

CHAPTER VL The Dend Hody.

The splendid success of Le Breton's ride gave the millionaire a little relaxation from his agonies of unrest; for the present, at least, Wilhelm had his work cut out, not before but behind him. Vansittart's breathing space was short. The frantic energies with which the Germans threw themselves into the task of repairing their shattered bases warned him that what he did he must do quickly.

And in order that the victory might be His eagerness to set out became in a few somber. There is a certain mystery, a hint days a fever with him. But he could not go.

First of all, there was a whole world of business, a whole cosmos of organization, which his tired brain had to arrange before cierge. he could dream of leaving the capital. Secondly, by some perfectly organized and

lines east of Paris were temporarily ruined by viaducts and bridges being blown up. Thirdly, just as he was on the point of leaving affairs to take care of themselves in order to reach the front by a circuitous haix." said Folliet.

route, the body of an unknown man was found floating, all bloated and disfigured, in the Seine. The body was found at 9 o'clock on a Tuesday morning. The same night Folliet, the prefect of police, was closeted with a detective in one of the small inner rooms of the prefecture. His sharp, angular features were bent in eager inquisitiveness

close to the face of his subordinate. "Murder?" he said. "Oh, I suppose that's it," answered the

"No marks? No wounds?" "None. And the funny thing is, the Ar rondissement doctor says the body doesn't look to him as if death was due to drown-

"Poison, then?" "No-no poison, that's certain." "What was he?"

"He looks to me like a German; you know those bullet-headed Germans, with the back of the skull all flat like a board." "Only a little piece of wet cardboard in his pocket, marked in red ink with a big 6. It may be a 6, or it may be a 9, for that matter."

"This morning a girl came to give notice that Bach, a lager beer seller, No. 1 rue Musette, had disappeared. Bach's a widower, and the girl's his sweetheart. A little over." before that the body had been found, and we took the girl to see it. She said it wasn't Bach, though it was like him." Folliet smiled.

"But I must point out that the girl also said that Bach never dressed like that, and quickly poked it into a pocket. It was The clothes were wrong."

"Ah! The corpse's clothes were peculiar,

"His hat was a little peculiar." "Then it was this hat the girl meant, In glancing in disgust at the bloated face she caught sight of the hat. That's it. Tell me about the hat."

"It was a cap with a glazed peak, turned | cernible. down. It was found floating near him. Stuck between the ribbon and the side of the cap was a pigeon's feather."

"And Bach never wore a cap with tell me about Bach; all the same he interests me. Did anything happen just be-

fore he disappeared?" "No-it seems not. At 7 on Friday even ing the girl was with him in the parlor behind the shop. He didn't seem, she says quite at ease-a little fidgety, perhapsrather a nervous kind of man she says Bach is-he kept glancing at the clock.

At last he jumped up suddenly, and said ie was sorry, but she must leave him that night, as he had an appointment which he must keep. So she went; and Bach has not since been seen." "He shut up his shop to go, then?"

"So it seems. He lived alone on the premises. It's one of those tiny liquor shops up Montmartre way." "It must have been a deuced important

appointment this of Bach's, Carnot!" said "So it seems, sir."

"And in order to keep it, he found it necessary to put on a cap with a pigeon's "Yes-if Bach and the corpse are the

"They are, man." "And about this girl?"

"What's her name?" "Where does she live?"

"Rue Pigalle, No. 11." "Good. You are to understand, Carnot

that this case is now in my own hands. Come along with me. I am going to have a look at Herr Bach."

They proceeded at once into a room be hind, where the hat hung among a host of ghastly relics on the wall. Folliet took it, and with a magnifying glass from his pocket, commenced to examine the feather and every portion of the surface. Presently an exclamation came from him. He had found within the leather lining of the cap small piece of wet paper folded upon itself several times.

"Ah," he said, "Bach's cap, you see, was rather too large for his head. Yet, surely, this kind of cap will fit almost anybody's head! If he took the trouble to stuff it with paper, that shows that it must have been not only too large, but very much large, and that again shows that M Bach did not purchase this particular cap for himself. How think you, Carnot, that this beer-seller of Montmartre came by a cap procured by somebody etse?"

"Ah, sir, that I don't know," replied Car "No, nor I either," said Folliet, "but that is what we've got to find out, you see.

Let's have a look at the paper." Fold by fold he opened the damp leaf. It was ruled with red line and looked as though it had been torn from an account book: on it were written some words who blurred outlines were now all but illegible But by the aid of the glass, Folliet was able to read them, and when he read them

"Three casks bock. "Bottled, five dozen absinthe. "Lager, 17 litres."

