BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Continued from last week.)

My first plan was to set are to the nouse, in the hope of escaping in the confusion. My second to get into an empty wine cask. I was looking round to see if I could find one, when suddenly in the corner I espied a little, low door, painted of the same gray color as the wall, so that it was only a man with quick sight who would have noticed it. I pushed against it and at first Dimagined that it was locked. Presently, however, it gave a little, and then I under stood that it was held by the pressure of something upon the other side. I put my feet against a hogshead of wine and gave such a push that the door flew open and I came down with a crash upon my back, the candle flying out of my hands, so that I found myself in darkness once more, 1 picked myself up and stared through the black archway into the gloom beyond.

There was a slight ray of Hight coming from some slit or grating. The dawn had broken outside, and I could dimly see the long, curving sides of several huge casks, man, my busby and swordbett and my which made me think that perhaps this was where the mayor kept his reserves of wine while they were maturing. At any rate, it seemed to be a safer hiding place than the outer cellar, so gathering up my candle, I was just closing the door behind me, when I suddenly saw something which filled me with amazement and even, I confess, with the smallest little touch of

I have said that at the further end of the cellar there was a dim, gray fan of light. striking downward from somewhere near the roof. Well, as I peered through the darkness I suddenly saw a great, tall man "skip into this belt of daylight, and then out again into the blackness at the further end. My word, I gave such a start that my busby nearly broke its chin strap. It was but a glance, but none the less I had time to see the fellow had a hairy Cossack car on his head, and that he was a great, long. legged, broad-shouldered brigand, with a saber at his waist. My faith, even Etienne Gerard was a little staggered at being left alone with such a creature in the dark.

But only for a moment. "Courage," 1 thought. "Am I not a hussar, a brigadier, too, at the age of thirty-one, and the chosen messenger of the emperor? After all, this skulker had more cause te be afraid of me than I of him. And then suddenly I understood that he was afraid -horribly afraid. I could read it from his quick steps and his bent shoulders, as he ran among the barrels, like a rat making for its hole. And of course it must have been he who had held the door against me and not some packing case or wine cask, as I had imagined. He was the pursued. then, and I the pursuer. Aha, I felt my whiskers bristle as I advanced upon him through the darkness! He would find that he had no chicken to deal with, this robber from the north. For the moment I was magnificent.

At first I had feared to light my candle lest I should make a mark of myself, but now, after cracking my shin over a box and catching my spurs in some canvas, thought the bolder course the wiser. I lit it, therefore, and then I advanced with long, strides, my sword in my hand "Come out, you rascal!" I cried. "No thing can save you. You will at last meet with your deserts."

I held my candle high, and presently I caught a glimpse of the man's head, star ing at me over a barrel. He had a gold chevron on his black cap, and the expres sion of his face told me in an instant that he was an officer and a man of refine

"Monsieur," he cried, in excellent French, "I surrender myself upon the promise of quarter. But if I do not have your promise I will then sell my life as dearly as I can." \_-

"Sir," said I. "A Frenchman knows how to treat an unfortunate enemy. Your life is safe!" With that he handed the sword over the top of the barrel and l bowed with the candle upon my heart, "Whom have I the honor of capturing?"

"I am the Count Boutkine, of the emperor's own Don Cossacks," said he "1 came out with my troop to reconnoitre Senlis, and, as we found no sign of your people, we determined to spend the night "And would it be an indiscretion, "1

asked, "if I were to inquire how you came into the back cellar?"

"Nothing more simple," said he. "It was our intention to start at early dawn Feeling chilled after dressing, I thought that a cup of wine would do me no harm so I came down to see what I could find As I was runmaging about, the nouse was suddenly carried by assault so rapidly that by the time I had climbed the stairs it was all over. It only remained for me to save myself, so I came down here and hid my self in the back cellar where you have

found me." I thought of how old Bouvet had behave ed under the same conditions, and the tears sprang to my eyes as I contemplated the glory of France. Then I had to consider what I should do next. It was clear that this Russian count, being in the back cellar, while we were in the front one, had not heard the sounds which would have told him that the house was once again in the hands of his own allies. If he should once understand this the tables would be turned, and I should be his prisoner instead of he being mine. What was I to do? I was at my wits' end, when suddenly there came to me an idea so brilliant that I could not but be amazed at my owninvention.

