It was time that he left. A shell, burst-

where a group of officers and a couple of

Up the steps and into the dark church

they tumbled pellmell, Harewood and the

Mouse among them. They closed the great

doors, bolted and barricaded them with

benches, pews and heavy stone slabs from

through the stained glass across the street;

the officers climbed beside them and emptied

their revolvers into the masses of Prussians

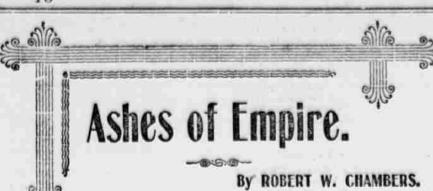
Harewood, looking over the shoulder of an

officer, saw the walls of the houses across

bayoneting the remnants of the 128th, and

flinging the wounded from the windows.

toward the church, pursued by Uhlans.



CHAPTER XX .- Continued. ner. He accepted an invitation and sat down a footstep fell on the gravel. on the altar steps with his bit of bread and

morsel of dry beef. depths of the church were tinged with violet darkness.

ribbed, black with the shadows of centuries. of sleeping men. He rose noiselessly and voice: crept out into the street. The fog hung thick on the heavy, flying buttresses, on fleche and gargoyle, and on the fluted robes of saints and martyrs, peering down from swathed in their cloaks, lay the martyrs to be, not saints, but men, sick, freezing, starving things, called the 128th of the line.

They lay there like lumps on the church steps, in doorways-they nestled in the gutter, they huddled against doorposts, these clods of breathing clay-sodden and ragged and filthy, sinful, lustful, and human, sleeping their brief sleep till the white dawn roused and summoned them home forever. Faint cries from the sentries, fainter re-

sponses, the crackle and snap of logs afire, and the tall shadows wavering, these were all that he saw and heard. The carved stone gargoyles dripped water from every fantastic snout, the reflected flames played over pillar and column, saint and martyr, cross and crown.

All day he had driven thoughts of Hilde from him, but now, at midnight, when the lamp of life burns lowest and the eyes close, and death seems very near-he thought of fire, he questioned his soul. At night, too, the soul, stirring in the body-perhaps at the nearness of God-awakens conscience.

he had often risked it, never fearing it, be- missing master. cause mentally too inert, too lazy, to apply such a contingency to his own familiar body. touched him-not that the Mouse explained Now, for the first time in his life, he closed it. He could not have explained it, even if his eyes and saw himself, just as he lay, he had himself comprehended the reason of but still, wet, muddy, and horribly silent. his seeking Harewood. All he knew was He opened his eyes and looked soberly at this-that he missed Harewood, that he was the fire. After a little he closed his eyes used to him, that he felt uncomfortable again, and again he saw himself lying as without him. So he came. Even a gutter he lay, wet, muddy, motionless, as only cat, forcibly transported into distant parts the dead can lie. He had known fear, turns up again in its old haunts. Harebut never before the dull ferebodings that wood's company had become the haunt of now crept into his heart. To open his the Mouse. So he came back to it. eyes and see the fire was to live; to The wretched creature was nearly starved death upon his closed lids. At first he dis- the road and gave him his last morsel of dained to shake it off-this mental shadow bread and meat. that passed across his senses. What if "Imbecile!" he whispered while the himself, to Hilde. To Hilde?

He sat up in his blanket and stared into the fire. Slowly the comprehension of his a picket of Uhlans just ahead." responsibility came to him, his duty, and all | This was startling news for Harewood. that was due to her from him, all that he owed her, all that she should claim, one Die! He couldn't die-yet. There was the southeast. He was going to add someters of honor to arrange first, there was

to and fro under the porch of the church. into the street. And always his thoughts whirled like shredded smoke.

