

all that I now hold dear—my honour. No, Lisette, if you cannot entrust your secret to me without purchasing my silence, I pray you keep it to yourself."

"Pardon me, Madame, it is not for myself I fear, but the happiness of others rests with keeping it secure."

"Lisette, don't expose the happiness of another to peril; the most sacred thing is happiness."

At this point in the conversation Monsieur returned, and Lisette quickly withdrew to her dormitory.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## UNWEARIED TOIL.

On leaving Madame and Monsieur, Lisette retired, but not to sleep. The story of the old woman lingered in her recollection and kept her waking. The world seemed to her full of romance, and the incidents in human life too strange to be true. There seemed to her something in the tale of Madame so honest, and in her nature so good, that she reproached herself for not making their confidence reciprocal. She doubted neither her truth nor honour, but having her soul set on fulfilling her mission she had become jealous even of herself. That night Lisette abandoned all idea of sleep; the toil demanded by her purpose must be conducted without weariness; to indulge in slumber might frustrate her designs; and when the chateau was wrapped in silence she resumed the stealthy practice of her gypsy life, and once more went forth to the laboratory. The prisoner was not aware of her return to France until her gentle tapping at the window aroused him.

"Who is there?" he enquired aloud. "Who disturbs me at this hour. Is there to be no rest, day nor night?" This tone of voice he employed from fear lest the visitor should be Monsieur Henri. But the silvery voice of Lisette soon assured him of his mistake, and with eagerness he approached the window.

"Is it possible that you have returned?" he enquired.

"It is not only possible, but a reality."

"And those at home?"

"Your mother mourns for you as dead; but Clara lives only for you."

"Heaven be praised for the latter sentence. How did you return?"

Lisette then told him of her adventures, and the preparations she had made for his escape. This intelligence renewed the hope of his soul.

"My dear Lisette, what can I do to show my gratitude for your extraordinary and unceasing kindness?"

"Just what I tell you, and hold yourself in readiness to leave this confinement at any hour. But I wish for your opinion on a certain matter." She then told him of Madame's story, and requested his advice. In reply to her, he said,

"I am hardly in a position to give you counsel on such a subject. The narrative affects me strongly, and furnishes me with an idea that I dare not reveal."

"Do you know who she is?"

"The ways of human life are inscrutable; but if I permit my humanity to plead on the behalf of a fellow-prisoner, I would say confide in her, and should the chance of flight ever come, let us take her."

"She is old, and would retard our progress were we pursued."

"We should not be chased long were I but free."

"Coolness in danger works more effectively than the wildest rage."

"It is true; but were I but free neither Monsieur nor his nephew should again confine me." He then told her of his recent encounter. On hearing of the cowardice of Henri, she could not refrain from laughing. "Silence, Lisette," he continued; "one little indiscretion might destroy all our hopes."

"Shall I then place confidence in Madame?"

"I cannot advise you; your own prudence is a sufficient guide, and leave the rest with Heaven."

"With Heaven!" whispered Lisette. "With what confidence these house-dwellers speak of some great Unseen taking an interest in their affairs. If there is nothing in it beyond an idea, such a belief must be a happy one. Should I succeed I will learn their reasons for this confidence, and will school my heart to exercise it. Such a belief would fill up the vacancy I feel when I have taxed my skill and ingenuity to their utmost. Well, sir, I must now bid you adieu, and in a few nights you may hope to be free."

Scarcely had Lisette reached the chateau when the sound of horse's hoofs fell upon her ear, and a thundering rap at the door reverberated through the old dwelling. Fortunately for Lisette, Monsieur threw up the window of his room, and held a colloquy with those outside. This gave her time to creep upstairs, and to run down again, shouting as though in a state of alarm.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! here are thieves and robbers."

At this moment Monsieur having failed to satisfy the enquiries of his visitors, irritated by delay they thundered against the doors as though they would beat it in. Again Lisette shouted, "Make haste, Monsieur! the thieves will be in, the robbers are here."

"Silence, pig," he said, as he rushed past her toward the door.

"But, Monsieur, we shall be robbed, murdered, and perhaps buried without a funeral."

Her master regarded her not, and opening the door let in four men armed. Lisette at once perceived them to be officers of the law, and it was a relief to her to hear them say they had come to search the premises for Henri.

"Pray what fault has my nephew committed, Messieurs?"

