



CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The tears were flowing silently over the girl's pale cheeks, and the lips of Jules trembled so no articulate words passed over them. But Emile understood well the fervent joy and gratitude swelling in either heart. A few moments only were required for his preparations, final though he intended them to be. All his valuables were in the belt around his waist so many weary months in instant readiness for flight, anyhow, anywhere. He filled the basket of provisions, handed it silently to Jules, took up his cloak, and a shawl for Chlotilde, and with a parting nod to Leon, descended the stairs. The travelling carriage had drawn a crowd around the door. The excitement of the day seemed in no way to have exhausted itself, and now as the shadows of evening fell, the streets were thronged. Wild shouts of "Vive la Liberty! Abas la Tyrannie! Vive la Republique!" echoed from all sides. Bonfires and illuminations made the evening shadows more weird and ghostly. The clank of armed men passing to and fro constantly resounded through the shriller uproar. "Whither away at this time?" shouted a rude voice, as a man with flaming torch hurried up to the carriage. "The Gray Falcon flies at unwonted hours," echoed another. "All hours are suitable for one who executes the will of the people's chief," answered Emile, haughtily, though at the same time he exhibited to the general the passport furnished by Robespierre. He thrust his companions into the carriage and followed himself with apparent nonchalance. "It's all right," said one of the soldiers, and the word was passed along the line. Then the carriage proceeded. It drove slowly through the city, but once out of the crowded streets the coachman cracked his whip, and they dashed along at a furious rate. Scarcely a word was spoken by the occupants, though every heart was thrilling with emotion. Once Emile said gently: "Take all the rest you can now. After the next change of horses the road will be rougher." "Oh, Emile, all fatigue and weariness seems lifted away from me by a magic spell," answered the girl. "I seem able to endure everything now that we have left those horrible scenes." "Speak guardedly; there are sentinels posted all the way. We shall be stopped repeatedly. It were better for you to seem asleep, even if you cannot find genuine forgetfulness." Jules drew the graceful head to his shoulder, and presently despite her assurance, Felicie was really sound asleep. They were stopped every few miles, and soldiers came forward, carefully scrutinizing the whole party; but the dreaded name of Robespierre allayed all doubts, and prevented serious hindrance. On dashed the gallant horses, and when the morning crept upon them, they had gained the post where the change was to be made. None of the party left the carriage, but as speedily as possible the jaded, reeking animals were removed, and fresh ones harnessed in their places. At length, quite as soon as he had anticipated, Emile leaped from the carriage upon the quay at Calais. A little English brig was lying away out in the stream. The French guards eyed our party suspiciously, but Emile boldly presented his priceless passport and feigned extreme disappointment at not overtaking the objects of his search. A boat and rowers were instantly provided, and the three fugitives quietly took their seats, and were pushed away from shore. The guards rowed the party toward the brig.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVER did exiles bid their mother land adieu with more sincere delight and grateful relief. Neither eye lingered behind, but all turned hopefully and eagerly to the gallant little vessel rocking on the waves before them. The boatman entertained Emile with the description of a race they had the day before to prevent a small skiff from getting out to the English vessel. "And did you succeed?" asked he, a little indifferently. "Not we. It was strange enough, but they pulled as though the evil one took hold with them. An old man, one was, too, and feeble looking, but his arms were like iron. They were growing around all the evening, and they stole the boat and put out, thinking most likely, the dark would hide their movements; but some of the boatmen heard their oar strokes, and we set bonfires a-going, and saw them plain enough to stop them, but they boat us, that's a fact; they carried their escape, anyhow. It was stupid in us not to have fired upon them." "Perhaps they are the ones I search after; if so, I will follow them to England, and get them back by stratagem." "The English are watching us, now. See the crowd on the deck. Perhaps they won't allow us to approach." "The fear of that, since we are unobserved and show plainly that we are on our way, is a reasonable intention. You may

