



CHAPTER XII.

Lady Felicie...

helpless babe, descended the narrow ladder leading into the subterranean chamber...

"Try this first, and then tell me if you are injured, dearest child."

"She looked up, pitifully into his face. 'Oh, Emile, Emile, my mother is dead.'"

"I know it, my child; God help us! I was powerless to prevent. I discovered that a body of men had left Frejus in that direction, and hurried after them."

"I thought you were slain too, my child; I was sure I saw your white face lying by the count's; but when I returned to the dreadful scene, I found no trace of you, only your torn veil. I feared that they had carried you to sea; but a wild hope also led me to seek you here. Heaven be praised that you are spared!"

"Be comforted, my dear child, as I was—there was no sign of violence, not a single marred brow, the fright must have killed her. She is secure now from all these horrors which we are left to face."

"She has complained of her heart; you, I thank Heaven, their vile touch did not send that pure soul to heaven."

"My child, you must be calm; I will try to father and mother both—the love I bore the sainted dead, is doubly yours. Other perils are still about us, I shall need your courage to help me."

"I will do my best, mon pere Emile." "He turned away to hide the tears, which came swelling into his eyes at these touching words, and said bravely: 'I must go back to the chateau before that ruffian hand return with augmented strength. We will secure all valuables possible, that they may believe we were there only for the sake of plunder. And you will need clothing; can you tell me where to find it?'"

"But if they return, and overpower you—what will become of me?"

"There is no danger. They must go to Frejus, first; my men still hold the chateau. We are all masked, so they cannot recognize us; in an hour's time we shall be safely dispersed. I shall bring what is needed for you, for one cannot tell how long they may keep me here. The bodies are decently buried in the garden, by this time. Have no fear of violence, and try to spare yourself more anguish than is possible. You will be calm and patient while I leave you?"

"I will try. Will the light show?"

"Oh, no; the ventilation comes through the trunk of another hollow tree; but light, not in the least—you would be dreary enough in the dark."

"Thank you; do not delay. Go now."

"He left her to a two hours' solitude, but it was not so trying to bear as she had feared. The extreme anguish and excitement of the terrible scene through which she had passed had left her brain numb and torpid. Sitting down by the couch, with her head leaning against the pillow, she dozed away the time, and started to awaken by the vague alarm of sudden awaking from sleep, when Emile again descended from the upper room. A young man with a very pale face and evidently weak and suffering—who was dressed in a plain citizen's suit, accompanied him. Emile at once explained.

"A friend of mine, mademoiselle, has got into difficulty with the mob, and he must be concealed, like us."

"She bowed, and looked compassionately at the pale-featured youth.

"I hope I will not intrude upon the lady," observed the stranger in very weak accents; "if I were not so bewildered and helpless, I would try to find other shelter."

"Nay," answered Lady Felicie, earnestly; "I have stood too sorely in need of a friend myself, to be chary of my sympathy for others."

"He ought to lie down at once; he has received a very severe blow upon his head. I am thankful there are two compartments to my den."

He did not hint for whom he had prepared it, to wound afresh the daughter's grief.

"My men are bringing the needed spoils from the chateau; I must go and bring them in, for I bade them leave all at the edge of the wood, not daring to trust even those brave fellows with the secret of this retreat. Can you, mademoiselle, bathe this poor sufferer's head, while I am gone?"

"Do not betray your name and rank. He believes you to be a lowly born relative of mine; do not deceive him."

Felicie obeyed him promptly. It was indeed a blessed relief from torturing thoughts to be doing anything. As the weary head sank feebly upon the pillow with a moan of anguish, she dipped the cloth into the ewer of water, standing near, and began bathing it tenderly. She shuddered as she parted the silky, brown hair, and saw the frightful contusion, where some terrible blow had fallen.

"He does not look like a peasant, so delicately featured, with such a refined look!" mused she. "I have never seen a finer face. It reminds me of some princely youth I have admired in pictures. Is it, indeed, to be proved through this reign of terror, to misguided France that her noblemen must be those of nature's dubbing only? Where will it end? and what will become of me, wretched child that I am, to have survived all that I hold dear?"

"The last words were unconsciously spoken aloud.

"Nay, dearest one," responded the voice of Emile, as he entered with his arms full. "If this world were all, you might have cause for despair; but when you remember that an angel mother waits for your approach to another and brighter world, surely you can pluck a rose even from the ashes of desolation; you are young, this world may yet afford you the sweetest and purest happiness. Be comforted, my child—be calm and courageous."

"I will, my noble, generous friend," answered Felicie, with the first feeble smile.

CHAPTER XIII.



After depositing his load, Emile turned to look at the suffering youth. His eyes were closed, and a wan circle of deathly pallor was around the parted lips, through which the breath came fitfully and hoarsely.

