

WOODEN SPOIL

VICTOR ROUSSEAU ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

Copyright, 1916, by George B. Doran Co.

Madeleine did not answer him. Presently she was crouching in the bottom of the buggy, heard her sobbing again, low, heartbroken sobs that she could not check for a long time. Sometimes she took her eyes from the road to look for a moment into Hilary's face, and once she stopped for a moment. "How is he?" she asked. "He is living, Madeleine," said Lefe. "And that was all he dared to say."

There was no lantern, and Madeleine needed all her watchfulness to avoid the stones and ruts in the road. Luckily the moon was bright and the horse steady. Once, as the buggy swung round a bend, Lefe, looking out, saw the curve trailing behind, shaking his heavy stick. He heard Madeleine still sobbing. His own heart was heavy enough; he blamed himself for Hilary's misfortune. He should have stood by him. And he had meant to do so. But he had not calculated that Hilary would walk so fast or go to St. Boniface so soon.

The trees fell away, disclosing the Roany chateau. The buggy stopped before the door in front of which the Seigneur and the old retainer were standing, with anxious faces. Madeleine bent swiftly over Hilary and raised his limp hand; then she turned her eyes to Lefe's mutely asking him that question which could not be spoken. "He is no worse," said Lefe. The Seigneur and his man came toward them. "MacPherson telephoned to the post office and they brought me the news," he said. "You did quite right, Madeleine. Gently, now, Monsieur," he added, addressing Connell, and together they raised Hilary from the buggy floor. "Remember the steps. Now, I will go backward—so."

They were inside the Chateau, carrying their burden between the rows of portraits into a room which had been a drawing room in bygone days furnished with spindle-legged furniture, gilt mirrors and ornate cabinets. A bed in a corner showed that its use had been converted, probably because the upper part of the Chateau was no longer habitable. Madeleine Rosny came in with her arms full of bed linen, diffusing the scent of wintergreen. Lefe and her father got Hilary to bed. He was stirring now, beginning to toss his arms and mutter in delirium. The pulse was stronger, but the flesh which had supplanted the pallor denoted had been present the cure entered and went straight to the bedside. The three men looked at Hilary and at each other. "I have seen men who were wounded worse recover," said Edmond Rosny. "He has bled much, but the heart is

some before he stopped as a thought struck him. "I guess Father Lucy does get results in his own way," he said.

CHAPTER XI. Dreams and Dangers.

Thanks to a constitution insured by hard work and healthy living, Hilary improved rapidly under Madeleine's nursing, aided by her father's skilled treatment of the wound. On the second day Hilary was conscious, on the fourth Rosny announced that the patient was sitting up in bed and demanding solid food.

Lefe was the happiest man in the world when, at last admitted to the bedside, he asked and received absolution for his desertion. "Now I've got some good news," he said, when Hilary persisted in asking about the work of the ship. "The ship of the mill, and Dupont will have both vessels back in a few days for the next. The mill's working overtime and the gang's back on the job."

"You paid them two dollars?" "Not a cent more," said Lefe triumphantly. "Hilary asked to go back to work, and you ought to see them working! I guess they feel that they haven't given you a square deal, and Mr. Rosny's been having a few words with them, I hear. Anyway, they know now it's Morris who tipped off the revenue people, in order to make trouble for you. The result is this part of the country has grown so hot for him. So he's gone away. I hear he had a quarrel with Broussau over the share of their plunder, and they almost came to blows over it. Well, that's the first of the gang out. And MacPherson has turned out a trump, working overtime, and making the hands work, and it begins to look to me as if we'll win out after all."

This was good news. It was now September, and in little more than a month the snow should extend considerably their cutting area. So they discussed their plans, until Madeleine, coming in, drove Connell away. Hilary would not ask him about his assailants, and Lefe was glad to avoid the subject. It was Father Lucien who took it up later, when Hilary was convalescent. He hummed and sawed a good deal, and finally the truth came out. It would be easy enough to get the police up from Quebec, but the quarter would have to be laid by the heels before the advent of winter made further action impossible for months. Of the four, Pierre had disappeared. Lefebvre was said to have gone into the woods for the winter, trap having apparently abandoned his pretense of a sub-lease on the Ste. Marie lands. Simeon Duval was running his saloon wide open, and swearing that Hilary having assaulted him, he had struck with his knife in self-defense, while in a half-demented condition. Little Louis, his brother, was scared out of his wits, had been to see the cure with a view to making his peace.

