

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."

"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 "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 Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Satanic Baseball. "Out, foul fiend!" cried Luther, panting heavily. Satan regarded the black spitch where the ink bottle had shivered on the wall, and a cynical smile played upon his features.

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 most pompously preserved silence during several noisy harangues, threw a final, terrible bomb into the camp of the inconciliators 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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A Delightful Theory. "The strangest invention that ever came to my notice," said a patent agent to P. W., "was that recently brought out by an old German. His idea is to build a massive pillar in the center of the Atlantic ocean and place upon it a revolving bridge, one end touching Liverpool and the other New York, so that people in England desiring to go to New York could get on at the Liverpool end of the bridge, and vice versa."

Effects of Earthquakes. The plains of Josulia were uplifted in 1759 to the extent of 1,700 feet in a single night by violent crust motions. In 1783 the earthquake in Calabria caused immense upheavals and subsidences, with monster chasms, fissures, and precipices; in some cases, the fissures were 600 feet wide, and went to an unknown depth.

The woman who marries for the second time has no right to complain. Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the coals. These pests are easily removed with Hindercoats. 15c. at druggists.

Bombast once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments, particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

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