"I feared it," murmured Emile, anxiously; "he will have a tedious illness, at the very lightest. It is very unfortunate, as I hoped to get away before the general rising. But he deserves our tenderest care; he is a noble youth. I met him first one of those wild nights in Paris. The maddened crowd, surging back from the palace of the king, were mistreating a poor old priest, who had ventured to rebuke them. The young man, single-armed, without a weapon of any kind, sprang to the rescue of the poor wretch. I shall never forget the picture, as he stood in the middle of the street, the red torch-light flaring over his erect figure, placed before the priest as a shield, with his indignant, flashing eyes, his heroic, defiant bearing. My heart went out to him at once. For a moment, too, he held the crowd back—but, mon Dieu! there were some demented creatures who could have slaughtered an innocent babe in its mother's arms without a scruple. With a yell they leaped upon him. Then it was my turn to step forward. I had some power then, and they yielded. So from that time, I have watched the gallant fellow, and never once has he disappointed my high expectations. What say you, Lady Felicie, shall we let him die now?"

"No, no," cried the girl, eagerly; "it shall be my task to nurse him back to health."

Emile smiled quietly. If it was much satisfaction to know she would have an interesting employment to keep her mind from brooding over her misfortunes, and to beguile the weary time—he was wise enough not to mention it.

"But why do I waste the precious time?" exclaimed he, suddenly. "I must have everything safe below ground, ere that disappointed villain can return. He has met his deserts, for all the diamonds he hoped to secure have fallen into my possession. I need not assure you they will be saved for you."

"Why cannot I take the things at the door? It will save you much time, and the invalid is sound asleep."

"Perhaps it will be wise; the time is flying rapidly. Come then, and throw down the ladder, as fast as I bring the goods."

She clambered after him to the upper room, and stood in the secret doorway watching him leaping away. He returned laden heavily. Lady Felicie gathered the lightest of the goods in her arms, and ran down with them, returning speedily for the others. They worked steadily for nearly an hour. Then Emile came dashing back to the tree with a small trunk.

"The last, thank Heaven! and it is only just in time. They have returned with reinforcements; I hear a terrible din around the chateau."

"I hope none of your friends are there?"

"Oh, no; I charged them to disperse as rapidly as possible; there is little mischief they can do—except—"

"What? except what?" cried Felicie, frightened at the uneasy look on his face; "they will not desecrate the graves, surely?"

"They are fenshish enough for anything, but there is little to be gained by such a course. They have fired the chateau, Lady Felicie. Will you take a look at it, ere it falls, and not be distressed beyond my comforting?"

She caught her breath convulsively and stood a moment in shivering silence, then held out her hand to him. He had closed the door of the tree, and now took her hand tenderly, and led her forward to the edge of the wood.

The stars had paled in sudden affright at the bright glare which rose up from the turbulent scene below.

The chateau was like one huge mansion carved in glowing carbuncle. Never had its symmetry and beauty struck Lady Felicie so forcibly as now when every arched window, and quaint gable, and domed porch was framed in a burning line of dazzling flame.

It was so grand and beautiful a sight, she forgot her personal interest in its fate, and with hushed breathing and entranced eye, she watched the huge sea of fire water, and fro, as if playing with its victim; now sweeping a broad dash of red, seething flame across the lofty front, now rising up in one vast spiral column of dense smoke to the very sky.

All at once it wavered—the whole great building seemed to give one direful shudder at its fate, and gather itself up proudly to meet it. One brief instant Lady Felicie saw Langueod chateau before her eyes, every line distinct, every arch perfect—the next it toppled, crumbled, disappeared.

She turned with a wild sob. Emile took her hand again, and without a word led her away toward the wood.

Between it and them rose up a dark figure.

"Halt!" thundered a hoarse voice, "and let me know who it is watching the burning of the accursed nest of aristocrats with grief."

Emile set his teeth hard upon his lip, and caught his companion up in his arms.

She uttered no single cry of alarm. Already had she been taught the courage of desperation.

He ran swiftly as was possible with such a burden, in the direction of the chateau, and gained the shelter of a thicket of trees; then as his pursuer dashed by them, he wheeled suddenly and made desperate efforts to reach the wood again.

He succeeded, and that was all; as the door of the hollow tree closed behind them, the fierce spy came stumbling along in the path.

Emile sat down his trembling companion, and put his ear to the side of the tree trunk.

A volley of oaths escaped the baffled wretch.

"They have cheated me again. I swear it must be some of the royalists, or they would not have fled so desperately. I'll go back to Captain Pierre, and we'll search the whole ground over; there shan't be a head left on one of their necks, if I can help it."

