

THE FAVORITE

VOL. III.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1874

PRICE: FIVE CENTS.

THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

LIV.

MORALES' ESCAPE.

Morales did as he was told. He disguised nothing. He related everything without reserve or explanation. His narrative was, of course, very lengthy. More than once, while the Gitano spoke, indignation flashed from the eyes of his two hearers. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when Morales concluded. "Now that we know all," said Tancred to Quirino, "our duty is to unmask the infamous Carmen and save the unfortunate Oliver." "How save him!" inquired the Indian. "I know not. But God will inspire us." Morales, a prey to the utmost anxiety, feebly demanded: "Have I not purchased my liberty by the sincerity of my confession?" "Your liberty, wretch?" "But you promised me....." "Life, if you told the truth; nothing more." "And what do you mean to do with me?" "Keep you prisoner until we have need of you to confound Carmen." "I am lost," thought Morales. A whistle was heard and the quarter-master appeared. "Tie up the man's hands," said Tancred, "take him to a cabin, double-lock it and station a guard at the door." Roch obeyed. He took a small flat cord with which he confined the wrists of Morales and dragged him into his prison. At first the Gitano was overwhelmed with discouragement, but gradually his mind cleared up. He said to himself: "More than once I have been in worse scrapes than this, and I always managed to get out of them. We must never wholly despair. I must see whether there is not some chance of escape." The eye of the Gitano had got used to the darkness. He spied on the background of the cabin a circular object. It was a bull's eye. By a swift convulsive movement, he slipped off his manacles, and encouraged by this first success, crept up to the round window. He turned the little bolt and a gust of sharp cold sea air struck his face. "I am saved," he exclaimed.

Climbing up, he passed his head and shoulders through the little window. About one foot above the window, there was an iron ring. This the Gitano seized, and collecting all his strength in a last desperate ef-

reached the stern whence, to his immense joy, he descried a small boat in the water and attached to the vessel by a single rope.

Down this rope he rapidly slid and when he

situation, he would surely be recaptured by Tancred and Quirino.

He plunged his forehead into his open hands and reflected for a long time.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, when he

raised his head, what was his bewilderment to find the form of the coaster, a receding speck in the horizon, and his own boat nearing the shore in the full propulsion of the tide.

He felt that he was saved indeed.

A few minutes later he was met by some early fishermen's boats, and by them speedily transported to land.

He lost no time in repairing to Ingouville. On reaching his apartment, he changed his clothes, filled a valise with gold, armed himself with knives and pistols and rushed down to the stables.

There he saddled his fleetest horse, strapped on the valise behind him, and mounting, galloped away, without once looking behind.

"Let us go and join Carmen. She is even more threatened than I am. But her genius is invincible. She will save us both!"

LVI.

CARMEN AT SAINT-NAZAIRE.

A few days after the departure from Ingouville, Carmen's carriage pulled up at the principal inn of Savenay, a few leagues from St. Nazaire.

It was nine o'clock in the evening. The dancing girl ordered supper in her room and retired to bed, after having requested the inn-keeper to have three horses ready for her at break of day. At the same time, she ordered the two police officers to provide themselves with complete disguises of Breton peasants.

At peep of dawn, the young woman was up and dressing. She put on her maroon coat, with pearl-grey waistcoat and trouser, long riding boots and round hat whose ample sides were intended to conceal the upper part of her face.

Her little hand, well gloved, brandished a flexible whip; her silver spurs tinkled at every step she made.

Thus accoutred, she went into the court-yard. The three horses were ready. She and the two officers, thoroughly disguised, mounted their saddles, and took the road. When they had left the last house of Saven-



"A TRIPLE CRY OF AGONY ROSE INTO THE CLEAR NIGHT."

fort, succeeded in dragging his whole body through.

He then stretched himself upward. The feeble light of the lamp, suspended from the mainmast, showed that the deck was quite clear.

He therefore crawled along the

had safely taken his seat, he took a knife from his pocket and cut the boat loose.

To his surprise and chagrin, he just then observed that there were no oars in the boat. What was he to do? If daylight caught him in that

every step she made.