

The MARSHAL

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SYNOPSIS.

Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a "Châtelain" of the Empire...

The Queen stood with a hand half lifted, arrested. Her blue eyes were alive with the crossing and weaving of swift ideas...

word was brought that a messenger of the marquis wished to see the Queen. "Let me see him too, my mother," the silent, grave young man begged.

Louis and the sham marquis to drop their liveries and travel as the sons of the English woman for whom their passport was made out.

threw himself on the horse. A soldier caught at the bridle. The naked sword twinkled and the man was unseated.

spoke slowly. "I thought it was my friend—my best friend," he explained gently. "Will the signor take the doctor's medicine?" Battista asked then...

CHAPTER XII.

The Mother of a Prince. The walls of the palace at Ancona dropped to the sea, against them the waves danced.

"You will see that the luggage of Prince Louis is on board, and that a carriage is ready to take him there," she ordered.

The Queen threw out her hands with a gesture of hopelessness. "What can we do?" she exclaimed. "Am I to plan and plan and have always an unquerable obstacle?"



There Was a Hubbub of Voices.

And Friedrich lunged forward, gasping, for he had run his horse back, and shook his head. "No, my captain, I have never seen this one."

CHAPTER XIII.

There had been a spirited young girl years before, at Forli, her older brother had died, and her sore heart stirred with a sickening throbbing...

"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz still stood regarding her seriously. "It is a great happiness to me, your Majesty, that his Highness is well enough to travel."

It was as if she put a spur to her brain; there was a moment's silence and the two lads watched her brows drawing together under the concentration of her brain.

After Five Years. The window of the cell was small, but it was low enough so that a man standing could see from it the vast sky and the sea-line six miles away.

With that the prisoner threw off the cover from his shoulders and sat up suddenly, with wild bright eyes staring at the jailer.

CHAPTER XIV.

Francis Beaupre, sire. The young man seemed to be out of breath. "Sire!" Louis Napoleon repeated. And then, "I have seen you before. Where was it? Not in Rome—nor in Switzerland—ah!"

Two days later, as the Queen sat quietly by her boy's bedside, she heard that the vanguard of the Austrians had entered the city, and almost at once Fritz came to tell her that the palace in which she was staying had been chosen for the residence of the general commanding.

The party, caught by the fervor of his manner, stared at him, annoyed as the tale of the emperor, promising so well, halted at its beginning. The man stood as if drawn to his tiptoes, every muscle tense, his head turned toward the doorway, listening.

And suddenly they were aware of a stir, a growing noise; there was a jingle of harness, and voices coming nearer. With a step backward the landlord flashed a glance from under bushy brows down the corridor, through the open door at the end, which gave on the court of the inn.

There was the rush of a flying figure down the hallway, and out Francois flashed across a broken line of a dozen dismounted riders, straight toward the landlord's horse held by a groom under the trees.

CHAPTER XV. The day before the escape, as the Prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed...

CHAPTER XVI. The day before the escape, as the Prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed...

CHAPTER XVII. The day before the escape, as the Prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed...

CHAPTER XVIII. The day before the escape, as the Prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed...

CHAPTER XIX. The day before the escape, as the Prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed...

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