

THE MILL MYSTERY

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

start, though I was somewhat affected by the deep agitation he showed as I tried to explain. "Oh, it is only the little idiot boy whom you must have seen running about the streets. It seems to have taken a fancy to me, for he followed me nearly all the while I was gone, with something of the same senseless remarks as now." "The idiot boy" repeated Mr. Pollard. "Well, we will leave the idiot boy outside. And he held the door open till I had hurried in, when he vehemently closed it, looking at the same time as if he had shut the door on a threatening evil, or, at the most, on a bitter and haunting memory.

larger as I gaze, and ask me what I mean to do now, and whether I am tearing it from the wall where it hangs, I allied myself to the accused, or by one stroke proclaimed myself that avenger which, if the words on this paper were true, I owed to my Aida and to the promise which I had given her to be? The cloud that enveloped my brain passed upon me too closely for me to give answer to questions so vital and terrific. I was in a maze—a horrible dream; I could not think, I could only suffer, and at last I crept away like a shadow of guiltiness to where a cluster of pine-trees made a sort of retreat into which I felt I could thrust my almost motionless head and be lost.

doorway, using, if necessary, the storm as my excuse for deterring it; while on a precaution against suspicion that might be dangerous to me, as well as a preventive against any one else over reading these cautionary lines, I determined to dip the paper in the stream, and then drop it near the place where it had been tucked, that it might seem as if it had been beaten off by the rain, now happily falling faster and faster. All this I did, not without some apprehension of being observed by a watchful eye. For what surety had I that the writer of these words was not now in hiding, or had not been looking at me from some secret retreat at the very moment I tore the paper off the wall and led with it into the bushes? But this fear, if fear it was, was gradually dispelled as the moments sped by, and nothing beyond the wind and the last driving rain penetrated to where I stood. Nor did it look as if any breeze in what seemed likely to become a somewhat dead monotony would ever occur. The fierce dash of the storm was like a barrier, shutting me off from the rest of the world, and had my purpose been less serious, my will less nerve, I might have succumbed to the dreariness of the outlook and taken myself away while yet the gossamer influences that lay crumpled in the darkness at my back remained in abeyance, and neither gloom nor man's step had come to shake the foundations of my courage and make of my silent watch a struggle and a fear.

THEIR END RECORDED. Last Days of Some Noted Leaders of the Revolution.



TALLEN THREATENING SUICIDE. Tallen, pursued mercilessly the members of the committee of public safety. He procured the condemnation of the public accuser, closing his speech with the words: "I demand that Populier-Franville be sent to hell to bellow in the blood that he has spilled!" which has quite an orthodox sound for that wildly atheologic epoch.

BLOWN TO FRAGMENTS. The Dreadful Work That Was Done by Napoleon's Guns.

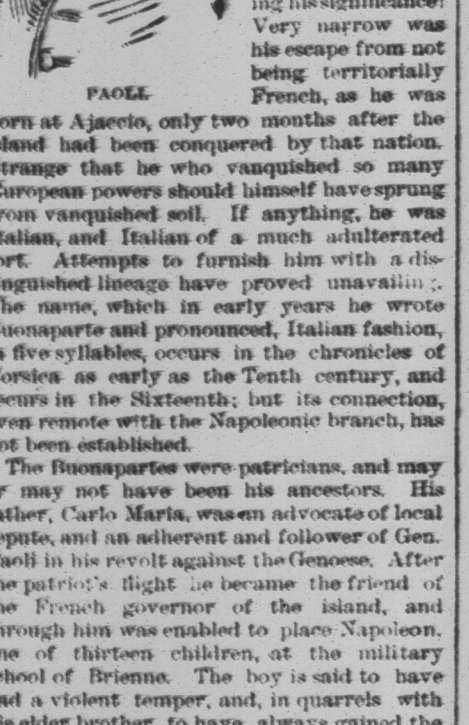
Mme. Tallen, who, we repeat, had done so much toward the overthrow of Robespierre by instigating her husband against him, exercised as much social influence in Paris as he exercised political influence, and retained it longer. She appears not to have loved him, or if she loved him, to have quickly recovered. His attraction to her, too, must have been mainly through the sense—she was singularly voluptuous and bewitching in person; for he became alienated from her, despite his belief in it, and in a few years she obtained a divorce. It is not improbable that she listened to his suit because he had authority and power; could secure her freedom, save her life, indeed, and could give her prominent position at the French capital.

CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION—1795. Tallen's Rise and Fall—The Virtues of Madame Tallen—Her Great Influence in Dispersing the Terror—Gen. Bonaparte in the Rue St. Honoré.

CHAPTER X. CHAPTER XI. CHAPTER XII. I spare you common cursives.—Mrs. Knowles. It was not long after this that the storm began to abate. Sunshine took the place of clouds, and I was enabled to make my way back to the town at the risk of nothing worse than wet feet. I went at once to my boarding-house. Though I was expected back at the Pollards, though my presence seemed almost necessary there, I felt that it would be impossible for me to enter their door till something of the shadow that now enveloped their name had fallen away. I therefore sent them word that I could not be present; and having thus dismissed one anxiety from my mind, set myself to the task of gleaming what knowledge I could of the idiot boy.

of the national convention, however, procured that two-thirds of the council of five hundred should be selected from its own members. This was obviously designed to prevent either royalists or ultras from controlling the council, and caused a new and dangerous tumult, in which parties were greatly divided. The royalists, seeing an opportunity to retain power, and pave the way for the re-establishment of the monarchy, organized a formidable insurrection that menaced the country with a renewal of the old strife. The middle class, however, were in such dread of the common people, and of their regaining the upper hand, as they had done during the Terror, that they joined the royalists, who were thus greatly strengthened, and vastly superior in numbers to the convention.

ENTER NAPOLEON. Such reinstatement was only avoided by the accidental choice of a young soldier, who had already won renown, and was destined to fill the world for ages with the magnitude of his achievements. That one man carried the fate of nations in his brain; he was the shaper and controller of events, the master of epochs, the creator of history, the foremost character of his century, in truth, of modern times.



PAOLÉ. Napoleon Bonaparte was then 26, recently made a brigadier general of artillery, and burning for military employment. He had been waiting for his opportunity, and here it was. Days it always opens to men of transcendent power; or do such men turn the most ordinary circumstance into opportunity: whereupon the world says they were singularly lucky to find it?

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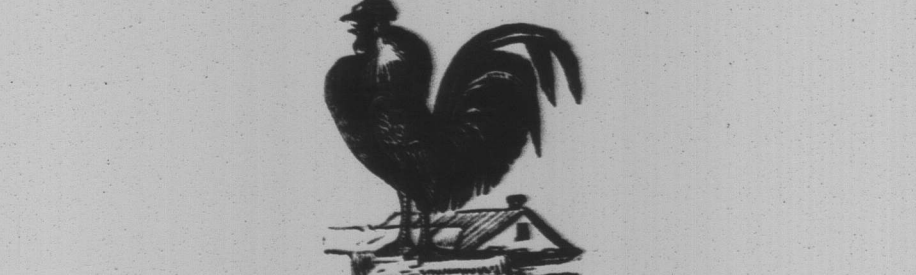
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[To be continued.]