised one knee, as if already about to rise.

"Vera weel, lad!" said old Tom, compliantly, and plunged forward to round the point of Cape Diamond and follow the shore up the river. The sight of his gaunt figure, swiftly receding in the snow and night, between river and cliffs, was the last glimpse Dick had of Tom, the piper's son, for many a long day.

Dick was not entirely sure he might not indeed elude the two soldiers from the stockade, and overtake Tom. He got up and found he could proceed limpingly. But the soldiers, only a few yards from him when he rose, shortened the intervening distance so speedily that Dick saw they must catch him in a few seconds. He made to grasp his hunting-knife. It was gone, having been displaced from his belt at some contact with the cliff in his descent.

The idea of capture now became intolerable to him. A kind of madness arose in him, making him determined, at any cost, not to fall into the hands of the two enemies at his heels. When he felt himself almost within grasp of the foremost, he wheeled aside, and plunged head foremost into the swift, icy current of the St. Lawrence. While the water gurgled in his ears, he jubilantly pictured to himself the two men standing baffled on the shore and cursing the luck that had robbed them of their prey.

Soon rising to the surface, Dick struck out at random, using both arms and the unwounded leg. Whither would this swim in the dark lead him? He scarcely cared, now that he had accomplished his two missions; his one wish was that it should not diminish his triumph by delivering him up

eventually to the foe. All at once something black loomed up before him,—a vessel whose lights he had not taken to be so near, and whose size he could not immediately make out.

As he turned to swim away from it, he heard a voice call out immediately over him, "Man in the river!" He pulled away, but with a constantly weakening stroke. He heard other cries, became vaguely aware that a boat was being sent after him, and presently, when strength and sense were about deserting him, he felt himself caught by the back of his hunting-shirt and drawn, by several hands, from the water to the boat.

He was too little conscious to answer the few questions that were asked him on the way back to the vessel. But as they landed him on the deck, he experienced a return of consciousness and of power to plan. He knew the vessel was a British one, but its people must be unacquainted with his face; hence he dared raise one last, desperate hope of completing his escape. As he stood on the deck, surrounded by the crew that had brought him from the water, he was approached by two officers, one of whom ordered him to stand forward, while the other remained a little aloof in dignified immovability.

"I beg you will put me ashore, sir," said Dick, somewhat excitedly, to the officer who had addressed him. "I had just left the stockade yonder, on a mission for Colonel Maclean. I fell in with a reconnoitring party of rebels, and escaped by taking to the river. May I be landed immediately on the other shore, to go on my mission without delay?"

"What papers have you, to show for this account of yourself?" demanded the officer, scrutinizing Dick.

"I had Colonel Maclean's pass in my hand when I was attacked," said Dick, with no outward falter; "but I must have let it go in the river. I had no other papers; the message I carry is a verbal one."

"A message? To whom?"

"To General Carleton," said Dick, on the moment's invention.

"Why, this is fortunate," said the officer, turning to the motionless gentleman. "General Carleton, this man says he has a verbal message for you."

Dick stood, for a moment, speechless and staring; then, yielding all at once to the fatigues of the night, sank in a senseless heap to the deck.

CHAPTER X.

"BY FLOOD AND FIELD."

The silent officer was indeed Sir Guy Carleton, governor of Canada, who had eluded the captors of Montreal by disguising himself as a Canadian voyager and helping six peasants to row him in a small boat with muffled oars to Three Rivers, where he had boarded the vessel for Quebec. He now ordered Dick held below, while the vessel proceeded to a mooring-place.

The captain of the vessel, on being hailed by a guard-boat from the *Lizard* frigate, announced the arrival of General Carleton, and, in the ensuing exchange of news, spoke of the man just found in the river. The guard-boat officer replied that the man must be a Virginia rifleman who had escaped that evening from the *Adamant*, on which vessel this rifleman and another, both captured in the suburbs of Quebec, had been placed with the rebels taken September 24th while attempting a night attack on Montreal. Dick fulfilled, in his attire, the description of the escaped Virginian, and was held on Carleton's vessel when the governor landed, the captain being ordered to hold him for identification by Mr. Brooke Watson, in whose charge the rebel prisoners now on the *Adamant* had been put. As the governor intended that the *Adamant* should sail the next day with its prisoners, he caused Mr. Watson to be summoned from his tavern for the purpose of viewing the new captive that night. The governor then hastened to the upper town, to confer with his lieutenant and with Colonel Maclean, and, in the discussion of important affairs, forgot about Dick; while Maclean, on his side, had now other matters for thought than the fugitive spy.

Meanwhile, Mr. Watson, the same eminent merchant who afterwards became lord mayor of London, going rather grumpily from inn comforts to the vessel, in the snow-storm, stumbled down the hatchway, and beheld Dick while the latter lay unconscious in a hammock, the whole upper side of his face concealed by straggling hair. Desirous of getting speedily back to his lodgings, and glad that his quota of prisoners might be restored to its full number, the honest merchant cast a brief glance at Dick in the dim light, unhesitatingly pronounced him to be the missing rascal, and stumbled back up the stairs to the deck.

Thus, through no kindness of intention on the part of his enemies, Dick escaped the fate of a spy, and was assigned to that of a rebel under arms. The next day, having slept well and having had his new wound cared for by a surgeon, who pronounced it trivial, Dick was put aboard the *Adamant*, handcuffed, by a guard of soldiers that had in the meantime received Mr. Watson's

orders concerning him, and thrust into a dark apartment, which was already crowded with shackled prisoners, whose recumbent bodies took up most of the floor. Dick knew not what disposition was to be made of him, nor that the *Adamant*, already about to set sail with its prisoners and with Governor Carleton's despatches, was bound for England.

"So the minions of tyranny have dragged you back to the den!" rang out a bold, virile voice, from the inner darkness, and presently a stalwart, erect figure strode forth, stepping easily over the legs of the reclining prisoners and planting each foot firmly as it fell. The speaker was evidently able, from recent habit, to see fairly well in the darkness. Coming close to Dick, he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "By the everlasting, 'tis another man! Brother, I took you first for a comrade who broke the tyrant's chain yesterday. They removed him from this cage, to doctor him, for the filthy air had made him sick; but he broke away and plunged into the river, in the snow-storm. Or else the guard who brought our supper is a liar. Have you heard anything of his fate?"

"No, sir," said Dick, wondering what personage was this whose style of speech was so oratorical, and whose spirit remained so high in this miserable hole. "I am a newcomer here. I am Richard Wetheral, of Hendricks's company of riflemen, from the county of Cumberland, province of Pennsylvania."

"I welcome you to my acquaintance," replied the other, heartily, thrusting forth his manacled hands and grasping Dick's. "I am Colonel Ethan Allen."

"What! The captor of Ticonderoga?" cried Dick, remembering how in the camp at Cambridge the news of that bold feat of a May morning had been celebrated, and how the name of the Green Mountain leader had become an every-day word in the colonial army.

"Fortune threw that prize in my way," said the other, with a modesty so unmistakably pretended that the affectation could only amuse, not offend. "Fortune was not so kind at Montreal, as you may have heard," he added, dismally.

"I had heard of your—your bad luck at Montreal," said Dick, leaning against the oaken wall of the enclosure, "but I little expected the honor of meeting you in these circumstances."

"Yet in these circumstances we have been—in this very den, indeed—since ever the army appeared yonder at Point Levi."

"And where were you before that?" asked Dick, eager to hear the story of so famous a hero from the hero's own lips.

"Why," said the colonel, "we were in more places than one, you may be sure. After our—bad luck, which was all because I was outrageously out-numbered and not concerted with, I surrendered, on the promise of honorable terms, and we were led into the town to be interviewed by their commandant, General Prescott, God—bless him! When he asked me whether I was that Colonel Allen who took Ticonderoga, and I told him I was the very man, he went into a rage and shook his cane over my head and called me a rebel and several worse names; and when he ordered us put in irons and sent on board the *Gaspee* schooner, he swore I should wear a halter at Tyburn. From the *Gaspee* I wrote him a letter, telling him of the notorious friendship and generosity with which I had treated the officers I took at Ticonderoga, but he paid no attention to my letter."

"You have the satisfaction of knowing," put in Dick, "that General Montgomery has captured Montreal and taken Prescott prisoner."

"Huzza!" cried Allen, and there were utterances of jubilation from the men on the floor. "So the wheel of transitory events has turned that way! I hope Prescott will remember the treatment we got on the *Gaspee*. The irons were bad enough, Mr. Wetheral, but the insults were intolerable. We received the insolence that cowards always show their betters when in a position to do so,—for cowards they were on that vessel, as they proved one day by scattering as if a wild beast was amongst them, when in a fit of anger I twisted a nail from the bar of my handcuff with my teeth. They said I was a mad savage, a ferocious animal,—in their mean souls they couldn't conceive the feelings of a liberty-loving man under restraint. After five or six weeks we were transferred to an armed vessel lying off Quebec, under Captain McCloud, who was a gentleman and treated us well. The next day we were put on board the vessel of Captain Littlejohn, a brave and civil officer; he ordered my irons taken off and had me sit at his own table. His subordinates, too, were friendly to us. And then we were brought on the *Adamant*, and handcuffed again. We are under the charge of a damned calico merchant by the name of Brooke Watson, who trades between London and Montreal. He is the man who visited New York and Philadelphia, pretending to be friendly to the glorious cause of the colonies, and who returned to Montreal and wrote letters to Gage's people in Boston, disclosing what he had learned through his make-believe sympathy. This vessel is a floating nest of Tories, who have taken passage on it. When we came aboard, we were treated in the most bitter, reviling spirit, by the officers, crew, guards, and passengers."

Dick was by this time able to make out the speaker's features, as well as the tall, robust figure on which was solidly set the shapely head placed upright in a natural attitude of pride and defiance. The full eyes, nose, and mouth showed sociability and sympathy, as well as pugnacity and assertiveness. There was in the man's whole expression such an unconscious look of irrepressibility, his self-vaunting was so spontaneous, he so evidently took his high-flown phrases seriously, that even his foibles made him the more engaging.

"I made the devil's own time of it," he went on, with a slight smile of pleasure at the recollection, "when they first ordered me to this filthy pen, after my men had already been forced in. I protested quite civilly with Watson, but he cut my representations short by commanding me to follow my men. He said the place was good enough for a rebel, and that a man who deserved hanging had no right to talk of honor and humanity, and indulged in other such talk. A Tory lieutenant who was looking on said I ought to have been hanged for my opposition to the province of New York, in her claim of New Hampshire's lands; and, as if it wasn't enough to call that rightful opposition a rebellion, he suddenly spat in my face. I ran at him, and knocked him partly down with both fists, handcuffed as I am now. He made for the cabin, where he got under the protection of some guards with fixed bayonets, whom Watson ordered to drive me back to the den, for I had sprung after the lieutenant. I challenged him to come out and fight, but the tyrant-loving cur stood shaking with fear. Watson shouted to the guards to get me into the pen, dead or alive, and the low brutes surrounded me with their bayonets. I thought I would try flattery on the rascals, so I said, 'I know you are honest fellows, and are not the ones to blame; I am only in dispute with a calico merchant, who doesn't know how to behave towards a gentleman of the military establishment.' But they paid no heed to my words, and so I was at last driven into this hole at the point of the bayonet. How we live here, you will see for yourself, if you remain with us,—as you probably will, for, by the feel of things, the vessel has cast off."

It was soon plain that the vessel was indeed under way, whence came the inference that Dick's destination was to be that of the other prisoners, which they knew was England. Dick's sensations of mind on contemplating this new shift of the wind of circumstance, this utterly unexpected breaking away from what had seemed to be his immediate destiny, may be imagined. As he sat on the floor, while the vessel rocked and strained, he thought of the home in Pennsylvania, of the army besieging Boston, of Arnold's troops waiting to attack Quebec, of old Tom, of the girl in the great house in Palace Street, of all he was being carried from, and then of the unknown that lay before him. "Over the hills and over the main," sang a voice within him, and with a patient sigh he resigned himself to the guidance of fortune.

The den was about twenty-two feet by twenty. The prisoners confined here, all handcuffed, were thirty-four in number. There were Allen, and thirty-one of the thirty-eight men who had surrendered with him at Montreal, the Virginia rifleman taken in the suburb of St. John's, and Dick Wetheral. Until the day before the end of their voyage,—that is to say, for more than a month,—they were not allowed to leave their dark pen, which contained no furniture or utensil other than two tubs. The experience of prison life that Dick had got in Boston was as nothing to that which he now endured, although in accommodating himself to the latter he profited some by the former.

Besides the close confinement, the irons, and the perpetual darkness, there was the sickening heaving of the vessel, the continual distress of stomach and adjacent organs, the inevitable fever, and the consequent raging thirst, which each man's daily gill of rum and small allowance of fresh water failed to quench. When the prisoners begged for more water on being served with their regular allowance of salt food, they were jeered and reviled by their keepers, and by the Tories who then looked in at them. They were irritated half to madness by vermin of the body. Some of the men raged, others merely fretted; others lay most of the while in a kind of stupor, at times broken with despairing groans.

Allen and Dick both kept their wits, and remained of unbroken spirit. Allen sometimes chafed, but always with a healthy anger, and sometimes he cursed, but more often he declaimed against tyranny, defied the oppressor, and predicted the triumph of liberty. Dick bore the torments of this voyage with a fixed dourness, and, as one annoyance grew upon another, began to see something ludicrous in the very accumulation of miseries, so that his face often went from an irrepressible grimace of inward pain to a peculiar amused smile somewhat akin to that elicited from him on occasions of peril. Moreover, he comforted himself with the thought that, for every dejected moment, fate owed him a moment of exultation, and that the voyage must end some time.

One day the prisoners were unexpectedly ordered to go on deck. They stumbled awkwardly up into the light of the sun, and drank in gladly the fresh air of the ocean. Afar in a certain direction, whither all eyes were turned, they beheld a faint blot of duller color against the different blues of sky and sea. It was the Land's End of England. The prisoners, whose faces had become hideously transformed by the growth of beards during their imprisonment, gazed curiously at the first outlines of the land they had never seen, yet once had loved as the home of their fathers.

The next day the vessel made Falmouth harbor, sailing in between the lofty promontories, of which one on the west side is crowned by Pendennis Castle, one on the east by the castle of St. Mawes. The news spread from the port of Falmouth that American prisoners were to be landed, rebels of marvellous skill with the rifle, and that the chief of them was the taker of Ticonderoga. Consequently, while the prisoners were shaving and making themselves presentable, for which the means had at last been given them, great crowds flocked to the wharf, and to the housetops and high places along the way to Pendennis Castle, in which the prisoners were to be confined.

In due time the prisoners, not less curious, but more self-contained than the spectators, were put ashore, all in their hunters' garb, for Allen himself, a few days before his attack on Montreal, had laid aside his usual costume for a Canadian dress,—a short double-breasted fawn-skin jacket, undervest and breeches of sagathy, worsted stockings, shoes, and a red worsted cap. Allen assumed his haughtiest, most scornful, and most belligerent look, as he stepped firmly on English ground, followed by Dick, who, while he thrilled at knowing himself on the soil he had learned

from his parents to call home, had yet a new and unaccountable feeling of pride in that he was American.

The crowd so blocked the way in Falmouth—which place reminded him somewhat of New England sea-towns he had passed through, though it lacked their look of freshness—that the officers had to draw swords and force a passage. So the prisoners were led, with guards before and behind, and between lines of people, many of whom followed on either side, for about a mile's distance from the town, towards the lofty round tower, within walled grounds, that crowned the promontory between sea and harbor. Pendennis Castle rose, a high and gray building of the time of Henry VIII., within close walls, around which a great space, containing a parade-ground and here and there some small houses, was in turn surrounded by lower walls, from which tree-dotted slopes fell in different degrees of steepness to the water almost entirely environing the peninsula. At the entrance the prisoners were taken in charge by Lieutenant Hamilton, the commandant of the castle, and were led through grounds and gates, corridors and stairways, to an airy room provided with bunks and straw.

Though their irons were not taken off, the prisoners had here an easy captivity. They arrived almost on the eve of Christmas, and they were not forgotten in the beneficent feeling that pervaded England during Yule-tide. Breakfast and dinner came for Allen every day, with now and then a bottle of wine, all from Lieutenant Hamilton's table and with Lieutenant Hamilton's compliments. Dick and the other prisoners, themselves well fed, got many a crumb from Allen's board, which was supplied, by a gentleman in the neighborhood, with suppers also. Their first day or two in the castle having been devoted to a campaign of extermination against the vermin they had brought from ship, the prisoners soon recovered spirit and health, in their new surroundings. With great pleasure they learned that their former keeper-in-chief, the estimable Watson, had hastened off to London to receive his compensation.

Allen was often sent for by the commandant, with permission to take the air on the parade-ground, where many of the Cornwall gentry came to visit him. This gentle treatment did no more towards weakening his patriotism than harsh measures had done. For his discourse with those who came to talk with him was most often upon the cause of the fighting colonies. He declaimed most high-soundingly on the subject, and Dick, who was sometimes allowed to accompany him to the parade-ground, would half amusedly liken him to some would-be Pitt before the House of Commons or some oratorical Roman hero in a tragedy. Many of his English hearers would dispute with him, but others would nod hearty agreement, for there was in England a numerous party that sympathized with the American revolt. "The conquest of the American colonies is to Great Britain an eternal impracticability!" he would thunder, rejoicing in polysyllables.

Some of the visitors came to make sport. Thus, one day:

"What was your former occupation?" asked a sapient gentleman, quizzingly.

"In my younger days," quoth Allen, ironically, "I studied divinity, but I'm a conjurer by profession."

"You conjured wrong, then, when you were taken prisoner."

"I know I mistook a figure that time," said Allen, "but I conjured you out of Ticonderoga."

The tittering of some ladies, for many such were among the visitors, closed up the inquisitive gentleman's mouth.

Another time, Allen astonished two benevolent clergymen, who had come expecting to see some sort of untutored savage, by discoursing on moral philosophy, and by arguing, in approved logical mode, against their doctrine of Christianity.

There was in the company, one day, an airy youth who claimed to know that Americans could not bear the smell of powder. Allen, taking the assertion as a challenge, offered to convince him on the spot that an American could bear that smell. "I wouldn't put myself on a par with you," replied the youth. "Then treat the character of the Americans with respect," demanded Allen. "But you are an Irishman," retorted the young gentleman. "No, sir, I am a full-blooded Yankee," said Allen, and went on to use his matchless powers of banter against the other, until the latter made a confused retreat amidst the laughter of the onlookers.

Another day, a gentleman expressing a desire to do something for him, Allen replied that he would be obliged for a bowl of punch. The gentleman sent his servant away, who returned presently with punch and offered it to Allen. The hero of Ticonderoga refused to take the bowl from the hand of a servant. The gentleman then handed it himself to Allen, who proposed that the two should drink together. The gentleman said he must refuse to drink with a state criminal. Allen thereupon, with a look of superior indifference, raised the bowl and drank the whole contents at one long draught, and then gave the bowl back to the gentleman. The crowd shouted with laughter, in which Allen, quickly affected by this extraordinary tipple, presently joined; and when he accompanied Dick back to the cell he was in a state of great jubilation.

There was much conjecture among the prisoners as to their ultimate fate. Allen told his comrades that a Mr. Temple, from America, had whispered to him that bets were laid in London that he should be hanged. This gentleman's information must have been meant as friendly, for it had been accompanied by a guinea secretly bestowed. But, on the other hand, it had been hinted on the parade-ground that certain gentlemen intended to attempt freeing the prisoners by the

habeas corpus act, or having them brought to trial before a magistrate.

"I have a project that should make the government think twice before stringing any of us up," said Allen one day to Dick. He then obtained the commandant's permission to write a letter, which he did, addressing it to the Illustrious Continental Congress, describing his present state, and requesting that no retaliation be made upon General Prescott and other English prisoners until it be known how England would treat himself and his companions.

"But," said Dick, "that letter will surely be opened and sent to the English authorities, if anywhere."

"That is exactly where I desire it shall go," replied Allen; "and it's ten to one we shall fare the better in consequence."

The next day the commandant, to whom the letter had been entrusted, jocularly asked Allen if he thought they were fools in England, and told him the letter had been sent to Lord North. That its effects were such as Allen had predicted, was soon shown, but not until after Dick, suddenly presented with an opportunity, had severed his fortunes from those of his fellow prisoners in Pendennis Castle.

Some of Allen's visitors came fifty miles to see him. One afternoon, while he was on the parade-ground, discoursing with several gentlemen and ladies, and accompanied by Dick, a horse took fright just outside the outer gateway, at which its rider, who had journeyed far to behold the famous prisoner, was about to dismount. The scared animal, after a few wild turns and plunges, galloped madly through the open gateway and straight for the group surrounding Allen. The people fell back in confusion, women shrieking, men taken by surprise; visitors, prisoners, and guards huddled into one disorderly mass. The horse threw its rider, and reared before the crowd, with fiery eyes and snorting nostrils.

Suddenly a man was seen to rush out from the group, seize the horse's bridle with both hands together, bring the animal to its fore-knees, place both hands on the pommel of the saddle, leap astride the horse, and make it rear again on its hind legs. As if resolved to get the beast under control at any effort, this volunteer horse-tamer brought its head sharply around to face the gate, towards which it bolted with such sudden speed that the two guards there stood back in terror. Once out of the gate, the animal headed for Falmouth at a furious gallop.

The panic-stricken crowd on the parade-ground now breathed again, and separated into its three elements,—spectators, guards, and prisoner,—for, lo and behold, there remained now but one of the two prisoners! On the ground lay the fallen cap of the other, who had lost it in his struggle with the horse, and who, now being borne swiftly towards Falmouth, was none other than Dick Wetheral.

There was some question, with Lieutenant Hamilton and his officers, as to whether the prisoner intended to escape or merely to conquer the frightened horse. Hence some time elapsed before finally the alarm-gun was fired and a searching party sent out. Meanwhile, Dick Wetheral, who could never afterward recall at exactly what moment his impulse to stop the horse had turned into the idea of making a dash for liberty, allowed the horse to run away with him at its best speed. While rapidly approaching Falmouth, he did a thing that he had often heard old Tom describe as having been done by certain mountebanks, and which, as his hands were comparatively small, he had practised with success in prison,—he folded each hand lengthwise, and, with some painful scraping of skin at his thumb-joints, worked off his handcuffs, which he then tossed into a pool of water at the roadside.

He knew it would not be safe for him to enter the town, and, therefore, as the horse presently calmed of its own accord, Dick dismounted, gave the animal a smart slap to make it proceed on its way, and hastened down towards some fishermen's squat houses that lay near the beach on the outskirts of Falmouth. Noticing several boats drawn up on the sands, Dick knocked at the first door in his way, and brought forth an old woman, who, on his asking how he might get some one to row him across the bay, turned out to be half blind, half deaf, and stupidly indifferent. While he was making his desires clearer to her, he heard an ominous boom from the castle.

He knew this to be the alarm-gun, and looked to see what would be its effect on the old woman, but her unaltered features proved the genuineness of her deafness. At last Dick elicited that all the able-bodied men of the hamlet were in the town, at some merrymaking, but that she could hire a boat to him, which he might row himself, and which, as he said he would not soon return that way, he might leave in the care of a certain fisherman at St. Mawes. Dick paid her out of what money he had kept ever since leaving Arnold's camp, and she thereupon helped him drag a small boat out into the waves, and steadied it for him while he clambered aboard.

His first attempts at rowing were wild efforts, for this bay of the ocean was as different a matter from the smooth Pennsylvania rivers and creeks, as oars were different from canoe paddles. But difficult arts are soon acquired when they have to be, and by those who will admit nothing to be impossible to themselves that is possible to any other. Dick at last contrived to make some kind of headway, thanks to the serenity of the weather and to the favoring tide. By the time, therefore, when the guards from the castle passed the fishing hamlet, on the track of the horse, Dick was merely an unrecognizable boatman well out in the bay.

The trip to St. Mawes, a small matter to a practised waterman, was to Dick one of great persistence and several hours, by reason of his inexperience, through which he covered twice or

thrice the distance to be traversed. It was dusk when, at last, after many a dubious look at the castle of St. Mawes that crowned the overlooking hill, he felt the boat grate violently underneath, sounded with his oar, leaped out into the water, and dragged the boat up the beach, now aided and now impeded by the inrolling and receding waves.

He was at the end of the single street of a miserable hamlet lying under a hill and fronting the sea. No human creature was abroad to see him land. He therefore, in order to change his appearance as much as possible from that of an American hunter to that of an English rustic, did away with his belt and leggings, so that his hunting-shirt, being of linsey-woolsey, looked something like a countryman's frock, while his stockings, similar to those of English make, were now in view. He knocked at one of the huts, ascertained the abode of the man in whose charge he was to leave the boat, found that person in, gave out that he was returning to his home near Exeter from a journey in search of a place in service, was regaled with a frugal and fishy supper for a consideration, and then set out afoot towards Tregoney, saying he had a relation there with whom he would pass the night. It was from the man's own talk that Dick had learned the name and location of this village, which was eight miles northeastward.

While Dick was plodding along over those eight miles, with no further plan than to get out of the vicinity of Pendennis Castle, it began to snow. Passing through two villages on the way, he arrived at Tregoney, a decent-looking place, about nine o'clock. He stayed there no longer than to buy an old hat from an aged poor man whose sons worked in the tin-mines at St. Austel, and from whom Dick, having said that his former hat had been blown into the Fal by a gust of wind, obtained information as to the road ahead.

Learning that there was a good inn at Lostwithiel, sixteen miles farther northeast, he decided to proceed thither. The snow increasing, and Dick stopping to rest in some sheltered spot in each of three intervening villages, these sixteen miles were a long business. To a survivor of the march through Maine, however, the cold and the snow seemed no great inconvenience.

When he reached Lostwithiel, though, Dick was so fatigued, with his walk of twenty-four miles and his row across the bay, that he fell asleep almost as soon as his body was stretched on a bed in one of the inn's inferior rooms, to which he had been conducted from the kitchen, where he had found an inn servant already up, despite the fact that the day soon to dawn was Sunday. This servant was a stout female, whose impressionability to masculine merits made easy Dick's admittance to the inn, which might otherwise have rejected such a guest arriving at such an hour. It was not yet daylight, but dawn was near enough to enable Dick, before closing his eyes, to receive a vague impression of the open spire of St. Bartholomew's Church through the falling snow. It made him think of Quebec, and he drowsily wondered what, at that moment, might be doing with old Tom, with Captain Hendricks, Simpson, Steele, and the others of the army far across seas in Canada.

What was doing with them at that moment? It was then a little after six o'clock in the morning at Lostwithiel, two o'clock the same morning at Quebec. The morning was that of December 31, 1775. This is what was occurring at Quebec:

Snow was falling there also, but in a far more violent storm. Wind was blowing the snow in drifts, and with the snow there was a cutting sleet. The beginning of the night had been moonlit, but at twelve the sky was overcast, and then came the storm. This snowfall by night was a thing for which the Americans had been waiting. Montgomery had at last come up from Montreal with three hundred men, and joined Arnold at Point aux Trembles, December 1st. The army had started the next day, amid whirling flakes, for Quebec; had arrived before the city on the 5th, Montgomery having found Arnold's men a fine corps, well disciplined. Later, a breastwork had been thrown up to face the gate of St. Louis; and, by means of a battery mounted partly on ice and snow, shells had been thrown into the town, starting fires in several places. But the heavy guns from Quebec's walls had so dealt with this battery that it had been removed. Thenceforth, execution from the American side had been done mainly by mortars and riflemen, placed in the suburb of St. Roque, outside Palace Gate. It had finally been decided to carry the town by escalade, and this was to be attempted during the first snow-storm, such as that which finally came on this night preceding Sunday, December 31st. The plan adopted was that the lower town should be taken first, Arnold leading an attack on its northern end, Montgomery leading one on its southern end; demonstrations being made against the upper town at St. John's Gate and at the Bastion of Cape Diamond, to distract attention from the attacks below; signal-rockets to be fired in order that all four movements should be made at the same time.

At midnight the men repaired to quarters from the farms and drinking-houses whereat they had been scattered. At two, they began their march, struggling against a biting wind, their faces stung by the snow horizontally driven, the locks of their guns held under the lappets of their coats to avoid being wetted by the snow. Old Tom and the other riflemen were in their usual place in Arnold's division, which was to enter the lower town at its narrow northern end, passing between the promontory's foot and the frozen St. Charles River. Through the suburb and streets of St. Roque, they breasted the snowy darkness; first went Arnold, at the head of a forlorn hope of twenty-five men, one hundred yards before the main body; then Captain Lamb and his artillery company, drawing a field-piece on a sledge; next, a company with ladders and other scaling implements; then, Morgan and his company, heading the riflemen; next, the Lancaster company, led, in Captain Smith's absence, by Steele; then the Cumberland County men, with their own captain, for Hendricks, though the command of the guard that morning belonged to him, had got leave to take part in the attack; and last, the New England troops. The division would have first

to pass a battery on a wharf, which the field-piece was to attack and the forlorn hope scale with ladders, while Morgan should lead the riflemen around the wharf on the ice.

Old Tom plodded not far behind Hendricks, the men straggling onward in single file. As they approached the houses below Palace Gate, which led from the upper town on their right, there suddenly burst forth a thunder of cannon, which mingled soon with the alarming clang of all the bells in the city. "They've spied our intentions," muttered old Tom to the man ahead, and strode on.

Presently muskets blazed from the ramparts above. Men began to drop here and there and to writhe in the snow, but their comrades hurried over or around them. Hendricks's soldiers could not see far ahead, for the darkness and the blinding snow; nor could they always make out the path left by Arnold, Lamb, and the riflemen in advance. They could see nothing of the foe save the flashes of the muskets from the walls crowning the ascent at their right.

Presently they became aware of some kind of stoppage ahead; it was made by the artillerymen, whose field-piece had stuck hopelessly in a snowdrift. The company with the scaling-ladders made as if to stop also; but Morgan was at their heels, forcing them forward, hastening on his own company, and swearing terribly in a voice that rivalled the tumult of bells and cannon. So the riflemen, preceded by the ladder-bearers, passed on through the opening made for them by the artillery company.

They were nearing the first barrier now; the uproar of the unseen enemy's fire was more terrific. And now Hendricks's men saw pass a group that was returning as with reluctance and difficulty, —two men supporting between them a third, who was so badly wounded in the leg that he could not stand unaided. It was Colonel Arnold, upheld by Parson Spring and Mr. Ogden. "Forward, my brave men!" cried Arnold, in a strong and heartening voice, and the riflemen cheered and passed on.

They soon saw that Morgan had taken command, and, amid the inevitable crowding together near the barrier, they found themselves in close company with the forlorn hope, headed now by Arnold's secretary, Oswald, and with Lamb and his artillerymen, who had left their field-piece in order to wield muskets and bayonets.

Forward rushed Morgan and the advance companies, right through a discharge of grape-shot from the two cannon commanding the defile. Forward, without slackening, upon the battery, some scaling the walls, some firing through the embrasures; pouring over and through, seizing the captain and thirty of his men as prisoners, driving the rest of the guard away, and taking the enemy's dry muskets to use instead of their own damp ones.

Then Morgan formed his men as he could, and led them on to take the second barrier. The day was about to dawn now, and, although Morgan's men knew it not, the false attack planned against St. John's Gate had failed of being made; the feint against the Bastion of Cape Diamond had served its purpose to conceal Montgomery's march along the shore of the St. Lawrence, but Montgomery, while leading his men from the stockade whence Dick Wetheral had once been fired upon, towards the blockhouse within, had fallen in death before a discharge of grape-shot, while his triumphant cry, "Push on, my brave boys, Quebec is ours!" still rang in the ears of his New Yorkers. Montgomery's men had thereupon retreated, and thus the British force, warned of the very first movements by a too early discharge of the signal-rockets, was enabled to concentrate against the division now between the first and second northern barriers of the lower town.

Morgan's advance followed a curving course along the sides of houses, to where the narrow street was crossed, not far up from its mouth, by the second barrier, which was at least twelve feet high. Meanwhile Morgan had despatched Captain Dearborn, with a party, to prevent the enemy's coming from the upper town through Palace Gate and down the promontory's St. Charles side, which was neither as high nor as steep as the St. Lawrence side.

Behind the barrier now to be taken, was a platform whence cannon poured grape-shot, defended by two ranges of musketeers with fixed bayonets. The enemy fired also from the upper windows of houses beyond. The Americans speedily upbuilt an elevation to a height approaching that of the barrier, men falling all the while beneath the fire from the barrier, the houses beyond, and the walls far above at the right. Morgan's first lieutenant, Humphreys, climbed this mound to scale the barrier, but a row of bayonets forced him back.

Seeing the impregnability of the barrier to his present force, and the rapidity with which that force was depleted by the terrible fire, Morgan thundered and cursed. Hendricks and Steele were calm, encouraging their men to patience, and directing them whither to return the enemy's fire. At last Lieutenant Humphreys fell in the street, dying on the spot. Then Morgan ordered his men to enter a house close to the barrier, and fire from the windows.

Into the house and up to the second story rushed Hendricks, Steele, Tom MacAlister, and many others. Steele ran to the first window and aimed his gun towards the barrier; but, without firing, he suddenly stepped back with a sharp cry, and held up one of his hands to look at it, entrusting his gun wholly to the other. Where three fingers had been, there were now three crimson stumps. Hendricks and MacAlister took another window. As Hendricks was about to shoot, a ball tore its way to his heart; he lowered his rifle, took on a swift look of pain, staggered a few feet backward, fell with half his body on a bed, and died there almost instantly. While the hell continued in and about the house, as the daylight increased, a party of British rushed out from Palace Gate,

captured Dearborn and his men, fell upon the rear of Morgan's party, and presently, when the dauntless Virginian had had his rage out, received the surrender of him and his officers and men. "I wonder," thought old Tom MacAlister, as he marched in the line of prisoners to the great ruined Franciscan monastery, near the Reguliers, "how the lad Dick would 'a' fared if he'd been wi' us the braw night past? Weel, weel, maybe it's better he was called away when he was, for, whether he be on the earth or under, it's little he'd 'a' relished finding out 'twas for this we marched through Maine and hungered and froze in the snaws of Canada!"

'Twas for that, had been the planning and the money-spending, the suffering and the starving, the toils and the bloodshed,—for that, and for the glory of heroic failure.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE WHIMSICAL GENTLEMEN AND A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Under the protection of the maid-servant, who was mature and fat, Dick Wetheral was allowed to slumber till the afternoon. He awoke entirely refreshed, and, after a curious look through his small window at the snow-covered little town with its picturesque church spire, he went down to the kitchen, and in a corner thereof he satisfied a prodigious appetite; upon which he felt himself in excellent physical condition. His slight flesh-wound, received at Quebec, had healed on his sea-voyage, thanks to the persistent health of his blood, and despite the badness of other circumstances.

He walked but twelve miles that day, arriving after nightfall at Liskeard, and lodging till morning at an inn near the handsome Gothic church of St. Martin. When he came to pay his bill he found it took all his money but a few pence, and thus he set forth, on the first day of the year 1776, bound eastward, with empty pockets, friendless in a strange and hostile land, with no fixed intention save the vague one of eventually returning to fight for his country, with no present plan save to keep moving on.

Not seeking food once during a journey of seventeen miles, he finally crossed the Tamer, from Cornwall into Devonshire, and arrived at Tavistock with less curiosity to view the vestiges of the tenth century abbey there, than to learn where his dinner was to come from. He had decided to beg, if necessary; he considered that his own people, as was the custom of his country, entertained freely every hungry or roofless man that came to their home in the wilderness, therefore some hospitality was due him from the world at large; and he reasoned that, being now among a hostile people, whose government was responsible for his present situation, he was morally entitled, without reproach, to whatever he could, in the name of charity, obtain from that people. Profiting by some of Tom MacAlister's related experiences, he had bethought himself, on the road, of certain possible methods of overcoming charity's coyness.

The first door at which he knocked, in Tavistock, was promptly shut in his face, by a man who blurted out something about rogues and vagabonds, and ere Dick's civil greeting was finished. At the next house a frowning old woman was equally inhospitable. But at the third, the cottage of a serge-weaver, the young girl who opened the door allowed her soft eyes to rest on Dick before making a move to close it, and Dick improved the moment to assure her that he was no common rogue and vagabond, but an honest teller of fortunes by cards, who saw already in her face the signs of a great surprise in her own immediate future. The girl opened the door wider, and Dick stepped in with such a courteous bow to the two other occupants of the room that they rose instinctively to receive him, blinded to his garb by his gentlemanly bearing. It was meal-time, and the family at table consisted of father, mother, and the girl who had opened the door.

Dick lost no time, but asked for a pack of cards, with such a smile, and so much as if the request were the most natural one possible, that the mother told the girl where the cards were, and the girl immediately brought them. Dick began by telling the fortune of the head of the house, who was so diverted with the prediction of a gift from a dark man, that Dick's invention was allowed full exercise regarding the future destiny of each member of the family. The mother then speaking of a dream she had recently had, Dick promptly offered to interpret it for her, and its meaning was so favorable that the interpreter was soon in the way to gorge himself with beef and ale. He then did some card tricks that Tom had taught him, and, perceiving that a pack of cards would thereafter be a useful implement to him, eventually won the cards themselves, on a bet as to the location of a certain one of them. Having found that his card tricks amused, he resolved to rely on them thereafter, and not to stoop again to fortune-telling, an old woman's business adopted by him for the once as most likely means of exciting the girl's curiosity.

He went from the weaver's house to the inn hard by the church of St. Eustache, and, obtaining a friendly reception by the conciliating manner and flattering air with which he accosted the servants, passed the afternoon in manipulating the cards, to the mystification of kitchen wenches, ostlers, and tipplers of low degree; winning a few sixpences from the last named in a fair game of skill. He thus earned a supper in a kitchen, and a bed in the stable-loft.

The next day he walked twenty-one miles, crossing Dartmoor Forest and the vast common, doing

card tricks for a meal in a farmer's cottage at each one of two villages, and lodging for the night at Moreton Hampstead, where his procedure at the inn was in general similar to that at Tavistock.

In the morning he went on to Exeter, which—with its antique houses, its splendid cathedral of St. Peter flanked by the old bishop's palace, its ruined castle of West Saxon kings, its bustling High Street, its bridge across the Exe, and its busy quay—impressed Dick the more for its being the first large town of England to greet his eyes. He remained here many days, going from inn-yard to inn-yard, and, in the poorer quarters, from house to house; always with an address so polite and amiable that few resisted or distrusted him. His look and manner were so different from those of the common wayfarer or mountebank that he found he need stand in no fear of being dealt with as a vagrant. He added to his resources some of Tom's old conjuring feats, which he made new by means of the glib, humorous speeches he was soon able to rattle off. A cause of his prolonged stay at Exeter was the great snowfall and frost, which began January 7th, with a high eastern wind, froze the rivers, and put to shame all recollections of cold weather that dated since the memorable hard winter of 1739-40. Dick spent most of this time in entertaining snow-bound travellers of low degree, at the inns, receiving in payment now a meal, now a share of a bed, now a few small coins. There were nights, though, when he lodged outside, taking short naps in some sheltering angle of the cathedral, and rousing himself at intervals to stir his blood by walking.

On the 2d of February the wind changed and blew from the south. Waiting a few days more, so as to be less inconvenienced by the thaw, Dick started northward, passing through a beautiful country partly in sight of the Exe, dined at Collumpton, and proceeded in the afternoon to Wellington in Somersetshire, where he lay for the night in an open shed appertaining to the inn. The next morning, paying for breakfast with the last of the coins he had earned at Exeter, he went on to the sweet vale of Taunton Dean, and arrived penniless at the town of Taunton, where a singular thing befell him.

He had stopped to look into an inn-yard, to see whether the time was propitious for his obtaining the attention of servants and inferior guests, and thus for his paving the way to one of his unlicensed performances, when a post-chaise drove up and let out a richly dressed young gentleman, with a portmanteau and a gold-headed cane, but not attended by any private servant.

As he was about to enter the inn, this young gentleman, who was of a sedate and self-contained demeanor, stopped for a moment, regarded Dick with a sudden but civil interest, and half perceptibly smiled; he then passed in, while a menial shouldered his portmanteau and followed.

Dick knew at once the cause of the look of interest and of the smile. He was still pondering on it when, a few minutes later, the gentleman came out of the inn, greeted him with most kindly condescension, and said, in a quiet tone, while making sure by swift side-glances that no one overheard:

"My good man, I see you, too, have noticed how much we look like each other."

"In the face, yes," replied Dick; "but not as much in the clothes."

"Quite true," said the gentleman, with an appreciative smile. "I was just about to speak of that. As I looked at you and noticed the resemblance between us, I couldn't but think how different everything would be to me if I were the man in the smock-frock and you were the man in the velvet coat. And then an odd idea came into my head. Said I to myself, 'Why shouldn't I try the experiment, and see how it may be to travel a short way through the world in a smock-frock?' I'm given to whims, you see, and, moreover, it will be a droll thing for me to appear, clad like you, at the house where I'm expected to-night. Ha! How my lord will stare to see me come in! In fine, my good man, I propose that we shall exchange clothes, and go on our different ways!"

"You mean that, for the clothes I have on, you would give me those you wear now?" cried Dick, astonished and amused.

"Precisely, with the cane and snuff-box thrown into the bargain."

"But don't you know you can buy in five minutes a suit of clothes like mine, for a hundredth part of the worth of all you offer me?"

"Yes, I know that, of course. But, you see, it would attract attention, my buying such clothes—"

"Oh, for that matter, I can buy them for you."

"No, for then they would either be new, in which case my—ah—disguise would be easier seen through; or they would be second-hand, and then God knows who might have worn them in the past! Besides, I can afford to pay for my whims, and it pleases me to think that you, too, who resemble me so much, would have the benefit of my clothes, as I should have of yours. Come! Or, rather, wait till I pay in advance for my room, which I'll occupy but half an hour; then I'll take you to it; we can change immediately, and go forth to see how differently the world will look at us."

Convinced, at last, that it was no insane person by whom he should be profiting, Dick saw no reason for interposing further objections; indeed, those already put had been offered merely to satisfy his natural scruples against being on the better side of so uneven a bargain, for the idea of swaggering awhile in costly raiment had instantly attracted him. In less than an hour thereafter, he issued from the inn, fully clad as a gentleman, while his whimsical acquaintance, slinking out as unobserved as Dick had slunk in, tipped him a friendly farewell and made off in the opposite

direction, shouldering the portmanteau as if he were a hired porter.

