CHAPTER XIX.



HE market boy stood at the gateway with square basket, and Jules had brought out the tray of bouquets, one clear, have forsaken her. bright morning, Chlofilde's while white fingers ar-

which had concealed his face, stepped forward from a hidden nook, and spoke gaily:

"Good day, my fair gardener! Sell overspread his companion's face, and dextrously bending between them, himself singled out a bouquet and held it licie forward. toward the stranger.

The sharp, keen eye of the latter roved over his features triumphantly; but without remark, he accepted the bouquet, and again turning to the girl he inquired the price.

to answer without sign of trepidation. bouquet, and marched away, never once turning to glance behind.

Chlotilde-as he called her-selzed agitation. Jules' arm, and drawing him aside, she whispered:

"We must fly! not an hour, not a moment, not a second can be lost. It was M. Pierre; he knew me beyond a doubt; I read his malignant triumph on his face. Oh, Jules! let us get to Emile-somehow, as speedily as possi- her.

Jules perceived at once the dangerous emergency.

"Get your hat and cloak, Chlotilde; we will go with the boy to find Emile. What can we find to fill our baskets, to give us excuse for reaching him?"

Chlotilde pointed to her plants. Without another word, Jules hastened to dig them up, and set them in the basket; while she entered the cottage for the few articles she dared take with her.

Side by side they followed, breathlessly, the lead of the wondering peasant boy, and went on into the crowd and stir of the city. They were too excited and eager to be aware of the dark browed, villainous looking man, who followed stealthily in their steps never losing sight of them for a mo-

ment. The streets were alive with a dense throng of people, and it was evident some great event was at hand, by the gleaming eyes, violent gesticulations, and set faces of the multitude, who all seemed surging in one direction.

The guide, in spite of the remonstrance of Jules, joined the living tide, with the careless explanation:

"We shall be sure to find citizen Emile at the square; the Gray Falcon is always at hand when such sport is going on. It has something to do with the Austrian woman; maybe they are to take off her head to-day. You're in luck to be in to see the sight."

Lady Felicie strove to hide the shud-Ger which ran through her frame at these words, and glanced apprehensively at her companion.

Jules had turned deadly pale, his lips were set, his eyes gleamed fierceby as he answered:

"Tell me where we can find the Gray Falcon's usual resort, and then you may go your way. We have no time to

waste now." The boy laughed coarsely, as the crowd growing more and more dense took them along with it.

"You have no other choice," said he; "and there be those in Paris who would take you up right smartly for calling it a waste of time to see the neck of tyranny broken on the shrine

of freedom." Jules took the rebuke mildly. The horrors of witnessing the terrible scene his imagination presented, had quite everpowered his fears for personal safety, but now once again returned the

remembrance of their own danger. "We shall sell nothing here, Chlotilde," said he; "if we could only see the Gray Falcon, we might return again to witness the brave sights."

A broad shouldered, red-faced virago, one of a crowd of flercely gesticulating Amazons, overheard his words.

"What do you expect to do with the flowers, white face? You had better throw them away and take up a pike. There are no fine lords to buy your bouquets now; why do you bring them

"Are the fine lords the only ones to enjoy flowers?" answered Jules. thought we citizens were to be allowed to enjoy them now. They are nature's jewels, she puts them around the cottage more plentifully than before the palace. Take a bunch, citizens, and see how pretty it will make you look; so young and gay, you know."

The woman laughed coarsely, thrust ent her horny hand for a bouquet, and fastened it at her breast.

"Well, well, at the best, I can make use of it, for when the proud Austrian lays her dainty head on the block, I'll fing it in her face. She's used to bouquets, you know, and will appreciate

the compliment." Jules echoed her laugh, though his part was frozen at the brutality of creature, but his companion turner wild eyes into the woman's face expression of utter horror was impossible to misunder-

The virago perceived it, and ex claimed angrily:

"What ails that simpleton? does she his dare to sympathize with the proud tyrants? She's an aristocrat, I'll swear!" Lady Felicie trembled from head to ed her unconscious form. foot; her fortitude seemed entirely to

Jules hastily pressed her arm in warning, and began to rail angrily. "Yes, yes; she's a silly thing. She's them in been sick and lost all her sense. She the most tempting was always afraid of blood; I'm in show; when the three were startled by hopes to teach her yet the difference the sudden appearance of a man who, betwixt aristocratic blood, which dethrowing open the folds of his cloak. serves to be spilt, and the honest tide of the people's pulse."

