croked, but he behaved quietly and orderly, much more so than some sober men do.

About eleven the party left Chadwick's and went down to the St. James, where they had a parting drink, Mr. Fowler avowing his intention of going to St. Urbain Street, and his companions starting for their boarding-house in University Street.

I don't think Mr. Fowler could have gone directly home, for it was nearly twelve o'clock when he found himself opposite the Bank of Montreal; he could still walk a little, but in a very uncertain and wobbling sort of way. The sidewalk in front of the Bank must decidedly have been too narrow, for, although there was no one else near him at the time, Mr. Fowler could not find room to pass the lamp-post, and so ran against it.

"Skuze me, o' fel'w; didden shee'r."

He leaned up against it, and feeling one of the projecting ornaments, took hold of it and shook it warmly.

"'S hall rite, o' fel'w; 'll shee'r home, nev' f'ar."

He passed his arm affectionately around the post, and leaned his head against it; his hat fell off, but he did not notice it, and in a few seconds he was more than half-asleep.

"Look a here, young fellar," said a loud, authoritative voice in his ear, "this 'ere won't do. What's the matter with you?" and a blue-coated limb of the law laid his hand on his shoulder and gave him a shake.

"To hall rite, p'leman; my fr'n 'll take m' home."

"Will he; well I think not; I'll just run you in and leave you where you'll be well taken care of; so come along, young fellar, and no nonsense with you;" and to show his earnestness in his intention of "running him in," he took Mr. Fowler by the arm and turned his steps towards the Central Station. But it was no use; tired and outraged nature could stand it no longer, and before he had got him fairly across the street, Mr. Fowler was fast asleep and fell heavily on the sidewalk. Fortunately he did not hurt himself, and the policeman, calling a cab, put him into it and took him down to the Central Station, where he was placed in one of the cells in a state of unconsciousness.

Mr. Fowler did not awake from his drunken sleep until about six o'clock in the morning. He had not passed a very quiet or agreeable night; he had slept, but that sleep had been greatly disturbed by dreams which were partially [illegible]. He dreamt that he was chained down to a bed of ice, while legions of fierce and terrible-looking monsters galloped over him, and he was powerless to resist their constant attacks. Monstrously hideous shapes, with long, clammy, sticky legs, seemed to crawl with sickening sliminess over his face, nibbling at his lips and eyes, and scratching with malignant pleasure the end of his nose. Curious fantastic visions of monster rats, with huge glittering white teeth, and tails of prodigious length and thickness, passed before him. Squeaks of surpassing loudness and shrillness were ringing in his ears, and the dull, rusty creaking of gigantic portals ever and anon crashed upon his brain. Wild shrieks, and cries, and ribald laughter, and profane words seemed to ring perpetually in the air; the low wail of sorrow, the wild outburst of frenzy, the piteous pleading of maudlin drunkenness were heard over and over by him. A dim chaos of sound appeared to be rolling constantly through his mind, and slowly moulding itself into definite shape. He slept; but it was the troubled, distempered sleep of the drunkard, which racks and wrenches the brain with frightful visions, and leaves him in the morning with tired, aching limbs, and a dull, heavy head with sharp shooting pains darting through it.

It was still quite dark in the close, fetid cell when Mr. Fowler awoke and tried to collect his scattered senses sufficiently to tell where he was. The horrors of his dream were partially realized, for there were ancient and wise-looking rats prospecting about the bodies of the recumbent figures on the damp floor, and regiments, squadrons, brigades and armies of cockroaches were performing their evolutions along the floor, the walls, the sleepers and the ceiling, the atmosphere was heavy with the fumes of stale liquor and still staler tobacco, and it seemed as if a combination of every known and unknown stench pervaded the place.

There was about a dozen inmates of the cell beside Mr. Fowler, and they were for the most part lying on the floor in all sorts of uncomfortable positions just as they had fallen when first brought in; some laid on their back with arms and legs extended, mouths open and stentorian breathing denoting that they had not yet recovered from their drunken sleep; others were crouched into small heaps, head down, looking as if dead, one or two were awake and standing at the barred door trying to induce the turnkey to procure them some coffee. One man was sitting in a corner of the cell mumbling over something to himself, and as Mr. Fowler rose to approach the door he struck this man with his foot.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, "it was quite accidental I assure you, but this place is so crowded there is scarcely room to move without striking someone."

"All right," replied the man, "that's enough, you're a gentleman I can see, and as I'm a perfect gentleman myself I can't expect anything more than an apology from another gentleman."

The man rose and approached the door at the same time as Fowler, and they enquired together if they could be allowed to bail themselves out.

