

Thérèse on hearing these words did not lose her self-possession, but suppressing her anxiety, asked for an explanation. Tallien, however, with wild impetuosity urged her to hasten her flight, promising to give her hereafter the desired explanation. He fetched the different articles of her winter clothing, threw her cloak around her, pressed her hat upon her black hair, and drew her away with him, out of the room, down the stairs.

"Heavens, Lambert," asked she, alarmed by this desperate haste, "whither are we going?"

"To a safe asylum, my darling. To the Castle of Montreuil. The Count is kindly inclined to me; he is the noblest protector of the prosecuted; there they will not search for you."

Arrived in the street, they hastily crossed it to take a cab from the stand near by. They did not notice a pair of malicious eyes that was watching their movements, but stepped into the cab, which quickly drove off. Some distance behind them a second cab followed. Neither Tallien nor Thérèse paid any attention to it, they being too deeply engaged in considering and reflecting upon their present critical situation, which made them forget everything else.

In the second cab sat Gilbert Cardourel.

He had been on his way to Robespierre's dwelling, when he observed Tallien and Thérèse in great alarm leave their house and hurriedly run across the street to engage a cab. Cardourel felt that another opportunity presented itself to carry out his evil designs, and this prospect gave him a malicious satisfaction. He did not hesitate what he had to do. As soon as the cab was starting, he took note of its number, and stepped into another, the driver of which he directed to follow cautiously the track of the first.

Keeping the preceding cab in sight, which soon passed through the barriers, Cardourel divined that he had made an important discovery; and when he saw the cab take the road to Versailles, became fully convinced that the two persons were intending a flight from Paris. Suddenly the first cab leaving the main road turned into a side road leading to the forest; the noise indicated that the cab advanced but slowly, the ground having become soft by the last heavy rains. Gilbert, when reaching this side road, asked the driver whither it led.

"I can answer satisfactorily to your question, citizen," answered the latter, "as I have lately travelled over this road. It leads to the Castle of Montreuil."

"To whom does the castle belong?"

"I cannot say. How should I know? Very likely it belongs to a former aristocrat."

"Is it far from here?"

"No, citizen, only a few minutes. The road thither is at present very heavy."

"Does the road lead to any other place?"

"Oh yes, it leads further, but I do not know to what other place."

"Well," said Cardourel in a resolute tone, "I prefer stepping out here. There is a gold piece of 20 livres—wait on me for one hour."

"Yes, citizen, I shall do so."

Cardourel, listening to the rumbling of the cab, which seemed to drag heavily through the sand, hurried after it; the darkness of the forest prevented his being seen, and his steps were inaudible upon the soft, damp ground.

The cab stopped before a high grated gate.

"This is the place," said Tallien, overheard by Gilbert, who had moved into the bush. Tallien stepped out and pulled the bell at the gate. Many windows were illuminated in the castle, which indicated that the inmates had not yet retired.

It was some time before two lights were seen slowly moving down from the castle to the gate. Tallien, meanwhile, was conversing in a low voice to Thérèse, who had kept her seat in the cab. At last the servants reached the gate.

"Who is there?" asked one of them while holding up his lamp to let the light fall on the parties outside.

"A good friend of the house who urgently wishes to see the count," answered Tallien entreatingly.

"A good friend?" echoed the servant. "And his name?"

"If you must know it, his name is Tallien."

Neither of the servants knew him, and they did not know what to do.

"Well citizen," at last said the one who had spoken, after having deliberated with the other, "I shall go and announce you."

Both then returned to the castle.

Tallien impatiently stamped his foot, and whispered again to Thérèse. From the sound of the words, the attentively listening Gilbert guessed that Tallien was explaining the necessity of such precautionary measures.

Quicker than the first time the servants now returned.

There were now several of them, preceded by the count.

"Is it true?" exclaimed he, after having approached the gate and recognized Tallien. "You here, citizen?"

"It is I, noble friend, and I bring with me a lady, for whom I entreat your protection," whispered Tallien.

"And you do not come in your official capacity?"

"No, no, citizen, I come to save a prosecuted—my beloved."

The count, visibly surprised, ordered the gate to be opened.

"Come in," said he. "We will talk in the house; it is too cold out here."

Tallien had spoken so low that neither Gilbert nor the driver could hear his words. Having been invited by the count to enter the castle, he now hastened to the cab, and accompanied Thérèse to the gate, at the same time calling to the driver:—

"Stop here, citizen; in a quarter of an hour I will return, and we will drive back to Paris." He then entered the park with Thérèse, and Gilbert saw them with the count and the servants disappear in the direction of the castle.

"How is this?" muttered he to himself. "Wherefore this visit? Is there anything concealed behind, or is it a matter of no consequence? I have not been able to understand anything more than the words of the old man who is, no doubt, the owner of the castle. But what can it mean?"