And muttering other inaudible anathemas, he went away again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Perplexed About Change. Coming down in a Twelfth street car, an old lady tendered the conductor a three-cent piece, under the impression that it was a dime, and received a nickel in change. The conductor, however, discovered his error immediately after, and going back to the old lady, explained the circumstance. After convincing her with much argument that she had only given him three cents, the conductor returned the coin and the old lady handed him the nickel. "Let me have your fare, please," demanded the conductor. The old lady looked aghast. "Why, I just gave you five cents," she retorted, now firmly convinced that she was being deceived. "Yes, I know," replied the conductor, who was also getting slightly twisted, "but that was the nickel I gave you in change for your three-cent piece."

"Well, I paid you, didn't I?" remonstrated the old lady. "But that was the money I gave you." "Well, you've got it now, haven't you?" The conductor looked the eloquence to explain the situation, and at Market street they were still haggling about it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Squirrel's Capacious Mouth. A Dummerston (Vt.) man wished to ascertain how many kernels of corn a chipmunk could carry in its mouth. Thirty kernels were placed on a board. A squirrel carried them all away at one time. Forty-five kernels were then placed in position, and chippy got away with all of them at that trial. Seventy kernels were put on the board for a third trial. The little striped animal was beaten this time, but succeeded in carrying fifty-eight of the kernels in his mouth.—Boston Herald.

Johnny's Bad Humor. "Johnny has been in a bad humor all the evening," said the worried mother when the head of the house came home. "He has been crying more than an hour and refuses to be comforted." "He refuses to be either comforted or blanketed," said the nurse, who had just come in. "He kicks the covers off as fast as I put them on him."—Indianapolis Journal.

Freedom from want is not for the strongest lion, but it may be enjoyed by the weakest of the Lord's sheep.

FROM COAST TO KLONDIKE.



EDWARD SPURR IN "OUTING."

The Famous Yukon River. In Outing for September Edward Spurr, of the United States Geological Survey, speaks as follows of the great Alaskan river:

"Only two routes are available. One must either go to St. Michael, in the Behring sea, and thence up the River Yukon, from its outlet to the beginning of its headwaters, some 1,500 miles, or land at some point of the Pacific, cross the head of land and tap the headwaters of the Yukon at their source.

"In either event the journey must be completed before September, when the Yukon freezes, and Alaska's arctic winter of the utmost rigor sets in and grips its vise.

"At the little town of Juneau we left the steamer and made preparations to turn our backs for good upon civilization. Our proposed route lay across the coast mountains to the headwaters of the Yukon and thence down that river as a highway, making such excursions from it as became necessary.

"Alaska is a most difficult country for traveling, even in the only available short season of its arctic summer, there being no roads; and even Indian trails, on account of the small number of natives, are very rare. The surface is rough, being traversed by many ranges of mountains. Even in the more level portions travel is hindered in the summer by the wet moss which grows knee-deep, and by the insect pests; in the winter it is made impossible by the intense cold. In view of all these difficulties, the peculiar relation of the Yukon river to the coast is such that one might fancy Nature had arranged it especially for a highway, through this inaccessible interior, in partial compensation to man for the obstacles she has put in his way.

The headwaters of the network of streams that ultimately drain into the Yukon river fortunately lie within about thirty miles of the sea, just on the northern or inland side of a range of mountains which runs along the southern coast of Alaska. From this point the river flows north, away from the sea, far toward the Arctic Ocean; then, suddenly changing its mind, turns west; and finally, after traversing the whole width of Alaska, arrives at the Behring Sea, its entire course being considerably over two thousand miles. For a considerable distance it is a broad and deep stream, so that one may go quite through the center of Alaska, from sea to sea, by crossing only thirty miles or so of land.

There are various routes across the coast mountains to the various heads of this river. Of these we chose that over the Chilkoot Pass, which is the shortest, although the mountains which must be thereby crossed are higher than any of the other routes.

Hardships of the Trip to the Klondike. "We were huddled together so closely that we perforce became speedily acquainted, for although the space on the floor was large enough for all of us to sit down, there was hardly room to stretch out. When we grew weary of chatting, however, and of listening to the sound of the water as the boat thrashed its way onward, we were forced by drowsiness to sleep where we could, and soon sleepers were scattered around in the most grotesque and uncomfortable attitudes. I had coveted a space on or under the little table used for eating purposes, but found that choice position fully occupied before I made up my mind to retire; but I finally wedged myself into a narrow space between the boiler and the pilot house, where, throughout the night, passers continually stepped on my head. However, I slept several hours.

