



CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

She held up both hands to ward him off, and answered in a low, thrilling voice:

"I can die a thousand deaths, easier than accept the treacherous aid of my mother's murderer—though in this hour of terrible need."

"Perish then!" cried M. Pierre, passionately; "and with you the romantic swain who carried you to your underground retreat in the forest. You baffled me then, but this time there is no escape. You will die a horrible death, both of you; but a single word of appeal to me can save you."

"I scorn to use it!" said Lady Felicie, her eyes gleaming resolutely from the pale, pale face.

Jules drew her to him fondly.

"We can die together, if they will it so, my Chlotilde; but we shall die innocent, and unoffending."

"So be it then," retorted M. Pierre in the hoarse, vindictive tone of revengeful passion.

"Hist, citizens. I can expose to you two refugees from justice."

"Stay!" cried the Amazon, clapping her brawny hand upon his mouth; "the little thing is showing spirit now; let us take a little sport with her, before we give her up to the mob. But what is this story about the Gray Falcon?"

The youth declared that she is no aristocrat, but the Gray Falcon's niece.

"A pretty falsehood to cheat you; the Gray Falcon never saw her. I'll be bound. Away with her!" cried M. Pierre, fairly foaming with rage, and seizing the girl's arm, he tore her from the side of Jules.

Suddenly above the wild din and uproar Jules heard a calm, ringing voice. Well might it sound like an angel's to him. Emile had come!

"Citizens!" thundered he; "what means this uproar, and why do you drag away the only being left to cheer the Gray Falcon's heart? What has she done to provoke your displeasure? Wherein have I failed, that you withdraw your confidence from me? Who has a charge of disloyalty to freedom to cast in the Gray Falcon's back?"

"None, none!" cried a hundred voices, as all eyes turned to the pedestal upon which he had mounted.

"The Gray Falcon forever! Liberty and equality!" was always the Gray Falcon's motto. He was the first to warn us the first to lead us on. The Gray Falcon is our leader."

Emile smiled proudly, though there was a stern sparkle in his eye, which betrayed the fierceness of his smothered anger.

Leaping down, he flew swiftly to where a group supported the fainting figure of Felicie, and catching her up in his arms, demanded sternly:

"Why is this innocent girl so roughly used; can any one explain?"

The Amazon bowed her way toward him, dragging M. Pierre.

"This man proclaimed her an aristocrat, and a refugee. It shall be his turn, if he has lied to us."

M. Pierre began a fierce retort; but Emile's blazing eyes startled him and the fierce looks of the crowd showed that the Gray Falcon held control, for the time at least.

He stood cowering and trembling.

For a moment Emile, bearing up the insensible form of Felicie, stood sternly looking into that evil face.

Across both countenances went a flash of intelligence, though neither spoke.

"So, so! now is the mysterious escape from the forest explained to me," thought M. Pierre.

"There is no chance for further disguise; he knows what is my work now," echoed within Emile's noble heart.

Then waving his hand in calm dignity, said the latter, slowly and deliberately:

"Let us wrong no man, least of all a citizen. Give him a fair investigation; take him to the guard house; keep him safely till to-morrow noon. Then there will be opportunity for proper explanations, and justice can be done to all."

While he spoke, his eyes ran questioningly along the rows of upturned faces.

CHAPTER XXI.

JULES suspected for whom he was searching, and darted to his side.

"Let me help you carry the girl, citizen," said he, guardedly.

"Nay," interposed the same man who had kept such vigilant guard over their movements; "this man is one of our enemies, most worthy Falcon. I can swear to him before the court."

"He shall be closely guarded. I shall not allow him to leave my sight—nevertheless he may carry my niece for me till I can find a carriage," replied Emile, readily, without the slightest change of countenance.

"What frightened you away from the cottage? It was a very dangerous experiment, you perceive."

"M. Pierre came thither—Chlotilde recognized him, and was frantic to reach you. That detestable woman stopped us, and they compelled us to witness the execution of the queen."

Jules was anxiously chasing the cold hands of the incandescent girl.

"Perish child!" muttered Emile; "if I could only keep her here, and yet preserve her life, how much better and more would be my lot."

"She has borne a great deal. She repulsed that wretched Pierre with the heroism of a general. It was only when fairly in the hands of the mob, that her courage failed. Oh, Monsieur, Emile, what frightful scenes we have witnessed, what demoniac passions have seized the people! What is to be the end of it all?"

