

A PAGAN OF THE SOUTH

we go! Egad, they're at it, doctor! Hear the rifles!"

Answering to the leader's cry of "Forward, forward!" the detachment dashed into the streets of this little Paris, which, after the fashion of its far-away mother, was dipping its hands in Revolution. Outcast and criminal France were arrayed against military France once more. A handful of guards in the prison of Ile Nou were bravely holding in check a ruthless mob of convicts, and a crowd of convicts in the street keeping back a determined military force. Part of the newly arrived reinforcements proceeded to Ile Nou, part moved toward the barricade. Shorland went to the barricade.

The convicts had the *Café Voisin* in their rear. As the reinforcements joined the besieging party a cheer arose, and a sally was made upon the barricade. It was a hail of fire meeting a slighter rain of fire—a cry of coming victory cutting through a sullen roar of despair. The square in which the convicts were massed was a trench of blood and bodies; but they fought on. There was but one hope—to break out, to meet the soldiers hand to hand and fight for passage to the friendly jungle and to the sea, where they might trust to that Providence who appears to help even the wicked sometimes. As Shorland looked upon the scene he thought of Alençon Barré's words: "It is always the same with France, always the same."

The fight grew fiercer, the soldiers pressed