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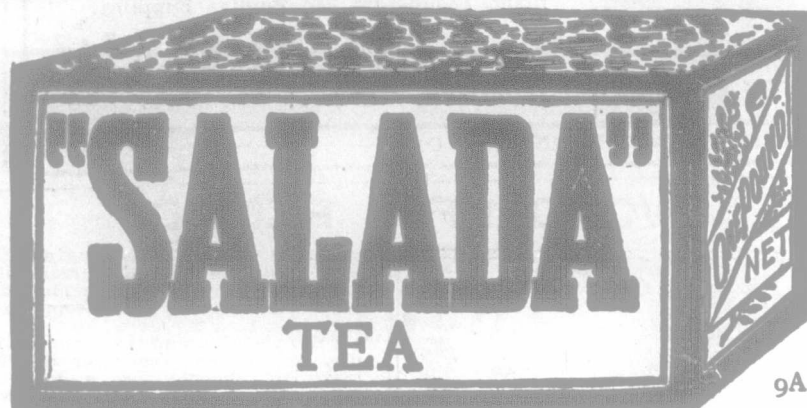
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of the dying man who had just received his alms, and in whose protection he had thus risked and lost his own life.

"Bravo, Le Gardeur!" exclaimed De Pean; "that was the best stroke ever given in New France. The Golden Dog is done for, and the Bourgeois has paid his debt to the Grand Company." Le Gardeur looked up wildly. "Who is he, De Pean?" exclaimed he. "What man have I killed?"

"The Bourgeois Philibert, who else?" shouted De Pean with a tone of exultation.

Le Gardeur uttered a wailing cry, "The Bourgeois Philibert! have I slain the Bourgeois Philibert? De Pean lies, Angelique," said he, suddenly turning to her. "I would not kill a sparrow belonging to the Bourgeois Philibert! Oh, tell me De Pean lies."

"De Pean does not lie, Le Gardeur," answered she, frightened at his look. "The Bourgeois struck you first. I saw him strike you first with his staff. You are a gentleman and would kill the King

if he struck you like a dog with his staff! Look where they are lifting him up. You see it is the Bourgeois and no other."

Le Gardeur gave one wild look and recognized the well known form and features of the Bourgeois. He threw his sword on the ground, exclaiming, "Oh! oh! unhappy man that I am! It is parricide! parricide! to have slain the father of my brother Pierre! Oh, Angelique des Meloises! you made me draw my sword, and I knew not who it was or what I did!"

"I told you, Le Gardeur, and you are angry with me. But see! hark! what a tumult is gathering; we must get out of this throng or we shall all be killed as well as the Bourgeois. Fly, Le Gardeur, fly! Go to the Palace!"

"To hell sooner! Never shall the Palace see me again!" exclaimed he madly. "The people shall kill me if they will, but save yourself, Angelique. De Pean, lead her instantly away from this cursed spot, or all the blood is not

spilt that will be spilt to-day. This is of your contriving, De Pean," cried he, looking savagely, as if about to spring upon him.

"You would not harm me, or her, Le Gardeur?" interrupted De Pean, turning pale at his fierce look.

"Harm her, you fool, no! but I will harm you if you do not instantly take her away out of this tumult. I must see the Bourgeois. Oh God, if he be dead!"

A great cry now ran through the market-place: "The Bourgeois is killed. The Grand Company have assassinated the Bourgeois." Men ran up from every side shouting and gesticulating. The news spread like wild-fire through the city, and simultaneously a yell for vengeance rose from the excited multitude.

The Recollet Brother Daniel had been the first to fly to the help of the Bourgeois. His gray robe presently was dyed red with the blood of the best friend and protector of their monastery. But death was too quick for even one prayer to be heard or uttered by the dying man.

The gray Brother made the sign of the cross upon the forehead of the Bourgeois, who opened his eyes once for a moment, and looked in the face of the good friar while his lips quivered with two inarticulate words, "Pierre! Amelie!" That was all. His brave eyes closed again forever from the light of the sun. The good Bourgeois Philibert was dead.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," repeated the Recollet. "Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

De Pean had foreseen the likelihood of a popular commotion. He was ready to fly on the instant, but could not prevail on Angelique to leave Le Gardeur, who was kneeling down by the side of the Bourgeois, lifting him in his arms and uttering the wildest accents of grief as he gazed upon the pallid, immovable face of the friend of his youth.

"That is the assassin, and the woman, too," cried a sturdy habitant. "I heard her bid him draw his sword upon the Bourgeois."

The crowd for the moment believed that De Pean had been the murderer of Philibert.

"No, not he; it was the other. It was the officer who dismounted,—the drunken officer. Who was he? Where is he?" cried the habitant, forcing his way into the presence of Le Gardeur, who was still kneeling by the side of the Bourgeois and was not seen for a few moments; but quickly he was identified. "That is he!" cried a dozen voices. "He is looking if he has killed him, by God!"

A number of men rushed upon Le Gardeur, who made no defence, but continued kneeling beside the Recollet Brother Daniel over the body of the Bourgeois. He was instantly seized by some of the crowd. He held out his hands and bade them take him prisoner or kill him on the spot, if they would, for it was he who had killed the Bourgeois.

Half a dozen swords were instantly drawn as if to take him at his word, when the terrible shrieks of Angelique pierced every ear. The crowd turned in astonishment to see who it was on horseback that cried so terribly, "Do not kill him! Do not kill Le Gardeur de Repentigny!" She called several citizens by name and entreated them to help to save him.

By her sudden interference Angelique caused a diversion in the crowd. Le Gardeur rose up to his feet, and many persons recognized him with astonishment and incredulity, for no one could believe that he had killed the good Bourgeois, who was known to have been the warm friend of the whole family of De Repentigny.

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De Pean, taking advantage of the sudden shift of feeling in the crowd and anxious for the safety of Angelique, seized the bridle of her horse to drag her forcibly out of the press, telling her that her words had been heard and in another instant the whole mob would turn its fury upon her, and in order to save her life she must fly.

"I will not fly, De Pean. You may fly yourself, for you are a coward. They are going to kill Le Gardeur, and I will not forsake him. They shall kill me first."

"But you must! You shall fly! Hark! Le Gardeur is safe for the present. Wheel your horse around, and you will see him standing up yonder quite safe! The crowd rather believe it was I who killed the Bourgeois, and not Le Gardeur! I have a soul and body to be saved as well as he!"

"Curse you, soul and body, De Pean! You made me do it! You put those hellish words in my mouth! I will not go until I see Le Gardeur safe!"

Angelique endeavored frantically to approach Le Gardeur, and could not, but as she looked over the surging heads of the people she could see Le Gardeur standing up, surrounded by a ring of agitated men who did not appear, how-

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