"Escape for us, I trust; but I dare not speak my plans, or even my thoughts aloud. I shall take you to my business office. I am kept at work all the time now by Robespierre, now by Danton; the two work together now, but if my judgment be not at fault, there will be an open rupture presently. I think, however, the secret feud between them will help me. Robespierre will give me free passes to Dover, if I represent that Danton opposes the idea. I have always kept such an emergency as this in view, and have laid my plan of escape long ago; it is time now to test it. I wish Chlotilde were stronger."

While he spoke a feeble fluttering at the girl's throat gave sign of returning life. They bent over her tenderly.

The dark eyelashes lifted slowly—a great shudder shook her delicate frame—and springing up with the frantic strength lent by terror, she exclaimed:

"Oh, have mercy upon me! I am but a feeble girl. I never harmed one of you in my life; let me go in peace."

"My child," said Emile, with a smile of ineffable tenderness.

"Oh, Emile, you are here—you have saved me! Again do I owe my life to you. Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you!"

Emile, softly caressing the trembling hands, which had seized his, whispered gently:

"Be calm, dearest one; your agitation may be observed. We are not yet secure."

She obeyed him as meekly as a little child would have done, and though still trembling violently, sank upon the seat beside him, and assumed an air of composure.

Jules bent forward and whispered in her ear:

"Courage, dear Chlotilde; another day, and we shall have left these horrors all behind."

She smiled, trustfully relying on his assurance, and closing her eyes, spoke no farther; though the carriage soon after drew up before the huge narrow doorway leading to the Gray Falcon's gloomy apartments, and she was led up the dark flights of stairs into the upper story.

A sickly, effeminate-looking youth was writing there. He bowed respectfully in answer to the Gray Falcon's careless nod, but though evidently surprised to see his companions, he made no remark.

Emile drew forward the rude chairs.

"Take a seat, Chlotilde; you are greatly fatigued, and you have much more to endure. Leon, bring some wine, and get a basket of bread and meat from the cafe. You need not stir again until it is time for us to start."

The youth laid down his pen and went to the nail in one corner where hung his hat and cloak.

Emile followed him to the corridor.

"Make haste, Leon," said he, in a low voice, "because I can't lose sight of the young man, and want you to watch him while I go up to the Convention hall; he's a suspected aristocrat; but I can't get along without him in the job before me."

"More work!" responded Leon, carelessly.

"Yes, to trace some escaped refugees. My niece Chlotilde can identify the woman, but the young man only can make sure of the marquis that used to be. Hurry back, so that I can go to a consultation with Robespierre."

CHAPTER XXII.

HAVING given them due instructions concerning their behavior before his clerk, Emile left the pair to discuss the contents of the basket when Leon returned from the cafe, and set forth at once for the Hall of Convention, where he was certain to meet Robespierre, who was the acknowledged head of the Mountain Party, as it was called, which held sway above the Girondists almost as threateningly as against the nobility.

He found the dread ruler of those stormy days in the very mood to further his plans.

The convention had adjourned, and the members were leaving their seats when Emile appeared. Robespierre stood by himself, his brow dark as night, his hands clenched threateningly.

"Let them beware," muttered he, "do they forget the fate of Grissot and Vergnaud? That insolent Danton shall follow in their steps, if he does not change his manners shortly."

Emile bowed with the utmost respect as he advanced.

"Ha, my brave Falcon, what is the word to-day?"

"The Gray Falcon waits but the word of Robespierre to pounce upon noble prey."

He listened heedlessly. His eye was following Danton, who, conversing with a knot of men at the door, was gesticulating violently.

Emile was acute enough to understand his deed.

"Citizen Danton would fain turn me aside; he calls it an idle move; he will give me no countenance, but I hoped better things from you, Robespierre."

"Ha, what has Danton to say about affairs in Paris, or in the assembly either? What do you want, my keen-eyed Falcon?"

"I have traced two aristocrats in their flight toward Dover—the daughter of Count Languedoc and a young Parisian Marquis. I want authority to follow and seize them. I will go to the very water's edge, but I will have them."

"And would Danton hinder? He is a traitor already. You shall go; come with me for the passport—the credentials of authority from me."

Emile's dark eyes sparkled.

"Thank you, Robespierre. I knew you would see differently from the short-sighted Danton. I shall want passports also for my niece Chlotilde and a youth who can recognize the marquis in any disguise."

"It is a queer journey for your niece," observes Robespierre.

"Aye, but she lived with the count's family, and can make sure I find the right daughter."