As Dick strutted along the busy street, glancing at the shop-windows, and in turn glanced at by more than one pair of demure eyes, he suddenly bethought himself that a gentleman in velvet and lace, with silk stockings and gold buckles, but without a penny in pocket or in prospect, was a somewhat anomalous personage. Moreover, the county towns and country villages were a field far less worth shining in as a gentleman than were certain fields he now began to think he might soon visit.

He therefore visited certain dealers in the town, and by dinner-time he was minus the gold-headed cane and a gold-mounted snuff-box, but was the richer by a plainer snuff-box; some changes of linen, underclothes, neck-cloths, and handkerchiefs; a bag in which to carry all his movables; and a suit of clothes. He chose the last with a view to the fit only, regardless of the fact that it was a gamekeeper's costume. At another inn than the one where he had met the stranger, Dick doffed his fine feathers, put on the gamekeeper's suit, and dined, paying for his dinner with some money he had over from the proceeds of the cane and snuff-box.

In the afternoon, carrying his bag of clothes slung by a stick over his shoulder, he left Taunton behind, presently abandoned the road that went northward to Bridgewater, and proceeded northeastward, traversing charming vales, and arriving at night at a village about half-way between Taunton and Glastonbury. His pack of cards earned his supper and bed, both in the house of a simple-minded blacksmith.

The next day he passed through Glastonbury, pausing to indulge his imagination before the ruined abbey in which Kings Arthur and Edgar were buried, as well as before the rotting cross in the town's centre, and before the Tor of St. Michael on the hill northeast. He fed nothing but his imagination at this place, and hastened on to Wells, where he stayed his stomach further while admiring the magnificent west front of the Gothic Cathedral, the high square tower and ornate exterior of St. Cuthbert's Church, and the other fine old buildings.

At the inn, he found, among other travellers, a party of lesser gentry on whose hands time hung heavily, their business being finished, but themselves being unwilling to set forth on a Friday. Dick soon ingratiated himself with these gentlemen, whose thick and empty heads were already astray with punch, wine, and ale; and he was made not only a sharer of their good cheer, but the sole occupant of the bed of one whom he tried to assist thither but who persisted in sleeping on the floor instead.

Leaving early the next morning, ere his benefactors were awake to eject him as some presuming plebeian who had availed himself of their drunkenness, Dick proceeded northeastward towards Bath, his eyes rejoicing in the beauty of the Mendip hills and the surrounding country.

When he had reached a spot where a short stretch of road before him had a delightfully secluded appearance, by reason of the trees that overarched it, and the varied slopes that rose gently on either hand, those on the left extending in a series of shapely hills to a far western horizon, he began to think of breakfast. A little way ahead, a vine-grown wall, broken by high gate-posts, marked the roadside boundary of a small, sloping park, belonging to a country-seat whose towers and chimneys rose among the trees some distance within. As Dick lay down his bag to rest, there came from a small door in the wall a gamekeeper, who immediately raised the fowling-piece he carried, and fired at a hawk that circled over a copse at Dick's right. The shot missed, and the gamekeeper reloaded. But when he was ready for a second shot, he shouldered his gun, evidently thinking the bird out of range, although it remained over the copse.

"I'll bring that bird down for you, if you let me," called out Dick, on the impulse of the moment, just as if he had been in his own country.

In reply, the gamekeeper stared in amazement. Dick repeated his offer. Then the gamekeeper found words, and wrathfully ordered Dick from the premises, calling him a vagabond, a poacher, and worse. Dick was about to close the fellow's mouth with a blow, when a loud voice, one that shifted between a bellow and a whine, came from the direction of the great gate:

"What's amiss, Perkins? Hold the damned rascal! I'll make a jailbird of him, that I will! What is it, Perkins? Highway robbery? I'll have him up, the next assizes!"

By this time, the speaker, having got out of a coach just as it was being driven through the gate, had come up to where Dick and the gamekeeper stood. He was a large, pot-bellied man, with coarse features, red face, and bloodshot eyes; a man of about forty, showing in his movements a disability due to a dissolute life, and dressed with a richness that did not avail to soften the impression of grossness he produced.

"The rascal had the impudence of offering to shoot that hawk, sir," said the gamekeeper, looking wroth at the outrage.

"What hawk?" queried the threatening gentleman, looking, and presently sighting the only one in view. "That hawk? Odd's life! If the rogue can shoot that hawk at this distance, I'm his humble servant, that I am! And let him only speak, and the place of under-keeper shall be his, damn me twice over if it sha'n't! D'ye hear that, rascal?"

Philosophically ignoring the last word, Dick replied, "If Mr. Perkins will hand me the gun, I'll show you how we shoot in" (he was going to say "America," but checked himself) "the county I came from."

"Give him the gun, Perkins, give him the gun!" ordered the gentleman, eagerly, responding to anything that appealed to his love of shooting, and already preparing to jeer in case of Dick's failure.

Dick took the gun, aimed carefully, fired; the bird fell into the copse. Whereupon the gentleman, forgetting former threats, impulsively applauded, pronounced Dick a marvel, and, taking it from his garb that he was a gamekeeper, began a brief catechising that resulted in Dick's being forthwith installed as Mr. Perkins's assistant, in a lodge at the farther end of Mr. Bullcott's woods,—for Bullcott was the name of the country squire whose favor Dick's marksmanship had so quickly won. Dick's face, and the straight account of himself that he had invented on the spot, served in lieu of a written "character" with the impulsive and unthinking Squire Bullcott; as subsequently his adaptiveness, quickness of perception, and conciliating manner enabled him to acquire Perkins's tolerance, and to learn the duties of his post so soon that no one discovered he had never filled a similar one before.

In this situation Dick spent the rest of February, all of March, and great part of April; having little company other than that of Perkins and the dogs; rarely seeing his master, who made frequent journeys from home; and not once beholding the Squire's wife, who, said Perkins, was usually ailing and mostly kept her room. He might have had the smiles of any of the maid-servants of Bullcott Hall, but he would never accept amatory favors from low sources as a supposed equal, though he might willingly enough, in his own proper character of gentleman, condescend on occasion to kiss a handsome wench.

One sweet, blossomy day in April, while following the course of a little rivulet, Dick emerged from the woods to a field at whose farther end was a barn, before which stood a large wagon whence a party of strolling players were moving their accessories into the building, for the purpose of giving a series of performances there. By the brookside, at a place hidden from her fellow Thespians by some bushes, knelt one of the women of the company, a rather pretty girl, washing clothes. Standing near this girl, with his back towards Dick, was a man who seemed, from his attitude and gestures, to be pressing on her some sort of invitation, which she apparently chose to ignore. This man presently stooped by her side, and made to put his arms around her, whereupon she gave him a vigorous slap in the face with the wet undergarment she then held.

The man persisting in his attempt to embrace her, and the girl resisting without fear but with repugnance, Dick ran forward, cuffed the man on the side of the head, and announced the intention of throwing him into the brook if he did not immediately let go the lady. The man let go, but only in order to spring to his feet and turn, with clenched fists, upon Dick, disclosing to the latter the furious face of Squire Bullcott.

The Squire, whose wrath instantly doubled upon his seeing that his interfering assailant was his own under gamekeeper, could only roar, sputter, and whine, incoherently, and look as if about to explode. He was deterred from instantly laying hands on Dick by the attitude of defence into which the latter had promptly thrown himself. When Mr. Bullcott had used up his breath in calling Dick vile names, and threatening him with everything from a cudgel to a gibbet, Dick explained that he could not stand by and see any man force his caresses on a lady against her will.

"Lady!" bellowed the Squire. "Why, she's a miserable — of a vagabond play-actress! Why, you fool, I'll warrant she can't begin to count the men who have had her!"

"I don't stand up for the woman's virtue," said Dick. "I know nothing about that." He perceived that a man who would ever testify with due effect to the virtue of a good woman, must not assert, by oath or blows, a belief in that of a bad or doubtful woman. "But every woman has the right to say who sha'n't have her favors," he went on, "and that girl was resolved you shouldn't have hers!"

"Well, by God, we'll see! I'll have the whole rabble locked up, I will! They shan't give any of their nasty plays where I have jurisdiction! I'll drive them off, and you, too! No, I won't, I'll have you up at the assizes. I'll see you hanged for murderous assault; that I will!"

With which, the girl having already fled to her comrades, and voices being heard to approach, the worthy magistrate plunged into cover of the woods in one direction, while Dick sought similar concealment in another.

Knowing that time had come to resume his travels, Dick hastened to his lodge, and there, the better to avoid arrest on the Squire's order, he put on the fine suit given him by the strange gentleman at Taunton. With all his other clothes in his bag, he then started for the road. As he was passing through the woods, he first heard and then saw Mr. Perkins leading towards the abandoned lodge a pair of ugly fellows armed with bludgeons. Unseen by this party, Dick made a detour that led him eventually to the road, but to a part thereof that necessitated his passing the great gate of the Hall in order to continue his journey northward.

As he was musing on the peculiar appearance he must make in the road, that of a gaily dressed gentleman travelling afoot and carrying a bag, he saw Squire Bullcott come forth on horseback, attended by two stalwart, raw-looking servants. The Squire stared at him, in bewilderment, a moment, then cried out to his servants:

"'Tis the very same! The same damned rogue! I know the rascal in spite of his clothes! Stop him, Curry, and hold him fast! Down off your horses, both of you, or he'll get safe away!"

"I dare you to stop me now!" cried Dick, going straight up to Bullcott and looking him in the face. "I'm a gentleman, and one of your betters, though I did amuse myself by playing gamekeeper to an ignorant brute!"

The Squire glared for a moment in speechless fury, and then, gathering breath and saliva, spat with great force in Dick's face.

The two servants were now dismounted. Mr. Bullcott, enraged to the point of preferring immediate revenge rather than the slow operation of the law, ordered them to use their whips on Dick. They fell upon him together, at the moment when he was blinded by the handkerchief with which he had instantly begun to cleanse his visage of Bullcott's disgusting marks.

Maddened by the blows that rained upon his face, neck, arms, and wrists, Dick struck out wildly at his brawny assailants. At a certain violent rush on his part, they fell back. The Squire seized that moment as an opportune one for riding his horse at Dick, and the latter, leaping aside to avoid the heavy hoofs, tripped on a stone and fell flat in the road, knocking the breath out of his body.

Bullcott now, leaning from his horse, wielded his own whip on Dick's head and back, accompanying the castigation with vengeful oaths and vile epithets. Then, ordering his men to bestow each a final kick on the prostrate body, the worthy gentleman rode off about his business, which, it eventually appeared, was to cause the ejection of the strolling players from the barn before which their merry-andrew had already begun to collect a crowd around his wagon.

Kicked into insensibility, Dick was at last abandoned by the two servants, and he lay in the road until, fifteen minutes later, there came up from the direction of Wells a post-chaise, from which a hearty-looking young gentleman, having ordered the postilion to stop, got out for the sole purpose of examining the prostrate body in the way. He stooped beside Dick, called his valet to bring some brandy, and gently raised Dick's head.

"Who is it?" murmured Dick, summoned out of a wild and painful dream, and resting his blue eyes on the rubicund, cheerful, somewhat impudent face of the young gentleman.

"Who is it?" repeated the latter, blithely. "That's a good one! Here's a gentleman who has fallen among thieves and been left half dead, and the first thing he wants of the Good Samaritan is to know who the Good Samaritan is! Swallow this brandy, sir, and the Good Samaritan will introduce himself."

"You are certainly the Good Samaritan," moaned Dick, after a reviving gulp from the flask held by the valet; "but I haven't fallen among thieves. I fell in only with the most damned boorish scoundrel that ever disgraced the name of gentleman, and I swear I won't rest till I've paid him back what he and his rascal menials did me here, blow for blow, and kick for kick."

"Quite right!" said the other, gaily. "But, in the meantime, what is to be done for you? Can I take you to your house? Do you live hereabouts?"

"No, my home is—quite—far—away," replied Dick, relapsing into a dreamy condition.

The other gently shook him back to full consciousness. "Then where may I take you? Whither were you bound? Towards Bath?"

"Yes, towards Bath," said Dick, on a moment's impulse.

"Well, by George, that's fortunate! You shall be my travelling companion the rest of the way. You don't seem to have your own coach at hand, or any of your servants."

"You are right. I have no coach at hand—or any servants. I have only the bag in the ditch yonder. You are very kind! I don't like to intrude."

"Nonsense, my dear sir! 'Tis I who have intruded on your slumbers here. You'll be company for me on the journey. 'Fore gad, I was dead of ennui, for some one to talk to, when we came upon you! Get the gentleman's bag, Wilkins. I must say, sir, your own servant must be a rascal, to have dropped your things and ridden off as he did, when you were attacked."

Dick saw no reason to correct the impression produced, by his clothes and other circumstances, on the cordial young gentleman, and he silently let himself be helped into the chaise, which, his bag having been stowed away and his rescuers having got in, at once started off towards Bath.

Dick gave no more account of himself, beyond announcing his name and the fact that he had recently come from travels abroad, than to say that he had been attacked by the servants of a gentleman whose motive was personal revenge, and left as the Good Samaritan had found him. The Good Samaritan turned out to be Lord George Winston, who was given to letting his private coaches and horses lie idle, and to travelling in his present modest fashion, in order that he might encounter the more amusing people and incidents. He was now hastening, in quest of society, back from his Devonshire estate, whither he had recently hastened in quest of solitude. He was an exceedingly good-natured, self-satisfied, talkative youth, one of those happily constituted persons who are not even their own enemies. Yet he was a man of exceeding animation and wit, as he showed by countless little jests with which he enlivened the talk he rattled off to Dick on the journey.

Dick allowed most of the conversation to his lordship, which circumstance made so agreeable an

impression on the latter, that, on learning Dick had no engagements, he gave an imperative invitation to be his guest in Bath for a few days, and afterward to bear him company to London. Dick, philosophically accepting, thus saw his immediate future paved with roses in advance, ere the increasing bustle of converging roads, the sound of the Avon flowing beneath its bridge, and the sight of many roofs and towers told him he was entering the most populous and fashionable pleasure resort in England.

It was late in the afternoon, when they drove into Bath. The chaise rattled through the fine streets of splendid stone houses, its own noise mingling with that of grand coaches and other conveyances. On every side were finely dressed people, strutting with an air of consequence, while Dick got a glimpse of a fair face, more or less genuine in color, in many a carriage and chair. The chaise let out its passengers at the Three Tuns, where Lord George engaged rooms for the night, and where Dick carefully repaired all damage to his person and attire, donned fresh linen, had his hair powdered by a man whom Lord George had caused to be summoned, dined with his gay companion, and sauntered forth afoot with him at evening, glowing with the newly stimulated love of pleasure.

At the door of the Pelican Inn, Lord George introduced Dick to a pompous but good-natured little gentleman named Boswell, who greeted my lord obsequiously but tarried only so long as to mention that he was on his way to meet Doctor Johnson at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale.

"Does he mean the great Doctor Johnson, the author?" asked Dick, looking back after him with curiosity.

"Yes," said Lord George; "he is a harmless, conceited Scotchman that comes to town a few weeks every year and follows at the heels of Johnson, who treats him as if he were the spaniel he is. 'Tis amusing to consort now and then with those writing fellows, if you can endure their vanity. As for Johnson, he says a good thing sometimes, and might be good company but for his sweating and grunting, his dirty linen and his beastly way of eating, and his desire of doing all the talking himself."

They went to the Assembly Rooms, where his lordship introduced Dick to numerous people of both sexes and then sat down to cards; while Dick looked on, or walked about among the promenaders, the gay talkers, and the chatting tea-drinkers, and thought he was in a kind of paradise.

The next day Lord George moved with his guest to a floor in a fine house on the South Parade, where there was comparative quiet from the noise of wheels. There established, Dick, as he listened to the bells of the Abbey church,—which sound carried to him a mental vision of the venerable Cathedral itself, with its fine western front and its countless windows,—resolved that he would ever after wear the clothes of a gentleman, as his birth and mind entitled him to do; that his future way should lie amidst fine surroundings; that he should thereafter contrive to sip only of the honey of this world.

The two young gentlemen went early to the pump-room; took the hot water bath in a great tank overlooked by the pump-room windows, in company with other perspiring folk, who did not look at their best,—particularly the ladies in their brown linen jackets and petticoats and their chip hats with handkerchiefs affixed. Then, having dressed and partaken of the water served by the pumper in the bar, Lord George and Dick—or rather Mr. Wetheral, for he had now determined to complete the transformation that his change of clothes had begun—strolled on the North Parade; after which his lordship played a game of billiards with an acquaintance he met, while Dick stole away in quest of a certain kind of shop. This excursion was fruitful, and when Mr. Wetheral rejoined his friend at the Coffee House his shoes had silver buckles instead of gold ones, and a small quantity of coin rattled in his previously silent pocket. For Dick, having watched the cards awhile on the preceding night, had made up his mind to try a fling at fortune, himself.

Accordingly, when they went to the Rooms that night, it was Mr. Wetheral that played, and Lord George that sought diversion otherwise, joining the dancers, for this was one of the two weekly ball-nights. Wetheral had beginner's luck, of course, and when he retired to bed at twelve his pockets jingled with an effect almost as pleasant to his ears as that of the Abbey bells, and he saw himself prospectively the possessor of some splendid house in the Circus or in Prince's Row.

He imagined, of course, a lovely sharer of the contemplated splendor, but this fancy did not take a permanent shape in his mind's eye; sometimes it wore the face of Catherine de St. Valier; then this image gave way to a kind of collective impression of the many pretty faces he had already seen in Bath. For so great a change had come in his surroundings and desires, that Catherine and her snowy Quebec had faded into a far past and seemed at an immeasurable distance. Reproach him not too severely! He was nineteen, in England, in spring, as if freshly born into a new world that appeared all pleasure and beauty; moreover, the past five months had been so crowded with events and changes that they trailed out behind him like years instead of months.

His luck at cards continuing, and with it his determination to move thereafter in polite life, Mr. Wetheral set about acquiring certain accomplishments necessary to his purpose. There was a fop among Lord George's acquaintance, given to telling laughable stories, partly in French. Of this gentleman's Coffee House audience, Dick was the only one who could not laugh uproariously at these Gallic passages. He thereupon resolved to learn French, as well as to acquire the more fashionable styles of dancing, and to improve what rudiments of fencing had been imparted to him by old Tom MacAlister. Thus he invested a good part of his nightly winnings in clandestine

lessons, taken while Lord George was making visits, or off with some pleasure-seeking party to Spring Gardens, or elsewhere engaged.

Wetheral supplemented his French and fencing lessons with private practice in his rooms, or in some solitary part of the grove by the Avon, or of King's Mead Fields, or elsewhere. His natural readiness and his fierce application soon enabled him to read and write easy French passably well; but when he came to speak in that language to the foppish little master of ceremonies at the Rooms, he brought confusion on himself. He made a better show at dancing, though; and a few trials of the foils with Lord George, on a rainy day, displayed a promise of early ability to handle a sword in the approved fashion.

One evening in the second week of May, Lord George announced his wish of starting for London on the morrow, as the fashionable season at Bath would soon be over. Dick had no sorrow at this, for he had resolved to continue in London his present way of life, by means of the cards and by whatever other resources he might find at hand. He was quite ready for fresh fields, as long as they were of the flowery kind. Desiring, though, a last survey of the field he was about to leave, Dick sallied forth alone that night for the Rooms, Lord George having to remain at his lodgings to write some letters he had postponed to the last moment.

Just as Mr. Wetheral was entering the ballroom, during a cessation of dancing, and was felicitating himself on the flattering salutations he got from acquaintances obtained through Lord George,—and several of these greetings came with melting smiles from fair faces,—he heard a voice at his side cry out:

"Why, by God, 'tis the rascal gamekeeper masquerading as a gentleman!"

Dick recognized the voice, now bellow and now whimper, ere even he turned, like a man shot, and saw the face. At sight of the gross, insolent visage of Squire Bullcott, the memory of the horse-whipping drove away every other consideration, and Dick, thinking only of revenge, not of his own possible discomfiture, replied, hotly:

"So 'tis you, Bully Bullcott! I intended to return and pay off my score, but kind Providence has saved me the trouble by sending you to Bath. Wait until I meet you in the street, sir!"

"What, you dog!" cried the Squire, whose corpulent body was dressed as if it were the elegant figure of a beau of twenty-five. "Why, hear the cur talk, will you that! The low, dirty, mongrel cur, that came starving along the road, with tongue hanging out and ne'er a kennel to sleep in; and that I took in and made a gamekeeper of! How in the name of God he ever came by those clothes he has on, I know not. But you sha'n't play any of your tricks here, you impostor! I denounce this rascal, gentlemen! He's not what he pretends to be!"

"Gentlemen," said Dick, to the crowd that had quickly assembled, "there are many of you here who know me—"

"If there be," said Bullcott, cutting Dick's speech short, "how long have you known him? Hey? And is there any gentleman here that doesn't know me?" From the manner in which the Squire glared around, and that of the gentlemen who amiably nodded in confirmation, it was plain that Squire Bullcott was a very well-known person at Bath; and from other tokens it was equally plain that Dick's acquaintances were mentally recalling that the time since they had first met him was indeed short. "The fellow is a gamekeeper, I say! A common servant, that I paid wages to, a month ago, and that my footmen drove off my place, as they shall drive him out of these Rooms now!" Whereat he strode through the crowd, which opened for him with the deference due to wealth, and at the door he called out to his servants, who were waiting with his coach.

Before Mr. Wetheral, who looked in perplexity from one acquaintance to another, and saw each man fall slightly back or look aside, could arrive at any course of action, he found himself face to face with the two low-browed fellows who had obeyed the Squire's behest on a former memorable occasion. Ere he was fully sensible of their intention, he was grasped at neck and arm, and the next instant he was being hustled swiftly to the street. Resisting blindly, and as the nether part of his person came considerably in the rear in this rapid exit, he made a ludicrous appearance, as he knew from the shout of laughter that followed him,—laughter in which, to his unutterable chagrin, the voices of the ladies mingled, for they had pushed forward among the gentlemen who had first hastened to the scene.

Once outside, Dick's two burly captors flung him forward into the street, where he landed on all fours in mire and refuse.

A crowd of servants and rabble quickly gathered around, shouting with glee. Dick's mood, when he rose, bruised and soiled, was to return and do battle with the whole assembly in the Rooms. But he knew the futility of such heroic measures, and that the present was no time in which to seek retaliation. He contented himself, therefore, with what effective lunges were necessary in order to break through the street crowd. Having achieved a passage in one fierce dash, he ran on, at a pace that soon ended pursuit, until he reached his lodgings. There he made himself presentable before joining Lord George, to whom he said nothing of the night's occurrence.

Their early departure, the next morning, alone prevented his lordship from hearing the news that was now all over Bath; and Dick felt a decided relief when he saw the city receding in the morning sunshine while the post-chaise they had taken was bowling merrily towards Wiltshire. An uneventful day, diversified by many stops for refreshment, brought them late in the afternoon

to Marlboro, where Dick had time, before nightfall, to ascend by the winding path the famous mount, and to meditate in the grotto where Thomson had composed "The Seasons," as well as to stroll through the charming grounds stretching at the rear of the inn to the Kennet.

As the Bath stage-coach for London drove up, Dick looked furtively from the inn window to see if it should let out any of those who had witnessed his humiliation the previous night. Lord George, glancing from the same window, suddenly exclaimed, "Egad, there's a fine woman!"

Following his lordship's gaze, Dick beheld a slender and graceful lady emerging from a private coach. Her face, round, soft, childlike, with clear and gentle blue eyes, instantly captivated Dick. He watched her while she gave hasty directions to her coachman, and while she stepped quickly and with downcast look, as if wishing to avoid observation, to the inn. She was accompanied by another lady, also quite handsome, but of a somewhat severe and defiant countenance.

Having entered the inn, the two ladies were seen no more while Dick and Lord George remained at Marlboro, although these candid admirers of beauty delayed their departure thence till the next day was far advanced. With sighs of disappointment, they then resumed their journey, and passed through the forest and on to Hungerford, where they dined and tarried awhile in the vain hope that yet the lady of the private coach might overtake them.

Continuing in disappointment, they proceeded into Berkshire and along the pleasant Kennet to Speenhamland, which, as all the world knows, is but the northern part of Newbury, the Kennet flowing between under a stone bridge. They had no sooner made themselves comfortable in the last two available rooms at the Pelican Inn, than Wetheral happened to look out into the corridor and see, accidentally glancing from the opposite chamber at the same moment, the beautiful lady of the private coach.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEVIL TO PAY AT THE PELICAN INN.

The lady, on seeing herself observed, immediately disappeared, and closed her door. Dick imparted his discovery to Lord George, who thereupon sent his man Wilkins to inquire of the servants who the lady was. Wilkins returned with the information, obtained from an inn maid who had quizzed the lady's own man-servant, that the lady was Miss Englefield, Sir Hilary Englefield's sister, returning to her brother's seat near Reading, to escape the attentions of a very wealthy gentleman who had pursued her at Bath.

"Why, I know Sir Hilary," cried Lord George. "Wilkins, you will take this message to Miss Englefield at once. Say to her that I have learned she is here, and that, supposing she must have heard her brother speak of me, though I have never had the honor and pleasure of meeting her, I send my most respectful compliments and will do myself the happiness of waiting upon her in the public parlor. Make haste, Wilkins! Come, Wetheral,—damn it, your hair is all right! We shall probably have the joy of supping with these ladies."

Dick hastened down to the parlor with his lordship and waited in a very pleasant trepidation. Wilkins soon came with the answer that Miss Englefield would give herself the honor, etc. "She seemed at first quite took by surprise, my lord," added Wilkins, "and repeated the name Englefield after me, as if to make me think there was a mistake and she wasn't that lady. But she whispered awhile with the other lady, and then gave me the answer."

"If she is really running away from some obnoxious suitor, she would quite naturally wish to hide her name," commented Lord George to Dick; and then a rustle of skirts heralded the entrance of the lady and her companion themselves.

While introductions were being made, the four people became so grouped that Wetheral found himself near Miss Englefield, an advantage he was quite ready to keep when it had come through circumstance, although he would not with premeditation have competed for it with Lord George. His lordship, noting the circumstance with a smile partly of reproach and partly of resignation, accepted with good grace the place of partner to the other lady, Miss Thorpe, whom Miss Englefield addressed as Celestine. Thus coupled, the new acquaintances talked of the crowded state of the inns, the excellence of the weather and roads, the season at Bath (Dick learned with ineffable relief that Miss Englefield's departure had occurred before his ejection from the Rooms), and such matters.

It was agreed presently, on Lord George's proposal, that the four should sup together in a corner of their own in the dining-room; and Dick there contrived to retain his post as cavalier to Miss Englefield, with whom he became more entranced at every commonplace utterance from her dainty lips, every meaningless glance from her soft eyes, every change of expression of her girlish face, every insignificant sigh, every occasionless laugh.

Her manner was generally that of a woman under some kind of anxiety or suspense, from which she found relief in a half timid, half reckless abandonment to gaiety; she was like a schoolgirl on some feminine lark, entirely novel to her, to which some severity had driven her for relief, yet of

which she was constantly in terror.

In the parlor, after supper, Wetheral's supposed travels being mentioned, he led up to the highly original remark, spoken with a most meaning look, "But of all women, I'll swear the finest I have seen are in England,—nay, I must say, *is* in England!" The charming blush with which she received this extremely subtle compliment encouraged Dick to further efforts in the same strain, for the conversation of the two had now fallen to a tone inaudible to Lord George and Miss Thorpe. These, on their side, sat at some distance, deep in a masked contest arising from the haughty Celestine's declared invulnerability to any man's attack, and from Lord George's complacent conviction that he could make a swift conquest of any woman without even seriously exerting himself.

This game, between the irresistible and the immovable, enabled Wetheral and Miss Englefield to proceed unwatched through a flirtation's first stages, so delicious to the participants, so insipid to third persons. Silly as their talk was, it derived unutterable charm from the low tones in which it was spoken, the ardent looks and suppressed agitation of Dick, the furtive glances and demure blushes of Miss Englefield. At last the silence of the inn, and the shortened state of the candles, broke up the reluctant quartette, and the ladies said good night, leaving Dick on the outer threshold of his paradise, and Lord George at the first man[oe]uvre in his campaign against the composure of Celestine.

"By the lord," cried Wetheral in ecstasy, when he and Lord George were alone together, "did you ever see a more heavenly creature? She's divine, she's perfect, and her name is Amabel, as lovely as herself! She told me it, and she told me, too, almost in as many words, that her affections were not engaged—previously. Amabel! Could any name fit any woman better?"

"Come, come," said Lord George, "it's bedtime. I must sleep well to-night, and look my best to-morrow, for I've a conquest to make."

"Fore gad, I sha'n't sleep at all!" cried Dick. "I've been made a conquest of!"

But he followed his friend up-stairs, where he found the latter slightly meditative and absent, a circumstance that would have held his attention had not his mind been full of other thoughts. Dick looked out of the window, at the inn garden. It was a perfect night, with a glorious moonlight. Dick could never go to bed in his present mood. He longed to walk, to revel in the moonlight, which was all his own, now that the rest of the world was asleep. If he could but pace beneath her window! That window also, being in line with his own, looked out on the garden. Between the two windows was that of the corridor, and beneath this there was a rear door leading to the garden, which door was flanked by a vine-clad trellis.

"I'm going for a stroll in the garden," said Dick, suddenly, to Lord George, who was already in bed. "I sha'n't want a candle to go to bed by."

He thereupon stepped from his window to the trellis, and descended thereby to the ground, heedless of the impeding vines. Amabel's window was already dark, as his own became a moment later. The garden sloped gently, between a wall and a hedge, to the Kennet, which reflected the moon between shadows of over-arching boughs. With its small trees, its bushes and flowers, its solitary bench, and its clear spaces of short grass, all made beautiful and mysterious by the moonlight, its spring odors, and the murmur of the stream, the place seemed to Dick like some Italian garden, and he imagined himself Romeo gazing up at Juliet's balcony.

In the midst of this fancy, he was rudely brought back to England by the sound of wheels and horse, and of voices speaking guardedly in very un-Italian accents, in the inn coach-yard beyond the wall that bounded one side of the garden. The sounds came to a stop, and the gate of the wall opened cautiously, whereupon Dick stepped into the shadow of the trellis flanking the rear doorway. Through the gateway he could see a rickety coach, of which the door was open and from about which there now stepped stealthily into the garden four ill-clad, desperate-looking fellows, one wearing a cloak about his lank body and stifling a cough as he walked, another carrying a large handkerchief in his hand, two others awkwardly bearing a ladder.

"'Tis all clear," said the cloaked individual. "Quick work, captain, now! That's the room." And he pointed to the window of Amabel.

Dick gave a violent start. What could be the purpose, concerning her chamber, of these birds of ill omen, who, doubtless through the collusion of some inn servant, had driven so secretly into the coach-yard at this hour? He decided to wait, that he might, before interfering, discover their plans.

The two ladder-bearers, at a whisper from the man with the handkerchief, placed the ladder to the window. The captain—a title which Dick guessed in this case to indicate a highwayman rather than a gentleman of war or sea—mounted with agility, and disappeared through the window, followed by one of the men. The cloaked fellow stood holding the ladder, and the other went to the gate to keep watch.

Dick, thinking it high time to take a hand, looked about for a weapon, and, seeing nothing else, finally pulled a stout cross-piece from the trellis. By this time the expeditious captain had reappeared at the top of the ladder, bearing the swooning form of Amabel, whose possible screams he had provided against with the handkerchief. His assistant followed him down the ladder, to give aid should the nimble captain's burden prove too heavy.



"BEARING THE SWOONING FORM OF AMABEL."

Dick ran forward with a threatening shout, and brought his extemporized cudgel down on the skull of the man in the cloak; at the same time there rose, in the chamber above, loud cries of "Help!" from Celestine, who had just awakened to what was going on. The sudden rush and noise took the enemy by surprise. The man attacked by Dick made for the gate, leaving his cloak in the hands of his assailant, who had mechanically clutched it. The captain's principal assistant leaped from the ladder, and followed with all speed to the gate, while the man on watch scrambled to the seat on the coach and whipped the horses to a gallop. The captain, seeing himself deserted, dropped Amabel as soon as he reached the bottom of the ladder, drew a pistol, and made ready for a fight over her body. But Dick clubbed the pistol from his hand, whereupon the captain, with merely an ejaculation of annoyance, turned and fled after his retreating forces.

Dick picked up the fainting Amabel, and carried her to the garden bench, whereon he placed her in a sitting attitude, and put the captured cloak about her, lest in her fragile night-dress she might be chilled. Meanwhile Celestine's cries had not abated, and suddenly Dick, while trying to fan Miss Englefield back to recovery with his hat, beheld Lord George emerge from the gentlemen's window, in night-gown and coat, drop to the ground, rush up the ladder, and plunge into the chamber whence the shouts for aid continued to issue. Lord George, in his haste to the rescue, had not noticed Dick and Amabel in the garden.

At last the tender creature on the bench gently stirred, feebly opened her eyes, and faintly asked where she was. Dick immediately enlightened her. She appeared astonished at what had befallen, and murmured, reflectively, "I shouldn't have thought he would take that way of doing it," then checked herself as if she had said too much. Dick supposed she alluded to the rich suitor, and that the attempted abduction was the work of that person. He could not enough thank heaven for having enabled him to be her preserver, and he sat by her side, on the bench, while she remained wrapped in the cloak, apparently too prostrated by the recent occurrence to return immediately to her chamber.

And now was the time for a romantic love scene, suitable to the youth and beauty of the two participants, to the charm of the surroundings, to the May night, the moonlight, the odor of flowers, the ripple of the stream, and the preceding circumstances of the interview; and doubtless the conversation was poetic enough to the two who engaged in it, thanks to all these matters and to the glances, low tones of agitation, suppressed fervor, tremblings, etc.; but the talk in itself was no more original or impassioned than this:

"I'm glad you aren't hurt," said she.

"It would be a happiness to carry forever a wound received in such a cause,—'pon honor, it

would!" said he.

"Will they come back, do you think? I sha'n't be able to sleep, the rest of the night, for fear of them!"

"You have nothing to fear. I shall keep guard under your window all night."

"Oh, no, sir! You will take cold."

"I cannot. I shall be on fire. My heart will glow with your image, which has occupied it ever since I saw you before the inn at Marlboro yesterday."

"Why, did you notice me then? I saw you looking out of the window, and I said to Celestine, 'What a frank and generous face! If my—if some person were but like that!'"

"You said that, really,—and meant it,—and mean it still?"

"Why, to be sure, how could I mean it less, after all that has happened to-night?"

He now plunged deep into ardent love-making, at which she seemed to be both frightened and, in spite of herself, pleased. Not making any direct response, she began to sound him as to his character and opinions, his views on matters pertaining to love and propriety and honorable conduct, and finally as to whether he would deem a love between a married and a single person, under any possible circumstances, justifiable. He declared that, for his part, he would never make love to a married woman, that he would rob no man, nor injure any in a matter so sacred,—excepting possibly one man, to whom he owed the keenest of revenges, Mr. Bullcott, of Bullcott Hall, Somersetshire. At this declaration, an unaccountable strange look—astonishment mingled with secret elation—overspread her face. "Why do you look so?" inquired Dick.

Before she could answer, there came from the ladies' chamber, whence the cries had for some time ceased to issue, the sound of several slaps and cuffs in close succession. An instant later the figure of Lord George, in coat and night-gown, came swiftly through the window and dropped to the ground.

"Damn all affected prudery!" muttered his lordship, holding his hand to his cheek, and then clambered up the trellis to his own window.

At the same time, Celestine appeared at the other window, and the landlord, having first gone to her door and been informed by her that the garden was full of house-breakers and kidnappers, came from the inn door, followed by two servants, while a detachment of the town watch, summoned by another servant, entered by the wall gate from the coach-yard.

Thus interrupted, Dick had to make explanations, and to hasten Amabel's return to her chamber by way of the inn door. He then returned to the garden to carry out his purpose of guarding her window the rest of the night, and there found one of the watchmen charged with the same duty, two others having captured the ladder and very carefully carried it off to preserve as evidence.

Despite what blissful thoughts Dick had to entertain himself with, he now found it harder to remain awake than it had been when he was on sentry duty in freezing Canada. Relying at last on the watchman who sat in the inn doorway, Dick at last succumbed to sleep, on the bench, where he did not awake till dawn. The watchman also slumbered through the night, and, had the abductors so elected, they might, with due skill and caution, have carried off not only the lovely Amabel, but Dick and the watchman as well.

The watchman was the first to awake; hence Dick, assuming that all was well, returned to his chamber, refreshed himself with a bath, and put his clothes in order. By the time this was accomplished, Wilkins having come to attend the gentlemen, Lord George was up, and in his usual good humor as to everything but Celestine. Her resistance to his attractions he pronounced an odious affectation, which he should certainly take out of the woman, if only for her own sake, for he admitted she had some good points.

Lord George and Dick had scarcely finished dressing, when there came a violent knock on the door of their parlor, heralding the boisterous entrance of a stout, ruddy-faced young gentleman with a decided fox-hunting look, who thrust out his hand to Lord George, and blurted out:

"Why, damme, my lord, don't you know me? By gad, you ought to, for many's the finish we've been in at together, us two!"

"Why, certainly, Sir Hilary! Welcome! Sir Hilary Englefield, Mr. Wetheral."

Dick bowed, and surveyed critically the brother of Miss Englefield.

"There's the devil to pay somewhere, or else I'm on a wild goose chase," went on Sir Hilary, beating his riding-boot with his whip. "A rascal ensign, as he calls himself, wakes up my house in the middle of the night, and gives me a letter that he says, being on the way to London, he agreed to carry from a ragged wench he met at the Pelican here. The letter turns out to be from a girl that once served in our house but fell into bad ways and ran off with a damned drunken lawyer. It tells of a plot of some scoundrel, whom she doesn't name, to have my sister carried off from this inn last night by the gang of rogues the wench is travelling with. Well, I up and ride from t'other side of Reading to Newbury, twenty miles, like the very devil, and when I get here, the inn people say my sister left the inn yesterday. They tell me another lady was nearly kidnapped from the room Sis had occupied, but you and another gentleman prevented. So I said, 'I'll run up and pay

my respects to his lordship,' and, now I've done that, I must be off and look in the other inns for Sister. I didn't know she was coming back from Bath so soon."

"But," said Lord George, detaining Sir Hilary, "your sister is here. It was she that Wetheral protected. There must have been some mistake between you and the inn people. What I say is true, I assure you. Learning Miss Englefield was here, I made myself known to her, and she and her friend passed the evening with Wetheral and me."

"Oh, then, the fool of a landlord was fuddled, I dare say. Egad, since Sis is here, we'll all crack a bottle together. We'll have breakfast together. My belly aches with emptiness."

"Excellent!" said Lord George. They were now in that one of their two rooms which served as parlor; it adjoined the bedchamber, which was the room whose window overlooked the garden. Besides the door between the two, each room had a door opening to the corridor. "We can have the table set here in this room, now that you are with us," continued Lord George, "and be as merry as we please."

"So we shall," cried Sir Hilary; "and, meanwhile, I'll have my horse put away. I always see with my own eyes how my beasts are cared for." The baronet then, evidently satisfied at hearing from others of his sister's safety, ran down-stairs; while Lord George, having sent Wilkins to order the breakfast, went out to walk for an appetite, Dick remaining to add some finishing touches to his toilet.

Presently hearing light footfalls and the swish of skirts in the corridor, and recalling that the ladies had not yet been notified of Sir Hilary's arrival and of the plan for the breakfast party, Dick hastened out from his bedchamber, greeted them both, and said, "I have pleasant news for you, Miss Englefield; your brother, Sir Hilary, has arrived, and—ah, that is he at the foot of the stairs! He will be up in a moment."

This announcement had the most astonishing effect on Amabel. She cast a panic-stricken look around, and then sought refuge through the first open doorway, which she closed after her, and could be heard turning the key inside. The door happened to be that of Wetheral and Lord George's bedchamber.

Sir Hilary, who had not seen this flight, now arrived in the corridor, and looked first at Celestine, then inquiringly at Wetheral. Surprised at Sir Hilary's not recognizing his sister's friend, Dick was for a moment silent; then he proceeded, in some embarrassment, to make the two acquainted.

"Sir Hilary must often have heard his sister speak of her friend, Celestine Thorpe," said that lady, who also seemed not entirely at ease.

"Thorpe? Celestine?" repeated Sir Hilary, making the, to him, unusual effort of searching his memory. "No, I can't say—unless you were the girl that went to school with Sis, that she got me to write letters to. I forget that girl's name."

"Why, 'twas Celestine Thorpe," said the lady.

"So 'twas, now I think on't. Well, well, how Sis used to plague me, to make me answer your letters, to be sure! It seems the girls at your school had read some novel or such book, *Palemia*, or *Pamelia*, or some name or other, that got you to pestering all your own relations and one another's with letters. I never used to read yours through, but Sister would make me answer 'em, ne'ertheless."

At this point Lord George returned, and, on his invitation, the four went into the parlor of the two gentlemen, Dick hastily closing the door between parlor and bedchamber, and Miss Thorpe telling the others, with a look half pleading and half threatening at Dick, that Miss Englefield would join them soon. Servants now came and laid a table for breakfast, under Wilkins's direction. Wine being brought, Sir Hilary fell upon it immediately, pleading his long ride in excuse. Meanwhile Dick, mystified at the conduct of Amabel, supposed she would now use the opportunity to go from the bedchamber to the corridor; and wondered how long she would defer meeting her brother.

Those in the parlor, while the table was being made ready, were grouped about the window, which looked out from the side of the inn; Miss Thorpe seated, Lord George at her one elbow, Sir Hilary at the other. The fox-hunter, repeating frequently his glass of wine, from a bottle on a near-by side-table, became rapidly more gay and familiar, especially towards Celestine, whose former characteristics he now proceeded to recall. At this, Lord George began to show irritation, while the lady's own composure was far from increased.

