

Directory

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THE USURPER.

There was a strange silence brooding over Paris. The moon looked down upon a white city and frosted snow that rested on every pin...

and I—brothers and the best of chums all our lives—should be rivals now. Isn't it? "I see nothing strange in it," retorted the other, rather hotly...

the northeast. He will come to a cottage, leave that on the left and follow the hedge that runs parallel with the garden wall. The holder of the papers will be hanging somewhere about...

The minutes passed very slowly to Armand de Quetteville. In spite of his words to the contrary, he was very jealous that the lot had fallen to Silvestre. It was not so much that the love of his country burned in his heart as that he begrudged Silvestre the chance of becoming a hero in the eyes of Therese Raudin...

working of a thousand looms, filled the air—the rush of something that shrieked like a demon in mortal fear as it tore its way through the atmosphere—a blinding flare of light—a crash—a belching hell of flame. Armand de Quetteville lay on the ground, his hands tightly grasping the package of papers, his body deluged with blood, struck almost insensible by the bursting shell...

he went alone last night into the enemy's camp and got hold of some papers that a spy wanted our general to have—something very important. Then he managed to get back safely, and just as he was coming across the courtyard the shell fell and burst quite close to him. It might have killed him. They took him to the commandant's office, where the papers were found clutched tightly in his hand and then they brought him here...