

with great brass buttons taken from an old military overcoat of the time of the Empire.

He was continually smoking cigarettes. His favorite brand was "Le Petit Caporal." The picture of Napoleon on the wrapper had first attracted his attention; and from that time his soul had been fired with a desire to rival the Sovereign of Elba.

Visions of *Coups d'Etat* floated constantly before his vision.

CHAPTER V.

Jean Jacques had an intimate friend.

The gentle reader will instantly draw the conclusion that his intimate was a woman.

And the gentle reader will be wrong.

No; Jean Jacques' friend was an obscure printer, poorer than himself.

But this printer was a Frenchman! Did not that make up for a great deal!

The printer's name was Antoine—simply this and nothing more.

If Antoine had ever had any other names he never remembered them.

If he had ever wanted more, Jean Jacques would have lent him some of his. He had often said so.

Such, gentle reader, is the power of love.

Antoine had no particular creed. He would shout himself hoarse over the Republic or Empire, according to which paid best.

Just now it was the Empire.

But if there was a real live, *AT*. Revolution on deck, why so was Antoine.

He published a newspaper,—*L'Epee de Damocles*.

Jean Jacques and Antoine were bosom friends,—*amis de sein*, in fact.

CHAPTER VI.

Jean Jacques had on several occasions asked for a "rise."

No attention having been paid to his requests he determined to take one—out of the Republic.

He came to the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary to start a revolution, or else France would be forever lost.

CHAPTER VII.

It was night.

It was dark and wet.

Jean Jacques de la Rochejacquelain Leon Michel de-Haut-Ton walked as rapidly as the length of his name would permit towards La Place de la Revolution.

Antoine sought it from another direction.

It was a propitious meeting-place!

The clocks had stricken ten.

"Ha! Voila!"

"Oui!"

"Y restez!"

"Are you prepared!"

"Je suis."

"Bien."

"Que buvez-vous?"

"Unc taille-de-coq."

"Bien."

"Hâtons-nous!"

"From this moment," said Jean Jacques, "I give myself for France. She shall live, though the very infernal regions combine against her, France shall live——."

But the cold injunction of M. le Gendarme to "*aller, au-dessous, vite*ment," cut short the impassioned eloquence of Jean Jacques.

The conspirators strode off into the darkness.

But their souls were on fire.

France had not begun to live yet.

These were only the mutterings of the tempest.

CHAPTER VIII.

A difficulty presented itself to Jean Jacques.

He wanted a pretext for his Revolution.

At last one was vouchsafed him.

He was alone in his office one day.

He espied a scrap of paper on the floor. He picked it up.

"*Mon Dieu*," was all he said.

These were the words on the scrap of paper: "They must

be of the best German silver, as they will be used in all the Government Departments."

The scrap bore the signature of his chief, a Cabinet Minister! Jean Jacques placed his "find" next his palpitating heart, and when his work for the day was over he hurriedly sought the office of *L'Epee*.

CHAPTER IX.

He embraced Antoine, and sank into a chair, exhausted.

"Ah, mon ami, you have news?"

"France shall live. I shall save her. Read!"

Antoine read the scrap of paper, and sank into his friend's arms.

They both remained silent for a spell.

CHAPTER X.

"We must Revolute," said Jean Jacques.

"*Ca ira*, Gallagher," responded Antoine, fervently.

CHAPTER XI.

The next day, *L'Epee* contained the following:—

Aux Armes!
A Bas La Republique!
Vive L'Empire!

PATRIOTS! Read This:—

"They must be of the best GERMAN SILVER, as they will be used in all the Government Departments.

(Signed.)

"Boulangier,
Minister of War."

Patriots of France!

The Government is recreant!

It is in league with Germany!

German Boodle debauches the Executive!

German silver threatens Les Bureaux!

To arms, then!

Down with Bismarck!

A Bas the Boodle crew!

(Signed)

Jean Jacques, etc., de Haut-Ton,
Antoine.

CHAPTER XII.

Paris was moved.

The Boulevards were thronged.

L'Epee was in every hand.

Jean Jacques alone is calm.

* * * * *

Borne along by a surging mob of humanity, he sits unmoved on the triumphal seat.

They approach the *Chambre des Deputes*.

They find it deserted.

They enter with shouts and cheers.

Jean Jacques ascends the Tribune, amid cries of "Vive L'Empire," and "Vive L'Empereur!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A hush settles on the crowd. Jean Jacques speaks.

He denounces the government.

He demands that all the rivers flowing from France into the Rhine, and even that river itself, be dammed.

He proclaims the downfall of the Republic.

And announces the establishment of the Empire.

The crowd cheer, and the students of the University of Paris sing "Vive Le Roi" from the gallery.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jean Jacques is proclaimed Emperor.

Antoine secures the Government Printing contract, and is happy.

CHAPTER XV.

France lives!

She has achieved a great moral victory!

It is her first and only one! But what of that!

She has humiliated Germany!

And without spending a dollar!

Or shedding a drop of blood!

CHAPTER XVI.

O, long-headed Jean Jacques.

O, happy Boodler Antoine.

Ave!

Salve!!

Houp-la!!!

FIN.

CHIC.