"Lord," said the baronet, looking mirthful at the recollection, "what soft stuff it was, in the letters you used to plague me with! I said to Sis one day, 'I've heard as how girls at boarding-schools pine for gentlemen's society and go crazy to be made love to,' I said, 'but I never fancied one of 'em to have such a coming-on disposition as Celestine has.' Lord, Lord, 'twas a tender soul!"

This was going beyond the endurance alike of Celestine, whose present character was so different from that ascribed to the baronet's former correspondent, and of Lord George, who felt doubly chafed to think that tenderness denied him had been heaped upon another. Miss Thorpe turned crimson under his look. Having to vent his anger on some one, his lordship naturally chose the reminiscent fox-hunter.

"Is it a Berkshire custom, sir," queried Lord George, heatedly, "to treat the confidence of ladies in this manner?"

Sir Hilary, after a moment of bewilderment, disavowed the least intention to offend, but his own tone showed a decided resentment of Lord George's. This fact did not make his lordship's reply any sweeter, and the upshot of their brief but swift verbal passage was that Sir Hilary departed in high dudgeon, saying he would find his sister and start for home at once. Dick slipped quietly into the bedchamber, and, to his surprise, found Amabel still there.

"Why didn't you go out that way," he whispered, pointing to the corridor door, "while we were in the parlor?"

"I was afraid of being seen," she answered; "the servants have been passing to and fro outside the door; so I locked it," and she handed him the key, which he took thoughtlessly, his own confusion being like that which had made her take the key from the door after locking it.

"Would it not be best to go out now, while the way is clear," said he, "and meet your brother, who has gone down-stairs to inquire for you?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed; "I cannot—I dare not! Oh, sir, that gentleman is *not* my brother!"

This, then, explained her former flight from Sir Hilary's sight; explained also why Sir Hilary's description of the letter-writer was so at variance with the character of Miss Thorpe, who had been forced into the rôle of his sister's friend by a desire to support Amabel. Little wonder that Celestine was enraged, or that now, left alone in the parlor with Lord George, she sought refuge from his sarcastic silence in an unceremonious retreat to her own chamber! Lord George, with no appetite for the breakfast, which Wilkins at this moment announced to be ready, took up his hat, and flung out for another walk. As he passed the tap-room door, he heard Sir Hilary vociferously declaiming to the landlord within.

It thus fell out that Dick, looking cautiously in from the other chamber, saw the parlor deserted, Wilkins having rushed after his master. Dick instantly beckoned Amabel into the parlor, where it was not likely Sir Hilary would return. He offered her a chair; but she preferred to stand, resting one hand on the table, while she explained:

"When we arrived at the inn, we were shown to the room another lady had vacated a few minutes earlier. As Celestine took pains to learn this morning, on account of things that have happened since we came here, that lady was Miss Englefield. When we received Lord George's message, and found he thought one of us was Miss Englefield, and that he had never seen her, I thought it would be amusing to keep up the mistake. Miss Thorpe opposed it, but I longed so to imagine for a time I was somebody else, I wouldn't listen to her. Of course, after the deception was begun, she wouldn't betray me. Well, I couldn't endure to be exposed by others, so I ran from Miss Englefield's brother. You will think me terribly wicked, won't you, sir?"

"Why, 'twas a most innocent, harmless jest," protested Mr. Wetheral, gallantly. "If there were any blame, it would belong to Lord George and me, for our impertinence in having Wilkins inquire who the beautiful lady was. His informant, it seems, didn't know Miss Englefield had left and another taken her place. We have now but to send for Miss Thorpe—if she *is* Miss Thorpe—"

"Oh, yes, there was no deception as to Celestine's name."

"And as to your own first name?" Dick was slightly apprehensive.

"That was given truly. It is Amabel." Dick was rejoiced.

"Amabel!" he repeated. "Then that is the only name by which at this moment I know you. 'Tis the loveliest name, and the most fitting one, I swear! If you would but make it needless, as far as concerns my calling you by name, that I should ever know any other! If you would but give me the right to call you by that name alone!"

"Give you the right?" said she in a low voice, and with downcast eyes. "As how?"

"As by your mere permission."

"After what you know?" Her voice was barely audible, her manner agitated.

"What do you mean?" asked Dick.

"That I am not the person I pretended to be."

"What difference does that make? Are you any less charming? 'Fore George, what's in a name,—unless it be Amabel?"

"'Tis not a mere matter of names. You remember what you said last night—"

"Yes—whatever it was, it all meant that you were adorable, and I mean that now a thousand times over!" He took her hand, which she did not withdraw from him.

"But you said something," she went on, in a voice yet lower and more unsteady, "of married persons and single,—of not injuring a man in a matter so sacred,—you remember?"

"Why, yes,—I—"

"But you said there might be one exception—"

"Yes, I remember. Squire Bullcott, a Somerset gentleman. I owe him a very bitter revenge."

"Well, then,—if revenge and—love—both pointed to the same thing,—what then?"

He looked at her a moment; while she stood crimson, motionless, scarcely breathing, her eyes averted. Then he let go her hand.

"My God, madam, does it mean that you are—Mr. Bullcott's wife?"

"Yes," and now she spoke with rapidity and more force, "and that I have endured such treatment from him as I could bear no longer. Insolence, blows, neglect, imprisonment even, for he is as jealous as he is faithless, and has tried to hide me from all society, having me guarded by brutal servants of his own choosing, making me a captive in my own apartments, and keeping me under lock and key while he pursued his amours elsewhere. What could I do? I was an only child, without near relations: my parents died soon after arranging my marriage, which was against my own wishes. At last I learned, through some careless talk of my husband's, that Celestine was at Bath. She was my only friend. I contrived to get a letter to her, and she planned my escape. She waited at night in a private coach, near Bullcott Hall, while I got out of the house in the clothes of a chambermaid who was asleep. I ran to a place she had appointed, and there I found her footman on the park wall, with a ladder; he helped me across, and to her coach. We took a roundabout way to the London road, so as to avoid Bath; and when you met us we were on our way to Celestine's house in Oxfordshire, intending I should keep concealed there, for I am determined to die rather than go back to my husband!"

She now stood silent, as if she had placed the situation and herself in Wetheral's hands, to dispose of as he might choose. Manifestly she had met very few men, seen nothing of the world; she was still a child, ready to entrust her whole destiny to the first flatterer whose tender speeches had won her heart.

Dick was not slow in making up his mind.

"You spoke of love and revenge, madam," said he, gently. "They are strong passions, and I have been strongly urged by them the last few moments. But we will resist them,—not for his sake, but for yours—and mine. Before you start for Oxfordshire, I shall have started for London. I wish you a pleasant and safe journey, and a long and happy life. Good-by!"

Before she could answer, there came from the corridor the noise of heavy feet rushing up the stairs, and the words loudly bellowed:

"I'll find the room, never fear, that will I!"

"My husband!" whispered Amabel, the picture of sudden fright. "If he finds me here, he will kill me!"

"He'll not do that, I promise you!" said Dick. "But, ne'ertheless, he mustn't see you!"

For it was indeed this very parlor that the footfalls were approaching. Dick led the terrified wife back into the bedchamber, and returned instantly to the parlor, in time to see Squire Bullcott burst in from the corridor. Dick had not yet closed the bedchamber door, and he now left it slightly ajar, remembering his experience in the St. Valier house in Quebec, and thinking by this negligence to disarm suspicion. The Squire was followed by the two faithful henchmen who had used Dick violently twice in the past.

At sight of Wetheral, the Squire stood aghast. Dick was near the bedchamber door. On the floor beside him was an open portmanteau, very long, in which lay, among clothes, a dress sword of Lord George's. Dick stooped and took up this pretty weapon, as if merely to examine its jewelled hilt.

"What, you cur!" cried Bullcott, as soon as he had got breath. "So 'tis you she ran away with! So you thought to revenge yourself on me by seducing my wife!"

"Mr. Bullcott is too hasty to vilify that angelic but mistreated lady," said Dick, quietly, but with scorn as fine as the edge of the sword he was feeling.

"Hear the mongrel! He'd come over me with talk like a fine gentleman's in a play! The base-born impostor! He's got the woman hid somewhere about!"

"You can see for yourself that you lie!" said Dick, with a swift look around the parlor.

"She's in that other room," cried Bullcott, truly. "She ain't in her own chamber, and she *is* with you. I paid a chambermaid a guinea to tell me so, and what you pay a guinea for can't be false. Look ye, Curry!" The Squire whispered a few words to one of his followers, and that one at once left the room. "Now, Pike, go ahead and knock that rascal down, and then I'll go in and catch her. I'll show—zounds and blood! Sir Hilary Englefield!"

It was indeed the voice of the fox-hunting baronet, and as it approached the parlor door, making a great hullabaloo, it seemed to throw the formidable Bullcott into a panic.

"Did the knaves that bungled last night's business sell me out to him, I wonder?" queried Squire Bullcott of his remaining adherent. Dick had a sudden illumination. 'Twas Squire Bullcott that

had persecuted Miss Englefield at Bath, planned her abduction while his own wife was availing herself of his absence to run away from him, and nearly succeeded in kidnapping his own wife by mistake! His present terror of Sir Hilary, then, arose from the possibility that Sir Hilary had learned of the Squire's design against that baronet's sister.

But that terror proved ill-grounded. When Sir Hilary bounced into the parlor, he greeted the now quaking Bullcott with a single friendly word and bow, showing he knew not yet who had instigated the kidnapping; and then turned his wrath on Wetheral. The landlord, who had tried to prevent his entrance, had followed him in, and now made futile efforts to avoid a scandalous scene.

"What the devil do you mean," cried Sir Hilary to Dick, "by sending me off on a wild goose chase after my sister, when you have her in that room? Don't deny it, you scoundrel! Put down that sword, I say! What, you'd try to run me through, would you? You'd save my sister from being carried off by some damned hound" (Squire Bullcott, now utterly astounded, winced at this) "and then reward yourself by trying to ruin the girl yourself?"

"So it is your sister in that room?" said Dick, standing with his back to the bedchamber door, and holding his sword in a way that accounted for the wordy hesitation of his would-be assailants. "The Squire insists it is his wife. Sure, it can't be both!"

"Damn the Squire!" cried Sir Hilary. "'Tis my sister. She's nowhere else, and I paid a chambermaid half a guinea, who told me she was here!"

"Don't be so fast about damning the Squire!" put in that worthy, taking heart and bristling up. "I paid a whole guinea to find out my wife was there. So it must be she! Besides, didn't the coachman that drove her send word back to me, from this inn, that she was running away? Didn't the messenger meet me at Hungerford, where I was—ah—on business? I tell you what, Sir Hilary, you and my man take that fellow's sword away, and I'll go in and see my wife!"

"Devil take your wife!" said Sir Hilary. "'Tis my sister. I see her gown at this moment through the door-crack. I know that gown. There,—she's moved backed out of sight. Sis, come out!"

"'Pon my word, gentlemen," said Dick, pretending to make light of the accusations of both, "'tis a very curious honor you are contesting for! And one of you sees a lady's gown where none exists! I don't know what to make of you!"

But Bullcott seemed struck by Sir Hilary's asserted recognition of the dress. "Oh, well," said he, "maybe I'm wrong. Sir Hilary doubtless knows what inn his sister lodged at last night. Egad, if it turns out to be her, mayhap some folk won't be so prudish after this!" The Squire grinned to think the lady who had repulsed him, and whom he had failed to carry off, might be compromised after all.

"What's that? What d'ye say?" cried Sir Hilary. "So my sister has been prudish to *you*, you old goat! Well she might! I know your ways; everybody does! Well, if it comes to that, I don't say it is my sister in that room! I don't say the landlord wasn't right, and that my sister didn't leave this inn yesterday. But I do say this, and to you, sir." Sir Hilary spoke now to Dick. "You see how my sister's good name is at stake. If the lady in that room isn't she, then my sister is an honest girl, and doesn't deserve the least doubt against her reputation. Whoever the lady is, 'tis evident as much can't be said for her. Therefore, to exonerate an innocent lady, 'tis your duty the guilty one shall be made to show herself, before all in this room. That's only fair, sir! Better than two ladies suffer reproach, let the one that merits it appear and clear the other! Then we shall know whether 'tis my right or Bullcott's to fight you. For there *is* one lady in that room, I'll swear!" Sir Hilary had become quite sober and dignified.

That Sir Hilary's sister should suffer for a moment in her reputation was, of course, a thought intolerable to Dick. Yet he must save Amabel at any cost. The actual truth, if he told it, would be taken as a lame excuse for her presence in the bedchamber. By the pig-headed Squire, the mere fact that his wife had fled to Dick's room to avoid exposure would be regarded as evidence of criminality. Yet how could such a plea as Sir Hilary's be refused?

"Come, sir!" said the baronet.

At that moment a new face appeared in the doorway, that of a young lady of graceful figure, piquant visage, and very fine gray eyes. These eyes rested on Sir Hilary alone, thus missing Squire Bullcott, who, at first sight of the lady, flopped down on all fours behind the breakfast-table, a movement unnoticed while the general attention was on the newcomer.

"Why, Brother, so you are really here? Wilson saw you ride past the inn at Thatcham this morning, and we supposed you were coming to the Pelican to meet me; so I drove back after you."

"Give me a buss, Sis!" cried Sir Hilary, who had already grasped both her hands and shown every sign of joy. "'Fore gad, you came in good time! So 'tisn't you in the next room! A thousand pardons, Mr. Wetheral! But what were you doing at Thatcham, Sis?"

"Why," replied Miss Englefield, "'tis a long story. At this inn, yesterday afternoon, a maid brought me a letter scrawled by Jenny Mullen, who used to serve at the Hall. It seems she is now attached to a gang of rogues that were hired to make trouble for me at this inn last night. So she warned me in secret to leave quietly. She begged me to say nothing to the landlord or the watch, lest her

companions might be caught. So I went on and lay at Thatcham, and that is how Wilson happened to see you galloping hither this morning. Poor Jenny promised to keep the rascals drinking in the tap-room, so they should not learn of my departure, and she must have kept her promise."

"Thank the Lord, she must have!" said Sir Hilary. "But how the devil did they know you were going to lodge here last night?"

"Why, my girl, Sukey, confessed this morning that in Bath she made the acquaintance of a so-called captain, to whom she told the plan we had arranged for our journey. It seems from Jenny's letter that the rogues were to carry me off to a country-seat near Whitchurch in Hampshire; their employer—odious beast—was to lie last night at Hungerford, and follow to-day to Whitchurch."

"Zounds! You shall tell me all about it, Sis, on the way home, and we'll see what's to be done. Come away from this inn! It seems there's been the devil to pay here, in more matters than one. Good day, sir!" Sir Hilary thereupon led his sister quickly out, with barely a thought of the apparent absence of Squire Bullcott, who indeed might have slipped off while the baronet was engrossed with his sister.

The Squire now rose into view, very red and very much perturbed. He glanced first at his man and the landlord, who both had been keeping in the background during Miss Englefield's presence, then at Dick, who still guarded the bedchamber door.

"Then, since it ain't his sister, by God, it must be my wife!" whined Bullcott, who, like many another person capable of doing any wrong, was quick to whimper on supposing himself injured. "I'll expose her, I'll kill her, that will I! Landlord, send for constables! Oh, the faithless woman, and the vile seducer! To think a gentleman can't go off to attend to—a little business, but his wife must take a dirty, low advantage of his absence, to run off with a base-born rascal! Send for constables, landlord, to force a way into that room!"

"The landlord well knows," put in Dick, thinking of another ruse of Catherine de St. Valier's in Quebec, "that there is no lady in this room. Why, if a lady had been there, don't you suppose she'd have gone out long ago by the other door" (Dick remembered here that the other door was locked and the key in his own hand), "or by the window, from which even a woman could easily descend by the trellis to the garden?"

But the Squire continued to cry for constables, and Dick continued to detain the landlord by one remark and another. Keeping his ear on the alert, he presently heard the window in the bedchamber softly open, and he inferred that Amabel had taken his loud-spoken hint as he himself had once vainly accepted that of Catherine de St. Valier. By keeping his sword-point constantly in evidence, he deterred the Squire and the latter's man from a rush. The landlord, considering this guest was the friend of a lord, would take no step whatever, and Bullcott chose to keep his own man with him for protection, so there was none to summon the minions of the law.

At last Dick, fearing that Miss Thorpe might at any moment enter, and her presence certify to that of Amabel, said he had played with the Squire long enough, and would now let the latter scan the bedchamber from the threshold. Dick, confident that Amabel would have acted promptly at so important a crisis, supposed she had some time ago reached the garden, whence she might have gone to her own chamber. He therefore flung wide the door, and disclosed—Amabel in the centre of the chamber, and the squire's man, Curry, perched on the window-ledge, to which he had climbed by the trellis from the garden, whither Bullcott had sent him to watch the chamber window.

The Squire, almost black with rage, started towards the bedroom. Dick interposed in time to stay the burly figure's rush. The Squire stepped back and gathered strength for another effort, growling inarticulately.

"Well, sir," said Dick, with assumed resignation, "I see the jig is up. The lady has refused to save me by flight. She remains, I see, as evidence against me. So, it seems, your wife was running away from you, Squire Bullcott? Well, I can't blame her, though I didn't know that when I took her into my room by force."

"By force?" gasped the Squire.

"How can I deny it, when the lady herself is here to accuse me?" said Dick. "You'll admit the temptation was strong,—my door open, the lady passing in the corridor, no one in sight, a devil of a noise in the tap-room to drown her screams,—not to mention that I threatened to kill her if she cried out."

"But why the deuce didn't she cry out when she heard me in this room?" queried Bullcott, partly addressing the silent Amabel.

"For the rather poor reason," answered Dick, "that in such a case, as I promised her when I heard you coming, I should have killed, not her, but you! And now, Squire, you see your wife's reputation remains untarnished; she is safe out of my hands, and if she can but make good her escape from yours, she ought to be happy."

"Escape from me? That won't she! She'd run away, would she? Well, now she'll run back, and stay back! D'ye hear, woman? Oh, some one shall pay for all this, that shall she! I'll show—"

But the Squire showed only a sudden pallor and shakiness, for again was heard in the corridor the wrathful voice of Sir Hilary Englefield, this time coupled with the excited tones of his sister, who was screaming out dissuasions.

"So 'twas you, Bullcott, hired the rogues to carry off my sister!" roared the baronet, as he entered, whip in one hand, in the other a pistol. "I thank God she told me the name before I or you was out of the town! So you'd go to Whitchurch after her, would you? Well, you'll go, not after her, but alone; and not to Whitchurch, but to hell; you filthy old chaser of women! And you shall go with a sore skin, moreover!"

Whereat the furious fox-hunter began to belabor the squire with the whip, all the witnesses giving him plenty of room. Bullcott bellowed, whimpered, and cowered, leading the agile baronet a chase around furniture and over it, deterred from a bolt by the presence of Miss Englefield's stout man-servant in the corridor doorway. Driven at last to bay, his face and hands covered with welts, the Squire made a desperate bound and grasped the whip, wrenched it from the baronet's hand, and raised it to strike. As the blow was falling, Sir Hilary fired the pistol. Bullcott fell, an inert mass.

Sir Hilary conferred hastily with Dick, then led away his sister, saw her and her servants started homeward, and took horse by the Winchester road for the seaport of Portsmouth. Dick silently led the dazed Amabel to her own chamber, whence she and Miss Thorpe departed quietly on their way to Oxfordshire while Bullcott's servants were busy with preparations for the care of the Squire's body. Dick then immediately packed up his and Lord George's portmanteaus, and took post-chaise for London as soon as Lord George and Wilkins returned to the inn, a large gratuity from Dick to the landlord enabling these four hasty departures to be made before the town authorities were notified of the killing. The post-chaise left Speenhamland in the track of Miss Englefield's coach and Miss Thorpe's, but did not overtake either, all three parties making the utmost speed. Their three ways diverged at Reading, where Dick and Lord George made a brief stop in the afternoon, to break their long fast.

"Egad," quoth Lord George, to whom Dick had recounted all the morning's incidents, "'twas a merry breakfast party we had at the Pelican in honor of Sir Hilary's arrival!"

Dick heaved a sigh, eloquent of more than one regret, and was silent.

CHAPTER XIII.

"UP AND DOWN IN LONDON TOWN."

The young gentlemen proceeded the same afternoon to Maidenhead, and passed the night as guests of Pennyston Powney, Esquire, a friend of Lord George's, at his fine seat south of that place. The next day they proceeded slowly, in order to enjoy the beautiful prospects along the Thames; Dick marking his progress Londonward by each milestone, beginning at Maidenhead Bridge with the twenty-fifth.

In Buckinghamshire the road became more and more alive with coaches. At Slough, Dick would have liked to turn southward to Windsor Castle and Eton College, of which edifices he had enjoyed the splendid view from Salt Hill; or northward to Stoke Pogis churchyard, where Gray composed his Elegy and was buried; but his lordship desired to arrive in London that evening. So Dick was content with what glimpses he got of the high white Castle, along a good part of the road. Into Middlesex rolled the chaise, crossing Hounslow Heath and passing there many sheep but no highwaymen; on by noble parks and residences, to Brentford, Dick feasting his eyes on what he could see of distant Richmond with its hill and terrace, and of Kew with its royal gardens and its favorite palace of George III., then reigning.

The numerous carriages, the stage-coaches with passengers inside and on top, and the other signs of nearness to a great city, increased as they bowled through Turnham Green and Hammersmith, whence there were houses on both sides all the way to Kensington. A great smoky mass ahead had now resolved itself distinctly into towers, domes, and spires, and, for watching each feature as it separately disclosed itself, Dick well nigh missed the verdant charms of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, on the left. At last they were rattling along Piccadilly, passing Green Park on the right, and getting a partial view of St. James's and the other ordinary-looking palaces in that direction. And presently, as Lord George wished his arrival in London to be for a day unknown, and as his house in Berkeley Square was occupied by his uncle's family, they turned through the Haymarket to Charing Cross, and thence into the Strand, where they were finally set down at the White Hart Inn, near the new church of St. Mary-le-Strand and the site of the bygone May-pole.

After supper, while his lordship kept indoors, Dick went out sightseeing; strode blithely up the lamp-lit Strand, with its countless shops lettered all over with tradesmen's signs; through Temple Bar, and along Fleet Street, with its taverns, coffee-houses, courts, and tributary streets; up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's, which he walked around; returning over his route, and then making a shorter excursion, to see the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; all this with no

adventure that need here be related.

The next day, his lordship took fine lodgings in Bond Street, near Hanover Square, and insisted that Dick remain his guest until the latter should hear from Cumberland,—Dick allowing his lordship to remain under the belief that the Cumberland from which he came was of England, and that he had been a great loser of valuables and money by the supposed defection of his servant at the time he was left for dead in the road.

Dick's second evening in London was passed at Covent Garden Theatre, where he saw, and was dazzled by, "The Duenna," that brilliant comic opera of serenading lovers in Seville, by the clever young Mr. Sheridan, which, first brought out in the previous November, was still the most popular piece in the company's list. The next day, Sunday, going for that purpose to the church of St. Clement Danes, Dick saw the great and bulky Doctor Johnson himself, and was duly impressed.

On Monday he took what he had left of his Bath winnings to a tailor's shop, and spent the greater part of them for a new black suit for full dress; and that evening he went with Lord George to a ridotto, in the vicinity of St. James's, Lord George having previously got tickets.

Not choosing to venture in a minuet, Dick imitated many of the impudent young beaux of the splendid company, walking through the gaily decorated room, and staring unreservedly at whatever lady's face, beneath its cushioned tower of powdered hair, attracted him. By the time the country-dances had begun, he had made up his mind which one of all the faces most rivalled the blazing candle-lights themselves. Its possessor was young, tall, well filled out, and of a dashing and frivolous countenance. Having learned by observation that the custom in London differed not from that in Bath, Dick went confidently up and begged to have the honor of dancing with her.

She flashed on him a quick, all-comprehensive look of scrutiny, then bowed with a gracious smile, and gave him her hand. During the dance, Dick made use of every possible occasion to comment jocularly upon passing incidents and persons, and the lady invariably answered with a smile or a merry remark, so that Dick was soon vastly pleased with his partner and himself.

After the dance, having led her to a seat, and as she would have no refreshments brought, he stood chatting with her. Lord George came up and greeted both, and continued talking to them familiarly, assuming, from the fact of her having granted Dick a dance in a public assembly, that they already knew each other. In the course of the talk, Lord George frequently addressed Dick by his name, and the lady by hers, so that, before long, Mr. Wetheral and Miss Mallby were so addressing one another. It developed, through Lord George's inquiries after her family, that her father was Sir Charles Mallby, of Kent, whose town house was in Grosvenor Square.

While the three were talking, Dick noticed an elegantly dressed young gentleman standing near, who regarded them with a peculiarly sullen expression.

"Why does that gentleman look at us so sourly?" asked Dick, innocently, of Lord George.

"La!" said Miss Mallby, smiling, and coloring. "Tis Lord Alderby."

Lord George smiled, and proposed that Dick should come with him to meet somebody or other; whereupon the two gentlemen, one of them very reluctantly, left Miss Mallby, who was then immediately joined by the surly-looking Lord Alderby.

"They've had a lovers' quarrel," explained Lord George to Dick, "which accounts for her comporting herself so amiably to us. Her gaiety with other gentlemen this evening has turned Alderby quite green with jealousy. Now that we have left the way open for him, he'll humiliate himself as abjectly as he must, for a reconciliation. Egad, what a thing it is to be the slave of an heiress!"

"Why," said Dick, his spirits suddenly damped, "I flattered myself her amiability to me was on my own account."

"Oh," said his lordship, with an amused look that escaped Dick, "so that's how the wind blows! Well, who knows but you are right? She may have tired of Alderby's sulks. 'Tis a rich prize, by Jove,—the Lord knows how many thousand a year! We shall certainly call at Grosvenor Square tomorrow."

What young man can honestly blame Dick for clinging to the belief that the radiant Miss Mallby's graciousness to him had another cause than the wish to pique Lord Alderby; or for supposing himself equal to the rôle of a lord's rival for the love of a great heiress? The romantic notion that love levels all, was no new one in Dick's time, and had often been exemplified. To win fortune by marriage was then held to be an entirely honorable act, calling for no reproach. Dick had no intention of deceiving the lady. But he would wait until her love was certainly his, before disclosing who and what he was. Once his, her love would not be altered by the unimportant circumstances that he was an American and penniless. Splendid was the future of which Dick dreamed that night,—a future of fair estates and great city residences, of coaches and footmen, of fine clothes, card playing, music, and dancing.

He went with Lord George in the latter's coach, the next afternoon, to the Grosvenor Square house; was graciously received by Miss Mallby's mother, on his lordship's account; met a great number of young beaux and a few modish ladies, drank tea, won some money at one of the card

tables, and departed with his friend, having had very little of the heiress's society to himself.

As they were entering their own coach, they saw Lord Alderby get down from his; he bowed to Lord George, but bestowed on Dick a swift look of pretended contempt, though it showed real hostility.

"Miss Mallby must have praised you to Alderby last night," said Lord George, lightly.

That evening Wetheral and Lord George stayed late at a fashionable tavern in Pall Mall, their party having increased to a numerous and merry one. Finally it was joined by no other than Lord Alderby himself, with whom came a thin, middle-aged Irish gentleman addressed as captain and wearing a cockade in his hat. Neither of these newcomers had much to say for awhile. Presently the talk fell upon the American war, and an argument arose as to whether General Howe's evacuation of Boston was to be accounted a British defeat. The name of cowards being applied to the Americans, Dick broke out with the assertion that, to his personal knowledge, Americans had given as convincing proofs of courage as he had ever seen or heard of as coming from Englishmen.

"Courage is like many other things," put in Lord Alderby, not looking at Dick, yet speaking with a quiet sneer; "people are apt to set up as judges of it, who never practise it themselves."

A surprised silence fell over the company.

"If you mean that remark for me, sir," said Dick, as soon as he could command his voice, "I am ready to let you judge of my practice, whenever and wherever you choose!"

"Without knowing very well who you are, sir," replied Lord Alderby, who was thickly built and below middle height, but all the more arrogant in his tone for that, "I believe there is a difference in rank between us, which forbids my giving your courage an opportunity."

"Perhaps there is a difference of courage itself, as well!" snapped out Dick.

"I take that, gentlemen," put in the Irish captain, who, it was plain, had been brought in by Lord Alderby for precisely what he now proceeded to do, "as a reflection on the opinion of every man that knows what my Lord Alderby's courage is. And, as I'm one of them men, and seeing there's no difference of rank between this gentleman and me, I offer him here every opportunity he may require for the display of courage."

"And I take your offer," cried Dick instantly. "I've no scruples about difference in rank, and I'm willing to fight anybody, high or low,—even a hired lickspittle that takes up gentlemen's quarrels for pay! Lord Alderby can tell you where I lodge; he knows where he can find that out!"

Lord Alderby indeed found that out,—not from Miss Mallby, but through his valet, who knew Lord George Winston's. And next day, to Bond Street, came Captain Delahenty's challenge in regular form. Lord George, who never concerned himself about his rank, or let it affect his doings, readily consented to serve Dick in the business; and so, on the following morning, at dawn, Dick found himself in Hyde Park, about to undertake his first duel.

He had chosen to fight with swords, the blade being the weapon in whose use he most desired practice. In his shirt-sleeves, with that acquired serenity which comes of the mind's forcing itself not to contemplate the peril at hand, he stood under a tree at one end of a clear space, while his antagonist, seconded by an old faded beau, emerged from a hackney coach and got himself ready. The men fought in the centre of the clear space. Dick began defensively, but he had not parried more than three of the captain's thrusts, till he perceived that the enemy was shaky with liquor. Dick therefore waited only until the other's panting indicated failing wind. Then he suddenly pressed matters, with such accuracy and persistence that the whole thing was over in a minute,—Dick putting on his waistcoat and frock, with Lord George's assistance, and Captain Delahenty on the ground with a wounded shoulder that the surgeon was pronouncing likely to heal in a month or six weeks. Dick drove back to Bond Street in great elation, eager for more duels.

Lord Alderby's state of mind towards Dick was not sweetened by this occurrence, as was shown by his lordship's ill-sustained pretence of ignoring Dick's presence when next the two were in the same company. This happened to be in a clubhouse in St. James's Street, Dick's name having been written down there by Lord George, to whom he had satisfactorily accounted for his ignorance of London and of London society. Chance brought Lord Alderby and Dick to the same card table, and not as partners. His lordship soon had his revenge, and a far greater one than he thought it to be, for Dick, playing on after first losses, in the confidence that fortune would serve him as usually, lost his every guinea. He would have staked the few loose shillings he still had left, but that the largeness of the bets would have made such a proposition ridiculous. He went home to Bond Street in a kind of consternation, faced by the reality that he was a pauper in London, and that luck had turned against him. Now that he had tasted the life of pleasure, poverty seemed not again endurable. Yet he braced himself to consider what was to be done.

Now that he had no money worth mentioning, the hospitality he received from Lord George was to Dick nothing else than charity. To continue accepting it would make his situation soon insupportable. He quickly took his resolution. He must fall back to a lower sphere, where a shilling was worth something, and recoup himself; that done, he would emerge again into the world to which Lord George had introduced him.

So, the next morning, pretending he had found at a lawyer's office in Chancery Lane a letter from his people, Dick told Lord George he must leave London immediately. Then, having sent for a hackney coach and taken a very friendly farewell of his lordship, he was driven to the starting-place of the Manchester stage. Being set down there, he hastened afoot, with his baggage, in search of cheap lodgings. These he presently found at a widow's house in George Street, which ran from the Strand towards the Thames. He engaged a room at sixteen shillings a week.

The widow had a grown-up son employed by a mercer in the Strand, and from him Dick learned where to dispose of clothes most profitably, the son giving the name of a salesman in Monmouth Street, and adding, "Be sure, tell him 'twas I recommended you to him." Dick parted first with the new black suit he had so recently bought, and so found himself comparatively well in fund for his present station.

Not finding his landlady's son a companion to his taste, and not making any acquaintances in the various coffee-houses, taverns, and eating-houses that he now frequented in and about Fleet Street and the Strand, he became afflicted with loneliness. A mere unnoticed mite among thousands, and utterly ignored by the hastening multitude, he sent his thoughts from the vast and crowded city, back to the bleak Maine wilderness, and he had a kind of homesick longing for the hearty comradeship of the time of freezing and starving there.

One evening, determined to enliven himself and have another fling at pleasure at any cost, he went to Westminster Bridge afoot, and thence by boat up the Thames, to Vauxhall. He had no sooner paid his shilling, on entering the garden, than his spirits began to rise. The sound of the orchestra and of singers, heard while he passed by the little groves and the statues, brought back his zest for gay life, and this was redoubled as he came into the brilliantly lighted space around the orchestra, where the small boxes on either side were filled with people who sat eating or drinking at the tables, and where the walks were thronged with pleasure-seekers of every rank. He sat down on an empty bench in one of the boxes, thinking to drink a bottle of wine and listen to the music.

Before the waiter had brought the wine, a gaily dressed young woman, handsome enough in her powder and paint, came with almost a rush to the vacant place at his side, and said, with a bold smile, "My dear sir, I can't endure to see so pretty a gentleman drink alone! I'm going to keep you company."

Dick, having inspected the amiable creature in a glance, was nothing loath. So the waiter, having brought the wine, was sent for an additional glass, and then again for eatables. Dick's companion proved so agreeable that he soon ordered more wine and presently forgot the music in contemplating her charms, her air of piquant impudence, her affectations, and the shallow smartness of her talk. He was so entertained by her that, when the night was late, on arriving with her at Westminster Bridge, he took a hackney coach and accompanied her to her lodgings, which, to his astonishment, were in the quite respectable-looking house of a hosier in High Holborn.

At his frank expression of surprise, she seemed huffed; wondered why she should not be supposed to live like any other lady, and said it was nobody's business if she chose now and then to go out for an evening of pleasure in a free and easy manner. Her ruffled feelings were soon smoothed down, however, and when Dick left her it was with an appointment to take her to the next Hampstead Assembly.

This Vauxhall incident cost Dick so much of the money got from the sale of his new suit that he was soon fain to visit the Monmouth Street dealer again, this time carrying the gamekeeper's suit and wearing that bestowed on him by the whimsical gentleman met at Taunton. For both these suits, the shopkeeper gave him a sum of money and a very plain blue frock, a worn white waistcoat, and a pair of mended black breeches. Thus Dick left the shop in vastly different attire from that in which he had entered it, and when he returned to his lodging the change made his landlady's son gape with wonder.

Before Dick had made up his mind as to how he should rebuild his fortunes, he received one afternoon a visitor in a hackney coach, who was none other than the companionable young lady of Vauxhall, to whom he had made known his place of residence. Her errand now was to learn why he had failed to keep his engagement for the Hampstead Assembly. She did not stay long to reproach him, for no sooner had she taken note of his cheapened appearance, and made sure that it came from necessity, than she swept out of his room and back to the coach, on the pretence of being offended at the broken appointment.

On leaving the house, she was seen by the landlady's son, who came to Dick presently, with a grin, and remarked that Sukey Green had become a great lady since she had ceased to walk the Strand of nights. On inquiring, Dick learned that his visitor was well known by sight to the landlady's son as having been, not many weeks before, one of the countless frail damsels infesting the sidewalks of the town after nightfall. Some turn of fortune had taken her from her rags and a hole in Butcher Row to the fine clothes and comfortable lodgings she now possessed, instead of to the Bridewell or the river or a pauper's grave, as another turn might have done. Perhaps she had but returned to the condition from which she had fallen.

Dick soon had fallen fortunes of his own to think of. He knew not how to attempt to make his money multiply; or rather he devised in his mind so many methods that he could not confine his thoughts to any one of them. Thus rendered inert by his very versatility, he saw his money go for

mere necessities, and at last he had to seek still cheaper lodgings, which he found in Green Arbor Court, a place redeemed in his eyes by the fact that Oliver Goldsmith had once lived there.

It was not a locality designed to increase his cheerfulness. He had a narrow, bare room, high up in a dirty, squalid house; from his window he could see old clothes flying from countless windows and lines; and the sounds most common to his ears were the voices of washerwomen laughing or quarrelling and of children shouting or squalling. Not far in one direction was Newgate Prison, and not far in another was that of the Fleet.

In going to Fleet Street, he had to descend Breakneck Stairs,—which numbered thirty-two and were in two steep flights and led him to the edge of Fleet Ditch,—traverse a narrow street, and go through Fleet Market. This was a route that Dick often took, for he preferred still to dine in and about Fleet Street, though no longer at the Grecian Coffee-house or Dick's or the Mitre Tavern, to all which places he had resorted while lodging in George Street, but at the cheaper places,—Clifton's Eating-house, in Butcher Row, for one. Sometimes his meal consisted solely of a pot of beer at the Goat Ale House in Shire Lane. He fell at last to the down-stairs eating-houses, where his table-mates were hackney coachmen, servants poorly paid or unemployed, and poverty-stricken devils and unsuccessful rascals of every sort. It was here that his fortune took an upward course again.

Appealed to, one day, in a low tavern, to settle a card dispute between two bloated, sore-faced fellows who had come to the point of accusing each other of being, one a footpad and the other a grave robber, Dick acted the umpire to the satisfaction of both, and then went on to do a few astonishing things with their cards. Others in the tavern gathered round him, until presently, seeing the crowd and the interest both increasing, Dick observed that his time was valuable and that he could not afford to show any more skill for nothing. But the body-stealer refused to receive the dirty cards handed back to him by Dick, and the footpad speedily took up a collection, with such a "money-or-your-life" air that a hatful of greasy coins was soon raised to induce Dick to go on with his tricks. As many of these tricks were of old Tom's invention, they differed from those with which the London scamps were familiar.

The footpad and the resurrectionist now persuaded Dick to go to another tavern, where they opened the way for his apparently extemporaneous performances, and where they raised good sums for him. He wondered at first at the zeal with which they worked to enrich him, but he presently saw that they, pretending to be chance observers, were quietly making bets with other spectators on the results of certain of his card manipulations. He thereupon left off, and escaped from this undesired partnership. But he now engaged an honest, impoverished hack writer, whom he met in an eating-cellar, to sit at tavern tables with him and appear an interested observer of his card tricks, enlist the crowd's attention, and suggest the inevitable passing around of the hat. This combination continued for a week, during which time the low taverns were visited in succession, from Whitefriars to St. Catherine's, from Cripplegate to Southwark. Dick's earnings consisted only of what the spectators willingly gave for their amusement, but at the week's end that amount sufficed for the purchase of a good suit of clothes at a tailor's in the Strand, and for another purpose besides, which Dick, once more clad like a gentleman, speedily set out upon.

He went boldly back to Pall Mall, ran across several acquaintances to whom Lord George Winston had made him known, and got one of them to introduce him to a certain respectable-looking house in Covent Garden; and in that house, whose interior showed an activity not promised by its outside, he won at faro an amount that filled every other player at the table with resentful envy. When he left, he felt himself again a made man; his pockets were heavy with money.

The night was well advanced when he issued from the gambling-house, enjoying the relief and the fresh air after the excitement and heat of the rooms. He walked to the Strand and turned towards Temple Bar, intending to sup at the Turk's Head Coffee-house. When he reached the Strand end of Catherine Street, he was accosted, with more than ordinary importunity, by one of the most miserable-looking of the frail creatures that walked the street there. As he was in the act of avoiding her, she called out his name in sudden recognition, and he then knew her as the gay young woman of High Holborn whom he had met at Vauxhall.

Struck with pity to see in so sad a plight a person recently so prosperous, he could not but walk along with her to hear her story. She had lost the means of support that had enabled her to live in a good neighborhood and flaunt her finery at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and the Hampstead Assembly. She lodged no longer in High Holborn, nor even in Butcher's Row; in fact, she knew not where she was to pass that night. She showed, through all her cast-down demeanor, a decided reawakening of regard for Dick, and even hinted, after they had talked for some time, that her loss of favor had arisen from her acceptance of his escort from Vauxhall. So Dick gave her a few shillings for her immediate necessities, and told her to call at his lodging in Green Arbor Court on the morrow, when they would discuss what might be done for her. It was at her own suggestion that his residence was selected as the place of meeting.

But, on the morrow, she did not call at the appointed time. So Dick went out to attend to business of pressing importance, which was no other than to buy a new black suit and other necessities. In the afternoon he went to Pall Mall and renewed acquaintances, saying he had returned to London the day before yesterday. Pumping a young gentleman whom he knew to be on close terms with the Mallby family, he learned that the dazzling heiress was still in town and that a place had been taken for her for that night's performance at the little theatre in the Haymarket.

Dick hastened to secure a seat as near as possible to the box in which Miss Mallby was to be.

In the evening, which was that of Wednesday, July 10, attired in his best, Dick occupied a seat in the pit, in the midst of a crowded audience, and had the satisfaction of seeing not only the heiress, but also their Majesties, George III. and Queen Charlotte, who both laughed immoderately at Mr. Foote as "Lady Pentweazle,"—especially when he appeared under a vast head-dress filled with feathers, in exaggeration of the reigning mode.

It was some time before Dick's admiring gaze held the attention of Miss Mallby, which it caught while she scanned the crowded house from her box; and some time after that before she recalled who he was. But when she did recognize him, it was with a smile so radiant that Lord Alderby, then standing at her side, turned quite red and pale successively, and glared at Dick with a most deadly expression. In response to a slight movement of her fan, Dick forced his way to her, between acts, and had a brief chat about the audience, the weather, his supposed absence from town, Lord George Winston, and such matters, which in themselves certainly contained nothing to warrant the mischievous smiles on her part, and the languishing glances on his, that accompanied the talk.

Any one but Dick and Lord Alderby could have seen that the lady's sole motive was a desire to keep his lordship jealous. But Dick took all signs as they appeared on the surface, and when he left the playhouse it was with a flattering delusion that her hopes of seeing him soon again were from the heart. He did not observe that Lord Alderby, before handing Miss Mallby into her coach, pointed him out to a footman and hurriedly whispered some instructions.

Dick went on air to his room in Green Arbor Court,—for he intended to retain his lodging there until he should find a residence perfectly to his taste. He laughed to think of a gentleman of his figure coming home to Green Arbor Court, and wondered whether such contrast was typical of any one's else career, as it was of his.

