

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

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CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

Dick, over whose half-conscious head this sword-play was flickering, saw only that an argument was going on; which side was which, and why, he could not understand, and so resolved to speak with caution if he had to speak at all.

Camilla felt that the colonel was pressing her closely, and tried to disable him by a straighter thrust.

"I don't suppose you are a blind follower even of Lord Glamorgan," she said to Dick; "you probably do not wish the emperor released?"

"It would not benefit him if I did," he replied; "but I am sorry for him if he suffers as they say."

"This was worse than ever for Dick, and the colonel was prompt to seize the opportunity.

"He does indeed suffer," he said. "It is our greatest grief, for Madame de Montaut is entirely devoted to him."

"My devotion," retorted Camilla, almost indignantly, "is natural enough; but the loyalty that binds me can have no hold upon an Englishman."

"There are more kinds of loyalty than one," returned her imperturbable antagonist. "I, for instance, am loyal to the emperor, not only as a Frenchman, but even more strongly from my loyalty to you, who have made his cause your own; and this, or something like it, may conceivably be the case with others."

Camilla looked unutterable scorn. "Capt. Estcourt," she said, turning to him with a bow full of graceful mockery at her own question, "will you, as a kindness to me, carry the emperor off from St. Helena?"

Dick was relieved at her apparent return to a lighter mood. "I can hardly undertake to go so far myself," he replied laughing; "you had better commission my friend Johnstone, the smuggler, to do it for you."

"Good!" exclaimed the colonel, joining in the laugh with the loud tone of one who wishes to emphasize a jest. "Capital advice, Camilla, and you can't do better than follow it."

She did not for the moment grasp his intention in saying this, and made no reply beyond a distrustful glance.

Dick, meantime, had been looking at his watch, and now held out his hand. "I am afraid," he said, "that I must be going home; I have trespassed too long upon your kindness, and the doctor said I must be in by sunset."

"One moment," said Camilla, hoping to gain an instant's privacy in which to give him some kind of warning. "Stay a moment; Col. de Montaut will order the carriage for you."

"It is at the door," replied the colonel, and he bowed Dick out before him, and followed him downstairs.

Camilla heard the front door close and the carriage drive away. A long silence followed. The colonel had evidently gone to the length of accompanying Dick to his own lodging. The mischief might be done by this time, and here she sat powerless to prevent it. She fretted under the thought at first, and her indignation chafed her in the absence of an object upon which to spend itself; but at last it seemed to have worn itself out for a time, and she fell into a quieter mood.

All the same she started guiltily when the door opened almost without a sound. There stood the colonel, like some wily emissary of evil, following up his calculated opportunity at the most deadly moment of weakness.

He appeared to have entirely forgotten his late struggle with her. In his hand was an open letter, which he held up to her view.

"I have just heard," he said, "from Carnac, who has received a letter from St. Helena."

She held out her hand for it.

"You are tired," he said; "I will read it to you. Be prepared, for it is far from pleasant hearing;" and he began at once:

The letter—or, at any rate, his reading of it—ran as follows:

"My Dear M. de Montaut: A packet dispatched from St. Helena at the end of January contains the following melancholy intelligence in the cipher of Gen. Bertrand: The emperor, having suffered severely in health from want of active occupation, on Jan. 22 resumed his riding exercise, after an intermission of two years. The effect of this violent change of habit was unhappily the reverse of beneficial, and he has been more or less prostrate for a week past."

The colonel looked at Camilla, and went on more slowly:

"His majesty has become subject to fits of profound depression, which are the despair of his physicians. He bitterly declares himself deserted and betrayed, and his reproaches are terrible to hear. He talks openly of committing his last wishes to paper."

In her agitation at this news Camilla forgot everything else. "Oh, no!" she cried, clasping her hands as though to entreat the cruel fates. "We shall be in time; we must be!"

"We must!" he echoed gloomily; "they expect us on the 5th of May."

"And when do we start?"

"Before the beginning of April; we have hardly more than a week left in which to gather our forces for this final attempt."

She was silent, and seemed unwilling to venture further into the region of detail.

