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Continued from page *wo.

teach the minuet. He would no lose it. I put it away." And he slipped the ring back in the waistcoat pocket from which it had fallen. Then he went DR. FULTON S. VROOMAN over, opened the closet door and hung

"Ma foi! If I lose it he break my

"He like mademoiselle?" "He teach her," replied Pierre dip-

lomatically. "Mademoiselle-great lady," ventured Fourney "She-a Percy," answered Dubarre's

"Far above poor French dancing mas-

"Or French music teacher," was the quick reply. "French blood good ees blood of

Anglais," said Jacques. "Diable! Yes." There be a French Percy. I hear of

Pierre's face became puzzled. "A French Percy?" he questioned. "Yes. Jean see him once. He come with soldiers. He ver' brave." Pierre put his hand to his ear and

stood listening Intently. "Oul, oul, monsieur: I come!" he special attention given to difficult cried. Then, snatching up a coat from the among those lying on the table, which happened to be a coat of Fourney's, he rushed out through the door, slipping on the garment as he ran. The two men left in the room looked after him in mute surprise. Then they looked at

> "Wall. I'll he surst!" exclaimed the dumb Jean Fourney. Jacques Fourney turned quickly to the supposed dumb man: "Are you

"Yes, sure," eried the assistant eagernational departments of dentistry ly: "The smaller one, he is Percy La: taple, I saw him in France when he was awarded the cross of the Legion

for stealing the English plans." "Then the 500 guineas reward and the £100 offered by Wellington are ours," exclaimed Fourney.

"Not till we get the soldiers and have him arrested," answered his practical assistant. "We'll go now." declared Fourney.

"My 'Freuch' won't stand the strain "Our going might make him suspicious." objected Jean.

"Pshaw! By starting now we can Honor graduate of Toronto have the soldiers here before noon touniversity and Royal College of morrow. He can't get far by then. Let us leave through the window beproved branches of dentistry suc- fore that man Pierre gets back. If he suspected, the fighter Percy would kill Quickly they prepared to go. Pierre

had taken Jacques Fourney's coat, sothe spy appropriated one belonging to As they were leaving, Jean paused.

"That ring," he said and got it from the waistcoat hanging in the closet. "That's proof enough," he cried, "the

St. Croix seal!" And, putting the ring in his pocket. Fourney led the way out through the window. Pierre had some difficulty in finding

the dancing master. He ran all the way to the garden, then was compelled to wait, for Dubarre stood talking to Captain Thorncliffe and could not be disturbed. At last the harpist, nearly consumed now in the fever of his own impatience, got his chance to tell of the strange Frenchmen he had left in

"And he could not speak French?" said Dubarre in surprise. "Only Buglish, monsteur," replied

Plerre positively. "Come, I'll sample it. Marhan he'll wish both were dear and dumb.

They hurried to the lodge and threa open the door. A gust of air from the apen window met them, and the flick ering candle showed the room to be

"Why. Pierre, what have you done

with the guests?" The dancing master asked the ones tion, stopping to laugh at his assistant Pierre was running about the room like a dog that had lost a trail. He rushed to the closet and looked under the hed, but no Jacques Fourney, no dumb Jean appeared. Then the man stood gazing at Dubarre in mute per-

"An, monsieur, you have it. Thank

He held the glove toward her silentback his hand a little.

"Mademoiselle, can you? May I? Is there not some little ray, one token just for the helpless one, the hopeless one, the outcast?"

She looked at him, half frightened, all sorrowful. "Yes," she said, speaking slowly and started away, looking back. "Yes," he repeated, and again, for you."

He watched her until she was gone from sight. Then he raised the glove to his lips and kissed it passionately, repeatedly.

The farewell was ended. Pierre coughed and came from behind the tree. Dubarre hastily hid the

glove in his breast, then turned that "Pierre, we leave for France in the

CHAPTER VI.

master's room. Within a minute after entering Fourney had seen hunting." all the room offered. With quick, accustomed glances he noted that the door through which he came afforded the only normal exit. The one just opposite in the other wall opened only into a closet. Beside it he saw that the big eight day clock, which reached from the floor almost to the door top, showed just the hour of 6. On the

or how one brass andiron in the fireplace had been polished more than the other. It was a quick eye had this strange wanderer, chased from France by "ze leetle Corsican."

Now Fourney had been in the room two hours, and he was heartly tired of it. His cousin Jean snored in one corner of the fireplace. Pierre, brushing busily away at Dubarre's clothes, was no great company. Fourney had begun to grow sleepy. He leaned back in his chair, yawned and looked at the clock. Pierre, in turn looking at the paper. "So slow ze time pass in ze countree?" It was more a question than anything else. Pierre, still busy with the brush, replied in kind. "You are from ze city-from Paris?"