"Read," said the leader of the party; and in obedience to his superior the man read that Monsieur Henri was to be arrested on a charge of murder. In a fracas in a wine shop in Calais, in a fit of passion he had stabbed a man and he was dead.

"Alas!" exclaimed Monsieur, "that cruel temper has brought him to ruin. He is not here, Messieurs; on my honour he is not."

"We must search the place."

"I again assure you he is not here; do you doubt my word of honour?"

"By no means; but we prefer the sight of our own eyes. Be good enough to stand on one side."

"I again assure you he is not here."

"It is well; but we must see for ourselves."

Taking the candle from the hand of Monsieur the men began to search every room and cupboard in the chateau; but they sought in vain, for Henri had not been home for days. Searching, and re-searching, for what appeared to Monsieur an endless time, they at last became satisfied that he was nowhere within the house.

"We must now search the grounds," said the leader of the party.

"The grounds! the grounds of the chateau, Messieurs! My nephew is not on the premises at all."

"Still we must search them; that is our order; and therefore we will trouble you for lanterns."

At the cool determination of the men to search the premises Monsieur turned pale, and trembled as though he would have fallen. He became paralyzed by their resolve, and for a moment was unable to accede to their demand. Lisette perceived his condition, and hastened to furnish the party with what they required.

"He smells a rat," said one of them to his companion; "he knows the whereabouts of the infant and is alarmed." The tone in which he spoke was loud enough to be heard by Monsieur, who exclaimed:

"Messieurs, on the word of a man, a gentleman, a Frenchman, I know not where my nephew is secreted!"

"Lead the way," said the chief in command, without regarding what was spoken.

With trembling steps Monsieur Du Boulay led the party to the rear of the premises, where every place in proximity to the house passed under the closest scrutiny. He was not to be found there; and as the laboratory lifted its form amidst the surrounding darkness it attracted the attention of the searchers, and they directed their course toward it. The agony of Monsieur was intense, as he saw them approaching the forbidden spot. He felt that he had played his game out, and that an exposure of his doings would destroy him. What could he do to divert their attention from the place! He knew not, and stood as one petrified looking at the doings of the men. Two minutes more and his secret would be exposed. The thought pierced him as a dagger; and the perspiration stood upon his brow in bead drops. At that instant his quick eye caught sight of a human figure crossing to hide himself beneath the shrubs which lined the walk. Instinct told him who it was; and he knew that in five minutes he might elude his pursuers and escape. But the men were near the laboratory; and for a second balancing his own interest against the safety of his nephew, he exclaimed, "He is here! He is here!" The cry brought back the officers in all haste, and the secret of Monsieur was saved. Having pointed where his nephew was hiding, he was quickly arrested and carried off by the officers of justice.

The agony of Charles Freeman during the confusion outside the laboratory was little less than that of Monsieur. To him it seemed as though Lisette had been caught in the act of visiting him, and that their whole scheme was now destroyed. How could he ascertain? What could he now do? Under this excited feeling he paced wildly to and fro to the extent of his chain, and his soul descended to the depth of despair. But the gypsy had anticipated this, and during the pursuit, when Monsieur had raised the cry, she ran and hurriedly told him the cause of the noise.

Monsieur Henri being carried off, when the chateau was again restored to quiet, his uncle appeared as one demented. He cursed and deplored the fault of his nephew, and regretted that himself had been the cause of his arrest. Yet what else could he do under the circumstances? He was perplexed, and paced the rooms of his residence as one distracted, trying to find an excuse for his conduct, but too confused to reason on the matter. At length his excited brain conceived what seemed to him an illustration of his case, and he soliloquized,

"My nephew and I are both cast into the water by an act of his own folly, or wickedness; only one of us can be saved, and to save myself I must sink him, am I not justified in saving myself?" Without waiting to reason further on the subject, he grasped the figure with the feeling of despair, and attempting to draw from it quiet to his own mind, he succeeded.