"This, Carnot, is a little bill of Bach's, said Folliet. "Suppose I tell you that it is a bill for beers and spirits will you still doubt that the beer seller and the corpse are the same?" "Well, no, sir, of course."

"All right, then I do tell you so. And now, the cardboard. This, too, he examined. It was smallabout an inch square-dry and petling But on it, quite legible was the red 9 or 61

with curving tail. Folliet put it into his pocket. "And now for Mr. Vansittart," he mut-

> CHAPTER VII. No. 11 Rue Pigalle.

It was now growing dark. Folliet descended hurriedly from his interview with Vansittart and in the place de la Concorde sprang into a flacre. He told the coacher to drive to the rue Pigalle, No. 11.

This street runs northeast and southwest striking and dramatic, he himself must be from the place de la T-inite, starting from there with the army, commanding it, he, near the fine church of that name. The Vansittart. Paris was no place for him. Jalousied houses are large, but decayed and

of squalor. No. 11 had a gloomy exterior. It was big and the gray jalousies were every one closed. In the courtyard there was no con-

But Folliet, penetrating a few steps beyond the gate, was met by a girl, some 20 determined hostile agency, the chief railway years of age, well figured, with dark face and hair in disorder. She was quietly dressed. Her eyes looked as if they had been crying. "I want to have a talk with Agnes Car-

"But I am she, monsieur," said the girl, "Good. I am of the police-from the prefecture. You called there this morning, I

"Yes, monsieur, but-"

"I just want to have a talk with you-" "Well, monsieur-if that is so-" Her eyes dropped. She was confused. What the devil," said Folliet to himself,

"is the matter?" "If monsieur will-will step this way with ne-we might sit together in the Cabaret au Vrai Bruyant just yonder outside and

"Can't any one enter the house then, I wonder?" said Folliet to himself. Aloud he added:

"Really, but it isn't worth all .that trouble, you know. I wanted merely to ask you a question or two about your sweetheart, M. Bach. I may tell you at once that we have every hope of finding and restoring him to you, if we can just get a few facts-"

The girl's eyes leaped upon him. "Of finding him-really, monsieur?" she

said. "Yes, really-why not? These temporary disappearances are quite common, you know, in a place like Paris. Let us sit in the room here a little and talk the matter

Still she hesitated a moment. Then turned reluctantly and led the way. As Folliet moved to follow her, something slowly falling from above through the air, brushed past his nose. He caught it quickly

a feather. The courtyard in which they had stood was dark; but the room on into which Agnes Carbaix row led him was darker still. Folliet placed his chair so that, while he remained in absolute shadow, a dim glimmer from the half-open door made her movements and attitude dis-

But it was his nostrils and his cars, rather than his eyes, which were busy. He had no sooner entered the room than a singular odor greeted him. He had no pigeon feather stuck in it, didn't he? But sooner settled himself on the chair than a singular sound fell upon his ears.

The odor was the faint, fetid odor of a stable. The sound was a single one, resembling the stroke of a club thumping upon boards. As it sounded through the coom the girl winced.

"Well, now, about Bach," said Folliet, with every sense on the alert. "You will find that the questions I have to ask you about him are not many, and easily answered. First of all, how long have you been engaged to him?"

"I-I-" she said, in evident confusion. "Come, now-how long?" "About-about two weeks." "That all?"

Down in answer came sounding the club upon the boards, a single blow. "Yes-that's all."

"And when were you to be married?" "So? Really? Not a very long engage-

ment, then, all told." "No. But what has that to do with the matter, monsieur?" "Well, in a case of this kind everything

is of importance, you know. Just answer my questions-you will find them easy to answer. How long have you known Bach?" "About-about three weeks." "That all? He was anxious to be married

quickly, then?" "O, come, now, if the man is to be found, it is clear that you must let me know the facts, you know."

"Ah, monsieur, do not torment me! She buried her face in her hands.

"Well, then," he said, "we start with this fact: That Bach was anxious, for some reason or other, to get married in frantic haste. Bach-or you. Which was it-Bach, or you?" The mysterious sound of the club

pounding in answer upon the boards. The cowering girl was silent. "Ah, you are not open and candid, you see," said Folliett; "how do you expect me to find your lover for you? Well, then, I must ask you something else. Was the

appointment which Bach had to keep on the day he disappeared an important one?" "I suppose so." "Only 'suppose?" "

"I believe so." "Come, now; that's better. You believe so. Well, what has it all fout?" "I don't know."