"Non, Normandie." "Parlez vous Français?" asked Pierre abruptly. The suddenness of such a foolish question apparently confused Fourney.

"Non, non," he said: "that is, not parley well. The other's lifted eyebrows and won-

dering shrugs were marvels of their "A Frenchman not parley Francaise!" he said.

"Me half French," explained Four-"Ma foi!" And the way of saying it made the half Frenchman squirm.

"Other half Anglais," he continued, eager to explain. "Mon Dieu!" muttered Pierre.

"An' you?" asked Fourney. The servant brushing clothes looked at him with wide, honest seeming eyes. "We from la belle France, chased by ze leetle corporal. He hate us. We seek comrades - les bons comrades, who came before. We fin' them, then

again. The man who had told it first smiled. He saw the irony, but he was Pierre started back. Dubarre put his equal to the occasion.

with enthusiasm: "Let us be fourall in one." Pierre stonned brushing Dubarre's coat and appeared to be weighing the proposition seriously. "That's utze," he murmured. Then hesitatingly, "If you could les parley

Fourney rushed to vindicate himself fully new, "Father French, Come to



"You are from ze city-from Parist"

teach ze music and ze fencing to Anglais. He marry, live in England till he die. Then me take up classes. Two years ago I get letter from my cousin, Jean Fourney, in France. He lose his speech. I go over to help him. We live on leetle farm in Normandie." "Ah!" interrupted his listener,

though greatly relieved. Jacques Fourney continued: "People run us away. Say I Anglais. Anglais say I French. We be French refugees to Anglais: Buglishmen to French. Volla!" He ended with a shrug. Big Pierre scratched his head in most contented style, all the while

nedding approval and saying over and "They seem to have gone, Hierre

The other could only look at the Win dow and mutter

"It was closed when I left."

Dubarre stepped quickly to the window and held a candle outside. There were footprints on the grass. He put the candle back on the mantel, fasten: ed the shutters and closed the window. Then he looked at Pierre, and Pierre looked at him.

"They've gone," said Dubarre after a moment of staring. "Certainly our fellow countrymen act queerly. One cannot talk French, the other cannot ly. She started to take it, and he drew talk at all. And now they leave us suddenly through a window."

"Well, one of them left a coat," remarked Pierre after the manner of a man seeking small comfort. "How do you know that?"

"Because I have it on now myself, and a tight fit it is. I took it to keep him from running away while I went

"What did he wear?" Pierre looked all about the room and "Mon Dieu, he took yours, monsieur!" he said at last, with a wry

"My coat gone? My waistcoat, then?" asked Dubarre sharply. Pierre brought it out. Dubarre felt in the pockets quickly.

"My signet ring gone, too," he cried, "and that's worse. At home it's family treasure, here a family peril." "How, monsieur?" "Why, it points out the man on

whom it is found as one England is started for the door.

"Come back!" cried Dubarre. "To claim it would bring disaster on both of us. Let's see the coat he left." Plerre took off the garment and handed it to him. The dancing master

looked it over, then tried it on. "I'll travel in it since he got mine. right wall as he entered he swept over | What do you think?" He pulled at the the only window, on one side of the coat to make it fit better. "'Tis lucky handsome oak mantel, and the tester we are of a size, this strange Frenchbed on the other. He could have told man and I." Then he felt a small, clock and the design of the three chairs cried, pulling it from his pocket. "I'll

test the brand monsieur the thief uses He opened the box, but it contained only a thin paper doubled and rolled into as small compass as possible. Dubarre straightened it out. As he looked

at the paper his face changed suddenly. "French refugees, Pierre! French renegades rather! Low born English spies, this Fourney and his man Jean. See! Look at this!" He held the paper toward the other in great excitement. "Indeed, we leave in good time." "Spies! Low English thieves!" cried

"Come, come, Pierre!" exclaimed Dubarre. "You must away and at once. I'll stay until tomorrow to put out a false trail. Here!" He ran to the bed, and from a cunningly constructed hiding place drew out a bag of money. "Take this. Get your horse where we left it, at the second farm. Ride like mad to the cove. It's barely twentyfive miles. Have the boat lie off every night for a week, in case I am delayed. Three lights, triangle, in the rigging will be the sign. Are you ready?"

While he was talking, Pierre, with soldierlike alacrity, had been at work. Now he stood holding a small bundle of clothes that looked suspiciously like a mere excuse for hidden pistols. "Monsieur, may not the spies come back for you?"

