



BY MARY DEVERUX WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

CHAPTER VII.

"Ah!" exclaimed the priest. "This comes from Laro's teachings."

"No, father—indeed not," cried Jean. "I was still weak and unacquainted from illness. From Grelotte the boy had heard—and with outspoken indignation—of General Bonaparte's capture, shortly after his own arrival at the convent, which had been turned into a hospital."

"The way away and left me!" Jean exclaimed, "left me, when I was not able to speak to him!" The left a letter with Pere Huot, and a farewell message, which the good father will doubtless give you when he sees fit."

"Each man said at still," said Grelotte, calmly. "Do not get excited, else I shall regret telling you anything about the affair. We have to remember that you have been very ill. Tenderness touched in his tone, and he gently touched the hand resting on the convent."

"Late in the afternoon of this same day, Pere Huot, sitting with Jean in the latter's room, had been informing him of what had transpired since the morning Murter brought him to the shelter and safety of his present home."

"He watched the boy's face carefully as he told him of Margot's burial, and of Bonaparte's many visits to his bedside, where he lay tossing in delirium, and the good priest related within himself to see the look of degraded grief soften into one of subdued satisfaction."

"My son, where is the box of papers Monsieur le Baron, thy father, intrusted to Margot for safe keeping?" "The box of papers, Pere Huot," the boy repeated, as if trying to recall

something. "I cannot say; I do not know."

"The box not where it is!" exclaimed the priest, with a marked change of bearing and tone. "How is this? Who was done with it?"

"The good priest spoke urgently, and impatiently, leaning forward and looking fixedly into the boy's perspiring face."

"Burned, with the cottage," replied Jean.

"You saw not, my son, what I regret to tell thee that he was found guilty of a crime the Great Committee never forgives—that of treachery. While seeking to serve thee, he sold his secrets to the English."

"Did Margot tell thee, father, of all that had happened last night?" "Languedou!"

"Yes, my son; and I have waited for a fitting time to speak to thee of the matter. The general Bonaparte and myself talked of it as well, and I must say that thou were cruelly and needlessly angered and wounded by it. I was grieved that thou shouldst have been led to the act that so nearly made thee a murderer. As to thy brother, we must forgive the deed, even more freely than the living; and Elzanne is now gone where he should have thy forgiveness in full."

"The priest, and Jean turned in his chair to look at him questioningly."

"Yes, thy brother is dead; he was found still more miserably than I should like to tell thee that he was found guilty of a crime the Great Committee never forgives—that of treachery. While seeking to serve thee, he sold his secrets to the English."

"Jean's lips curled with scorn, but he said no spoken common."

"Elzanne now dead, then, my son, art he to the title and estates, which, although declared confiscated, may be resumed and saved to thee through the influence of thy friend, General Bonaparte, who had me told thee at the proper time, and also give thee this letter."

"Jean, angry and reckless, exclaimed: 'I am no hypocrite, nor pretend to be. I cannot feel, I have hated Elzanne all my life, and with cause; and I will never say otherwise, now that he is dead. I would spare my title or position that I should die, despite myself if ever again I lived beneath the roof who had sheltered one who spoke such dastardly words of my noble father. I want to get away from France, away to the new world, and carve out a name for myself—rich and richer than Elzanne, like a wild bird in a cage, to live such a life as man pass here. The very thought of it is hateful to me.'

Jacques's lovely daughter; and Joseph had been unusually busy with their names during the present week, at the close of which the young man had concluded the mission upon which he had been sent to New Orleans, was to return to Mobile, where the British and Spanish troops. It was also understood that Count de Casazem had no ill-will to the stalwart, calm-faced Englishman, man."

"Why did you try to trick him, Don Morales?" asked one of the players, a tall, spare man with thin hair and hair, overhanging eyebrows. Don Morales laughed scornfully. "Because it is worth something to hinder a little in the cold blood of an English dog."

"But what is it all about?" inquired another of the party. "Don Morales but asked a simple question. Was there in it to justify any man, English or otherwise, calling for satisfaction?"

"Yes," added a young American of foreign, looking to be twenty-two or thereabouts, sitting beside Colonel Zechary, "sitting beside Colonel Zechary, who has three times to get angry about, for angry he was at something! It couldn't have been his cards, for I looked at what he threw down."

"See here, Don," inquired the quick-witted ensign, who, although a recent widower, with a young boy, was in secret—his wife had died of cholera. "You are forgetting your usual code. Tommy, to say nothing of the sacred matter as a lady's affairs."

"I do not," replied Laro, with a quick, meaning glance, which the colonel met with a slight start, as though there seem to be those who know my business better than I know it myself."

"When shall you be back here?" asked De la Chaise. "When my vessel reaches New Orleans."

"(To be continued.)"

LIGHTNING NOT SO FAST.

Flyer Beat at Every Stroke and Arrived Ahead of Time.

Returning from Chicago a few nights ago, Del Valentine was on a fast train through the night. He was going so fast that it was almost at the next mile post. "The train said in the storm," says, "and was passing out the opposite end of the zigzag streak of lightning on the outer edge that shrank at the engine just before it struck the train."

"I want to go over seas, away from France, and carve out a name for myself."

"I cannot say; I do not know."

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Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. Our list is constantly changing. We request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

1. Farm of 20 acres, well wooded, good soil, near town, price \$1000. Terms easy.

2. Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all modern conveniences. Price \$1500. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

3. The Bayler farm in the town of Troy, 125 acres. Good farm, which is the wonder and pride of Troy. It is a fine example of a well managed farm. Price \$1000 per acre. Will take other property at a good price. Call upon Whitehead & Mitchell.

4. Farm in Southfield, 40 acres, which is a fine example of a well managed farm. Price \$1000 per acre. Will take other property at a good price. Call upon Whitehead & Mitchell.

5. Twenty-three hundred dollars each will buy one of the most profitable farms in the township of Southfield, 40 acres, which is a fine example of a well managed farm. Price \$1000 per acre. Will take other property at a good price. Call upon Whitehead & Mitchell.

6. Two-story house on 10th and 11th Sts. in Birmingham, 1000 sq. ft., with all modern conveniences. Price \$1000. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

7. Brick house, good barn and acres of land, suitable for planting on south side of Maple St. in Birmingham. Price \$1000. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

8. Farm of 20 acres, well wooded, good soil, near town, price \$1000. Terms easy.

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