"Very well, then I shall leave you to find your lover for yourself, that's all." "He was going to a meeting." "Really? An assemblage of men?" "I suppose so."

"Yes," in the faintest whisper came from

"An assemblage of Germans?" "O, not necessarily Germans." "How do you know?"

"He did not say they were Germans. Why hould you pitch upon Germans?" "Bach is a German." "Yes-a naturalized Frenchman."

"And what was the object of this meet "You do not suppose that Mr. Bach me his secrets."

"It was a secret meeting, then?" "I suppose so." "Why?" "Because-I do not know. I suppose it

as secret." "He told you it was secret?" "Well-I suppose-yes." "And you know nothing of its object?" "How should I?"

"When did you first meet Mr. Bach?" sult.

"Here, in this house." "So? How came he here?" "He was brought here by a friend of his." "A German friend?" "Well-yes." "Who knows you, also?"

"Yes." "Have you any other lodgers?" "All Germans?"

"Yes-he lives here."

"A lodger?"

"Most of them, I believe." 'The house is yours?" "Mine and my two sisters." "Have you always fived here?" "Nearly always." "Your father's house?"

"My unole's." "He is alive now?" "He is lately dead." "How long ago?" "Three weeks ago."

"About the same time when you met Bach, then? She lowered her eyes.

"Yes." Folliet rose. As he did so for the twentieth time, the club sounded its solitary, strange blow upon the boards. "Well, all I can say," he said, "is that you know a great deal more than you choose to tell me. It is very foolish if you are anxious to find him, you know. I sup-

pose you are anxious?" 'Ah, monsieur, find him, find him quickly for me!" she wailed with hidden face. "Well," he said, "I won't hide from you that we have a clew-that his recovery is

possible-soon-but-" He turned sharply in surprise. There

"I see!" cried Folliet. "Jeanne, at time of uncle's death was already engaged to be married-farmer, half German. Lorrainer they say. She at once writes to him to come immediately; something prevents. Meanwhile Agnes, in great hurry, goes and gets engaged; man named Bach-know him well-beer seller-Mont-martre. What steps little Marie takes I don't know. But the other two, frantic to be married, tearing out each other's eyes."

"That all you know?" "That's about it." in the street. "Thank you, Cazales. Shan't forget my the little temple, and saw the water, and promise. Find out anything else of imthe woods, and discovered that heaven can

portance to me, and I make the time six instead of three months. Bon soir." He passed out. At the first street lamp he stopped, and drew from his pocket the feather which had brushed past his nose. He took out a magnifying glass, and bent to examine it.

"Yes," he muttered, "it is a pigeon's feather right enough. But the horse! the horse living like a Christian in the house! What-the devil-can be the meaning of

CHAPTER VIII.

The Invention. The three sisters Carhaix were very different one from the other; Jeanne was ugly; Agnes was attractive; Marie, the 17-year-

had a lover. Why did not the Lorraine farmer fly as with wings to claim Jeanne and the for- elries with his Bohemian student-friends, tune? Day after day she wrote letter after when coals failed to keep the fire going, letter urging him to come-to leave all, they broke up one of the few old chairs



ROUND FLEW TH E RACING TEAM.

him, and the room was flooded with light. | to be with her soon; but he did not come. ugly, and on her back was a hump. A look attention. of intense malice was stamped on her features. Her left fist clenched with rage. Her age was about 30. Folliet guessed at once that she had been listening in the dark to the whole of their talk. Her eyes keenly read her somewhat evil face. "Why not tell the gentleman what you

know of this man Bach?" she cried. "Your lower! Yes, and a fine lover for my father's child was Bach!" The face of Agnes was first blanched, then

encrimsoned with rage. "Look you, Jeanne!" she hissed, "one word-one little word against him-and I other side of the river. As she sat down tell every syllable I know of whence the she glanced at a clock in the room. geons come!

"Come, now," said Folliet to himself, "this looks not ill. Between two sisters. You are sisters, I suppose?" he added, aloud. "If you can call any one your sister wh

hates you, sir," said Agnes.