Hilary had no desire to punish Louis any further, though he meant to do so if the opportunity arose. He meant to rid the community of them and Simeon; but he had a strong man's reluctance to call upon the law to avenge a physical assault. In the end the cure went away with the understanding that Louis was forgiven, and with no decision taken as to further action.

"But what strength! What power, monsieur!" he said admiringly, clenching his hand over the muscles of Hilary's arm. "Do you know, monsieur," he continued thoughtfully, "I have often thought that a priest in such a district as this needs the muscularity almost as much as the goodness! Ah, Monsieur Askev, if I were your age, and of your strength, what would I not do!" To Hilary his convalescence was a foretaste of paradise. Edmond Rosny came in only for formal visits now, twice or three times a day; but it was wonderful to see Madeleine, whom he knew that he loved with all his heart, about his bedside all day long, and then about his chair, waiting on him, anticipating his wishes, until he felt ashamed to be so helpless, her pride gone, her scorn gone, her smutty as well. When Hilary learned of the part that she had played in his rescue, and thanked her gratefully, she could not meet his eyes.

Then came the first day on which he was permitted to leave his room. Leaning on Madeleine's arm, he had gone out to feel the wonder of the sunshine and the crisp autumn air. The garden had originally been laid out, more than a century before, in imitation of the formal gardens of France; and yet Hilary had the sudden, inexplicable sense of having come home.

"Madeleine Rosny," he said, "we are going to be good friends in future, aren't we? The good-will goes with your kindness, even if it does not go with the trees." She broke down. "What must you think of me?" she cried. "I think—" began Hilary. "That I know of the plan to cut your little white before it happened. And—listen—I was on my way to you, to warn you, when the horse bolted. And the shock of the fall made me forget for a few moments afterward. But then it was too late!" Her words rang a great burden from Hilary's mind. He had never been able to reconcile the thought of her guilt in the conspiracy with his knowledge of her, his conception which was almost

"I was sure you could not have known—I tried, at least, to make my own words," he said. "Madeleine Rosny, I ask only one thing; it was not Baptiste?" "Jean Baptiste? He is incapable of such a crime! Monsieur Askev, I do not know who it was, save that it was some man employed by—by him, probably from Ste. Marie. And because I had known—that was why I told you that it was too late for the good-will. That was why I was unhappy, and seemed in trouble, on the day when you met me riding afterward." She raised her head and met his eyes at last. "And I went to you that night and asked you to leave me, Boniface because I knew that Edmond Broussau—he hesitated at the name—meant to kill you. He had named as much to me."

"I presumed once," began Hilary quietly, though his heart had suddenly begun to hammer, "to ask you a question about Monsieur Broussau which angered you. Whether he meant so much to you, I dare—he took her hand in his—'No, ask it again.'"

"No," she said in a whisper, looking down. "His never meant so much—I know it now—and since that day when he let me see the evil in his heart he has meant less than nothing."

Her breath came and went quickly as she spoke; she was afraid; she tried to withdraw her hand, but he was standing beside her, holding it fast. She knew that if she looked up, she would be unable to resist him; but already he had drawn her into his arms.

"I love you, Madeleine." She did not try to disengage herself; she was trembling, and he could not see her face. "Madeleine! Tell me—"

He was conscious of a stupendous fear; all the future hung upon that instant, and still she gave no sign. "Don't you look at me, Madeleine? Won't you speak to me?"

At that she raised her head, and flung it back with a proud gesture. "You must not, Madeleine. Don't you see, nothing is to be gained by delay. It is right that he should know."