Mr. Harway (for, of course, it was him) appeared greatly relieved when told that his bail would be two dollars and a half, and still more so when informed that four dollars and a half had been found on him when he was picked up drunk on Notre Dame street.

"All right, Doc," he muttered. "I'll give you the slip yet; your detectives can't arrive before half-past nine, and by that time I shall be well on my way to New York." He stood near the door while Mr. Fowler made inquiry about his case and overheard what was said.

Mr. Fowler's case was very simple, two dollars and a half was required for bail and he was free to go. But here a difficulty arose; Mr. Fowler didn't happen to have two dollars and a half, and he inquired whether he could send for a friend. The turnkey replied that he could do so, and, after some delay brought a small boy who in consideration of a promised quarter agreed to go to Mrs. Grub's and inform Mr. Farron of the unpleasant condition his roommate was in.

While Mr. Fowler had been talking to the turnkey, Mr. Harway had been observing him attentively; and when the boy had been dispatched he turned to Fowler and said:

"Excuse me, sir, I'm a perfect gentleman, and I mean no offence, but ain't I seen you somewheres before?"

"Very likely," replied Mr. Fowler, good-humoredly. "I'm pretty well known in Montreal."

"I'm blessed!" exclaimed Mr. Harway, as a sudden light seemed to break in on him. "I'm blessed if you ain't the gentleman that was so anxious to break the little game of faro I had at the last races. You shouldn't play so reckless, sir, or you'll lose your money."

"I'm pretty sure to lose it playing with you," rejoined Mr. Fowler, turning away; but Mr. Harway put his hand on his arm and detained him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you were with Mr. Morton that day, wasn't you?"

"Yes."

"He's a great friend of yours, ain't he?"

"Yes; Is that any of your business?"

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Mr. Harway, with emphasis; "I'm blessed if this ain't the queerest go I ever heard of. Now, Doc., my boy, I'll be square with you before night. I couldn't afford to stay in the city long enough to do it myself, but I'll fix you now, never fear. Come here a minute, if you please, sir," he continued to Fowler; "I have something of importance to tell you which concerns your friend, Mr. Morton. I'm a perfect gentleman, and I never tells a lie when the truth will do as well, so you can believe every word I say."

The two men sat down together, and before Mr. Farron had arrived Mr. Harway had related all he knew about Dr. Griffith to the astonished Mr. Fowler.

"I don't suppose I shall make anything out of this job now," said Mr. Harway, in conclusion; "but I promised the Doc. I'd get square with him for that kick last night, and I'm a perfect gentleman, and always keep my word when it don't pay better to break it."

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.

BY EDWARD KING.

"The Avenue of the Grand Army!" How like a satire it sounds—the sonorous name of the glittering street which runs from the Triumphal Arch to the Porte Maillot, in Paris,—how like a sneer! For there is no grand army now, and the very limbs of the great figure of "Departure" on the Arch seem nerveless. Lutetia can now count a disgrace, a defeat for every fête-day, and her anniversaries are filled with mourning.

The Maillot Gate is the outlet in the fortifications for the "Avenue of the Grand Army," which, as it wanders over the Seine on the massive stone bridge not far from the walls, becomes the "Avenue of Neuilly." From the Triumphal Arch you can see as far as Courbevoie—nearly three miles in a straight line—a hard, white road, bordered two-thirds of the way by elegant houses. Neuilly is a suburb much affected by the Parisians, because the flavor of the great city is there combined with a few rustic charms, and it cost them a hard struggle to come inside the walls, and leave their pleasant mansions, when the siege began. High up on Courbevoie's hill stands a pedestal, formerly occupied by a bronze statue of Napoleon the Great. As you look from the Triumphal Arch this pedestal stands out, black, against the horizon, a land-mark for miles around. And it became a very notable land-mark to us in Paris in Commune-time, for around it and just beyond it were planted many of the batteries which were engaged in shelling the Maillot Gate, the Avenue of the Grand Army, and the Triumphal Arch.

The Communists, had made very ample preparations against the enemy on all that side of Paris toward the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, and Versailles. The great gates were doubly and triply barred, and the bastions were thoroughly manned by the uncouth but resolute soldiery. In the clear crystal weather of April, thousands upon thousands of people poured out of the great avenues of the city to see the fight, and to watch, from carriages posted on convenient eminences, the bombardment of the forts in the distance. America was amply represented every day, and the fair daughters of Gotham, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco often braved danger for the sake of recounting adventures over dinner in the evening.