"It is you," replied Jeanne venomously—
"it is you who began it! You covetous, greedy, mercenary-" She did not go any further; at this point her invective was broken in upon by the shrill whinny of a horse-a whinny flerce and high, and strong; it came from the direction of the room where the club had

struck the boards, and where the stable odor had arisen. Both the women started, with blanched faces. Folliet smiled. He had long since guessed that the solitary, slow, mysterious sound was due to the restive smiting upon the bare boards of

the hoof of a high-spirited horse. Now he But he was infinitely puzzled. The plot

was thickening. He wished to be alone to "Well, I won't stay to witness your family

quarrels." he said. "Mile. Agnes, I can only promise that we shall do our best; and I think I can give you the hope of seeing your flance in

three or four days at the furthest." He bowed and passed out of the room he reached the courtyard and became anxlous; he reached the gate and despaired; but as he was bending to pass through the wicket into the street the expected happened. Jeanne touched his arm; she had

run after him. "Come tomorrow at 1, monsieur," she said in a thick whisper; "I will be here alone and may tell you—" "Back-quick!" said Folliet, "your els

"At 1," whispered Jeanne, and ran bac Folliet looked up and down the street, then turned to the left and walked into a small house, which bore on its door the legend. "Knock and one will open."

was the Cabaret au Vrai Bruyant. Folliet selected a seat in the least noisy corner and ordered a glass of book. He sat trying to catch the eye of a big, burly fellow with long black hair combed back stiffly from his brow, dressed in black velvet, with Wellington boots and a coarse jersey for shirt. He was the brazen-lunged proprietor of the Vrai Bruyant. Presently Folliet beckoned with a finger. The great swaggerer approached him. They knew each

other. "Sit down here, Cazales; I want to talk Cazales sat near.

"Who are these Carhaix young women? "Carhaix? Carbaix?" said Casales, prodding remembrance. "Yes—they live three doors away, on this side of the street, you know. You

"Ah, yes-Carhaix-ah, yes. Three young women. Uncle lately dead." "Tell me about them; why do they hat each other?" "Hate! Hate isn't the word for it! It's

the uncle's fault, too. They were always good friends, till he died." "Well, let me hear it-all you know. For tip, I promise you that you shall find the police all round the Cabaret pretty blind for the next, say, three months."

"Well, you're welcome to what I know about it from a party who should be in the swim over yonder. The whole trouble comes from the last will of the uncle. An old hermit he was, crotchety, a miser kind of dog. There are three of them, Marie. pretty little girl, flaxen-haired, about 17; then Jeanne, the eldest, ugly, bitter-tempered; and another one, I forget her name-

"Agnes. Uncle in his will left the house jointly to the three, and in addition, 40,000 francs, which are to be the sole property of the one | she even tried to walk slewly, but, in reality,

There approached him a girl, holding a There were affairs of far vaster importance candlestick. Her face was long, thin and engaging, for the time being, this man's

He was a German, named Hans Schwartz. He occupied, as he had told her, a small farm and homestead in the neighborhood of Gravelotte. A great part of his later life had been devoted to the culture and training of pigeons.

It was a nice question which of the sisters would marry first. Agnes had only to discover that Bach was really dead in order to seek and find a new and eager lover. An hour after Folliet had left the house of the girls Marie came in. She was engaged during the day at a vacheric on the

amp was on the table, and by it fat Jeanne sewing with tight lips. She did not speak when the other entered, but she cast upon her a look suspicious and evil. Marie glanced secretly at the clock; she said: "Is there anything in the cupboard. May

I take something to eat, Jeanne?" "Hat off!" "I do not wish to take it off just now." At this moment Agnes entered the room. "Don't you hear your elder sister talking to you, you little idiot?" she said.

"It does not take two of you to oppres poor, miserable girl like me-'I am going out." "Out!" they exclaimed together, in aston-

ishment. "Yes, out!" she answered. "Cannot one go out if one would?"



"BACH IS A GERMAN?" Agnes. "And where, if you please, are you going to at this hour of the night?" Marie averted her head. She did not inswer. Ten thousand elder sisters would have found it difficult to keep her indoors that night. She had an appointment All this time she held one hand behind her, on the handle of the door. In her pocket was a note which she was longing to finger and feel, and cover with kisses. At the announcement that Marie was going out Jeannie, the shrewder of the two elder

sisters, stood still and turned slightly pale. Then she stepped near to Agnes and whispered in her ears these words: "Let her go." But the injunction was useless. Even while Jeannie was whispering Marie, who had slyly and softly turned the handle, slid fugitively through the door.