The next day, to his astonishment,—for he supposed the Vauxhall girl to be the only outside person knowing where he lived,—he received in his wretched room a visit from a man dressed like a servant but evidently horrified at the rickety surroundings. This person, being assured by Dick that the latter was Mr. Richard Wetheral, handed him a letter, and fled forthwith. The letter, on clean plain paper, and in an ill-formed but fine feminine hand, read thus:

"HOUNERD SIR:

"I mak bolde to tell you for heavings sak taike outhur lodgings and do not go neer them wch you now live att—tis a qestchun of life or Deth and sure do not go neer them at nite, this nite above all—do not waite a minute but take outhur wons att wonse—from Won that noes and wch deesirs you noe harm yr respeckfull an dutyfull servt."

Dick was completely puzzled. What danger could he be in, through remaining at his present abode? Who could be his unknown warner? Not the Vauxhall girl, for she had written her name for him on a card, and this was not her handwriting. The quality and cleanliness of the paper indicated a person living in good case,—perhaps a maid-servant in some fine house. Then he recalled the face of the man who had brought the letter, and whom, at the moment, he had thought he had seen somewhere before. Recollecting singly each incident of his life in London, he at last located the man's face. It was that of a footman at the Mallbys' house in Grosvenor Square. But what maid-servant in that house could have noticed Dick? Indeed, what person in that house had done so but Miss Mallby herself? So the heiress, to avoid discovery in the matter, might have caused her maid to send the warning. Now what possible danger to Dick could Miss Mallby be aware of, save one that Lord Alderby might have threatened or planned? But would Lord Alderby have informed her of such plans? Perhaps so, in a moment of anger, as men will anticipate the pleasure of revenge, by announcing that revenge in advance; perhaps not. If not, one or two of his lordship's servants would probably have been in his confidence, and thus the cat might have been let out of the bag to one of Miss Mallby's maids. So Dick concluded that, if he was in any danger, it must be from Lord Alderby, his only powerful enemy. But he resolved to disdain the warning, nevertheless, and he went forth to look in a leisurely way for suitable lodgings, as he had intended to do, though he would not move into them for two or three days.

But he wasted the day in riding about London, viewing things he had not seen before. In the evening the whim seized him to go to Ranelagh. It was not until late at night, when he turned from Fleet Street, through the market, that he thought of the morning's warning. He felt a momentary tremor, so dark and deserted was the narrow street leading to Breakneck Stairs. But he braced himself within, and strode along with apparent blitheness; yet he could not help thinking that Breakneck Stairs would be an excellent place for an attack by his enemies. Peering forward in the darkness, he turned from the border of Fleet Ditch, and mounted the first steps. At the side of the stairs, there ascended a row of houses, all now in deep shadow.

He had reached the landing between the two flights, without incident, when suddenly from the shadow at the side a dark lantern was flashed upon his face, and out rushed three or four burly figures. "Heave the spalpeen down the shtairs!" cried a voice from the shadow,—a voice that Dick instantly recognized as Captain Delahenty's, and from which he knew the attack was indeed at Lord Alderby's instigation.

The men were armed with bludgeons, and three rushed upon Dick at once. But he had no mind to make his bed in Fleet Ditch; hence he met the middle rascal with a violent kick in the belly, and,

getting instantly between the other two, shot out both arms simultaneously, clutching at their throats. But now the captain and one other man rushed out from the shadow, and Dick thought all was up.

Suddenly there came a cry from the top of the stairs, "Hold off, that man belongs to us!" There followed a flashing of other lanterns, and a scuffle of footsteps down from the top. In another moment, Dick's first assailants were resisting this new force, who had fallen upon them with bludgeons. A sharp, quick fight, in which Dick himself took no part whatever, left the newcomers in possession of the landing and of him, while Captain Delahenty and his gang were carrying their broken heads rapidly down the stairs and off towards Fleet Market.

"I thank you for the rescue," said Dick to the stalwart leader of the victorious party, as that leader held up a lantern before Dick's face.

"You may call it a rescue, if you like," growled the leader, "but some would rather die in a street brawl than swing at Tyburn. Edward Lawson, otherwise known as Captain Ted," and the man, who had pronounced these names in an official manner, waited as if for Dick to answer to them.

"If you mean that you take me for a person of that name," said Dick, "I have to tell you that you are disappointed."

"Oho!" was the answer. "That game ain't worthy of you, captain! But if you wish to play it out, you can play it out in Bow Street, and at the Old Bailey after that. I arrest you, Edward Lawson, commonly called Captain Ted, on a charge of highway robbery. Here's the warrant, which God knows I've carried around long enough! You know the usual formality, captain."

And at this the bewildered Dick unresistingly saw himself seized by his arms, while another of the constables—for constables these were—adorned him with a pair of handcuffs. He was then marched back to Fleet Street—for it appeared he was no common prisoner, for the nearest roundhouse—and thence, by way of the Strand and other familiar thoroughfares, to a building in Bow Street, celebrated for the fact that Fielding wrote "Tom Jones" therein.

But another Fielding presided there now. Dick received free lodging till morning, and then he was escorted to the court-room close at hand, to take his turn as one among a crowd of anxious wretches of both sexes, who stood in a railed enclosure at one side of a vacant space, before the table at which sat the grave magistrate in all the vestments and solemnity of his office. To Dick's amazement, he beheld in an opposite railed space certain faces with which he was acquainted,—those of his George Street landlady's son, the Monmouth Street shopman to whom he had sold the clothes, and the Vauxhall girl. Dick wondered what the whole business meant, and what it would lead to. At last his turn came.

The magistrate glanced at him indifferently, and addressed him coldly, in a few words whose meaning Dick did not take pains to gather. Then a clerk at the table read monotonously a long document, wherein it appeared that a number of people had sworn to certain occurrences, which, as far as Dick could see, did not concern him in the least; namely, that Moreton Charteris, gentleman, of Bloomsbury Square, had been robbed of money, valuables, and wardrobe, early in the previous February, by a highwayman who had stopped his coach near Turnham Green; that a woman who had quarrelled at Reading with one Edward Lawson, known as Captain Ted, knew the said Lawson to have been the robber of Mr. Charteris, and, on her threatening to inform against him, to have fled towards Bath in one of the stolen suits of clothes; and that Mr. Charteris's servant had, in June, recognized one of the stolen suits in a Monmouth Street shop.

And now the shopkeeper in the witness box identified that suit as the one so recognized, and Dick as the man who had sold it; and from further testimony Dick could infer that the servant's discovery had sent Bow Street runners to the shopman, who had referred them for information regarding Dick's whereabouts to the landlady's son, who in turn had sent them to the Vauxhall girl; and that through her treachery they had learned his place of lodging. In fact, that grateful creature had stood in wait with the constables at the head of Breakneck Stairs, and announced, when his first assailants' lantern had lit up his features, that he was the man the constables wanted. She had, though, kept out of his sight, from a greater sense of shame than many of her class would have shown. As for the attack by the Delahenty party, it had been as great a surprise to the waiting constables as to Dick.

And now Dick was hastily identified by two bold-looking women, as the aforesaid Edward Lawson, otherwise Captain Ted. He remembered that the whimsical gentleman met at Taunton had resembled him, and he perceived now, considering the danger of being betrayed by the woman quarrelled with, and of being far sought by the Bow Street men, why that gentleman had taken the caprice of exchanging good clothes for bad. In putting this and that together, as he stood in the dock, Dick lost track of the court's proceedings, and it came like a sudden blow when he saw Sir John Fielding gaze hard upon him, and heard Sir John Fielding commit him, as Edward Lawson, to the jail of Newgate, there to be kept in custody until he should be brought forth to stand his trial!

To Newgate, to await trial for highway robbery, the penalty of which was death by hanging; readily identified as the guilty man by those who would stick to their oath; unable to prove by any person in England that he was not that man, for all his acquaintances had been made since the exchange of clothes,—a pleasant series of thoughts to keep the adventurous Master Dick company in the hackney coach that rattled him swiftly away from the Bow Street court to the great, vile, many-chambered stone cage where such gallows-birds as Master Jack Sheppard and

Monsieur Claude Duval had lodged before him! And if those thoughts were not enough, there was that of the cart-ride out Holborn to Tyburn tree, a picturesque ending for a journey over so many hills and so far away!

CHAPTER XIV.

"FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE."

Was it worth being saved from murder at the hands of Lord Alderby's hirelings on Breakneck Stairs, to swing a few months later at Tyburn? Dick asked himself this question in the first few hours during which he either sat listless in the dim-lit cell shared by him with a half-dozen foul-mouthed and outwardly reckless rascals, or paced the courtyard upon which his and other cells opened.

It was not so much the confinement that crushed him, though that was a terribly galling thing; he had endured closer confinement in Boston, and on the *Adamant*. But never had he been surrounded by so vile a herd of beings. He accustomed himself, though, in time, to their crime-stamped faces, their disgusting talk, and the sodden drunkenness they were enabled to maintain by means of the liquor smuggled to them by visitors,—for the courtyard and the cells thronged every day with visitors of either sex, and of quality similar to that of the prisoners themselves. Dick was presently able to discriminate among his jail-mates, and so he found one or two of more gentle stuff.

One of these was a young Frenchman awaiting trial for an assault of which he declared that he had been the victim and that the complainant had been the aggressor. In order to converse with this one refined companion without being understood by their coarse associates, Dick resumed, with him, the study of French, and, as he now had plenty of time, he made rapid progress. There were several French books brought by this tutor's visitors, from which to learn the written language, and there was the tutor's own speech from which to acquire the pronunciation.

It will be seen, thus, that Dick had plucked up heart, as it was his nature to do. He steadfastly refrained from looking into the future, and he made no provision in regard thereto. A grinning attorney had benevolently buttonholed him on his first day of imprisonment, and had proposed to take his case in hand, but, on learning how little money Dick would have for the luxury of a defence, this person had gone away, minus grin and benevolence.

Dick had more money than he had offered the shark of the law, but he needed it in order to pay for quarters and food of a grade above that which had to be endured by those miserable prisoners who could pay nothing and who had to live on a penny loaf a day. The court in which Dick abode was neither the best nor the worst in Newgate; but the best, where those dwelt who paid most, was loathsome enough as to the company.

To follow the example set by Wetheral himself in his memoirs, and to make swift work of his Newgate life,—for only in the "Beggar's Opera" is Newgate life a merry thing to contemplate,—let it be said at once that a true bill was duly found against him by the grand jury, and that his trial was set for the September sessions at the Old Bailey Sessions House, next door to Newgate Prison. As Dick surveyed the long list of witnesses who would be called for the Crown, and bethought him that he was without witness or counsel, the vision of Tyburn gallows was for a moment or two exceedingly vivid before his mind's eye.

It was now about the middle of August, and that same day there came to Dick another piece of news brought in by visitors,—that on the fourth day of July the American rebels, in the State House in Philadelphia, had declared the colonies to be free and independent States. A thrill of joy and pride brought the tears to Dick's eyes, and the apparition of Tyburn, the very sense of the Newgate walls and herd around him, gave way to visions of things far over seas, of people rejoicing in the cities he had passed through towards Cambridge, of his father rubbing hands and crying "Well done!" over the news, at home in the Pennsylvania valley; of the cheers of Washington's men, and the sage comments of old Tom MacAlister. When he awoke to Newgate and the Tyburn phantom, he brought his teeth hard together and fretted at fate.

Early in September, sitting idly on a bench at an end of the court, his ears pricked up at the words, "American prisoner," uttered in course of talk by a woman who was making a visit to an imprisoned waterman accused of robbing a passenger.

"They say as 'ow, afore 'e was picked up, off the Lizard, by the ship as brought 'im 'ere," she went on, "the rebel 'ad got out o' jug, by jumpink on a 'orse in Pendennis Castle, and ridink away in broad daylight, afore a multitood o' people."

A prisoner escaped from Pendennis Castle on horseback! Dick instantly joined in the conversation. "You say a ship picked the man up, off the Lizard," he put in. "How did they know he was the man who had escaped on the horse?"

"By 'is clothes, in course," said the woman, "and by the descriptions as was sent everywhere."

"But you say the ship has brought him to London?"

"Yes. 'E was picked up in a small boat, far hout to sea, a-trying for to make the French coast. The ship's captain, having put out of Plymouth on a long voyage,—for this 'appened last February,—'ad no mind to turn back, and so he took the fellow all the way to the Barbados, and then brought him 'ome to London. So now he lies at St. Catherine's, on shipboard, while the Government is making up its mind what to do with 'im."

And thus had fate treated Edward Lawson, otherwise Captain Ted, Dick's whimsical gentleman of Taunton! To think that a fugitive, in exchanging himself out of an incriminating suit of clothes to avoid detection, should exchange himself into the clothes of another fugitive, and be caught as the latter! Dick laughed to himself, even as he went to beg a turnkey to inform the governor that he, Dick, had an important disclosure to make.

The turnkey carried the message, for a consideration, and Dick was summoned to the governor's room, where it was finally got into the head of that functionary that Dick claimed to be the American prisoner for whom the other man had been taken. Dick was sent back to his court, with no satisfaction; but the next day he was led again into the governor's room, and confronted with the whimsical gentleman himself, who looked decidedly the worse for wear. It appeared that the highwayman was glad to be known, even in his true colors, rather than as a rebel prisoner who might be charged with treason.

The two were taken by hackney coach to Bow Street, and there the whimsical gentleman, much to his relief, was identified as Captain Ted, by the very ladies who had identified Dick as the same person, Justice Fielding subsequently observing that the resemblance between the two men was so great as to leave no ground for a charge of perjury against the identifiers. Captain Ted was then promptly committed to Newgate, on the evidence of the woman who had first laid information against him. With a friendly smile and courteous bow to Dick, he was led away.

And now Dick, relieved of the oft-recurring Tyburn vision, was to learn what disposition was to be made of himself. Standing out from the prisoners' pen, and in the vacant space before the magistrate's table, he was addressed at some length by Sir John Fielding. It appeared that his story, as related to the governor of Newgate the previous day, having tallied with certain statements made by the other prisoner, had been considered by no less a personage than the Secretary of State. If he was one of the American prisoners who had been confined at Pendennis Castle, the justice said, his treatment ordinarily would have been the same as theirs,—that is to say, he would have been taken aboard the *Solebay* frigate on the 8th of January, and sent back to America as a prisoner of war, subject to exchange (this was Dick's first intimation of what had befallen Allen and the others). But he had broken from custody while he still regarded it as likely that he would be proceeded against for high treason, and he was therefore to be considered as having admitted his guilt of high treason. However, it was the desire of the King to exhibit great clemency to his rebellious American subjects, even in the most aggravated cases; hence the justice dared presume that the Crown would not move against the prisoner on the charge of treason (Dick afterward guessed that the real reason for this self-denial on the Crown's part lay in the difficulty and expense of getting witnesses to the alleged treason). The prisoner had, however, been shown to have sold a stolen suit of clothes; he ought to have known, by the circumstances in which he had acquired the clothes, even if those circumstances were as he alleged, that the clothes had been stolen; his not so knowing was a fault, yet was the fault of no one other than him, hence must be his fault. The justice was, therefore, compelled, on information sworn by the Monmouth Street dealer and by Mr. Charteris's servant, to commit the prisoner for trial on this new charge.

So back to Newgate went Dick, wondering whether matters were improved, after all. At the September sessions he was haled, upon indictment, before the bewigged judges and the stolid jury in the Old Bailey; pleaded not guilty, was tried with great expedition, convicted without delay, and sentenced (at the end of a solemn speech in which he thought at first the judge was driving at nothing less than death by hanging with the next Tyburn batch) to hard labor for three years on the river Thames. It appeared that the prisoner's general honesty, to which his George Street landlady's son voluntarily testified, influenced the judge against a capital sentence. Well, what is three years' hard labor to a man who has seriously contemplated a gibbet for several weeks past?

The vessel on which Dick found himself, in consequence of this manifestation of British justice,—which in those benighted days was almost as dangerous for an honest man to come in contact with as New York City justice is to-day,—resembled an ordinary lighter, though of broader gunwale on the larboard side. A floor about three feet wide ran along the starboard side, for the men to work on, and their duty was to raise ballast, of which the vessel's capacity was twenty-seven tons, by means of windlass and davits. The convicts slept aft, where the vessel was decked in, and the overseer had a cabin in the forecabin.

The men were chained together in pairs, and Dick, to his surprise, recognized his own comrade as none other than the body-snatcher through whom he had accidentally come to try his card tricks in London taverns. This amiable person had been caught while conveying a pauper's body, wrapped in a sack, by hackney coach, from Shoreditch to St. George's hospital, for the use of surgeons. He belonged to a gang that worked for the Resurrectionist, an inhabitant of the Borough, who was a famous trader to the surgeons.

Dick had to work all day, and to eat nothing but ox-cheek, legs and shins of beef, and equally coarse food; to drink only water or small beer, and to wear a mean uniform, which, as autumn wore into winter, ill protected him from the cold. Yet the hard work kept his blood going by day,

gave him appetite for the food, and made sleep a pleasure. The fatigues of the day left the convicts no inclination to talk at night. One day was like another, and the monotony of uninteresting toil was endurable only for the prospect of freedom at the end of the three years. Dick had no mind to attempt an escape, for on receiving sentence he had been told that his term might be abridged for good behavior, that it would certainly be doubled on a first attempt to escape, and that on a such second attempt he would be liable to suffer death. So when, in the fifth month of his durance, he was awakened one night by the grave-robber, and a general plot to break away was cautiously broached to him, he resolutely refused to take part or to hear more, and went to sleep again. He observed, the next few days, that he was narrowly watched by the other convicts, who doubtless feared he might inform the overseer; but he had no such intention.

One night in February,—it was between Sunday and Monday,—when the vessel was moored off Woolwich, Dick was violently awakened by a kind of tugging at his leg. Throwing out his hand in the darkness to investigate, he heard a threatening whisper, "If you move or call out, I'll blow your head off with this pistol! Bill the Blacksmith is taking off our irons. You can join us if you like, or you can stay here, but you'll keep quiet!"

The voice was that of the body-stealer, to whom Dick was chained. In releasing the former, the Blacksmith, working in the darkness, had necessarily disturbed the chain attached to Dick. Bill the Blacksmith was a person unknown to Dick. As afterward appeared, he was one of a rescue party that had come on this dark night to free those prisoners who were in the plot. Some of the party had got aboard, crawled unseen within a few feet of the guards, reached the sleeping-place of the convicts, supplied some of these with weapons, and were now at work removing their irons.

Dick lay perfectly still. Presently the grave-robber stood up, unshackled. The chain was still fastened to Dick's leg.

"Well," whispered the grave-robber, "will you stay as you are, or will you join us?"

To be shortly free of the chafing fetters, able to use his whole body in a dash for liberty; to seize now what would not be offered to him for two long and miserable years! The temptation was too strong. "I'll join," whispered Dick.

"This one, too, Bill," said the grave-robber, and the Blacksmith went to work on Dick's fetters.

Other skilful hands were employed at the same time on the shackles of other convicts. The operations went on in the utmost silence. Now and then, at some sound from without, they would stop for a while. It was only after he had been awake some time, that Dick could distinguish the dark forms of the artisans working over the prostrate forms of the prisoners. Never had he seen such a combination of skill, patience, persistence, and noiselessness. Pick-locks, burglars, jail-breakers, all, exercising their abilities this time to free their comrades, were the men at work; yet Dick could not but admire the manner in which they went about their business. Doubtless there was a large reward to be earned, perhaps from some employer of certain of these convicts,—some such great man as the Resurrectionist, of the Borough, or as Gipsy George, leader of smugglers; for any one of these rescuers would as soon turn King's evidence against a comrade as liberate him.

At last all irons were off. Instantly, with the grave-robber at the head, there was a general rush to the platform on which the men worked. The surprised guards were either shot at, struck, intimidated, or swept into the hold, by the advancing convicts. The latter scrambled over the vessel's side, some dropping into a boat that suddenly unmasked two lanterns. Another boat, also belonging to the rescue party, now showed a light a little farther off. For this boat Dick swam, with many others who had plunged at once into the water, and presently he was hauled aboard like a hooked shark.

Some of the convicts, as if fearing there would not be room for them on the boats, struck out for the shore. Dick never knew what became of them, or of those who crowded into the first boat. The craft in which he found himself was speedily filled, whereupon the men at the oars, aided by convicts who had found other oars waiting, pulled rapidly down the river, the boat's lantern again being darkened. By this time those in charge of the convict vessel had recovered their senses and begun firing shots of alarm. Dick made up his mind to get away from his villainous company at the first opportunity.

Presently the men at the oars were relieved by another force, which included Dick. Thus, aided by the river's current, and thanks to their system of alternating at the oars, as well as to the strength derived from fear of recapture, the desperate crew made incredible speed. As dawn began to show itself, Dick saw, on the southern bank of the Thames, a considerable town against a hillside, environed by meadows and fields, pleasure grounds and country-seats. A high hill near by was crowned by a windmill. Vessels of every size lay in the harbor. Dick learned from the talk in the boat that this was Gravesend.

The men rowed straight for a certain sloop, which, it appeared from their conversation, was engaged in the business of conveying stolen horses to Dunkirk and other Continental ports. Dick inwardly determined to follow the fortunes of this rascal boat's crew no longer. Once alongside the sloop, the convicts proceeded to board it, each man for himself. The stern of the boat drifted several feet away from the sloop. Dick, pretending he would leap in his turn, across the intervening space, purposely missed hold of the sloop, and sank into the water. Diving some distance, he came up at a spot far from where the attention of his erstwhile comrades was

directed. He then struck out for the outskirts of Gravesend, and landed a little east of the town, in the gray of the morning.

Skirting the town, and passing only bare vegetable gardens and fishermen's houses, he reached the Dover road, and walked on four miles to Gad's Hill, where Sir John Falstaff had played valorous pranks. Three miles more of walking brought him to Rochester, with its twelfth century Cathedral, and its ruined Norman Castle aloft by the Medway. A sailor's wife, living in a small house in a squalid part of the town, gave him a breakfast of porridge, while he dried his clothes at her fire.

Knowing he might be detected by his uniform, and finding the woman good-hearted, Dick offered to exchange the suit he had on for some worn-out raiment of her husband's, saying that the cloth of his garments might be made over into clothes for her little son. This exchange being made in the woman's parlor while she was at work in the kitchen, Dick proceeded on his way. At Sittingbourne, ten miles farther southeast, he stopped at a villager's house, on pretence of asking the road, and received a glass of milk and an egg, which he ate raw. Thus refreshed, he trudged on seven miles, to Ospringe, where he passed the night under a sheep-skin, in a cart-house.

The next morning (Tuesday), breakfasting on a pot of ale given him by an oysterman of Faversham, Dick went on to Canterbury, where, procuring a pack of cards from an hostler of an inn in High Street, he fell back on his card tricks for a living, though now with great aversion. He risked wearing out his welcome at the Canterbury inns and tap-rooms, for that he so much liked the town; and it was reluctantly that, on Saturday morning, he left the old Cathedral behind, and set his face southeastward. Passing the Gothic towers of Lee Priory, he plodded on, mile after mile, hour after hour, over downs and through villages, till he stood at last on the hills at whose feet, before him, lay the town and the harbor of Dover, and from whose top, near the old castle supposed to have been founded by Julius Cæsar, could be seen, beyond the ruffled waves of the Channel, the distant coast of France.

Tired and hungry, Dick descended from the cliff and proceeded along narrow Snaregate Street to a straggling suburb of low-built houses inhabited by sailors and fishermen. It was late in the afternoon, when he entered a small tippling-house, where were a number of seafarers boisterously talking, and called at the bar for a glass of rum. While drinking, he asked the barman how one might go to France more cheaply than by the regular packet. He was immediately referred to one of the fellows drinking at a small table in the room. Thus introduced to this person, who was a stalwart, sea-browned man of fifty, Dick ingratiated himself into his liking, drank with him, and presently began his usual procedure with the cards.

As invariably happened, certain of his spectators offered Dick small sums to show them how one or other of his most puzzling tricks were done. As always, Dick refused. But his first acquaintance, under a curiosity to which Dick had adroitly ministered, persisted hard in begging to know the secret of a certain sleight. Dick finally replied:

"I shall tell you on the other side of the Channel."

"T'other side of the Channel?" repeated the seafarer. "When shall I see you there, man?"

"When you shall have taken me there in your fishing-smack."

"So 'tis settled I'm to take you? But the pay?"

"Good Lord! If I show you my card trick, isn't that pay? I call a miserable passage across the Channel a mighty cheap price for one of my secrets. But if you will haggle, you shall have all my money into the bargain,—one shilling, and one sixpence. Well, well, so you don't want to learn the trick? Good evening, then!"

"Oh, hold! I didn't say no. I don't haggle. I'll take you, lad, to-morrow night,—when I go a-fishing."

If Dick thought it strange to go fishing by night, particularly Sunday night, he kept his thoughts to himself. He had heard tales of the fisherfolk and other worthy people of the coast towns, and was prepared to be blind to certain signs. As for the readiness with which the seafarers in the ale-house let him come among them, his own appearance of poverty had quickly served to establish a fellowship. His winning, yet confident, manner prevented his being despised for the poverty he showed. Moreover, his desire to cross the Channel indicated, in a person of his attire, such motives for absence from England as these men were of a class to sympathize with. They knew at first glance that he had no purpose inimical to them, so keen was their scent for a government spy in any disguise. In fine, Dick had the gift of adapting his demeanor to the society of a Lord or of a cutthroat, and easily made himself received without distrust by these wary folk who fished by night.

On Saturday night, that of his arrival at this humble suburb of Dover, he slept in a corner of the fisherman's loft. All the next day, he lay quiet indoors, sharing the Sunday life of the fisherman's family, which included a wife and two huge, awkward sons, respectively sixteen and eighteen years old. At night, preceded by these sons, the fisherman led Dick some distance from the town, to a cove, where lay the smack. An unknown man was already aboard, adjusting sail. The four immediately joined him, Dick bestowing himself in the stern while the fisherman and his sons assisted the unknown at the ropes. Few, short, and low were the words spoken, and very soon the little craft glided out from shore, upon the easy swell of the Channel. The night was lit by stars only, the wind was fair, and the heave of the sea was not violent.

Dick noticed that his skipper kept a very keen lookout, seeming to search the sea ahead for some particular object. He wondered how soon these nocturnal fishermen would begin to cast lines, and what sort of fish they would be catching at this season. But presently he drew in all his thoughts to his own affairs, for he had become unmistakably seasick. Busy for a long while in seeking relief, his head over the side of the boat, he gave no heed to the doings or words of the crew.

He was, in time, vaguely aware of a hail from another vessel; of the fact that this vessel loomed into close view; that his own boat lay to alongside of it; that the two crews conversed in mixed French and English; that sundry bales, kegs, anchors, and two or three barrels, were lowered from the other vessel into the boat, and then that he was shaken at the shoulder by his conductor, who said, "Come aboard the lugger, lad, and make haste!"

Surprised but unquestioning, Dick staggered after the fisherman and clambered from the boat's gunwale, with the crew's help, to the other vessel. Just as the fisherman was about to follow, one of his sons gave a low cry. The fisherman uttered a curse, and leaped to his rudder, while the son who had called out seized a rope and began vigorously making sail. At the same moment a man on the lugger instantly released the line by which the Dover smack had been kept alongside, and there was a general noise of ropes, blocks, and canvas, in quick movement. Before Dick knew what was the matter the two vessels had parted company, and the lights of a third appeared, from which came a sharp, mandatory hail. This, being unanswered, was followed by a flash and a boom and a splashing up of water,—the last in the wake of the boat from Dover. That craft showing its heels in fine fashion, and Dick's vessel also making speed, the former was soon out of sight. The revenue cutter, for such was the intruder whose advent had caused the two smuggling vessels to part so suddenly, chose to pursue the English boat, so that the French lugger to which Dick had been transferred went its way unhindered.

Dick turned with an inquiring look to the man who seemed in command of the lugger. The latter, evidently supposing that Dick's solicitude was in regard to the Dover smack, said in French, "Have no fear, my brother. Your comrades will carry their fish safe home. Their King's vessels waste time and powder chasing them. *Mon Dieu*, the bottom of the ocean must be paved with the cannon-shot the revenue vessels have sent after the night fishermen in vain!"

Dick, from his long association with the French teacher in Newgate, could grasp the meaning of this speech after a few moments. He knew from the words and manner that the Frenchman understood him to be on a good understanding with the Dover fishermen, and would treat him as one who deserved well of the vast fraternity of Channel smugglers. It was comforting to know that his way had thus been made smooth by the Dover man when the latter had bespoken Dick's passage, for the French smuggler was as villainous-looking a rascal as Dick had seen in Newgate, and, had Dick come to him without proper introduction, would doubtless have been as ready with a hostile knife or belaying-pin as he now was with deference and amiability. Dick found, without directly asking, that the lugger was bound for Boulogne.

It was that darkest hour which precedes the dawn, when the vessel anchored some distance off that port. The skipper and one of the crew rowed ashore with Dick in a small boat, getting out in the surf, and dragging the boat after them while they waded to dry beach. They were now on the sands near the town. The captain took polite leave of Dick, pointing out the most convenient way to go, and adding, with a grin, that, as this road was not obstructed by custom-house officers, Dick would undergo no delay over his baggage. Nothing was said about passage money. The Dover skipper had evidently provided for Dick's transportation, which was doubtless a matter of reciprocal favor between the English and the French smugglers. Dick was sorry the Dover man had been disappointed, by the interference of the revenue cutter, of the intended trip to the French coast and of the proposed payment for Dick's passage. "I'll show him the card trick if ever we meet again," thought Dick, as he walked towards the town and realized that he was on French ground; "but, if we never meet, it isn't my fault he was left behind."

Dick entered Boulogne with two sailors whom he happened to overtake, and to whom he contrived to make known in French his desire of learning the nearest way to a public house. They led him to the upper town and to the cabaret for which they were bound. His pockets and stomach were alike empty, and his teeth were chattering from the cold. He was goaded by his condition to immediate effort.

As soon as he entered the kitchen, where the sailors promptly sat down to bread and butter and brandy, Dick proposed he should share free their loaf, their firkin, and their keg, on condition that any card they might name should be found on the top of the pack he now held face downward before him. If the top card should be any other, he should pay for their breakfast. Of course they jumped at the proposition, and of course the top card was the one they had named.

An hour later, filled with bread and butter, warmed inside by the brandy and outside by the kitchen fire, Dick went forth with some thought of soliciting employment from one of the several British merchants who, as he had learned at breakfast, dwelt in Boulogne.

In the streets, he felt as if he had been suddenly transported to a new world. The one night's trip across the Channel, between coasts in sight of each other, had wrought a greater transformation in his surroundings than the five weeks' voyage across the Atlantic had produced. The spareness, alertness, fussiness, and excessive politeness of the people was as great a contrast to the characteristics of the rubicund Britons he had been among a day ago, as he could have imagined. The jabbering of the people, though, was not entirely strange to his ears; he had heard its like

from the *habitans* of Canada. Nor was the ubiquity of soldiers and priests new to eyes that had seen Quebec and its environs. Yet the tall, straight, carefully powdered French soldiers that he saw as he walked near the fortifications, little resembled the stout, well-fed English troops he had faced at Bunker Hill.

Now and then he could recognize in the crowd, at a glance, some round, red, contented-looking English face; and, when two of these passed together, it was a pleasure to Dick to hear the English words that fell from either mouth.

As he was approaching one of the best hotels of the place, Dick got a rear view of a gentleman standing before it, from whose broad back and solid-looking legs Dick would have sworn him to be an Englishman. Dick observed that this gentleman was looking at a pretty girl at an upper window of a house across the street. Himself gazing at the same object, he bumped heavily against the gentleman in passing.

"Damme," cried the gentleman, in a robust voice, "must you frog-eaters be always tumbling over people, because you have no footways in your cursed streets?" And he glared indignantly into the face of Dick, who had stopped and was inspecting him.

"I don't happen to be a Frenchman, and I agree with you in cursing the lack of footways," said Dick. "How have you fared since we met—and parted—at the Pelican at Newbury, Sir Hilary?"

"Eh? Sir Hilary? Pelican? Why, who the devil—By the lord, 'tis the gentleman that offered to pay the landlord, so we might all get away betimes! Welcome, sir! By your looks, I can guess you're like some others of us on this side the Channel,—you've had your own reasons to try the air of France! Well, by George, you shall keep me company awhile! You shall come in, and break a bottle with me, sir,—half a dozen bottles, damme! And after that you shall be my guest. Come in! I won't hear you say no! God save the King, and huzza for old England!"

And, having capped these patriotic exclamations with a defiant look around at the French passers-by, the exiled Berkshire fox-hunter caught hold of Dick, who had not the slightest intention of saying no, and hustled him cordially into the inn.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ELOPEMENT FROM A DILIGENCE.

It came out, over the Burgundy, that Sir Hilary passed most of his time in Paris, but often repaired to Calais or Boulogne to be for the while nearer England. He still remained from his own country because he dreaded being called on by the law for an account of the killing of Mr. Bullcott,—not that he feared the outcome as to his bodily safety, but that such legal proceedings might bring out the name of his sister, and provide the *Town and Country Magazine* with a characteristic narrative, in which every one concerned should figure, the vowels in each name supplanted by dashes. Bold as he was in many things, the fox-hunter was timid as to that sort of celebrity.

But the non-existence of any one who would desire to see Squire Bullcott's removal avenged, promised eventual safety for Sir Hilary's person; and the general forgetfulness of things past would in time enable him to return home without risk of reviving interest in the affair at the Pelican, although he was forever officially branded by the coroner's verdict as having caused the death of Bullcott under circumstances to be further determined.

And now, at the fourth bottle, Sir Hilary insisted on repaying Mr. Wetheral, with interest, for having silenced the landlord of the Pelican. It seemed that Sir Hilary received plenty of money from his estate, and, being given to amusements of the country, knew not how to spend it on the pleasures of Paris. He required that Dick should go along immediately to a tailor's, and fit himself out handsomely, and Dick, seeing how much gratification the Englishman really took in this kind of generosity, made no protest. Nor did he object when the bountiful Berkshire baronet thrust upon him a well-filled purse. In those days, gentlemen had not the petty vanity of refusing to put themselves under obligations to one another. Without any affectation of pride, they readily accepted favors which they knew they would as readily bestow were conditions reversed.

So Dick remained Sir Hilary's guest at the hotel that day and night, and the next morning they took post-horses and rode to Samers, Sir Hilary's intention being to proceed in a leisurely way, seeing as much country and drinking as much wine as they could, to Paris. As for Dick, recalling that memorable afternoon's journey of his childhood, he considered now that the words of old Tom MacAlister had been those of an oracle, and that fate designed his road to lead to Paris, whatever plans he might make for himself.

Moreover, a definite purpose now formed in his mind, which purpose of itself called him Parisward. In the auberge at Samers, where Sir Hilary prolonged their stop to try thoroughly the wine of the country, Dick overheard a conversation between a voluble petit maître and a short-gowned Capuchin monk, in which the name of Washington instantly caught his ear. He soon found that the talk was on the American war, and that the talkers sympathized with the

Americans. He learned that a recent daring blow struck by Washington at Trenton, and another victory, won at Princeton, had offset the effect of the British occupation of New York and the British victories connected therewith. He learned, too, that Franklin, a name spoken with as great honor at this little French inn as at home, had come to France as an agent of the Americans, and was now with his fellow agent, Mr. Silas Deane, at the Hotel d'Hambourg, in the Rue l'Université, in Paris. This news, at which Dick glowed inwardly, gave him the idea of offering his services to Franklin, to be used in any way and in any place proposable.

That same day the fellow travellers rode on, over the undulating country of the Boulonnois, by woods and streams, to Montreuil, where they had to give their names to a polite guard officer at the gates; leaped from their horses at the sign of the Crown of France, paid their post, and took lodging for the night.

Sir Hilary promptly ordered a roasted capon, a fricasseed hare, a wild duck, a salad, and a flask of Burgundy, the two gentlemen having chosen a table at a window. While they sat eating, they saw drive up to the inn a lumbering four-wheeled carriage, which let out a severe, stately, slender old lady, a demure-looking, black-eyed girl of seventeen, and a gaunt, gray-haired man-servant, in well-worn livery. Waiting while the old lady oversaw the removal of several ancient portmanteaus, the girl looked with indifferent curiosity at the inn. Her eyes, swiftly moving, met Dick's through the window, and rested a moment,—a moment only, but time sufficient to give him that sensation which fine eyes, so encountered, usually produce. The girl soon looked elsewhere, the old lady led the way into the inn, and the carriage moved off. Dick saw no more of the black-eyed girl that evening, yet he did not forget that she was under the same roof with him.

The next morning, at breakfast, Sir Hilary raised the question as to what means of conveyance they should next take. At that moment, Dick saw the gray-haired man-servant taking out the ladies' luggage to the Paris diligence, which great, unshapely vehicle, drawn by gaunt horses, now stood before the door.

"What conveyance?" echoed Dick. "How can you ask? Why, the diligence, of course!"

And there was more haste than Sir Hilary saw the need of, in finishing the breakfast, paying the bill, and getting Sir Hilary's baggage down-stairs in time to make sure of not being left behind.

Dick and Sir Hilary had been aboard some minutes, before the ladies appeared. Dick leaped out and gave his hand to them, the old lady first, to assist them into the diligence. The old lady bowed, but looked distrustful; the girl said, "Merci, monsieur," in a low but appreciative voice, and turned her eyes on his for a considerable part of a second. Dick took a seat where he could get a view of the girl's face without staring directly at her, and the diligence rumbled off with many a violent jolt.

"They call these machines turgotines," said Sir Hilary, alluding to the diligence, and speaking in French purposely to be heard by the other passengers, "because they were introduced during the ministry of Monseer Turgot, but if I were Monseer Turgot I shouldn't be proud on that account."

A Picardy abbé replying with a polite question as to stage-coaches in England, the conversation soon became general. One of the passengers was an old lieutenant who had served in Canada, and, through some remark of his, the American war became the topic,—a topic at that time held in far greater interest throughout Europe than Dick had imagined it would be. A difference arising among the passengers as to the relative situations of Boston and Philadelphia, Dick undertook to set them right; but his statement was doubted by the majority. Thereupon, the black-eyed girl, who had of course kept silent hitherto, spoke out in a somewhat embarrassed manner, confirming Dick's assertion.

"Thanks, mademoiselle!" said Dick, gratefully. "The word of mademoiselle must be final, ladies and gentlemen,—she is doubtless more recently from school than any of us."

Mademoiselle smiled slightly, and said no more, the old lady's look being directed at her in severe rebuke.

The stop for dinner caused a rearrangement of the passengers as to the places in the diligence. Dick now found himself beside the dark-eyed girl, at whose other hand, in a corner, sat the old lady. At Dick's other side was Sir Hilary. The ladies' man-servant was outside. Having dined heavily, Sir Hilary fell asleep before the coach had gone far. And, to Dick's unexpected pleasure, the old lady, after several preliminary nods, followed the fox-hunter's example. The other passengers became engrossed in the adventures of the lieutenant and the comic stories of the abbé.

"Have you ever been in America, mademoiselle," said Dick, softly, "that you are so well informed about its towns?"

"No, monsieur," she answered, in as low a tone as his, "but, as you said, I am very recently from school. I have often studied the maps at the convent I left but yesterday."

The conversation thus entered upon continued during the whole afternoon, and was marked by an uninterrupted progress in mutual acquaintance and confidence. Under certain conditions, and between congenial persons, a closer intimacy may be reached in a half day's fellow-travelling than may otherwise be attained in a lifetime of occasional meetings. By the time the diligence neared Abbeville la Pucelle, Dick was the young lady's confidant as to these facts:

She was leaving her convent school to be married in Paris to a Chevalier of St. Louis, whom she regarded with aversion for the reason that he was almost old enough to be her grandfather. The marriage had been arranged by her father, an officer of the regiment of Picardy, whose sister was the old lady now taking her to Paris. With such antipathy and dread did the girl look forward to the marriage, that she had almost dared to meditate rebellion and flight, for she was not closely attached to her father, whose military duties kept him away from her, and she inherited from her dead mother a moderate fortune that could not be alienated from her. But she was under the domination of her aunt, who had helped arrange the marriage, the girl's father being on service.

"What else can I do?" she asked Dick, helplessly. "I dare not disobey my aunt, I have not the courage to resist her. I have felt like one half dead, since I left the convent, and in that condition I shall be led passively through it all, till I find myself—oh, how can I endure it?"

"You shall not!" said Dick, with impulsive eagerness to play the chivalrous part. "You must not! I will save you from the intolerable fate!"

The girl looked at him in wonder. "If you could!" she whispered slowly, half in despair, half in newly risen hope.

At that moment, the diligence coming to a stop at the post inn at Abbeville, the aunt showed signs of waking. "Rely on me, I shall not desert you!" whispered Dick, and then very gallantly stooped and restored a handkerchief dropped by the aunt in the act of waking.

That evening, while Sir Hilary celebrated in many bumpers the beauty of the girls of Abbeville, Dick thought over the situation of her whose eyes made the Abbeville virgins colorless and uninteresting. The only practicable way for her to avoid the marriage was by physical flight. She might become a nun, but Dick could not tolerate the idea of so much charm buried for life in a convent, and she herself had not spoken of such a refuge. She might have friends or relations who would shelter and conceal her in her rebellion. But if this were not the case she would have only the protection and guidance of Dick, and there was but one condition on which she could accept those with safety to her honor. Well, Dick was not a man to turn back after having given his assurance; the girl was certainly charming and amiable, she had a small fortune to ensure her own comfort, and the thought of her perturbing glances reserved exclusively for some other man filled Dick with a kind of chagrin. Moreover, her name was Collette, and she looked the name.

The next day he got no chance to speak to her until the afternoon. Then, protected as before by the slumbering aunt on one side and the drowsy baronet on the other, the young people resumed their conversation. Was she still as much opposed to the marriage as ever? Oh, decidedly, far more so!—with a little terrified look at Dick. Had she any friends to whom she might go? None who would not betray her. No refuge whatever in mind? None whatever. Would she risk her father's displeasure and her aunt's, provided there were some one to stand between her and that displeasure? Why, yes, if such a situation were possible,—anything rather than the marriage. Would she be resigned to a marriage with a younger gentleman? Why, yes, if—that is to say—if—

"If," said Dick, in low tones, but with all due signs of feeling, "if the gentleman were an American, carried from his country by the wind of circumstance, with nothing in the world but the clothes on his back, a few louis in his pocket, and some land in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, but with a prospect of honorable employment for his country on reaching Paris, and with a hand that could be turned to anything and would ever be devoted to your honor and happiness?"