He was meditating whether he should go on or remain. Tallien would be back in a quarter of an hour; so much he had heard. He had said, "we drive back to Paris." Did he mean that both would drive back, or only he and the driver? Thérèse Cabarrus would then remain in the castle; it is well to find this out, as a secret is involved in this visit. But in case she should also return, Gilbert would know the house from where in the afternoon she had come, and which was, no doubt, her residence. He resolved at last to hasten back to his cab, as he felt that a further watching would promise him no more reward than he had already gained by the discovery. The

next morning he would go to Robespierre or St. Just, who might profit by his communication. Quickly he walked back to the main road on which he had left his cab, and late at night the tired horses brought him back to Paris.

In the forenoon of the next day he waited impatiently in the ante-room of St. Just, and when at last he was admitted, informed him of his last night's adventure.

St. Just smiled, and remarked laconically:

"He has taken his beloved to prison."

Cardourel stared at him in astonishment and asked:

"Is the castle of Montreuil a prison?"

"In some respect it is," replied St. Just slowly.

Cardourel learned nothing further; he was dismissed, and was no wiser than before.

But St. Just had learned enough to hasten triumphantly to Robespierre, and to impart his suspicion that Tallien had brought Thérèse Cabarrus to the castle. Knowing the sympathies of Robespierre for the sect, and his esteem, reaching almost to veneration, for the count Montreuil, he availed himself of this opportunity of reproving the forbearance till now exercised towards this congregation of aristocrats, and demanded that the government of terror ought soon to seize them.

Robespierre felt annoyed by this demand, but earnestly desired the imprisonment of Thérèse Cabarrus, as by this step he would hold her life in his power, and thereby compel the submission of Tallien, to whom he not only was favourably disposed, but who had also many friends among the Montagne party in the convention, and consequently great influence. To profit by these contradictory interests, he had recourse to the following expedient: The warrant he issued against Thérèse Fontenay was to be accompanied by a letter for the count Montreuil, the contents of which were as follow:—"Citizen Montreuil, I know and honour your patriotism and high opinions, and you may believe me that I would not disturb the peace of your house if I were not compelled by necessity to do so. A suspected, called Fontenay, by her maiden name Cabarrus, whom citizen Tallien has saved from prosecution in Bordeaux, is sought after by the authorities, and is, I am told, concealed in your castle. Citizen, if this is the case, I think her unworthy of your protection, and order her arrest by the police. I would feel sorry if you should refuse to accede to my request, thereby awakening doubts of your patriotism, and conjuring up dangers for yourself and your family."

St. Just reading this letter, shook his head and observed:

"Why these ceremonies? why this protection?"

"You do not understand me, St. Just," answered Robespierre. "Citizen Montreuil deserves such consideration. I am well acquainted with him. Are you mistaking me? I desire our officers to proceed with all possible forbearance, as our only object is to have the Spaniard in our power."

"I will attend to this business," remarked St. Just laconically.

"Take this warrant with my signature, and do not forget to tell the police-commissioner that it has to be returned to me as soon as she is imprisoned. I will keep the accusation in my own hands. You understand, St. Just?"

"Of course. As long as the warrant is not delivered up to the tribunal, the impeachment cannot take its course."

Robespierre distorted his face to a diabolical smile.

"My best friend," concluded he, "we must sometimes seek to acquire the friendship of many men."

St. Just being charged with attending to this affair, gave to a police-commissioner the warrant, the letter, and the particular instructions.

"I shall select some person who knows the road to the castle," added he, after the officer had declared that he did not know the place. "There will be plenty of time to-morrow morning."

To be continued.

STORMS IN THE SUN.

Professor J. D. Steele has communicated the following to the *Elmira Advertiser*:

There appeared in the *Advertiser* some weeks since a paragraph, copied, I believe, from a Michigan paper, declaring that a column of magnetic light is shooting out from the sun at a prodigious speed—that it already reaches half way to the earth, and that, in all probability, by another Summer, we shall have celestial and atmospheric phenomena beside which our rudest Winter winds will seem like a June morning in Paradise. In time that when this big tongue of fire touches the earth it will likely lap up our globe in one monthful. Very many have made inquiries of me concerning this prodigy, and with your leave, I will try to satisfy their curiosity and perhaps allay their fears.

It has been known for some time that during a total eclipse red flames were seen to play about the edge of the moon. During the eclipses of 1868 and 1869 it was definitely settled that they were intively dis-connected from the moon, and were vast tongues of fire darting from the sun's disc. By observations with the spectroscopic, and also by means of the wonderful photographs of the sun taken by De La Rue during the eclipse of 1860, it was discovered that these fire mountains consisted mainly of burning hydrogen gas. This was precious information to secure in the midst of the excitement, and novelty, and in the brief duration of a total eclipse. It did not, however, satisfy scientific men. For two years Mr. Lockyer, aided by a grant from Parliament to construct a superior instrument, had been experimenting and searching in order to detect these flames at other times than at the rare occurrence of a total eclipse. On the 20th of October, 1868, he obtained a distinct image of one of the prominences, which he afterwards traced entirely around the sun. Astronomers can, therefore, now study these flames at any time.