The two women looked into each other's

eyes a minute. Then Jeanne, with an air f conviction: "She's gone to meet a man! Wait!" In half an hour Marie was running ightly within the gates of the Buttes-Chaumont. She had seen with alarm that she was a minute late. Behind her, toiling and panting, came Jeanne, running also. The gardens lay sombre and umbrageous under the moonlight. They are a little bit

of Switzerland in the heart of Paris. This was not the point of Marie's Rising high from the water is a bluff cliff. crowned at the summit with a little round temple of open columns of ebony. From the bottom one ascends some rising ground, then over a rather frail and very long wooden bridge, then up some rude stone steps cut through the heart of the rock, then you are at the top, and the temple is there, with its circular wooden bench for seat, the very home of Cupid, the sanctuary of Venus. Here the moonlight was supreme.

ilence and the solitude were complete. Marie, when she reached the bridge, knew that she stood exposed to two eyes that watched for her coming. She no longer ran

who marries first. You can guess the re- her pace was very rapid. In sweet, re- the horse had been stabled. He listened for had crept from his hiding place meanwhile crouching and bending, came Jeanne.

"Marie! Marie!" said a man's voice "Ah!" in a dying sigh, came fluttering from her lips.

She was on his breast. "My soul!" he said.

"My life!" she whispered, but he did not hear her; the words perished in their fainting utterance. other a few days. They had met by chance

They leaned together over the parapet of

be nothing else than a moonlit earth, where

one is always young and amorous. He, too,

was young-not 23-yet his forehead was proper," muttered Folliet. bald at the temples, and down from his chin and cheeks spread a dark-red fan-shaped beard, rough and thick; and his body was olive colored face was somewhat pale. heavy and bulky. He was a ne'er-do-weel, a student, a musician, one of the wild, sir?" she said. penniless, Latin quartier sort, named Armand Dupres. At the conservatoire, everywhere, he was a marked man; one said: "He will matter of a few hours now, and we shall arrive-he will be famous." But he never be able to restore him to you and your knew whence his dinner would come, if it sister." came at all. If he had known whence it would come, life would have been intolerable to him, at his age. How the settled, the tame man-the clerk, the artisan-could endure to live, he could not understand. old, had youth and beauty, but she did not Armand reposed upon Providence; God fed find him." know of the clause in the will; yet she, too, him like a bird; chance took care of him, lest at any time he dashed his foot against a stone. In one of his wild midnight rev was the swift striking of a match behind and come, come. He answered, promising in the room and threw the pieces in the eyebrows. grate. One after another of the guests would rise and sup standing. Armand called this "moving out by way of the chimney." Yet this light-natured person could prefer, on the whole, that France should when he was soher, touch a harp or a piano be the victor. This man, Bach, is a conor a violin at chance moments in such a way that some heavenly dream-image would hint itself in melodious loveliness to the soul that heard it. He had a brain as keen and shrewd as lightning. And the whole

> world was one poem to him. Of this poem, Marie, lately found, was the climax. Here the poem swelled into song-and music was the universe. "Marie, we must go to the mayor,"

"Whatever you will." "At once, Marie." "We are poor, Armand. We have no

money." He laughed "Why, you housewife! Money is of no importance. "Sometimes, Armand, I knew a grisette

whose child died because she had no money." "Well, but Marie, I am so clever! I can make money whenever I like. Why, last week only I invented something-are you interested in the war, Marie?" "I was." she said.

"But not now?" "O, now! What is anything to me now

"Sweet! Well, but the war. I, Marie, for a week was frantic, all excited; then something happened-I had a musical fancy-it changed the current of my interest. But during that week I worked, I can tell you! That Vansittart, the American, he seems to me so great a man. I said, 'I will invent him something more deadly than death, with which he shall destroy his enemies.' And for days, Marie, for days, I kept at home, saw no one, thinking of that one thing." "And did you invent the thing?"

asked, with wide, wondering eyes. "But yes! It was not so difficult. I made model, too-or half made it." "And-when it is finished," she said, rea soning to herself-"then-I shall know what

to do. Leave the rest to me." "So?-and what will it do, the little sweet manager, then?" "I will go straight to Mr. Vansittart, and will tell him!" Armand caught her to him, laughing, kiss-

Jeanne, who was crouching a little below them at the stone steps, rose to go. She had

ing her eyes, and ears and hair.