"The vessel is all but ready," continued the colonel; "a mixed crew can be collected in a day or two at Deal or Ramsgate."

He paused, as if expecting a question from her; but she was still silent, and he went on again.

"For the money I am relying on you." She nodded.

"As to the rest," he said, eyeing her cautiously, "our friends have failed us, as you know."

She looked straight at him, and her face took a passive expression, as if in expectation of a blow.

"This is our last chance," he said; "the emperor's supreme and only hope. No consideration must weigh with us against his life and liberty."

She drew her breath quickly; he saw that she must give her more time yet.

"This man Johnstone," he said, "will, I hope, consent to work the submarine boat for us. I will search him out tomorrow, and make terms with him myself if possible."

She was relieved to find that so far this was all, and assented reluctantly, hoping against hope to find her further suspicions unfounded.

But the colonel went on relentlessly. "There remains only between us and success, between the emperor and safety, this one difficulty of discovering a suitable captain for our ship."

"You have time to go to France for that yourself," she said in desperation. "Everything must be done, as you said only just now."

He shook his head.

"Daring of that kind is useless here," he said. "No Frenchman can serve our purpose."

She feigned astonishment at this.

"My dear Camilla," he said, "you misjudge our friend in thinking him so rancorous. He has fought, as he told us, chiefly against Danes and Americans, and has no cause to bear malice to the French."

"I was not thinking of the French," she returned, "but of the emperor, who incited both Denmark and America to war, and thereby made himself the enemy of all true Englishmen."

"Surely not quite all," said the colonel; "the opposition have often, both in parliament and out of it, pleaded with the government for his release, Lord Glamorgan," he continued, looking at Estcourt, "Lord Glamorgan, for instance, is a member of that party, and yet in every way a true Englishman."

"No," he continued, "I have considered this part of the question long and thoroughly, for it is that upon which all the rest depends. These are the necessary qualifications for our captain. First, he must not only be a good ally, in the sense of being a bold and competent seaman, but he must be bound to us by a tie stronger than that of mere pecuniary interest."

"Yes," she interrupted, quickly, "he must act from patriotism, too; and therefore, he can be no other than a Frenchman."

He shook his head again, with the same gentle regretfulness.

"Where will you find such a self-immolating patriot at a moment's notice, and among those to whom our ideas are strange?" he asked. "Do you forget that even the inner circle of our confederates has failed us?"

She trembled in silence.

"No," resumed the colonel, "he must be an Englishman, and one upon whom we can exert an irresistible moral force. But that is not enough," he added, quickly, and she almost breathed again.

"The second qualification is this—he must be a man known favorably to the authorities here in England, or at the least to those at St. Helena. Otherwise he would be unable to obtain leave to anchor, and he could not face those naval police without fear of suspicion. We should be searched," and here his voice fell to a low, clear tone, "searched and seized, or driven from the coast, and the emperor must die a broken-hearted exile."

Camilla buried her face in her hands. The colonel looked down upon her with a faint smile of self-congratulation. "Very well, then," he said, "for the present we will discuss the question no further. I will do my best to secure Johnstone, and I leave you to think the other matter over by yourself; it is quite possible that you may be able to discover among your English friends some one—an officer, perhaps—who will at your persuasion, if for no other reason, help us to save the emperor and France."

She did not move or speak; when at last she looked up he was gone. But every word that he had spoken, and every tone of his subtly modulated voice, passed through her brain over and over again with a paralyzing clearness; and she sat on, as if under some horrible spell.

At the end of half an hour she was still there, her mind wearied out with vainly beating against the constraint of this hateful necessity, like a bird buffeting itself to death against the bars of a trap.

She was roused by the crackling of paper beneath her hand, and looking down found that she had been clenching a letter in her unconscious grasp. A start of surprise followed as she recognized the appearance of the paper. It was Dick's application to the admiralty. The official to whom the colonel had presented it had glanced at its contents and handed it back with an off-hand statement that it was too late, another man having been already appointed to the Favorite. The colonel had accordingly brought it back to Dick, and in the confusion which followed the latter's sudden attack of illness it had fallen unperceived behind a cushion of the sofa upon which Camilla was now sitting.

