

"Where are you going?" implored his mother. The young man did not answer. Perhaps he did not even hear this cry, he was in such haste to go down the stairs. The idea that Count André believed him cowardly enough to hide himself maddened him. He had not long to look for his enemy. The count was on the opposite side of the street, watching the door. Robert saw him and walked straight up to him.

"You have something to say to me, monsieur?" he asked proudly.

"Yes," said the count.

"I am at your service," continued Greslon, "for whatever reparation that it may please you to exact. I will not leave Riom, I give you my word."

"No, monsieur," responded André de Jussat, "one does not fight with such men as you, one executes them."

He drew his revolver from his pocket, and as the other, instead of fleeing, remained standing before him and seemed to say: "I dare you," he lodged a bullet in his head. The noise of the report, and a cry of agony were heard at the same time at the hotel, and when they ran to see the cause, they found Count André standing against the wall, who, throwing down his pistol and, folding his arms said simply, pointing to the body of his sister's lover at his feet:

"I have executed justice."