CHAPTER IX. The Horse. Folliet spent a sleepless night. He sat on a hearth rug in his own bedroom in the Rue de Maubeuge, with his arms round his knees and his wrinkled brow sunk low in thought. The day stole into the room and

found him sitting so. He was absolutely certain now that there was a conspiracy, an association-probably large-probably of Germans-with a secret unlawful, political aim, within the city of Paris. A man with the reasoning shrewdness of Folliet could hardly have failed, with his present knowledge, to come to that conclusion. His chain of deduction started from Bach-or rather, from Bach's cap; from the feather in it, especially, and from the circumstance that the cap had been so very much too large for Bach. The inferences which he drew from these facts seemed to him quite clear. And they were these: The cap, with the feather in it, was a badge, a sign of membership, a symbol of association. It was very much too large for Bach, for the simple reason that it had never been specially bought for him at all; but was erely one of a lot purchased in the gross from the Lorrainer, and tied round its leg

for the members of the confraternity. A faint instinct of all this had passed brough his brain from the first sight of the cap. When Agnes Carhaix informed him that Bach had gone to a "meeting," and a secret" one, he was no longer in doubt. But "a secret meeting" of Germans at such

time? It could not be but that its object vas political. And the cardboard in Bach's pocket marked with the 6 or 9 was now no longer a matter of mystery; 6 or 9 was

Bach's membership number. But from this fact his mind went on to new conclusion. He reasoned that an association whose members were known and admitted by numbered tickets must be a large and far-reaching one-one so large and so far-reaching that its members were not all known to each other by sight-one requiring formality and organization and numerical computation. Another mind would have reasoned: Since Bach was 6 or 9, there must be at least six or nine of them. Folliet reasoned: Since Bach was numbered at all, there must be at least 600

or 900 of them. But if there were 900 of them they must be powerful, resourceful, strong to means to effect their end. It takes many men and much money to destroy railways. this fact, then, he, the prefect of police in Paris, found himself confronted.

But what was their end? That it was hostile to France was certain, but whether this hostility was personally directed against King Henri, or against Vansittart, or merely as a general agent in favor of the kaiser, he could only guess. All night his excogitation lasted, and at the end, had he computed the currents of his thoughts, he would have discovered that, in fact, it was the horse more than anything else which had occupied and

puzzled and excited him. The horse-it lay motiveless, like lead his brain. One thing only he decided, that he would see it that day with his own eyes, and discover whatever was the secret associated with it.

'Shopping.'

"This her regular hour?"

Folliet took a mental note of that.

Sharp at 1 o'clock he was in front of the Carhaix gate. Jeanne was waiting in the court yard. "No one in?" said Folliet. "Where is Agnes?"

> through her clenched teeth. She rushed at once toward the room where

luctant, amorous delays, her wild young the sound of the restless hoof, but heard and had been busy. He had taken the key heart was not yet proficient. Behind her, nothing, Jeanne ascended a stairway be- from the door between Jeanne's room and nothing. Jeanne ascended a stairway be- from the door between Jeanne's room and fore him. The whole house was dingy and the conspirators', then crouched peering through the hole of the lock. The sight that met his eye was, first, a window, open, "Agnes may return," she said. "I am and looking out at the back of a house upon an open space. Then he saw the side walls, She led the way down a passage, and in crowded from top to bottom with square a rather small triangular apartment, where wooden cages, in every cage a bird. there was a bed, pointed to a seat. At the place was squalid, littered with feathers, moment when Folliet sat, there began on crumbs, seeds. As he looked, there alighted These two people had only known each the other side of one of the three parti- on the window sill in winged urgency, tions the trouling sound of some cooling bird, glancing in quick query round the room, a

and at once the monody was taken up by feathered messenger. Wrapped round her another, and presently a perfect chorus went leg, bound with an elastic thread, was a rolling through the air in soft rotery joy- narrow slip of paper.
ance, with swell and fall and vibrant tet One of Wilhelm's pigeons! Folliet would have given his left hand to know what was "Well, now, we are in pigeon-land written in that far-borne message.

But as he gazed, all his soul in his peer-

ing eye, his quick ear heard a hint of

Jeanne's returning steps. He slid back behalf-suspicious gray underglance. Her long, hind the curtains. The woman had lost all control of herself. "Can you give me any news of M. Bach, She deigned no explanation. She simply pounced upon him in intense exasperation. "Only this," replied Folliet, "that we as

good as have our hands on him. It is only a with the words: "Look Lere, get out of my house, my good man! You have no right here, you know.

Folliet was not surprised. He was cer-

"Restore him to me, sir? I have nothing tain, beforehand, that he was dealing with to do with the man. I could give you inmen of cunning and resource, quite capable formation against him, which would mean of twisting to their own purposes the pasthe guillotine for him the week after you sions of a woman like Jeanne.