Anxious to free herself from the toils without a moment's delay, she rose and went down to look for her brother-in-law.

She found him in the study, busy among his papers; he looked up to greet her with an indulgent smile, as if to assure her that he felt for her past struggle, and was ready to receive her submission graciously.

She saw it, and anger choked the words in her throat.

"Well," he asked, "and upon whom has your choice fallen?"

"There is no choice," she answered; "I have no friend capable of an act of treason."

He saw that he had been over-confident, and was ready on the instant to meet her with fresh patience.

"Treason?" he said, quietly; "it is no treason to undo the work of treachery."

"What do you mean?"

"The English nation, or rather their government, betrayed the emperor's voluntary trust in them, and, as I have heard you maintain with truth a hundred times, faithlessly made a prisoner of him after he had accepted their protection as a guest."

She laughed scornfully to see him using still the methods of an hour ago. He little suspected how trenchant a weapon chance had put into her hand since then.

"It is true," she cried, "and their treachery must be undone; but it can not be by Capt. Estcourt's hand."

He raised his eyebrows. "I did not mention Capt. Estcourt."

"No, but you thought of him, and of him only. It is a proof of how little you know or understand his character."

He saw the change of her position, and was yet once more ready for her upon her own ground.

"Oh, as for that," he said, "men are all alike in one respect. When they are in love they are deaf to every other call; a woman may lead them where she will."

"Not friends like mine," she answered proudly; "not a man like this."

"Capt. Estcourt is as honorable a man as most," he replied, "but I undertake to say that his devotion to you, coupled with a clear explanation of the case from me, would ensure his adherence to our cause."

"Never!" she cried. "Your cunning fallacies may blind weak women, or men whose intellect is keener than their sense of honor, but you could not even tempt him for a moment!"

"Will you wager on it?" asked the colonel with a mocking smile of security.

"My life is not my own," she cried, "but I would stake my fortune on his answer."

"Done," said the colonel; "I accept."

She saw the trap now, but scorned retreat.

"Try it!" she cried, with passionate defiance in her voice. "Try it, and learn with shame what duty means to a strong heart!"

CHAPTER VI.

OL DE MONTAUT saw no more of his sister-in-law that evening.

On the following day he was up early and breakfasted alone in his room, occupying himself at the same time with the details of a toilet which was intended to make him unrecognizable to those who ordinarily knew him, and acceptable to those with whom he had to deal.

His identity was thus concealed without any loss of personal dignity, such as is usually involved in a disguise, and yet could be resumed without difficulty and almost at a moment's notice. He gave a final glance at the general effect, completed it by the addition of a low-peaked cap of weather-beaten appearance, and turned from the glass well satisfied. He took with him a small sum of money and no arms; what difficulties he might meet he hardly knew yet, but at any rate they would not be of a kind to yield to force.

The closed carriage in which he left the house set him down at the entrance of the narrow streets beyond the houses of parliament, and immediately disappeared in the direction in which it had come. He quickly made his way to the river side and hailed a waterman to take him over to the other bank. When the boat was rather more than half way across, however, he appeared to change his mind, and asked whether he could be taken as far as the Tower.

The waterman assented readily, gave a single stroke with the left hand, and in a moment the current was sweeping them rapidly down toward the bridge.

It was a bright, keen morning, and the boatman was in a cheerful mood and inclined to be talkative, as is the custom in his trade; but he got little response or attention from his fare, who was pondering his next move, and had not yet come to the stage when conversation would be of use to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS GOOD AS WHEAT.

The Farmer, the Fanning Mill and the Bags of Atmosphere.

"I see," remarked the wide-awake farmer to the Buffalo Express man, "that wheat has gone up to 70 cents in Chicago, and there's a report that it will keep going till it gets to \$1. Now, I'd like to contract to sell you my crop for 70 cents. Seventy cents will do me. I'd rather have a sure thing while it's going than to take my chances on doing better by waiting."

"But," replied the commission merchant, "I can't agree to contract for your wheat at 70 cents."

"Why not? It's going up to \$1, an' you'll make 30 cents a bushel. An't that enough?"