"Count Boutkine," said I, "I find my self in a most difficult position." "Why?" he asked.

"Because I have promised you your

His jaw dropped a little. "You would not withdraw your promise?" he cried. "If the worst comes to the worst, I can die in your defense," said I, "but the difficulties are great."

"What is it, then?" he asked: "I will be frank with you," said I. "You must know that our fellows, and especially the Poles, are so incensed against the Cossacks that the mere fact of the uniform drives them mad! They precipitate themselves instantly upon the wearer, and tear him limb from limb. Even their officers cannot restrain them."

The Russian grew pale at my words and the way in which I said them.

"But this is terrible!" said he. "Horrible" said I. "If we were to go up together at this mement I cannot prom-

ise how far I could protect you." "I am in your hands," he cried. "What would you suggest that we should do?

"That worst of all." stow of had why see

"Because our fellows will ransack the house presently, and then you would becut to piece. No, no, I must go up and orenk it to them. But even then, when en a they see that accursed uniform, I do. not know what may happen." -

"Should I then take the uniform off?" "Excellent! Excellent!" I cried. "Hold! We have it! You will take your uniform off and put on mine. That will make you sacred to every French soldier." "It is not the French I fear so much as

the Poles." But any uniform will be a safeguard

against either." "How can I thank you?" he cried. "But you-what are you to wear?"

"I will wear yours." "And perhaps fall a victim to your

generosity." "It is my duty to take the risk," I ans. shout. 'I am Brigadier Gerard.' Then way towards me. they will see my face. They will know - Ah, my friend, you who read this, if you the shield of these clothes you will be

His fingers trembled with eagerness as he tore off his tunic. His boots and breeches were much like my own, so there was no need to change them, but I gave him my hussar jacket, my dol-



HE MADE A GREAT FUSS.

ais high sheepskin, hat, with the gold chevron, his fur-trimmed coat and his rooked sword. Be it well understood trat in changing the tunies I did not forget to change my thrice precious letter also from my old one to my new.

"With your leave," said I. "I shall now bind you to a barrel."

He made a great fuss over this, but I have learned in my soldiering never to throw away chances, and how could I tell that he might not, when my back was turned, see how the matter really stood and break in upon my plans. He was leaning against a barrel at the time, so I ran six times around it with a rope, and then tied it with a big knot behind. If he wished to come upstairs he would at least have to carry a thousand litres of good French wine for a knapsack. I then shut the door of the back cellar behind me, so that he might not hear what was going mard and, tossing the candle away, ase ed the kitchen stair.

There were only about twenty steps, and yet while I came up them I seemed to have time to think of everything that I had ever hoped to do. It was the same that I had at Eylau when I lay with my broken leg and saw the horse artillery galloping down upon me. Of course I knew that if I were taken I should be shot instautly as being disguised within the enemy's lines.

Still, it was a glorious death, in the direct service of the emperor; and I reflected that there could not be less than five lines and perhaps seven in the Moniteur about me. Palaret had eight lines and I am sure that he had not so fine a career.

When I made my way out into the hall with all the nonchalance in my face and manner-that I could assume, the very first thing that I saw was Bouyet's dead body with his knees drawn up and a broken sword in his hand. I could see by the black smudge that he had been shot at close quarters. I should have wished to salute as I went by, for he was a gallant man, but I feared lest I should be seen, and so I passed on.