"So, so, you are as keen-witted as ever. Well, you shall have my authority for all you need to help you off. So Danton discouraged you. We'll show him how much Robespierre values his opinion."

Danton and his party had left the hall, to Emile's extreme relief, and he followed Robespierre to his private secretary's office, and received the invaluable papers at once.

His heart leaped wildly as he received them. His plans had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. Only one thing remained, to make sure that M. Pierre was not released until too late to harm them. He walked around to the police office, and ascertained that he was safely confined awaiting the investigation, and then flew homeward.

A single glance at his hopeful face and cheery eye was more reviving to the trembling pair than the most potent elixir.

"We start at once. I hope your fatigue is past, Chlotilde."

She sprang to her feet with a glad smile, and answered eagerly:

"Oh, yes, I am strong, and ready for anything now."

"That pale face gives assurance of remarkable strength. You must try a glass of wine, for we travel swiftly and make no pause for night," replied Emile.

"And what is to be my fate?" asked Jules, trying to hide the exhilaration produced by Emile's demeanor, and assuming a lugubrious tone.

"You will accompany us to help identify your old master. Mind, if you betray my trust, a pistol shot will avenge it."

"There is no danger; my only safety is in obedience to your wishes," replied Jules, meekly drooping his eyelids to hide the mischievous sparkle beneath.

"Leon, put this paper, this endorsement of my movement in Robespierre's own handwriting, on record. It may be valuable some time. And step down and see if the carriage has come. I ordered it at once."

The moment Leon left the room, Emile advanced to the pair with a smile which was almost dazzling.

"Be happy, my children; fear nothing. We are safe—we are safe! The bloodthirsty Robespierre little dreams how easy and certain he has made our escape."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

According to Law.

Nobody was standing up, but the seats were all taken in Broadway car No. 146 last Wednesday, when an old man got aboard. He was well-dressed and fussy. He looked up and down the car, on one side of which the people were uncomfortably crowded, but on the other every one seemed contented and happy. He moved down the car and stopped in front of a young man who was reading hard from a big law book he held in his lap.

"Just move up there, young man," said the new passenger, and he attempted to crowd the student's knees together.

Young Blackstone never moved. He raised his eyes and his right hand and in a perfectly distinct and even voice said:

"I don't know of any law or precedent to be cited to show why, to give a seat, I should make every person on this side of the car uncomfortable. The primary principle of our constitution, the great underlying doctrine of all government, is 'the greatest good to the greatest number.' Why don't you try the next car?"

Then he went on reading—New York World.

A Job in Prospect.

"I got a chance to go to work if I could only get out to California," said Dismal Dawson.

"Oh, yes, you would work, I don't think," said the incredulous citizen.

"Well, I wouldn't mind takin' this here job. I hear there is a paper wants 200 men to lie around on their backs and watch for that flyin' machine."—Indianapolis Journal.

Claret for Lawmakers.

Eighty-five hundred dollars, the whole profit for last season of the House of Commons kitchen, has been invested by the committee in claret.

Largest Horse Ever Seen.

Eighteen and one-half hands is the height of a horse owned at Plymouth, Neb. The horse is said to be the largest west of the Mississippi river.

CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.

GEN. WARNER'S CANDIDACY FOR THE SENATE.

Is Considered in the Nature of a Bluff—Candidate Chapman's Inconstancies—Favors Only Gold, Silver and Greenbacks.

(Washington Letter.)

The reports from Ohio that General Warner has announced himself as a candidate for the senate creates a good deal of amusement here. General Warner has been a well-known figure in Washington ever since his term in congress long ago, and his appearance here has always been a signal for an outbreak of the silver question. He has been a pronounced and successful calamity howler for years, and may perhaps be credited with the invention of the calamity cry, for he was among the first, if not the very first, to make it the burden of his song in behalf of silver. People have for years looked upon him as a harmless and eccentric old man, and the idea that the Democrats of the great state of Ohio would think of sending him to fill the seat occupied by George Pendleton, Allan G. Thurman and other distinguished representatives of that party never entered the mind of the most imaginative student of the political field. Nor is it supposed now that he is seriously in mind by anybody of influence or authority in the party. The impression here is that Warner has been "induced" by McLean to put his name in as a senatorial candidate simultaneously with the semi-monthly announcement of McLean's withdrawal in the hope of catching a few silver-votes and adding another complication to the already befuddled condition of the public mind as to the real attitude of the Ohio Democrats upon national issues. It is believed that the announcement that Towne and other extreme free silver orators have been driven out of Ohio by Allen O'Myers and that McLean's having abandoned the silver feature has so offended the silver people that McLean has deemed it advisable to try to pull them back into line by putting Warner to the front as a senatorial candidate. Of course nobody supposes that Warner could command any strength among the members of the legislature for the senate, though his alleged candidacy might lead a few extreme silverites to vote for such legislative candidate as he could personally endorse. The feeling here is that if Mr. McLean is able to scoop in a few silver votes for members of the legislature by presentation of Warner's name as a senatorial candidate his entire purpose will