leave us, and retreat at once. I'll signal if I wish you to return." "Aye, aye. You've the proper papers from Robespierre, or I mistrust we shouldn't help you along in this fashion." Emile smiled calmly. He had drawn forth a white handkerchief and allowed it to flutter in the breeze as a sort of flag of truce. How his heart was beating! How every pulse throbbed wildly, notwithstanding that calm exterior, as the leaping waves bore them toward the white-winged ark of safety. The officer of the English deck halted them the moment they came within speaking distance. "Boat ahoy! What do you wish? Who are you?" "Friends, seeking to board your ship," was Emile's reply, in his deep, steady tones. "Aye, aye," came back in cheery response. It was but a few moments longer, though it seemed hours to the anxious fugitives, ere they stood upon the friendly deck, the center of a curious group. Emile spoke a few words with the captain, and then drilled out to the boat's crew waiting below. "You may return. I shall take passage to England." "That's a curious chap, anyhow," growled the leading oarsman. "I suppose Robespierre knows his own business, but I should say we've helped some pretty cunning fugitives to get away from France in fine shape." "It's none of our lookout, anyhow," responded the fellow at the oar, "but they had a grand look, all three of them, and that's a fact." And the boat was turned again toward the shore. On the English deck stood Emile, grasping the hand of either companion, and repeating fervently while the tears poured down his cheek: "Heaven be praised for the mercy vouchsafed us. My children, we are saved!" Lady Felicie hid her drenched face in her hands, Jules wrung that of Emile, and answered falteringly: "And after Heaven, we owe our deliverance to you." "And after me, to Robespierre, little though he intended it," replied Emile. The sympathizing captain inquired their history. It was given, though somewhat guardedly. The group of interested passengers warmly tendered their congratulations and sympathy. "We hear similar recitals every day," observed the gentlemanly commander; "in fact, it is our business, lying off here to receive fugitives. I fear we shall be neglected presently. I have been warned a French man-of-war is to be sent hither." "How long must you remain?" asked Emile, looking anxious once more. "Only a few hours longer. I have waited a week for an illustrious passenger. Much I fear he is delayed and thrown into prison, if not already guillotined." "Perhaps I shall be able to give you information. I prepared a fresh list at Robespierre's dictation but a few days ago," returned Emile. The captain whispered a name in his ear. Emile sighed deeply. "Alas! your errand is fruitless. The revered and noble bishop has gone to his long home. He was brutally murdered in La Vendee, almost a month ago." "Then we will set forth for England at once. The Carrier Pigeon must spread her wings and fly to a happier shore. We have other fugitives on board, and you may all be naturally enough anxious to leave these scenes. Ho, my hearties, up anchor and shake out the sails!" Just as they were passing into the cabin, Felicie came hastily to Emile's side. "Emile, dear Emile, I am certain I see an old, familiar face in that crowd. It is strange enough why he should be here, yet, if that be not Jeannot Lazim, I have lost my memory. He looked eagerly and questioningly into our faces. I am certain it is Jeannot! He will be glad to know that one Languedoc is left; let us comfort him with the knowledge." "Point him out to me, and I will bring him down to you." "The gray-headed old man in the green jerkin. See, he is watching us now." Felicie and Jules passed down into the cabin, and Emile returned on deck. The cabin was a long narrow apartment with the state-rooms opening from either side. There were some dozen people in it, who at once came forward to offer any assistance or favor in their power to the pale, lovely girl, whose graceful bearing was such a contrast to her present clothing. One drew forward an easy chair, another poured out a glass of wine and eagerly proffered it, a third produced a rich shawl, and veiled with its bright folds the coarse and dingy dress. Only one made no movement—a tall, dejected-looking woman, in the very corner of black dresses, who sat with closed eyes, leaning her head wearily against the wall. She had spread her handkerchief over her eyes and forehead, and did not remove it for the stir made by the entrance of Felicie. When, however, old Jeannot made his appearance, rushing in with the