"Oh, yes; but, you see, that 70 cents is only a speculative price. It an't what they pay for real wheat."

"Don't pay that for real wheat? What in thunder do they pay it for, then?"

"Why, what the blazes are options?"

"Why, they're promises to get wheat and sell it for such and such a price."

"Well, then, they got to get the wheat, an't they?"

"No; they sell the promises again, according as the market rises or falls."

"An' don't they buy an' sell any real wheat at all?"

"Not much."

"Just buy and sell wind at 70 cents a bushel?"

"That's about it."

"Thunder an' Mars! Wish I'd known that last fall. I wouldn't a-sowed any wheat. I'd tied my grain bags to the back of my fannin' mill an' kept the boy turnin' it all winter, till I'd filled all the bags I could get hold of. But it an't too late yet. By gosh, if it's wind they want 'stead of wheat I can supply the market for the bull country right off my farm!"

Blessed is the man who has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Carlyle.

The "New Girl."

A bright specimen of the "New Girl" made her appearance before a magistrate on Saturday. The top of her head, says the London Daily Telegraph, was just on a level with the rail of the witness box, and Mr. Dickinson was considerably surprised to hear a small, shrill, piping voice issue from some one he could not see, and say: "Please, sir, I want a summons for abuse."

"What's that?" asked the learned gentleman. "Stand up," cried the usher of the court. The applicant stood on her tip-toes, which enabled the magistrate to see her eyes and half her nose, and repeated: "Please, sir, I want a summons for abuse."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Dickinson, promptly. "If grown up people are foolish enough to take out summonses for mere vulgar abuse, I am not going to encourage children to do the same. Go away home." The litigious girl frowned and went away.

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The Winter Bonnet.

Flowers, as well as feathers, appear on the winter bonnet, but in making a choice one must consider what wear will be given to the bonnet and whether bright-hued blossoms will harmonize with the hair and the toilet. The style of coiffure has much to do with the arrangement of the bonnet on the head. If the hair is parted the bonnet is placed a little further back than it is if either a pompadour or bang is worn.

I use Fico's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Satanic Baseball.

"Out, foul fiend!" cried Luther, panting heavily.

Satan regarded the black splotch where the ink bottle had splashed on the wall, and a cynical smile played upon his features.

"I acknowledge," he said in the bland manner for which he is celebrated, that somebody has made a base hit, but scarcely comprehend under what rule you thereby render your decision."

And while the bleachers applauded to the skies he walked serenely to the bench and sat down with the rest of the nine.—New York Recorder.

The Value of Trees.

How many farmers and others, too, whose places are destitute of fruit and shade trees. Again, how many rented places are devoid of trees of all kinds. Has the land-owner ever stopped to consider that a small orchard, a few yard trees around every tenement house will greatly enhance the value, attract and hold a better class of tenants, make life more enjoyable and that too at practically no cost? We tell you there is a great deal of selfishness when we look abroad and see how stingy and selfish many are with their tenants, and oftentimes perchance some good farmer rents his farm and moves away and is so selfish as to reserve all, yes, all the fruit produced, denying even this to his tenant. Land-owners owe their tenants and the public generally, a duty by planting at least a moderate quantity of trees. This is a wise public policy.—Ornamental Tree Growing.

A Terrible Possibility.

The question of expediency of disbanding the militia company was being agitated one town-meeting day in a certain hamlet not a thousand miles from Boston. The tavern keeper, a most pompous individual, who had courteously preserved silence during several noisy harangues, threw a final terrible bomb into the camp of the incoherents by the solemn interrogatory, delivered in his most impressive manner:

"Gentlemen, let me ask you this: What could we do without militia in case of a resurrection?"—From the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's Magazine.

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"By a semi-circle turn of the bridge the passengers will be brought to their destination."

"When I asked him how he could get the pillar in the ocean, and where the power would come from to turn such a structure, he admitted that he had overlooked it, and when I told him further that there was danger of the ice in the Arctic regions being an obstruction to the turning of the bridge, he decided to carry the idea no further."

—Pearson's Weekly.

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