"It will be your enemy, Hilary. He will fight you as a bitter end." "But I shall not be his. What harm can he do me?" "Listen, first," she said, as they began walking slowly back toward the Chateau. "The other day, as soon as your recovery was assured, father went down to the mill and talked with your hands. He gave me a terrible scolding. He told them that they were as much duty toward their employer as toward him. It was not because he loved you, Hilary, but because of his sense of duty. He thinks it is my duty to sacrifice myself for the seignory. There will be no more trouble with your workmen now that they see you are our friend. But, Hilary, can't bear to have the old, bad feeling back again. Give me up, dear!"

He laughed and put his arm about her. "I can't believe he will hate me forevermore, just because I want to take you away from him. No, dear, I shall tell him, but not today perhaps. You see, with less than three months before us, we can't drift any longer."

"I suppose you are right, Hilary," she said. "But then what will happen to us?" "Is the interest very much?" "It is the interest, Hilary. It is the principal. Hilary, it is a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." Hilary looked dumb. There was no chance of raising that amount anywhere. And it was his turn to despair. "Are you sure," he asked, "that the sacrifice is worth your while? I feel like a thief, to rob your father and you, unless you are sure—"

"I tried to free himself by selling your uncle the timber rights. He could only bring himself to do this because he knew that some day the trees would be cut down, and the mill would go, and we should have no money to help a relative in Quebec who had lost his fortune through taking his advice to invest in one of the companies. My father felt obligated to him. So he got the mortgage, and it expired in December, and—that's all, Hilary, dear. I was just what you thought it was expected I was to do. And I wouldn't let him—kiss me. Only my cheek—once or twice. It used to make him so angry. He hates you so much, Hilary, and once he was jealous—he seemed to dislike me and he accused me of caring for you. That was what made me angry with you. I tried to hate you more, and all the time I used to think about you, dear—I was ashamed—I am still ashamed."

"I presume once," began Hilary quietly, though his heart had suddenly begun to hammer, "to ask you a question about Monsieur Broussau which angered you. Whether he meant so much to you, I dare—he took her hand in his—'No, ask it again.'"

"No," she said in a whisper, looking down. "His never meant so much—I know it now—and since that day when he let me see the evil in his heart he has meant less than nothing."

Her breath came and went quickly as she spoke; she was afraid; she tried to withdraw her hand, but he was standing beside her, holding it fast. She knew that if she looked up, she would be unable to resist him; but already he had drawn her into his arms.

"I love you, Madeleine." She did not try to disengage herself; she was trembling, and he could not see her face. "Madeleine! Tell me—"

He was conscious of a stupendous fear; all the future hung upon that instant, and still she gave no sign. "Don't you look at me, Madeleine? Won't you speak to me?"

At that she raised her head, and flung it back with a proud gesture. "You must not, Madeleine. Don't you see, nothing is to be gained by delay. It is right that he should know."

"It will be your enemy, Hilary. He will fight you as a bitter end." "But I shall not be his. What harm can he do me?" "Listen, first," she said, as they began walking slowly back toward the Chateau. "The other day, as soon as your recovery was assured, father went down to the mill and talked with your hands. He gave me a terrible scolding. He told them that they were as much duty toward their employer as toward him. It was not because he loved you, Hilary, but because of his sense of duty. He thinks it is my duty to sacrifice myself for the seignory. There will be no more trouble with your workmen now that they see you are our friend. But, Hilary, can't bear to have the old, bad feeling back again. Give me up, dear!"

He laughed and put his arm about her. "I can't believe he will hate me forevermore, just because I want to take you away from him. No, dear, I shall tell him, but not today perhaps. You see, with less than three months before us, we can't drift any longer."

"I tried to free himself by selling your uncle the timber rights. He could only bring himself to do this because he knew that some day the trees would be cut down, and the mill would go, and we should have no money to help a relative in Quebec who had lost his fortune through taking his advice to invest in one of the companies. My father felt obligated to him. So he got the mortgage, and it expired in December, and—that's all, Hilary, dear. I was just what you thought it was expected I was to do. And I wouldn't let him—kiss me. Only my cheek—once or twice. It used to make him so angry. He hates you so much, Hilary, and once he was jealous—he seemed to dislike me and he accused me of caring for you. That was what made me angry with you. I tried to hate you more, and all the time I used to think about you, dear—I was ashamed—I am still ashamed."