She raised her eyes, which had been lowered, and in meeting his their jetty brilliance took a humid softness as she answered, gently, "Is it of yourself that you speak, monsieur?"

So it was agreed upon, while the diligence rumbled past a gentle hillside crowned by a fair chateau flanked by oak woods. When they came in sight of the oak-topped ramparts of Amiens, their plans were complete. Dick was to have a hired carriage and post-horses ready near the inn, and Collette was to join him at the inn door as soon as her aunt and the servant should be abed. Riding all night and part of the next day, they could defy pursuit, and carry out their purpose at leisure. Though they should continue towards Paris, there would be no danger of being overtaken, especially by the diligence, which, because of bad weather and bad roads, was then making smaller than the usual daily stages, as any one acquainted with the country traversed will have seen. Dick preferred not yet to take Sir Hilary into confidence; he knew where to communicate with the baronet in due time in Paris.

Amiens was a large town with fine streets of well-built houses, and with a beautiful cathedral containing the head of John the Baptist; but Dick had no eye for these things on this occasion. At the inn Sir Hilary met two officers of the regiment of the Prince of Condé, on leave, and was soon lost in conversation and champagne, so that Dick was free to make his arrangements.

Fortunately, the purse pressed upon Dick by the baronet in Boulogne was still nearly full. He obtained a carriage from the diligence company, and two horses and a postilion from the postman at the inn. Soon after supper, while he paced before the inn door, in the cold evening, the cloaked and hooded figure of Collette appeared from within, noiselessly; whereupon he took her hand, and the pair hastened like ghosts to the waiting carriage, which rattled away with them a minute later. A twenty-four-sous piece, handed to the sentinel, caused the city gates, which had been closed for the night, to fly open, and the jack-booted postilion was soon swearing and singing, and whipping his horses, in the open country, on the road to Chantilly. Inside the carriage, the two young people sat silent, the girl perhaps trembling now and then at thought of

the leap she had taken into the unknown, Dick somewhat sobered at the responsibility he had so speedily assumed. But he was, as usual, ready for anything, and often he pressed her hand to reassure her.

It was the night of Thursday, February 27, 1777. Evening had set in with increasing cold and a howling wind. Engrossed in their thoughts, Dick and Collette for two or three hours noticed not that the wind was constantly gaining in force and fury. Suddenly the carriage stopped, there was a brief wait, and the door was flung open.

"It is impossible to go farther to-night, monsieur," said the postilion, thrusting in his head. "One of the horses has cast a shoe and is very lame."

"But we *must* go on," said Dick. "It is a matter of life and death."

"It is simply impossible," said the postilion, stubbornly.

"It cannot be impossible. Have I not paid half the post hire in advance?"

"Monsieur can go on, in the morning. There is an auberge a little distance ahead, where he and madame can pass the night. I will find a smith and have the horse shod in time to set out early."

"Are you sure it is the lameness of the horse, that moves you, or a desire to get indoors from the cold?" queried Dick.

"Monsieur l'Anglois has the privilege of thinking as it may please him. Will he have me drive to the auberge, or will he remain here in the road all night?"

"Let him drive to the auberge, for heaven's sake!" whispered Collette, somewhat terrified.

The auberge, when reached, proved to be a miserable hut of three apartments,—stable, kitchen, and common sleeping-room. The host and his wife, visible by light of candle and by kitchen fire, were an evil-looking pair.

"Oh," said Collette, drawing back from the doorway, "I can never stay here!"

"There is no other place," said the postilion, with an impudent grin.

"I will find another place," said Dick, beginning to feel ugly towards the postilion. "I see a light on the hill yonder. It comes from the window of a chateau. Such a house will not refuse us hospitality, my Collette! You will drive us to that house, fellow!" And Dick lifted Mademoiselle Collette into the carriage.

"I will not drive one step!" said the postilion, insolently, with a careless crack of his whip.

Dick looked at the fellow a moment, strode up to him, wrenched the whip from his hand by an unexpected movement, and struck him two quick blows across the face with it.

"Drive us to that house!" said Dick.

The postilion mounted, without a word, and Dick, retaining the whip, joined Collette inside the carriage.

At the chateau, while Collette remained in the carriage, Dick got out to speak to the servant who opened the door in response to the postilion's knock. Dick so framed his message to the master of the house, that the latter himself came to the door, Dick remaining outside to guard Collette and the carriage. The master of the house, lighted by the candles in the entrance-hall, was an elderly gentleman, tall and slender, with a bright eye and a face at once kindly, distinguished, and intellectual.

"Monsieur," said Dick, in as good French as he could command, "a circumstance has made it impossible for me to continue to-night a journey I began in that carriage a few hours ago. The only inn near at hand is one where it would be equally impossible for the lady whom I have the honor to protect, to pass the night. The lady is now in the carriage, and—"

"Monsieur need say no more," replied the gentleman, in a most courteous and sympathetic tone. "My house shall be the lady's inn and your own. There is no hostess yet to welcome her, but fortunately there is a maid, whom I shall send immediately. As for you, monsieur, when you have seen the lady cared for, Etienne will show you, if you choose, to the room in which I shall be at supper. The lady will doubtless prefer to sup in her own apartment."

"I thank you, monsieur, but we have supped already. I will do myself the honor to join you, nevertheless, and make myself better acquainted with so courteous a gentleman."

The gentleman smiled, bowed, and disappeared through an inner door. Dick returned to Collette.

"A maid will come for you in a moment," said he. "Our host is a most charming gentleman, both in act and in appearance."

"I did not look out of the carriage to see him," said Collette, taking Dick's hand and stepping to the ground. "Why, how strange that I should be a guest at this house! I recognize it now. It is one that I have often noticed while riding past in the road below. I have always wished I might live in it."

A maid now appeared at the doorway. Collette took leave of Dick for the night, saying she desired

nothing further and would defer till morning her meeting with the master of the house. Dick thereupon sent the shivering postilion, with horses, carriage, and whip, back to the auberge, and asked Etienne, the servant who had let him in, and who still stood in the entrance-hall, to show him to the supper table.

In a richly furnished room, softly lighted by wax candles, and warmed by fragrant fagots in a small fireplace, he found his considerate host seated at a well-filled table, opposite a round-faced priest, still under middle age, who beamed with merriment and good nature. Dick announced his name, and was thereupon introduced to the Abbé Foyard by the master of the house, who then said:

"Monsieur will pardon me, I am sure, if I adhere—merely for the sake of habit—to the incognito I am preserving in this neighborhood at present. I do not wish my name to get abroad as the new purchaser of this estate."

"My obligations are no less for my not knowing to whom they are due, monsieur," said Dick, taking the seat to which his host motioned him, at the table. He would eat nothing, but he would drink some wine, and he joined in a toast of Burgundy, proposed by the Abbé, with a twinkling eye, to "Madame la Comtesse that is to be."

From the fact that in the ensuing conversation the Abbé addressed the master of the house as Monsieur le Comte, Dick soon understood the toast, the Abbé's look of sly merriment, and the half pleased, half chiding expression of the Count himself. The bottle went round often, and the talk became unconstrained. Dick made it known that he was an American, whereupon he was plied with many questions concerning the war, and particularly concerning the personality of Washington. The Count then said he had seen that great philosopher, Franklin, in Paris, honored by beautiful women and celebrated men, among whom he appeared in his plain coat, as if the simplicity of the ancient sages had been in him revived.

"It is in the hope of meeting him," said Dick, "that I am now on the way to Paris."

"Then you have a pleasure very near at hand," said the Count.

"I trust it is near at hand," said Dick. "It may be delayed by another matter that must intervene,—also a pleasure."

"You speak and look as if it were a matter of some doubt or difficulty," said the Count. "If I can be of assistance—"

"I thank you, monsieur, but it is a matter in which the aid of Monsieur l'Abbé would be more to the point."

"Command me, monsieur," put in the Abbé. "My aid is for whoever asks it."

"I begin to understand," said the Count, with a kindly smile. "The lady in the carriage—"

"Precisely," said Dick. "Monsieur le Comte is very penetrating."

"Oh, no, very stupid, usually," said the Count. "But at present there is a reason why my perception is keen wherever a love affair or a marriage is concerned."

"Then it is true, as the toast of Monsieur l'Abbé indicated, that you also are about to achieve happiness? We have to felicitate each other!"

"Yes, it is true. And so great is my happiness that I would have the whole world happy at the same time. I was saying this to the Abbé only an hour ago, and wishing for opportunities to make others similarly happy, when, behold, the good God grants my wish by sending you to my door. You would have the aid of the Abbé, you say? Very well. I use the power I have over the Abbé's actions, through his affection for me, to compel his aid in your behalf."

"But that is not necessary," said the Abbé. "You know I dote upon runaway matches. I need not apologize, Monsieur Wetheral,—one can easily see, by the circumstances, that yours is a runaway match. It is therefore a love match."

"You are right, Monsieur l'Abbé. The young lady was to have been sacrificed, according to the custom that prevails everywhere but in my country. Her horror at the match arranged for her would have distressed you, gentlemen, if you could have witnessed it."

"I am sure it would have distressed me," said the Count. "But it is now averted, and need be thought of no more. The Abbé shall perform your marriage before you leave my roof, under which you are safe from all pursuit."

"Imagine Monsieur le Comte aiding and abetting a runaway marriage a year ago!" said the Abbé, with a roguish smile.

"The Abbé is right, young gentleman. A year ago I should no more have thought of violating a universal custom of our civilization than of joining a conspiracy against the King. But a year ago I had not loved. I knew not what it might be for a man to see the woman he loved given into the possession of another. I now consider love as having first right. It is to be obeyed against all other considerations. Moreover, if I now do Love a service in aiding this match of yours, Love will owe me a favor. It may repay me by—giving me—" The Count ceased talking, and sighed.

"Monsieur le Comte has a strange fancy he does not receive back as much love as he bestows," explained the Abbé, gently. "He does not allow for the lady's youth, which makes her naturally shy and undemonstrative in his presence."

"I am sure there can be no reason for his fancy," said Dick, glancing with genuine admiration at the singularly noble and gentle countenance of his host.

"And if there were," said the Abbé, noting that the Count still looked pensive, "what woman's heart could continue long unsusceptible to such munificence? What think you of this château, with its princely parks, as a wedding present, monsieur,—a little surprise, after the jewels, the house in Paris, and the other trinkets shall have been surveyed? Do you not think that, if anything be wanting to make the lady's heart respond, it will be supplied when she is told that she is mistress of this house, which, as Monsieur le Comte has learned, she has coveted since her childhood?"

Dick's thought that the Abbé knew less of how women are constituted than abbés are supposed to know, was suddenly driven out by another thought,—that it was strange two young ladies should both have coveted this château since childhood.

"You now understand," said the Count to Dick, "my desire to remain unknown as the purchaser of this place. I would not have the news reach her ears and spoil the surprise. And I congratulate myself on being here, superintending the last alterations, and on having brought the Abbé with me as company; for that your love match may be somewhat facilitated through us. Come, Abbé, rejoice with me that we are enabled to serve love, and to baffle those who would do it violence! What greater crime can there be than to force a girl to a marriage of interest? Your rival, monsieur, will deserve his discomfiture! I should really like to witness his chagrin. To conspire selfishly, with a young girl's natural protectors, against her happiness! Yes, it pleases me to think how crestfallen he will be! Monsieur, you have drunk already to my future countess; let us drink now to the lady whom the Abbé shall unite to you in this house at whatever time she may select!"

The toast was drunk heartily, and Dick, letting his eyes rove lazily among the many signs of wealth and luxurious comfort in the room, inwardly contrasted the possible future of the girl whose fate he was to take in charge, with that of her whose destiny was to be in the keeping of the rich and generous Count.

"To think that her house should serve the romantic purpose of a runaway love match!" said the Count, with a smile. "It will amuse Collette."

Dick turned pale. "Collette!" he echoed. "You said Collette!"

"That is the first name of the lady who is to be my wife," explained the Count. "Why does it startle you?"

"Oh, because I have heard that name so recently. My own fiancée has a friend of that name,—a schoolmate, at a convent somewhere near Montreuil."

"'Tis the very same!" cried the Count, with great pleasure. "To think, Abbé, that we should be of service to one of her friends! That surely will delight her!"

"But," faltered Dick, "is it certain? There may be two of that name at the same convent. The one of whom I speak has left it very recently, with her aunt—"

"It is she!" said the Count, more and more rejoiced at corroborative details. "She ought to be at this moment at Abbeville or Amiens, on the way to Paris to be married. She will pass this house and look up at it, wishing it were hers, as she has so often done, and never dreaming I am here making it ready for her! Yes, there can be no doubt, it is the same Collette,—Mademoiselle de Sarton!"

When Dick was shown to a round chamber in a turret-shaped corner of the château that night, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, saying he always wrote his letters late. By the light of a small candelabra, and after much thought and many beginnings, he composed two documents before he went to bed.

At earliest dawn he dressed and went down-stairs, told the only servant he found up that he was going for a short walk, and left with the servant the two letters, each to be taken to the chamber of its intended recipient. Then Dick hastened to the auberge where his horses and postilion had passed the night.

One letter was to Collette, and read as follows:

"MADEMOISELLE:

"You are now in your own house, which you have so long wished to possess. Its master, the noblest, kindest, and handsomest gentleman in the world, with boundless will and means to make you happy, is he from whom I, a worthless adventurer with neither possessions nor prospects, would have taken you, in my ignorance and folly. You should thank God for your escape and for giving you a husband such as Monsieur le Comte, whose years have but added to his graces and his merits. I have written him to such effect that he will understand all, and that, when he comes to greet you, nothing will be necessary on your part but for you to give him your hand, and offer your brow for the caress which a princess might be rejoiced and honored to receive."

The other letter was to the Count himself, and, whatever it contained, there is plentiful record, in the family history of the Counts de Rollincourt, to show that it accomplished its purpose. By the time the aunt of Mlle. de Sarton reached the newly bought estate of the Count de Rollincourt, in mad search of her fugitive niece, servants were in waiting at the road to conduct her to the château, where her amazement to find the Count in possession was promptly doubled on seeing Collette installed as mistress,—for, if the Count's little surprise was spoiled, his plan of having the Abbé Foyard perform an impromptu marriage was carried out, after all.

Meanwhile, long before this happy issue of affairs, Dick Wetheral had roused the cowed postilion and set out on horseback towards Paris, leaving the carriage to be taken back when the postilion should return. Dismissing this postilion at the first post, he took new horses, and, riding all day, despite weather and bad roads, he arrived at evening at St. Denis, and dismounted at the principal inn,—tired, hungry, and bespattered with mud. Before going to bed, he sent for a servant to give his clothes a thorough cleaning, that he might in the morning make his triumphal entry into Paris in a state of attire befitting so important an event. When his head rested on the pillow, it was with a pleasant thrill at the realization that his road, roundabout as it had been, had indeed led him to the very portals of Paris, and that it would take him across those portals on the early morrow.

He little knew in what manner he was to cross those portals, how he was to pass through the city yet see it not, and what a vast loop his road was to describe, over strange perils and through wild heart-burnings, ere it should land him in Paris with free feet and open eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

PASTORAL AND TRAGEDY.

The morrow, March 2d, was Sunday, and with it came a change to soft and sunny weather. As Dick soon learned, this was a day to bring Parisians out into the fields; a day on which the people would go to church and then to pleasure, in their gayest clothes; a day on which a stranger entering Paris in Dick's circumstances would be out of harmony with the general picture. Moreover, gladdened by the unexpected foretaste of spring, St. Denis itself looked charming. Therefore, Dick decided to postpone the long-anticipated entrance till Monday.

He went in the morning to the famous abbey church where the kings of France were buried; and after that he walked to the banks of the Seine, whose waters sparkled in the sunlight or flowed green beneath the trees along the edge. Doing as he saw some others do, Dick hired a boat, with a boatman, and started to row up the Seine,—that is to say, southward, towards St. Ouen and the more immediate environs of Paris.

Keeping to the right or eastern bank of the river, the boat had reached a place between an island and a terraced park, when it was suddenly run into by a larger craft, which contained a pleasure party rowing down the river. Dick's boat was upset, and himself thrown out in such a way that he had to dive to save his head from collision. He made a few powerful strokes under water, to put himself clear of the boats, and when he came to the surface he found that his boatman had been taken aboard by the pleasure party and was proceeding down the river, the smaller boat in tow. There was evidently no intention, on any one's part, to pick up Dick.

"French politeness, in the lower classes, is so thick on the top that there's none left at bottom," thought Dick, thus abandoned; and then he struck out for the noble park that rose on the right bank of the river. Thanks to the evergreens among its trees, and to its grass streaked here and there with sunshine, this park had even now a verdant appearance, and it was made inviting by little pavilions and summer-houses here and there, and by glimpses of a charming château in its midst.

Dick had no sooner clambered ashore and risen to let the water drip from his clothes, than a slender girl, eleven years old, came out of a summer-house, carrying a cane, as was the fashion of the time, and accompanied on one side by a footman who held a parasol over her, and on the other by a large, bounding black dog. She had an extremely intelligent face, the hair turning back from a thoughtful forehead. Her manner and, as Dick soon found out, her speech were those of a woman twice her age.

"Monsieur has been emulating Leander," said this young lady of eleven, the instant she was within speaking distance of Dick, one glance of her fine eyes having enabled her to estimate him to her own satisfaction.

Surprised at such a speech, made with such nonchalance by such a child, Dick gazed for a moment in silence. She bore his gaze with perfect sang-froid. So he said, smiling:

"It would be worth while, if mademoiselle were the daughter of Sestos."

"Has monsieur swum all the way from England?" asked the girl, evidently to show that she recognized his way of speaking French.

"Mademoiselle mistakes, doubtless for the first time in her life," said Dick. "I am an American,

and if I have not swum all the way from America, I am at least as wet as if I had."

"Monsieur is indeed a veritable rain-storm. Alphonse, show monsieur to a room where he may dry his clothes. If he went home in them as they are, he might catch cold,—America is some distance away. You may leave me alone,—yonder comes Monsieur Marmontel."

The footman, resigning to her the parasol at a gesture, immediately led Dick, over gravel walks flanked by lime-trees and foliage, to a side entrance of the handsome house, and thence up-stairs to a chamber, in which another servant soon started a fire. After taking off his clothes to dry them, Dick donned a dressing-gown brought him by the footman. The chamber having been placed entirely at his service, he made use of its toilet articles to restore his best appearance. This done, and his clothes dried, he put them on again, and went out the way he had come, looking around, when he reached the front of the house, for some one to thank.

"The weather has changed as to monsieur," came a voice from a clump of shrubs, and the girl stepped into view, attended, as before, by the footman.

"It is true, mademoiselle. I no longer weep tears of Seine water. Instead, I smile in my heart with gratitude. May I know to whom my thanks are due? I am—"

"No, no, do not say who you are! One is far more interesting who remains unknown, and I am dying to meet an interesting person."

"I am sure mademoiselle would remain interesting, even if I knew her name."

"No, for as long as you don't know me I shall be just as interesting to you as your imagination can make me. Besides, the luxury of being unknown, at St. Ouen, where everybody knows me, is refreshing. It makes me seem another person."

She had led the way farther from the château while talking, and now she sat down on a rustic bench, and motioned Alphonse to take away the parasol. Dick saw no reason for an immediate departure, so he stood behind the bench, looking now at the girl, now at the large trees on the terrace.

"Do you know, an idea has come to me," said the girl, when Alphonse had taken his station some distance away. The dog now came bursting through some leafless foliage, and stood beside her, receiving her light caresses while the conversation went on.

"If ideas are as uncommon in France as they are elsewhere," said Dick, "you will be famous."

"I shall doubtless be famous some day, but not through this idea. It is not original. The Abbé Raynal and I used to amuse ourselves by means of it, but I knew all the while that he was the Abbé Raynal, and he knew that I was Germaine—*mon Dieu*, I nearly spoiled all by telling my name!"

"Germaine," repeated Dick. "I shall remember that, at least."

"I give you permission to remember it, only on condition that you promise not to find out who I am, or whose house this is."

"Very well. After all, I like mystery. I promise."

"So much the better. This is the idea. When I was younger, I used to have a little make-believe theatre, with miniature actors that I cut out of paper. The Abbé overheard me one day rehearsing them in a little comedy I had written, and offered to act with me whatever pieces required only two characters. We began with a piece containing a shepherd and a shepherdess, and, from acting that, we went a step farther, and continued to pretend that we were the shepherds, carrying out the illusion without premeditated speech or action. The Abbé had done similar things at Sceaux, in the time of the Duchess du Maine."

"I have read of the French nobility having amused themselves in that way," said Dick.

"Yes, when all the world was reading 'Astrée,' and a hundred years later, when Watteau and the opera brought shepherds into fashion again," replied this youthful prodigy of information. "It was a charming amusement, was it not? But the trouble was, when we attempted it, that no amount of imagination could transform the Abbé, with his 'History of the Two Indies' in mind, into a shepherd. You understand, I knew him so well. But you, of whom I know nothing, and who have come into my view in so strange a manner—"

"More like a river god than like a shepherd," commented Dick.

"Oh, shepherds often fell into brooks! Nothing could be more in character. Well, we are to play that you are a shepherd called—not Celadon; we sha'n't take our names from d'Urfé,—let me think—"

"Silvius," suggested Dick, remembering the shepherds of Arden, in Shakespeare.

"Yes, Silvius is a good name. And I shall be Amaryllis."

"And where are the sheep?"

"We shall have to imagine the sheep at present, though I can obtain some easily enough. Well, you shall come every day in a boat, in the afternoon, and I will be waiting somewhere near the

place at which you landed this morning."

"And must I come as wet as I was this morning?"

"No. You shall be a dry shepherd hereafter. Come about two o'clock, if the weather is clear; but remember, I am not to know where you come from, or whither you go when you leave, any more than you are to know who I am. Now, that is all settled! Till to-morrow, Silvius!"

"But how am I to get home to-day? Would you have me swim?"

"No. Alphonse will show you out by the gate to-day, and you can go by land to your lodge,—remember, shepherds dwell in lodges. But after this you will come in a boat, and leave it at the shore to return by. So, till to-morrow, Silvius!"

"Till to-morrow, Amaryllis!" said Dick, with a bow not very shepherd-like. Obedient to a word from the girl, Alphonse, who had heeded nothing of her talk if he had heard it, conducted Dick past the house and through more of the park, to a gate, which opened on a tree-lined avenue. Dick turned to the left, and a walk of about a mile and a half brought him to St. Denis, where he dined and spent the rest of the day thinking of his odd adventure.

He found himself looking forward to the next day with pleasure. The bright face and the expressive eyes seemed to draw him back towards St. Ouen. He could not get them out of his mind. The knowledge of their proximity gave the whole neighborhood a new life and charm. He no longer wished to hasten from that neighborhood. Paris no longer lured him as with irresistible seductions. He found it now quite easy to tarry at the very threshold of the city.

"Can it be possible," he thought, "that I am falling in love with this child?"

He knew not that men twice and thrice his age—great men, whose names sounded through the world of philosophy and letters—had asked themselves the same question, regarding the same child.

The next morning, Dick visited one or two small shops in St. Denis, and added to his meagre supply of linen, handkerchiefs, and hosiery. Considering the small stock of money he had left, this was a piece of extravagance, but he counted on immediate employment by Mr. Franklin, on reaching Paris. Such is the confidence of youth.

In the afternoon he hired a boat, this time without a boatman, and rowed alone to the appointed landing-place. As soon as he had made his boat fast, he saw his shepherdess approaching down the terrace, herself carrying the parasol, the footman standing back within hearing distance.

"Good day, Amaryllis!" he called out.

"Good day, Silvius! Follow me to my lodge." She led the way to a rustic open summer-house veiled by a clump of trees, the smaller ones forming a semicircle that enclosed a sunlit, grassy space descending gradually from the summer-house to a row of shrubs that grew along the river.

"This is my lodge," she said, sitting on the bench that ran around the inside of the structure.

Dick sat on the step at the entrance, near her feet, and said, glancing at the clear space before them:

"I see your lodge is situated so that you can sit in it and keep your sheep in sight while they graze."

"Yes, this spot is their favorite pasture, as you can see."

Dick looked at the invisible sheep dotting the clean sward. "So I perceive. But let me understand. Is this flock yours alone, or are my sheep also here?"

"Oh, you have left your flock on your own hillside, and have come up the stream to see me. Neglectful shepherd!"

"When a shepherd neglects his own sheep, and hies to the lodge of a neighboring shepherdess, you know what it is a sign of," said Dick.

"It is a sign that he likes to gossip."

"No; it is a sign that Cupid is at work."

Amaryllis blushed ever so slightly, but seemed pleased, and did not lose her composure. "Well, to be sure, that is what invariably occurs between shepherds and shepherdesses. I suppose there is no way of getting around it."

"Not when Amaryllis is the shepherdess, by Jupiter!" said Dick, with genuine enthusiasm.

So the game went on, and, whether or not it was all fun with Amaryllis, it soon became half in earnest with Silvius. By a miracle, the balmy weather, a premature promise of spring, lasted a week. Every day Silvius came to the tryst, and, when he did not find Amaryllis waiting, he had not long to wait for her. They strolled along the wooded banks of the Seine, fancying those banks to be now those of the Lignon, now those of the Tiber, now those of some Hellenic or Sicilian stream.

Sometimes a dainty luncheon, set out in the lodge or under the trees, varied the monotony of this

shepherd life. Sometimes the conversation rose far out of the ken of ordinary shepherds, and invaded such subjects as philosophy and religion, sentiment and the passions, art and letters, music and the drama. Amaryllis described the acting of LeKain, and Silvius gave an account of the last appearance of Garrick, which Dick had witnessed from the first gallery of Drury Lane Theatre the previous June 10th, when the English actor played "Don Felix" in "The Wonder" and made a farewell speech that drew tears from himself and his brilliant audience. But Dick learned far more than he could impart. His week of make-believe pastoral was an education, and did more to fit him for the fine world than all his former years had done. Of course that week had results of the heart as well as of the intellect.

One afternoon, the second Tuesday of their acquaintance, after they had sat some time at the lodge in silence, Dick gazing pensively at the green space before him, he let his thought take the form of speech:

"After all, when you are eighteen I shall be only twenty-six."

"That will be seven years from now," she said, lightly. "Seven years is a very long time."

"So much the better. It gives a man like me time to attain a position worthy of a woman like you."

"Oh, position, rank, and that sort of thing, what are they, after all? Have you heard what the Empress of Russia said to Monsieur Diderot? You know that by devoting himself to the encyclopædia, Monsieur Diderot has kept himself poor, and his threadbare coat is no affectation. Well, Catherine II., aware of this, and appreciating the great sacrifice made in the interest of knowledge, bought Monsieur Diderot's library at a fine price, and then ordered it left in Paris, and appointed him her librarian to take care of it. Monsieur Diderot went to St. Petersburg four years ago, to thank her in person, and while he was there Catherine and he got into many disputes on questions of philosophy. One day Diderot hinted that he was at a disadvantage in arguing with the Empress of all the Russias. 'Nonsense,' said Catherine, 'is there any difference between men?'"

Dick sighed, perceiving that she had sought to divert him from the topic he had broached. He rowed back to St. Denis that evening an unmistakably love-sick youth. He could hardly wait for the next afternoon, that he might renew the subject at any hazard.

On the morrow, to his dismay, the sky was dark, and chill winds were blowing. Spring, having thrust her sunny face in at the door too soon, had been frightened far away, and might never have been present, so different was to-day's world from yesterday's. Dick resolved, nevertheless, to make his usual voyage.

Rain had already begun to fall on the agitated surface of the river, when he landed at the park. He hastened to the lodge and found it empty. How bleak and utterly forlorn the place now seemed! How disconsolate in heart was Dick! Well, he ought not to have expected her on such a day. He gazed with a heavy sigh at the spot where she usually sat.

What was that white thing, lying under a pebble, on that very spot? Dick seized it eagerly, saw the name "Silvius" written on it, opened it out hastily with trembling fingers. It was indeed a note, written in a charming hand, and signed "Amaryllis." His disappointment turned to gladness,—for the first sight of the beloved's handwriting, addressed to oneself, is as good as an interview,—and he read:

"For a few days I must be away, yet Silvius will come as usual to the lodge, will he not? On the day of her return, he will find Amaryllis waiting. Since I last saw Silvius I have been thinking. It is true, seven years is not a very long time!"

One knows, without being told, what demonstrations Silvius made over this letter, how often he re-read it, what other things he did to it, and where he finally bestowed it as he returned to his boat to row back to St. Denis. He scarcely knew what he was doing, as he pulled his boat out into the current, or how disturbed the river was, how heavily the rain came down. So overjoyed was he by the promise contained in the last line of the letter, that he was not cognizant of outward circumstances until he was half-way between St. Ouen and St. Denis. Then he became aware of the work of wind and water. He saw, moreover, that the day was as dark as late evening, and that all signs were growing more threatening every minute.

"The devil!" thought he. "This is not a time for taking chances, now that such prospects await me. I must guard my life and health, and achieve great things during those seven years."

He therefore rowed to an old, abandoned landing, which led to a ruined garden, within whose crumbling walls stood a deserted house of rough gray stone. On Dick's first row up the river, he had been told by the boatman that this house had long been unoccupied.

Making his boat fast to a wooden spile, Dick went through the half unhinged, half opened gate which was partly sunk into the earth, and up the weed-grown garden walk, to the house. The door yielded to his pressure, and he passed through a bare, dark, damp, mouldy corridor, into a room whose windows opened on the garden. Though otherwise empty, this room contained an old oak table, and several rough wooden chairs. Dick sat down and waited for the storm to abate.

The doors and windows creaked, the wind sighed through the corridors and chambers overhead, the rains beat on what glass remained in the casements. But what was that other sound? Surely it was of the footsteps of men. Peering through the window, Dick saw forms approaching through

the shrubbery, from a small side gate in the garden wall. These were, doubtless, the last of a party whose foremost members were already in the corridor.

The intruders came cautiously, but as if familiar with the place. Evidently some organized meeting was at hand in this empty house. Dick noticed the chairs and table anew. What were these men? A social club, a gang of thieves, or a band of conspirators? In any one of these cases Dick felt that he would be *de trop*. Manifestly the men were approaching the room in which he sat. They were already too near the door for him to escape unseen by the corridor. So he slipped into the wide, empty fireplace with which the room was provided, and whose rear was quite in shadow. A moment later three men entered the room.

Each took from beneath his cloak a bundle wrapped in cloth, and laid it on the table, then sat down and waited. Other men arrived, almost immediately, and the number kept increasing at short intervals until perhaps fifteen were gathered. Their conversation so far had consisted of brief remarks about the weather. They now sat in an irregular semicircle, facing the table. The man who had first entered arose and opened the bundles. The gray light of the stormy afternoon disclosed the contents of these bundles as three swords and several pistols.

"Messieurs," said the man who had risen,—an erect, powerful, handsome man of thirty,—"the hour is almost at hand. That all of us may participate in the intention, though but one of us may strike the blow, I am to describe fully the plan agreed upon by the Committee of Three. As each one of us is potentially the chosen arm of the Brotherhood in this honorable deed, it behooves each one to attend every detail as if he were, in fact, already the selected instrument."

The men sat in perfect silence, their eyes fixed upon the speaker, every attitude being that of breathless attention.

"In this silken bag," continued the orator, producing from beneath his cloak that which he mentioned, "are a number of beans. One of them is red, four are black, the others white. As soon as the plan of action shall have been made known, each man shall draw from the bag a single bean, in the order in which his name appears on our list. When all have drawn, and not till then, each man shall disclose his bean to view at the table. The possessor of the red bean will be God's choice for the performance of this holy mission. He shall choose one of these swords, which differ in weight and size, though all have been blessed and devoted to our righteous purpose. The four who hold black beans shall guide and guard the chosen instrument, both to protect him, and to assure the Brotherhood against the consequences of any possible weakness on his part. The holders of the white beans shall not act in the present task; but, in the improbable event of its failure, the whole Brotherhood shall assist the four, if necessary, as avengers against the brother who will have failed, as spies to seek him out should he hide, as hounds upon his track should he flee, as executioners to compass his death when he is brought before us. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed!" said every man, resolutely, with clenched fingers, set teeth, and gleaming eyes.

"The procedure shall be in this wise," went on the leader. "In an hour, a carriage will be waiting outside the gate of this garden. The chosen man, armed with the sword, shall be conducted to it by the four, each provided with two of these pistols. Two of the four shall enter the carriage with him, the other two shall take the place of the coachman, who will be dismissed. The carriage shall set forth at once. The Committee of Three has provided already for its passage through the barrier, unhindered by the revenue collectors. The carriage will proceed through the Faubourg de St. Denis, cross the boulevard, turn into the Rue Clery, and so continue to the corner of the Rue du Petit Carreau, at which corner, as we all know, the house is situated. The two gentlemen of the black bean, in the carriage, shall accompany him of the red bean to the door, their hands upon their pistols beneath their cloaks. When the servant responds to their knock, the chosen man shall give the name of Victor Mayet, and say that he must see Monsieur Necker immediately. Victor Mayet is a clerk in the General Control Office, and Necker will suppose he comes on a matter of urgent importance. Necker also will surely receive him alone. When the man enters, his two comrades shall return to the carriage, and wait for his reappearance. The man himself will keep his sword concealed until he is alone with Necker. At that moment, taking our enemy by surprise, he will thrust his sword into Necker's body as many times as may be necessary to assure its reaching a vital spot. So shall fall the haughty bourgeois Protestant, whom the King in his blindness has raised to the most powerful post in the land, and would doubtless soon, but for our intervention, raise higher; thus shall God's holy religion and the nobility of France obtain revenge and triumph at our hands."

There were murmurs of applause, repressed exclamations of "*Vive le roi!*" and other signs of intense enthusiasm.

"Then, messieurs, he whose arm shall have struck this glorious blow, shall hasten back to the carriage, and it shall be driven at once to my lodgings in the Rue St. Honore, which, though not large enough for such meetings as this, will serve as a hiding-place for the five gentlemen until news comes, from other sources than the chosen man himself, of the death of Necker. When such news comes, the four guards shall release the happy Instrument of the Brotherhood. Until such news comes, they shall guard him unremittingly; and, if it turn out that Necker still lives, the man who ought to have slain him shall die in his place, at the hands of the four. Thus are we assured against treason, weakness, or bungling, on the part of him whom God, in the guise of chance, shall elect to do our Brotherhood and France this service. Messieurs, each of you remembering that the red bean or a black one may fall to him, are you still agreed?"

The expressions of assent were as prompt and determined as before.

"Let us proceed at once to the drawing," said the leader.

"Pardon, brother," spoke up another. "It is so dark that, when we come to show what beans we have drawn, we shall hardly be able to distinguish the colors."

"Bring the candles, then, from the mantel to the table, and light them," said the leader.

Dick's heart underwent a sudden jump. Two men came straight for the fireplace. Accustomed, now, to the half darkness of the room, both descried his form vaguely, and at the same moment. "The devil! A spy!" cried one. The other drew a pistol of his own, and instantly brought it to bear.

"One moment!" cried Dick, stepping forth. "I am an unintentional intruder. Rather, it was you that intruded upon me. I had sought shelter here from the rain, when I heard you coming. Foolishly, thinking this might be a refuge of thieves, I hid in the fireplace, hoping to remain unseen till you had gone."

The assembled men, all of whom had risen, looked at Dick and then at one another.

"I quite believe you, monsieur," said the speaker of the meeting, courteously, after some moments, "not only because it is my gift to perceive when a man is telling the truth, but also because a spy would be sure of discovery in such a hiding-place. Nevertheless, you have overheard everything that has been said here this afternoon."

"How could I avoid doing so?" said Dick.

"I do not say it was a fault on your part to overhear, monsieur," said the other, whose authority over his comrades was manifestly so complete that they left the present matter entirely to him, only waiting with silent attention to carry out what orders he might give. "But what you have heard, you would doubtless feel called upon, sooner or later, to reveal, unless you were entirely of the same mind with us."

Here he paused, but Dick said nothing, for Dick did not choose to risk certain death by admitting that he would feel so called upon. After a moment, during which the speaker seemed to read Dick's thoughts, he went on:

"You might give us an assurance that you would remember nothing of what has passed here, but how could we let you go, on that assurance, monsieur? For, if you secretly meant to betray us, you would feel justified in giving that assurance, for the sake of your life and of defeating our purpose. Or, you might give your word in all honesty, and yet at some future time feel justified in breaking it. You can plainly see, monsieur, that there is nothing for us to do but to kill you on the spot—"

Dick read the quiet resolution in the speaker's eyes, and the more impetuous determination in the eyes of the others; considered his unarmed condition and the utter impossibility of a rush through the line of stalwart forms that encircled him; and thought of Amaryllis, the seven years, and the long and brilliant future that seemed about to burst like a soap-bubble in a moment.

"Or to receive you as a member of our Brotherhood," concluded the leader, calmly. Used to judging men instantly, he had doubtless estimated Dick as a gentleman worthy of membership.

Forgetting for the moment what this alternative entailed, seeing only the unexpected chance of life held out, Dick instantly grasped at the latter. "Very well, I will join," he said.

But the matter had to be thoroughly considered by the assembly, and there was a careful discussion of it for half an hour, while Dick sat silent before the table, on which, in the meantime, candles had been placed and lighted. During this talk, he began to realize all that he was taking on himself in joining what was neither more nor less than a secret society, whose present purpose was assassination. But a man with his life in his hand must seize the first means of gaining time that offers, and face each consequence when it occurs. The chances were in favor of his having nothing to do with the sanguinary affair to be immediately attempted; and he could probably give the Brotherhood the slip in the near future. In any case, it was impossible to prevent the attempt now under way, and the question as to whether he should eventually expose that attempt, was a river not to be crossed till he should come to it. Perhaps, after all, this Necker, whose name he knew only as that of Councillor of Finance and General Director of the Royal Treasury, was a rascal who merited death, as many public officials did; certainly the Brotherhood showed a humane disposition in considering an alternative by which Dick's life might be saved. Perhaps the removal of their chosen victim, even by death, would benefit humanity,—so little was Dick acquainted with matters of state.

Well, it was decided to admit him. He had to repeat a long oath after the leader, kiss one of the swords, which, having been blessed, served in place of a Bible, and sign his name at the foot of a list that the secretary produced from a leather bag, which that officer carried to and from the meetings, and which contained materials for what few records the society required.

"And now," said the leader, "it is growing late. The carriage will be at the gate at any moment. Let us draw for the honor that God holds ready for one of us."

He held the bag in his left hand, and thrust his right hand inside; when he withdrew the latter, he kept it closed, and passed silently, with the bag, from man to man; knowing, without reference to

the list, in what order their names stood. Before this, he had put an additional white bean into the bag, having been provided with several surplus ones. Each man kept his hand closed on withdrawing it. When the bag reached Dick, there was only one bean left. He did as the others had done. Then, not a word being said, the leader laid aside the bag, and all pressed close to the table, which they quite surrounded. Every right hand was laid out, palm down, on the bare oak surface. The leader was the first to disclose.

"A black bean!" he cried. "That is something, at least! Who has the red one?"

Every eye turned with intense eagerness, from the bean immediately before it, to the beans right and left,—every eye but Dick Wetheral's, that is to say, for his remained fastened, with a kind of mild astonishment, on the palm of his hand, whereon lay a bean that was red.

"Come, brother," the leader was saying, when Dick at last looked up. "Choose a sword. I hear the carriage at the gate."

Before he had recovered from his bewilderment, Dick was passing through the rain, towards the gate, clasping one of the swords tightly beneath his coat. At his right arm was the leader, who carried one of the other two swords, as well as a pistol in each outer pocket; at the left arm was a second man, similarly armed. Two other men mounted the coachman's place.

"Which way, monsieur?" said one of these latter, in joking imitation of a driver, when Dick and his guards were seated in the dark carriage.

"The road to Paris," said the leader, and drew the coach door after him with a bang.

CHAPTER XVII.

"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."

The chill and rainy afternoon gave way to an evening as rainy and more chill. The carriage rolled southward, past St. Ouen, and still on. Those inside spoke not a word. The men on the coachman's seat protected themselves from the rain with their cloaks as best they could, and uttered no complaint. Dick could see nothing through the carriage window, against the dark sky, but the darker forms of trees and buildings gliding by. He had too much else on his mind to appreciate the fact that he was at last about to enter Paris, the goal of his dream-journeys in childhood. At first he was in a kind of stupor, and felt like one hurled through increasing darkness towards blackest night, there to meet annihilation. Then his mind began to work, and soon was in a whirl. Assassination,—he shrank from it with disgust and horror. The alternative, death,—he recoiled from the idea, as youth and hope ever must recoil. Was there no middle course? He racked his brain to find one; he found it not, yet still he racked his brain.

It was quite dark now, and they had passed the outer barrier without Dick's noting the fact. But the houses, now close together and of different character from those of the village of La Chapelle, indicated that the carriage must be in the faubourg, at least. Presently Dick perceived that they were passing beneath a great arch (it was the Porte St. Denis, erected under Louis XIV., though Dick knew it not); then that they turned to the right, and, a minute later, obliquely to the left, finally proceeding along a slightly narrower street than they had already traversed. A movement on the part of the man at his right seemed to indicate that the destination was near at hand. They were indeed in the Rue Clery, and approaching the Rue du Petit Carreau, although the dark streets were nameless to Dick. Suddenly he had an idea. He gave a start, as if he had awakened from a feverish sleep.

"Messieurs," he said, in a half terrified tone, "I have had a remarkable dream, a wonderfully vivid one, though I have not for a moment lost sense of my being with you in this carriage."

"It is the time for acts now, not for dreams," said the leader of the Brotherhood.

"But this dream concerns the act," said Dick, in an awe-stricken manner. "It was rather a vision than a dream. I felt, and feel now, as if it were a message from above."

"Let us hear it, then," said the leader.

"I dreamt all had been carried out as planned, up to the moment of my striking the blow. And then the man caught the sword entering his body, and broke it in two, though the hilt was still in my hand. He drew the point from his side, and stood, very little wounded, before me, while I looked around in vain for another weapon."