The front of the hall was full of Prussian infantry, who were knocking loop holes in the wall, as though they expected that there might yet be another attack. Their officer, a little rat of a man, was running about giving directions. They were all too busy to take much notice of me, but another officer who was standing by the door with a long pipe in his mouth, strode across and clapped me on the shoulder, pointing to the dead bodies of our poor hussars and saying someting that was meant for a jest, for his big beard



I SAW BOUVET'S DEAD BODY.

spened and showed every fang in his head. I laughed heartily, also, and said the only Russian words that I know, I learned them from Sophy at Wilna, and they meant: "If the night is fine we shall meet under the oak tree, and if it rains we shall meet in the byre." It was all the same to this German, however and I have no doubt that he gave me credit for saying something very witty indeed, for he roared laughing and slapped me on my shoulder again. I nedded to him and marched out of the hall door as cooly as if I were the commandant of the garrison. There were a hundred horses techered about outside, most of them belonging to the Poles and hussars. Good little Violette was waiting with the others, and she whinnied when she saw me coming towards her. But I would not mount her. No, I was too cunning for that. On the contrary, I chose the most shaggy little Cossack horse that I could see, and I orang upon it with as much assurance as though it had belonged to my father before me. It had a great bag of plunder slung ov rits neck, and this I laid upon Violette's back and led her along beside me. Never have you seen such a picture of the Cossaek returning from the foray. It was superb.

Would it not be best that I should remain .- Well, the town was full of Prussians restrain myself from showing that this in trying to carry out what I thought was -1 by this time. They limb the sidewalks redption gratified me. The Russian coat - your will." and plunder . Other of two pricers

spoke to me, with an air of authority but I shock my head and smiled, and said: "If the night is line we shall meet under the oak tree, but if it rains we shall meet in the byre." At which they mytter up. In this way I worked along tin had been read from the grand army. until I was beyond the northern outskift of the town. I could see in the roadway two lancer vedettes, with their black and white pennons, and I knew that when I was once past these I should be a free man once more. I made my pony trot, therefore, Violette rubbing her nose against my knee all the time, and looking up at me to ask how she had deserved that this doormust of a creature should be preferred to her. I was not more than a hundred yards' wered. "But I have no fears. I will asy from the Uhlans, when suddenly you can cend in your uniform. A hundred swords - imagine my feelings when I saw a real will be turned upon me. 'Hold!' I will Cossaek coming galloping along the road-

me, and I will tell them about you. Under have any heart, you will feel for a man like me, who had gone through so many dangers and trials only at this very last moment to be confronted with one which appeared-to-put an end to everything. will confess that for a moment lost heart and was inclined to throw myself down in my despair, and to ery out that I had been besabre-sash, while I took in exchange trayed. But no, I was not beaten even now, I opened two buttons of my tunic so that I might get easily at the -emperor's message, for it was my fixed determination, when all hope was gone, to swallow the letter and then die sword in hand. Then I felt that my little crook. ed sword was loose in its sheath and I trotted on to where the vedettes were waiting. They seemed inclined to stor



A CREATURE PREFERRED TO HER. me but I pointed to the other Cossack who was still a couple of hundred yards off, and they, understanding that I merely wished to meet him, let me pass with a salute.

I dug my spurs into my pony then, for if I were only far enough from the lancers 1 thought I might manage the Cossack without much difficulty. He was an officer, r large bearded man with a gold chevron in his cap just the same as mine. As I advanced he unconsciously aided me by pulling up his horse, so that I had a fine start of the vedettes. On I came for him and I could see wonder turning to suspicion in his brown eyes as he looked at me and my pony equipment. I do not know what it was that was wrong, but he saw something which was as it should not be. Hishouted out a question, and then, when If gave no answer, he pulled out his sword. I was glad in my heart to see him do so, for I had always rather fight than cut down an unsuspecting enemy. Now I made at him full tilt and, parrying his. cut, I got my point in just under the fourth button of his tunic. Down he went, and the weight of him nearl 'took me off my horse before I could disengage. el never glanced at him to see if he were living or dead, for I sprang off my pony and on to Violette, with a shake of my bridle and a kiss of my hand to the two? Uhlans behind me. They galloped after me shouting, but Violette had had her rest and was just as fresh as when she !