"If I have this debt to pay, what am I doing here? What right have I to risk death until it is paid? And if I die-if I His thoughts carried him no further

Hilde's pale face rose before him. He read | Mouse beside him trembled like a terrier at terrible accusations in her eyes. And he a rat hole: Harewood clutched his arm and repeated aloud, again and again, "I must stared at the group in the road. go back." For he understood now that his life was no longer his own to riskthat it belonged to Hilde. Nor would be and galloped back toward Paris, and the two ever again have the right to imperil his life traitorous carbineers struck off across the they had risen together from their knees, before the altar, as man and wife. He looked out into the mist, roddy with the campfire glow. Would morning ever to the road when the gallop of the Uhlans Why should be wait for the morn-At the thought he caught up his pouch and blanket, rolled, strapped and adjusted them, and stole out into the dark-

Almost at once he heard somebody fol lowing him, but at first he scarcely noticed it. Down the main street he passed, over | fool!" the slippery cobblestones, eyes fixed on a in the village before the street ends at the rulned bridge across the Mollette. It was as approached this campfire that he realized tell you." somebody had been following him. He | The Mouse closed his knife and plodded paused a moment in the circle of the fire- on in silence light and turned around. Nothing stirred in the darkness beyond. He walted, then started on again, crossing the Lille highway to the line of bushes that marked the water's edge. No sentinel challenged him; he waded the ford below the wrecked stone bridge, climbed the bank opposite and started across a wet meadow, beyond which lay the muddy road to Paris. Half way through the meadow he halted again to listen. unseen person was wading the ford-he

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could hear him in the water; now he was In the north vast masses of troops were Inside the church the officers were at din- climbing the bank; the bushes crackled;

Harewood waited, peering through the gloom. He could see nothing; the silence saw that at the first glance. He saw, too, the floor. Already the voltigeurs were firing The wavering flare from the campfire fil- was absolute. Whoever was following him the French pickets being chased back into tered through the stained glass; the somber had stopped out there somewhere in the Le Bourget by Uhlans, and he heard the

and crimson—dusky clustered columns glit- A little unnerved, Harewood turned again of the village where columns of smoke arose that surged around the church in a delirium tered purple; the crucifix was bathed in and hastened through the meadow to the from a burning house. Far away in the of fury. shadow, save where a single trembling beam highway. When he reached the road he gray morning light the fortress of the east of light, red as blood, lay like an open could scarcely see it, but he felt the mud towered, circled with floating mist, through wound across the pierced side of our dying and gravel beneath his feet, and started which the sheeted flashes of the cannon the street, saw the German soldiers pour He looked up into the vaulted roof, stone- his follower, not behind, now, but in front cloud. -between him and Paris. He stopped He heard the rear of the campfires, the abruptly and drew his revolver. A minute crackle of damp logs, the scrape and stamp passed in utter silence. Then there came and stir of sleepy horses, the deep breathing a softe footfall close in front, a whining

"Monsieur!" "Who are you?" said Harewood sharply.

"The Mouse, monsieur." In his astonishment the revolver almost their niches into the fire glow, where, fell from Harewood's hand. "What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded, "and why the devil are you sneaking about like this? Answer, you fool! I nearly shot you just now!"

The Mouse crept up to Harewood as a sulky, victous cur comes to his punish-

"Answer," repeated Harewood, "why are you following me?" "I wasn't sure it was you," muttered the

What? Why did you come to Le Bourget?" 'I don't know," said the Mouse sullenly.

Harewood's amazement turned to impatience. "You'd better answer me," he said; "you

certainly didn't come here for love of my company."

But that was exactly the reason why the Mouse had come. The instinct of a savage her, and lying down in the street beside the cur for its master, the strange attraction that decency and courage have for the bru tally vicious, the necessity that dwarfed intelligence feels for the companionship and He had never before thought seriously of guidance and protection of healthy mentality death. Its arrival to himself he had never -all these started the Mouse out of Paris pictured in concrete form. In the abstract as an abandoned mongrel starts to find its

Harewood understood this at last, and i

shut his eyes was to reflect the image of Harewood drew him into the thicket beside

it were true? He had lived. It was the Mouse gnawed the crust, sqpatting on his old selfishness stifling the sense of respon- muddy haunches: "there may be Prussian sibility-his responsibility to the world, to pickets anywhere along the fields. Didn't you know it?"