"I presume once," began Hilary quietly, though his heart had suddenly begun to hammer, "to ask you a question about Monsieur Broussau which angered you. Whether he meant so much to you, I dare—he took her hand in his—'No, ask it again.'"

"No," she said in a whisper, looking down. "His never meant so much—I know it now—and since that day when he let me see the evil in his heart he has meant less than nothing."

Her breath came and went quickly as she spoke; she was afraid; she tried to withdraw her hand, but he was standing beside her, holding it fast. She knew that if she looked up, she would be unable to resist him; but already he had drawn her into his arms.

"I love you, Madeleine." She did not try to disengage herself; she was trembling, and he could not see her face. "Madeleine! Tell me—"

He was conscious of a stupendous fear; all the future hung upon that instant, and still she gave no sign. "Don't you look at me, Madeleine? Won't you speak to me?"

At that she raised her head, and flung it back with a proud gesture. "You must not, Madeleine. Don't you see, nothing is to be gained by delay. It is right that he should know."

"It will be your enemy, Hilary. He will fight you as a bitter end." "But I shall not be his. What harm can he do me?" "Listen, first," she said, as they began walking slowly back toward the Chateau. "The other day, as soon as your recovery was assured, father went down to the mill and talked with your hands. He gave me a terrible scolding. He told them that they were as much duty toward their employer as toward him. It was not because he loved you, Hilary, but because of his sense of duty. He thinks it is my duty to sacrifice myself for the seignory. There will be no more trouble with your workmen now that they see you are our friend. But, Hilary, can't bear to have the old, bad feeling back again. Give me up, dear!"

He laughed and put his arm about her. "I can't believe he will hate me forevermore, just because I want to take you away from him. No, dear, I shall tell him, but not today perhaps. You see, with less than three months before us, we can't drift any longer."

"I tried to free himself by selling your uncle the timber rights. He could only bring himself to do this because he knew that some day the trees would be cut down, and the mill would go, and we should have no money to help a relative in Quebec who had lost his fortune through taking his advice to invest in one of the companies. My father felt obligated to him. So he got the mortgage, and it expired in December, and—that's all, Hilary, dear. I was just what you thought it was expected I was to do. And I wouldn't let him—kiss me. Only my cheek—once or twice. It used to make him so angry. He hates you so much, Hilary, and once he was jealous—he seemed to dislike me and he accused me of caring for you. That was what made me angry with you. I tried to hate you more, and all the time I used to think about you, dear—I was ashamed—I am still ashamed."

"I presume once," began Hilary quietly, though his heart had suddenly begun to hammer, "to ask you a question about Monsieur Broussau which angered you. Whether he meant so much to you, I dare—he took her hand in his—'No, ask it again.'"

"No," she said in a whisper, looking down. "His never meant so much—I know it now—and since that day when he let me see the evil in his heart he has meant less than nothing."

Her breath came and went quickly as she spoke; she was afraid; she tried to withdraw her hand, but he was standing beside her, holding it fast. She knew that if she looked up, she would be unable to resist him; but already he had drawn her into his arms.

"I love you, Madeleine." She did not try to disengage herself; she was trembling, and he could not see her face. "Madeleine! Tell me—"

He was conscious of a stupendous fear; all the future hung upon that instant, and still she gave no sign. "Don't you look at me, Madeleine? Won't you speak to me?"

At that she raised her head, and flung it back with a proud gesture. "You must not, Madeleine. Don't you see, nothing is to be gained by delay. It is right that he should know."

"It will be your enemy, Hilary. He will fight you as a bitter end." "But I shall not be his. What harm can he do me?" "Listen, first," she said, as they began walking slowly back toward the Chateau. "The other day, as soon as your recovery was assured, father went down to the mill and talked with your hands. He gave me a terrible scolding. He told them that they were as much duty toward their employer as toward him. It was not because he loved you, Hilary, but because of his sense of duty. He thinks it is my duty to sacrifice myself for the seignory. There will be no more trouble with your workmen now that they see you are our friend. But, Hilary, can't bear to have the old, bad feeling back again. Give me up, dear!"