"She looks like one of 'em. Stand out, here, wench, and let us make sure; that's too doll-like a face to belong to me one of your bouquets, I pray you." a citizen's daughter. And she shows Jules saw the deadly pallor which her guilt; I'll swear she's one of them." She cleared a little space around them as she spoke, and dragged Fe-

The poor girl, white as any statue, turned her eyes appealingly to Jules, as the iron fingers left their cruel print upon her tender arms.

"Nay, nay; she's a good girl, citizeness, only for being so frightened," She had summoned resolution enough | cried Jules; "let her go, I beg of you." | it," exclaimed Jules imploringly. By this time other attention was He bunted up the money, took his drawn to the scene, and the burrying crowd paused to gather around the citizen." group, and question the cause of their

"An aristocrat; she would save the Austrian woman!" cried the Amazon, with her grasp still tightening on the arm of the terrified girl.

"Away with her then; to the prison with her!" shouted a dozen flerce voices, as the angry eyes glared upon

"Leave her to me!" exclaimed Jules, pressing forward to her side. "I shall punish her well for this silly terror."

"Make her look on and see the haughty queen's proud head rolling in the dust," shouted another.

"Bid her shout with us, Death to the aristocrats! Liberty and equality for-

shout with me!" cried Jules, swinging his cap and sending up a cheery huzza for "Freedom and equality forever!"

A man in the crowd stepped forward and looked eagerly and scrutinizingly into the pallid, but handsome, clear-cut features of the youth.

"I'll swear to that face!" muttered he said significantly: he, "It's him, and no mistake."

Jules himself caught that searching glance, and though his face gave no sign, his heart sank in despair.

"Let's take them along," said the man; "we'll see for ourselves how the pair enjoy jubilee day."

He who had so persistently tracked them all the way from the cottage, added his voice now.

"Yes, yes; show them how Marie An- a savage whisper: toinette finds a necklace sharper than diamonds, the free gift of the people. There'll be some one here, anon, who can tell their true names."

"What! is the man suspected, also?" asked the woman who had cuased the whole detention.

The last speaker nodded acquiescence. Whereupon the whole crowd i around took up a flendish yell, more like the cry of a blood-thirsty, wild beast than the voice of human beings, and began hustling the pair along toward the spot where the hapless queen

was expected to appear. Jules flung his arm around his companion to steady her steps, and shield her from the rude jostling of the

"It is only a jest, Chlotilde," said he in as cheerful a voice as he could force himself to assume; "they will discover our innocence, and iet us go. Perhaps some friend will appear to give assurance of our good behavior and loyal

centiments." She knew what he meant; it was indeed her last desperate hope. If Emile would appear to save them! And yet. how was it possible for any one to save? She asked this question dreamily, as her eye ran along the sea of faces around her, and found no pitying eye, no gentle expression of mercy-only flaming, infuriated, revengeful countenances.

The peasant boy who had acted a guide, after hearing the first words of the crowd darted away. Young as he was, he knew the danger of falling under the displeasure of these lawless mobs; or of seeming to hold acquaintance with any one suspected of the ob-

noxious aristocracy. And almost lifted from their feet, amidst jeers and threats, and bitter taunts, Jules and his fair companion were borne toward the fatal guillotine where Louis had already laid down his

The Place De La Revolution was already thronged and there was scarcely standing room left. Horrible jests, violent imprecautions, demoniac rejoicings were tossed to and fro from mouth to mouth,

CHAPTER XX.

HESE two sensiwith utter loathing and horror could give no outward sign of their detestation of the scene. A dozen pitishade upon their ored.

They had each other's ley hands, and sternly bore it with all the heroism

they could master. It was not possible for either to behold their beautiful queen led forward to the block. Despite the scrutiny bent upon them, both instinctively closed their eyes, and held their breath through the last terrible moments.

The wild shout that broke upon the deathly stillness told when the spirit of Marie Antoinette joined that of her murdered husband. At the same moment Felicie fell fainting against Jules' shoulder. The struggling mass of people shut out the air, and almost crush-

He looked around him imploringly for a single trace of humanity, but found none. Supporting her as well as he could with one arm, he chafed with the free hand her icy fingers and marbly stiff arms.