"I want you to go away out of my place, I tell you. Will you go?" Folliet thought a second. He would go

f Jeanne allowed him to descend the stairs alone; he wanted to inspect the house. He would not go if she went with him. He made three steps toward the door to try her. Good! Jeanne sank upon her knees before the bed, hiding away her face like a wretch without hope. be beaten by the Germans? I am a patriot.

Folliet descended quickly. He touched with his finger the revolver in his pocket. It might be that the horse was guarded. He met no one in his descent. The house was silent and seemed deserted. The lower he went the more the somber obscurity of the place deepened.

He came to the door, feeling his way. For a minute he stock listening for the tramp of the restive Loof. But he heard nothing. A vague fear began to fill his mind.

He put out his hand and groped for the handle. To his surprise he found the door unfastened. It was even a little way opes, "I thought we were alone in the house, He intruded his head within the apertura but some of the lodgers may have come The reek of the stable greeted his nostrile back. They have that room there. They strongly, but so dark was the apartment that for the moment he could see nothing. He struck a match.

Now he knew the truth. The horse was gone! At the discovery a pang plerced his osom, and at the same time something like

a flash of light illuminated his brain. This fact stood out clear and prominent in his consciousness: That the horse, kept cabined in darkness for he knew not how long, had been removed on the same day when Vansittart proposed to leave Parisor, perhaps, during the night preceding that

He rushed from the house and pelted himself into a passing cab, shouting to the driver to fly to the Tuilleries. It was already 2:30 o'clock.

This was the day when Vansittart had proposed to leave Paris-"in the after-When Folliet reached the Tulleries in the

cab, Vansittart had already gone. He heard the news from a footman. On fore I go any further: That you promise his brow broke out beads of sweat. A certain definite suspicion of evil was by this time working within him. He had not deduced, but he had guessed the truth. He rushed at once round in the direction of the stables. He thus lost another minute, and Vansittart had set out fully five min

> utes before he arrived. Half way to the stables he met a jaunty. jockey-like sort of little man whom he knew "Tell me, quick," panted Folliet, "in what

did Mr. Vansittart drive away?" "A brougham." "Drawn by what?" The two blood Arabs, Tom and Bess." "They all right?"

"So, so. Tom was a bit mad this morning.

day.

"Mad. man?" "Pretty mad. Couldn't make him outkept blinking in the light, his nostrils going wouldn't stand in the traces neither. I didn't harness him. It was Karl, and Karl is stupid with horses, as all Germans-" Folliet heard no more. He went bound-

ing across the quadrangle. He took a Through the rather wild traffic of the Parisian streets went Folliet Soon, however, he found himself in regular Babel of disorder. His cab ran into the wheels of a backing cart, to be crushed into fragments; but by an agile leap in time, he saved himself. He dived into the crowd, dashing it aside. He gained the pavement, and recommenced his bawling, shoving and urging his desperate way among them. The people made way for the distracted man. In less than a minute a wide circular space, with a vast columnar monu-"This pigeon you see here has just arrived

ment in the center, opened before him. It was the Place de la Bastille. Round the circular space he saw, as he looked, two frantic, staring, black horses dashing, and behind them a broughamand looking from the window of this brougham the astonished face of Vansittart. Folliet did not now lose his head. His plan of action was already determined upon. Something like what he saw he had expected to see. He had the revolver in his hand. But first he had to discover which vastating career right through his of the two was the untamed horse taken farm, and left the place a ruin; all is from No. 11 Rue Pigalle and substituted in the stables of the Tuileries for the Arab Tom. Bess, he knew, was merely following an example and was harmless. Round flew the racing team like a flash of swiftness. Every one of the wide-eyed oulookers stood paralyzed. They saw that the attempt to stem the avalanche of fury would have been mere simplicity of mind. Folliet

stepped out alone. The substituted horse was on the offside. But by the time he had determined this fact, so intense was the pace, they had shot past him before he could fire. He ran the other way to meet them.

This was the fifth revolution of the brougham, and with every revolution it had tended nearer, in a narrowing circle, to the central monument. Before it came around again the carriage bumped. Vansittart, his coachman and the two horses were sprawing on the ground.

Vansittart lay right in the way of the horses, which at once began to flounder and struggle to their feet. But Folliet lodged a bullet in the brain of the Arab and the next moment was suporting Vansittart. "Ah, M. Folliet." said Vansittart, blithely,

He held out his hand to Folliet. The next moment he fainted. The arm he had held out was dislocated. Just at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard Sebastopol someone, who was not known, had struck fiercely at the

you? Ah, thanks.'