He laughed and put his arm about her. "I can't believe he will hate me forevermore, just because I want to take you away from him. No, dear, I shall tell him, but not today perhaps. You see, with less than three months before us, we can't drift any longer."

"I tried to free himself by selling your uncle the timber rights. He could only bring himself to do this because he knew that some day the trees would be cut down, and the mill would go, and we should have no money to help a relative in Quebec who had lost his fortune through taking his advice to invest in one of the companies. My father felt obligated to him. So he got the mortgage, and it expired in December, and—that's all, Hilary, dear. I was just what you thought it was expected I was to do. And I wouldn't let him—kiss me. Only my cheek—once or twice. It used to make him so angry. He hates you so much, Hilary, and once he was jealous—he seemed to dislike me and he accused me of caring for you. That was what made me angry with you. I tried to hate you more, and all the time I used to think about you, dear—I was ashamed—I am still ashamed."

"I presume once," began Hilary quietly, though his heart had suddenly begun to hammer, "to ask you a question about Monsieur Broussau which angered you. Whether he meant so much to you, I dare—he took her hand in his—'No, ask it again.'"

"No," she said in a whisper, looking down. "His never meant so much—I know it now—and since that day when he let me see the evil in his heart he has meant less than nothing."

Her breath came and went quickly as she spoke; she was afraid; she tried to withdraw her hand, but he was standing beside her, holding it fast. She knew that if she looked up, she would be unable to resist him; but already he had drawn her into his arms.

"I love you, Madeleine." She did not try to disengage herself; she was trembling, and he could not see her face. "Madeleine! Tell me—"

He was conscious of a stupendous fear; all the future hung upon that instant, and still she gave no sign. "Don't you look at me, Madeleine? Won't you speak to me?"

At that she raised her head, and flung it back with a proud gesture. "You must not, Madeleine. Don't you see, nothing is to be gained by delay. It is right that he should know."

"It will be your enemy, Hilary. He will fight you as a bitter end." "But I shall not be his. What harm can he do me?" "Listen, first," she said, as they began walking slowly back toward the Chateau. "The other day, as soon as your recovery was assured, father went down to the mill and talked with your hands. He gave me a terrible scolding. He told them that they were as much duty toward their employer as toward him. It was not because he loved you, Hilary, but because of his sense of duty. He thinks it is my duty to sacrifice myself for the seignory. There will be no more trouble with your workmen now that they see you are our friend. But, Hilary, can't bear to have the old, bad feeling back again. Give me up, dear!"

He laughed and put his arm about her. "I can't believe he will hate me forevermore, just because I want to take you away from him. No, dear, I shall tell him, but not today perhaps. You see, with less than three months before us, we can't drift any longer."

ESTABLISH PURSUERS WITH Two Escap Getaway at Wilkin C. P. R.

KINGSTON, Ontario. A tire blowout on chasing the two escaped from Portsmouth the responsible for the guards to capture Alb Joseph Hilton on Saturday. An automobile Warden Ponsford and set out from the grounds about thirty the convicts had made cape.

The young men were the grounds about 10 were able to pry off bar and padlock that door of Warden Ponsford with all haste they drove of the garden, but not Ponsford had seen the She was of the opinion den was departing as she the men crouching. However, a nearby group to notice the trustees immediately gave the alarm.

Passing cars were the convicts and a tax from the city also. The ing the guards speeded where it was thought might be in hiding. After successful attempts to in the neighborhood to find the men they sped toward the village. The chase was stopped by said that he had been the men a gallon of telephone message was cove by the warden to if they passed through, availing as they speeded village a few minutes fifty miles an hour. Warden's car only half a m

Tire Blow Out. Leo Gallagher, who the pursuer's car for all opened the throttle set when he was only a short distance from the car gave a sudden jerk into a hole two feet the back tire blew out shot. It was useless to convicts further, and b

AUGUSTE PASQUALE



"THE CRANK" WHO KIDNAPPED BABY'S OUT OF \$12,000 RANSOM. Auguste Pasquale, a man with a string of all prison record, has been "The Crank" in the kid Baby Blakely Coughlin town, Pa. "The Crank" George H. Coughlin, the of \$12,000 ransom and P arrested at Egg Harbor, "The Crank" attempted \$10,000 more from the er. Pasquale denies any with the kidnapping and he was hired by a "high got the ransom money.

