

brute, and he fell forward against the wall of the dungeon. His face struck upon a sharp projecting stone, causing a ghastly mutilation, sufficiently great to obliterate all the leading characteristics of the features.

At this instant, a bright and genial beam from the sun of hope, darted athwart the darkness of Labelle's soul.

Without a moment's delay, he dressed himself in the articles of costume just abandoned by the now senseless Brodeur, who, by the way, was nearly about his own altitude. They fitted him to a hair, as if they had been made to order and according to measure, to use the language of sartorialism. When Eugene completed his toilet, by putting on the broad-brimmed, slouched hat of the slumbering sub-jailer, it would have required a close inspection to penetrate the secret of the impromptu masquerade.

It is proper here to state, that during the transaction of the passages above recited, the majority of the condemned were buried in the profound sleep which usually falls to the lot of unfortunates on the eve of execution.—The few who were awake, paid little or no attention to what was going on; scenes of violence and strife being too common in that mundane Tartarus, to provoke either remark or astonishment.

On searching the pockets of his newly acquired coat, Labelle found two articles of priceless value in the present crisis of affairs. The first of these was a master key, enabling the possessor thereof to leave the prison when so inclined. The second was a passport, giving permission to Citizen Brodeur Cauchon to visit any quarter of France on the business of the Republic. Why this document contained such an extensive privilege was explained by a letter of instructions, which likewise came into Eugene's possession. Brodeur had received a roving commission to search for and apprehend members of the detested aristocrat tribe, and his routes could not be specifically defined, it was necessary that he should obtain the widest topographical latitude. In addition to the above recited windfall, the young man found that he had become the owner of a bountifully replenished purse. Small as the sum had been in resolving to appropriate

this lucre to his own exigencies, seeing that the proceeds of what should have been his inheritance, had fallen to the lot of the heavily snoring Cauchon.

To make a long story short, Labelle found no difficulty in leaving the precincts of the Conciergerie, unsuspected by any of the custodiers thereof. The dress of the Lieutenant was well known to them all, and as Eugene simulated the zig zag notions of a drunken man, the deception was complete. "Citizen Pig is going to cool down his brandy fever!"—was the only remark which his exodus elicited from the drowsy turnkeys.

Once more at liberty Labelle's first business was to engage a conveyance for the transmission of himself and a companion to Calais. By the exhibition of the passport, and letter above mentioned, he experienced no trouble in effecting this arrangement, and after being certiorated that the vehicle would be at his devotion in a couple of hours, he set forth in quest of Marie Dorion.

It now becomes necessary that we should return to the Conciergerie.

When the hour drew near, in which the innocent convicts were to be prepared for the knife, the executioner and his horrid train entered the hall so recently tenanted by Eugene. They were ushered in by Le Brun, who, not oblivious of the monition which he had received, directed their attention, in the first instance, to the dead drunk Brodeur. As we before stated, the features of the torpid scoundrel had been mashed out of all distinguishing shape and form, and, moreover were by this time covered with a visor of dark-hued congealed blood. Le Brun, however, entertained not the slightest dubitation as to his man. He had marked well the position of the pallet which he occupied, and chiefly and above all, had taken note of the red vest! This was the main spur which jogged his slow memory, and he needed no other beacon to direct his proceedings. Besides having only recently become an attaché of the prison, he was but slightly conversant with Brodeur's appearance, and consequently it was the less strange that he failed to recognize him under existing circumstances.