most reckless disregard of propriety, she drew it away and looked up hastily. "Oh, all the saints be praised," cried old Jeannot, sobbing and blubbering like a school-boy; "it is really you, my young mistress! I never dreamed it could be, though it made my heart ache thinking how much you looked like my blessed young lady. Oh, this is too beautiful! What will she say? Where is she?" "My good Jeannot, I knew it would be such pleasure to your honest heart to know that I had escaped. And what has brought you here to meet the sole survivor of a hapless family, whose greatness and grandeur have fallen to the dust?" said Lady Felicie, softly and tenderly, as she clasped affectionately the old man's extended hand. "Where is she?" demanded Jeannot, feverishly. CHAPTER XXIV. HASTY Handed him aside—a tall figure rushed between—a pale face, attenuated and wan with grief and suffering—eyes wild with frantic joy and amazement, peered into the startled face of Felicie. "My child, my Felicie—oh, God of mercy, I thank thee!" And prone at the girl's feet, sank the shivering, trembling figure. Had the grave opened before her eyes, and yielded up its dead, Felicie could not have been more startled. "Mother, mother," gasped she; "can it be possible, and I awake? Emile, Jules, tell me that I do not dream." Emile stood at the threshold like a statue frozen suddenly to the spot; he could not articulate a single word, Jules likewise was overwhelmed with bewilderment. But Jeannot had read the whole, and seizing the hand of each, he cried, scantly: "No, no, it is no dream; you are both saved—mother and daughter both saved—when you believed each other dead. Rejoice and be happy. And we shall be in England soon. Oh, praise all the saints for this beautiful ending to that bloody night." Mother and daughter were sobbing in each other's arms, and not an eye was dry in the cabin, as the strangers silently retreated from the sacred scene. "Oh, my child, my child! I have had so little hope in escape the world has seemed such a dreary blank, and now there is such light, such joy," whispered the comrade. "I cannot understand it! We believed you dead; such anguish as the thought gave me; Emile and I both were so certain of your death. How could it have happened, that we were deceived?" "Emile! Then it was he who saved you?" "He is here, Emile, where are you?" cried Felicie. Emile came forward slowly; he took the hand of the comrade, raised it reverentially to his lips, and said: "I cannot speak. I am overwhelmed with gratitude at this providential meeting this blessed discovery and it is totally inexplicable still." "Tell us how you escaped, my mother, my precious, precious one; rested as it seems from the very jaws of death; tell us how it happened." "Jeannot must answer your inquiries, to me it is all a blank." Jeannot smiled with pardonable pride. ROOMS WANTED. He Was Not Going to Stand Any More House-keeping Nonsense. "I'm going to board, Jones," quoth the Detroit Free Press. "What's the matter, now?" "Nothing; only been taking down the screens, while my wife bossed the job. Did you ever try to do anything under those circumstances? After nearly falling out of the third-story window, I banged my thumb with the hammer, jammed a finger in a spring, holstered murder and stepped on the dog and had my wife take him up in her arms and moan and sob over him. Yes, sir, she was inconsolable over the yelping brute, while I danced around like a wild Indian nursing my bruised thumb and my injured finger. That's a woman for you! No sympathy for me, while I— "Then I started downstairs with my arms full of screens, and if I don't have the crowning misfortune to stumble and fall, I don't know which set down first, me or the screens, but we were all mixed up. My wife called out to know if I was hurt, and I called back sarcastically that I was not dead, at which she said: 'Dear me, what a shock for my poor nerves!' When I departed she was still nursing Fido and said she feared the poor dear pet had sustained internal injuries. Nothing about my internal injuries, only: 'You do make such a fuss about a little thing as taking down screens.' But I'm done with house-keeping. We begin boarding this week, sure." Winter Tale of the Sea. William F. Warden of Boston and E. C. Warden of New York saw an immense sea monster at St. Augustine, Fla., the other night. It was forty feet long with its head and pointed tail high out of water. The Wardens are positive that the monster was not a whale. It glistened like silver in the moonlight.—Exchange. More to the Point. "Daddy," asked little Ephraim, "whar did de fust tukkey come from?" "Nebber yo' mine askin' irrelevant questions," said the old man. "An' wen Pabson Thompson come for dinner Sunday doan yo' hab ter ask whar de fust tukkey come from, eider."

DEATH OF CHARLES A. DANA.

Charles A. Dana, for more than a quarter of a century editor of the New York Sun, is dead. He died at his summer home, "Glen Cove," on Long Island, Sunday. Many kind things are now being said of him by other editors (some by those who abused him while he lived and labored for what he believed to be right), and there is much evidence that the deceased was the strongest character in American journalism, some say since Greeley's time, while better judges say the greatest of all. Greeley flourished at a time when powerful editors were few; Dana in an age that has seen the profession swarmed with able men, and at his death he stood head and shoulders above them all. Henry Watterson, Joseph Medill, Charles H. Jones, William Penn Nixon, have at various times crossed pens with Dana and been vanquished. Dana knew how to make a paper. He believed in individuality. He believed in honesty of purpose as the motive power for every newspaper. Once he said: Dana's Tribute to Country Press. "If a paper is honest in its convictions it makes no difference if it sometimes is on the wrong side of the question; it will eventually be found on the side of right. Dana did not like to send the Sun broadcast over the country. He said that he believed in covering his own territory thoroughly, that the outside territory belonged to other publishers. He believed that the country papers should not be wiped out by city competition. A few years ago he said to the country editors of Wisconsin in one of their state meetings: The logic of events demands that the country paper should fill its own field. That field should not be invaded by