"A message from God, perhaps," said the leader, "to put you on your guard against such an outcome."

"But, monsieur, I had this dream a second time, and then a third, and it was always precisely the same."

"It warns you to make the first thrust sure and deep, and to give him no opportunity of grasping your sword."

"I think, rather, it warns me to provide myself with a second sword. My keenest impression in the dream was of chagrin at finding myself without a second weapon after the first had become useless."

"You are doubtless right," said the leader. "One to whom a revelation is given is the best judge of its meaning. Buckle on one of these swords, in addition to the one you have."

Dick did as he was bid. A moment later the carriage stopped, close to the wall of a house at the left side of the street,—for Paris had not footways then, as London had, and coaches went as near the walls as their drivers pleased to take them.

One of Dick's guards got out, Dick followed, the leader came last. Dick could see that these two grasped their pistols beneath their cloaks. He was before a large and imposing house with a rounded façade. Lights shone through some of the windows. His two guards led him to the door, and one of them knocked. The time seemed incredibly long till the servant came.

"Monsieur Victor Mayet, clerk in the General Control Office, begs an immediate interview with Monsieur Necker, regarding a matter of the utmost importance," said Dick, with a steadiness that surprised himself. The servant went away. Another, and seemingly longer, interval ensued. At last the servant came back and told Dick to follow.

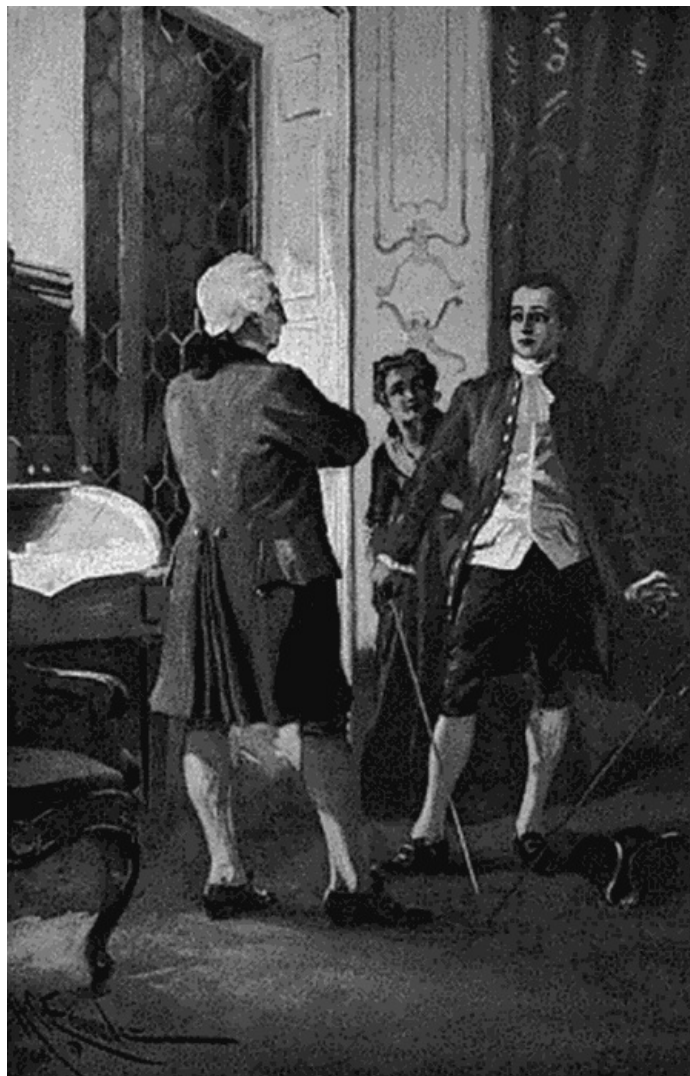
Dick stepped forward, and his two guards returned to the coach. The servant showed the way up a staircase with a handsome balustrade, and thence through one of the doors that opened from the corridor, to a rich and elegant apartment, its ceiling painted with mythological pictures, its walls decorated with arabesques and medallions. At a magnificently carved and ornamented desk at the farther end of the room, sat a gentleman of striking appearance, slender and noble-looking, but haughty and stiff. The splendid armchair in which he sat was turned sidewise towards the desk, so that the gentleman, who leaned upon one elbow, faced Dick as the latter entered. Dick stood at a distance, and bowed low, the distance being warranted by the singularly cold look of the gentleman in the chair. It served, in the soft candle-light, to keep Dick's features vague.

Dick cast a look at the servant, whereupon the gentleman motioned the latter from the room. Then, his coat still clutched tight over his swords, Dick said:

"Is it Monsieur Necker I have the honor of addressing?"

"If you are a clerk in the General Control Office you must know that it is," said the gentleman, in a dry tone.

"But I am not a clerk in the General Control Office," said Dick, quietly. "I am, through a strange accident, the chosen instrument of a secret society whose object is to kill you. Don't think I am a madman. What I say is perfectly true. I have taken an oath that requires me to make an attempt upon your life. But that obligation, through lack of foresight, does not forbid my giving you means of defending yourself; therefore," and here Dick opened wide his coat, and held forth a sword, "I offer you one of these swords, and beg you to stand on guard. Don't call for help. If you do that, I must save myself by having at you immediately. Take the sword, I advise you, for I certainly intend to attack you."



"OH, YOU HAVE A VISITOR! MON DIEU, SILVIUS!"

Monsieur Necker had risen, and he stood looking at Dick in the most profound astonishment.

"Why do you keep us waiting, papa?" came a voice from a suddenly opened doorway, and a moment later a slender figure followed the voice into the room. "Oh, you have a visitor! *Mon Dieu, Silvius!*"

"*Mon Dieu, Amaryllis!*" Dick's lips went through the motions of these words, but what he uttered were rather the shadows or ghosts of words than words themselves. He continued unconsciously to hold out the sword towards her father, while gazing at her.

"What does it mean, papa?" she asked, in a hushed voice that betokened vague alarm. "Silvius, what are you doing with those swords?"

Dick's wits returned. "Cannot you see, mademoiselle? I have been chosen by a certain society to make your father a present of them, in token of the society's feelings towards him." Whereupon Dick, to show Necker that everything had been changed by the revelation that he was Germaine's father, moved courteously to the desk, laid both swords thereon, and stepped back.

"Leave us alone, my child," said Necker, gently; "and beg your mother to grant me another half-hour."

"Very well," said the girl, and then, still somewhat puzzled, but with a parting smile for both Dick and her father, she disappeared through the doorway.

"And now you will be good enough to explain this scene?" said Necker, in a tone of authority, having put himself between the swords and Dick.

"All that I said, before the arrival of mademoiselle, was perfectly true," replied Dick. "But now that I find you are her father, what I proposed is impossible."

"It is strange you should have known my daughter and not known who her father was."

"I made her acquaintance at some children's games, and without learning her name."

"That a youth who amuses himself at children's games should amuse himself also by belonging to an assassination society, is a novel idea, to say the least."

"It is a very strange story, monsieur. But if you will take the trouble to look out into the street, you will see a carriage waiting; with it are four men who must be already impatient for my return to them. When I do return, if I tell them you are alive, they will kill me. If I tell them you are dead, they will guard me closely while they await confirmation through the public news. When

they find that I lied, they will kill me."

"It begins to appear as if these men ought to be arrested," said Necker, ringing a bell. He then sat down at the desk and wrote a note, Dick standing all the while at a respectful distance. A servant entered, and, in response to a slight gesture from Necker, went close to the latter, and received some low-spoken instructions, of which Dick caught only the word "police." The servant then took the note, and hastened from the room. Throughout this time, Necker had kept an oblique glance on Dick.

Now that he had not only saved Germaine's father on the present occasion but had also given him warning against future attempts, Dick had no mind to betray the Brotherhood further. He saw himself between Scylla and Charybdis. On the one hand was the danger of his being called upon to figure as a witness against men who had spared his own life, and of being mistaken by the world as a common informer. On the other hand was the probability of his being sought and punished with death by the Brotherhood, for, though four of its members might be arrested, there remained a dozen others as resolute, to hunt him down wherever he should take refuge.

Monsieur Necker began to question him, but he refused to disclose the slightest additional fact regarding the society. "It is enough," said Dick, "that its purpose is defeated through your being now on your guard for the future." He gave his name, though, with his St. Denis abode, and Necker made a note of them.

From the street below came the sound of a pistol-shot, and then of a carriage rattling off over the stones. Necker flung open a window, and saw the carriage fleeing in one direction, his own servant in another. As Dick guessed, his guards had divined the errand of the servant leaving the house by a side door, and had sought their own safety, after having vainly tried to stop the messenger with a shot. It was a relief to Dick to know that the four were thus out of danger of arrest.

Seeing the present futility of questions, Necker took up the matter of Dick's own future safety from the Brotherhood. The two were in the midst of this discussion, when the tramp of several men was heard on the staircase, then in the corridor. Necker's face took on a peculiar light as the door opened and in came a uniformed official, followed by a squad of armed men and conducted by the servant who had been sent with the note.

"A moment, monsieur," said Necker to the officer, whereupon the newcomers all bowed and stood still. Necker proceeded to fill in the blank spaces of a document he had meanwhile taken from a drawer in his desk, and to which a signature and seal were already affixed. He then held this out to the officer, who advanced to take it.

"You will send four of your men immediately as this gentleman's escort, to the place mentioned in that order," said Necker, speaking to the officer, but motioning towards Dick. "As for you and the rest of your force, remain here,—I shall have work for you."

While the officer, having read the written order, gave it with some whispered directions to one of his men, Necker addressed Dick thus:

"Young gentleman, you will not have to fear any present danger from this well-disposed society of which you have spoken. The place to which you are about to be conducted will be a safe refuge. I feel it is my duty to provide for your protection in this manner."

"I thank you, monsieur," said Dick, bowing.

The man who now held the written order, politely motioned Dick to go before him from the room. Preceded by two men, and followed by two, Dick went down the staircase and out to the rain-beaten street. There the party waited, while one of the men hastened off on some errand. He soon returned, sitting beside the driver, on a large carriage. The man in authority opened the carriage door, sent one comrade inside, then courteously begged Dick to enter, then followed in turn, and was finally joined by his remaining comrade. The man with the driver remained where he was. The man in command thrust his head out and shouted the destination to the driver, then closed the door. Dick gave a violent start.

"To the Bastile," was what the man had called out.

Why had Dick not thought of this possibility sooner?—he asked himself. There were two very obvious reasons, if not more, why Necker should wish to keep him caged. First, imprisonment might induce him to break his silence as to the Brotherhood's place of meeting and as to what names his eye had caught during the signing of his own to the list. Secondly, his disclosure, with every attendant circumstance, might be suspected of being a ruse to gain favor, similar to that by which Latude had brought well-nigh a lifetime of captivity upon himself; for men who devise such ruses are to be held as dangerous.

Yes, imprisonment was the logical conclusion of this incident. Dick shuddered as the word "Bastile" repeated itself in his ears. It had a far more formidable sound than that of Newgate, though, thank heaven, a far more gentlemanly one. And so Dick was now about to round out his prison experience, begun in America as a prisoner of war, and resumed in London as a civil prisoner, by being a prisoner of state in France! He sighed, and resigned himself to the inevitable. He looked not into the future. He might be out again in a day, or he might pine in his cage, purposely forgotten, the rest of his years. Well, well, no reason to be downcast! "Heart up, lad!" he said within himself, in the language of old Tom MacAlister; "wha kens the morrow's shift

of the wind of circumstance?"

After a long ride through streets of frowning houses, the carriage approached an open "place" or square, at one side of which Dick could make out, through the window, a huge rectangular building whose uniform towers, bulging out at regular intervals from straight stone walls, darkened the sky above an outer wall that enclosed the whole edifice. That end of the building which fronted the square contained two of the towers. Towards this front the carriage drove, crossing a drawbridge, and stopping for the man in command to show his order to the guard officer.

Dick was then driven past the outer guard-house, crossed a second bridge, a court, and other enclosures, and finally arrived at a second guard-house, where he was put down and his name entered on the prison register. He was then given into the charge of a squad of men, and by these conducted to an interior paved court, to which an iron-grated gate opened, and which seemed like the bottom of a vast well. This was the inside of the rectangle bounded by the eight towers and their connecting walls.

By the light of lanterns, Dick was led through a door at the side, and thence, through corridors and up steep stairways, to a large cell. The lantern's light showed a bare stone-floored chamber, with a table, a stool, a small bed, an empty fireplace, and in the wall an aperture in whose depths, though it was designed to serve the purpose of a window, Dick's sight was lost before coming to the outer end. Before he had time to ask a question, his conductors had closed the door upon him, turned its heavy lock, and left him alone in the darkness.

He had been searched in the guard-house, but not required to put on other clothes. Pleased at this, and at his not having been shackled, he groped his way to the bed, undressed, and fell into a deep sleep. So ended the, to him, eventful day of Wednesday, March 12, 1777.

He was visited on Thursday by Monsieur Delaunay, the governor of the Bastille, and on Friday by the lieutenant of police, each accompanied to the cell door by soldiers. Each tried by questions, vague promises, and implied threats, to make him speak of the Brotherhood. Their attempts failing, the governor visited him a week later, thinking imprisonment might have had effect upon him. The governor spoke incidentally of the dungeons, nineteen feet below the level of the courtyard, and five feet below that of the ditch, their only opening being a narrow loophole to the latter. But Dick only smiled. A fortnight elapsed before the governor's next appearance, and still Dick was as silent on the one topic as ever. The hint as to the dungeon was not carried out. Perhaps the worthy governor received more money for the food of a prisoner in an upper cell than for that of a prisoner in a dungeon, and consequently could make more by underfeeding him. The governor now allowed a month to pass before renewing his persuasions; after that, two months; and then he came no more.

Meanwhile, Dick had little to complain of. In fact, many an honest and hard-working man of talent nowadays might envy such a life as the ordinary prisoner in the Bastille could lead, especially in the reign of Louis XVI. Such a prisoner's state, in those old days of tyranny and oppression, was heavenly, compared with that of an innocent man merely awaiting trial in the prison of a police court in New York City in this happy age of liberty and humanity.

Dick was allowed to walk, under guard, not only in the interior court, but also in a small garden on one of the bastions, where the pure air was sweetened by the perfume of flowers. He was permitted to have books, some of which were lent him by the governor, the royal intendant, the surgeon, and other officers, and some of which were bought, at his request, out of money allowed for his food. Could he have afforded it out of his own purse, he might have hired a servant, furnished his room luxuriously, dressed in the height of fashion, eaten of the choicest delicacies, practised music and participated in concerts got up under the governor's patronage, kept birds or cats or dogs, and otherwise brought to himself the world to which he was forbidden from going. The comforts of the Bastille, however, were at that time accessible to only about half a dozen prisoners besides Dick. In 1761 there had been only four. In 1789, when the Bastille was destroyed, there were only seven.

But Dick, who lived in an age when young men of talent did not set upon leisure the value they give it in this overworking period, pined for the open. He began to grudge the time lost in captivity, and the fear grew on him that he was doomed indeed to forgetfulness. Summer came and went. The flowers in the elevated garden withered. Autumn winds howled around the towers, and winter snow was lodged on the lofty platforms. The beginning of December brought Dick, through the lieutenant of the Bastille garrison, the news that in America the British had taken Philadelphia, but that their Northern army, under Burgoyne, had surrendered at Saratoga, and that the glorious victory had been largely won by his own old commanders, Arnold and Morgan. Such tidings made Dick eager to be out in the world. At night he would fall asleep, gazing at the dying embers in his fireplace, and dream of broad fields, boundless stretches of varied country over which he could speed with bird-like swiftness, barely touching the ground with his feet. At last he resolved to uncage himself.

The aperture that served as his cell window was defended by iron bars an inch thick, so crossing one another that each open space was but two inches square. There were three such gratings. As Dick was high up in the tower, the outer end of this aperture was at a great distance from the earth. Dick turned from this opening in despair, put out his fire, stooped into the fireplace, and examined the interior of the chimney. It was not very far from the bottom to the top, but the way was guarded by several iron bars and spikes, securely fixed in hard cement. They had the look of

being less difficult to unfasten than the bars in the window seemed. Dick resolved to attack the obstructions in the chimney.

There was no iron in his cell, his scanty furniture being joined by wooden pegs. The stone of his cell floor was so soft that the first piece of it he succeeded in detaching crumbled like plaster against the hard cement of the chimney. What was he to do for an instrument with which to scrape free the iron bars from the cement in which they were set? His lucky star sent him an inspiration in the shape of a toothache.

By patiently and painfully forcing aside his gum with a chip of fire-wood, and by strong exertions of thumb and forefinger, he succeeded in extracting the tooth after several hours' excruciating pain and labor. With the tooth itself he hollowed out of a fagot's end a place in which afterward to set its root, which he then fastened securely in this handle by means of extemporized wooden wedges. He thus had a scraper, so adjusted that he could apply his full strength in using it. This he hid in his bed.

He then unravelled underclothing, handkerchiefs, and cravat, and twisted the threads into a rope, to which he tied, at intervals of one foot, small wooden bars to serve as hand-holds and foot-rests. All this work was done at times when he was least likely to be visited by any official or attendant of the prison.

He tied a heavy fagot, six inches long, to the end of his rope, and by dint of much practice he finally managed to throw this end up the chimney and over one of the iron bars therein. He then swung his rope about until it was so entangled with the suspended fagot as to remain fast to the bar when he put his weight on it. Armed with his scraper, he then mounted by the rope to the iron bar, undid and lowered the rope's end that had the fagot, thus giving himself a double rope to cling to, and began work with the scraper on the cement that held one of the other bars than that over which the rope was thrown. Habit had taught him to see in the dimmest light, and his fingers to find their way in total darkness. To his joy he soon found that the hard enamel of his tooth had effect on the surface of the cement.

With what difficulty and pain he worked, supported by his fragile rope ladder, compelled to brace himself against the sides of the chimney, and often to find relief from his cramped position by hanging to the iron bar, is hardly to be imagined. When he desisted he had to descend by the double rope, then let go of one end and draw the rope by the other end over the bar, for the rope also had to be hidden in his bed when not in use.

When not working in the chimney, Dick made additional rope, for that purpose unravelling all of his clothing and bedding that would not be missed by any who might enter his cell. He continued to borrow books, and as he now asked for such as he was already acquainted with,—either French works that he knew through translation, or French versions of English works,—he could talk so well of their contents that the officers he occasionally met supposed him to pass all his time in reading. So apparent was his seeming contentment, that no one suspected him of desiring to escape. But that desire increased daily. It was only stimulated by the news, in February, that France had recognized the independence of his country and formed an alliance with it.

In less than eight months after setting to work, he had opened a way through the chimney. So slender was he, and so supple, that he found he had not to remove all the bars, for he could wriggle between some of them and the chimney wall. Those that he did unfasten he replaced loosely in position after each period of work. He now estimated that he had nearly two hundred feet of rope, and he had been told correctly that the towers of the Bastille were nearly two hundred feet high. By the first of August, 1778, all was ready; and Dick waited only for a dark and rainy night.

Such a night came on Wednesday, August 5th. Dick had walked in the court that afternoon, under a steady downpour of the kind that lasts twenty-four hours or more, and he felt assured of a black sky for the night. He attached his rope in the usual manner, ascended the chimney, removed the loosely replaced iron bars, one by one, climbed by the rope to the highest of the bars he had left fast, squeezed through between that bar and the chimney wall, attached the rope's end to his waist, and then laboriously worked his way up the rest of the chimney with arms and legs, rubbing the skin off elbows and knees in doing so. At last he emerged from the top of the chimney, and, after resting a minute, dropped on the flat roof of the tower.

For some time, the darkness and rain hid everything from Dick's sight. But at last, having meanwhile drawn the full length of rope after him from the chimney, he could make out vaguely the dark houses and streets stretching far away below. By sheer force of will, and by confining every thought and moment to his work, he kept himself from turning giddy at the height.

The lofty platform of the Bastille was surmounted by ordnance, even as in the days of the Fronde, when the "great Mademoiselle" had fired the guns on the soldiers of Turenne. Dick fastened his rope around one of these cannon, and threw the loose end over the battlement of a corner tower. He believed that the rope would reach down almost to the fosse, which separated the prison from the outer wall. This ditch was twenty-five feet deep, but was usually kept dry. Along the inside of the outer wall ran a wooden gallery, which was paced by sentinels and was reached from below by two flights of steps.

It was Dick's plan to drop from the rope's end to the fosse, slink up the steps under cover of darkness and rain, elude the sentinels, reach the top of the outer wall, and drop therefrom to the ground outside, trusting to his lightness and his luck to make this last fall an easy one. He had

obtained his knowledge of his surroundings from a book of memoirs that he had read in his cell, written by a gentleman who had been imprisoned in the Bastille under the Regency.

He clambered over the battlement, took a good hold of his slender rope, or, rather, of one of the wooden rounds knotted to it, and let down his weight over the outer edge of the battlement, grasping at the same time the next lower round with his other hand. He had an instant of giddiness and weakness, at the discovery that the rope swung far out in the air, the wall being overhung by the battlements. He hardened his muscles and somewhat overcame this momentary feeling. But his arms trembled as he cautiously disengaged one hand and sought the next round below.

In this manner, swaying in the air, and feeling sometimes as if the tower were leaning over upon him, and at other times as if it were receding so as to leave him quite alone between earth and sky, he gradually made the descent. It began to seem as if the rope were endless, as if he were doomed forever to descend towards an earth that fell back from him as he approached. But at last his feet felt about for the rope below, in vain. His hands soon confirmed the discovery that he was at the rope's lower end, to which a stout piece of wood was attached. Yet he was still far from the fosse; indeed, he saw, with dismay, that he was a good distance above the level of the outer wall.

To drop from such a height would be suicide. To climb back to the top of the tower was impossible; his strength was almost gone.

Thanks to the darkness and to the noise of the rain, he had not been seen by the sentinels. It was a time for desperate expedients. He had noticed that, whenever the rope swung him close to the tower wall, it swung back to a corresponding distance outward. He now swung in, and, in rebounding, struck his feet against the tower in such manner as to propel him farther outward on the return swing. He next guided himself so as to swing clear of the rounded surface of the tower and yet so as to kick the tower in passing, and thus to gain additional space and force for his pendulum-like movement through the air. Continuing thus, and describing a greater arc at each swing, he found at last that his outward swing brought him almost directly above the outer wall. At the next swing, he let the rope go, with the hope of landing somewhere on the outer wall, which was so near that the fall would not be exceptionally dangerous.

Through the air he was hurled, far beyond the outer wall. He had miscalculated. For an instant he was aware of this, and gave himself up as a dead man. He knew that no human bones could withstand such a collision with solid earth as he was about to experience. He instinctively made himself ready for the shock. It came,—with a splash, an immersion, a gurgling, and a further descent through muddy water. He had dropped into the aqueduct of the Fosse St. Antoine.

The ten feet of water then in the aqueduct sufficiently broke his fall, and he rose to the surface in a state of amazement. As there was no demonstration from the wall over which he had swung, he inferred that the sound of the rain had drowned the splash of his contact with the water. He clambered up the bank, slunk along the outer wall of the Bastille, and emerged in the square before the Porte St. Antoine.

Westward lay the city proper, eastward the Faubourg St. Antoine, with highways leading to the open country. The first faint sign of dawn was appearing, so many hours had Dick been employed in his escape. The rain was still descending, and the water of the ditch was dripping from his clothes. He stood still for a moment, gazing at the dark roofs of Paris; then he turned his back upon them, and looked towards the two streets that opened before him. He chose that towards the right, and plunged into it. It led him southeastward.

By full dawn he had passed through some open fields to the country, for the great circular wall completed under Napoleon had not then been even authorized. Regaining the highway, he proceeded towards Charenton, making on this occasion more haste on the road *from* Paris than he had ever made on the road thereto.

He was moneyless, hatless, clad in outer garments only, his inner ones having gone to make rope. As the morning advanced, people on the road stared at him with curiosity. Near Charenton he stepped aside to let a post-carriage pass towards Paris. To his surprise, the occupant of the carriage, having observed him in passing, thrust a good-natured face out of the window, ordered the postilion to stop, and called to Dick:

"My friend, you look wet!"

"I *am* wet," replied Dick, who had not moved since the carriage had gone by.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" asked the gentleman in the carriage.

"The same question was on the tip of my tongue," said Dick. "But I have already answered it." And then he spoke in English. "Good morning, Lord George!"

"Why, damme if it isn't Wetheral!" Lord George Winston also spoke English now, and a very pleased and friendly expression came over his face.

"Yes, it is Wetheral, and in much the same condition as when he first had the honor of meeting you."

"Egad, so it seems! Come, then, let me play the Good Samaritan again!"

"I don't see how I can refuse you, my lord," said Dick, looking down at himself.

"Good! Wilkins, open the door for Mr. Wetheral."

"A moment, my lord. Where are you going?"

"To Paris, of course."

"Then I thank you, but I have important business in the opposite direction."

"Oh, come into the carriage! I shall not be in Paris long. I've come up from Fontainebleau, to engage a secretary. Then I am going to make a tour of France and Germany."

"Do you want a secretary? I am sure I should make a good secretary."

"Why, you are a gentleman."

"Do you want an hostler for a secretary, then?"

"Why, if you really wish it, the post is open to you."

"Then I accept it on the spot."

"Then I have no need to go to Paris. Get in, Mr. Secretary."

Dick obeyed with alacrity, Lord George ordered the postilion to turn around, and soon they were whirling through Charenton, on the road to Melun, Dick telling Lord George his story, and receiving the latter's unsolicited promise to back whatever assertions might become necessary to show that his lordship's secretary was not the man who had escaped from the Bastille.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DICK GIVES A SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN SHOOTING.

But Dick's appearance was soon so changed as to remove fear of recognition, thanks to the equipment with which Lord George provided him, as advanced payment, out of his lordship's own wardrobe,—an equipment for a fine gentleman rather than for a secretary. The transformation was begun at Melun, whence the travellers went speedily to Fontainebleau, where a barber and hair-dresser completed it. Dick was then told that his duties would consist in writing letters of travel that his lordship had promised to send to England. His lordship gave the name to which these epistles were to be directed. Dick echoed back the name, in astonishment:

"Miss Celestine Thorpe! Why, it seems to me I've heard—"

"Yes," admitted Lord George, with a sigh, "I went to Oxfordshire and renewed the attack, and the lady capitulated,—that is to say, conditionally on my behavior during absence. These letters are to show how I spend my time. I undertook to write them myself, but at this place I found I hadn't the literary gift. So I started for Paris in search of a secretary. By the way, you may be glad to hear that the lovely Amabel is soon to be Sir William Fountain's lady. He is the exact opposite of the lamented Bullcott. Alderby has married Miss Mallby, and revenges himself for her treatment of him before marriage, by keeping her green with jealousy."

Dick sighed to think how long ago seemed his contact with the lives of the people thus recalled to his mind, and how completely he must have been by them forgotten. Such is the world!

The next few weeks, passed in leisurely travel from one old town of France to another, were among the most uneventful and serenely pleasurable in Dick's life. From the noble forest, great rocks, and historic château of Fontainebleau, they went to Sens, with its winding streets and pleasant rivulets. There they took the water-coach, and were towed, by horses on the bank, up the Yonne to Joigny, which looks down on fertile meadows watered by the two rivers that join at the foot of its hillside. Continuing on the water-coach, with a cheerful company of merchants, lawyers, abbés, milliners, soldiers, fiddlers, women of different ages and degrees of virtue, and other people, they joined in the quadrilles in the cabin and on deck with a gaiety that effectually disguised Lord George's rank and nationality.

At Auxerre they left the water-coach, and proceeded by a hired conveyance to Dijon, where they met several English, Irish, and Scotch gentry at the coffee-house, and were reminded of London by the garden called Vauxhall, hard by the ramparts. So they went through Burgundy, drinking the wine, exchanging civilities with the well-fed monks, and partaking everywhere of the fat of the land. By way of Auxonne, a town small but fortified, and Dole, with its Roman vestiges, they neared the Swiss frontier at Besançon, then noted for its university, its hospital, its large garrison containing among others the regiment of the King, its perpetual religious processions, its frequent suicides of lovers in the river Doube, and its soldiers' duels.

Thence they went to Basle, lodging at the inn of the Three Kings, and dining by a window that looked across the Rhine to smiling plains; thence past miles of tobacco fields to Strasbourg; thence across the Rhine and to Rastadt; thence by way of Carlsruhe and Speyer to Mannheim,

whose straight streets, crossing at right angles, reminded Dick of Philadelphia. Over a flat country where there were few houses but palaces and peasants' cottages,—for in most small German states the gentry lived in the capitals and the merchant class in towns,—they went by carriage to the ecclesiastical capital, Mayence, which swarmed with priests, many of them rich and gay-looking, and not a few openly tipsy with Rhenish wine. From there Lord George and his secretary proceeded to Frankfort, notable for its stately houses covered with red stucco, its spacious streets, its well-dressed and well-mannered people, its multitude of Jews.

From the free imperial city they drove to Marburg, in the landgraviate of Hesse-Cassel, a hilly, well-wooded country, with many fertile valleys and fields. Its landgrave, Frederick II., was one of the richest and most powerful of all the German princes, and was then in close relations with England, which fact gave him a mild interest in Lord George's eyes; but there was to that fact a circumstance with a different interest for Dick Wetheral,—it was this Landgrave that sold his troops to England, and thousands of them were even now in America fighting against Dick's countrymen.

Pushing on from Marburg as rapidly as the bad roads and the stolid, smoking German postilion would let them go, the young gentlemen entered Cassel, then no longer a walled city, on a pleasant autumn evening, little foreseeing, as they drove in from the southwest and set foot before the hotel in the round platz near the Landgrave's palace, that in this capital a very remarkable drama was about to open in the life of Dick Wetheral.

The next morning Dick stayed in the hotel to write Lord George's journal up to date, while his lordship went out to visit the English resident. Before noon Lord George returned.

"Lay aside your pen, my dear fellow," he said to Dick. "We are to dine at the palace with their highnesses, the Landgrave and Landgravine. Make haste, you've barely time to change your clothes."

"But I am merely a secretary," objected Dick, who had no desire to enjoy the hospitality of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel.

"So much the more reason why you should see the Landgrave's court, to write my description of it. Besides, no one will know you are my secretary as well as my friend."

"But no one is permitted to appear at German courts who isn't noble."

"That rule of etiquette is observed only towards the natives, not towards strangers, and particularly not towards Englishmen. Come, this is a gala-day, and we shall go to the masquerade to-night as well. I must have at least one court dinner and court ball in my journal of travels, to be in the fashion. To-morrow we shall leave Cassel, which doesn't interest me, and go by way of Magdeburg to Berlin."

Dick was glad to hear this last intention, for, unlike the Landgrave Frederick II. of Hesse-Cassel, King Frederick I. of Prussia (who was also Duke of Magdeburg) had shown some favor to the American cause, having some months ago forbidden the passage of Hessian soldiers through his dominions to embark for America. So Dick complied the more cheerfully with Lord George's wish.

Cassel then, as now, was mainly on the west bank of the river Fulda, and consisted of the "old town," large and irregular, and the "new town," where the nobility and the court officers had fine houses. The circular platz in which the travellers lodged was at the southwestern extremity of the old town, and by proceeding a short way southwest from the platz, one reached the winter palace and the new town. A few steps of their carriage horses brought Lord George and Dick to the palace, then a large Gothic castle, west of which was the great rectangular open space now known as the Friedrichsplatz. South of this space, and between the new town and the Fulda, was a flat-roofed villa, used by the Landgrave as a summer residence, and surrounded by parks, gardens, an orangery, and a menagerie. But though September was not yet past, the Landgrave was now occupying the winter palace.

The guard officer at the palace, to whom Lord George showed his order for entrance, caused a footman to conduct the visitors into a large decorated room, where a number of officers stood about in groups, talking in low tones. One of these, whom Lord George had met in the forenoon, greeted the two with the utmost courtesy, which seemed like a compound of French politeness and English gravity. Dick observed that this officer spoke in French, which indeed was so much the court language in Germany while Frederick of Prussia set the fashion, that the use of German was deemed a mark of vulgarity. In France the craze was for everything English; in Germany for everything French.

From the number of military officers present, it was evident that the Landgrave had not sent all of his army to serve England in America. Dick made several acquaintances in a very few minutes. He who had first approached was Count von Romberg, a captain in the foot-guards. Another was the Baron von Sungen, lieutenant-colonel of the horse-guards, a witty, spirited, impulsive, chivalrous man, with a French manner acquired in Paris. A third—slim, talkative, vain, meddlesome, with brazen gray eyes and reddish eye-lashes—was Count Mesmer, one of his highness's chamberlains. These three were young men. Of the older ones in the assemblage, Dick noticed particularly a bent, wrinkled, crafty-looking sexagenarian, who, he learned, was Von Rothenstein, minister of police.

Presently doors were thrown open, and there appeared a robust gentleman of medium height,

looking fewer years than his fifty-eight, and wearing the Order of the Garter. He came with a firm tread, noticing in a brief but gracious way the officers, who bowed low to him as he approached. He had a moment and a word for this one and for that; for General Scliven, his chief reliance in military affairs; for old Zastrow, who had commanded at Schweidnitz; for the Prince of Saxe-Gotha, who had a regiment in Hesse-Cassel's service; and, in due time, for the officious Count Mesmer, by whom Lord George and Dick had the honor of being made known to the Landgrave.

His highness expressed, in the French language and in a guttural voice still full of virility, the pleasure he took in meeting Englishmen. While Lord George was bowing indifferently, and Dick hypocritically, other doors opened, and a lady entered, very beautiful and dignified, large, and somewhat over-plump. Dick knew from the great respect with which she was received, and from the number of ladies that followed her, that she must be the Landgravine. A very cold greeting passed between her and the Landgrave,—for, though it was but five years since Frederick II. had married, for love, the Princess of Brandenburg-Schwedt, he already lived estranged from her, as he had lived from his first wife, a daughter of England's George II.; and as he now lived also from his son George William, the hereditary prince, who was also Count of Hanau, and maintained there a little court.

Dick glanced from the Landgravine to her ladies, who looked neither as piquant as French women, nor as reserved as English women. If what an ungallant American traveller wrote at that time—that at the German courts beauty and butter alike were measured by the pound—were true, it was to be granted that the German ladies had fair skin, radiant complexion, and something of a classic cast of countenance. But Dick's gaze fastened upon one face, which had beauty without heaviness; a face that stood out from the others,—making them and all the world besides fade into nothingness, while Dick, in doubt whether he was not dreaming, forgot that any other woman had ever lived. It was the face of Catherine de St. Valier!

She saw him, looked slightly startled, then took on the faintest flush, which passed immediately but left him with the happy assurance that he was recognized. Half-way across the room as he was, he bowed low. She slightly inclined her head, and hastened to the Landgravine, for whom she had brought a forgotten handkerchief. She then went swiftly out by the door at which all the ladies had entered.

The company was already on the way to the dining-parlor, and Dick had to follow. It was the privilege of Lord George and his friends to dine at their highnesses' table, where only strangers and such officers as were not under the rank of colonel were allowed to sit, the lesser guests eating in an adjoining room, to which the doors were left open. But Dick took no thought of the honor done him, or of the table-talk, which was constrained and low-spoken, no voice being raised save when one of their highnesses addressed some person at a distance. Catherine was not present. Dick continued to wonder how in the world she had come to be an inmate of the palace of Cassel. As the dinner lasted two hours, he had time in which to repeat this question to himself many times. After dinner he absent-mindedly followed the company back to the room where it had first assembled. Here he stood in a trance for a quarter of an hour, and then, the Landgrave having left the apartment, the company broke up.

"Let us hope we sha'n't be so bored at the masquerade to-night," said Lord George, on the way back to the hotel. "I shall thank God when I have put this stupid place far behind me."

"Stupid!" echoed Dick. "I find it very interesting. I sha'n't think of leaving for some time."

"Why, this morning you were glad we were going at once to Berlin!"

"My dear Lord George, if you are determined to go at once to Berlin, I beg to resign my place as your secretary. I will do my best to find you another secretary here at Cassel."

"Why, I suppose I can easily find one. But are you serious? One would suppose you had got some fat appointment in the court or the army, since this morning."

"I wish I had, God knows,—or even a lean one,—but not in the army. I would not go to fight against my—against the Americans."

"Oh, you wouldn't be sent to America. We should have to get you into one of the household battalions,—not as an officer, of course; you know the officers must be of the nobility, but there are gentlemen in the ranks of every military body that is attached to a sovereign's person. There are the body-guards, the foot-guards, the horse-guards, and other such troops. Doubtless volunteers are very welcome. These German princes have crimps all over Europe kidnapping men for their armies. Let us speak to one of the various counts or barons we shall meet to-night."

"No, my lord, I would never serve this Landgrave as a soldier,—nor in any other post, but for one reason."

His lordship, though puzzled, was too polite to ask what the reason was. "Very well," said he, after a moment's silence, "we shall see to-morrow. I shall try to lure away some under-clerk from a brilliant official career, as my secretary, and to get you in his place,—if you continue of the same mind."

"My lord, you are destined to be always my Good Samaritan," cried Dick, his eyes suddenly moist with gratitude. He considered that, in occupying a civil sinecure under the Landgrave, he would not in reality be serving that virtual enemy to his country, but would be merely supporting himself by means of that enemy; that is to say, he would be, in time of necessity, existing at the

expense of the foe, according to the custom of war. Moreover, his position might enable him to serve his country directly, by giving him early intelligence of future movements by Hessian troops, and, perhaps, of future intentions of England.

They drove to a costumer's, obtained dominoes, and, at six o'clock, returned to the palace, where they found the gentlemen of the court all in dominoes, the ladies in ordinary ball dress. Card tables had been set, and the Landgrave played at cavaniolle with a rather talkative party of about a dozen members, while the Landgravine took a hand at quadrille with a trio of her own choosing. A number of players occupied tables in adjoining rooms. Dick helped make up a game at which Captain von Romberg and two placid, apple-cheeked baronesses were the other participants, but his eyes roved from his cards, in vain search of Catherine.

While the games were going on, a gentleman passed around with a hat containing small tickets. Each lady took one of these, when the hat was offered her, and then similar tickets were drawn by the gentlemen. Dick saw that his ticket bore the number twenty-three, and he learned from the talk of his fellow players that the lady who had drawn the same number would be his partner at supper and at the dance. Presently an officer began calling out the numbers, a lady declaring herself at each number, and a gentleman offering his arm to lead her out to supper.

"I wonder who has twenty-three," said Dick, indifferently, to Lord George, who had meanwhile rejoined him.

"I can't tell you that," replied his lordship, "but I know who has my number, seventeen. I happened to see her ticket, when she held it up to the light. She is that splendid, dark-eyed creature, standing yonder under the candles."

Dick's glance turned idly towards the indicated place. Suddenly he became afire.

"My lord," he almost gasped, "be my Good Samaritan once again. Exchange tickets with me, for heaven's sake!"

"Why, certainly. That gives me back the uncertainty to which this game entitles me." And the exchange was quickly made.

"Seventeen," was called out, and Dick advanced, with beating heart, to meet Catherine. She colored again—was it with pleasure?—as she took his proffered arm. They walked in silence to the supper-room.

At supper there was more ease and animation than there had been at dinner. This circumstance favored conversation between Dick and his partner.

"I should not have expected to meet you so far from where I saw you last," he began, in a low voice.

"Nor I to meet you," she replied, speaking without haste, and with the gravity that characterized her.

"Oh, my coming here was a very simple matter. Sent to England as a prisoner, I escaped to France, and there fell in with an English nobleman, whose travels brought him this way. I am his secretary. It is not known I am an American."

"My coming here was quite as simple," said she, with a slight smile. "My brother and I came to France to receive a small bequest left by a cousin of my mother's. In Paris we met a distant relation,—one of the ladies of her highness the Landgravine. When she returned to Cassel, she obtained for me a post as lady-in-waiting. French people are in request at the German courts."

"And Monsieur Gerard?"

"My brother is in the foot-guards."

"I should like to see him," said Dick, and added, with special intention, "I suppose he has forgotten me."

"Oh, no, monsieur," she replied, quite artlessly; "we have often talked of you. Our gratitude for recovering the portrait, and risking your life to bring it to us—"

"'Twas the opportunity of risking it to serve you, that made my life worth having," he said, in a tone little above a whisper.

"My brother will be glad to learn that your life was surely saved," she replied, avoiding Dick's glance.

"And you, who saved it?"

"I, too, of course."

The words were nothing, but the slight blush with which she uttered them was eloquent.

After supper, all the company put on masks with which they had provided themselves. The Landgravine was led to the ballroom by her partner, an owlish colonel, and the other couples followed. Her highness stopped at the upper end of the room, the second couple stopped immediately below this, and at last there was a double file extending the length of the hall. This arrangement seemed to promise a country-dance, but when the music began, Dick found that a

form of minuet was intended. When this had been walked through, everybody sat down, except the Landgravine, who then danced with several different gentlemen in succession.

After this there were minuets and country-dances. The company was augmented by maskers from the town, some in fancy dresses; while several who belonged to the court, having meanwhile slipped out, returned in different costume, so as to be really disguised,—for on first entering the masquerade-room, all were known, notwithstanding their masks. Everybody was now on a footing, and the maskers mingled promiscuously. But Dick remained with Catherine, who showed no desire for other company. He thought himself in the midst of paradise, until suddenly she said:

"Her highness is retiring. I must go."

"But, mademoiselle, the others are not going!"

"The others are not keepers of her highness's robes," said Catherine.

"But one moment! When may I see you again?"

"How can I say? My hours of duty are long. I am usually free in the afternoon, from three to five o'clock. On occasions like this, sometimes I attend her highness, sometimes I may do as I please."

"From three to five, you say. I suppose you remain in the palace then?"

"Except when I visit my brother. I must go now, monsieur. *Au revoir!*"

In a moment she was lost in the crowd. You may be sure much had been said, between their opening colloquy at supper and their brief dialogue at parting, to bring about the tacit understanding of a future meeting.

So she was in the habit of going to see her brother! Dick had learned that the Prussian system was followed in Cassel,—that the troops, instead of being lodged in barracks, were quartered with citizens. He walked the next morning to the drill-ground and armory of the foot-guards, and, happily meeting Captain von Romberg, learned where Gerard had lodgings. He went immediately to the house, which was in a street running east from the platz and through the southern extremity of the old town. It was the house of a glover, whose shop was on the ground floor. Gerard was out on duty.