started. I took the first side road to the west, and the first to the south, which would take me away from the enemy's country. On we went, and on, every stride taking me further from my foes and nearer to my friends. At last I reached the end of a long stretch of road, and looking back from it could see no signs of purseers. I understood that my troubles were at last

And it gave me a glow of happiness as I rode to think that I had done to the letter what the emperor had ordered. What would he say when he saw me? What could he say which would do justice to the of what he was saying. But when his incredible way in which I had risen above every danger? He had ordered me to go through Sermoise, Soissons and Senlis, little dreaming that they were all three occupied by the enemy. And yet I had done

it. I had borne his letter in safety through each of these towns, Hussars, dragoons, lancers, Cossacks and infantry, I had run the gauntlet of all of them and had come out unharmed.

When I had got as far as Dammartin I caught a first glimpse of our own outposts. There were a troop of dragoons in a field, and of course I could see from the horsehair crests that they were French. galloped toward them in order to ask them if all was safe between there and Paris, and as I rode I felt such a pride at having won my way back to my friends again that I could not refrain from waying my sword in the air. At this a young officer galloped out from among the dragoons, also brandishing his sword, and it warmed my heart to think that he should come riding with such ardor and enthus, iasm to greet me. I made Violette caracole, and as we came together I brandished my sword more gallantly than ever-but you can, imagine my feelings when he suddenly made a cut at me which would certainly have taken my head off if I had not fallen forward with my nose in Violette's mane. My faith, it whistled just over my cap like an east wind, Of course it came from this accursed uniform which, in my excitement, I had forgotten all about, and this young dragoon had imagined that I was some Russian champion-who was challenging the French cavalry. My word, he was a frightened man when he understood how near he had been to killing the celebrated Brigadier

Well, the road was clear, and about three o'clock in the afternoon I was at St. Denis, though it took me a long two hours to get from there to Paris, for the road was black with commissariat wagons and guns of the artillery reserve, which were going north schardly bear me up. But then I took courto Marmont and Mortier. You cannot Jage, as I reflected that I was an honorable conceive the excitement which my appearance in such a costume made in Paris, and when I came to the Rue de Rivoli I should think I had a quarter of a mile of folk riding or running behind me. Word had got about from the dragoons (two of them had come with me) and everybody knew about my adventures and how I had come by my uniform: It was a triumphmen shouting and women waving their handkerchiefs and blowing kisses from the windows. Although I am a man singularly free from conceit, still I must confess that on this one occasion I could not

and pointed me out to each other, say- had hung very hoose upon mer but now I all dashed the tears from my eyes as I ing; as I could judge by their gesturess threw out my chest until it was as tight Weeke, and with such fire and spirit as I' "There goes one of those devils of Cos" as a sausage skin. And my little sweets could command I gave him an account of sacks. They are the boyls for foraging heart of a mare tossed her mane and pawed with her front hoofs, frisking her tail about as though ske, said: "We've done it together this time. It is to us that commissions should be intrusted." When I kissed her between the nostrils when I dismounted at the gate of the Tuilleries shrugged their shoulders and gave the there was as much shouting as if a bulle-

I was hardly in costume to visit a king, but, after all, if one has a soldierly figure one can do without all that, I was shown up straight away to Joseph, whom I had often seen in Spain. He seemed as stout, as quiet and as amiable as ever. Talley rand was in the room with him, or I suppose I should call him duke of Benevento, but I confess that I like old names best He read my letter when Joseph Buonos parte handed it to him, and then he looked at me with the strangest expression in in those funny, little, twinkling eyes of