Madeleine Was Already Established at Hilary's Bedside.

uninjured, and unless the lung is gravely hurt... well, we shall see to it that he gets well," he ended abruptly.

There was nothing more Connell could do. He would have stayed, but he felt that he must await the issue in patience. Madeleine was already established at Hilary's bedside.

Lefe went in softly. "I shall come early in the morning, Madeleine Rosny," he said. "I want to say about what you said to Father Lucy tonight—I mean it was my fault. I guess I'm the only one to blame. I ought to have stood by him, and I went away. You did more than me, Madeleine, and it wasn't up to you, I mean, it wasn't your business to save him."

"No?" whispered Madeleine, raising her eyes to his. And Lefe felt like a blundering fool.

"You'll save him," he said. "We can't lose him. We want him—we all want him. I guess I didn't realize how white he was till—till this happened."

He was half way to his bedside—



"I Love You, Hilary," She Answered.

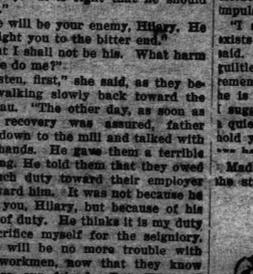
and looked into his eyes. "I love you, Hilary," she answered, with pride that forbade denial or coquetry. Hilary feared no longer. Everything was changed to joy that seemed to blaze about him, lighting up the day. For a long time that morning they forgot everything except their happiness. It was not for an hour, perhaps, until Hilary began to speak of his hopes for the future that she remembered what she had to say. "I should have told you," she said. "The waiting must be so long. My father would never consent—never, Hilary."

"What has your father against me?" he asked, scolding my cutting down his trees? And, as for that, a man who sells his property, or rights over it, surely can never justify himself in bearing ill-will to those who purchase from him."

"It is not that, Hilary. It is because well, first, because you are an American. He does not love the English, but he hates Americans. He thinks that they betrayed Canada in 1783. And because the people are satisfied under English rule, and loyal, he resents it and broods over it."

"But that is all ancient history," said Hilary, laughing at the absurdity of the idea. As a key to conduct, the Seigneur's antiquarian motives appeared impossible.

She smiled. "He is very good and very just," she said tenderly, "but he has let his dreams take hold of him too much. And they are bound up with his craze for the land. He wants the seignory to remain undivided for ever, he wants the feudal tenure back, with the serfs of his boyhood days; he loves his land far better than he loves me—at least, I believe he looks on me as an accessory of it."



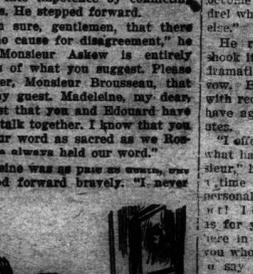
Madeleine Was as Pale as Death, but She Stood Forward Bravely.

pledged my word to you, Monsieur Broussau," she said in a low tone. "You know it. You asked me to be your wife and I refused. You took a good deal for granted. You took me for granted. You made a mistake. When you treacherously conspired to murder me, you took whatever chance you had over me. I shall never marry you."

Broussau staggered backward, came up against the table, and stood staring at her in incredulity, in fear, in fury. His own face whiter than hers. The Seigneur sat down in his chair heavily, seeing to collapse there. Then Broussau flung his feet aside and laughed, and it was the most evil laugh that Hilary had ever heard. He addressed Rosny; and as he spoke he continued to advance toward him, until he was shaking his fist in the old Seigneur's face.

"I understand now," he sneered. "This fine American has been at work in this matter. It is he who has been spreading these lying stories about me. I don't blame your daughter, Rosny. A woman is easily influenced by a new face. So's a man, for that matter."