amusement in supporting a reform movement. Lots of fun can be had in lampooning it and calling its promoters uncouth names. Dana's Hobby. Mr. Dana's hobby was botany. He had another—his type-fed menagerie. He would leave out good news at any time to get in half a column of solid nonpareil about a monstrous snake discovered somewhere or other. On Sundays he printed pages of such articles. The more improbable the better. Imagination is a quality for which he had the highest respect, and that accounts for the success of many of his "bright young men." Dullness he could not stand. He invited contributions of impossible yarns about impossible adventures. His correspondents were instructed to let slip no chance to get in a good reptile or animal story. These he always made room for. The general public having caught on to the "old man's" fad from time to time flooded his office with the most improbable stories ever concocted. A Man of Letters. The life that Mr. Dana chiefly cared for the life in which his enjoyment was keenest, and in which the powers of his remarkable mind found their most agreeable exercise, was that of a lover and student of art and letters. In the politicians, small and great, to whom he had in appearance been such a helpful friend, he felt no personal interest. Only such of them as had brains enough to talk entertainingly could get at him. But he delighted in the society of men who have something to say upon subjects which it is worth while for the human mind to concern itself about, and his own contributions to such exchanges were rich, varied, and of high interest. His personal tastes showed the fine quality of his mind. Poetry, languages, porcelains, paintings, bronzes, all of the most perfect and precious of their kind, were the delight and occupation of his leisure hours. Workshop of the Sun's Editor. His own office was diminutive. A few ancient and worn-out bookshelves, an old and battered desk and several dilapidated chairs were his chief furnishings. The floor was uncarpeted. In one corner stood a small, square, wooden table, which doubtless years ago when new, cost a couple of dollars. This table was a favorite work-place of the man who made the Sun. To this table he received all his visitors. Many of the most distinguished men of the country have sat in common chairs around it here. Many more notable names of wealth, or even greatness, have seen him there. He was probably the most accessible rich man of affairs in New York. His door was open always to anyone not drunk or a ruffian. And he was the place, for an incident in the despatch of the man. The city editor was always open to any corner. A railing with a swinging door easily opened, and all that separated editors and reporters from any who had ambition enough to mount the forbidding stairs. The innumerable cranks and boys who frequent newspaper offices making life a hell for busy men, had as free access as those who came on legitimate business. This condition was very irksome to a new city editor who took charge some years ago. He ordered partitions built shutting off the city room, and stationed a boy at the door to inquire of all comers their business. The partition was put in place, and the last nails were being driven when Mr. Dana came singing into the room. "What!" he exclaimed, stopping short. "Why, that will shut out the people." "That is just what I intended it for," began the city editor. "You see?" "No, no, no!" said Mr. Dana, emphatically. "That will never do. I won't have the people shut out. Take it away!" His Personal Characteristics. Many who knew his prejudices have pictured him a grim, even a hard man. But this of all things he was not. He was sunny, light hearted, kindly, mannered above most men. His home life was beautiful. In his summer place at Glen Cove, a charming, cultivated island, he was the chiefest source of geniality and sunshine. Walking over his grounds, reading in his library, wandering among his choice orchards, driving, even at an advanced age, his spirited, blooded pair, he enjoyed life as is permitted to few to enjoy it. And, what is more, all who came within his influence enjoyed life too. His health and vigor were remarkable. At 70 he was as vigorous as most men of 40. His bright, youthful eye, his glowing cheeks, his lusty step belied the snowy whiteness of his beard and hair. But it was in his office that his real self was made known. For Mr. Dana was first of all a worker. Up to an advanced age he was always at his desk in his shabby corner room at 10 o'clock. He was often there earlier. He remained faithfully at work all day, often taking luncheon in his office. He rarely left for home much before 5 o'clock. His activity and capacity for work were a source of constant wonder to those who labored beside him in his later years, but Mr. Dana had as firm and buoyant a step and as bright an eye as the youngest of his "young men," as he called his reporters.



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

the metropolitan press. Besides the metropolitan paper that is seeking new fields is very seldom a good one; it is generally disrespected at home, where it cannot exist on the local revenue. The way to drive out these papers is to print good solid matter that the people want to read. Give plenty of space to politics, religion and science. Always tell the truth no matter whom it may hurt. Bar sensational hog-wash, and eventually you will drive out the pestiferous so-called metropolitan paper, with its polluting slush that spreads disease wherever it goes. A paper that cannot exist in its own territory ought not to exist at all." The Metropolitan Slush Machine. To all of which the country press in every state have long since said amen. The pestiferous metropolitan paper still exists, however, and its floodgates of pollution are always open. Just because they are from the big cities like Chicago and St. Louis the country people seem to think that they are respectable. Of course, it is nothing more than a fad. These papers are bought for the novelty of the thing, in reality they have little weight among country folk and at most little attention. Their day will soon be over. DANA'S BIOGRAPHY. Greatest American Editor. Charles Anderson Dana was born in Hinsdale, N. H., Aug. 8, 1819. He was a descendant of Jacob, eldest son of Richard Dana, progenitor of most of those who bear the name in the United States. His boyhood was spent in Buffalo, N. Y., where he worked in a store until he was 18 years old. At that age he first studied the Latin grammar and prepared himself for college. He entered Harvard in 1839, but after two years a serious trouble with his eyesight compelled him to leave. He received an honorable dismissal, and was afterwards given his bachelor's and master's degrees. In 1842 he became a member of the Brook Farm