"Were you the only messenger?" he

There was one other, sir," said I, "Maj. Charpentier, of the horse grena-

"He has not yet arrived," said the king of Spain. "If you had seen the legs of his horse, sire, you would not wonder at it," I re-

marked. "There may be other reasons," said Talleyrand, and he gave that singular smile

Well, they paid me a compliment or two, though they might have said good deal more and yet have said too . Henry Goodrich, of Shirley, Me., was little. I bowed myself out, and very glad I was to get away, for I hate a court as much as I love a camp. Away I went to my old friend, Chaubert, in the Rue Miromesnie, and there I got his hussar uniform, which fitted me very well. He and Lizette and I supped together in his rooms, and all my dangers were for gotten. In the morning I found Vielette ready for another twenty league stretch. It was my intention to return instantlyto the emperor's headquarters, for I was, as you may imagine, impatient to hear his words of praise and to receive my reward.

I need not say that I rode back by a safe route, for I had seen quite enough of Uhlans and Cossacks. I passed through Meaux and Chateau Thierry, and so in the evening I arrived at Rheims, where Na- the was too old, whereupon he went into poleon was still lying. The bodies of our the neighboring forest and hanged himfellows and of St. Prest's Russians had self. all been buried, and I could see changes in the camp also: The soldiers looked better cared for, some of the cavalry had received remounts and everything was in excellent order. 'It is wonderful what a good general can effect in a couple of days,

When I came to the headquarters I was shown straight into the emperor's room. He was drinking coffee at a writing table, with a big plan drawn out on paper in front of him. Berthier and McDonald



"WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING HERE!" HE SHOUTED.

were leaning one over each shoulder, and he was talking so quickly that I don't believe that either of them could catch a half eyes fell upon me he dropped his pen on to the chart, and he sprang up with a look in his pale face which struck me cold.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he shouted. When he was angry he had a voice like a peacock.

"I have the honor to report to you, sir," said I, "that I have delivered your dispatch safely to the king of Spain."

"What," he yelled, and his two eyes transfixed me like bayonets. Oh, those dreadful eyes, shifting from gray to blue, like steel in the sunshine. I can see them now when I have had a bad dream. "What has become of Charpentier?" he

asked. "He is captured," said McDonald.

"By whom?" "The Russians." "The Cossacks?"

"No, a single Cossack," "He gave himself up?" "Without resistance."

"He is an intelligent officer. " You will see that the medal of honor is awarded to When I heard these words I had to rub

my eyes to make sure that I was awake. "As to you," cried the emperor, taking a step forward if he would have struck me, "you brain of a hare, what do you think

that you were sent upon this mission for? Do you conceive that I would send a really important message by such a hand as yours, and through every village which the enemy holds? How you came through, them passes my comprehension, but if your fellow messenger had as little sense as you my whole plan of campaign would have , been ruined. Can you not see, colon, that this message contained false news and that it was intended to deceive the enemy whilst I put a 'very different scheme into execution?"

When I heard these cruel words and saw the angry white face which glared at me, I had to hold the back of a chair, for my mind was failing me and my knees, would gentleman and that my whole life had been spent in toiling for this man and for

my beloved country. "Sire," said I, and the tears would trickle down my cheeks whilst I spoke. "When you are dealing with a man like me you would find it wiser to deal openly. Had I known that you had wished the despatch. to fall into the hands of the enemy, I would I have seen that it came there, As I believed ! that I was to guard it I was prepared to sacrifice my life for it. I do not believe. sire, than any man in the world ever met with more toils and perils than I have done

if all; of my dash, through Soissons, my brush with the dragoons, my adventure in Senlis, my recontre with Count Boutkine in the cellar, my disguise, my meeting with the Cossack officer, my flight, and how at the last moment I was nearly cutdown by a French dragoon. The emperor, Berthier and McDonald listened with astonishment upon their faces. When I had finished Napoleon stepped forward and he pinched me by the ear.