"No, no, Pierre, I'll risk it! I'll put out false reports to confuse Percys, spies, English-all." Some one knocked lightly at the door. Dubarre half drew a small clasp

knife, then, remembering himself, went calmly to answer the knock. "Bon voyage, Pierre," he whispered, his hand on the latch. Then he opened

A girl muffled in a cape, with the hood drawn over her face, slipped quickly into the room. Astonished,

"tintil tomorrow night" he muttered to Pierre, and, bowing, the man slip-Dubarre closed the door after him

and turned to face his visitor. CHAPTER VII. TATIL tomorrow night?" The cret. girl repeated it as a question.

Then with a quick flirt she threw the shrouding hood aside, and Max Percy stood before him. A drizzling rain was failing without and somehow a dozen drops or so had stolen under her bood to sparkle amid the black hair like diamonds. Her cheeks were red from hurrying. Her eyes, big, eager, questioning, sought Dubarre drew a long breath. "Yes." | dance."

he said. May Percy gave a quick, relieved

laugh. "Why, I need not have hurried so. You did not speak to me, so I came to tell you goodby." She extended her hand. After a scant moment he dropped it, as some

thing not to be safely held. "Mademoiselle knew I was going?" he asked. "Yes. Captain Thorncliffe teld me."

Dubarre frowned. "The captain! I asked him not to tell." "So he said. You were to leave early in the morning, and what a shame it was none of us would get to tell you goodby after you had been so kind. He was coming tonight, he thought, and I decided I would, too, because I sieur." was afraid I might not wake up in time and you would be gone.'

She had rushed through it all in a breath, for Dubarre was still frowning. Now he bowed to her ceremo-"Mademoiselle is very kind, but also

very imprudent. Did mademoiselle bring her maid along?" At that Mistress Percy's face showed

only startled, innocent surprise. "No. Why should I? I was not afraid. Besides"- She hesitated. "Besides?" he asked.

"I did not want them to know," she

blurted out impulsively. "Want whom to know?" "My father and Sir John." "Sir John is mademoiselle's affianced

husband," suggested the dancing master, with just a shade of reproof in his Blazing with sudden, splendid anger, Mistress Percy turned on him. "That

does not entitle him to hold authority aver me. I am not yet cramped with: in a wedding ring, thank heaven!" "Mademoiselle!" His tone was whol: is repreving new, but that served only to enrage her the more.

"Oh, you needn't take his part. believe all you men are alike. I hate you all. I'm sure I do." And, whirling away from him, she stood drumming her fingers on the table. Dubarre shook his head despairingly. When he spoke it was in a suave, soothing tone. "Mademoiselle is excited. May I get

a glass of water for mademoiselle?" May Percy turned back impatiently. "Now, don't take that tone. You'll be



Then with a quick firt she threw the shrouding hood aside.

like my father next. I say some one has been kind to me, and I will see him to say goodby and thank him, and then, forsooth, Sir John"-she paused, bed on the other. He hard substance. "Oho, a snuffbox!" he then went on with sneering contempt—

"the righteous, proper Sir John, Who has lost half a fortune at cards and fought once about a girl, must throw up his hands in holy horror and my father grow sarcastic and suggest that I go over tonight to pay a formal visit to express my thanks in person for paid service. Oh, I despise you men!" She was miserably angry, but of a sudden her old April self predominated. An arch smile broke through the clouds on her face, and a gay laugh at some new thought swept away all trace of

"Do you really suppose, monsieur, my father meant that seriously? Am I not a dutiful daughter?" She stopped, struggling to contain her laughter.

At the angry outburst Dubarre had started to walk up and down the room. This last change was too much for a man helplessly, hopelessly in love. There was but one salvation. He stop-

ped and bowed stiffiy. "I know one thing, which is, mademoiselle must be going." It was a command.

Mistress Percy drew herself up proud ly. "And you, too, M. Propriety-for give me. I had not properly estimated the dancing master. He fairly bristles with unexpectedness. Possibly"-with the dainty, sarcastic smile that only made her face the more adorable-"monsieur has lost a whole fortune at cards and fought two duels over two

Plagued, tempted past all endurance. the Frenchman lost his head, "A dozen would be nearer," he blurted, in sudden

For a moment May Percy looked at him helplessly. Then the meaning of it all swept over her. She drew a long breath, while her eyes grew big and

"Then monsieur is"-He interrupted quickly. "Gaston Dubarre, poor French dancing master." Next he drew back and, with a low haw, added, "To Mistress Percy, grand

Slowly the eagerness faded out of the girl's face. Her head drooped as she held out her hand kindly. "Forgive me, monsieur, I did not

mean to intrude upon a possible se "Mademaiselle's own heart's kind ness makes her forgiveness," he said