The old bridge of Neuilly was the scene of many a bloody combat during the Communal sway. The adventurous scout was daily stricken down there, but no record was made of his death in the official journal. It will be impossible ever to estimate the losses at this dread point. Dombrowski, the rebel general, handsome, light of foot, and fearless, sauntered very near to the dreary belt of waste country which led to the bridge on the Parisian side many times by day and night, and walked unharmed among seemingly deadliest rain of shells and bullets. At night the Versailles batteries always kept up a tremendous rain upon the bridge, fearful lest some attempt to take it might be successful. The weary watchers at the gates were often hurled into fragments by the sudden arrival of a huge death-messenger, and their mangled and dissevered corpses were found heaped upon the ramparts or strewn in the ditches in the morning. A poor woman arrived one noon with her husband's dinner-pail. "He will need it no longer, citoyenne," said a sergeant; and, as she stooped above the corpse of her dearest, a shell splinter carried away one of her arms and opened a ghastly seam in her face. Two marines were firing a long-range cannon at the batteries around Courbevoie one bright day. One man was blown away from his post; the other, sailor-like, leaped on the gun, and defied with rude gestures the far-off enemy. Presently a well-directed shot killed him also. Two more marines took the dead men's duty, and the fight went on as sternly unyielding, as grimly, grotesquely terrible as before.

One fair April afternoon, when the Seine rippled in gleaming beauty past the great palaces and under the noble bridges out into fields which had put garments of loveliest green over their breasts, torn and wounded by the shock of contending armies,—when the long walks in the Champs Elysées were odorous with perfume from the thousand shrubs, and the great Arch rejoiced in the magnificent sunshine, there came a series of crashing detonations from the Courbevoie batteries, and from many others on the high table-lands, miles away, which indicated that a general attack had begun. It was not long after the desperate conflict over the bridge, in which Gen. Besson bit the dust, and hundreds of brave men in both armies went down in a few brief hours. On this occasion the attention of those Parisians who had no sympathy with the insurrection was arrested by the extraordinary activity at the Communist headquarters, and the signs of trepidation and alarm manifested. Members of the Commune hurried from the Hôtel de Ville, with their red sashes girt about them, and, perched awkwardly on their neighing and rearing steeds, hastened forward the battalions which came rapidly from the insurgent quarters. Dombrowski and his staff galloped thunderously through the Arch and away to the scene of action, the gallant young Poles in his train sitting their horses with the ease and grace of Indians, and casting not a look upon the eager citizens, questioning, "What is it? Are they attacking?" In less than an hour after the general bombardment of the Maillot Gate had begun, ten thousand people had gathered around the Triumphal Arch. The spring heat and glare were almost overpowering; but the ladies spread their parasols, and the gentlemen tied their handkerchiefs and newspapers over their hats, and waited; presently the Communal batteries began to speak out, and the echoes had hardly begun to reverberate before the crashing responses came from the "music-boxes of M. Thiers," as a lady near me called them. Shells occasionally struck very near the edge of this dense mass of gazers, and then there was an immense stampede, and shrieks from the feminine portion of the curious, semi-genteel mob.

Here was a crowd of Frenchmen and women watching, with no apparent feeling save that of amusement, the struggle between two factions of Frenchmen—struggle in which vast destruction of life and property was involved.—The women were impatient for the carnage to commence, and freely expressed their ideas on that subject. "That a battle?" cried one, "but we see no blood!" "No; but if Madame would only step down to the Maillot Gate she would see a great deal." Madame shrugged her pretty shoulders and gently declined.

With glasses we distinguished a sudden movement of batteries at Courbevoie, and almost instantaneously a fearful, thrilling, blood-chilling series of reports burst from the bastions and the gates of Paris on our side. Behind us we heard the rumble of approaching artillery, and in a few moments two Communal batteries whirled through the crowd, cutting it with astonishing rapidity into two sections, and was away to the "front." Carriages were overturned, women and children screamed, and fractious horses ran away. An agile Parisian youth mounted upon the great bas-reliefs of the Triumphal Arch, and all at once cried out, "They are coming. I can see them driving in the Communists!" A terrible consternation followed. Shells began to fall thickly in the streets adjacent to the Arch, and Valérien opened a galling fire on many bastions which had hitherto been safe. The peculiar white smoke of battle hid everything in its impenetrable shroud. Before it cleared away the crowd was reduced by one-half. The ladies were not so anxious for the horrors of battle as before, and peeped timidly from their carriages at the corners of the Rue de Chaillot and other avenues at a safe distance from the Arch.