The same virago whose attention had interrupted their progress in the commencement, elbowed her way to him,

"You think more of the dainty minx than you pretend, sirrah," she said, angrily; "she's an aristocrat beyond doubt. She must go to the trial, and will take her turn at the axe yonder, I doubt not. Why must she swoon away, when France is made free! Nothing, no queen now. Liberty and equality forever! Death to the aristocrats!"

"She is a young creature, and has no strength; such as she cannot look calmly upon bloodshed, be it friend or foe. Let her go now, I beseech you. She is the niece of the Gray Falcon; she is no aristocrat, I will vouch for

"No aristocrat, with those lady features? and look at her hands! pshaw!

"And do you deny that we may find such lovely faces, and delicate frames among the people?" cried Jules, still more eagerly; "nay, beauty has no partiality for nobility. This maiden is of humble birth, and yet no princess was ever more lovely in person or character. I assure you she is of the people." Felicie had slowly revived. As he

shook her frame. "Perhaps you are right," said the woman, slowly; "but if the Gray Falcon is her uncle, he should teach her a little of his spirit. I should like to

said these words a strong shudder

see some one else who knows her." "Here comes the very one you wish to see, citizeness." said a smooth voice, whose first accent made the Lady Fe-"She can do that. Come, Chlotilde, licie spring wildly to her feet. "I am well acquainted with the girl; she will tell you so; I will take care of ber." Jules knew, without asking, who it

> was that spoke. M. Pierre had arrived to complete their despair. He advanced eagerly and laid his

> hand upon the girl's shoulder, while "You have nothing to fear now from the people-if you come with me peace-

ably. I have been looking for you a long time; but as you remember of old, I never grow weary of working to secure my object."

Lady Felicle shrank back and clung to the arm of Jules.

The brow of M. Pierre darkened, and bending closely to her ear, he said in

"Your life is not worth a straw, not safe an hour, if I do not save you. They will tear you limb from limb; beware then how you refuse my aid, how you reject my friendship. Will you come?"

All the strength which till now had seemed entirely lost, came back to the girl with the tide of indignation and abhorrence which throbbed in every

ITO BE CONTINUED.

A LOST MINE.

Much Time Spent in Seeking for Secret

Treasures.

An usual feature is that a particular Indian (sometimes with a companion or two) used to return from the west every year at a certain moon, ostensibly for the purpose of honoring the graves of his fathers and to use again his ancestral right of hunting the deer and bear among the wild but verdurous hills, says Lippincott's; yet gossiping tarheels hold that really the visits were for the purpose of opening again the concealed mine of lead or silver, whose rich spoil the sons of the forest have been seen bearing off in their packs. Another form of the story relates that a certain hunter (always "won't tell," or now "dead," or "moved west") got all the lead for his bullets from the foot of a mountain above a cove on a certain creek; or an old counterfeiter (now "in the penitentiary" or "fled" into parts unknown) used to coin quarters and halves of good silver (still seen in circulation), yet was never known to buy silver in any form. Weeks and months were spent each year in searching for these secret treasures. Occasionally the enthusiasm would mount to the height of sending far off somewhere to fetch back the "old hunter." More than once such a one has been persuaded that there was more richness in his bullets than he had supposed; and, regretting vainly the many pounds of good silver lead that he had shot away at deer, coons, geese and other game, he has been brought back to his old haunts. Then, with many a keen eye tracking his goings with his persuading friend, weeks would be spent in bushbeating, cliff climbing and laborious search along rocky shores, about cavernous hills in fens, bogs, and dismal transfixed dens in the deep woods, but only to the utter disappointment of all their fond anticipations. The "old ! unter" finds that time has obliterated his waymarks; bush and tree and rock and rill F. V. is a living reality. lack the familiar aspect, and he whose confused recollections formed the basis of vast schemes of gain returns to his distant home dispirited and dishon-

> An open foe may prove a curse, but a pretended friend is worse. Pope,

GENERAL MASSO ELECTED TO CHIEF MAGI STRACY.

fle Has All His Life Been a Hater o Spain and Her Policy-Son of Noted Patriot-His Mother a Congo Negress.