Dick, finding that the guardsman occupied the first-floor room towards the street, immediately hired a corresponding room in an obscure inn across the way. He waited at the inn door till he saw Gerard, in military coat and buff cross belt, coming down the street; he then crossed over, with a preoccupied air, as if going about his business. Looking up suddenly, as he came face to face with the soldier, Dick pretended the greatest surprise at recognizing Monsieur de St. Valier.

The recognition was not mutual at first, but, as soon as Dick had recalled himself to the other, the young Frenchman became instantly cordial. A minute later the two were sitting in Gerard's room, expressing wonder at the strange chance that had made Dick a lodger across the street from Gerard.

They dined together at the table d'hôte of Dick's inn, and then returned to Gerard's house, where the marvellous coincidence had to be discussed over again when Gerard's sister called in the afternoon. It was his custom to receive her in the glover's back parlor, and on this occasion Dick was of course invited to be present. Not until she had gone back to the palace, did Dick return to Lord George, who had been mystified at his absence.

"I have found a secretary," said his lordship, who also had passed a great part of the day out of the hotel, "in the shape of a clerk at the French resident's office, who has got into trouble over cards and a woman and has to seek other pastures. But the vacancy he will leave is already provided for. I don't know what can be done for you if you are determined to remain here."

"I shall find something," said Dick; "and, meanwhile, I've taken a room at a cheaper hotel, where I can live for some time on the money I have. But I am as grateful to you—"

"As if I had ever really done anything for you," broke in Lord George, who liked expressions of gratitude to be cut short. He supposed that Dick's "some time" meant several weeks, whereas it really meant three days.

The next afternoon there was a review of the first battalion of guards, in that part of the park which lay between the summer palace and the menagerie. Lord George remained at Cassel on the pretext of a desire to see an exhibition of target-shooting that was to be given in connection with the review, by certain of the guardsmen. Dick guessed that his lordship's real purpose in tarrying was to make further effort towards obtaining employment for him.

The two met at Lord George's hotel (Dick having already moved to the inn opposite the glover's), and rode on hired horses to the reviewing-ground. It was a fine day, warm and sunny. The Landgrave and his chief officers were present on horseback. The Landgravine and several ladies were in carriages, at that side of the park which bordered on the Fulda and at which was the menagerie. Dick and Lord George took station, with several other horsemen, near the Landgrave's party. When the shooting at mark began, Dick found himself near the place where the men stood while firing. The competitors were drawn up in line, at right angles with the line formed by the rest of the battalion. This latter line formed the western side of an imaginary square, the targets were midway in the south side of the same square, the east side was formed

by the menagerie and the carriages, while the north side began with the line of marksmen, and was continued eastward by the groups of horsemen. After a few shots had been fired, Dick observed that the Landgravine and other ladies had got out of their carriages and were standing at some distance from them, so as to see better the effect of each shot.

Some one had just called Dick's attention to the fact that Mlle. F——, the Landgrave's Parisian mistress, was standing within a few feet of the Landgrave's wife, when suddenly a terrible roar came from the menagerie, followed a moment later by a great four-footed, striped figure, which bounded into sight, then crouched and looked around with ferocious curiosity.

"The tiger has broken out!" an officer exclaimed, while everybody gazed at the animal as if struck dumb with sudden amazement and alarm.

A man rushed wildly out from the menagerie after the tiger,—he was the keeper, through whose carelessness the beast had escaped. At this sight the women began to scream and to run back to the carriages. In a moment or two, the Landgravine was left alone. She stood looking at the animal as if fascinated, or as if paralyzed with terror.

The keeper threw himself before the tiger. It felled him with a blow, drew the blood from his face with its claws, and began to tear his flesh with its teeth. The women shrieked with horror. The animal looked up, glided across the body of the man, and made swiftly towards the Landgravine.

A kind of shuddering moan went up from the whole field. Some officers dashed forward on their horses, as if to intervene between the Landgravine and the beast, though the great distance made the attempt a hopeless one.

As the tiger made its spring, a shot rang out. The beast gave a howl of pain, dropped sidewise, and lay still, at the Landgravine's feet, pierced through the brain.

The officers looked around amazed, and saw Dick Wetheral, afoot, lowering a smoking gun. He had slid from his horse at the tiger's first appearance, run to the nearest marksman, seized the loaded weapon, and fired as he had fired at many a running bear in Pennsylvania.

"Who fired?" cried the Landgrave, too deeply moved to say more,—for a prince does not wish his wife to die a violent death in his presence and the court's, however estranged he may be from her.

"I took the liberty, your highness," said Dick, handing back the gun to the guardsman, and approaching the Landgrave.

"You have saved the Landgravine's life," said his highness. "I lack words in which to express my gratitude. You shall hear from me."

And the Landgrave rode quickly over to the Landgravine, who was being supported to her carriage.

"You don't need a Good Samaritan any longer. Your fortune is made!" said Lord George, as Dick remounted.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FAVOR OF A PRINCE.

Dick now seemed to stride towards felicity with seven-league boots. His famous long shot, decidedly the most remarkable given at that afternoon's exhibition of shooting, speedily became famous. His place of abode being learned through Lord George, he was invited to court to receive the thanks of the Landgravine in person, with a present of a jewelled watch and a diamond ring. Returning from the palace to his hotel opposite the glover's, he found awaiting him an equerry with a superb black horse, a gift from the Landgrave. He had no sooner seen this animal stabled, and gone to his room, than he was visited by Count Mesmer, accompanied by a lackey bearing a gold-hilted dress sword, another token of his highness's gratitude. Mesmer then sounded him as to his future, in such a manner as to raise suspicion of Lord George's having dropped a hint in a proper quarter. The next day Dick received an appointment to a post in the Academy of Arts, which favor was to be considered a high one, for the Landgrave was a great patron of the arts and took pride in his museum.

Lord George now departed from Cassel, but Dick did not suffer loneliness. His intimacy with the St. Valiers increased. He saw Gerard every day, and Catherine whenever she came to visit her brother. He made friends among officers and civilians, and he had the constant society of Rembrandts, Van Dycks, Raphaels, Titians, and other creations of Dutch and Italian masters. His duties brought him into frequent presence of the Landgrave, who often visited the picture gallery.

His highness soon showed a pronounced liking for Dick, conversing with him whenever occasion offered, and regarding his freedom of speech and opinion with the amused indulgence that one has for a clever child. People of the court began to see in Dick a possible favorite, and flattered

him in his presence, though hating him in their hearts as a successful interloper. It annoyed Dick to know that he was liked by a prince whom every American should hold in enmity; and this annoyance became disgust when his highness, from discussing the pictures of women, would often fall to discoursing upon women themselves. But Dick concealed his feelings, listening in silence to the sovereign's coarse or jocose remarks upon the sex for which that sovereign's weakness was notorious.

Now that his future seemed assured, Dick set about carrying matters forward with Catherine. The first sight of her face, so noble and yet so girlish, so reserved and yet so sincere, so open and yet—from its dark eyes and hair—so mysterious, had reawakened in him a passionate adoration beside which the bygone manifestations of his heart towards Amabel, Collette, and "Amaryllis" were but feeble flutterings. To him all other women became insipid when Catherine reappeared on the scene. Her outward gravity betokened a nature of vast range and unfathomable depth, a book that could not be read through in a day, a book with new beauties and dazzling surprises on every page. He felt that she was the only thing in the universe worth having, and he pressed his suit accordingly. Gerard proved very amiable by finding numerous reasons for sudden absence when Catherine called. She had little coquetry, though much natural reserve; yet, having been secretly disposed in his favor from the first (heaven knows by what undetectable something in his face or manner), she dropped her reserve at last before his oft-repeated "I love you," and, dropping her glance at the same moment, yielded her hand to his. It is only in plays and novels that confessions of love are matters of impassioned declamation or witty dialogue.

Dick told the St. Valiers of his parentage and life, omitting only the episodes of Amabel, Collette, and "Amaryllis." An understanding was reached that Catherine should become his wife at some future time yet to be determined. As Dick was really in love, and so would have turned Mohammedan to possess her, he readily agreed to adopt her religion, as far as a Voltairean could adopt any,—that is to say, in outer appearance only. It was urged by both Catherine and Gerard that the engagement should be kept secret, and Dick, being in mood to grant any conditions without question, readily consented. This interview, like all others between Dick and Catherine since the night of the masquerade, occurred in the back parlor of the glover's house. As usual, Catherine insisted upon returning alone to the palace, which she always entered by a private door.

"Why," said Dick, "may not a lady-in-waiting be seen with her affianced husband and her brother, in the streets? Here are two people soon to be married to each other, yet I'll wager nobody in Cassel, except Gerard, knows they are even acquainted with each other."

"We must have patience," she said, with a smile in which there seemed to be something of sadness. Then, having gravely given him her hand to kiss, she hastened from the room.

Dick and Gerard celebrated the day with a bottle of wine, after which Gerard went on duty and Dick to the Academy of Arts, which was a few steps south of the palace. While there he was sent for by the Landgrave, who greeted him with a patronizing and approving smile, and the words:

"I wish you to call immediately on the treasurer and on the chief equerry, who have orders regarding your conveyance to Düsseldorf. I have a commission for you to execute at the picture gallery there."

Instead of the look of gratitude and pleasure that the Landgrave had expected to see on Dick's face, there was one of blank dejection. To leave Cassel, though for only a week, was not in Dick's plan of happiness at this time. But the Landgrave's order had to be obeyed, and Dick mustered up a gratified expression before it was too late.

The next morning he started on his journey, leaving with Gerard a note for Catherine. The commission was indeed one to be envied; as it was out of all proportion to Dick's infinitesimal knowledge of art, it was the greater evidence of the Landgrave's favor. So Dick cheered himself up; made the acquaintance of the famous collection of that other elderly connoisseur in art and women, Charles Theodore of Bavaria; attended to his business, surrounded himself with the vision of Catherine, and suffused his heart and mind with anticipations of his next meeting with her.

It was growing dark on a November evening, when Dick reëntered Cassel. It was past the hour when he might have met Catherine at the glover's house, but he was so hungry for the sight of her, that he decided to attend the usual evening assembly at the palace, on the bare possibility of her being present. He knew that his favor with the Landgrave would secure him admission on his merely sending in his name. He therefore drove at once to his inn, dressed and put on the sword given him by the Landgrave, which custom permitted him to wear at court, and hastened to the palace. It was a little after seven o'clock, and the reception-rooms were full.

To Dick's surprise, one of the first persons he saw was Gerard de St. Valier, in the uniform of a body-guard.

"Why," cried Dick, rushing up to him, and pressing his hand, "you've been transferred, I see! 'Tis the same as a promotion. We are both in good luck."

"Yes," said Gerard, in a constrained manner. He then cast a swift look around, bowed formally, and hastened to another room, making a pretext of being on duty.

Dick gazed after him in amazement. What meant this coldness, this evidence of being ill at ease?

Such a reception from Gerard cut Dick to the heart, made a tear start in his eye, and gave him an undefined foreboding.

While he stood thus, there was near him a movement to either side, and a general bowing. He became aware of the Landgrave's approach, just in time to step back from his highness's way. But the Landgrave turned and greeted him with a kindly smile.

"Back from Düsseldorf so soon?" said Frederick II., in his rich and deep, but heavy and guttural, voice.

"The feet move swiftly when they return to where the heart is," said Dick.

The Landgrave, taking this as an expression of attachment to the sovereign presence, smiled paternally; then said:

"I shall send to hear your report to-morrow. The King of Bavaria has fine pictures. He used to be as famous for the fine women he kept, also."

"So I have heard, your highness," replied Dick, with a side glance towards the Landgravine at the farther end of the room, to see if Catherine might be among her highness's ladies.

The Landgrave, again misinterpreting, followed Dick's glance. "Ah," said he, in a low tone, audible to none of those who stood back from him and Dick at respectful distance, "you are thinking that the court of Cassel also is not without its fair ones. And you are right, my clear-eyed Englishman. Like the rest of your race, you will doubtless some day write your recollections of the court of Cassel. Like the rest, you will give a page to the mistresses of the sovereign. Well, tell me if you think any of the ladies that even Louis XIV. delighted to honor, was fit to buckle the shoes of her whom you see standing beneath the picture of Diana yonder."

"Whom do you mean, your highness?"

The Landgrave was too absorbed in his subject to heed the note of wild alarm in Dick's swift question.

"The lady with the black hair and eyes," said the Landgrave, gloating across the distance.

Dick turned cold. "Why," said he, in what faint voice he could command, "I thought your highness's favorite was Mademoiselle F——!"

"King David himself changed his mistress now and then," said the Landgrave.

Mad with grief and humiliation, Dick sprang forward to Catherine de St. Valier—for she it was whom the Landgrave had pointed out—and said:

"Mademoiselle, is it true,—what I am told?"

She gave a start at first seeing him, then stood for a moment in a kind of sudden dismay. This gave way to an expression of surprise, as if he who addressed her were a stranger; and then she turned to hasten from him.

"Ah!" he cried bitterly, in a voice that drew the attention of the whole assembly; for, as consternation had stopped his heart, rage now set it beating fiercely. "It is true, then! Faithless!"

She turned and faced him, with a countenance as pale as death. At that instant Gerard confronted Dick from out of the throng, with cheeks as colorless as Catherine's, and cried out:

"Monsieur, it is of my sister that you speak!"

"You know where to find me, Monsieur de St. Valier!"

At Dick's first words to Catherine, the Landgrave, with a sudden ejaculation and frown, had turned and walked precipitately from the room. The Landgravine, seeing Gerard's movement, had instantly hastened out by another door, that her eyes might not be outraged by a scene. It was the duty of all the guests to follow, and so, as if by magic, while the two young men stood gazing at each other, with Catherine looking on as if turned to marble, the three found themselves alone in the assembly rooms. Gerard was the first to perceive this fact. His face suddenly lost its look of wrathful challenge, and took on one of deep sorrow and concern. "*Mon Dieu!*" he moaned. "We are lost! Oh, Dick, why did you come here? Why didn't you understand?"

"What do you mean? Understand what?" asked Dick, with a sudden fear of having made a terrible false step.

"That it was for your own sake and ours we pretended not to know you," replied Gerard, despairingly. "The Landgrave attributed my sister's repulses to the fact that she loved another. We have tried to conceal who that other was, lest the Landgrave should destroy you; we thought best to keep even our acquaintance with you unknown at court, so lynx-eyed is that evil old lieutenant of police, Rothenstein. But now all is out, and your chance of making your fortune is ruined! Even your life is in peril if you stay in Cassel another hour!"

"Let me understand!" cried Dick. "Repulses, you said?" He turned to Catherine. "Then it is only in the Landgrave's evil hopes, not in fact, that you are his—that you—"

"How can you ask?" said Catherine, with a world of patient reproach in her voice and eyes.

Dick knelt at her feet. "Forgive me!" he said, in a broken voice that could utter no more.

She held out her hand. He pressed it to his lips.

"And what are we to do now?" he asked, rising.

"You must leave Cassel," said Gerard.

"We must all leave Cassel," said Dick.

"It is impossible for us to do so, at present," replied Gerard, in despair. "We have no other resource,—no way of living."

"But the bequest you came from America to receive?"

"We were disappointed of that. Our right has been disputed, and the matter is in the courts."

"Your relations in Quebec, and the estate concerning which you were in Philadelphia?"

"We quarrelled with our uncle in Quebec, and we would die before we would go back to his charity. Our share of the Philadelphia estate was a trifle, and was spent long ago."

"But you must leave Cassel! I shall find a way to provide for us all!"

"You forget," put in Catherine, "that my brother dare not leave without a discharge from the military service. He would be taken as a deserter, and shot. Trust me, Wetheral! I can hold the Landgrave aloof. His caprice will soon pass. You alone are in danger. It is best for us to stay till all can be properly arranged for our future somewhere else."

"Then if you stay, I stay!" said Dick, quietly. "I will act as if nothing had occurred, and await the consequences. After all, the Landgrave alone could have understood my meaning, when my miserable tongue so unjustly assailed you. The others would think my words merely the ravings of an unrequited lover. Yes, I will stay and see what comes of it!"

"Perhaps you are right," said Gerard.

"Thank God, then, we do not have to say farewell!" said Catherine, resting her eyes tenderly on

Dick. "I must hasten to the Landgravine. Good night! Trust me,—and be on your guard!"

"I trust you," said Dick, kissing her hand again. "But let the Landgrave take care!"

Dick then took leave of Gerard, whose presence in the palace was a matter of duty and not of privilege, and hastened to his inn.

The next day, he went at the usual hour to his room at the Academy of Arts. In the course of the forenoon he received orders to submit in writing his account of his mission to the Düsseldorf gallery. He was glad that he did not have to report to the Landgrave in person, for he had no desire either to meet that sovereign again or to enter the palace. In the afternoon Catherine came to the glover's house, this time attended by old Antoine, who had accompanied the St. Valiers from Quebec. The attendance of a man-servant was part of a lady-in-waiting's pay, and Catherine had been able to secure Antoine's appointment to her service in the palace. Hitherto, other duties had been allowed to prevent his following her to her brother's. Catherine brought the news that Dick's supposition had proven correct,—the belief in the palace was that his outburst had been merely a disappointed lover's.

In the evening, while Dick was alone in his room, there came a discreet knock at his door. Opening, he let in a man cloaked and muffled, who immediately closed the door in a mysterious and secretive manner. The visitor then turned back his cloak and disclosed the face of Count Mesmer, the callous, self-assertive chamberlain. He was unattended.

"Good evening, Count," said Dick, bracing himself for any evil this visit might portend.

The Count took a chair at one side of a small table on which stood a lighted candle. Dick sat at the opposite side.

"My friend," began the Count, in a half patronizing, half overbearing manner, "that was an unwise explosion at the palace last evening."

"What do you mean?" demanded Dick, ruffling up.

"Oh, be calm! I don't blame you, except for bad judgment. You see, I am one of the few who knew what it all meant. I am a man who keeps his eyes open. I have not been blind to what has been going on between you and the beautiful lady-in-waiting. Neither have I been blind to the intentions of the Landgrave. By knowing that two and two make four, I understood last night's little scene perfectly."

"Then perhaps you have come to explain it to me!"

"Ach, my young friend, you come too quickly to conclusions! Wait and listen, and be not sarcastic! Why do I say last night's explosion was injudicious? Because it could only make matters worse, whereas there was, unknown to you, a secret way of mending them. Why do I speak of the Landgrave's intentions? Because he is as certain to carry them out as it is that this candle burns, if the power shall remain to him. Did any one ever hear of anything ever standing in a prince's

way when he wanted a particular woman?"

"It is time then for an exception to the rule."

"And if there shall be an exception in this case, what will cause it?"

"The lady herself," said Dick, half inclined to strike the Count's face across the table.

"The lady herself! Granted that she be a paragon of virtue, do you suppose that the will of an obscure lady-in-waiting will endure long as an obstacle to the desires of a Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, whose power over his subjects is absolute? What becomes of a woman who resists such power? How long does her life remain tolerable? What happens to those who support her resistance? Do princes have any pity for those who oppose their will, and will Frederick II. have any conscience where his desire to possess a woman is concerned?"

Dick shuddered. He knew what princely consciences were like, and that the sovereigns of Germany, of whatever title, had over their own people unlimited authority.

"But," he said, in a slightly husky voice, "you spoke as if there might be an exception in this case."

"And I asked you what would cause it. You could not tell me. Shall I tell you? Can I trust you?"

"Certainly."

"Do you give me your word of honor that what I am about to say to you shall be kept a secret as inviolable as you would have the honor of your beloved one?"

"Yes,—my word of honor, as a gentleman."

"Then the cause will be this. You know the Landgrave is a Catholic. You know his subjects are Protestants. You can imagine whether they have in their hearts forgiven him for forsaking the religion of his fathers. You know that the hereditary prince has no love—no words, even—for his father, the Landgrave. You know also the Landgrave's reputation in the matter of morality, and that he is nearly sixty. Now, suppose a certain number of the court officers, and of those guards who are on duty about the palace and the city, should one fine day lock his highness in a chamber, place soldiers at the door, and declare the hereditary prince to be Landgrave in his stead."

"Dethrone the Landgrave!"

"It would be merely bringing the Landgrave's son to the throne a few years sooner than he would reach it in the order of nature. Do you fancy he would protest long, when despatches arrived at Hanau, inviting him to Cassel? Remember his feelings towards his father, and that he is already thirty-five years old. Do you think the people would object to a young and virtuous sovereign, who is not an apostate? Do you think the army would hold out in behalf of a Landgrave that hires it out, regiment by regiment, to another nation? What though the hereditary prince does likewise with his troops? Would the soldiers not relish a revenge upon the father, nevertheless? And, if the Landgrave's army should really stand in the way of all this, has not the hereditary prince the troops of Hanau, as well as the Hanoverian regiments there? Perhaps you think other powers would step in to prevent this forced abdication? Then bear in mind that the hereditary prince is the son of the daughter of an English king, and that that princess of England was ill-treated by the Landgrave. It is true, the present Landgravine is a collateral descendant of the house of Prussia, but, when we consider on what terms she lives with her husband, do we not find all the more reason why the King of Prussia should take no hand in the Landgrave's behalf? In fine, my young friend, when the Landgrave is shorn of his power, we shall have nothing to fear from him on the score of our sweethearts!"

And Mesmer leaned back in his chair, with a self-laudatory smile, like an orator who has made his point.

"But," asked Dick, eagerly, leaning forward on the table, to be nearer the Count, "when is all this to be brought about?"

"First tell me, are you willing to do what you can to help bring it about?"

"Willing? I am eager! Tell me what I am to do!"

"You are to broach the matter to your friends whom you can trust, as I have broached it to mine. There is the lady's brother, St. Valier, of the body-guards. As he is often on duty in the palace, he will be of the greatest value to us. He can sound his comrades, and win them over. Then there is Von Romberg, with whom I have often seen you. He can gain us men from his battalion. If things are managed rightly, and the blow is struck at the opportune moment, so that his highness can be held till word gets to Hanau and back, a few details of the body-guards, and three or four companies of the foot-guards, can carry the business through. I will answer for a sufficient number of palace officers."

"But why do you come to me, a foreigner, a man without family or influence?"

"For many reasons. Because you have much at stake, and will contribute zeal, which is a most important factor in a conspiracy. Because you have an ingratiating manner, and can get the ears and confidence of men. Because your post is one on which no eyes are turned, and you can go about unobserved, talking to whom you please, without exciting curiosity."

"I see," said Dick. "Depend upon me, Count. As for what favors this Landgrave has done me—"

"My dear friend, you earned far greater favors when you saved her highness's life! And this I tell you,—if you do not strike the Landgrave, he will strike you! Who knows whether he has not already taken the initiative against you? Many a first blow is really given in self-defence. That is your case, I assure you. And now let us talk of details."

For the next hour this strangely ill-matched pair were deep in the plans of conspiracy. Then Mesmer hastened back to the palace, so as to be seen at the card party, from which he feared he might already have been missed.

Three weeks afterwards,—that is to say, near the end of November,—the Landgrave and his court went hunting in the great forest a few miles southeast of Cassel, between that city and Spangenberg.

Now and then, during the chase, some gentleman or other would drop out, unnoticed, turning his horse into the thick woods. Thus, one by one, a number of gentlemen finally arrived at a ruined Gothic tower, in the midst of a thick copse near the road that ran south from Cassel to Melsungen,—that Melsungen which was thirteen miles south of Cassel.

At intervals, too, horsemen coming from the direction of Cassel, each one stopping and looking carelessly around to see if he were observed, would turn leftward from the road, penetrate the copse, and so arrive at the tower, which was a mere shell of weather-beaten stone, seamed with irregular crevices, and mantled here and there with wild foliage.

Each newcomer, from either direction, tied his horse to a tree, and entered the tower, by its high Gothic doorway. The second man who arrived was challenged by the first, who stood in shadow within the doorway, with the words, "Who comes?" He replied, "Hesse-Hanau," and, thus eliciting the word "Welcome" from the first, went into the shadow. He found that the first man was the chamberlain, Count Mesmer.

"By Heaven," said the second man, gaily, observing the other in a ray of light that entered through a lofty crack in the tower, "you are conspiring in character! A scarlet cloak certainly fits the rôle." The speaker was a young Frenchman, the Viscount de Rougepont, who jested at all times and places.

"You make a light matter of high treason, Viscount," replied Mesmer, in a somewhat husky voice.

Before the Frenchman could answer, another man was heard advancing over the fallen brown leaves outside the tower. The manner of his admission was the same as that of the Frenchman's. Within a short time, more than a score of men had thus assembled. Two remained on guard immediately inside the doorway. The others, soon accustomed to the half darkness of their meeting-place, proceeded with their business. The secretary, who was none other than Richard Wetheral, called a roll. There was a response to every name but that of Von Romberg.

"He has been detained by the sudden illness of a dear friend, but hopes to join us later in the afternoon. He has authorized me to represent him," said a young gentleman,—Gerard de St. Valier.

"You did not succeed in winning the Baron von Sungen," said Mesmer, addressing Wetheral, in a slightly petulant way.

"He repulsed my very first overtures," said Dick, in explanation, "and bade me, for my own sake, go no farther into the subject with him. I saw that nothing could move his loyalty. It was prudent to stop where I did."

"What a pity!" said Mesmer, with some vexation.

"I thought there was no love between you and Von Sungen," put in De Rougepont.

"What of that?" said Mesmer, quickly. "He could have brought over the entire horse-guards to us. That is why I say, what a pity he is not with us!"

"He is playing hard for the Landgrave's favor," said the Frenchman. "He is dying of love for the Baroness von Lüderwaldt, and wants to marry her. So does old Rothenstein, the sweet and chaste minister of police. The Landgrave has the disposal of her hand, and is still undecided whether to make Von Sungen happy or cause old Rothenstein to snivel with ecstasy. Hence Von Sungen's unexampled devotion to his sovereign."

"Gentlemen, we can make better use of the little time we have than by talking court gossip," said Gerard de St. Valier. "As the one who has been chosen by lot to be your presiding officer, I remind you that our meeting is for the purpose of making the final assignments for the action we are to take next Wednesday—"

"Pardon me a moment, monsieur," interrupted one of the conspirators. "You will remember there are three gentlemen here who have not signed the compact. They ought to have opportunity to do so, before our plans are unfolded any farther."

"That is unfortunate," put in the secretary, Wetheral. "It ought to have been thought of when we

accepted Count Mesmer's suggestion to leave our compact concealed in my room. The roll I called a few minutes ago was from memory. The three new members may call at my hotel this evening to sign."

"That appears to be the most practicable plan," said Gerard. "The new members, nevertheless, ought to take the oath before we proceed any farther. Let them advance and repeat it after the secretary."

The conspirators were grouped semicircularly at one side of the tower's paved interior. Gerard and Dick stood out a little from the rest, their sides towards the doorway, so as to face the others. Three young officers stepped out from the crowd and stood before Dick, who began to dictate an oath, which they repeated in portions after him. Every gentleman present had brought with him a sword, those not in officer's uniform having small ones, which could be concealed beneath their cloaks. The three new comrades held their right hands upon the hilts of their swords in taking the oath. The ceremony required, at its conclusion, that the whole assembly should raise swords and utter a final pledge in chorus. The two guards at the door, their attention drawn despite themselves to the impressive scene within, grasped their swords as the others did, and moved imperceptibly in from the doorway as the conclusion was neared.

The three recruits echoed Dick's low-spoken phrases in subdued tones. He raised the point of his sword aloft in token that they should do likewise. Up went every sword in the company, flashing back what beams of light strayed through the openings overhead. Eyes, too, flashed with feeling, as all lips united in the closing words:

"And to this end we pledge life and honor!"

The light from the doorway was suddenly cut off, and a voice cried:

"Surrender!"

The conspirators turned towards the doorway in amazement. Three soldiers stood upon the threshold. Behind them was the officer who had called out. In a moment, a score of bayonets appeared beyond him, from one side, and troops were seen massing in among the trees. It was plain that a large force had stolen up with the greatest possible silence. The conspirators were, in fact, confronted by some dismounted horse-guards and a company from the battalion of foot then quartered at Melsungen. He who had demanded their surrender was an officer of the horse-guards.

No one thought of making any pretence of injured innocence. Some looked around to see if there was any hole by which to crawl from the tower. Others stood still, and waited for the arresting party to come in and take them. Mesmer ran farther back into the shadow. Dick saw this movement, and misinterpreted it.

"He sees a way out of the tower," said Dick to his comrades, and ran after Mesmer. The Count stumbled in the darkness, and Dick fell over him. The soldiers at the door, surprised at this movement within, now entered at a run. The conspirators on whom violent hands were first laid resisted on impulse. Thus was brought about a brief scrimmage, whose confusion was increased by the twilight of the place. Two or three men tumbled over Dick. As soon as he could do so, he rose to his feet, clutching mechanically the cloak he thought to be his. Being for a moment out of the hurly-burly, he as mechanically threw this cloak around him. He then ran to the doorway, which the entrance of the horse-guards had left unobstructed, although soldiers were drawn up outside at a short distance from it. As Dick stepped out to the open air, with some wild notion of making a rush, he saw muskets levelled at him.

"Not this one!" cried the commander, sharply, raising his cane with a swift movement to prevent any one's firing. To Dick's further amazement, the troops, a moment later, made an opening in their lines, for him to pass through. He did so with alacrity, traversed the rest of the copse, and ran towards the road from Cassel to Melsungen. He found his horse—the one given to him by the Landgrave—in the wooded gully where he had tied it. Mounting, he was soon in the road.

He now heard a shout at the edge of the copse and saw the same officer who had enabled him to pass. This officer was now violently motioning him to come back, and shouting orders to the same effect.

But Dick waved an "*au revoir*," and started his horse towards Melsungen. A few seconds later several musket-shots rang out from the copse, and he heard the sing of bullets about his head. Looking back, he saw that a number of foot-soldiers were with the officer, who was vehemently ordering a pursuit.

"If I were doing that shooting, the man here in my place would be full of lead by this time," said Dick to himself, as he set his horse galloping towards Melsungen. "There seems to have been some mistake about my departure from the tower. Well, it isn't for me to rectify the errors of the Landgrave's officers!"

And, glancing down at himself, he noticed for the first time that he wore a cloak of bright scarlet, instead of his own, which was of dark blue.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HONOR OF A LADY-IN-WAITING.

Dick recalled now his collision with the fallen body of Mesmer, and the general tumble that had ensued in the tower, and he remembered having noticed previously the bright color of the Count's cloak. "Doubtless the Count got mine or some one's else, in the scramble, and so no one is robbed," thought Dick.

He foresaw that he would be speedily pursued towards Melsungen. He had not lived in the wilderness of Pennsylvania to be at a disadvantage in the neighborhood of a German forest, nor had he learned the ways of the American Indians for nothing. So he very soon rode into the woods at the left, and, having penetrated to some distance from the road, deliberately turned northward towards the ruined tower, deeming that to be the safest place for him to hide while considering the situation. The captured conspirators once removed from it, the tower would have been left unguarded, and yet no one would suppose that he would return at once to a place where he had recently stood in such great danger.

Riding on through the forest, he reached an eminence, from which the descent on the northeastern side was abrupt and steep. Here, over the tops of trees that were rooted where the precipice began to be less steep, he got a view of the country lying east and north, small parts of which country were clear of woods. Through one of these open spaces, directly east, a procession of troops, some mounted, some on foot, was moving towards the southeast. Dick's heart fell at the sight, although he could have expected nothing better. It was the march of his captured comrades, under an escort of remounted horse-guards and of a company of foot, to the prison-fortress of Spangenberg. He counted the prisoners, whom he could easily distinguish from their guards. All who had met in the tower that afternoon were there but himself. So Gerard must be among them. How, Dick asked himself, could their plot have been discovered?

And now he looked northward, towards the tower, which the prisoners must have left about two hours before. He could make out its dark, round, stone top in the midst of the thick copse. While he was gazing at it, he saw two figures on horseback emerge from the copse and proceed across a clear space towards that part of the forest where the hunt had been in progress. One figure, stout and erect, Dick instantly knew to be the Landgrave's; the other, so completely cloaked as to be unrecognizable by any lines of shape, was that of a woman. The two soon entered the farther woods by a narrow bridle-path, and were lost to view.

"An assignation," thought Dick. "No sooner does the Landgrave clear the tower of conspirators than he uses it for a purpose of his own. To-day's hunt is remarkable for the number of people who have slipped away from it."

He now pressed on to the tower. At some rods from it, he dismounted and tied his horse. He then advanced cautiously, to make sure that the place was deserted. Suddenly he stopped, at sound of a furious gallop on the road from Cassel to Melsungen. While he listened, the horse's footfalls came to an abrupt stop. After a few minutes of silence, there arose the sound of some one treading crisp leaves, and forcing a way through underbrush. Dick grasped his sword and waited, knowing he would have to face but one person,—for the galloping had been of a solitary horse. The newcomer soon appeared on foot, among the trees. It was Captain von Romberg, in great excitement and alarm.

"You are still here!" he gasped, seizing Dick's hand. "Thank God, I am in time!"

"In time for what?" asked Dick.

"In time to save you and our comrades. Come, the others are in the tower, are they not?"

"The others are on their way, under a guard, to Spangenberg."

"My God! Then I am too late! I thought I might give a half-hour's warning! We have been betrayed!"

"So it is evident. What do you know of it? Come, my dear Count, sit here on this log, and tell me."

The two sat down together at one side of the doorway, outside the tower.

"I got word from—a certain lady," began Von Romberg, in a half breathless, heart-broken voice, "to come to her at once, as she was suddenly at the point of death. This was a short time before I was to have started for the meeting this afternoon. When I entered her room I found her perfectly well, but in great trepidation. She said I must not leave her house till night. When I insisted on going, now that I had found she was not ill, she broke down, and told me everything. You must know she is the—she is on close terms with the secretary of Rothenstein, minister of police. Through this secretary she had learned that we have all been terribly tricked. Our conspiracy was instigated with the Landgrave's own authority! It was an idea of old Rothenstein's, and the villain who carried it out was Mesmer!"

"But,—I don't understand. Why should the Landgrave authorize a conspiracy against himself?"

"In order to have a reason, in the eyes of his subjects and of other powers, for removing certain

objectionable persons from his way. You are an Englishman, St. Valier a Frenchman. Without a good pretext he would not dare have you two imprisoned, lest your governments might call him to account. Moreover, if he took any arbitrary step against yourself, the people might think he was secretly angry at you for having saved the Landgravine's life. And then, this woman told me, there is a lady whose hatred the Landgrave does not wish to incur, and he would incur it by causing your destruction; but now it will appear that you have brought destruction on yourself by plotting high treason."

"What a diabolical scheme!"

"You see, my dear Wetheral, we, who have supposed ourselves to be conspirators, are the ones who have really been conspired against. All was perfectly arranged. Even the choice of officers by lot was so managed by Mesmer, who conducted the drawing, that you and St. Valier were designated."

"The base-hearted Landgrave would remove both her protectors! But what proof will there be against us, beyond Mesmer's testimony? And will not Mesmer's testimony betray the Landgrave's whole design?"

"Mesmer will give no testimony. They have proof sufficient, of the kind they desire. This very afternoon they found the signed compact in your room; they knew from Mesmer exactly where it was hidden. Mesmer will not even appear among the accused. It was part of the plan that he should be allowed to escape, and to stay out of the country till the others were disposed of. To that escape and absence, the rest of us would attribute his not being punished with us,—and not to his having sold us to the Landgrave. Thus the world was to be kept from knowing the despicable part this wretch had played. And now mark how little these villains trust one another. Fearful, I suppose, lest the Landgrave would after all let him suffer, in order to make sure of his silence, Mesmer stipulated that he should be allowed to escape at the moment of arrest. Mesmer once inside a prison, he doubtless thought, the Landgrave might consider a dungeon—or a grave—the safest place for a man who possessed the secret of so detestable a transaction. And, to keep his treachery the more hidden, he provided that the arrest and his apparent escape should be entrusted to an officer not acquainted with him."

"But how then could the officer know which man was to escape?"

"Mesmer was to be distinguished by a cloak of a particular color," said Romberg.

"The devil!" cried Dick, smiling despite all circumstances. "And the cloak happened to be on me at the time of the escape."

"Listen!" said Romberg, abruptly. "Some one is coming."

The sounds of an approach were indeed heard from the side towards the depths of the forest. The two gentlemen rose, and grasped their swords. A moment later a man stepped into view, whom they both recognized by sight. He was a French valet of the Landgrave's.

"Pardon, messieurs!" he exclaimed, after a start of fright at so suddenly coming upon the two threatening-looking gentlemen. "I have come here merely to look for a riding-whip dropped by Mademoiselle de St. Valier a short time ago." And he stepped into the tower, where he began to search with his feet the paving, which was in comparative darkness.

For a moment Dick's heart was stilled. The blood left his cheeks; power left his voice. He followed the valet in. "Do you mean to say that Mademoiselle de St. Valier was here in this tower a short while ago?" he asked, in a forced voice, when he could speak at all. He remembered the cloaked lady riding from the copse with the Landgrave.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the lackey, adding in a significant tone, "and in very excellent company. Ah, here is the whip, and very far back in the tower, too."

"You rascal!" cried Dick, his energy returning with vehemence, and seized the valet by arm and neck. "Do you dare say that Mademoiselle de St. Valier was in this tower alone with the Landgrave? Come into the light, you miserable cur, that I may see the lie on your villainous face!" And Dick dragged the fellow from the tower.

"Let me go, monsieur!" whimpered the lackey, wriggling in terror. "*Mon Dieu*, is it the fault of a poor servant if a lady-in-waiting allows herself to be seduced by the Landgrave? Don't make an honest man pay for the sins of a prince's harlot!"

"My God, Romberg, do you hear that?" cried Dick, throwing the valet to the ground. "And do you *see* that?" he added, picking up the whip, of which he now recognized the curiously formed handle, though his last sight of it had been on that New Jersey road where, three years and a half ago, he had volunteered to recover her stolen miniature.

Von Romberg, who had begun to understand the situation in a general way, shook his head sadly, and said, with quiet tenderness, "We must not expect too much of the sex, my friend."

Dick sank down on the log, dropping the whip, and began to weep like a child. The wild suspicion had seized him that Catherine might have favored the prospective marriage to himself either as a cloak for a liaison with the Landgrave or as a refuge on the possible termination of such liaison. The valet, making no attempt to recover the whip, now used his opportunity to rise and dash off through the woods.

Suddenly Dick started up, and faced his kindly, pitying friend.

"I will find out!" he cried. "The thing is too damnable for belief. I'll not hold a woman guilty till I've seen with my own eyes, or heard from her own lips. I will go to her as fast as my horse can carry me!"

"But," said Romberg, in great alarm, grasping him with strong arms around the body, "is she in Cassel?"

"She is in the palace. Don't delay me, Romberg, for God's sake!"

"But they will arrest you. You are guilty of high treason, man. They are doubtless searching for you now. It is madness and suicide to go to the palace. My friend, would you throw yourself into the Landgrave's hands?" For Dick, exerting all his strength, was violently getting the better of Romberg's hindering embrace.

"I would learn the truth!" he cried. "If that lackey lied, I shall either escape again or be content to die. I would rather die and know her pure, than live forever and doubt her honor." And, hurling Romberg away from him, he was free.

"And what if you find the story true?" called Romberg after him, in a voice of sympathetic dismay.

"I will kill the Landgrave!" cried Dick, and bounded through the bushes, towards his horse.

Late that night Catherine de St. Valier sat in her apartment in the palace, accompanied only by one of the inferior attendants, a girl named Gretel, who was devoted to her. At one side of the chamber a pair of curtains concealed the alcove in which the bed was. At the other side was a door communicating with a corridor. The chamber window overlooked, at some height, an open space—a kind of small park—at the rear of the palace. Outside the window was a little balcony, and not far away was one of a few tall trees that grew in the small park. On a dressing-table was a candelabrum, with but one of its branches lighted, so that the interior of the room was dim to the sight. The night had recently clouded over, and only at intervals could the moon be seen through the dark window.

Catherine sat on a small couch, her face as pale as death, gazing at the opposite wall with wide-open eyes, in which grief and horror had given way to a kind of trance-like stupor. Now and then she would give a slight start, and a tremor would pass through her body, which was attired in a loose white gown lightly confined at the waist. At such moments she would turn her eyes furtively towards the door leading from the corridor. Near this door sat the maid, Gretel, silently watching with pitying eyes the half dead lady-in-waiting.

Suddenly the window, which was made of two casements running each from top to bottom, was flung rudely open, and in from the balcony stepped a man, who immediately stood still and looked around until his eyes fell on Catherine.

She rose quickly to her feet, and, with bowed head, said, in a low and lifeless voice:

"You find me waiting, your highness."

"Highness!" echoed the intruder. "Then you did expect him. It is true. My God!"

She gazed at him like a woman struck dumb with astonishment, then staggered to the dressing-table, took up the candle, and moved swiftly towards him, holding the light so as to illumine his face.

"It is his spirit," she whispered, having made sure that the features were those of Wetheral. The girl, Gretel, now gently took the light from Catherine's hand, lest Catherine might, in her half swooning condition, drop it, and replaced it on the dressing-table.

"It is no spirit, mademoiselle," said Dick, in a broken voice, "but a living man who might better be dead, for his last hope is killed, his faith crushed, his heart torn with misery! Oh, my God, my God! Oh, Catherine, Catherine!" And he fell prostrate on the couch, hiding his weeping eyes upon his arm, and yielding his body to be shaken by sobs.

Catherine stood looking at him, while her bewildered ideas approached a definite shape. But, before she could speak, he sprang to his feet, his grief having been succeeded by a wave of fierce and bitter reproach.

"So I was right when I called you faithless before the whole assembly that night!" he cried. "So you have fooled me from the first! Oh, was there ever such cunning? How I have been deceived by your guileless air, your innocent face, the truthful look of your eyes! Great God, is anything to be trusted in this world, when a woman who seems so pure and noble proves to be not only the harlot of a prince but the lying betrayer of an honest man, who loves her with all his soul? Why have you nothing to say?" he demanded, with a fresh access of rage. "Haven't you the grace to defend yourself? Oh, for God's sake, deceive me again! Lie to me, and I will believe you. Let me have any reason, even the smallest, to delude myself with the fancy that you are still mine. Deny these accusations! Deny that you expected the Landgrave here to-night."