That night of confusion rolled away without permitting the occupants of the chateau further sleep, and the daylight found some of them

anxious and fearful. With the morning, Monsieur having at length soothed his perturbed feelings by aid of illustration and large draughts of *cognac de vie*, sought his own apartment, and quickly became forgetful of all things in the world. Monsieur had no real distress for anything which might befall his nephew; he had played a necessary part in the machinery to bring him to the position he occupied, and having done this he found him to be rather dangerous than otherwise. He was desirous of getting rid of him, but he would rather have chosen some other way. Still, the thought that he was gone afforded an amount of solace to the mind from which humanity had long been crushed, and prevented him from exhibiting more than a mere show of grief for the guilt and condition of his relative. "They must live who can," was the selfish, the cruel, and the inhuman maxim of Monsieur, and he reduced it to practice. When the Frenchman had retired, Madame addressed Lisette, saying,

"What a horrible place this house is, and it will get worse; their sins are returning on them in a form they least expected."

"Why don't you leave it, then?"

"Leave it! How can I leave it? Am I not confined to this house, and watched night and day?"

"For what purpose?"

"Did I not tell you that my property might be enjoyed by others, and that Monsieur might live by keeping me secreted?"

"Yet you would like to leave the place?"

"Have I not told you so? but how can it be done?"

"Leave it with me, Madame."

"With you who have no confidence in me?"

There was a tone of sorrow in this expression of Madame, which destroyed every remaining doubt as to her faithfulness that had lingered in the mind of Lisette.

"Madame, I have full confidence in you."

"And yet refuse to trust me?"

"I do not; for I, too, am English."

"What! do my old ears deceive me? An Englishwoman with a mother sick in France! How can that be, Lisette?"

"I am an Englishwoman; and having told you this she is at your mercy."

"And will I betray a countrywoman? Rather will I die."

"I confide in you, Madame."

"From what part of England do you come?"

"From Folkestone."

"Where?"

"I have told you."

"Is it possible you are not deceiving me? Can it be that I have one so near to me who comes from the old place of my childhood, of my joys and sorrows. Say, Lisette, in pity to an old woman, if you are not playing with my feelings."

"Far be it, Madame."

"Then what brings you here?"

"Do you know the laboratory?"

"Oh, accursed place! Too well I know it; and were it possible for its walls to speak, what a tale of agony, and tears, and blood they would relate."

"Is it now occupied?"

"Ask, rather, is it ever empty? It is long since the laboratory was without a tenant. The last who was there was a young French lady, and there she died."

"And the present tenant?"

"A young Englishman who is mad."

"Mad?"

"All Monsieur's patients are mad; I am mad."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should have been, had not nature been kinder to me than Monsieur."

"And is the young man mad?"

"I should think not; and doubtless you know better than I do that he is not."

Lisette then told Madame the story of the prisoner. On hearing the name of Sir Harry Chillington, the old woman exclaimed, "And is there any of that viper race still in existence!" She then told her how it was soon likely to die out, and so eulogized the idol of her own soul, Clara, as to fill the mind of Madame with admiration for the descendant of her most cruel enemy.

"Is it the young Englishman who brings you here, Lisette?"

"It is."

"And you will get him away?"

"I have not said that I shall even try."

"I know it all now; I see it all plainly. Do try, my child, and may your endeavour prosper. Did you know the horrors of this place as I do, the very humanity of your nature would urge you to seek release for an entire stranger. Try, for pity's sake, and set the poor creature free; and when you return to your own land, tell them that an old woman from Folkestone is still living."

"Should we get away will not you go with us?"

"Who would be plagued with me? No, no, I should only impede your flight. Leave me here to die alone, thankful that in my latest hours I have been able to unbosom my mind to some one who can sympathize with me."

"Say but you will go, and neither your age nor your weakness shall be an obstacle."

"Oh! Lisette, such a thought would make me too happy."

"Then hold yourself in readiness, keep your silence, and hope for the best."

"I will pray; oh, how I will pray for your success."

"I must leave that with you; for myself

there is nothing but unwearied toil until this work is finished."

During the time that Monsieur slumbered; giving him secretly his instructions, Lisette conducted Brother Anthony to the gate leading to the road, and giving to him a sisterly kiss sent him home to his mother. It was a dangerous game they were playing. His business was to make his way to the coast to signal the *Speedwell*, and to communicate the intelligence sent by her. Having done this he was to bring back their answer to Lisette. This unwearied toil forbade the idea of rest to them both, and kept them well employed.

(To be continued.)

## HUMOROUS.

PROFESSOR in English literature: "I will now show you some exceptional feet. Mr. S—, will you please come forward?"

If telephones come into use for spreading sermons, the man who passes the contribution box will need a horse and carriage.