"I don't blame her. I expect my wife to be true to me after we're married—no more and no less. I'll take care of the love. I ain't a hard man. I can make allowances for human nature. I expect to mold her and to keep watch over her. Maybe she'd do it the same with me."



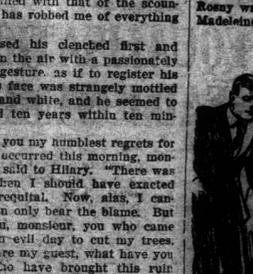
Madeleine Was as Pale as Death, but She Stood Forward Bravely.

pledged my word to you, Monsieur Broussau," she said in a low tone. "You know it. You asked me to be your wife and I refused. You took a good deal for granted. You took me for granted. You made a mistake. When you treacherously conspired to murder me, you took whatever chance you had over me. I shall never marry you."

Broussau staggered backward, came up against the table, and stood staring at her in incredulity, in fear, in fury. His own face whiter than hers. The Seigneur sat down in his chair heavily, seeing to collapse there. Then Broussau flung his feet aside and laughed, and it was the most evil laugh that Hilary had ever heard. He addressed Rosny; and as he spoke he continued to advance toward him, until he was shaking his fist in the old Seigneur's face.

"I understand now," he sneered. "This fine American has been at work in this matter. It is he who has been spreading these lying stories about me. I don't blame your daughter, Rosny. A woman is easily influenced by a new face. So's a man, for that matter."

"I don't blame her. I expect my wife to be true to me after we're married—no more and no less. I'll take care of the love. I ain't a hard man. I can make allowances for human nature. I expect to mold her and to keep watch over her. Maybe she'd do it the same with me."



Madeleine Was as Pale as Death, but She Stood Forward Bravely.

pledged my word to you, Monsieur Broussau," she said in a low tone. "You know it. You asked me to be your wife and I refused. You took a good deal for granted. You took me for granted. You made a mistake. When you treacherously conspired to murder me, you took whatever chance you had over me. I shall never marry you."

Broussau staggered backward, came up against the table, and stood staring at her in incredulity, in fear, in fury. His own face whiter than hers. The Seigneur sat down in his chair heavily, seeing to collapse there. Then Broussau flung his feet aside and laughed, and it was the most evil laugh that Hilary had ever heard. He addressed Rosny; and as he spoke he continued to advance toward him, until he was shaking his fist in the old Seigneur's face.

"I understand now," he sneered. "This fine American has been at work in this matter. It is he who has been spreading these lying stories about me. I don't blame your daughter, Rosny. A woman is easily influenced by a new face. So's a man, for that matter."

"I don't blame her. I expect my wife to be true to me after we're married—no more and no less. I'll take care of the love. I ain't a hard man. I can make allowances for human nature. I expect to mold her and to keep watch over her. Maybe she'd do it the same with me."



Madeleine Was as Pale as Death, but She Stood Forward Bravely.

pledged my word to you, Monsieur Broussau," she said in a low tone. "You know it. You asked me to be your wife and I refused. You took a good deal for granted. You took me for granted. You made a mistake. When you treacherously conspired to murder me, you took whatever chance you had over me. I shall never marry you."

Broussau staggered backward, came up against the table, and stood staring at her in incredulity, in fear, in fury. His own face whiter than hers. The Seigneur sat down in his chair heavily, seeing to collapse there. Then Broussau flung his feet aside and laughed, and it was the most evil laugh that Hilary had ever heard. He addressed Rosny; and as he spoke he continued to advance toward him, until he was shaking his fist in the old Seigneur's face.

"I understand now," he sneered. "This fine American has been at work in this matter. It is he who has been spreading these lying stories about me. I don't blame your daughter, Rosny. A woman is easily influenced by a new face. So's a man, for that matter."

"I don't blame her. I expect my wife to be true to me after we're married—no more and no less. I'll take care of the love. I ain't a hard man. I can make allowances for human nature. I expect to mold her and to keep watch over her. Maybe she'd do it the same with me."

To be Continued