"Yes," said the Mouse tranquilly, "there's

"Where?" he demanded under his breath. "Alout a bilometer over that way," reclaim in life or in the life to come. plied the Mouse, jerking his thumb toward something to do first! Who spoke of death? thing more when the sudden tinkle of a There was too much to do, there were mat- horse's shod foot striking stones broke out in the night. They cruched low in the a debt to pay that neither death nor hell thicket listening. The road was lighter nor hope of paradise could cancel. Was now; a gray shadow passed, a horseman death about to prevent him from paying trailing a lance. Others rode up mounted on wiry little horses, all carrying tall lances He was walking, now, moving aimlessly that rattled in their saddle boots.

As Harewood strained his eyes the moon A sentry, huddled against a column, re- broke out overhead-a battered, deformed garded him apathetically as he passed out moon, across whose pale disk the flying scud

A guttural voice began in German "Where are the scouts-ch?"

Then in the moonlight Harewood saw Speyer and Stauffer, clad in the uniform of the carbineers, salute the Uhlan officer and hand him a thin packet of papers. The

There was a brief parley, a word of caution, then the Uhlans wheeled their horses meadow toward Le Bourget, then made a demi-tour, and followed the bank of the river. Very cautiously Harewood crept out had died away:

The Mouse stood beside him, an oper clasp-knife in his fist, nostrils quivering in the freshening wind.

Harewood glanced at the knife and said What are you going to do? Cut your way to Paris? Come back to Le Bourget, you

Half way back across the wet meadow the distant fire that marked the last biyouge | Mouse asked: "And if we overtake Spayer?" "Are you the public executioner?" Harewood sharply. "Put up that knife, I

After a while Harewood asked him about Bourke and Hilde and Yolette. But he knew little more than Harewood did, for he had left the house on the ramparts the morning after Harewood's departure, and since then had been following him up.

Morning was breaking as they forded the Molletter and answered the sentry's challenge from the ruined highway. It was Sunday, the 30th of October-a desolate Sunday in a desolate land. They hurried through the main street, where sleepy reliefs were marching to replace the pickets along the river, and at last they reached the church, where a group of officers stood on the steps in attitudes of dejection.

"Colonel Martin," cried Harewood, "send file of men to arrest two captains of the carbineers, Speyer and Stauffer. I charge them with treason. Here is my witness. He dragged the Mouse up the steps and led him forward. In half a dozen sentences he told them what he had seen. The Mouse nodded his corroboration, stealing cunning glances about him and shuffling his muddy shoes, partly to inspire self-confidence, partly because he appreciated the importance of his present position.

"But," said an artillery officer, "the carbineers have already gone. I heard them breaking camp before daylight." "Gone!" repeated Harewood.

"They followed the river bank toward Blanc-Mesnil."

Before Harewood could speak again canon shot from the end of the street brought the soldiers out of the church on a run. At the same moment a shell struck a house opposite and burst. Colonel Martin, now ranking officer in the village, turned quietly to Harewood and said: "If I live to get out of this I'll have

tial. Are you going back to Paris?" "If I can," said Harewood. "If you get there, have these carbineer officers arrested by the first patrol." Harewood started again toward the river, calling impatiently to the Mouse to follow.

the carbineers before a drumbead court-mar-

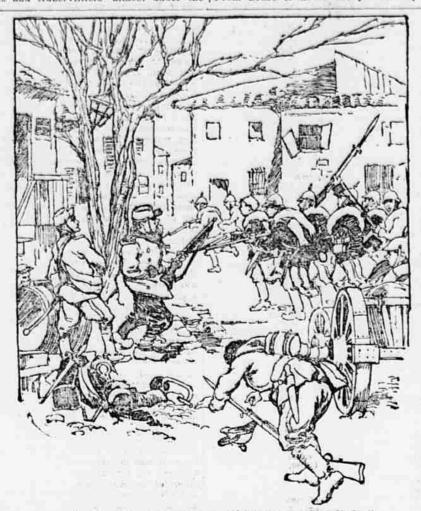
The bombardment from the Prussian guns for the German riflemen; bullet after builet climbed the dark stairs to Harewood's empty laughing, quite confident he had dispelled had suddenly become violent; shells fell thwacked against the chimney behind which room. It was something to be in his room everywhere, exploding on slate roofs, in he clung. He waited his chance, then court yards, in the middle of the street. crawled along the slates and dropped into ness. For he was somewhere there in the and hurried away on his daily visit to the The Mouse, half dead with terror, shricked the scuttle where the Mouse stood speech- darkness. as he ran, ducking his head at every crash, less with terror. one hand twisted in Harewood's coat, one

shielding his face. "This won't do," cried Harewood, dragging faggets, and the first floor of the house had the Mouse into a hallway "we've got to wait already begun to burn flercely. until the bombardment stops. Here, break in this door. Quick!"

