



CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

Emile, without a moment's hesitation stood up in a cart, and began a furious harangue, somewhat after the fashion of his old club addresses.

"You are just the man we want!" cried M. Pierre, coming forward with outstretched hands.

"The very one; and I am proud to meet the Gray Falcon." Arm in arm M. Pierre and Emile walked into a restaurant for breakfast.

"Prosperously; there is not the slightest doubt Louis will be beheaded, and the Austrian wife will follow.

"To be sure. I have double motives—gain and revenge. I haven't told you there is a girl in the case, have I, that gives extra zest to the adventure?"

"You do not seem like one of the people," observed Felicie, thoughtfully.

"I may reiterate the remark concerning you, Chlotilde. I never saw ducness or marchioness more thoroughly aristocratic in appearance."

"But he had set his task before him, and Emile had all his life been used to self-sacrifices and self-struggling.

"The days wore on from a week to a month, and still Emile found himself hampered on all sides, and bound hand and foot by the press of circumstances.

"Wait a little, Falcon, and I can go with you, after I catch my prey."

"Oh, no, not if your faculties were sharpened with the thirst for revenge. At last I am rewarded. The watchers last night detected a man stealing toward the spring of water in the center of the forest.

"Success to you, citizen," answered Emile, but he longed to leap upon him and throttle the exultant villain.

right speedily. He sprang up at length with a brightened face, and began examining his pistols.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEFT alone, the day after Emile's departure to the town, the young people were rather gloomy, but each endeavored to cheer the other.

"Nay, dear Jules, I have all possible confidence in you, and so has my uncle. He told me about your generous and heroic interference for the poor old priest in Paris. I have been sad because I could not throw off the depression the lack of his cheerful encouragement was likely enough to induce, and I have been haunted with a fear of some danger befalling him.

"I am astonished, I am perplexed, but angry, ah, no, indeed, Jules. I am rather grateful."

"But you have no love for me in return; alas! why should I have ventured to hope so?"

"I am cruel to withhold the truth. I will not be outdone in generosity. What I could not say to a marquis I can answer to you, Jules, I do love you; yet, you must forget that I have said it until we see Emile, or learn that something has befallen him."

"Yes, his sensitive nature is shocked by the bloody issue of events. Had such heroic, magnanimous natures as his held entire control, we should have seen quite another form of revolution.

"Indeed, both ways, I may say. I do not blame the people for declaring in favor of equality. I cannot bear to see the nobility massacred. At present because of this last sentiment I am hunted down like a wolf, and grievously hated by the people's party.

"I should know it. It is the same with your uncle. It all goes to prove the much vaunted aristocracy of blood is all moonshine. Educate one of the common people into the refinements of wealth, and they are far nobler than nobility, take them at their best."

"Jules, perceiving it, hastened to find an interesting book, and read aloud. After which he playfully proposed he should serve her to a bunch, and to divert her mind, assumed the manners of an Arab host, and actually brought a merry smile to her lips by his quaint language, as he brought forward some figs and dates from the generous store Emile had taken from the chateau.

"They still practiced their little innocent arts for diversion and entertainment, but the blank smile, the absent look, revealed that their cheerfulness was all pretense.

"Dear, dear Chlotilde, take heart, I beseech you," cried he; "do not despair; all will yet be well."

"Emile is gone; they have killed him! my noble, generous friend is lost."

Oh, I am all alone—all alone in this cruel, pitiless world!"

"Sometimes the characteristic type of the American heroine of fiction is vulgar, sometimes cold-hearted, or unkind, or willful, or indiscreet, but she is never stupid," writes "Droch" in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"Is it possible, Jules?" stammered she.

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The month of October closes this great set of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country.

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W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 39, 1897.

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