"I cannot deny what is true," she said, quietly and sadly.

"Oh, you admit it!" he cried, wounded and enraged beyond all control. "You brazen Jezebel, I will kill you!" He grasped her by the neck, and, as she yielded instantly to his movement, forced her to her knees. As he made to clutch her throat she threw back her head, disclosing the white and delicate skin on which he formerly would not have inflicted the tiniest scratch for the world. "Oh, I cannot," he sobbed, pressing his lips against the tender throat, and breaking down completely. "Oh, Catherine, Catherine!" He raised her, and stood with his arms enfolding her. But, after a moment, he released her and stepped back, saying, plaintively, "To think that you are not mine to embrace! To think that you are the Landgrave's!"

"The Landgrave's!" she echoed. "No, not yet the Landgrave's, for you are not dead, and I am still a living woman."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick, startled into a kind of wild hope.

"He told me you were dead,—that you had been shot while trying to escape—"

"Who told you, Catherine? What do you mean? Tell me, quickly." He took her hand, and made her sit beside him on the couch.

"The Landgrave told me,—and Von Rothenstein, and others who were there. You see, I was at the hunt, with the Landgravine. We all heard of the terrible conspiracy, and of the arrests; and, while we were talking about it in the forest, the prisoners were taken by, where we could see them all,—the conspirators, arrested for high treason. And one of them was Gerard, my brother Gerard."

"And the whole court saw them led past?"

"Yes, with Gerard, my dear brother. When I was told that these men were going to prison and would surely be put to death—oh, it was terrible to think of,—my brother, little Gerard, as we used to call him, my mother and I. *Mon Dieu*, I would give my life to save him, and so I rode in search of the Landgrave, to beg that he would save Gerard. Some of the officers told me where to find him,—in the tower where the conspirators had been caught. I went there, and begged him on my knees for Gerard's life. He sent away the Count von Rothenstein and the others who were there, and listened to me. At last he said there was a way in which I might save Gerard, though my brother was one of the officers of the band and deserved death even more than the others did. I said I would give my life to save Gerard's,—for I knew that you, my love, would not blame me for that. But the Landgrave said it was not my life he wished, it was—"

"I understand!"

"I would not consent to that, even to save my brother. When the Landgrave became more urgent, and began to speak of my duty as a sister, I said that what he asked was not mine to give, that I was pledged to another. And then he told me you were dead, that you had been shot while trying to escape when the conspirators were captured. For a time I could not speak. He called back the minister of police and the others, and asked them to assure me that you had been killed. When I could no longer doubt, something seemed to have died within me. I felt that I was no longer a living woman, that my life had gone out at the news that you were dead."

"My poor beloved!"

"Then the Landgrave sent away the others, and spoke again of Gerard, saying that one of whose treason there was so much proof would certainly be condemned, and that only an arbitrary order of the sovereign could cause him to be released. The thought came to me that it was no longer a living woman that the Landgrave demanded for my brother's life, that I was no more Catherine de St. Valier, and that if I should consent to save Gerard it would be giving the Landgrave not myself but a soulless corpse. Oh, do you not understand?"

"Yes, yes, *I* understand. *I* can imagine all you felt!"

"It was agreed that a messenger of the Landgrave should go with Antoine to Spangenberg, with everything necessary for Gerard's release and his flight to France. The Landgrave was not to present himself before me until he could bring proofs, with Antoine as an eye-witness, of Gerard's departure from Spangenberg. I was waiting for him when you came in by the window. So distracted I was, that, for the moment, I supposed the Landgrave had taken that way of entrance for the sake of greater secrecy."

"It was I, who, for the sake of secrecy, chose that way," said Dick. "I was shot at in escaping from the tower, but they were not my countrymen behind the muskets! I went back to the tower, and saw the Landgrave riding away, alone with a lady. While I was at the tower, a lackey came to seek the lady's riding-whip. When he said the lady was you, and when I saw it was your whip he found, I was mad with jealousy and doubt, grief and fear, and I should have died had I not come to find out the truth. A friend, who had tried to hold me back, followed and overtook me outside the city, persuaded me to enter Cassel with caution, and offered me his aid. We left our horses in the woods outside the city, obtained a boat from a peasant, rowed down the Fulda after dark, and thus got into Cassel without crossing the bridge or meeting the guard. Romberg waited at the river while I hastened to the palace. I had learned from Gerard which was your window,—and, thank God, one can approach it without passing near the guards at the palace doors. I climbed yonder tree—as I have climbed many a tree in America—and swung by a branch to the balcony." He had risen to point out the tree, and she had followed him.

"Thank God you came in time,—that I knew before it was too late!" she said, turning her eyes up

to his with a grave and tender gaze.

"Thank God you still are mine!" he replied, clasping her again in his arms, and pressing a kiss upon her lips.

There came a cautious knock on the door. Catherine gave a start.

"The Landgrave," she whispered, "coming to the appointment!"

She gazed up at Dick, in questioning silence. Gretel, who evidently understood the situation, cast an inquiring look at Catherine, and stood as, if awaiting orders. No one in the room moved.

The knock was repeated. Dick had now made up his mind. "He brings proof of Gerard's safety?" he whispered, interrogatively.

"Yes, or he would not be here," replied Catherine, under her breath.

Dick motioned Gretel to come close to him. "Open the door, in a moment," he said to the girl, "but do it in a fumbling way, so as to delay him as long as possible." Dick then led Catherine quickly into the alcove, the curtains closing behind them.

There was a third knock, a little louder and more insistent. But Gretel could now be heard at the door, which she first locked and then unlocked, in order to carry out Dick's instructions. When she finally opened it, the Landgrave stepped swiftly in, retaining the noiseless tread he had used in the corridor. His triumphant, expectant face, when he saw only Gretel in the room, took on a look of sharp disappointment.

"The devil!" he said, in a kind of quick growl. "No one here?"

The maid, not knowing what to say, pretended to be absorbed in fastening the door, which she had promptly closed.

Noticing the curtained alcove, the Landgrave started towards it; but he had not crossed the room when Catherine appeared, instantly letting the curtains fall to behind her.

"At last, mademoiselle," said the Landgrave, joyfully, putting forth his hand to grasp her own.

But she stood back aloof, and said, "The proofs of my brother's release, your highness?"

His highness received this temporary rebuff with resignation. "Be sure, I have brought them," he said. "Have the maid call your man-servant, who is in the corridor, arrived this minute from Spangenberg."



Gretel opened the door and called softly, "Antoine!" Immediately the old servant entered, bowing with a grave deference that was full of dignity. He wore riding-boots, and carried in one hand his hat and whip, in the other a folded piece of paper, which he now held out to Catherine. She took it to the candle-light, and read the few lines hastily scribbled in pencil. It was a message from Gerard, and told of his release.

"You saw him safe out of the prison?" she then asked Antoine.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"On a good horse, and provided with money?" she continued, quoting from the letter.

"Yes, mademoiselle, with my own eyes; and well out of the town, with a passport to assure his not being stopped anywhere on the road."

"Then wait in the corridor, Antoine. Will you, too, Gretel, wait there?"

The Landgrave looked surprised at these orders, but, before he could put his disapprobation into more than a frown, the two servants had left the room. Catherine stepped at once to the door, locked it, withdrew the key, and started towards the alcove. The Landgrave's frown gave way to a smile of eager gratification, and he made to grasp her in his arms as she passed him. But she eluded his embrace, and ran towards the alcove. With a look of amused enlightenment, as if he thought her flight a mere trick of coquetry, he ran after her; but his arms, again extended in the hope of clasping her, closed on nothing as the curtains fell behind her. His highness laughed, and, pressing forward, opened the curtains to follow her.

And, instead of the woman he had thought himself about to possess, he saw, standing where the curtains met, that woman's lover, the man he had tried to destroy, the man he had reported dead, the man for whom his soldiers were even now scouring the roads in the vicinity of his capital.

The look on that man's face added nothing to the Landgrave's pleasure at the unexpected meeting.

Frederick II. recoiled a step or two, and stood for a moment as if petrified, his jaw moving spasmodically without producing any speech.

Dick stepped out from between the curtains, keeping his eyes fixed on the Landgrave's. Catherine now stood looking forth from the alcove, affrightedly watching for what terrible thing might next occur.

The Landgrave recovered himself, and made for the door.

"You forget it is locked," said Dick. "It is true, you might call for help, but if you did I should kill you. Do not look incredulous. I know that ordinarily you are a sovereign prince, with a people and an army behind you, and that I am a hunted man, the least powerful in your dominion. But at this moment we are on fairer terms, with just what powers nature gave us, except that I have a sword and you have not. So now it is the weaker man that is my subject, the stronger man that is your prince!"

The Landgrave looked at the door, Dick's sword, then at Catherine.

"Treachery!" he said, in a voice deprived of strength by his feelings. "For this I freed your brother, mademoiselle, trusting you implicitly. It seems one needs more assurance than the honor of a lady-in-waiting!"

"Your highness may recall," said Dick, "that her promise was made on your assurance that a certain person was dead. Did that lie, and the plot by which her brother was tricked into his peril, comport with the honor of a sovereign prince? But this is wasting time and talk. Mademoiselle de St. Valier and I intend to leave this palace unhindered and unpursued. It rests with you as to the state in which you shall be left behind."

The Landgrave looked bewildered. It seemed incredible that a ruling prince should be so helplessly placed, in his own palace, but a second glance assured him that this was no dream,—that the locked door, the sword in Dick's hand, and the expression on Dick's face, were very actual facts.

"Mademoiselle de St. Valier shall never go," his highness said at last. "As for you, I will let you pass out free. I cannot forget the service you rendered the Landgravine."

Dick gave a short laugh of derision. "Can I not get it through your thick skull," he said, "that I am the one in position to offer terms? You sovereign princes of Germany, we are told, have absolute power, but you seem to be very stupid. In my country, we are quicker to grasp a situation. It is a country, too, that has recently declared all men to be, in their rights, created equal. So you see that, to me, the blood of a prince is no more sacred than another man's!"

At this moment there came from the door one of those creaking or straining sounds that seem to occur unaccountably.

The Landgrave gave a start of elation, as if this sound betokened an interruption. But Dick instantly flashed his sword before the Landgrave's eyes, and said:

"If any one breaks in while I am here, he will find something stretched on the floor, and tomorrow the people will cry 'Long live the Landgrave!' for your son. You see that each moment we lose is as dangerous to you as to me, because it brings the possibility of interruption."

The noise at the door proved to signify nothing; whereupon the Landgrave, who had given a shudder at Dick's picture of the possible morrow, now showed as much relief as he had first shown pleasure.

"Then what do you request?" asked the Landgrave, trying to conceal, by his best pretence of dignity, his inward rage and chagrin.

"I request nothing," said Dick. "I demand nothing. I merely offer to leave without harming you, on condition that you will not give any alarm of our departure, or orders for our pursuit."

"Very well, I agree," said the Landgrave, with a readiness that made Dick laugh again.

"Of course you do, for you think you can break the condition, and have us stopped by your guards before we are out of the city, or even out of the palace. I must provide against that."

"I give you my word of honor, neither to leave this room nor to make any alarm, till daybreak."

"It seems, one needs better assurance than the honor of a sovereign prince," said Dick, imitating the Landgrave's own words with a slight alteration. He then took from his pocket a phial given him at the riverside by Romberg, who had provided himself, on hearing of the trick played on the conspirators, with means of self-destruction in case of capture. Dick quickly took up a pitcher of water from the table, poured some of it into a glass, uncorked the phial with his teeth, and dropped a small portion of the liquid into the water. Meanwhile, Catherine, foreseeing Dick's plans, put on a hooded cloak, and gathered up her purse and what small things of value she desired to retain.

"Drink this," said Dick to the Landgrave, from whom he had not for an instant taken his eyes.

"What do you mean?" said the Landgrave, turning pale.

"To make it easier for you to keep your princely word, your highness! Don't be afraid. It takes more than this quantity to kill a man. What is here will merely enable you to pass the few hours till daybreak in sleep. It would be a pity so great a prince should suffer from insomnia or ennui during that length of time! Drink, man! I am becoming a little bored with this place, myself."

An impatient movement of the sword—which weapon Dick had so managed as to check every one of his highness's numerous impulses to rush upon him—ended Frederick's hesitation. He petulantly drank the contents of the glass, and handed it back to Dick, who motioned him to put it on the table and to go to the couch.

"Call Antoine," said Dick to Catherine, following the Landgrave close to the couch on which the latter dropped.

Noiselessly Catherine unlocked the door and let in the two servants. Gretel, as soon as she saw what was up, begged to be taken along, and found a cloak for herself in the room. Antoine, at Dick's whispered direction, took coverings from the bed in the alcove, and knotted them together so as to form a means of descent from the balcony. Meanwhile, Catherine had relocked the door and possessed herself of the phial, which Dick had placed on the table.

"Come," said Dick, taking Catherine's hand and leading the way towards the open window, when at last the Landgrave slept. "Put out the light, Antoine, and let us hasten. In a few hours, that old snoring rascal will be a prince again!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE ROAD TO PARIS."

Dick descended first, then came Catherine, Gretel next, Antoine last. While the four were speeding, in the darkness, from the open grounds of the palace, Antoine bethought him that he had not yet dismissed the horse on which he had come from Spangenberg. He therefore went and got the animal, in sight of the guards at one of the doors, who supposed he had left the palace by another exit. He then rode boldly out of the town, crossing the bridge to take the Melsungen road. As he not only knew the password for all guards and patrols, but was also known to have been riding on the Landgrave's business, he was not detained a moment on the bridge. He rode on to a place that Dick had named as a rendezvous.

Meanwhile, Dick and the two women joined Romberg at the riverside, silently got aboard the boat, and rowed up the Fulda to a point some distance out of the city. Here they disembarked and found the two horses where the gentlemen had left them. In a few minutes they, too, were pressing forward on the Melsungen road, Catherine mounted behind Dick, Gretel behind Romberg.

"What road is this?" asked Catherine, whose sense of locality and direction had been confused by the darkness and the haste.

"It leads first to Melsungen," said Dick, "but for us it is merely the first stage of the road to Paris; we shall not stop, except to eat and sleep and change horses, till we arrive there."

Dick felt certain he could now return to Paris without incurring danger there. He would make himself known at once to the American commissioners, and so establish connections that would not allow of his being imprisoned again without inquiry. As a citizen of a country now France's ally in war, he would have little, if anything, to fear from Necker, as long as he should act prudently. As for the secret Brotherhood, perhaps it no longer existed. Now that he had not four armed men at his elbows, he felt he could take care of himself. But he trusted most to the likelihood of his being unrecognized after such a lapse of time.

Meanwhile, he was yet several days' journey from Paris, and far from being out of the dominion of his friend, Frederick II. of Hesse-Cassel.

When the four riders, on the two horses, neared the place where Antoine was to have waited, they heard a horse coming towards them from ahead, and soon the dark figure that loomed up on its back proved to be his.

"Monsieur," he said to Dick, "there is a body of horsemen approaching from the direction of Melsungen. They must be the troops that the Landgrave sent in search of you after your escape yesterday." Antoine had been informed of recent occurrences by the messenger whom he had accompanied to Spangenberg.

"Shall we turn back and take the by-road we passed awhile ago?" asked Dick, of Romberg, who was better acquainted with the country.

"It is the only thing to do," said Romberg, suiting action to the word by turning his horse.

When the party had moved a few rods back towards Cassel, there came from the direction of the city a sullen boom, breaking with startling effect the silence of the night.

"The alarm-gun," said Romberg, checking his horse.

"That is fired for deserters, is it not?" said Dick, following his example.

"But deserters might have robbed gentlemen, and taken their clothes and horses, with which to escape," said Romberg. "That gun warns the country to look out for fugitives of any kind."

"The Landgrave must have awakened too soon and given the alarm," said Dick. "I let him off with too small a dose."

At that instant there was heard a distant hollow sound like thunder, but less uneven.

"Horsemen galloping over the bridge at Cassel," said Romberg.

"A pursuing party, without any doubt," said Dick. "Hang my thoughtlessness! The guards saw which way Antoine came. Well, we must reach the by-road before they do."

"That is impossible," said Romberg. "We should meet them before we arrived there."

"But if we wait here they will be upon us in a few minutes. And, if we resume our way towards Melsungen, we shall meet the party that Antoine discovered. Hark, I can hear that party now!"

Romberg looked around, scanning the dark country on both sides of the road. Here the land was quite clear of trees, and every object was now and then made visible by the appearance of the moon through cloud-rifts.

"There is a ruined abbey, at the head of that short lane," said Romberg. "Perhaps if we should hide there till these two parties meet,—"

"As neither party would have come upon us on the way," said Dick, "they might suppose we had taken some other road, after all. Come, then. 'Tis our only chance."

The three horses were instantly turned into the lane. The abbey was now used as a barn. The wide door was barred on the outside with a piece of wood, merely to keep it from being opened by the wind. The men dismounted and led the horses into the dark interior, which smelled of hay and grain. They closed the door, but there was no way of bolting it on the inside. The women now dismounted, and the party stood in silence, trusting that their horses would not in any way betray their presence.

As fate would have it, the two forces of horsemen—the one commanded by the officer who had let Dick escape, the other by the Baron von Sungen—met near the mouth of the lane leading to the barn. Torches were lighted, and the two leaders conferred for some time. Then Von Sungen, who was not only the superior in rank but was also the more recently from Cassel and had the Landgrave's latest orders, got off his horse, seized a torch from one of the bearers, and started up the lane, followed afoot by six of his men.

The gentlemen in the barn saw this movement through chinks of the door.

"It is Von Sungen," said Romberg. "He must have a strong personal interest in your capture, that

he should come to search with his own eyes."

He and Dick drew their swords. Antoine held ready a pistol, which he had carried in his saddle-bag on his Spangenberg journey.

Von Sungen's concern seemed indeed very great, for so rapidly he strode that he reached the barn a dozen feet ahead of his men. He opened the door, and thrust in his head, preceding it with his torch.

Before any one could make a movement, the attention of all was drawn by Catherine, who said to Dick and Romberg:

"Flee for your lives, gentlemen! Don't heed me. I shall be dead before he can lay a hand upon me."

And she held to her lips the phial that Dick had left on her table in the palace.

Dick ran to grasp her hand, and Von Sungen cried out to her, in the utmost alarm, "For God's sake, not that, mademoiselle!" He, too, would have rushed in to prevent her, but his breast was menaced by the sword of Romberg.

Meanwhile the dismounted men who had accompanied Von Sungen from the road, had halted at a respectful distance from him, and they now stood awaiting orders, which he was too much occupied with Catherine's movements to give. The men could not see the inside of the barn, or hear what was said there.

"Oho!" said Romberg to Von Sungen. "Your interest in mademoiselle's welfare betrays you. You have orders to take her back alive."

"You have the gift of second sight, my dear Romberg," said Von Sungen, watching Catherine, who still held the phial to her lips, although Dick's hand upon her wrist could have dashed it from her at any moment.

"Then," said she to Von Sungen, "the instant your men approach, I will take this poison, I swear!"

"Therefore, Baron," put in Dick, "to prevent accident, you would better order your men away, while we discuss matters."

"If your frame of mind is for discussion, I am quite willing to do that," said Von Sungen, who himself feared that some sudden movement of his men might precipitate Catherine's threatened action. He turned and spoke a few words to the six, who thereupon faced about and marched back to the road, where the two mounted forces waited. Only Von Sungen as yet knew who were in the barn. He had given his followers the impression that his talk was with peasants who might put him on the track of the fugitives.

"And now, mademoiselle and messieurs," said Von Sungen, "will you listen to reason? You cannot fail to see how impossible is your escape from this place, with all those horse-guards watching from the road. Even if you could kill me—"

"We have no desire to do that," said Dick. "God knows there are few enough kind hearts and cheerful faces in the world, as it is. But we are as determined to escape, or all to die together, as you probably are to capture us."

Von Sungen here stepped into the barn, but the look on Catherine's face promptly checked him from going any nearer to her.

"My orders are," he said, "to bring back Monsieur Wetheral and Mademoiselle de St. Valier, both alive, if possible; or, if need be, the gentleman dead, but the lady alive in any event. Nothing was said of Captain von Romberg."

"Nevertheless," put in that gentleman, "Captain von Romberg joins his fate with theirs, until all are safe or dead."

"You are sure to fail of carrying out your orders, Baron," said Catherine. "I will never go back to Cassel alive."

"Not even if I take on myself the risk of letting Monsieur Wetheral go free? In that case you will save his life, as well as that of Captain von Romberg, who seems determined to die with his friend. Moreover, you will be saving your own life as well," said Von Sungen.

"A man of honor like the Baron von Sungen," said Dick, with the gentlest shade of scorn and reproach, "must have a very strong motive for proposing that two other men of honor should accept their lives on the terms given."

"It is true," replied Von Sungen, "I have a large stake in this night's business,—as great a one as yours, monsieur."

"How can that be possible?" said Dick.

"I will prove it to you," said Von Sungen. "I infer that you love this lady, and that your greatest wish is to preserve her from the purposes of the Landgrave. Well, I love a lady, and my dearest desire is to save her from a marriage that would be for her a degradation as great as any woman could feel in becoming the Landgrave's favorite. Don't tell me, monsieur, that marriage would

lessen the horror of a virtuous woman's union with old Rothenstein. Well, the Baroness's hand is at the disposal of the Landgrave. He has hesitated whether to favor Rothenstein or yield to my entreaties. To-night, when his highness sent me to seek you, he said, 'Bring Mademoiselle de St. Valier back alive, and you shall marry the Baroness von Lüderwaldt when you please. Come back without mademoiselle alive, and Rothenstein shall marry your Baroness to-morrow.'

"My poor Von Sungen!" said Dick, his ready imagination putting himself for the moment in the place of the other, with whom his own case enabled him perfectly to sympathize.

"Well, monsieur," said Von Sungen, "it seems that both of us must lose our sweethearts and our lives, for if mademoiselle will not save your life, and enable me to save my sweetheart, I will kill myself. I would no more live to see her wedded to that vile old wretch, Rothenstein, than you would live to see your beloved possessed by the Landgrave. But, mademoiselle, will you not save your lover's life in spite of himself?"

"I will not go back to the Landgrave," she said, with calm resolution. Her agreement for the saving of her brother had been made on the belief that her lover was dead, and before she had experienced the horrible emotions that came with a later conception of what that agreement would require of her.

The Baron sighed in despair. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation:

"Ach! Since for each of us it is all or death, let at least one of us have all! You must admit, our stakes are equal or nearly so. I repeat, I should suffer as much from the Baroness's marriage to Rothenstein as you would from mademoiselle's falling into the hands of the Landgrave. So let us appeal to chance. If you win the throw, you shall both go free, you and the lady; I will go back without her, and take the consequences. But if I win, the lady shall go back with me."

"You consider," said Dick, with a faint smile, "that even chances are preferable to the certainty of mademoiselle's taking the poison."

"Good God, monsieur, do you not consider likewise? Come. If you lose, you can at least die, as I shall do if I lose. It is the honor and happiness of your sweetheart against the self-respect and happiness of mine, the life and happiness of yourself against the life and happiness of myself. Why, if you lose, mademoiselle, too, can die, if she wishes, after I have taken her back to the Landgrave. So you are no worse off for abandoning your position of certain destruction for us all, and for allowing chance to save one of us for happiness."

"The issue is too important to leave to chance," said Dick, quietly. "Let us determine it by skill."

"Very well; but what game of skill have we here the means of playing?"

"There is a game of skill that gentlemen play with swords," said Dick.

"Excellent!" cried Von Sungen, understanding. "And the game in our case has this advantage, it can be so played that the loser need not survive his loss. Let it be a duel to the death, monsieur, so that the unfortunate one shall not be under the necessity of killing himself."

"Agreed," said Dick.

"But I will not consent," cried Catherine. "Even if you fight and lose, I will not go back to the Landgrave; I will take the poison."

"In this cause I cannot possibly lose," said Dick, pressing her hand. "Give your consent, dearest."

She looked at his calm eyes, his unmoved countenance, his steady hands, and said, after a moment:

"Very well."

"Then, Baron," said Dick, "you may take measures, regarding the troops out there, to enable us to depart unhindered when you are dead."

"If I send them away—" Von Sungen began, but paused.

"We give you our word of honor, we will not escape from you otherwise than by my killing you in this fight," said Dick.

"Captain von Romberg will not interfere?" said the Baron.

"Not unless to prevent the intrusion of some possible third party," answered Romberg.

"I will return in a minute," then said Von Sungen. "You may wish to have a light while I am gone," and he handed his torch to Antoine.

He walked down the lane to the waiting horsemen, and ordered the second in command to lead the two forces back to a certain junction of roads. "I am making some inquiries," he added, "that may help us in this search. Meanwhile, keep close watch on the by-road till I join you."

The troops, puzzled but not permitted to question, rode off in the direction of Cassel. Von Sungen, who had taken from one of them a second torch, now strode back to the barn with it. He found Dick ready for the contest, for which the barn floor presented a sufficient arena. The baron handed the second torch to Romberg, and silently made his preparations. The four who were to

be spectators moved to where Antoine had already led the horses, at one end of the barn floor. The torches threw an uneven red light on the scene, leaving the surroundings, here obscure, and there entirely lost in shadow.

Dick and Von Sungen faced each other, without the least hatred, indeed with great esteem, but each determined to kill the other. The swords clashed. The advantage in duelling experience lay strongly with Von Sungen. Dick had fought only one duel, but he had recently resumed practice with the foils under a French fencing-master at Cassel. Moreover, Von Sungen was still fully under the excitement with which he had started on the pursuit, while with Dick this incident had been immediately preceded by so many scenes of danger that he could now face anything with calmness. So he fought cautiously, at first only guarding against the other's impetuous attack.

Finally the Baron's exertions began to tell upon him, and a wild thrust betrayed either that his eye was no longer true, or that his brain had lost perfect control of his arm. Dick felt it was now but a matter of time that the Baron should lay himself open to a decisive lunge.

Suddenly the barn door was flung open from the outside, and two men stepped unceremoniously in, armed with swords and pistols, and the second one bearing a torch.

"Aha!" cried the first, flashing up his sword. "I thought you might be in danger!" And he ran to the aid of Von Sungen.

"Curse you for meddling against orders!" cried the Baron, enraged at this assistance. "Don't interfere, I command you!"

And the fight went on, between Von Sungen and Wetheral. The Baron's officer, who had come back with one of the horse-guards,—on what pretext was never known,—stepped aside, amazed. But in a few moments this officer whispered something to the horse-guard with him, and the latter started for the door. By this time Romberg and Antoine had both run past the fighters and neared the door. Antoine, unwilling to make a noise by firing a shot, thrust his torch into the departing soldier's face, and then felled the suddenly blinded man to the floor with a blow of his pistol. The interfering officer, with a fierce oath, instantly ran his sword through Antoine's body, drawing it immediately out to defend himself against Romberg, who had lost time in finding a place for his torch. The old servant fell dead across the soldier he had knocked senseless, and the torches of the two blazed up from the ground. Romberg and the officer now had a rapid exchange of thrusts, the two being evenly matched. But a sharp cry, from a few feet away, drew for an instant the attention of the officer, and Romberg's sword, piercing his lung, stretched him on the floor near the other two prostrate bodies.

The cry that the officer had heard was the death cry of Von Sungen, who now lay silent and motionless at Dick's feet.

"Poor Baroness von Lüderwaldt!" said Dick, gently, wiping his sword with a wisp of hay.

Catherine seized Dick's hand, and pressed it in silence, then ran over towards Antoine.

"He is quite dead," said Romberg, rising from a brief examination of the old servant's body.

Catherine gazed at the prostrate figure a moment, with sorrowful but tearless face, and then allowed Dick to lead her to a horse.

When Dick and Romberg, having assisted Catherine to mount, went to help Gretel, the girl refused, saying she had thought to be of assistance to mademoiselle, but had found herself only an encumbrance. Therefore, in order that the flight should be no more delayed on her account, she would not accompany the fugitives further, but would walk to her home near Homberg, where she would be safe from the inquiries of the Landgrave and his officers. As the girl's resolution was not to be overcome, and as time was precious, the three went forth without her, there being now a horse for each. Catherine rode on a man's saddle, of which the gentlemen hastily readjusted the stirrups so that she might sit in feminine fashion. In leaving the barn, the men put out the torches, and Dick possessed himself of old Antoine's loaded pistol, as well as of his cloak, in place of which he left the scarlet one.

The fugitives avoided, by a *détour* through fields, the bridge that crossed to Melsungen; and they continued southward along the right bank of the Fulda. Now and then they stopped to rest their horses. Dawn found them suffering from fatigue, but they rode on. At a farmhouse they stopped and fed their horses, also refreshing themselves with milk and eggs. At noon they arrived at the town of Fulda, having covered the sixty miles from Cassel, without change of horses and over bad roads, in eleven hours.

On entering Fulda they gave the officer of the guard false names and a prepared story. They learned that a close watch was being kept for an officer in a scarlet cloak; so Dick was thankful for having exchanged with poor Antoine. The search begun yesterday had, thus, evidently extended as far as to Fulda. With the discovery of Von Sungen's fate, new parties would be sent in every direction. Dick was loath to lose time, but the fatigue of all three was so great that dinner and a few hours of sleep were taken at the inn at Fulda. Four o'clock in the afternoon saw the fugitives again on the road.

The shortest route to France was by way of Frankfort, for which city they now made, intending to travel by night, and to give a wide berth to whatever walled towns might lie in the way. Fortunately, their horses were of a stock characterized by great endurance.

They had been about two hours out of Fulda, when they saw a horseman galloping up behind them. As this cavalier himself looked back frequently, it appeared more likely that he feared pursuit than that he was to be feared as a pursuer. When he was quite near, Romberg cried out:

"By God's thunder, it is the traitor, Mesmer! So they have let him escape, after all!"

"Escape?" said Dick, with a grim kind of smile. "Do you call his falling into our hands an escape?" And Dick turned to go and meet the newcomer. But Catherine caught his arm, so that he had to rein up to avoid dragging her from her horse.

"Let this be my affair," said Romberg, and immediately rode towards Mesmer, drawing his sword as he did so.

Mesmer suddenly recognized the two gentlemen and divined Romberg's purpose. Bringing his horse to an abrupt stop, he drew a pistol, with which he had in some way provided himself, and fired straight at Romberg as the latter came up. Romberg instantly tumbled from the horse to the road, and lay still, retaining his sword in the rigid grasp of death.

Dick gave a cry of grief and wrath, tore his arm from Catherine's hold, and galloped towards Mesmer, drawing his own pistol and firing as he went. A shriek cleft the air, and the traitor rolled on the earth, close to the body that he himself had bereft of life a moment ago.

Dick quickly ascertained that both were dead, then remounted his horse, seized the bridle of Catherine's, and spurred forward. Not a word passed for some time, both indulging in silence the emotions produced by this latest swift tragedy. Presently Dick said, "If we should report to the next town's authorities that those two bodies are back there in the road, we should doubtless be detained, and all would be lost. So I shall merely tell the first honest-looking man we meet, where the bodies lie and whose they are. My poor Romberg!"

This plan Dick soon carried out, and, as in this case his judgment of a face was correct, the two bodies were subjected neither to robbery nor to final consignment to unknown graves.

At nightfall Dick and Catherine gave their horses rest and food at a village hostelry, and then resumed their journey, pretending they had little farther to go. But they rode all night, making what battle they could against fatigue, and what defence their cloaks enabled them to maintain against the cold.

They entered Frankfort a few minutes after the gates were opened for the day. As this was a free city, it seemed likely that they were out of danger, although it might turn out that the Landgrave's arm could reach them here, through his resident, as the arm of Frederick of Prussia had reached Voltaire twenty-five years before. But it was absolutely necessary that they should have sleep, so Dick took the risk of riding at once to the inn called the Emperor, and ordering rooms and breakfast. As they dropped into chairs in the dining-parlor, more dead than alive, they heard an exclamation of surprise from a man they had vaguely perceived across the table. Both, looking up at the same moment, recognized Gerard de St. Valier.

This meeting revived the worn-out energies of Dick and Catherine, and explanations were quickly made. Gerard, having been released from Spangenberg some hours before the other two had left Cassel, and having taken at Melsungen a shorter route than that by way of Fulda, had arrived in Frankfort late the previous night. And, a few minutes after his arrival, a great event had occurred. He had met at this inn a lawyer's clerk, on the way from Paris to Cassel, with papers awarding at last to the St. Valiers the bequest that had been disputed in the courts. This news made the future look rosy. It assured the St. Valiers of a moderate competency, and would make it possible for Dick to marry Catherine without fear of her being tied to destitution through any failure of his own to find fortune.

It was agreed to remain at the Emperor until noon, that some hours of sleep might be had. Then the three were to start Parisward on their horses, this mode of travel—no longer a common one for ladies—being retained because it was by far the most rapid.

When Dick and Catherine reappeared from their rooms, at the time set for taking horse again, they met Gerard, whose face wore a look of disquietude.

"I have paid the bills, and the horses are ready," he said to Dick, in a low tone. "Let us lose no time in getting out of the city and territory of Frankfort."

"What is the matter?" asked Dick.

"In the street, awhile ago, I saw Wedeker, who always bears the Landgrave's important despatches, ride up, on a foaming horse, to a house that he almost broke his way into, he was in so great a hurry. I asked a passer-by what house it was. It was that of the Landgrave's Frankfort resident. Wedeker is doubtless straight from Cassel, with orders to have you held in Frankfort; and in a very short time, if the resident can have his way with the authorities, the city guard will be on the hunt for us."

"Let us go, then. This running away from authorities seems to have become a fixed habit of mine," said Dick, giving his hand to Catherine.

In a few minutes the three fugitives rode westward through the Mainz gate, Dick giving a sigh of relief as they emerged to the open suburb bordering the river Main.

"Evidently no orders concerning us have yet reached the gates," he said, looking back at the stolid guard they had just passed.

"We are not yet out of the territory appertaining to the city of Frankfort," said Gerard.

"And if we get out of it," said Dick, "we shall have to look out for this Wedeker, I suppose, until the last foot of German soil is behind us."

"Probably," replied Gerard, "but we have the start of Wedeker, and, as the local authorities will nowhere send their troops or police out of their own territory, he must travel alone much of the time. If he should come up to us alone, between one town and another—"

"Some one else would subsequently have the honor of carrying the Landgrave's important despatches," put in Dick. "We ought to have taken fresh horses, Gerard. Catherine's and mine are almost run out. They have done incredible service already."

A quarter of an hour later Catherine's mount staggered, stumbled, and lay panting on its side. Its rider slid from the saddle in time to escape injury.

Gerard and Dick came to a quick stop. "My beast is fresh," said Gerard. "You'd best ride behind me."

Dick got off his own horse, and assisted Catherine upon Gerard's. Then he remounted his own; but he had no sooner done so than the animal sank under him, the last bit of strength having passed from its trembling limbs.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Dick. "I imagine your beast is hardly fresh enough to carry three, Gerard?"

Gerard laughed, in spite of this setback, at the droll manner in which Dick asked this question.

Then Dick turned his eyes back towards Frankfort, took on a peculiar smile, and said, in the coolest and mildest of voices:

"It is a pity,—because I see a number of soldiers or police riding out of the gate we rode through a few minutes ago."

Gerard looked around, and turned pale. "My God!" said he. "It is the city guard! And don't you recognize Wedeker by his uniform, with the officer at their head?"

Dick heaved a gentle sigh, then looked at his empty pistol and his sword. "This is an occasion for horses, not for weapons," he said, with his former quietness. "To think that, after all the flying, the fighting, and the killing, a man should be nabbed at last, merely for want of a fresh horse. Why do you wait, Gerard? You can easily escape with Catherine. You must save her."

"And leave you? Never!"

"Well said, my brother," whispered Catherine.

"I see yonder a kind of country inn, to judge from the horse-shed near it," said Dick, indicating a low building a short distance ahead on their road.

He started towards it afoot, followed by the two who were mounted. When he reached the shed, he saw therein, to his amazement, two horses. A peasant was in the act of giving them grain.

"Whose animals are these, my friend?" queried Dick.

"They belong to a soldier, mein herr, who arrived last night with the black, and won the gray from another guest, at cards."

"And where is this fortunate person to be found?"

"In the house, mein herr; in the first room at the head of the stairs."

"I'll go and try to make a bargain with him," said Dick.

"No," said Gerard, "let me go. I am now better able to make bargains than you are." And he leaped off his horse and ran to the house. He desired that he, not Dick, should be at the expense of the purchase.

Dick stood waiting beside Catherine, looking now into her anxious eyes with a reassuring smile, now towards the distant troops that were steadily drawing nearer on the road.

Soon Gerard reappeared from the house, with a dejected face. "The fellow refuses to sell," he said. "He sat playing a violin, and blamed me for interrupting his music. I think we should be justified in taking one of his horses, in spite of him."

"You cannot do that, mein herr," said the peasant, looking towards the inn, from which came the sounds of men gambling and drinking.

"What sort of a man is this horse-owner?" asked Dick, not as if with any hope, but as if duty required the last possible effort.

"A gaunt rascal," said Gerard, "who began to answer me in French, and then veered into a kind of Scotch-English, with an Irish phrase or two."

A strange, wondering look came over Dick's face. "Let me try," he said, in a barely audible voice, and made hastily for the house.

He flung open the door, rushed up the rickety stairs, and stopped before a chamber at their head. From within came the sound of a fiddle scraping out the tune of "Over the hills and far away."

Dick burst into the room, crying out, "Tom MacAlister, dear old Tom, *I* am the man that wants to buy your horse!"

"'Tis no sic a vast warld, they that do a mickle travelling will discover," said MacAlister, as he and the three fugitives cantered westward towards Mayence, having left the Frankfort territory, and, consequently, the Frankfort city guard, far behind them.

The two St. Valiers rode one of Tom's horses, which were both stronger and fresher than the animal on which Gerard had come out of Frankfort. The latter beast now carried MacAlister, who had nothing to fear from being overtaken, and whose second horse was ridden by Wetheral. The piper's son had not expressed any great surprise at seeing Dick, a fact explained by him in the words already quoted.

"I mak' nae doot your ain presence in these parts was brought aboot in the most likely way," he continued; "and, sure, there's devil a bit extraordinary in my being here."

He then gave account of his movements since the attack on Quebec. Exchanged, with Morgan and the other prisoners, he served under that gallant commander in the glorious campaign of Saratoga. His term of enlistment expiring on the very day of Burgoyne's surrender, he voluntarily accompanied the troops that escorted the defeated British and Hessian army to Boston. In that town he met a Virginia Scotchman, whose people he had known in Scotland. This man, who had added the name of Jones to that of John Paul, held the rank of captain in the newly projected navy of the United States of America, and was on the very eve of sailing from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in a vessel called the *Ranger*. Love of diversity impelled Tom to ship for the cruise across the Atlantic. Sailing November 1, 1777, the *Ranger* captured two prizes, sent them to the port of Malaga, and arrived on the second of December at Nantes, in the harbor of which Captain Jones caused the new flag of the United States to receive its first salute in European waters, as its white stars set in blue and its red and white stripes fluttered high above the *Ranger's* deck. MacAlister accompanied Jones to Paris, where he grew weary of inaction while the captain was trying, with the aid of the American commissioners, to obtain a certain fine frigate for the new navy. So Tom, in whom a returning inclination for some more European service had begun to assert itself, started for Germany, with a thought of finding employment in the war that Frederick of Prussia had been conducting against Austria, since the first of the present year of 1778, over the Bavarian succession.

"But now that I've met you," MacAlister said to Dick, "it's devil an inch further I'll gang eastward. Sure, 'tis nae self-sacrifice to turn aboot and trot back to Paris, for that war has been plodding along sin' 'most a year ago, and never a battle yet, for whilk I should think the King of Prussia, auld as he is, would be ashamed,—as nae doot he is. Weel, weel, so 'tis the young lady of Quebec ye are, miss! Sure, Dickie, lad, do ye mind what I tauld ye once, aboot the wind of circumstance?"

"Ay, Tom, but if we had left all to the wind of circumstance, we should not be this moment riding free towards Paris."

"No more ye should, lad. 'Tis one part circumstance, and three parts wark and fight, that lands a man safe and sound in the snug harbors of this warld."

They tarried briefly at Mayence, keeping the while an eye on the gate by which Wedeker would enter if he should continue his efforts. But, if Wedeker entered at all, it was after the four travellers had departed from the city of priests and were on their way to Birkenfeld.

From Birkenfeld they went to Metz, where they disposed of their horses and hired a coach and four to convey them onward by easy stages. Once on French ground, they breathed with perfect freedom.

"And when ye do get to Paris, lad," asked Tom, "what then? If ye have a mind to serve your country in the way of sea-fighting, we can do nae better than seek out Captain Jones."

"I think," was the answer, "after I see Paris,—for I never have seen it, though I have passed through it,—I would like to have a look at my own country again. But it is for others to say."

"No," said Catherine, gently. "It is for you to say. Is it not, Gerard?"

"When my affairs in France are settled," replied Gerard, "I am sure the other side of the Atlantic will be good enough for me."

Verdun, Châlons, Épernay, one after another, were left behind; then Meaux, and, at last, one cold but sunny afternoon late in December, the coach rolled through a faubourg, passed under an arch, and rumbled along the Rue St. Martin, whence it was to take its passengers to a hotel in the Rue St. Honore. But, at Dick's desire, the coachman drove first to the Pont Neuf, and there stopped. Through the right-hand window the four passengers could see the Louvre and the Tuileries, as well as the buildings at the opposite side of the Seine; through the left-hand window

they could see, above the mass of roofs and spires, the towers of Notre Dame, flashing back the horizontal sun-rays.

"It is like in the picture-book," said Dick, softly,—for his fancy had long since transfigured the stiff engravings he had studied in his childhood. Then he turned and looked at the friendly faces within the coach,—Gerard's, old Tom's; last of all, the face beside him, whose dark eyes met his.

"Do you know, I was always sure," he said, "that the road to Paris was to be my road to happiness."

THE END.

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TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES:

Alternate and archaic spellings have been retained.

page 411, "postillion" changed to "postilion" [I will not drive one step!" said the postilion,]

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