Together they forced the door and entered. The house was dark and empty. Harewood street door, and out over the cobblestones, climbed the stairs, groped about, unfastened the scuttle, and raised himself to the roof. North, east and west, the smoke of the Prussian guns curled up frem the plain. moving toward Le Bourget, cannonaded by the fortress of the east at long range.

There was no chance to reach Paris; he drumming of a mitrailleuse in the west end on. In a moment he heard the footsteps of played like lightning behind a thunder into the breach, saw them at the windows

> And now began, under the guns of St. Denis and Aubervilliers—almost under the From house to house the pioneers opened



"RIGHT THROUGH THE MAIN STREET THEY BURST."

walls of Paris-that first of a series of ter-, the walls. It was necessary to exterminate moral and physical condition too painful, none of them surrendered. too pitible to describe. For the storming of Le Bourget made the commune a certainty, and, although the second and third fired into the church windows, shouting, attempts at anarchy were to prove abortive, "Hourra! Houra! 'Preussen! No quarter!" the fourth insurrection was inevitable, and its success.

As for the miserable village of Le Bourget, it was already doomed. The black flame entered the church as a grenade exmasses of the Prussian guard gathered like | ploded outside a window. a tempest in the north, and swept across the plain in three columns. From Dugny, ame on. Right through the main street they burst, hurling back the Mobiles, sweening the barricade and turning again to batter down doors and windows where, through the blinds, the soldiers of the 122th of the line were firing frenzfedly. From the slate roof where he crouched Harewood saw the Mobiles give way and run. In a minute the interior of the village swarmed with panic-stricken soldiers. The Prussian



THE SAT DOWN ON THE ALTAR STEPS WITH HIS BIT OF BREAD."

shot them as they ran. The shells tore through them and whirled them about as winds hurl gayly tinted autumn leaves. A battery, a mass of wrecked timbers, dying horses and smashed guns choked the transverse alley. Behind it a company of the 128th fought like wildcats until the Prussian "Queen Elizabeth Regiment" took them on the flank, and bayoneted them to the last man. And now, from the west, two splendid regiments swept into Le Bourget-the "Emperor Francis" and the "Emperor Alexandre" regiments of the Prussian guard royal-driving before them an agonzed mob of Mobiles, Franctireurs and linesmen. The massacre was frightful. The Prussian bayonets swept the streets as scythes swing through the ripe grass. South and east the village was on fire. In the west the fire had ended, and the Uhlans capered from garden to garden, spearing the frightened fugitives and shouting, "Hourra! Hourra! Mit uns ist Gott!" In the north, however, the 128th line regiment still held out. The men had barricaded themselves in the stone houses lining both sides of the main street, and were firing from the windows into the thick of the Germans. The street swam with smoke, through which the Prussians dashed again and again, only to stagger back under the blaze of rifle

rible blows destined to reduce France to a the garrison of each separate cottage, for The house that adjoined the church was swarming with Prussian infantry. They

The officer next to Harewood was killed the political triumph of M. Thiers assured outright. Two others fell back to the stone floor below. At the next volley five volltgeurs were killed or wounded. A blast of

> The Mouse, in an agony of fright, was ble, however, almost pitched him through the back of the east confessional, which in reality was a concealed door leading directly to the rear of the church. The Mouse thrust his muzzle out, saw a garden, a dismantled arbor and no Prussians. His first instinct drove him to immediate flight. He crawled through the door on hands and knees, and wriggled into the arbor. Then came his second instinct-to tell Harewood. Why it was that the Mouse crept back into the church at the risk of his miserable life nobody perhaps can tell. It is true that frightened animals, when unmolested, often return to a companion in trouble.