ENERAL MASSO. the newly elected president of the Cuban Republic, has all his life long been a defender of Cuban independence, and his countrymen are heard frequently to say that no better fitted man for the

presidential office could be found, and that no man has accomplished services to the island which could better entitle him to the honor. Cisneros is said to have admired Masso so much that he offered to resign in his favor when he heard that Masso was spoken of for

the office. Masso is one of three brothers who learned from their own father undying hatred to Spain, and who got their first lesson in warfare in their father's company during the ten years' war that ended in 1874. The father was a half Spaniard and the mother a Congo negress. Despite the partial Spanish descent there is not a drop of blood in Masso's veins that flows in sympathy with the Spanish cause. So bitterly did he fight during the former war, when the chances for Cuban success were not a thousandth part as good as of major general. After the restoration of peace the Massos reconciled themselves, as far as the name of the thing went, with Spain and took the oath of allegiance, thus escaping punishment. They soon, however, joined Garcia, the bandit, in his "road" movements and were somewhere in hiding in the Santiago de Cuba Mountains when the present revolution broke out. General Masso is a naturalized American citizen. He secured his papers while working for Colonel Figuerado at Tampa some years ago: Although possessed of little education, and unable to read English, Masso is a man of considerable intellect, and he has picked up a vast amount of information on all subjects through conversation. While able to talk well on many

topics he is deficient in arithmetic, and

ucation, their manners, are developed with that some scrupulous attention of detail their great-grandmothere received. The system has been handed down from mother to daughter. It has undergone no change. It is preserved in all of its purity. We are very proud of our women. I think if the whole country could view this scene to-night it would be conceded that we have occasion to be. But our men-"

Once more the long lines formed and swept down the room. The gentleman of the old school forgot to finish his sentence as he joined in the vigorous

"What is the matter with the Virginia men?" was asked of a lady in whose veins flow the best of the Caval-

ier strains, but who has lived long enough to have grown blunt of speech. "Whisky," she replied without hesitation or qualification.

The gentleman of the old school shook his head regretfully as he added: "I fear the mint julep is too popular in Virginia."

While Virginia womanhood is as glorious as ever, Virginia manhood is to a degree disappointing. But the explanation is not altogether just. One need not be long a traveler in this land to discover that, go where he will, North, West, or South, he will find the male Virginian filling positions of mark in the community. Perhaps no other state in the Union has sustained such a drain of its best blood in the thirty years since the war. Certainly no state has so widely scattered the flower of its male youth to grow up in other parts of the country. In business, in the professions, in the management of transportation interests, Virginians are prominent from New York to San Francisco, from Duluth to Galveston. they are now, that he rose to the rank | By this drain the state has gained in fame abroad, but suffered at home.

DAWSON CITY'S SPINSTER.

There is only one unmarried woman in Dawson City. And it is said that a woman does not need to be possessed of remarkable attractions to win offers of marriage by the score.

The one spinster of the place has had to present a steely face and a flinty heart to the public. Cupid's arrows are reported to have fallen thick and fast around her. She has refused every single man in the place. They—the wooers-have come with hands uplifted and with knees bent in the true, oldfashioned adorer style. In the uplifted hands they have held gold bags as heavy as could be borne. They have



GEN. MASSO.

is said to be compelled to use his wept and prayed and bribed. But the fingers in counting. Masso is a cos- only single woman in Dawson City has mopolitan, physically as well as other ways. He has kinky hair, teeth like an Irish bulldog, and a white wife whom he found at Key West. Undying hatred of everything Spanish is the food and drink of his everyday life.

OLD GLORY OF THE F. F. V.'S. Virginia Womanhood Is Unchanged,

but the Men Are Degenerating. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: On a night the past week the annual ball, the season event, was given at White Sulphur Springs. Virginia womanhood was on exhibition, and a magnificent display it was. Powdered, court-plastered, garbed in the styles of colonial days, these daughters of Virginia trooped in from the cottages till they filled the spacious ballroom. The floor was cleared, and the high-bred damsels moved through the stately measures of a minuet. The sight was one to warm the blood of a Puritan. There is no degeneracy in the Virginia woman. On the feminine side the F.

"Our girls," said an old Virginian, sitting in a corner of the room and following with kindling eyes the indescribably graceful sweep of the long lines over the floor, "are bred and trained just as carefully as they were when Virginia was at the zenith of her glory. Their physical health, their ed- | en feed.

spurned all of them.