The result of observations now being taken shows that storms rage upon the sun with a violence of which we can form no conception. Hurricanes swept over its surface with terrific violence. Vast cyclones wrap its fires into whirlpools, at the bottom of which our earth could lie like a boulder in a volcano. Huge flames dart out to enormous distances, and fly over the sun with a speed greater than that of the earth itself through space. At one time a cone of fire shot out 80,000 miles, and then died away all in ten minutes time. Besides such awful convulsions the mimic display of a terrestrial volcano or earthquake sinks into insignificance.

There is nothing in these phenomena to alarm us. They have in all probability, happened constantly for ages past. That we have now means of investigating their nature and measuring their height and velocity, furnishes no sense of

anxiety. Rumors of these discoveries have crept into the papers, and exaggerated by repeated copying and sensational additions have given rise to these mysterious and uncalled-for predictions.

USEFUL HINTS TEW BOARDIN HOUSE KEEPERS.

Keep a cow, and then the milk wont have tew be watered but once.

In buying roast beef, dont forget, that roast beef, tew be bully, must be tuft.

Be kerful how you soke yure makrel, too mutch sokeing takes the wear out of them.

Buckwheat kakes made out ov wheat bran kost less, and soke up mola-ses more kerfully.

Be kind tew cockroaches, for they often make a plate of butter last a whole week, and when you pray alwus pray for the light eaters.

In negotiating for sassage, do yure bizzness with the bolony men, then yu know what yu are getting: yu kant alwus tell what country sassage contains.

If yure boarders take sugar, and milk, in their kaughphy, dont put in mutch sugar, bekauze yu kno they hav milk, and dont put in but little milk, bekauze they hav sugar.

In selekting a yung goose for yure table, dont forget tew remember that the longer a goose has lived in this world, the more experience he will hav when he cums to be chawed.—*Joek Billings.*

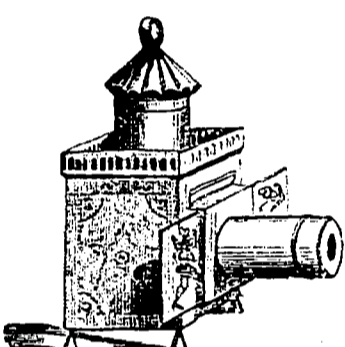
There is but very little cultivation in the valley of the Yosemite. One enterprising man has planted a spot with vegetables, and pear, apple, plum, and peach trees. Where he finds a market for their produce it is hard to say, unless, as is probable, he relies upon selling to visitors what he cannot eat. His orchard has no fence, and he himself was not to be found when we paid it a visit. Outside a little but, however, close by, was a paper with the following notice:—"Any one helping himself to a mess of fruit from my patch will pleas put 2 Bits through a hole in my door and oblige J. C. Lemon." We helped ourselves liberally to peaches and apples, and complied with his request, adding a little more for the pocketfuls we took away. A "bit" is worth about sixpence.—*American Correspondent of the Times.*

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DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. OTTAWA, 30th NOVEMBER, 1869.

SEIGNIORY OF SOREL.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that up to the 15th day of January next (1870.) Tenders will be received at this office for the purchase of the *rentes constituées* or ground rents of Lots in the Town of William Henry, and in the Country parts of the Seigniorie of Sorel. The Annual amount of the above *rentes constituées* is \$2,200, or thereabouts, representing at 6 per cent. a capital sum of \$36,000, or thereabouts.

Parties tendering will name a block sum as the price offered—One-third to be paid down on signing deed; one-third in two years from that date, and the remaining one-third in four years from the same date, with interest at the rate of six per cent. until payment of unpaid balance.

Purchaser will also be expected to furnish good and sufficient security for the perfect payment of instalments outstanding and unpaid, and for the performance of all the conditions of sale.

The Department does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders which may be made.

Further information may be obtained on application at this Department, where Plans of the Seigniorie may be seen, and also at the office of James Armstrong, Esq., Q. C., at Sorel.

HECTOR L. LANGEVIN, Secretary of State.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR having graciously permitted the publication of the PORTRAITS TAKEN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS At my Studio, on October 9, I have much pleasure in notifying the Public that they are now on view and for sale in *Cartes de Visite*, Cabinet, and 9 x 7 Photo-Relievo, with an assortment of suitable Frames for the same. WM. NOTMAN, PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, AND HALIFAX. Orders by Post will now receive PROMPT ATTENTION.