Harewood was standing by a high stained class window doing a thing that meant death if captured; he was firing a rifle at the Germans.

How he, a non-combatant, a cool-headed youth, who seldom needlessly risked his skin, could do such a thing might only be explained by himself. In case of capture he would not be harmed if he minded his own business. But he knew very well that a swift and merciless justice was served out for those civilians who fired on German troops. Yet there he stood, firing with the rest-a mere handful left now out of the thirty. Two or three officers still kept their feet, half a dozen soldiers were yet firing into the Second division of the Prussian guard royal numbering nearly 15,000 men. Outside the shattered windows dirty fingers clutched the stone coping. Already helmeted heads bobbed up here and there, inflamed Teutonic faces leered into the church. There came the scrape of scaling ladders against the wall; worse still, the rumble of artillery in the street close at hand.

One of the half dozen survivors glanced around the church. It was a butcher's shout: "Our cannon are here! Surrender!" muddy, choked with throngs of helmeted a cannon limbered up and dragged away, the mounted cannoniers looking back at the portal where three dozen French soldiers had held check 15,000 Germans.

A soldier, streaming with blood, rose from the floor of the church and stumbled blindly out to the steps; two more carried a waunded officer between them on a chair." Then, as the German troops parted, and

the wounded man was borne out and down the steps, Harowood felt a tug at his elbow and heard a whine

"Monsieur-there's a hole." The next instant he stepped behind the confessional, crawled through the dwarf door, and ran for his life.

CHAPTER XXI.

The 31st of October. All day Sunday Hilde sat at her window looking out over the gray landscape beyond the fortifications. Few of the forts were firing; at long intervals the majestic reverberations from Mont Valerien shook the heavy air. The southern forts were mute. At times she fancied that she could hear caunonading in the north, far away toward Le Bourget, but when she held her breath to listen, the beating of her own heart was | spoke of soldiers-for had not her father

more audible. Harewood was dead, and she awoke in an in Paris?" ecstacy of terror, calling his name. "Yolette "Good fo came to her and comforted her, curling up close to her in the chilly hed. But she Harewood, on the roof, was a mark now her lips, Hilde slipped from the bed and They all emiled a little. B.

THE FALL BUILDAMEN TO

Shivering, she sat down by the window. On the fortifications below the unwieldy ing in the cellar, had ignited the stored bulk of the Prophet leomed up, tilted sky- with a mob shouting and gesticulating, ward, a shapeless monster in its waterproof covering. Rockets were rising slowly from impossible to approach the war office. The "Come," he said, "we must make a dash Mont Valerien; in the east the sky lowered, tinged with a somber, lurid light, perhaps of the Louvre, the gardens of the Luxemfor the church!" And he seized the Mouse, dragged him down the smoking stairs to the the reflection of some hamlet, fired by the Sourg, were swarming with excited crowds, Prussians, burning alone at midnight.

A wet wind blew the curtains back from armistice, which they considered preliminary dozen voltigeurs of the guard were running the open window; her little naked feet were to the surrender of Paris-furious at the numb with cold. The never-ending desire news from Mctz, and hysterical over the to see his room, his clothes, his bed again, disaster of Le Bourget. came over her. She dared not light a candle it was forbidden to those who lived on the had marched into Paris, spreading the reramparis so she rose and passed along port that Le Bourget had been betrayed to each wall, touching the objects that had the Prussians, that they had escaped after been once worn by him. She knew them predigies of heroism, and that the governalready by touch, his gray coat, his riding ment was responsible for everything. jacket, his hats and caps and whips and

published in a single journal of the day be- never surrender. fore, and vigorously denied by the official journal.

the zoological gardens in the Jardin des atonement shall be terrible." Plantes. Bourke had insisted on it; food was becoming alarmingly scarce; there was no fresh meat to be had except horse meat and even that was to be rationed the first week in November.