The system of eating is worthy of note. The table accommodated about six at a time, whereas, as I have mentioned, we were fifty or sixty in all. At each meal one or two, or sometimes three, sets of passengers would be fed; then the captain, the sailors, the Chinese cook, and the dish-washer, after which the rest of us got our rations, in good time. As we grew very hungry during this process, we would stand around patiently waiting our chance to slip in; but sometimes be-

fore we had tasted the tempting liver and coffee (to say nothing of the beans), we would be summarily ejected by the dish-washer, who was a very young man of dashing exterior and peculiar vocabulary, and who would disperse us with the assertion that "By—the crew is going to eat now."

Crossing the Now Famous Chilkoot Pass. "The trip from salt water to the head of the navigable waters of the Yukon is usually made in two stages, of each about fifteen miles. The trader at Dyea had brought in a few horses, and we engaged him to transport our camp outfit and provisions over the first stage, where the trail, though rough, can be gone over by pack animals. Some of the miners, however, engaged Indians immediately at Dyea to pack the whole distance, and, as it afterward proved, this was the wiser plan. We could also have obtained saddle animals, but our little party preferred to walk for the sake of getting toughened for the harder journey, that we might follow.

"The trip turned out to be exceptionally fatiguing, a large part of the distance being through sand and loose gravels in the bed of a stream, where it was impossible to find a firm footing. Several times also we had to wade the stream. The valley along whose bottom we were thus traveling was a narrow canyon-like, with steep bare mountains rising high on either side. The tops of these mountains, as far as we could see, were capped with ice, and this great glacier stretched some two fingers down into the valley where each of the gulches or recesses in the mountain wall. Finally, crossing the river a last time on a fall a few feet, I followed the trail up into the most rocky and difficult portion of the pass, and some miles of this rough way, thoroughly tired, to our camping place.

From Sheep Camp, where we were the only way to get our supplies, and the pass was to get Indians to carry them. Although these Indians are no stronger than average white men, they greatly excel them in power of endurance, and they willingly under-

go extreme fatigue for any limited period. At this time, however, the trail was so bad, on account of the softening of the snows in the hot June sun, that they concluded to strike for higher wages. This was the cause of some little delay for us.

Once we saw the Sitwash safely started with their packs, we set out ourselves, at about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time of year the trip is usually timed by the Indians so that the deepest snow will be crossed between 12 o'clock at midnight and 2 in the morning; for in these hours a crust forms, which in daytime is softened by the warm sun. Our way soon led us on to a glacier-like field of snow, which often sounded hollow to our feet as we trod, and at intervals we could hear the water rushing beneath. The grade became steep, and the fog closed around us thickly, joining with the twilight of the Alaska June night to make a peculiar obscurity which gave things a weird, ghostly appearance. As we toiled up the steep incline of hardened snow, those ahead of us looked like huge giants; while those on whom we looked down were ugly, sprawling dwarfs.

All the rest of the climb was over snow, the ascent being very steep, with cliffs on all sides, which loomed up gigantic and ghostly. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by these bare, jagged rocks rising out of the snow field, in the silence, the fog and the twilight. We were forcibly reminded of some of Dore's imaginative drawings.



HIGH BURNING IN THE CHILKOOT PASS.

At the graves implies any belief that they will be used by the dead man in another world, but simply signifies that he will have no more use for the things which were so dear and necessary to him in life—just as, among ourselves, articles which have been used by some dead friend are hereafter laid aside and used no longer.

A Ballot Box That Counts. Something novel in the way of voting machinery has recently been patented in England by Arthur E. Collins, city engineer of Norwich. The ballots are printed on stiff paper or card, bound up in books, each leaf being so perforated that it can be torn off like a check from its stub. The voter goes into a screened room, where he sees a row of boxes supported on a frame.

Each box bears the name and other insignia of a party or a candidate. A conspicuous indicator points the voter to a slot in the box. Into this the ballot is thrust without any marking or folding, and after a few seconds it falls through to a glass box, into which all the other boxes discharge. An election official, on one side, and the voter on the other, can both see the ballot and be sure that it is all right; but the official cannot tell by which route it entered the glass-walled receptacle, and therefore cannot tell how the man has voted.

Just within the slot, in each ballot box there is an inked roller and some type, which print a number on the back of the ballot. These numbers run in succession. Consequently, they count each party's vote as it is cast. Both the type and the highest number on the ballots, finally taken out, record this, and, therefore, must agree when the polls close. Each ballot, after remaining an instant in the glass box for inspection, drops still further, and goes into a much bigger reservoir that is sealed.

Deaf-Mute Mission. In the house of a deaf mute brother and sister, William and Julia Barnes, who have lived alone on a farm near Columbus, Mo., an investigation committee of neighbors found after the death of the brother at 77 years, money to the amount of \$5,000 hidden about in all sorts of places.



DRIVING A BARGAIN WITH THE NATIVES.