As the curtain lifted, it was evident that the situation had changed, and in favor of the Communal troops this time. The Versailles batteries had retired, and there were ominous black patches here and there on the white road, which, when examined with a glass, proved to be men and horses slain or wounded. On the old bridge there were one or two dismounted cavalry-men madly trying to manage their horses and escape from the fire which the retreating Versaillais kept up. The crowd around the Arch, grievously disappointed that the attack had not succeeded, moved away, growling or satirizing the insurgents, and scarcely noticing the trains of wounded which were brought towards the great ambulance near the Palace of Industry. Night soon came, and set its pall of darkness over all the perturbed town; and the citizens, in the cafés in mid-city, began to discuss with more than usual feeling the tremendous events which had that day occurred around the Bridge of Neuilly.

When the great day of armistice came, when the Versaillais were compelled to give a breathing space, that the dead might be buried and the avenues cleared of the débris of battle, all the world and his wife flocked to see the dread spectacle. The town of Neuilly was dismantled, desolate, overwhelmed, thrown into primal chaos. Houses were torn into picturesque masses of ruin, in whose remains forlorn inhabitants were searching for the remnants of their household treasures. Heaps of dead men were lying in the cellars of certain deserted villas, and on some of the lifeless distorted features starvation was plainly marked. Over the old Bridge of Neuilly that day rolled many a wagon-load of supremest woe. The grand and final struggle for the possession of Paris was to commence, and Neuilly was the key of the situation. The armistice began early in the day, and thousands of wagons rolled out through the gates ere noontide had set in. Even after the bombardment had begun again, toward evening, and the thunders of the rebel forts awoke, the wagons, loaded with household goods and with half-starved fugitives, were hurrying forward, regaining the fortifications amid a rain of death-dealing missiles. Some people left the houses which for twenty days had been under fire to meet their death before they had reached the Maillot bastions. Towards eight o'clock in the evening the spectacle was thrilling and horrible. It was a vast mob, fleeing before a nameless and indefinable terror, yelling, praying, cursing, trampling each other in the dust, and crying out that the Communists had broken faith and opened fire before the appointed time. It was not until long past midnight that the sentinels at the gates were relieved of the laborious duty of searching the heavily-laden wagons, anxiously looking for spies or infernal machines. The Versailles troops had established their lines halfway between the Neuilly bridge and the batteries at Courbevoie, and were visited during the day by thousands of people who begged them to desist from the struggle and return to Versailles. But the lines maintained a sullen and dogged demeanor, and answered all entreaties with an imperative movement of the bayonet, which caused a very retreat. There were some very affecting incidents during the period of the armistice. One old man, who was removed from a species of infirmary where, in the care of suffering fellow-creatures, he had spent the better part of his life, screamed and fought furiously when the Communals came to remove him, and, although informed that it was done to save his life, refused to be carried away of his own will and preferred to remain and perish with his house. A little baby was found in the cellar of one of the mansions, tightly clasped in the arms of its mother. Both had been dead many days.

It was on the day that Dombrowski undertook his famous movement against the Versailles troops beyond the bridge at Neuilly that the following tragic incident occurred. A raw battalion of artisans from Belleville was stationed at a certain point not far from the bridge, and, under the unaccustomed rain of missiles, but illy held its ground. Dombrowski arrived, radiant, audacious as ever. He leaped from his horse and approached the barricade behind which the battalion was wavering. "You are afraid!" said he scornfully; "look at me—I am not fearful." And he mounted the barricade, although bullets were flying thick as hail around him. He took off his cap. "Give me a cup of wine," said he, "and I will drink confusion to the enemy." A tin cup filled with wine was brought, and at that very moment a shell splinter struck the wine-bearer, and laid him dying behind the barricade. Dombrowski leaped down and took the man in his arms. "We were not afraid, thou and I," he said, and the rough fellows around shed tears.

Finally, one clear day, the Versailles troops poured over the old Bridge of Neuilly, through the deserted Maillot Gate, and along the broad avenue toward the Triumphal Arch. The tricolor floated from the windows of the battered mansions; the gay hussars galloped noisily over the fallen barricades; and the dead men whose thickly strewed the waste ground near the bridge were hastily buried. There was slaughter at Neuilly; there was slaughter at the Maillot Gate; death and destruction everywhere; and the May breezes bore flame-breath and blood-scent to the nostrils of the incoming victors. Cannon were placed upon the old bridge, and stout artillerymen grimly waited there the order to throw shells into the center of the subjugated city. Dombrowski had been at the bridge on the very morning of his defeat, and had despairingly admitted that the enemy would soon take the bridge, as his men would not arrange themselves according to his orders. And when the bridge is no longer ours, he said, Paris is lost to us!