The lioness had been carted off sorely against her will. She snarled and growled and paced her cage with glowing eyes, in which the last trace of gentleness and affection had been extinguished. Hilde, deep in her own trouble, scarcely

heeded this new one. Scheherazade had been changing in disposition ever since the first cannonading. Sullen, furtive, she haunted the depths of the garden, ignoring Hilde's advances until Yolette began to fear the creature. So now, when it was necessary to send the lioness away, Hilde said nothing and Yolette was not sorry. Mehemet Ali, the parrot, however, screeched his remonstrance, which amused Bourke because Scheherazade was the first living thing that the vicious old bird had ever shown any fondness for.

So the lioness was packed off to be by the government, and Burke improved that opportunity by sending Mehemet All and the monkey also, which made two mouths the less to feed in case of famine.

Down in the cellar Yolette stood, piling tinned fruit and vegetables against the division wall, aided by Red Riding Hood. At as Yolette continued:

"And the princess waited and waited for her dear prince, who had gone to fight the were-wolf. And he did not return." "I know," said the child, "what you

"What?" asked Yolette absently. "The prince is M. Harewood and the

princess is Mile. Hilde." "And the were-wolf?" said Yolette, faintly "The were-wolf-that is the Prussian

Yolette's face sobered. "The Prussians are very cruel and very running round and round the church, like a flerce-like the were-wolf," she said. "Come, from Pont-Iblon, from Blanc-Mesnil, they caged creature, looking for some chink or little one, we must go to the kitchen."

poured down upon Le Bourget, firing as they beside him, and the Meyer stumbed over the top of the cellar stairs they met beside him, and the Mouse stumbled over Bourke. His serious face changed when he the dead man with a shriek. That stum- saw Yolette, but his expression had not escaped her.

"Breakfast is ready," she said quietly. "I have not yet breakfasted myself. Shall we go in? She led the way into the dining room and

closed the door. He put his arms around her and looked into her clear eyes

"It is bad news?" she said slowly, "Yes. Yolette." "Not-not about M. Harewood?" "No-I hope not."

"Tell me. Cecil." "Metz has surrendered; Bazaine and his army are prisoners." Tears filled her eyes.

"What else, Cecil? There is something "Yes, there is. Le Bourget was carried by assault yesterday forenoor

She sat down by the table, nervously

twisting the cloth. He took a chair opposite, resting his chin on his hands. "Jim was there," he said after a silence. "Then-then-he-" "Yes, he will come back to Paris because

the sortle has failed to pierce the German "He should have come back last night," said Yolette.

Bourke nodded silently. "And because he has not yet returned you are worried," continued Yolette. Her hand stole across the table and his own tightened

"He has been delayed-that's all," said Bourke, making an effort to shake off his

'We will say nothing to Hilde about it." "No. not to Hilde," murmured Yelette. Red Riding Hood entered bearing the breakfast covers. Hilde came in a moment later and looked anxiously at Bourke.

He smiled cheerily and began to read shambles. Then from he street came a from the morning paper aloud, how M. Thiers, who had been trotting around all "Surrender?" repeated Harewood vacantly. over Europe to enlist the sympathies of the Then, as he saw a wounded creature stagger great powers in behalf of France, had just up from the floor holding out a white hand- returned from Vienna, and had entered Paris kerchief, he realized what he had done. with Bismarck's kind permission. It seems Stunned, he stepped back to the altar as the that M. Thiers had sounded England, Russia firing died away. He saw the great doors Austria and Italy, and found them in accord open; he saw the street outside, wet and with bimself, that an armistice should suspend hostilities for a while until a national soldiers all staving up at the door; he saw assembly could be convened and terms of peace discussed with Bismarck and his sentimental sovereign. Hilde scarcely listened Yolette nibbled her toast, and tried to un derstand a diplomatic muddle that needed older brains than hers to solve.