known in Ohio, but it may be interesting to voters in that state to know also that he has taken advantage of the opportunity given him under the law to issue national bank notes, despite his assertion that the only kind of paper money which he favors is United States notes. The investigation of the official records of the First National bank of Jackson, of which he is president, shows that it has and has had for years a very considerable issue of national bank currency based upon bonds deposited with the treasury, and that in spite of Mr. Chapman's insistence that he believes in no kind of paper money except greenbacks, no effort is being made by him as president of the bank to withdraw its currency now in circulation.

Colored Office-Holders.

Inquiries at the postoffice department and department of justice show that the recent outrage upon the colored postmaster at Hogansville, Ga., is not by any means disposed of. The assumption of the Democrats that an event of this character could go unpunished or unnoticed by the present administration is without foundation. While the details of the work of these two departments of the government in regard to this case cannot yet be made public, it is known that the entire matter is being thoroughly sifted and that the perpetrators of the outrage will certainly be brought to justice, if all the facilities at the command of the government for that purpose are sufficient. Nor need the Democrats of the south or north expect that incidents of this kind are going to deter the administration from appointments of colored men where other circumstances seem to render such action advisable. President McKinley and his advisors recognize fully their duty toward that element of the citizenship of the country, and while there is no intention or desire to force upon communities officials who are distasteful to a majority of the voters the administration is determined to stand squarely by that element of the party and the population and to give to the colored men, not only of the south, but in every state, a fair and just proportion of the public positions.

GEO. WILLIAMS.

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

Prosperity and business activity began the moment a Republican president and a protective congress were elected. Was it mere "luck"?

The jingo policy on the Cuban question which was urged upon President McKinley as soon as he was inaugurated president is now seen to have been an unwise and unsafe one, and the

who were inclined to criticize what they considered the slow progress of the president, now see that his course was the wise one.