"There! There!" said he: "Forget anything which I may have said. I would have done better to trust you. You may

I turned to the door and my hand was . upon the handle when the emperor ealled upon me to stop, "You will see," said he to the duke of Tarentum, "that Brigadier Gerard has the special medal of honor, for I believe that if he has the thickest head he has also the stoutest heart in my

THE END !

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A New York man is reported to have killed fifty-three rattlesnakes at one time recently in a den that he discovered.

A four-year-old Nebraska boy was burned to death recently by pulling a jar of hot plum butter over on himself. Will Dunn's horse, in Marble Hill, Mo.,

during the drought, learned to jump out over the pasture fence, go to the creek to drink and jump back again to voluntary confinement. eating dinner the other day when he looked

out of the window and saw a she bear and two cubs. He jumped up and bagged the mother and one cub. The often discussed actually happened in the case of Eben White, of St. Johns,

Mich., recently. He was asleep under a tree when a chipmunk ran-into his mouth and interfered with his snoring. Johann Bergst, of Franklin county, Ky., was born in a poorhouse a little over a hundred years ago, worked as a traveling tailor during his mature years, and then

went back to the almshouse, where he still makes' trousers. At Schillgallen in Germany lately an old gentleman of seventy-three, named Jurklies, who had already buried three

## SENTENCES BY JUDGE.

The seed is stronger than the soil. False alarms create false securieties. Our pre-existent habits are our present

tendencies. In the whirligig of time some one musttake the dust.

Life is a combination of which the secret is not given.

. The mundane world is conducted on the defensive plan.

Fidelity is the conservative preserver of type, enstom and race. When a thing is hard to endure something harder may come to make it easier. If nature were to disclose her processes man would have the audacity to patent her

inventions. Praise not a servant too greatly, lest he be puffed up and masterful; nor too, little, lest he be discouraged.

Homely truths are like home remedies -apt at times, but applied upon every oceasion whether they fit the case or not .-Kathrine Grosjean

## FASHION FADS.

Cut-away jackets of velvet are much liked by young girls.

Sleeveless jackets of various materials with passementerie edgings are popular. A dress of cloth with a narrow moire panel flown the front is among the new importations.

Muffs are somewhat larger than heretofore. Many muffs will be used during the coming winter without other furs.

Capes of moire are trimmed with fur collars and lined with bright silk. One of the handsomest of these garments was recently made to order and lined with very stiff brecade.

Ermine, from becoming popular, has become a fad, and every woman who has money to buy it wants ermine in some form or another. The only difficulty is its scarcity and extravagantly, high price Really fine ermine is almost impossible to obtain, and the most fabulous prices are paid for it. -N. Y. Ledger.

Uncle Sam's Queer Island.

Talks of starvation and cruelty to s shipload of negroes has once more brought that tiny outeropping of phosphate rock in the Caribbean Sea known as Navassa once more before the reading public. This is the only island in the Bahama group which floats the Stars and Stripes, and there is probably no queerer island in the world than the same Navassa. In the first place, while it floats the American flag it. is claimed by Hayti. At the same time it is owned by a private corporation in Baltimore, Md., known as the Navassa Phos phate Company. Then, it had a constant population of from one to two hundred men, and there is not a woman within thirty miles of it.

But these are not all the queer things . about it, by any means. It does a big export trade, but possesses neither harbor nor wharf. . It has no soil to support vegetation, and every monthful of food con-



Supplied the Medition of sumed has to be brought from the United States. Finally, in law, it is classed as a ship on the high seas, and the discipline exacted there is ship's discipline and the law ship's law.

The island is about two miles and a half long and a mile and a half wide, and is composed of a volcanic rock of a porous texture. It rises precipitously from the water to a height of fifty to sixty feet

It is classed as a guano island, but this is a misnomer, for the deposit that makes it commercially valuable is not guano at all, but a mineral phosphate extensively used in the manufacture of fertilizers.