"And I shall think"-Dubarre shrugged his shoulders "Twere a foolish man who would try to curb a woman's thought, mademoi She continued, "That a French gen-

a little English girl by teaching her to Now he shook his head, smiling slightly, but when he spoke his tone

tleman, a soldier perhaps, has honored

was deeply serious. "And a poor French dancing master will know that le bon Dieu permits sometimes one of his own bright children to steal down from above to give those struggling below jes' one leetle foretaste, a promise of the kingdom of ie bon Dieu. Then - he snatches it

With a shrug, the man walked to the mantel and leaned against it, dejected, hopeless beyond further speech. The girl's face was a reflection of his attitude. After a pause she spoke timidly, "But the children from above, as you call them, they stay on earth, men-

He turned and came to her quickly, sudden resolve in every movement. "Mademoiselle," he said, and now in turn his tone was eager, "could a man

pretend to be what he is not?" "That would depend, monsieur," she interrupted softly. "Suppose, mademoiselle" - Dubarre spoke more carefully, weighing every word-"suppose a man had sworn an

oath to her he loved best in the world" -May Percy started-"suppose, mademoiselle"- He smiled, "Ah, this is all a leetle game of suppose—that young man gets release from his chief, swears his friends, for a time gives up his life and, meanly attired, at great peril attempts to follow out the outli made to her he loved most as she lay

The Frenchman paused. His quick ere had noted the girl's signs of em-

"Is the leetle game of suppose too ong, mademoiselle?" "Ge en, mensieur." ample encouragement. He took up the game again more eagerly.

"Suppose, then, mademoiselle, fulfills his eath. Could you"=a mement he paused for a word-"respect

"You speak too quick, mademofselle. The game, our leetle 'suppose' game, is not finished. Suppose, mademoiselle, that young man met danger, great danger, greater than he knew. You know the danger, mademoiselle. It is the light that le bon Dieu puts by life's sea to save or wreck men-a woman. It he steers headlong, reckless, willing to dle on the rocks, if only struggling for that light, could you-could you think such a man worthy?" He paused for May Percy stood at the edge o

dreamland, looking into the far away. At last she spoke, and it was very soft. "You say the danger is sent by God, monsieur? Then man should try to He stepped toward her, his arms outstretched impulsively. "Mademoiselle,

you are"-

She straightened and looked at him quickly. He stopped, for in that look there was some strange mingling of weakness, of sad determination against desire and of appeal that awed him. When she spoke, in so far as it could the tone echoed the look. "As you were about to say, the af-

fianced wife of Sir John Wilmerding, and you a French gentleman, mon-He stepped back and bowed deeply, then moved toward the door. "May I have the honor of seeing

mademoiselle safely to the house?" And then, almost as he said it, the door shook from a mighty pounding. CHAPTER VIII. GAIN the door rattled and shock

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er. Surprise, dark anger, quick blush ing shame and, last, white fear succeeded in her face. Her lips trembled, the hands clasped and unclasped nervously. Thrice she essayed to speak and could not. Only the eyes spoke plainly her fright and her appeal. Dubarre recovered first.

"Who is there?" he shouted, and the tone was not that of the humble dancing master in the least. From without sounded a voice, hoarse

"Open! Open! 'Tis I! Open quick-"Sir John!" It came at last, a low, faint gasp of horror from May Percy. Now she realized her false position-Dubarre's consideration of it. "What

Silent, lightly as a cat, the Frenchman sprang to the door and noiselessly turned the key. Another second and he was back beside her. "Sh!" he whispered. Then aloud: "And who may 'I' be? No unknown I's have entree here." Again he whis-

can I do?" she begged, low.

pered to the girl, "Try the window." As in a dream, she tiptoed to it, but the heavy shutter was closed and barred. "Open! Open at once, I say!" Sir John's voice bore wild rage now. Every instant the door threatened to give

way under his furious assault.

May Percy had stolen back to Dubarre. "The shutter-I can't manage it," she whispered faintly. And now from beyond the door another voice broke in upon them. "'Tis Sir John Wilmerding and I, Captain

Thorncliffe. We wish to speak with you, M. Dubarre. "Captain Thorneliffe! Oh, I'm lost!" and, meaning thus pitcously, May Percy seemed about to faint. Dubarre caught her almost roughly by the arm. "Keep courage. You must hide," he muttered. His touch restored her. The

month set, and she looked at him understandingly. Aloud he eried; "Parden, mensieurs, parden. coming." and he started noisily for the door. The pounding without ceased. "Well, hurry," shouted Sir John Wilmerding. "We can't wait al

Percy pluck began to assert itself. Her

(Continued next week.)

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