A BROOKLYN man who shot at a cat and struck a young lady in the arm, perhaps feels much worse over it than the cat does.

COURTNEY is getting up a "new rig" on Hanlan. This eminent boatman could best serve his country by sailing himself in two.

THAT is a hopeful patriot who writes to the *American Queen*: "Let us not despair of Ireland. With the past before us we may well afford to put the future behind us."

AT this period of the year the recording angel closes his book and goes off on a vacation until the last carpet has been whipped and the last task driven.

A SAW-FISH, said to measure fourteen feet, has been captured on the Florida coast. Courtney wants to row the next Hop Bitters match in Florida water.

WE are about tired of having people write to ask us, "What will make the hair come out?" For the last time we answer—Vitriol. It will make all come out.

"SAM, why are lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle wid de subject, Pomp." "Why, don't you see? 'cause dey am so fond ob debate."

"HELP from an unexpected quarter," as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."

A SAVANNAH man invented a water velocipede and thereby won the everlasting gratitude of the shark, who took in both inventor and invention.

THERE are mean men in this world, and in that class may be reckoned the resident of a country town who, hearing that two of his friends have gone fishing, hires him to the market and buys every trout to be had.

"JESSE BILLINGS wept at the sight of the skull of his murdered wife in his trial yesterday," says an exchanger. This must have been a terrible disappointment to those who expected him to be very misanthropic at the sight, or want to use the skull for a football.

Now take your hoe and take your rake and dig your garden ground, sunburn your nose and tear your clothes and gaily fly around; but when your neighbour's chickens scratch the seeds you plant with care, just wait a week before you speak, and do not, do not swear.

THE owner of the Gettysburg battlefield has filed a claim before the Congressional committee for the rent of the ground where the battle was fought. But the nation can put in as offset a claim for a percentage of the profits on the relics sold there, and the most of which are manufactured in Pittsburgh.

It is now decreed that wedding cards shall be issued three weeks in advance of the coming event. But this rule doesn't work well in Ohio, where the bridegroom himself doesn't usually know of the approaching marriage until about fifteen minutes before the event, when her big brother comes and tells him of it.

A CAPITAL anecdote is told of a little fellow who in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look at me slowly remarked, 'They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.'"

"Oh, yes, yes," the old gentleman said, rather dubiously, while Laura was telling him about Tom's ability and prospects, "oh, yes, good enough prospects, I reckon, but he lacks energy. There is no 'get up' about him; it takes him till 1 o'clock in the morning to get started." But she only murmured that it showed he was a "laster" with great staying qualities, and then the committee rose.

A LITTLE 5-year-old friend, who was always allowed to choose the prettiest kitten for his pet and playmate, before the other nurslings were drowned, was taken to his mother's sick-room the other morning to see the two, tiny, new twin babies. He looked reflectively from one to the other for a minute or two, then, poking his chubby finger into the cheek of the plumpest of the two, he said decidedly: "Save this one."

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington, sadly, "he was indulging in sequestering exercise. His horse got frightened at something or other, and reciprocated him to the sidewalk. When they took him up they found a bad fraction in his leg, and it had to be computed to save his life." And the old lady didn't say another word for at least fifteen minutes. She was thinking, as she afterward said, of the dreadful sights in the confumatory.

A Philadelphia youth who committed suicide twenty years ago because a lovely being gave him the mitten, has been heard from through an up-town medium. He says that when he gazes through the misty veil which divides life and death and sees his old flame now with her fourteen children lying around loose, while she cleans house, he gets mad enough at his folly to commit suicide again, and his greatest punishment is in the reflection that he can't.

THE new hat got by one of Danbury's ladies for Easter Sunday was an elaborate affair, and very bright fancies were built upon it by the owner. It was a stormy Sunday, unfortunately, but the excellent woman thought that by completely covering it with a heavy veil she could get it to the church without loss of its glory. She had an old veil that admirably answered the purpose, and this she donned. She took her accustomed seat in the temple of worship and held her beautifully upholstered head proudly erect. It was perhaps within five minutes of the close of the sermon when, putting up her hand to further attract the attention of the congregation, she felt the presence of the old veil. You have seen the electric flash dart from the zenith to the horizon in the night of a storm. You have been fairly blinded by the rapidity of the motion. Well, it was something after that manner that that veil came off.