> Outside in the street the newsboys crying: "Extra! Surrender of Bazaine Fall of Metz! Terrible disaster at Le Bourget! Extra! Full list of the dead and wounded!" Bourke tried to keep Hilde's attention; she smiled at him and held out an extra that she had already bought and devoured. "If he was at Le Bourget," she said, "he

as not hurt! See! Here are the names. She kept her eyes on Bourke as he read the long columns of dead, wounded, and missing. When he finished she said: 'Will he come back to Paris now?" "I hope so," said Bourke, cheerily, "Per-

haps the Mouse is with him. Heavens! What a mess Trochu made of it at Le Bourget! It seems that General Bellemare was absent in Paris when the Prussians fell on Le Bourget. It's somebody's fault-that's clear and very safe to say," he added with an attempt at gayety that deceived no one. Red Riding Hood, who now always held herself straight as an arrow when people died in uniform?-eaid in a clear voice: "If She slept badly that night, dreaming that the Prussians are in Le Bourget-are we not

"Good for you!" said Bourke, heartily. "Let Metz fall, let Strassbourg tumble down, let Le Bourget blow up, we are in Paris, two could not sleep, and when at length Yolette young women, a young man and Red Rid-

some of the gloom. It was raining again,

The streets he traversed were filled with people, the Place Saint-Sulpice was black "Down with the ministry! Resign!" It was Place de l'Hotel de Ville, the square in front indignant at the ministry's suggestion of an At 8 o'clock that morning the carbineers

Bourke, hoisting himself upon the railing spurs. She rearranged the brushes and of the Luxembourg, looked out over the toilet articles on his burau, her light touch vast throng toward a window, where, hedged caressed his books and papers and pens in by the bayonets of the carbineers, Buckwhere they lay on the little table. Then she hurst sat, pale and impassible beside went to the bed and buried her head on the Flourens. Mortier had just finished a pillows, crying herself to sleep-a sleep full venomous oration, and Flourens, booted and of vague shapes, a restless sleep that stole spurred, had risen and was facing the mob. from her heavy lids at dawn, leaving her to His handsome face grew red with excitequench the fever in her eyes with tears ment, his gestures became more violent as the roar of approbation increased. "Vive It was the last day of October. Bourke Flourens! Down with the government!" had gone away to the city before breakfast. The speech was a passionate plea for the to verify an ominous rumor concerning Metz. Commune and a pledge that the city would

war office.

"What is this senile ministry that it seek peace for us who demand war! war! Yolette and Red Riding Hood were in the war! What was its price when Metz was celiar, storing more cases of canned veget- sold, when Le Bourget went up in flames? ables and mourning the loss of Scheher- The day will come when the government azade, who had been sent on Saturday to must answer to the Commune, and the day of

The uproar was frightful. The carbinogra charged their rifles in the air and shouted, "Vive le Commune!"

A mob of national guards cheered them vociferously. In the midst of the din Buckhurst rose. Slowly his white, impassive face bent to meet the sea of upturned faces. The drums were silenced, the explosion of rifles ceased, the harsh vells died away. "The ministers," he said, in a low voice,

"are at the Hotel de Ville. The government must resign. The Commune is proclaimed Who will follow me to the Hotel de Ville?" There came a thundering shout, "Forward!" The throngs surged, swung back, and burst into cheers as the carbineers drums rolling, bayonets slanting, wheeled out into the Boulevard St. Michel.

Bourke followed the crowd, now almost entirely composed of national guards, mobiles, franc-tireurs, and swarms of rufflans from Belleville. As they marched they bellowed the "Carmagnole," the sinister blasts of the buglers, the startling crash of drums, the trample and shouting combined in one hideous pandemonium of deafening sound. As they poured through the Rue de Riveli and flooded the square of the Hotel de Ville, Bourke saw General Trochu come out on the marble steps and wave back the leaders, who were already smashing in the iron gate

Burkhurst ran up the steps and faced the governor of Paris. There was a sharp exthe child's request Yolette was varying the change of words, a menacing gesture from monotony of their toil by telling a fairy Buckhurst, then he shoved the governor story. Red Riding Hood listened gravely aside. In a moment the yelling pack swarmed into the splendid building. The ministers fled to the Salle du Conseil, and barricaded the door. Flourens set his carbineers to guard it. Buckhurst let the mob loose throughout the great marble building, and the pillage began. The splendid rooms were looted, gilded mirrors smashed, furniture mutilated, walls and frescos torn to

(To Be Continued.)

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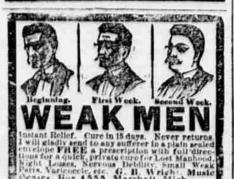
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