Folliet heard afterward. (To be Continued.)

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plunging and restive Arab stallion. Se

They passed inward, near the room when

"Very well, mademoiselle, go on. I am willing to hear, as you see by my presence "I am a patriot, monsieur," said Jeanne, "You are?" replied Folliet, with lifted "I love my country, sir." "Is that so?" "What advantage should I derive if we

spirator, monsieur." "You don't say that, now?" "He is. I can prove it." "Well, tell me."

Jeanne's pallor increased.

"Why do we ascend?" he asked.

Jeanne sat opposite him, eyeing him with

aking you to my own room."

The cooing of the pigeons had scmewhat eased, and at this point a gentle sound of some movement, apparently accidental, came from the other side of the partition. They both heard it. Jeanne started and turned white. "Hold! You heard a sound, sir?" she whispered.

"I? No. It is your fancy. Go on."

are Germans-they may listen-" "Well, why not open the door and see?" There was a door in the partition, and the key projected inward. Jeanne rose at the suggestion, turned the key, and peeped into the next room. At the first sound of her movements at the key, two men on the other side had hurriedly slipped into a spacious cupboard. While Jeanne's back was turned to him. Folliet, on his part, with the quickness of lightning drew out the key, which he could reach without rising, and pressed it deep into a lump of wax from his pocket. With swift skill he had replaced the key in the lock and the wax in his pocket, before Jeanne again

faced him with the words: "There is no one there, sir." "Well, now, about this conspiracy of Bach's," he said. "I need not tell you that any information you can give of importance to the government will not go unrewarded.' "I am not seeking a government reward, monsieur. But I make this stipulation be-

me that M. Bach shall not be allowed to marry my sister until after I am myself married. I am quite candid, you see, about the matter. I stipulate that."

"I see. You want him kept in prison, in ase he is not guillotined, till-"Well, I promise that." "Then I will tell you. For, why should not I be a patriot, I? There is a con-

spiracy of over 1,500 Germans in Paris. I know it, because-" She bent her lips close to his ear. But she got no further. A violent knocking was heard at the door of their entrance, a door in one of the three partitions of the room

A cry of Mademoiselle Jeanne! Madamoiselle Jeanne! News! News! Are you there?" came from without Jeanne in a white scare took Folliet by

the shoulders.

this slip."

bloodless face.

"Quick, monsieur!" she hissed in flurried right, "behind the bedcurtains-later-later Folliet hurried to the hiding place eanno to the door. She opened it, stepped outside and closed it behind her. Two men were there awaiting her-the same two who had run hiding at her opening of the other door. To reach this side of the room they had made a wide detour through the house. They had been listening to her promise of disclosure, and hurried round in time to prevent it. They knew the means. One in his hand carried a pigeon and a narrow

strip of paper. "Mile Jeanne," he said in the whisper, "sorry am I to have to tell you this-"What, what is it?"

He handed her the slip. She recognized the writing of her loyer, Schwartz. But she could not make out its meaning. It was in German "What is it? You know I can't read it," she said. "He says," replied the man, "that the Five Thousand sent out by Van-

de-

sittart have r idden in their

trampled, harried and desolate. He is left penniless, Schwartz. The message is intended for you. For the present he cannot move, nor think of marriage." Jeanne had heard of of the Five Thousand; she to think that their operanot stop tions were long since over-that this message was rather late in coming. She believed; and she tottered backward, with

The farm of Schwartz had, in truth, been scorched by the flying flame of the Five Thousand in its meteor course of destruction; but the message mentioning it had been brought by a carrier pigeon from his colombier many days before to the conspirators at No. 11 rue Pigalle. They had not so much as taken the pains to mention it to Jeanne until they saw how it might be useful to their ends. The sisters, Carhaix, were, in fact, permitted to know as little as possible.

whether or not she should marry Bach speedily. If she could not marry him, what was easier than the purchase of another husband? In a moment or two her pallor vanished Her face flushed with brutal rage. Revenge above every other passion, swelled in herrevenge against the hand that had struck her this blow, the hand that had hurled

the thunderbolt of the Five Thousand

"My God!" gasped Jeanne, with clasped

hands. All her hopes at that moment per-

ished. In a few days Agnes would know

straight at her heart. She had just been about to do this man service, and all the time he had been crushing her. She had been about to aid France! And France had been ruining her. What did she care for Vansittart, for France in comparison with her triumph over Agnes, her laugh of glee.

she had left Folliet, mad with rage. Folliet by Kuhn & Co.