

THE LOST PROVINCES. How Vansittart Came Back to France. By Louis Tracy.

CHAPTER I. Wilhelm's Pigeons. The two sisters, Agnes and Jeanne, were more furried about the love affair of little Marie than they would have been at the wreckage of all the nations of the earth in mutual war.

man where the interests of so many are concerned. Hurray for the fatherland! "Hurray! Hurray!" said another, with a kind of languid enthusiasm.

But that they would not do. Agnes felt that the child would be missed from her work, and she was right. There remained but one thing; to watch her, waiting, hoping in luck, and in what might turn up. Jeanne undertook the charge.

"I have been seeing to it—and it is finished." "And you yourself think it good? It will do what you want it to do?"

"So that we shall always remain poor, and not be married, and be practical!" He caught at her to him. "Yes, soon, soon. But—do you know what I shall do? I shall go to the king, or to Mr. Vansittart, and tell him—really."

"What the deuce can they think of the matter? Lord! they must be puzzled." "You know, mates, when one comes to think of it, it is not a bad idea."

On the previous day he had taken careful note of the rather intricate way to Jeanne's triangular room. He was able to reach it in the dark. In his pocket were a number of keys and implements.

"It was about an invention," she answered across the lump in her throat. "An invention to do what?" "To kill people."

But he did not make it. No sooner had he discerned the dim and silent figure than his revolver was in his hand. Then, with eyes that had acquired the faculty of seeing in the dark, he looked about the room.

There was a moment's breathless silence. Follet, in his eagerness to hear, had almost stretched his head outside the cupboard door. "Some one read aloud the words: 'Attack on our side put off for a week from now. Meanwhile nothing likely to happen. Till then Vansittart to be kept in Paris at all costs.'"

When a thing had to be done Follet was not a man to hesitate. With concentrated alertness he stepped nearer and nearer to the vague, broad back at the window, ready to shoot if it stirred. Then he touched the open cupboard door; in an instant he was within the aperture. He drew himself cautiously inward.

"A week!" exclaimed one. "Within half an hour No. 11 Rue Pigalle was in the hands of the police, with all its winged inhabitants. But every one of the human birds had flown."

"Not a word. Been looking out all the evening. It's sure to come, I suppose." Some one struck a light, and lit a candle on a table in one corner.

"Marie." Marie was a sweet child. She had the face of a Madonna, a face pure and pale, and stained with the pink of dry roses.

There, we shall see. But the invention—were you sure? "Oh, yes—quite!" "What is he?" "An artist—a musician."

"I want to see Mr. Vansittart." The woman, as the usher had done, smiled. "Mr. Vansittart! But—" She stopped. The proposal was so preposterous that there was nothing to be said. Words were quite inadequate.

Marie blushed crimson. Her eyes dropped. "I want to see Mr. Vansittart." The woman, as the usher had done, smiled. "Mr. Vansittart! But—"

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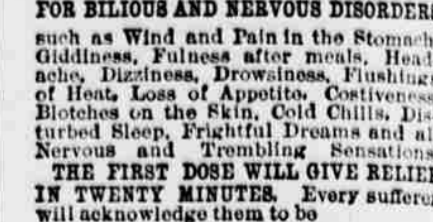
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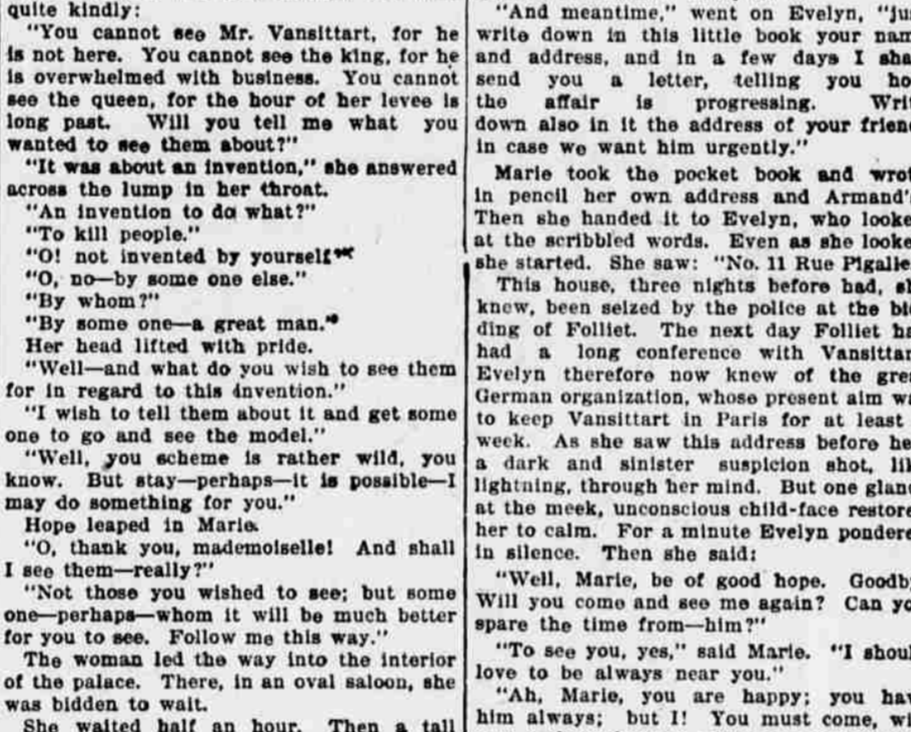
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THE FAINTEST SOUND NOW WOULD HAVE BETRAYED FOLLETT.



SOBBING ON HIS SHOULDER.

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