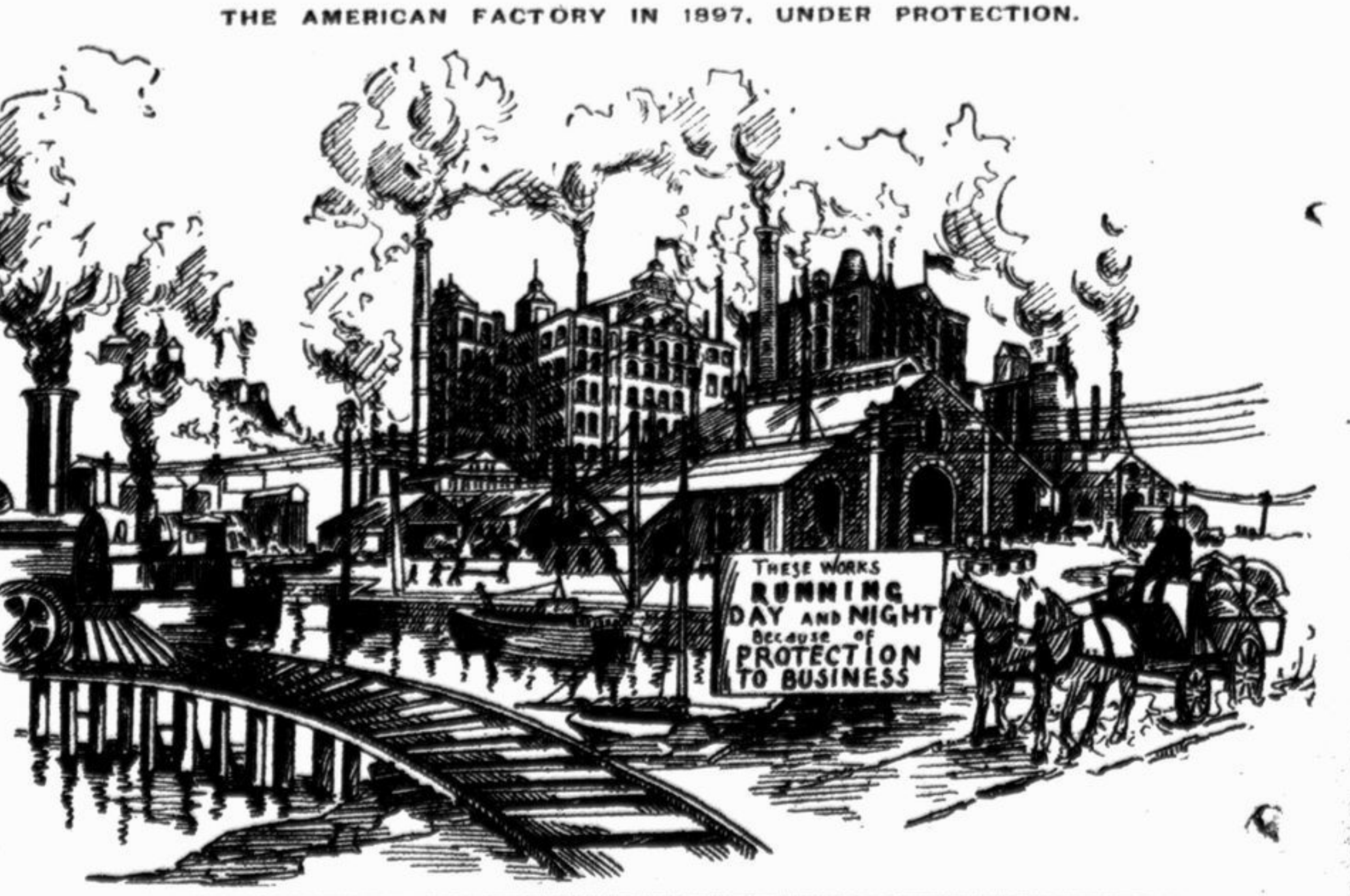
John McLean's enormous gas and street railway interests in Washington are believed to have a close relation to his senatorial ambitions. Mr. McLean is the controlling owner in the Washington street railway company whose capital stock is \$12,000,000. Gas and railroad privileges in the District of Columbia are controlled by congress, just as those of a city are controlled by its common council. It is therefore important for a man with five or six millions invested in gas and railroad interests to be for six years a member of congress, and Mr. McLean's eye for business is good.

The iron and steel industry is universally recognized as a faithful barometer of trade, and in the activity in that line is telling the story of present business conditions. Rolling mills, steel plants, and furnaces generally are actually rushed with orders, and what is of great significance is the fact that the enormous demand is perfectly legitimate and without the slightest tinge of speculation. Railroads, manufacturers and builders are all busy, and when they are busy there is a demand for iron and steel.

Unless Chairman Jones and Senator Gorman can make it appear that the mails of the United States should not be open to defeated presidential candidates, they will be unsuccessful in their efforts to suppress Mr. Bryan. They have squeezed him out of New York, and frozen him out of Maryland and Ohio, but he is now firing at those targets at long range by United States mail and by some mysterious process managing to get the letters in print and his name before the public despite the efforts of the leaders of his party to cage him.

Popocratic Chairman Jones is evidently determined that the New Yorkers shall not make the same mistake that the Ohio and Iowa Democrats have made in the present campaign, of endorsing the exploded free silver proposition. He has recommended to New Yorkers that they let the silver question carefully alone, and Senator Gorman, by the way, is doing the same thing in Maryland.

The Ohio Democrats are a good deal out of patience with their Democratic friends in Georgia for the haste with which they have jumped into Indis-



have been served, and he expects to "take care of" the rest after the members are elected.

Chapman's Currency Creed.

The announcement of Candidate Chapman of Ohio that he favors only gold, silver and United States notes as the currency of the country has led some curious investigator to look into his record with reference to their classes of currency. His record as to the issue of scrip at his mine is well

wisdom of the president's course of action is meeting with popular approval. It is now apparent from the developments since Minister Woodford's arrival in Spain that the attitude of the administration will be such as to bring about a termination of the troubles in Cuba, and in a way which will avoid the criticism which would have surely followed the precipitate action urged by many people immediately after the inauguration of the president. Those

criminate assassination of colored Republican office holders. The Ohio Democrats hoped to get a considerable support in that state from the colored voters this year, but, of course, that possibility, if it existed, is destroyed by this action.

A picnic is an event where a man has a good time eating stuff that would cause him to raise the roof if served by his wife at home.—Aitchison Globe.