(Sketched from Life.) skirts, carries an umbrella and believes in woman's suffrage.

Petaluma, Cal., has a horse abattoir. the product of which is used for chick-

ILLINOIS NEWSLETS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Condensed-Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Obituary and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

Chicago has been selected as a recruiting station for the enlistment of men for the United States navy.

Shelbyville.-Mrs. Mary Hambleton has begun suit in the Shelby County Circuit Court for divorce from her husband.

Marengo.—A public memeorial library building is to be erected here, to cost about \$10,000. Elgin architects are preparing plans.

Chicago-William Deering and twenty other prominent Methodists have issued a call for laymen of the Rock River conference to meet and form an association.

Jacksonville.-Interest in the famous Draper-Hastings murder case has been revived in this city by the visit of Col. Pat Dyer of St. Louis, chief counsel for the defense. It is thought he will try for a change of venue, though this county has a record for never hanging a person. Gen. John M. Palnier has been retained to assist in the defense. Public sentiment toward Draper has in no wise changed.

Springfield .- The executive committee of the Illinois Democratic Editorial Association met in this city today and arranged for a meeting of the Democratic editors of the state to be held at the Tremont House, Chicago, Oct. 22 and 23, for the purpose of consultation and discussion of state and national polities. A program was "epared, including an address of welcome by Mayor Carter H. Harrison and response by James F. O'Donnell, editor of the Bloomington Bulletin. The committee received responses from about 150 editors recommending a meeting. It is expected it will be a political event of importance.

Chicago. - When Congressman George E. White hastened to Washington last May to help along the cause of his constituents he forgot all about renewing his license for the lumber business he transacts in West Lake stret. He subsequently received notices that he was in arrears, but the letters of notification passed through the regular course of his official mail and his private secretary did not think them of sufficient importance to turn over to his chief. Yesterday Congressman White paid the penalty of his procrastination by having to submit to the irdignity of arrest. He will be given a hearing before Justice Doyle this morn-

Joliet. - Ernest Semper, age 47 years, a butcher and sausage maker in this city, committed suicide early this morning by shooting. He leaves a widow and four children. Mrs. Semper said she had not the slightest idea why her husband had killed himself. Their home life was a happy one in every way. Business has been poor lately, but Mr. Semper rarely talked of his business affairs at home. Meat was high and the profits in the sausage business were very small. Mrs. Semper said her husband had been greatly interested in Luctgert's trial, as he was acquainted with the Chicago sausage maker, but she does not think his interest in that trial has affected his.

Milford. - A. W. Welch, William and Mrs. Lyons were arrested at this place Monday night, charged with committing a murderous assault upon James Parkes, a resident of the west side. Parkes and the Lyons family live on adjoining property. Friday night Welch, Lyons and his wife lay in wait for Parkes and assaulted him on the streets within two blocks of his home, stabbing him through the left lung. He died this morning. It seems that Parkes had been forwarned of the trouble and had passed through the rards of two neighbors to avoid the trio, but the woman headed him off and held him until the men came to her assistance. The defense claims that Parkes had assaulted the woman, when the men came to her assistance Parkes was 67 years old and is a man of family.

Chicago. - Mischievous children caused the wrecking of a street car at West Chicago and Horne avenues last night, and though no one was seriously injured, fifteen passengers received a scare they will not soon forget. The car was hadly wrecked, a lamp post was ground off its foundation, and the lives of two persons were saved by the car coming in contact with the obstruction. Workmen have been repairing the street in the vicinity of Hoyne and West Chicago avenues during the past few days, and the children of the neighborhood have found amusement in placing gravel on the street car tracks to find the dust after the cars had passed. Last evening a crowd of youngsters adopted this form of pastime, and one, more daring than the others, found some paving stones and a couple of them were placed on the

The Modern Woodmen war between Fulton and Rock Island ended in a sensational manner yesterday. The records of the head office were moved to the former place after Judge Gest had dissolved the latest injunction. Lieutenant-Governor Northcott and Adjutant-General Reece, who were actively engaged in the removal, were mobbed by a crowd of Fullton people and locked up in a depot, and five companies of state militia were ordered out to rescue them, but they were released before any of the troops arrived on the scene.